





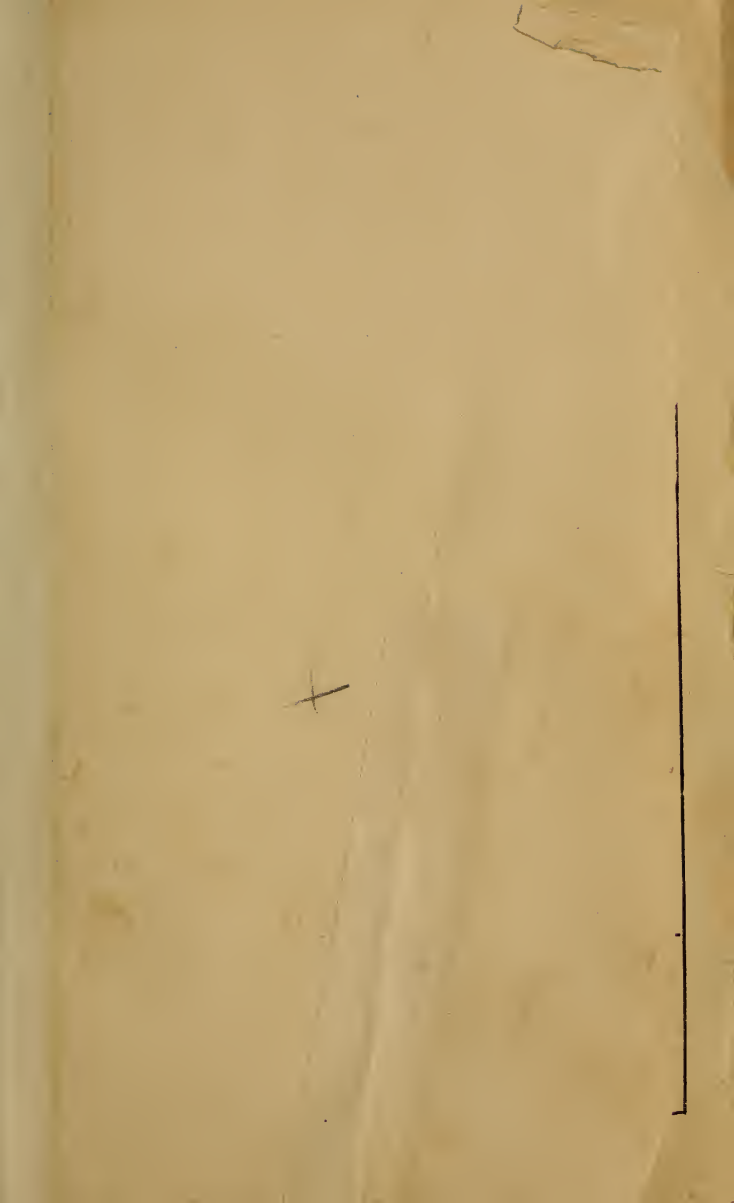
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Henry W. Longfellow



THE COMPLETE POETICAL
WORKS OF
HENRY WADSWORTH
LONGFELLOW

Cabinet Edition



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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THIS Cabinet edition of Longfellow's Complete Poetical Works includes the trilogy of *Christus* and all the translations, save Dante and those short translations not included by the poet in his latest collective edition. In the Cambridge edition, it was deemed best to bring together in an Appendix the discarded work of the poet, for the convenience of the student, but in this edition the poet's own course is followed, and the reader has before him the entire body of poetry authorized by the poet, together with the posthumous poems published by his representatives shortly after his death. The plates of this volume are new, and the opportunity has been taken to add line numbers in the case of the longer poems. Great care has been taken to present the complete poetical works in a compact yet readable form.

Autumn, 1899.

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VOICES OF THE NIGHT

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, 10
 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, 20
 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 ; 30

Dreams that the soul of youth en-
 gage

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, 40

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 ! 50

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 ;
Oh, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar, — 60

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 sombrous pines ;
Abroad their fan-like branches
grew,
And, where the sunshine darted
through, 70
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 lisplings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood ! Stay, oh,
stay !
Ye were so sweet and wild ! 80
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. 90

' 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 100
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 ! 110
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

Ἄσπασίη, τρίλλιστος

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 mid-
 night 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 num-
 bers,
 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 beat-
 ing
 Funeral marches to the grave.

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 be-
 tween.

'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 tear-
ful 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 flower-
ets 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.

Oh, 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?

Oh no! from that blue tent above

A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me
rise,

When I behold afar,

Suspended in the evening skies,

The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee
stand

And smile upon my pain;

Thou beckonest with thy mailed
hand,

And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light
But the cold light of stars;

I give the first watch of the night

To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will,

He rises in my breast,

Serene, and resolute, and still,

And calm and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,

That readest this brief psalm,

As one by one thy hopes depart,

Be resolute and calm.

Oh, 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 num-
bered,

And the voices of the Night

Wake the better soul, that slum-
bered,

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,
Wearied 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 Beautef-
ous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love
me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

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

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

Oh, 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 revela-
tion,
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-see-
ing,
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'erflowing,
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
 And in Summer's green-embazoned 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.

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 alarmèd 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.

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 fri-
ars,
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 wea-
ther,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and
with heather,
Like weak, despisèd Lear,
A king, a king !

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice !
His joy ! his last ! Oh, 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,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
' Vex not his ghost ! '

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

Howl ! howl ! and from the for-
est
Sweep the red leaves away !
Would the sins that thou abhor-
rest,
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

AN APRIL DAY

WHEN the warm sun, that
brings
Seed-time and harvest, has re-
turned again,
'T is 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 trem-
bling 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 bluebird sings,
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

Oh, 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.

Alas! how changed from the fair
scene,
When birds sang out their mel-
low 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 PU-
LASKI'S BANNER

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowlèd head;

And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The crimson banner, that with
prayer
Had been consecrated there.
And the nuns' sweet hymn was
heard the while,
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious
aisle.

'Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave;
When the battle's distant 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 return-
ing 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 midway 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 spi-
ral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,
And richly, by the blue lake's sil-
ver beach,
The woods were bending with a si-
lent 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 impas-
sioned 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-
sandalled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the
western gate,
Departs with silent pace! That
spirit moves
In the green valley, where the sil-
ver brook,

From its full laver, pours the white
 cascade ;
 And, babbling low amid the tan-
 gled 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 even-
 ing, 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, repeat-
 ing
 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 hea-
 venly forms
 We worship in our dreams, and
 the soft hues
 That stain the wild bird's wing,
 and flush the clouds
 When the sun sets. Within her
 tender eye
 The heaven of April, with its
 changing light,
 And when it wears the blue of
 May, is hung,
 And on her lip the rich, red rose.
 Her hair
 Is like the summer tresses of the
 trees,
 When twilight makes them brown,
 and on her cheek
 Blushes the richness of an autumn
 sky,
 With ever-shifting beauty. Then
 her breath,
 It is so like the gentle air of
 Spring,
 As, from the morning's dewy flow-
 ers, 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 MINNI- SINK

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

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

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

They sang, that by his native
 bowers
 He stood, in the last moon of flow-
 ers,
 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.

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 damp
 Of the vast plain where Death en-
 camps!

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

'SPEAK! speak! thou fearful
guest!

Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,

Comest to daunt me!

Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,

Why dost thou haunt me?'

Then, from those cavernous eyes

Pale flashes seemed to rise, 10

As when the Northern skies

Gleam in December;

And, like the water's flow

Under December's snow,

Came a dull voice of woe

From the heart's chamber.

'I was a Viking old!

My deeds, though manifold,

No Skald in song has told,

No Saga taught thee! 20

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 gerfalcon;

And, with my skates fast-bound,

Skimmed the half-frozen Sound, 30

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. 40

'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; 50

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; 60

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, 70

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. 80

'While the brown ale he quaffed,

Loud then the champion laughed,

Maiden, that read'st this simple
rhyme,

Enjoy thy youth, it will not
stay;

Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For oh, 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 moulder-
ing 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 re-
pining;

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.

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 im-
mortal 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 re-
minds 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 remem-
bers!
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 Jericho 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 in-
crease;
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, φωνεῖ σε!*

Then saith the Christ, as silent
stands
The crowd, 'What wilt thou at my
hands?'

And he replies, 'Oh, give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's
sight.'

And Jesus answers, '*Ἰταγε*'
'*Ἥ πίστις σου σέσωκέν σε!*

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot
see,

In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three,
'*Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!*

'*Θάρσει ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε!*
'*Ἥ πίστις σου σέσωκέν σε!*

THE GOBLET OF LIFE

FILLED is Life's goblet to the
brim;
And though my eyes with tears
are dim,

MAIDENHOOD

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 Hip-
pocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash be-
tween
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-im-
browned
Are in its waters steeped and
drowned,
And give a bitter taste.

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

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

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

And he who has not learn-
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 desper-
ate 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

When writing to his father of the ap-
pearance of his new volume of poems,
Mr. Longfellow said : ' I think the last
two pieces the best, — perhaps as good
as anything I have written.' These
pieces were the following and *Excel-
sior*.

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

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

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 indeci-
sion,
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?

Oh, 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-num-
bered;—
Age, that bough with snows en-
cumbered.

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.

Oh, 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 be-
neath,
Flashed like a falchion from its
sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown
tongue,
Excelsior!

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

'Try not the Pass!' the old man
said;
'Dark lowers the tempest over-
head,
The roaring torrent is deep and
wide!'

And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

'Oh 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

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 Parnos, 'Write!'

Write! and tell of 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 scab-
bard 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 fore-
tells
When all men shall be free;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet re-
cord
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 DIS- MAL 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 tan-
gled grass,
Like a wild beast in his lair.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;
Great scars deformed his face;
On his forehead he bore the brand
of shame,
And the rags, that hid his mangled
frame,
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and
fair,
All things were glad and free;
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 enslavèd,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.

In that hour, when night is calm-
est,
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 Egyp-
tians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emo-
tion;
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 evan-
gel?
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,

Like skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.

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

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

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

Within Earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with
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 Para-
dise
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 up-
raised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half curious, half amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

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

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

'The soil is barren, — the farm is
old,'

The thoughtful planter said;
Then looked upon the Slaver's
gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at
strife

With such accursed gains:
For he knew whose passions gave
her life,
Whose blood ran in her veins.

Fluttered like butterflies among
the flowers.

There was the Countess of Medina
Celi;

The Goblin Lady with her Phan-
tom 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,

'Oh, 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 un-
known 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 beauti-
ful.

Don C. Almost beyond the privi-
lege 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 Para-
dise.

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 out-
wardly,

Within she is a sinner; like those
panels

Of doors and altar-pieces the old
monks

Painted in convents, with the Vir-
gin Mary

On the outside, and on the inside
Venus!

Don C. You do her wrong; in-
deed, 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 vir-
tue.

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 suspi-
 cion?

Don C. It proves a nobleman
 may be repulsed
 When he thinks conquest easy. I
 believe

That woman, in her deepest de-
 gradation,
 Holds something sacred, some-
 thing 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 Dul-
 cinea.

Don C. 'T is late. I must be-
 gone, 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!

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 mu-
 sicians, with a bagpipe, guitars,
 and other instruments.*

Chispa. Abernuncio Satanás!
 and a plague on all lovers who
 ramble about at night drinking the
 elements, instead of sleeping quiet-
 ly in their beds. Every dead man
 to his cemetery, say I; and every
 friar to his monastery. Now,
 here's my master, Victorian, yes-
 terday a cow-keeper, and to-day a
 gentleman; yesterday a student,
 and to-day a lover; and I must
 be up later than the nightingale,
 for as the abbot sings so must the
 sacristan respond. God grant he
 may soon be married, for ther
 shall all this serenading cease
 Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mo

ther, 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 cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but 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 maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off?

First Mus. No, your honor.

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

Second and Third Musicians.
We play the 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,

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 to make
time envious!

I knew that thou wouldst come to
me to-night.

I saw thee at the play.

Vict. Sweet child of air!

Never did I behold thee so at-
tired

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 sara-
bands,

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 beg-
gar.

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 sor-
row 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 feel-
ings 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 some-
times 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 sceptic!
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 the Manzanares,

And still do thirst for more.

A Watchman (in the street).
Ave Maria

Purissima! 'Tis 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 bare-footed 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 kitten, 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 Vinto 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 Victoriano 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 haystack? 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.*)

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 of 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 marketplace?

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. Oh 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 morn-
ing 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. Oh, would I had the old
magician's glass

To see her as she lies in child-like
sleep!

Hyp. And wouldst thou ven-
ture?

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 mys-
tery of Life!

I oft have thought, my dear Hypo-
lito,

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 con-
gealèd eyes!

What visible joy or anguish in
those cheeks!

What bridal pomps, and what fu-
nereal 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 Ar-
gonaut,

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 ponder-
ous 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?

Oh, who shall give me, now that ye
are gone,

Juices of those immortal plants
that bloom

Upon Olympus, making us immor-
tal?

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 materi-
 als —
 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 incle-
 ment night.
 He takes the charcoal from the
 peasant's hand,
 And, by the magic of his touch at
 once
 Transfigured, all its hidden vir-
 tues 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 AN-
 GELICA.

Prec. Why will you go so soon!
 Stay yet awhile.

The poor too often turn away un-
heard

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? Oh,
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.

Oh, 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 pro-
tected me!

Amid a thousand perils, I have
worn it

Here on my heart! It is my guar-
dian 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. Oh, 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
basquina,

My richest maja dress, — my dan-
cing 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?

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*). Oh, 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 foolish 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.

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,

Beseeking 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 further,

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, ere we interdect them.

(*Enter a Servant.*)

Serv. The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians

Your Grace was pleased to order, wait without.

Arch. Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold

In what angelic, yet voluptuous shape

The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

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

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

*Prec. (kneeling before the ARCH-
BISHOP).* I have obeyed the
order of your Grace.

If I intrude upon your better
hours,

I proffer this excuse, and here be-
sech

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 dis-
creet!

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 Calès.

Arch. I have a dim remembrance
of that man;

He was a bold and reckless char-
acter,

A sun-burnt Ishmael!

Card. Dost thou remember
Thy earlier days?

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

The river, and the mountains
capped with snow;

The villages, where, yet a little
child,

I told the traveller's fortune in the
street;

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

The march across the moor; the
halt at noon;

The red fire of the evening camp,
that lighted

The forest where we slept; and,
further back.

As in a dream or in some former
life,

Gardens and palace walls.

Arch. '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.

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

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 Que-
vedo's Dreams,

The miser, who, upon the Day of
Judgment,

Asks if his money-bags would rise?

Don C. I do;

But what of that?

Hyp. I am that wretched man.

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

Hyp. And amen! said my Cid Campeador.

Don C. Pray, how much need you?

Hyp. 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.

Hyp. Thank you. A pretty purse.

Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;

Perhaps a keepsake.

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

Hyp. 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?

Hyp. This moment.

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

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

A damsel has ensnared him with the glances

Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch

A steer of Andalusia with a lazo. He is in love.

Don C. And is it faring ill To be in love?

Hyp. In his case very ill.

Don C. Why so?

Hyp. For many reasons. First and foremost,

Because he is in love with an ideal;

A creature of his own imagination;

A child of air; an echo of his heart;

And, like a lily on a river floating,

She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

Don C. A common thing with poets. But who is

This floating lily? For, in fine, some woman,

Some living woman, — not a mere ideal, —

Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.

Who is it? Tell me.

Hyp. Well, it is a woman!

But, look you, from the coffer of his heart

He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,

As pious priests adorn some favorite saint

With gems and gold, until at length she gleams

One blaze of glory. Without these, you know,

And the priest's benediction, 't is a doll.

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

Hyp. Why, who do you think?

Don C. His cousin Violante.

Hyp. Guess again.

To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm

He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

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

Hyp. Not I.

Don C. Why not?

Hyp. (*mysteriously*). Why? Because Mari Franca

Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!

Don C. Jestng aside, who is it?

Hyp. Preciosa.

Don C. Impossible! The Count of Lara tells me

She is not virtuous.

Hyp. 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.

Hyp. It has been truly said by
some wise man,
That money, grief, and love can-
not be hidden.

(*Enter VICTORIAN in front.*)

Vict. Where'er thy step has
passed is holy ground!
These groves are sacred! I be-
hold 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.

Hyp. 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!

Hyp. 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.

Hyp. 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 al-
ways jealous.

Therefore thou shouldst be.

Vict. Marry, is that all?
Farewell; I am in haste. Fare-
well, 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 oth-
erwise

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 dungeon singest,

Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,

I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!

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

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks

More hearts are breaking in this world of ours

Than one would say. In distant villages

And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted

The barbèd 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?

Oh 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 jest.

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? Oh, 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 towards 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;
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 pain-
ful to me.
But if, without offending mod-
esty
And that reserve which is a wo-
man'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 plea-
sant hopes

That fill your heart with happi-
ness; 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.
Oh, 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 un-
chaste 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, oh, 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!

Oh, 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. Oh, 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. Oh shame! Oh shame!
Why do I walk abroad

By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,
And voices, and familiar sights and sounds

Cry, 'Hide thyself!' Oh, 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.

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? Oh, 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 further 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! 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 harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

Cruz. Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

Bart. Meanwhile, show me her house.

Cruz. Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

Bart. No matter. Show me the house. [*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! Oh never-
more henceforth
Shall mortal lips press thine; and
nevermore
A mortal name be whispered in
thine ear.

Go! keep my secret!
(*Drinks and 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 par-
tridge!
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. Reënter CRUZADO and
BARTOLOMÉ.*)

Bart. They went in at the gate.
Hark! I hear them in the garden.
(*Tries the gate.*) Bolted again!
Vive Cristo! Follow me over the
wall.

(*They climb the wall.*)

SCENE XI. — *PRECIOSA'S bed-
chamber. Midnight. She is
sleeping in an arm-chair, in an
undress. DOLORES watching
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.*)

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 cas-
tanets.

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! vil-
lains!

Lara. So! have at you!

Voice. Take that!

Lara. Oh, 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. VICTO-
RIAN and HYPOLITO, as trav-
elling students, with guitars, sit-
ting 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.
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!'

Oh, 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 Excali-
 bar,

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 wail-
 ing 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 be-
 neath 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 per-
ish.

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 dis-
tance.)*

Vict. Ave Maria! I hear the
sacristan

Ringing the chimes from yonder
village belfry!

A solemn sound, that echoes far
and wide

Over the red roofs of the cottages,
And bids the laboring hind afield,
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 vaga-
bonds 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 Is-
lands,

Which I shall publish in the mar-
ket-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 un-
baptized!
You hear the law! Obey and dis-
appear!

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 dis-
content. PANCHO follows.)*

Padre C. A righteous law! A
very righteous law!
Pray you, sit down.

Pedro C. I thank you heartily.
*(They seat themselves on a bench
at the PADRE CURA'S door.
Sound of guitars heard at a
distance, approaching during
the dialogue which follows.)*

A very righteous judgment, as you
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 va-
grants, 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 HYPO-
LITO playing.)*

Padre C. And pray, whom have
we here?

Pedro C. More vagrants! By
Saint Lazarus, more va-
grants!

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, Padre
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 studi-
ous 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 aston-
ish me! His air

Was not so full of dignity and
grace

As an Alcalde's should be

Padre C. That is true,

He's out of humor with some va-
grant Gypsies,

Who have their camp here in the
neighborhood.

There's nothing so undignified as
anger.

Hyp. The Padre Cura will ex-
cuse 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 *Emol-
lit 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 cere-
mony. [*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 hon-
ored name, no doubt.

How may I call your Grace?

Padre C. Gerónimo
De Santillana, at your Honor's ser-
vice.

Hyp. Descended from the Mar-
quis Santillana?

From the distinguished poet?

Padre C. From the Marquis,
Not from the poet.

Hyp. Why, they were the same.

Let me embrace you! Oh, some
lucky star

Has brought me hither! Yet once
more! — once more!

Your name is ever green in Al-
calá,

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. Oh, 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 mores.* (*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 have told your fortune.

Mart. (*embarrassed*). Told my fortune?

Hyp. Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.

I'll tell you what they said. They said, — they 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. Oh, 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.*)

Oh, 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. Oh, most infamous!
The Count of Lara is a worthless
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 suc-
ceeding,

He swore to be revenged; and set
on foot

A plot to ruin her, which has suc-
ceeded.

She has been hissed and hooted
from the stage,

Her reputation stained by slander-
ous 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. Oh, 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.*)

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!

Hyp. And have they with them
a pale, beautiful girl,
Called Preciosa?

Padre C. Ay, a pretty girl.
The gentleman seems moved.

Hyp. Yes, moved with hunger,
He is half famished with this long
day's journey.

Padre C. Then, pray you, come
this way. The supper waits.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *A post-house on the
road to Segovia, not far from the
village of Guadarrama. Enter
CHISPA, cracking a whip, and
singing the cachucha.*

Chispa. Halloo! 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 Victo-
rian, 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 run-
ning 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 Guadarrama.

[*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,
Oh how from their fury shall I flee, flee,
flee?

Oh 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.

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. Oh, 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. Oh, 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

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! Oh, 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! shame! Oh, 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 char-
ity!

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 wo-
man,

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 wid-
owed 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 swell-
ing 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. Oh, you will not dare
To utter such a falsehood!

Vict. I 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 dear-
est 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? Oh, 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 be-
lieved 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 Cru-
zado!

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 mur-
dered; 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? Oh, 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 muleteer 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.

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!

Monk. Is this the road to Segovia?

Shep. It is, your reverence.

Monk. How far is it?

Shep. I do not know.

Monk. What is that yonder in the valley?

Shep. San Ildefonso.

Monk. A long way to breakfast.

Shep. Ay, marry.

Monk. Are there robbers in these mountains?

Shep. Yes, and worse than that.

Monk. What?

Shep. Wolves.

Monk. Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

Shep. What wilt thou give me?

Monk. An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(*They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.*)

SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,
And I march me hurried, worried;
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 bel-
fries,

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 aque-
duct,

And an Alcázar, builded by the
Moors,

Wherein, you may remember, poor
Gil Blas

Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. Oh,
many a time

Out of its grated windows have I
looked

Hundreds of feet plumb down to
the Eresma,

That, like a serpent through the
valley creeping,

Glides at its foot.

Prec. Oh 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 per-
ished 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! Oh, 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 hap-
pen? Patience, and shuffle the
cards! I am not yet so bald that
you can see my brains; and per-
haps, 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. BARTO-
LOMÉ falls.*)

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS

CARILLON

In the ancient fown of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descend-
ed,

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.

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 burn-
ing, 20
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, 30
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 dit-
ties,
From the belfry of his brain, 40
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 50
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 sing-
ing 60
The bells of his own village ring-
ing,
And wakes, and finds his slumber-
ous 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 widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors
gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high ;
And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in 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 armèd 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.

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 flut-
tering 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 beauti-
ful,
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 SPRING-
FIELD

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor
to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the bur-
nished arms;
But from their silent pipes no an-
them pealing
Startles the villages with strange
alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how
wild and dreary,

<p>When the death-angel touches those swift keys! What loud lament and dismal Miserere Will mingle with their awful symphonies!</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>I hear the Florentine, who from his palace Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din, And Aztec priests upon their teo- callis Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;</p> <p>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 belea- guered towns;</p> <p>The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder, The rattling musketry, the clash- ing blade;</p>	<p>And ever and anon, in tones of thunder The diapason of the cannonade.</p> <p>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 harmo- nies?</p> <p>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:</p> <p>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!</p> <p>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!'</p> <p>Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies! But beautiful as songs of the im- mortals, The holy melodies of love arise.</p>
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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; 10

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art:
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common
mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air. 20

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. 30

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 ; 40

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 mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard ;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless
lay : 50

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labor, — the long pedigree of toil.

THE NORMAN BARON

IN his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying ;
Loud, without, the tempest thun-
dered,
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plun-
dered,
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 steal-
ing,
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 van-
ished,
Falsehood and deceit were ban-
ished,
Reason spake more loud than pas-
sion,
And the truth wore no dis-
guise.

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 num-
bered

Since in death the baron slum-
bered
By the convent's sculptured por-
tal,
Mingling with the common
dust:

But the good deed, through the
ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams im-
mortal,
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 10
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 20
Grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the
rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion;

And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling 30
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, 40
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, 50
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, 60
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 70
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, 80
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 ; 90
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 joc-
und 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, 10
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 21
Reposed of yore,
As shapeless ore,
Far down in the deep-sunken wells

Of darksome mines,
In some obscure and sunless place,
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,
Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines!

And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and escape, 30

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. 40

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. 50

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 60
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 70

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! 80
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; 90
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, 100
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 can-
opy

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 pend-
ent nest,

From which the laughing birds
have taken wing, 110

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, 120

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; 130
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 ap-
pears; 140

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 150
 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 op-
 pressed, 161
 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. 170
 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, 180
 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, 190
 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 im-
 pended;
 And Day, with all its hours of
 light
 Was slowly sinking out of sight,
 While, opposite, the scale of Night
 Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of old,
 In that bright vision I beheld
 Greater and deeper mysteries. 10
 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 fixèd 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, 20
 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; 30
 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; 40
 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, 51
 She reached the station of Orion.
 Aghast he stood in strange alarm!
 And suddenly from his out-
 stretched 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, 60
 He sought the blacksmith at his
 forge,
 And, climbing up the mountain
 gorge,
 Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence over-
 head,
 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 70
 Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
 And on from sphere to sphere the
 words
 Reëchoed 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 moon-
 light,
 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, oh how often,
 In the days that had gone by,
 I had stood on that bridge at mid-
 night
 And gazed on that wave and
 sky!

How often, oh 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 rest-
 less,
 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 sor-
 row,
 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 reflec-
 tion
 And its shadows shall appear,
 As the symbol of love in heaven,
 And its wavering image here.

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omahas;
 Gloomy and dark as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken!
 Wrapped 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 these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the
 prairies?

How canst thou breathe this air, who hast breathed the sweet air of
 the mountains?

Ah! 't is in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge
 Looks of disdain in return, and question these walls and these pave-
 ments,

Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions
 Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they,
 too,

Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division!

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash!
 There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple

Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer
Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their
branches.

There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses!
There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elkhorn,
Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omaha ²⁰
Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Black-
feet!

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 thunder,
And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man?
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes,
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,
Lo! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's
Merciless current! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-fires
Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust in the gray of the day-
break ³⁰

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

THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the dark-
ness

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 feel-
ing,
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.

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.

There are marks of age,
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,¹⁰
Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,
At the alehouse.

Soiled and dull thou art;
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,
As the russet, rain-molested
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine
Scattered from hilarious goblets,
As the leaves with the libations
Of Olympus. ²⁰

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, ³⁰

And with hearts by passion wasted,
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes
Where thy songs of love and friend-
ship
Made the gloomy Northern win-
ter
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,
Chanted staves of these old bal-
lads
To the Vikings. 40

Once in Elsinore,
At the court of old King Ham-
let,
Yorick and his boon companions
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard
Sang them in their smoky bar-
racks;—
Suddenly the English cannon
Joined the chorus!

Peasants in the field,
Sailors on the roaring ocean, 50
Students, tradesmen, pale mechan-
ics,
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend;
They, alas! have left thee friend-
less!
Yet at least by one warm fireside
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build
In these wide, old-fashioned chim-
neys,
So thy twittering song shall nestle
In my bosom,— 60

Quiet, close, and warm,
Sheltered from all molestation,
And recalling by their voices
Youth and travel.

WALTER VON DER VOGEL-
WEID

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
When he left this world of ours,
Laid his body in the cloister,
Under Würtzburg's minster tow-
ers.

And he gave the monks his trea-
sures,
Gave them all with this behest:
They should feed the birds at noon-
tide
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,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wart-
burg,
Which the bard had fought be-
fore.

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 hencefor-
ward
For our fasting brotherhood.'

Then in vain o'er tower and tur-
ret,

From the walls and woodland
nests,

When the minster bells rang noon-
tide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discord-
ant,

Clamorous round the Gothic
spire,

Screamed the feathered Minne-
singers

For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscrip-
tions

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 be-
tween 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 fol-
low;

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 na-
tions,

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 ex-
presses:

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 moun-
tains

Point the rods of fortune-tellers;

Youth perpetual dwells in foun-
tains,—

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 replen-
ish.

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 glis-
 ten
 In the head of old Silenus!

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

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 10
 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, 20
 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, 30
 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! 40
 Never—forever!'

There groups of merry children
 played,
 There youths and maidens dream-
 ing 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, 50
 The bride came forth on her wed-
 ding 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 re-
ply,—

'Forever — never!
Never — forever!'

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disap-
pear,—

Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity 70
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

MEZZO CAMMIN

HALF of my life is gone, and I
have let
The years slip from me and have
not fulfilled

The aspiration of my youth, to
build

Some tower of song with lofty
parapet.

Not indolence, nor pleasure, nor
the fret

Of restless passions that would
not be stilled,

But sorrow, and a care that
almost killed,

Kept me from what I may ac-
complish yet;

Though, half-way up the hill, I see
the Past

Lying beneath me with its
sounds and sights,—

A city in the twilight dim and
vast,

With smoking roofs, soft bells,
and gleaming lights,—

And hear above me on the au-
tumnal blast

The cataract of Death far thun-
dering from the heights.

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 Hes-
perus!

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.

AUTUMN

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded
by the rain,
With banners, by great gales in-
cessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of
Samarcond,
And stately oxen harnessed to
thy wain!
Thou standest, like imperial Charle-
magne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy
royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions
o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all
thy vast domain!
Thy shield is the red harvest moon,
suspended
So long beneath the heaven's
o'erhanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's
prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine
the sheaves;
And, following thee, in thy ova-
tion splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scat-
ters the golden leaves!

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!'

CURFEW

I

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The Curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

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.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall!
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all!

II

The book is completed,
And closed, like the day;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies;
Forgotten they lie;
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
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, 10
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

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

PART THE FIRST

I

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, 20
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the north
ward

Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic 30

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 hemlock,
 Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
 Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
 Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
 There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
 Lighted the village street, and gilded the 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 40
 Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
 Mingled their sounds with the whir 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, 50
 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, 60
 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 way-
 side,
 Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her
 tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
 When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
 Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden. 70
 Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
 Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
 Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
 Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her
 missal,

Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
 Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
 Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
 But a 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. 80
 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 footpath
 Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
 Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
 Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the roadside,
 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 90

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 selfsame
 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 inmates 100
 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 household.
 Many a youth, as he knelt in church and opened his missal,
 Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
 Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
 Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
 And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
 Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron; 110
 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 childhood
 Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician, 120

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 fire 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,

130

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. 140
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 with 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, 150
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
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 land-
scape

160

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.

170

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
 Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
 Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the home-
 stead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
 Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
 Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her
 collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
 Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the sea-
 side,

Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-
 dog,

180

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
 Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
 Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers ;
 Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ; their protector,
 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 fet-
 locks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson, 190
 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

200

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
 Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
 Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
 Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
 Laughed in the flickering light ; and the pewter plates on the dresser
 Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.

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, 210
 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 altar,
 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 blacksmith,
 And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him. 221
 '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
 Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes.'
 Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
 Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:— 230

'Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
 Ever in cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled with
 Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
 Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe.'
 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 241
 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 untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
 And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and chil-
 dren.'

'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, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts, 250
 Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
 Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons 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 cornfields,
 Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
 Than 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 ²⁶
 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 twelvemonth.
 René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
 Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?'
 As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
 Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
 And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
 Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public ;
 Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung ²⁷
 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, ²⁸
 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 vil-
 lage, ²⁹

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 an never the wiser ;
 And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
 Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
 Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then molest us ?'
 'God's name !' shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith ;
 'Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the where
 fore ?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest !'
 But without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,— 300
 'Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
 Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
 When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal.'
 This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
 When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
 'Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
 Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of 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. 310
 Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
 Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
 But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
 Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the
 mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
 That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
 Fell on an orphan girl who lived as a 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, 320
 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 balance,
 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 language;
 All his thoughts were 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, 330
 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;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
 Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
 Naming the 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 bridegroom, 340
 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 embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea, and the silvery mists of the meadows. 350
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed ; and silence reigned in the household.
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. 360
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple 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 mar-
riage,

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 370

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah ! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber !
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her
shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
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 footsteps, 380
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar !

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 neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
 Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows, 390
 Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
 Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
 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 ; 400
 Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
 Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
 Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
 There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated ;
 There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
 Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
 Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waist-
 coats.

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 410
 Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
 Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunquerque*,
 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 sonorous 420
 Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
 Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without, in the church-
 yard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-
 stones

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 casement, —
 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. 431
 '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.
 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! 440
 Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!
 As, when the air is serene in 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 windows,
 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-
 roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;
 So on the hearts of the people descended the 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. 450
 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 har-
 vests!'

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
 Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention, 460
 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? 470
 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 479

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people re-
sponded,

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

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, 490
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 wild-
flowers;

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

And, at the head of the board, the great 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, — 500
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, 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 510

Stood she, and listened and looked, till, overcome by emotion,
'Gabriel!' cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper un-
tasted,

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

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder 520
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 farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the wood-
land. 53^o

Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ; and there on the sea-
beach

Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply ;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoed far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-
doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers. 54^r
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daugh-
ters.

Foremost the young men came ; and, raising together their voices,
Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions :—
' Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible fountain !
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience !'
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the
wayside 55^o

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

' Gabriel ! be of good cheer ! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen !' 56^o
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 heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their
children 570

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, 580
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 pastures;
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 milk-maid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the win-
dows. 590

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.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man. 599
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a cleek 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 threshold,
 Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
 Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
 Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them 610
 Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
 Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
 Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon the mountain and meadow,
 Seizing the rocks and the rivers and piling huge shadows together.
 Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
 Gleamed on the sky and 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. 620
 Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, up-
 lifting,
 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 ship-
 board.
 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 encampments
 Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska, 631
 When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirl-
 wind,
 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. 640
 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 awoke 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. 650
 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. 660
 'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
 With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
 Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking ;
 And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

I

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
 When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
 Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
 Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed; 670
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the
 northeast
 Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfound-
 land.
 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 fireside.
 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
 Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered, 681
 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, 690

Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
 Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
 Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
 Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
 She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
 Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tomb-
 stones,

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. 700
 Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known
 him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
 'Gabriel Lajeunesse!' they said; 'Oh yes! we have seen him.
 He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
 Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers.'
 'Gabriel Lajeunesse!' said others; 'Oh 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? 710
 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 path-
 way,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.'
 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; 720
 If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
 Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
 That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
 Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
 Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
 Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of hea-
 ven!'

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!' 730

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
 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 existence,
 But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:
 Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only ;
 Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
 Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur ;
 Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet. 740

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 misfortune ;
 Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
 Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas. 750
 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 plumelike
 Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
 Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
 Lay in the stream, and along the 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, 760
 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 770
 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. 780
 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 791
 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.
 Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the mid-
 night, 800
 Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
 Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers,
 While 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 the shades ; and before
 them
 Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen. 810
 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 greensward,
 Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
 Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
 Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob, 821
 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. 830
 At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
 Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
 Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
 Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
 Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
 Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
 But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
 So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows ;
 All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers.
 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden. 840
 Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
 After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
 As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
 Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, 'O Father Felician !
 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
 Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?
 Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit ?'
 Then, with a blush, she added, 'Alas for my credulous fancy !
 Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning.' 849
 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 860
 Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
 They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana !'

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
 Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
 Like a magician extended his golden wand 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. 870
 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, 880
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
 With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbb'd with emotion,
 Slowly they enter'd the Têche, where it flows through the green Ope-
 lousas,

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 Yule-tide, 890
 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. 900
 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 grape-vines. 910

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 landscape.
 Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded 920
 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 blacksmith. 930
 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 embraces,
 Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
 Broke the silence and said, 'If you came by the 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, 940
 'Gone? is Gabriel gone?' and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
 All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
 Then the good Basil said, — and his voice grew 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, 950
 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 morning
 We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison.'

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
 Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler. 960
 Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
 Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
 Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
 'Long live Michael,' they cried, 'our brave Acadian minstrel!'
 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
 Father 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 blacksmith,
 All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor; 971
 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 breezy veranda, Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended. All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver, Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors, 980 Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamp-light.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion. Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco, Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:— 'Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better 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. 990

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, While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table, 1000 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. 1010 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,
 Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
 All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
 Whirl of the giddy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments. 1020

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herds-
 man

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. 1030
 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
 Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confes-
 sions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-
 dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
 As, through the garden-gate, and beneath the shade of the oak-trees,
 Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
 Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
 Gleamed and floated away in mingled and infinite numbers. 1040

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
 Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
 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! 1049

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 slumbers!
 When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?'
 Loud and sudden and near the notes of a whippoorwill sounded
 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
 Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
 'Patience!' whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness:
 And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, 'To-morrow!'

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
 Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses 1060

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 glad-
 ness,

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, 1070
 Found they the 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 land-
 lord,
 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 gate-
 way, 1080

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 Mountains,
 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, 1090
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
 Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
 Over them wandered 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 maraud-
 ers; 1100

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 behind him.
 Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
 Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
 Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
 Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ; but at nightfall, 1111
 When they had reached the place they found only embers and ashes.
 And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were
 weary,
 Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
 Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before
 them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
 Into their 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, 1120
 Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.
 Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest
 welcome
 Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
 On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
 But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
 Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
 Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-
 light
 Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their
 blankets,
 Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
 Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent, 1130
 All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
 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 compassion,
 Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
 She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
 Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
 Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
 Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the
 Mowis ;
 Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden, 1140
 But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
 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 incantation,
 Told she the tale of the fair Lillinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
 That through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twi-
 light,
 Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
 Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,

And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.
 Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened 1150
 To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
 Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
 Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
 Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
 Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
 With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
 Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
 Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
 Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
 As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow. 1160
 It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
 Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
 That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
 With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee
 Said, as they journeyed along, 'On the western slope of these mountains
 Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
 Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus.
 Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him.'
 Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered, 1170
 'Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!'
 Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
 Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
 And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
 Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
 Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
 Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
 High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
 Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
 This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches 1180
 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 approaching,
 Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
 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 expression,
 Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
 And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam. 1190
 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 answered:
 'Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
 On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
 Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!'

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

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed. 1199

'Far to the north he has gone,' continued the priest; 'but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.'

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,

'Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.'

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other, —
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize 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 1210

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.

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 vigorous plant that lifts its head from the meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the magnet;

This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has planted

Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller's journey 1220

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 nepenthe.'

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 1230

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; — 1240

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 fore-
 head,
 Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon, 1250
 As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware 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 reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,
 As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
 Finding 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, 1260
 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 stran-
 ger ;

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 foot-
 steps.

As from the mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning 1270
 Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
 Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
 So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
 Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the pathway
 Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
 Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
 Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
 Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence and absence.
 Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
 Over him years had no power ; he was not changed, but transfigured ;
 He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent ; 1281
 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 sunlight, 1290
 Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
 Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman
 repeated
 Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
 High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
 Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
 Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
 Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
 Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an
 acorn. 1300

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
 Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
 So death flooded life, and, 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 oppressor;
 But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—
 Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
 Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
 Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and wood-
 lands;—
 Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket 1310
 Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seemed 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
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
 Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
 Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
 Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
 Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and
 silent, 1320
 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;' 1330
 And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
 Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
 Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
 Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
 Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
 Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
 Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
 Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
 And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
 Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever. 1340
 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 morning.
 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; 1350
 But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
 Seemed to assume ónce 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 besprinked its portals,
 That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
 Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
 Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
 Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
 Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations, 1360
 Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
 Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
 'Gabriel! O my beloved!' and died away into silence.
 Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
 Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
 Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their
 shadow,
 As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
 Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
 Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
 Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered 1370
 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 darkness,
 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, 1379
 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 and 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. 1391
 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 homespun,
 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.

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 re-
membrance!

Never grow old, nor change, nor
pass away!

Your gentle voices will flow on
forever,

When life grows bare and tar-
nished 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 sea-
side walk,

Saddened, and mostly silent,
with emotion;

Not interrupting with intrusive
talk

The grand, majestic sympho-
nies 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 20

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, 30

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, 40

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 over-
whelm;

Broad in the beam, but sloping
aft

With graceful curve and slow de-
grees,

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. 50

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; 59

Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring
Roanoke!

Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in
motion!

There 's not a ship that sails the
ocean,

But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or
small,

And help to build the wooden
wall! 69

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 lean-
ing,

Listened, to catch his slightest
meaning. 80

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, 90
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. 100

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, 110

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 120

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 be-
hest

Far excelleth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the ship-
yard's bounds 130

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. 139

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, 150

Of pirates coasting the Spanish
Main,
And ships that never came back
again,
The chance and change of a sail-
or'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 shin-
ing sands,
Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagas-
car, 160
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 man-
kind!
And whenever the old man paused,
a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would
awhile illumine
The silent group in the twilight
gloom, 170
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 sym-
metry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along
the side 181
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 190
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 Mas-
ter,
Stanch and strong, a goodly ves-
sel,
That shall laugh at all disas-
ter,
And with wave and whirlwind
wrestle!'

With oaken brace and copper
band, 200
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 be-
hind 210
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, 219

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, 231

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, 240

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, 250

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. 260

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 uncon-
trolled,

Paces restless to and fro, 269

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, 280

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 sudden fleck,
Fall around them on the deck. 290

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 — 300
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, 309
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, 320

Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the
skies,

And then again to turn and
sink,
As if we could slide from its outer
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 mo-
tion,

Now touching the very skies, 330
Now sinking into the depths of
ocean.

Ah ! if our souls but poise and
swing

Like the compass in its brazer
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, 340
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, 351

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 360
 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 on-
 ward 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 370
 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, 380
 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,
 'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
 'Tis but the flapping of the
 sail, 390
 And not a rent made by the gale!
 In spite of rock and tempest's
 roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the
 sea!
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with
 thee,
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers,
 our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee,—are all with
 thee!

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:
 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, erelong
From each cave and rocky fast-
ness,
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 En-
deavor
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.

CHRYSAOR

In the first edition of *The Seaside and the Fireside* this poem bore the title of *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 Callirrhœ,
Forever tender, soft, and tremu-
lous.

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 sandal,
Such as gleam in ancient lore ;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore !

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft, and 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 helms-
man
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 helms-
man answered,
'Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!'

In each sail that skims the hori-
zon,
In each landward - blowing
breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through
me.

TWILIGHT

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the
window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness
To see some form arise.

And a woman's 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 case-
ment,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and
bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the
mother
Drive the color from her cheek?

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east - wind was his
breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glisten in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were
cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he
bore,
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the
light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
'Do not fear! Heaven is as
near,'
He said, 'by water as by land!'

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,

Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all
around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing
clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, o'er the open
main;
Yet there seems no change of
place.

Southward, forever 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 splen-
dor in the glare!

Not one alone; from each project-
ing cape
And perilous reef along the
ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic
shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the rest-
less surge.

Like the great giant Christopher
it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestu-
ous 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 dark-
ness, and their sails
Gleam for a moment only in the
blaze,
And eager faces, as the light un-
veils,
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 adven-
tures wild,
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's
brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the
same

Year after year, through all the
 silent night
 Burns on forevermore that quencherless
 flame,
 Shines on that inextinguishable
 light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom
 clasp
 The rocks and sea-sand with the
 kiss of peace;
 It sees the wild winds lift it in
 their grasp,
 And hold it up, and shake it like
 a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it;
 the storm
 Smites it with all the scourges
 of the rain,
 And steadily against its solid
 form
 Press the great shoulders of the
 hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it,
 with the din
 Of wings and winds and solitary
 cries,
 Blinded and maddened by the light
 within,
 Dashes himself against the glare,
 and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon
 the rock,
 Still grasping in his hand the fire
 of Jove,
 It does not hear the cry, nor heed
 the shock,
 But hails the mariner with words
 of love.

'Sail on!' it says, 'sail on, ye
 stately ships!
 And with your floating bridge
 the ocean span;
 Be mine to guard this light from
 all eclipse,
 Be yours to bring man nearer
 unto man!'

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD

DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MAR-
 BLEHEAD

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, si-
 lent 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 sep-
 arate 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.

Of died the words upon our
lips,

As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded
ships,

The flames would leap and then
expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and
failed,

We thought of wrecks upon the
main,

Of ships 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 de-
fended,

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 chil-
dren crying,

Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe
afflictions

Not from the ground arise,

But oftentimes celestial benedic-
tions

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 be-
hold 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 moan-
ing 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 conceal-
ing,
The grief that must have way.

THE BUILDERS

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of
Time ;
Some with massive deeds and
great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the
rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we
build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps be-
tween ;
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 Ish-
maelite

Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patri-
arch's sight
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt
and bare,

Crushed it beneath their tread,
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into
the air
Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Naza-
reth

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 Ar-
menian 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
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 shift-
ing 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 set-
ting 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!

THE OPEN WINDOW

THE old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-
dog

Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lin-
dens,

They played not in the hall;
But shadow, and silence, and sad-
ness
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 glist-
 ened
 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 Apos-
 tles,
 Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Mar-
 tyrs
 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 con-
 vent,
 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 gob-
 let !
 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 with-
in thee!—

And the startled artist woke,—

Woke, and from the smoking em-
bers

Seized and quenched the glow-
ing 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 wingèd 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 ring-
ing
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 pro-
claiming
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
Rich and poor, and young and
old,

Came in haste to see this won-
drous
Wingèd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the even-
ing

Fell, with vapors cold and dim;
But it brought no food nor shel-
ter,
Brought no straw nor stall, for
him.

Patiently, and still expectant,
Looked he through the wooden
bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the land-
scape,
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 dis-
tended,
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 de-
parted,
And they knew not when nor
where.

But they found, upon the green-
sward
Where his struggling hoofs had
trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailling
 Gladdens the whole region
 round,
 Strengthening all who drink its
 waters,
 While it soothes them with its
 sound.

TEGNER'S DRAPA

I HEARD a voice, that cried,
 'Balder the Beautiful
 Is dead, is dead !'
 And through the misty air
 Passed like the mournful cry
 Of sunward sailing cranes.

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 sun it seemed,
 Sinking beneath the waves.
 Balder returned no more !

So perish the old Gods !
 But out of the sea of Time
 Rises a new land of song,
 Fairer than the old.
 Over its meadows green
 Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,
 O ye bards,
 Fairer than before !
 Ye fathers of the new race,
 Feed upon morning dew,
 Sing the new Song of Love !

The law of force is dead !
 The law of love prevails !
 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 trem-
bled as she read,
Interpreting by tones the won-
drous 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 vexed!
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
Conitron 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 Gethsem-
 ane
 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 SONG OF HIAWATHA

INTRODUCTION

SHOULD you ask me, whence these
 stories?

Whence these legends and tradi-
 tions,

With the odors of the forest,
 With the dew and damp of mead-
 ows,

With the curling smoke of wig-
 wams,

With the rushing of great rivers,
 With their frequent repetitions,
 And their wild reverberations,
 As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell
 you, 10

'From the forests and the prairies,
 From the great lakes of the North-
 land,

From the land of the Ojibways,
 From the land of the Dacotahs,
 From the mountains, moors, and
 fen-lands

Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-
 gah,
 Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
 I repeat them as I heard them
 From the lips of Nawadaha, 19
 The musician, the sweet singer.'

Should you ask where Nawadaha
 Found these songs so wild and
 wayward,

Found these legends and tradi-
 tions,

I should answer, I should tell
 you,

'In the bird's-nests of the forest,
 In the lodges of the beaver,
 In the hoof-prints of the bison,
 In the eyry of the eagle!

'All the wild-fowl sang them to
 him, 29

In the moorlands and the fen-lands,
 In the melancholy marshes;
 Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
 Mahng, the loon, the wild-goose,
 Wawa,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!'

If still further you should ask me,
 Saying, 'Who was Nawadaha?
 Tell us of this Nawadaha,'

I should answer your inquiries
 Straightway in such words as fol-
 low. 40

'In the vale of Tawasentha,
 In the green and silent valley,
 By the pleasant water-courses,
 Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
 Round about the Indian village
 Spread the meadows and the corn-
 fields,

And beyond them stood the forest,
 Stood the groves of singing pine-
 trees,

Green in Summer, white in Winter,
 Ever sighing, ever singing. 50
 'And the pleasant water-courses,
 You could trace them through the
 valley,

By the rushing in the Spring-time,
 By the alders in the Summer,
 By the white fog in the Autumn,
 By the black line in the Winter;
 And beside them dwelt the singer,
 In the vale of Tawasentha,
 In the green and silent valley.

'There he sang of Hiawatha, 60
 Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
 Sang his wondrous birth and being,
 How he prayed and how he fasted,
 How he lived, and toiled, and suf-
 fered,
 That the tribes of men might pros-
 per,

That he might advance his people!'
 Ye who love the haunts of Na-
 ture,

Love the sunshine of the meadow,
 Love the shadow of the forest, 69
 Love the wind among the branches,
 And the rain-shower and the snow-
 storm,

And the rushing of great rivers
 Through their palisades of pine-
 trees,

And the thunder in the mountains,
 Whose innumerable echoes
 Flap like eagles in their eyries;—
 Listen to these wild traditions,
 To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,
 Love the ballads of a people, 80
 That like voices from afar off
 Call to us to pause and listen,
 Speak in tones so plain and child-
 like,

Scarcely can the ear distinguish
 Whether they are sung or spoken;—
 Listen to this Indian Legend,
 To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and
 simple,
 Who have faith in God and Nature,
 Who believe that in all ages 90
 Every human heart is human,

That in even savage bosoms
 There are longings, yearnings,
 strivings

For the good they comprehend not,
 That the feeble hands and helpless,
 Groping blindly in the darkness,
 Touch God's right hand in that
 darkness

And are lifted up and strength-
 ened;—

Listen to this simple story,
 To this Song of Hiawatha! 100

Ye, who sometimes, in your ram-
 bles

Through the green lanes of the
 country,

Where the tangled barberry-bushes
 Hang their tufts of crimson berries
 Over stone walls gray with mosses,
 Pause by some neglected grave-
 yard,

For a while to muse, and ponder
 On a half effaced inscription,
 Written with little skill of song-
 craft, 109

Homely phrases, but each letter
 Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
 Full of all the tender pathos
 Of the Here and the Hereafter;—
 Stay and read this rude inscription,
 Read this Song of Hiawatha!

I

THE PEACE-PIPE

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,
 On the great Red Pipe-stone
 Quarry,

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
 He the Master of Life, descending,
 On the red crags of the quarry
 Stood erect, and called the nations,
 Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a
 river,

Leaped into the light of morning,
 O'er the precipice plunging down-
 ward 10

Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the
 comet.

And the Spirit, stooping earth-ward,

With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, 'Run in this way!'

From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a frag-ment,

Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with
figures;

From the margin of the river 20
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighboring
forest,

Made its great boughs chafe to-
gether,
Till in flame they burst and kin-
dled;

And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-
Pipe, 30

As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly,
slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morn-
ing,

First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Then a snow-white cloud unfold-
ing,

Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,
Till it broke against the heaven, 40
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and
rivers

All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the na-
tions 50

Said: 'Behold it, the Pukwana!
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council!'

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mo-
hawks, 60

Came the Choctaws and Caman-
ches,
Came the Shoshonies and Black-
feet,

Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone
Quarry.

And they stood there on the
meadow, 70
With their weapons and their war-
gear,

Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations, 80
Looked upon them with compas-
sion,

With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and
wrangling

But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of chil-
dren!

Over them he stretched his right
hand,

To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;

Spake to them with voice ma-
jestic 90

As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this
wise:—

'O my children! my poor children!

Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who
made you!

'I have given you lands to hunt
in,

I have given you streams to fish
in, 100

I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-
fowl,

Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each
other?

'I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and blood-
shed,

Weary of your prayers for ven-
geance, 110

Of your wranglings and dissen-
sions;

All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace hencefor-
ward,

And as brothers live together.

'I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall
teach you,

Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels, 120

You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!

'Bathe now in the stream before
you,

Wash the war-paint from your
faces,

Wash the blood-stains from your
fingers,

Bury your war-clubs and your
weapons,

Break the red stone from this
quarry,

Mould and make it into Peace-
Pipes,

Take the reeds that grow beside
you, 130

Deck them with your brightest
feathers,

Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live hencefor-
ward!'

Then upon the ground the war-
riors

Threw their cloaks and shirts of
deer-skin,

Threw their weapons and their
war-gear,

Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their
faces.

Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the foot-
prints 140

Of the Master of Life descending;
Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of
crimson,

As if blood were mingled with it!
From the river came the war-
riors,

Clean and washed from all their
war-paint;

On the banks their clubs they
buried,

Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The Great Spirit, the creator, 150
Smiled upon his helpless children!

And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-
Pipes,

Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest
feathers,

And departed each one home-
ward,

While the Master of Life, ascend-
ing,

Through the opening of cloud-cur-
tains,
Through the doorways of the hea-
ven, 160
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around
him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

II

THE FOUR WINDS

'HONOR be to Mudjekeewis!'
Cried the warriors, cried the old
men,
When he came in triumph home-
ward
With the sacred Belt of Wampum,
From the regions of the North-
Wind,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit.
He had stolen the Belt of Wam-
pum
From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,
From the Great Bear of the moun-
tains, 10
From the terror of the nations,
As he lay asleep and cumbrous
On the summit of the mountains,
Like a rock with mosses on it,
Spotted brown and gray with
mosses.
Silently he stole upon him
Till the red nails of the monster
Almost touched him, almost scared
him,
Till the hot breath of his nostrils
Warmed the hands of Mudjee-
wis, 20
As he drew the Belt of Wampum
Over the round ears, that heard
not,
Over the small eyes, that saw not,
Over the long nose and nostrils,
The black muffle of the nostrils,
Out of which the heavy breathing
Warmed the hands of Mudjee-
wis.

Then he swung aloft his war-
club,
Shouted loud and long his war-cry,
Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of the forehead, 31
Right between the eyes he smote
him.

With the heavy blow bewildered,
Rose the Great Bear of the moun-
tains;
But his knees beneath him trem-
bled,
And he whimpered like a woman,
As he reeled and staggered for-
ward,

As he sat upon his haunches;
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Standing fearlessly before him, 40
Taunted him in loud derision,
Spake disdainfully in this wise:—
'Hark you, Bear! you are a
coward;

And no Brave, as you pretended;
Else you would not cry and whim-
per
Like a miserable woman!

Bear! you know our tribes are hos-
tile,
Long have been at war together;
Now you find that we are strong-
est,

You go sneaking in the forest, 50
You go hiding in the mountains!
Had you conquered me in battle
Not a groan would I have ut-
tered;

But you, Bear! sit here and whim-
per,

And disgrace your tribe by crying,
Like a wretched Shaugodaya,
Like a cowardly old woman!'

Then again he raised his war-
club,

Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of his forehead, 60
Broke his skull, as ice is broken
When one goes to fish in Winter.
Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,
He the Great Bear of the moun-
tains,

He the terror of the nations.

'Honor be to Mudjekeewis!'
 With a shout exclaimed the people,
 'Honor be to Mudjekeewis!
 Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind',
 And hereafter and forever 70
 Shall he hold supreme dominion
 Over all the winds of heaven.
 Call him no more Mudjekeewis,
 Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind!'

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen
 Father of the Winds of Heaven.
 For himself he kept the West-Wind,
 Gave the others to his children;
 Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,
 Gave the South to Shawondasee,
 And the North - Wind, wild and
 cruel, 81

To the fierce Kabibonokka.
 Young and beautiful was Wabun;
 He it was who brought the morning,
 He it was whose silver arrows
 Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;
 He it was whose cheeks were
 painted
 With the brightest streaks of
 crimson,
 And whose voice awoke the village,
 Called the deer, and called the
 hunter. 90

Lonely in the sky was Wabun;
 Though the birds sang gayly to
 him,
 Though the wild-flowers of the
 meadow
 Filled the air with odors for
 him;
 Though the forests and the rivers
 Sang and shouted at his coming,
 Still his heart was sad within
 him,
 For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earth-
 ward,

While the village still was sleep-
 ing, 100
 And the fog lay on the river,
 Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,
 He beheld a maiden walking
 All alone upon a meadow,
 Gathering water-flags and rushes
 By a river in the meadow.

Every morning; gazing earth-
 ward,
 Still the first thing he beheld
 there 108

Was her blue eyes looking at him,
 Two blue lakes among the rushes.
 And he loved the lonely maiden,
 Who thus waited for his coming;
 For they both were solitary,
 She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with ca-
 resses,

Wooed her with his smile of sun-
 shine,

With his flattering words he wooed
 her,

With his sighing and his singing,
 Gentlest whispers in the branches,
 Softest music, sweetest odors, 120
 Till he drew her to his bosom,
 Folded in his robes of crimson,
 Till into a star he changed her,
 Trembling still upon his bosom;
 And forever in the heavens

They are seen together walking,
 Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,
 Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka
 Had his dwelling among icebergs,
 In the everlasting snow-drifts, 131
 In the kingdom of Wabasso,
 In the land of the White Rabbit.

He it was whose hand in Autumn
 Painted all the trees with scarlet,
 Stained the leaves with red and
 yellow;

He it was who sent the snow-
 flakes,
 Sifting, hissing through the forest,
 Froze the ponds, the lakes, the
 rivers,

Drove the loon and sea-gull south-
 ward, 140

Drove the cormorant and curlew
 To their nests of sedge and sea-
 tang
 In the realms of Shawondasee.
 Once the fierce Kabibonokka
 Issued from his lodge of snow-
 drifts,
 From his home among the ice-
 bergs,
 And his hair, with snow besprin-
 kled,
 Streamed behind him like a river,
 Like a black and wintry river,
 As he howled and hurried south-
 ward, ¹⁵⁰
 Over frozen lakes and moorlands.
 There among the reeds and
 rushes
 Found he Shingebis, the diver,
 Trailing strings of fish behind
 him,
 O'er the frozen fens and moor-
 lands,
 Lingered still among the moor-
 lands,
 Though his tribe had long de-
 parted
 To the land of Shawondasee.
 Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,
 'Who is this that dares to brave
 me? ¹⁶⁰
 Dares to stay in my dominions,
 When the Wawa has departed,
 When the wild-goose has gone
 southward,
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 Long ago departed southward?
 I will go into his wigwam,
 I will put his smouldering fire
 out!'
 And at night Kabibonokka
 To the lodge came wild and wail-
 ing,
 Heaped the snow in drifts about
 it, ¹⁷⁰
 Shouted down into the smoke-flue,
 Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,
 Flapped the curtain of the door-
 way.
 Shingebis, the diver, feared not,
 Shingebis, the diver, cared not;

Four great logs had he for fire-
 wood,
 One for each moon of the winter,
 And for food the fishes served
 him.
 By his blazing fire he sat there,
 Warm and merry, eating, laugh-
 ing, ¹⁸⁰
 Singing, 'O Kabibonokka,
 You are but my fellow-mortal!'
 Then Kabibonokka entered,
 And though Shingebis, the diver,
 Felt his presence by the coldness,
 Felt his icy breath upon him,
 Still he did not cease his singing,
 Still he did not leave his laugh-
 ing,
 Only turned the log a little,
 Only made the fire burn brighter,
 Made the sparks fly up the smoke-
 flue. ¹⁹¹
 From Kabibonokka's forehead,
 From his snow-besprinkled
 tresses,
 Drops of sweat fell fast and
 heavy,
 Making dints upon the ashes,
 As along the eaves of lodges,
 As from drooping boughs of hem-
 lock,
 Drips the melting snow in spring-
 time,
 Making hollows in the snow-drifts.
 Till at last he rose defeated,
 Could not bear the heat and laugh-
 ter, ²⁰¹
 Could not bear the merry singing,
 But rushed headlong through the
 door-way,
 Stamped upon the crusted snow-
 drifts,
 Stamped upon the lakes and riv-
 ers,
 Made the snow upon them harder,
 Made the ice upon them thicker,
 Challenged Shingebis, the diver,
 To come forth and wrestle with
 him,
 To come forth and wrestle naked
 On the frozen fens and moor-
 lands. ²¹¹

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,
 Wrestled all night with the North-
 Wind,
 Wrestled naked on the moorlands
 With the fierce Kabibonokka,
 Till his panting breath grew
 fainter,
 Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,
 Till he reeled and staggered back-
 ward,
 And retreated, baffled, beaten,
 To the kingdom of Wabasso, 220
 To the land of the White Rabbit,
 Hearing still the gusty laughter,
 Hearing Shingebis, the diver,
 Singing, 'O Kabibonokka,
 You are but my fellow-mortal!'
 Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
 Had his dwelling far to south-
 ward,
 In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
 In the never-ending Summer.
 He it was who sent the wood-
 birds, 230
 Sent the robin, the Opechee,
 Sent the bluebird, the Owaissa,
 Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swal-
 low,
 Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, north-
 ward,
 Sent the melons and tobacco,
 And the grapes in purple clusters.
 From his pipe the smoke ascend-
 ing
 Filled the sky with haze and va-
 por,
 Filled the air with dreamy soft-
 ness,
 Gave a twinkle to the water, 240
 Touched the rugged hills with
 smoothness,
 Brought the 'tender Indian Sum-
 mer
 To the melancholy north-land,
 In the dreary Moon of Snow-
 shoes.
 Listless, careless Shawondasee!
 In his life he had one shadow,
 In his heart one sorrow had he.
 Once, as he was gazing northward,
 Far away upon a prairie

He beheld a maiden standing, 250
 Saw a tall and slender maiden
 All alone upon a prairie;
 Brightest green were all her gar-
 ments,
 And her hair was like the sun-
 shine.
 Day by day he gazed upon her,
 Day by day he sighed with pas-
 sion,
 Day by day his heart within him
 Grew more hot with love and long-
 ing
 For the maid with yellow tresses.
 But he was too fat and lazy 260
 To bestir himself and woo her.
 Yes, too indolent and easy
 To pursue her and persuade her;
 So he only gazed upon her,
 Only sat and sighed with passion
 For the maiden of the prairie.
 Till one morning, looking north-
 ward,
 He beheld her yellow tresses
 Changed and covered o'er with
 whiteness,
 Covered as with whitest snow-
 flakes. 270
 'Ah! my brother from the North-
 land,
 From the kingdom of Wabasso,
 From the land of the White Rab-
 bit!
 You have stolen the maiden from
 me,
 You have laid your hand upon her,
 You have wooed and won my
 maiden,
 With your stories of the North-
 land!'
 Thus the wretched Shawonda-
 see
 Breathed into the air his sorrow;
 And the South-Wind o'er the
 prairie 280
 Wandered warm with sighs of pas-
 sion,
 With the sighs of Shawondasee,
 Till the air seemed full of snow-
 flakes,
 Full of thistle-down the prairie,

And the maid with hair like sun-
shine
Vanished from his sight forever ;
Nevermore did Shawondasee
See the maid with yellow tresses !
Poor, deluded Shawondasee !
'T was no woman that you gazed
at, 290
'T was no maiden that you sighed
for,
'T was the prairie dandelion
That through all the dreamy Sum-
mer
You had gazed at with such long-
ing,
You had sighed for with such pas-
sion,
And had puffed away forever,
Blown into the air with sighing.
Ah! deluded Shawondasee !
Thus the Four Winds were di-
vided ; 299
Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis
Had their stations in the heavens,
At the corner of the heavens ;
For himself the West-Wind only
Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

III

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

DOWNWARD through the evening
twilight,
In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages,
From the full moon fell Nokomis,
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
She a wife, but not a mother.
She was sporting with her wo-
men,
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred, 10
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-
vines,
And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening
twilight,

On the Muskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms.
'See! a star falls!' said the peo-
ple ;
'From the sky a star is falling !'
There among the ferns and
mosses,
There among the prairie lilies, 20
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the star-
light,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.
And she called her name Wen-
onah,
As the first-born of her daughters.
And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the star-
light. 30
And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
'Oh, beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis ;
Listen not to what he tells you ;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm
you !'
But she heeded not the warning,
Heeded not those words of wis-
dom, 40
And the West-Wind came at even-
ing,
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and blos-
soms,
Bending low the flowers and
grasses,
Found the beautiful Wenonah,
Lying there among the lilies,
Wooded her with his words of
sweetness,
Wooded her with his soft caresses,
Till she bore a son in sorrow,
Bore a son of love and sorrow. 50
Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wo-
der ;
But the daughter of Nokomis,

Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faith-
less,

By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;
'Oh that I were dead!' she mur-
mured, 60

'Oh that I were dead, as thou art!
No more work, and no more weep-
ing,

Wahonowin! Wahonowin!'

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-
trees,

Rose the firs with cones upon
them; 70

Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
'Hush! the Naked Bear will hear
thee!' 80

Lulled him into slumber, singing,
'Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wig-
wam?

With his great eyes lights the wig-
wam?

Ewa-yea! my little owlet!'

Many things Nokomis taught
him

Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the
spirits, 90

Warriors with their plumes and
war-clubs,

Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;

Showed the broad white road in
heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shad-
ows,

Running straight across the hea-
vens,

Crowded with the ghosts, the shad-
ows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha:

Heard the whispering of the pine-
trees, 100

Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
'Minne-wawa!' said the pine-trees,
'Mudway-aushka!' said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of even-
ing,

With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught
him: 110

'Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!'

Saw the moon rise from the
water

Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, 'What is that, No-
komis?' 120

And the good Nokomis answered:
'Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw
her

Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw
her;

'T is her body that you see there.'
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, 'What is that, Noko-
mis?'

And the good Nokomis answered:
'T is the heaven of flowers you
see there; 13'

All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and
perish,

Blossom in that heaven above
us.'

When he heard the owls at mid-
night,

Hooting, laughing in the forest,
'What is that?' he cried in ter-
ror,

'What is that,' he said, 'Noko-
mis?' 139

And the good Nokomis answered:
'That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other.'

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their
secrets,

How they built their nests in Sum-
mer,

Where they hid themselves in
Winter,

Talked with them whene'er he
met them,

Called them 'Hiawatha's Chick-
ens.' 150

Of all beasts he learned the lan-
guage,

Learned their names and all their
secrets,

How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their
acorns,

How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met
them,

Called them 'Hiawatha's Bro-
thers.'

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller, 160
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the ar-
rows,

Tipped with flint, and winged with
feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-
skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:

'Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd to-
gether, 170

Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!'

Forth into the forest straight-
way

All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and ar-
rows;

And the birds sang round him, o'er
him,

'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!'
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!' 180

Up the oak-tree, close beside
him,

Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the
oak-tree,

Laughed, and said between his
laughing,

'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'
And the rabbit from his path-
way

Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic, 190
Saying to the little hunter,

'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'
But he heeded not, nor heard
them,

For his thoughts were with the
red deer;

On their tracks his eyes were fas-
tened,

Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked
he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted, 201

Saw two eyes look from the
 thicket,
 Saw two nostrils point to wind-
 ward,
 And a deer came down the path-
 way,
 Flecked with leafy light and
 shadow.
 And his heart within him fluttered,
 Trembled like the leaves above
 him,
 Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
 As the deer came down the path-
 way.

Then, upon one knee uprising, ²¹⁰
 Hiawatha aimed an arrow ;
 Scarce a twig moved with his mo-
 tion,
 Scarce a leaf was stirred or rus-
 tled,
 But the wary roebuck started,
 Stamped with all his hoofs to-
 gether,
 Listened with one foot uplifted,
 Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;
 Ah ! the singing, fatal arrow,
 Like a wasp it buzzed and stung
 him !

Dead he lay there in the for-
 est,
 By the ford across the river ; ²²¹
 Beat his timid heart no longer,
 But the heart of Hiawatha
 Throbbled and shouted and ex-
 ulted,
 As he bore the red deer home-
 ward,
 And Iagoo and Nokomis
 Hailed his coming with applauses.
 From the red deer's hide No-
 komis
 Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
 From the red deer's flesh Noko-
 mis ²³⁰
 Made a banquet to his honor.
 All the village came and feasted,
 All the guests praised Hiawatha,
 Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-
 taha !
 Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-
 tayssee !

IV

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS

OUT of childhood into manhood
 Now had grown my Hiawatha,
 Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
 Learned in all the lore of old men,
 In all youthful sports and pas-
 times,

In all manly arts and labors.
 Swift of foot was Hiawatha ;
 He could shoot an arrow from
 him,
 And run forward with such fleet-
 ness,
 That the arrow fell behind him ! ¹⁰
 Strong of arm was Hiawatha ;
 He could shoot ten arrows up-
 ward,
 Shoot them with such strength and
 swiftness,
 That the tenth had left the bow-
 string

Ere the first to earth had fallen !
 He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
 Magic mittens made of deer-skin ;
 When upon his hands he wore
 them,

He could smite the rocks asunder,
 He could grind them into powder.
 He had moccasins enchanted, ²¹
 Magic moccasins of deer-skin ;
 When he bound them round his
 ankles,

When upon his feet he tied them,
 At each stride a mile he measured !

Much he questioned old Nokomis
 Of his father Mudjekeewis ;
 Learned from her the fatal secret
 Of the beauty of his mother,
 Of the falsehood of his father ; ³⁰
 And his heart was hot within him,
 Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,
 ' I will go to Mudjekeewis,
 See how fares it with my father,
 At the doorways of the West-
 Wind,

At the portals of the Sunset !'
 From his lodge went Hiawatha,

Dressed for travel, armed for
hunting;

Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leg-
gings, 40

Richly wrought with quills and
wampum;

On his head his eagle-feathers,
Round his waist his belt of wam-
pum,

In his hand his bow of ash-wood,
Strung with sinews of the rein-
deer;

In his quiver oaken arrows,
Tipped with jasper, winged with
feathers;

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis,
'Go not forth, O Hiawatha! 51
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,
Lest he harm you with his magic,
Lest he kill you with his cunning!'

But the fearless Hiawatha
Heeded not her woman's warning;
Forth he strode into the forest,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Lurid seemed the sky above him,
Lurid seemed the earth beneath
him, 61

Hot and close the air around him,
Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,
As of burning woods and prairies,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, west-
ward,

Left the fleetest deer behind him,
Left the antelope and bison;
Crossed the rushing Esconaba, 70
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
Passed the Mountains of the
Prairie,

Passed the land of Crows and
Foxes,

Passed the dwellings of the Black-
feet,

Came unto the Rocky Mountains,
To the kingdom of the West-
Wind,

Where upon the gusty summits

Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha
At the aspect of his father. 81

On the air about him wildly
Tossed and streamed his cloudy
tresses,

Gleamed like drifting snow his
tresses,

Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis
When he looked on Hiawatha,
Saw his youth rise up before him
In the face of Hiawatha, 90
Saw the beauty of Wenonah
From the grave rise up before
him.

'Welcome!' said he, 'Hiawatha,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!
Long have I been waiting for you!
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;
You bring back the days departed,
You bring back my youth of pas-
sion,

And the beautiful Wenonah!' 100
Many days they talked together,
Questioned, listened, waited, an-
swered;

Much the mighty Mudjekeewis
Boasted of his ancient prowess,
Of his perilous adventures,
His indomitable courage,
His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,
Listening to his father's boasting;
With a smile he sat and listened,
Uttered neither threat nor men-
ace, 111

Neither word nor look betrayed
him,

But his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, 'O Mudjekeewis,
Is there nothing that can harm
you?

Nothing that you are afraid of?'
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Grand and gracious in his boast-
ing,

Answered, saying, 'There is no-
thing, 120
Nothing but the black rock yon-
der,

Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek !'

And he looked at Hiawatha
With a wise look and benignant,
With a countenance paternal,
Looked with pride upon the beauty
Of his tall and graceful figure,
Saying, 'O my Hiawatha !

Is there anything can harm you?
Anything you are afraid of?' 130

But the wary Hiawatha
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,
Held his peace, as if resolving,
And then answered, 'There is no-
thing,

Nothing but the bulrush yonder,
Nothing but the great Apukwa !'

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,
Stretched his hand to pluck the
bulrush,

Hiawatha cried in terror,
Cried in well-dissembled terror, 140
'Kago ! kago ! do not touch it !'

'Ah, kaween !' said Mudjekeewis,
'No indeed, I will not touch it !'

Then they talked of other mat-
ters ;

First of Hiawatha's brothers,
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,
Of the North, Kabibonokka ;
Then of Hiawatha's mother,
Of the beautiful Wenonah, 150
Of her birth upon the meadow,
Of her death, as old Nokomis
Had remembered and related.

And he cried, 'O Mudjekeewis,
It was you who killed Wenonah,
Took her young life and her
beauty,

Broke the Lily of the Prairie,
Trampled it beneath your foot-
steps ;

You confess it ! you confess it !'
And the mighty Mudjekeewis 160

Tossed upon the wind his tresses,
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,
And with threatening look and
gesture

Laid his hand upon the black rock,
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Rent the jutting crag asunder,
Smote and crushed it into frag-
ments, 170

Hurled them madly at his father,
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind
Blew the fragments backward
from him,

With the breathing of his nostrils,
With the tempest of his anger, 178
Blew them back at his assailant ;
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,
Dragged it with its roots and fibres
From the margin of the meadow,
From its ooze the giant bulrush ;
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha !

Then began the deadly conflict,
Hand to hand among the moun-
tains ;

From his eyry screamed the eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Sat upon the crags around them,
Wheeling flapped his wings above
them. 190

Like a tall tree in the tempest
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush ;
And in masses huge and heavy
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek ;
Till the earth shook with the tu-
mult

And confusion of the battle,
And the air was full of shout-
ings,

And the thunder of the mountains,
Starting, answered, 'Baim-wawa !'

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,
Rushing westward o'er the moun-
tains, 201

Stumbling westward down the
mountains,

Three whole days retreated fight-
ing,

Still pursued by Hiawatha

To the doorways of the West-
Wind,

To the portals of the Sunset,
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall
In the melancholy marshes. 211

'Hold!' at length cried Mudje-
keewis,

'Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!
'T is impossible to kill me,
For you cannot kill the immortal.
I have put you to this trial,
But to know and prove your cour-
age;

Now receive the prize of valor!
'Go back to your home and peo-
ple,

Live among them, toil among them,
Cleanse the earth from all that
harms it, 221

Clear the fishing-grounds and
rivers,

Slay ail monsters and magicians,
All the Wendigoes, the giants,
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,
Slew the Great Bear of the moun-
tains.

'And at last when Death draws
near you, 228

When the awful eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon you in the darkness,
I will share my kingdom with you,
Ruler shall you be thenceforward
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keeway-
din,

Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin.'
Thus was fought that famous
battle

In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,
In the days long since departed,
In the kingdom of the West-Wind.
Still the hunter sees its traces 239
Scattered far o'er hill and valley;
Sees the giant bulrush growing
By the ponds and water-courses,
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek
Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha;

Pleasant was the landscape round
him,

Pleasant was the air above him,
For the bitterness of anger
Had departed wholly from him,
From his brain the thought of ven-
geance, 250

From his heart the burning fever.
Only once his pace he slackened,
Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of ar-
rows

Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-
trees,

Laugh and leap into the valley.
There the ancient Arrow-maker
Made his arrow-heads of sand-
stone, 261

Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
Smoothed and sharpened at the
edges,

Hard and polished, keen and
costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed
daughter,

Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sun-
shine,

Eyes that smiled and frowned al-
ternate,

Feet as rapid as the river, 270
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter:

And he named her from the river,
From the water-fall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
That my Hiawatha halted
In the land of the Dacotahs? 280

Was it not to see the maiden,
See the face of Laughing Water
Peeping from behind the curtain,
Hear the rustling of her garments
From behind the waving curtain,
As one sees the Minnehaha

Gleaming, glancing through the
branches,

As one hears the Laughing Water
From behind its screen of branches?

Who shall say what thoughts
and visions 290

Fill the fiery brains of young men?
Who shall say what dreams of
beauty

Filled the heart of Hiawatha?

All he told to old Nokomis,
When he reached the lodge at sun-
set,

Was the meeting with his father,
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;
Not a word he said of arrows,
Not a word of Laughing Water.

V

HIAWATHA'S FASTING

YOU shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,
Built a wigwam in the forest, 10
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-
time,

In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And, with dreams and visions
many,
Seven whole days and nights he
fasted.

On the first day of his fasting
Through the leafy woods he wan-
dered;

Saw the deer start from the thicket,
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drum-
ming, 20

Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,

Building nests among the pine-
trees,

And in flocks the wild-goose,
Wawa,

Flying to the fen-lands northward,
Whirring, wailing far above him.

'Master of Life!' he cried, de-
sponding, .

'Must our lives depend on these
things?'

On the next day of his fasting 30
By the river's brink he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the
meadow,

Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,
And the strawberry, Odahmin,
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
And the grape-vine, the Bemah-
gut,

Trailing o'er the alder-branches,
Filling all the air with fragrance!
'Master of Life!' he cried, de-
sponding, 40

'Must our lives depend on these
things?'

On the third day of his fasting
By the lake he sat and pondered,
By the still, transparent water;
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leap-
ing,

Scattering drops like beads of
wampum,

Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
And the herring, Okahahwis, 50
And the Shawgashee, the craw-
fish!

'Master of Life!' he cried, de-
sponding,

'Must our lives depend on these
things?'

On the fourth day of his fasting
In his lodge he lay exhausted;
From his couch of leaves and
branches

Gazing with half-open eyelids,
Full of shadowy dreams and vis-
ions,

On the dizzy, swimming landscape,

On the gleaming of the water, 60
On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approach-
ing,

Dressed in garments green and
yellow,

Coming through the purple twi-
light,

Through the splendor of the sun-
set;

Plumes of green bent o'er his fore-
head,

And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,

Long he looked at Hiawatha,

Looked with pity and compas-
sion 70

On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing

Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, 'O my Hiawatha!

All your prayers are heard in hea-
ven,

For you pray not like the others;

Not for greater skill in hunting,

Not for greater craft in fishing,

Not for triumph in the battle, 79

Nor renown among the warriors,

But for profit of the people,

For advantage of the nations.

'From the Master of Life de-
scending,

I, the friend of man, Mondamin,

Come to warn you and instruct
you,

How by struggle and by labor

You shall gain what you have
prayed for.

Rise up from your bed of branches,

Rise, O youth, and wrestle with
me!'

Faint with famine, Hiawatha 90
Started from his bed of branches.

From the twilight of his wigwam

Forth into the flush of sunset

Came, and wrestled with Mon-
damin;

At his touch he felt new courage

Throbbing in his brain and bosom,

Felt new life and hope and vigor

Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset, 100

And the more they strove and
struggled,

Stronger still grew Hiawatha;
Till the darkness fell around them,

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-

trees,

Gave a cry of lamentation,

Gave a scream of pain and fam-
ine.

''T is enough!' then said Mon-
damin,

Smiling upon Hiawatha,

'But to-morrow, when the sun
sets, 110

I will come again to try you.'
And he vanished, and was seen

not;

Whether sinking as the rain sinks,

Whether rising as the mists rise,

Hiawatha saw not, knew not,

Only saw that he had vanished,

Leaving him alone and fainting,

With the misty lake below him,

And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next
day, 120

When the sun through heaven de-
scending,

Like a red and burning cinder

From the hearth of the Great
Spirit,

Fell into the western waters,

Came Mondamin for the trial,

For the strife with Hiawatha;

Came as silent as the dew comes,

From the empty air appearing,

Into empty air returning,

Taking shape when earth it
touches, 130

But invisible to all men

In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there to-
gether

In the glory of the sunset,

Till the darkness fell around them,

Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,

From her nest among the pine-
trees,

Uttered her loud cry of famine,
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood
there, 140

In his garments green and yellow ;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breath-
ing,

And the sweat of the encounter
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, ' O Hiawatha !
Bravely have you wrestled with
me,

Thrice have wrestled stoutly with
me,

And the Master of Life, who sees
us,

He will give to you the tri-
umph !' 150

Then he smiled, and said : ' To-
morrow

Is the last day of your conflict,
Is the last day of your fasting.

You will conquer and o'ercome
me ;

Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and
warm me ;

Strip these garments, green and
yellow,

Strip this nodding plumage from
me,

Lay me in the earth, and make
it 160

Soft and loose and light above me.
' Let no hand disturb my slum-
ber,

Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kabgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine.'

And thus saying, he departed ;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha, 170

But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoorwill complain-
ing,

Perched upon his lonely wigwam ;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,

Heard the rivulet rippling near
him,

Talking to the darksome forest ;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided

At the passing of the night-wind,
Heard them, as one hears in slum-
ber 180

Far-off murmurs, dreamy whis-
pers :

Peacefully slept Hiawatha.
On the morrow came Nokomis,

On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome
him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal.
But he tasted not, and touched
not,

Only said to her, ' Nokomis, 190
Wait until the sun is setting,

Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended.'

Homeward weeping went Noko-
mis,

Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should
fail him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat weary wait-
ing 200

For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the shadows, pointing east-
ward,

Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the hea-
ven,

Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn
Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold ! the young Mon-
damin,

With his soft and shining
tresses, 210

With his garments green and yel-
low,

With his long and glossy plumage,

Stood and beckoned at the doorway.

And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,

Sky and forest reeled together,
And his strong heart leaped within him, 220

As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes.

Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed looking

At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle; 230
And before him breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,

Plumage torn, and garments tattered,

Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,

Stripped his tattered plumage from him,

Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above
him; 240

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.

But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin; 250

Nor forgotten nor neglected

Was the grave where lay Mondamin,

Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and
garments

Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,

Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings, 260

Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green
feather

From the earth shot slowly upward,

Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, 'It is Mondamin! 270
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!'

Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize
was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.

And still later, when the Autumn

Changed the long, green leaves to
yellow, 280

And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,

Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from
off them,

As he once had stripped the wrestler,

Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

VI

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right
hand

Of his heart, in joy and sorrow;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwa-
sind.

Straight between them ran the
pathway,
Never grew the grass upon it;
Singing birds, that utter false-
hoods, 10

Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between
them,

For they kept each other's coun-
sel,

Spake with naked hearts together,
Pondering much and much con-
triving

How the tribes of men might pro-
sper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians, 20
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village lis-
tened;
All the warriors gathered round
him,

All the women came to hear him;
Now he stirred their souls to pas-
sion,

Now he melted them to pity. 30
From the hollow reeds he fash-
ioned

Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the wood-
land,

That the wood-birds ceased from
singing,
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha, 40
Pausing, said, 'O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing!'

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaisa,
Envious, said, 'O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as wild and way-
ward,

Teach me songs as full of frenzy!'

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,
Joyous, said, 'O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as sweet and ten-
der, 50

Teach me songs as full of glad-
ness!'

And the whippoorwill, Wawo-
naissa,

Sobbing, said, 'O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sad-
ness!'

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his
singing;

All the hearts of men were soft-
ened

By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and free-
dom, 60

Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers;
For his gentleness he loved him, 70
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwa-
sind,

He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many;

For his very strength he loved
him,

For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
Never played with other chil-
dren, 80

Never fished and never hunted,
Not like other children was he;
But they saw that much he fasted,
Much his Manito entreated,
Much besought his Guardian
Spirit.

'Lazy Kwasind!' said his mo-
ther,

'In my work you never help me!
In the Summer you are roaming
Idly in the fields and forests;
In the Winter you are cowering 90
O'er the firebrands in the wigwam!
In the coldest days of Winter
I must break the ice for fishing;
With my nets you never help me!
At the door my nets are hanging,
Dripping, freezing with the water;
Go and wring them, Yenadizze!
Go and dry them in the sunshine!'

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
Rose, but made no angry an-
swer; 100

From the lodge went forth in
silence,

Took the nets, that hung together,
Dripping, freezing at the doorway;
Like a wisp of straw he wrung
them,

Like a wisp of straw he broke
them,

Could not wring them without
breaking,

Such the strength was in his fin-
gers.

'Lazy Kwasind!' said his father,
'In the hunt you never help me;
Every bow you touch is broken, 110
Snapped asunder every arrow;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting home-
ward.'

Down a narrow pass they wan-
dered,

Where a brooklet led them on-
ward,

Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the mar-
gin,

Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred se-
curely

By the trunks of trees up-
rooted, 120

Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage.

'We must go back,' said the old
man,

'O'er these logs we cannot clam-
ber;

Not a woodchuck could get
through them,

Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!'
And straightway his pipe he
lighted,

And sat down to smoke and pon-
der.

But before his pipe was finished,
Lo! the path was cleared before
him; 130

All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

'Lazy Kwasind!' said the young
men,

As they sported in the meadow:

'Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?

Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit to-
gether!' 140

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no an-
swer,

Only rose, and slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming
river, 150

Down the rapids of Pauwating,

Kwasind sailed with his companions,
 In the stream he saw a beaver,
 Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
 Struggling with the rushing currents,
 Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,

Kwasind leaped into the river,
 Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,

Through the whirlpools chased the beaver, 160

Followed him among the islands,
 Stayed so long beneath the water,
 That his terrified companions
 Cried, 'Alas! good-by to Kwasind!
 We shall never more see Kwasind!'

But he reappeared triumphant,
 And upon his shining shoulders
 Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,

Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you, 170

Were the friends of Hiawatha,
 Chibiabos, the musician,
 And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Long they lived in peace together,
 Spake with naked hearts together,
 Pondering much and much contriving

How the tribes of men might prosper.

VII

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

'GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-tree!

Of your yellow bark, O Birch-tree!
 Growing by the rushing river,
 Tall and stately in the valley!
 I a light canoe will build me,

Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,

That shall float upon the river,
 Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
 Like a yellow water-lily!

'Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-tree! 10

Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,

For the Summer-time is coming,
 And the sun is warm in heaven,
 And you need no white-skin wrapper!'

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
 In the solitary forest,
 By the rushing Tâquamenaw,
 When the birds were singing gayly,
 In the Moon of Leaves were singing,

And the sun, from sleep awaking, 20

Started up and said, 'Behold me!
 Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!'

And the tree with all its branches

Rustled in the breeze of morning,
 Saying, with a sigh of patience,
 'Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!'

With his knife the tree he girdled;

Just beneath its lowest branches,
 Just above the roots, he cut it,
 Till the sap came oozing outward; 30

Down the trunk, from top to bottom,

Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
 With a wooden wedge he raised it,
 Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

'Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!

Of your strong and pliant branches,
 My canoe to make more steady,
 Make more strong and firm beneath me!'

Through the summit of the Cedar

Went a sound, a cry of horror, 40
 Went a murmur of resistance;

But it whispered, bending down-
ward,

'Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!'
Down he hewed the boughs of
cedar,

Shaped them straightway to a
frame-work,

Like two bows he formed and
shaped them,

Like two bended bows together.

'Give me of your roots, O Tama-
rack!

Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-tree!
My canoe to bind together, 50

So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!'

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tas-
sels,

Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
'Take them all, O Hiawatha!'

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-
tree, 60

Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the frame-work.

'Give me of your balm, O Fir-
tree!

Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!'

And the Fir-tree, tall and som-
bre,

Sobbed through all its robes of
darkness,

Rattled like a shore with peb-
bles, 70

Answered wailing, answered weep-
ing,

'Take my balm, O Hiawatha!'

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-tree,
Smear'd therewith each seam and
fissure,

Made each crevice safe from
water.

'Give me of your quills, O Hedge-
hog!

All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedge-
hog!

I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty, 80
And two stars to deck her bosom!'

From a hollow tree the Hedge-
hog

With his sleepy eyes looked at
him,

Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whis-
kers,

'Take my quills, O Hiawatha!'

From the ground the quills he
gathered,

All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and
yellow, 90

With the juice of roots and ber-
ries;

Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming neck-
lace,

On its breast two stars resplen-
dent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was
buildd

In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,

All its mystery and its magic, 100
All the lightness of the birch-tree,

All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;

And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,

Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served
him,

And his wishes served to guide
him; 110

Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwa-
sind,

To his friend, the strong man,
Kwasind,

Saying, 'Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars.'
Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water, 120
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and
branches,
With his hands he scooped the
sand-bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle.
And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and
windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and
shallows,
While his friend, the strong man,
Kwasind, 130
Swam the deeps, the shallows
waded.
Up and down the river went
they,
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-
bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its
channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the moun-
tains,
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw. 140

VIII

HIAWATHA'S FISHING

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumee,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing-line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nah-
ma,
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
In his birch canoe exulting
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent
water
He could see the fishes swim-
ming 10
Far down in the depths below him;
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa.
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,
Like a spider on the bottom,
On the white and sandy bottom.
At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar;
In his plumes the breeze of morn-
ing
Played as in the hemlock
branches; 20
On the bows, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;
In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses.
On the white sand of the bottom
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;
Through his gills he breathed the
water,
With his fins he fanned and win-
nowed,
With his tail he swept the sand-
floor. 30
There he lay in all his armor;
On each side a shield to guard
him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides and back and
shoulders
Plates of bone with spines project-
ing!
Painted was he with his war-
paints,
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable;
And he lay there on the bottom,
Fanning with his fins of purple, 40
As above him Hiawatha
In his birch canoe came sailing,
With his fishing-line of cedar.
'Take my bait,' cried Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath
him,
'Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nah-
ma!

Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger!
And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear, transparent
water, 50

Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
'Take my bait, O King of Fishes!'

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
Fanning slowly in the water,
Looking up at Hiawatha,
Listening to his call and clamor,
His unnecessary tumult,
Till he wearied of the shouting; 60
And he said to the Kenozha,
To the pike, the Maskenozha,
'Take the bait of this rude fel-
low,

Break the line of Hiawatha!'

In his fingers Hiawatha
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;
As he drew it in, it tugged so
That the birch canoe stood end-
wise,

Like a birch log in the water,
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo, 70
Perched and frisking on the sum-
mit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
Coming nearer, nearer to him,
And he shouted through the water,
'Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are but the pike, Kenozha,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!' 80

Reeling downward to the bottom
Sank the pike in great confusion,
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
To the bream, with scales of crim-
son,

'Take the bait of this great
boaster,

Break the line of Hiawatha!'

Slowly upward, wavering, gleam-
ing,

Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
Seized the line of Hiawatha, 90

Swung with all his weight upon it,
Made a whirlpool in the water,
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,
Round and round in gurgling ed-
dies,

Till the circles in the water
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,
Till the water-flags and rushes
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water, 100
Lifting up his disk refulgent,
Loud he shouted in derision,
'Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!'

Slowly downward, wavering,
gleaming,

Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Heard the shout of Hiawatha, 110
Heard his challenge of defiance,
The unnecessary tumult,
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bot-
tom

Up he rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
Clashing all his plates of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war-
paint;

In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,
Opened his great jaws, and swal-
lowed 121

Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
As a log on some black river
Shoots and plunges down the rap-
ids,

Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger, 131
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and
fibre,

Heard the water gurgle round him
As he leaped and staggered
through it,

Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,
In the turmoil and confusion, ¹⁴¹
Forth he might be hurled and
perish.

And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chattered very gayly,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha
Till the labor was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,
'O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha, ¹⁵⁰
And the name which now he gives
you;

For hereafter and forever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call
you!'

And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Gasped and quivered in the water,
Then was still, and drifted land-
ward

Till he grated on the pebbles,
Till the listening Hiawatha ¹⁵⁹
Heard him grate upon the margin,
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flap-
ping,

As of many wings assembling,
Heard a screaming and confusion,
As of birds of prey contending,
Saw a gleam of light above him,
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-
gulls, ¹⁷⁰

Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,
Gazing at him through the open-
ing,

Heard them saying to each other,
'T is our brother, Hiawatha!'

And he shouted from below
them,
Cried exulting from the caverns:

'O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;
Make the rifts a little larger,
With your claws the openings
widen, ¹⁸⁰

Set me free from this dark prison,
And henceforward and forever
Men shall speak of your achieve-
ments,

Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratch-
ers!'

And the wild and clamorous sea-
gulls

Toiled with beak and claws to-
gether,

Made the rifts and openings wider
In the mighty ribs of Nahma, ¹⁸⁹
And from peril and from prison,
From the body of the sturgeon,
From the peril of the water,
They released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wig-
wam,

On the margin of the water,
And he called to old Nokomis,
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,
Lying lifeless on the pebbles, ¹⁹⁹
With the sea-gulls feeding on him.

'I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,
Slain the King of Fishes!' said he;
'Look! the sea-gulls feed upon
him,

Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-
gulls;

Drive them not away, Nokomis,
They have saved me from great
peril

In the body of the sturgeon,
Wait until their meal is ended,
Till their craws are full with feast-
ing, ²⁰⁹

Till they homeward fly, at sunset,
To their nests among the marshes:
Then bring all your pots and ket-
tles,

And make oil for us in Winter.'

And she waited till the sun set,
Till the pallid moon, the Night-sun,
Rose above the tranquil water,

Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,
From their banquet rose with
clamor,

And across the fiery sunset ²¹⁹
Winged their way to far-off islands,
To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,
And Nokomis to her labor,
Toiling patient in the moonlight,
Till the sun and moon changed
places,

Till the sky was red with sunrise,
And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-
gulls,

Came back from the reedy islands,
Clamorous for their morning ban-
quet.

Three whole days and nights
alternate ²³⁰

Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,
Till the waves washed through the
rib-bones,

Till the sea-gulls came no longer,
And upon the sands lay nothing
But the skeleton of Nahma.

IX

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-
FEATHER

ON the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
O'er the water pointing westward,
To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending
Burned his way along the heavens,
Set the sky on fire behind him, ⁹
As war-parties, when retreating,
Burn the prairies on their war-
trail;

And the moon, the Night-sun, east-
ward,

Suddenly starting from his am-
bush,

Followed fast those bloody foot-
prints,

Followed in that fiery war-trail,
With its glare upon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,
Pointing with her finger westward,
Spake these words to Hiawatha:
'Yonder dwells the great Pearl-

Feather, ²⁰

Megissogwon, the Magician,
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,
Guarded by his fiery serpents,
Guarded by the black pitch-water.
You can see his fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Coiling, playing in the water,

You can see the black pitch-water
Stretching far away beyond them,
To the purple clouds of sunset! ³⁰

'He it was who slew my father,
By his wicked wiles and cunning,
When he from the moon de-
scended,

When he came on earth to seek
me.

He, the mightiest of Magicians,
Sends the fever from the marshes,
Sends the pestilential vapors,
Sends the poisonous exhalations,
Sends the white fog from the fen-
lands,

Sends disease and death among
us! ⁴⁰

'Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
Take your war-club, Puggawau-
gun,

And your mittens, Minjekahwun,
And your birch canoe for sailing,
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,
So to smear its sides, that swiftly
You may pass the black pitch-
water;

Slay this merciless magician,
Save the people from the fever ⁵⁰
That he breathes across the fen-
lands,

And avenge my father's murder!'

Straightway then my Hiawatha
Armed himself with all his war-
gear,

Launched his birch canoe for sail-
ing;

With his palm its sides he patted,
Said with glee, 'Cheemaun, my
darling,

O my Birch-canoe! leap forward,
Where you see the fiery serpents,
Where you see the black pitch-
water!' 60

Forward leaped Cheemaun ex-
ulting,

And the noble Hiawatha
Sang his war-song wild and woful,
And above him the war-eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Master of all fowls with feathers,
Screamed and hurtled through the
heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery ser-
pents,

The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water, 70
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,
Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,
So that none could pass beyond
them.

But the fearless Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise,
'Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,
Let me go upon my journey!'

And they answered, hissing
fiercely, 80

With their fiery breath made an-
swer:

'Back, go back! O Shaugodaya!
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-
heart!'

Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the ser-
pents;

Every twanging of the bow-string
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow 90
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha
Harmless sailed, and cried exult-
ing:

'Onward, O Cheemaun, my dar-
ling!

Onward to the black pitch-water!'

Then he took the oil of Nahma,
And the bows and sides anointed,
Smeared them well with oil, that
swiftly 100

He might pass the black pitch-
water.

All night long he sailed upon it,
Sailed upon that sluggish water,
Covered with its mould of ages,
Black with rotting water-rushes,
Rank with flags and leaves of
lilies,

Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moon-
light,

And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,
Fires by ghosts of dead men kin-
dled, 110

In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moon-
light,

All the water black with shadow,
And around him the Suggema,
The mosquito, sang his war-song,
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,
Waved their torches to mislead
him;

And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,
Thrust his head into the moon-
light,

Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,
Sobbed and sank beneath the sur-
face; 121

And anon a thousand whistles,
Answered over all the fen-lands,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Far off on the reedy margin,
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,
Toward the realm of Megissog-
won,

Toward the land of the Pearl-
Feather,

Till the level moon stared at him,
In his face stared pale and hag-
gard, 131

Till the sun was hot behind him,
Till it burned upon his shoulders,

And before him on the upland
He could see the Shining Wigwam
Of the Manito of Wampum,
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he
patted,
To his birch canoe said, 'Onward!'
And it stirred in all its fibres, ¹⁴⁰
And with one great bound of tri-
umph
Leaped across the water-lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and
rushes,
And upon the beach beyond them
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-
tree,
On the sand one end he rested,
With his knee he pressed the mid-
dle,
Stretched the faithful bow-string
tighter,
Took an arrow, jasper-headed, ¹⁵⁰
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,
Sent it singing as a herald,
As a bearer of his message,
Of his challenge loud and lofty:
'Come forth from your lodge,
Pearl-Feather!

Hiawatha waits your coming!'
Straightway from the Shining
Wigwam
Came the mighty Megissogwon,
Tall of stature, broad of shoul-
der,
Dark and terrible in aspect, ¹⁶⁰
Clad from head to foot in wam-
pum,
Armed with all his warlike weap-
ons,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Streaked with crimson, blue, and
yellow,
Crested with great eagle-feathers,
Streaming upward, streaming out-
ward.

'Well I know you, Hiawatha!'
Cried he in a voice of thunder,
In a tone of loud derision.
'Hasten back, O Shaugodaya! ¹⁷⁰
Hasten back among the women,

Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!
I will slay you as you stand there,
As of old I slew her father!'

But my Hiawatha answered,
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing:
'Big words do not smite like war-
clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-
string,

Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words
are, ¹⁸⁰

Actions mightier than boastings!'
Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war-birds ever witnessed.

All a Summer's day it lasted,
From the sunrise to the sunset;
For the shafts of Hiawatha
Harmless hit the shirt of wam-
pum,

Harmless fell the blows he dealt it
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Harmless fell the heavy war-
club; ¹⁹¹

It could dash the rocks asunder,
But it could not break the meshes
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,
Wounded, weary, and desponding,
With his mighty war-club broken,
With his mittens torn and tattered,
And three useless arrows only, ²⁰⁰
Paused to rest beneath a pine-
tree,

From whose branches trailed the
mosses,
And whose trunk was coated over
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-
leather,
With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above
him
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker:
'Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissogwon,
Strike the tuft of hair upon it, ²¹⁰
At their roots the long black
tresses;

There alone can he be wounded!'

Winged with feathers, tipped
with jasper,

Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.
Full upon the crown it struck him,
At the roots of his long tresses,
And he reeled and staggered for-
ward,

Plunging like a wounded bison, ²²⁰
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,
In the pathway of the other,
Piercing deeper than the other,
Wounding sorer than the other;
And the knees of Megissogwon
Shook like windy reeds beneath
him,

Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow
Swiftest flew, and wounded sor-
est, ²³¹

And the mighty Megissogwon
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,
Saw the eyes of Death glare at
him,

Heard his voice call in the dark-
ness;

At the feet of Hiawatha
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-
Feather,

Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,
From his perch among the
branches ²⁴¹

Of the melancholy pine-tree,
And, in honor of his service,
Stained with blood the tuft of
feathers

On the little head of Mama;
Even to this day he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of
wampum

From the back of Megissogwon,
As a trophy of the battle, ²⁵¹
As a signal of his conquest.

On the shore he left the body,

Half on land and half in water,
In the sand his feet were buried,
And his face was in the water.
And above him, wheeled and clam-
ored

The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Sailing round in narrower circles,
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha ²⁶¹
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,
All his wealth of skins and wam-
pum,

Furs of bison and of beaver,
Furs of sable and of ermine,
Wampum belts and strings and
pouches,

Quivers wrought with beads of
wampum,
Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exult-
ing,

Homeward through the black
pitch-water, ²⁷⁰

Homeward through the weltering
serpents,

With the trophies of the battle,
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis.

On the shore stood Chibiabos,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
Waiting for the hero's coming,
Listening to his songs of triumph.

And the people of the village
Welcomed him with songs and
dances, ²⁸⁰

Made a joyous feast, and shouted:
'Honor be to Hiawatha!

He has slain the great Pearl-
Feather,

Slain the mightiest of Magicians,
Him, who sent the fiery fever,
Sent the white fog from the fen-
lands,

Sent disease and death among us!'

Ever dear to Hiawatha

Was the memory of Mama!

And in token of his friendship, ²⁹⁰
As a mark of his remembrance,

He adorned and decked his pipe-
stem

With the crimson tuft of feathers,

With the blood-red crest of Mama.
But the wealth of Megissogwon,
All the trophies of the battle,
He divided with his people,
Shared it equally among them.

X

HIAWATHA'S WOOING

'As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys
him,
Though she draws him, yet she
follows;

Useless each without the other!'
Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feel-
ings,

Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha, 10
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

'Wed a maiden of your people,'
Warning said the old Nokomis;
'Go not eastward, go not west-
ward,
For a stranger, whom we know
not!

Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moon-
light

Is the handsomest of strangers!'
Thus dissuading spake Noko-
mis, 21

And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: 'Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!'

Gravely then said old Nokomis:
'Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move to-
gether, 32

Feet that run on willing errands!'

Smiling answered Hiawatha:
'In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daugh-
ter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, fire-
light, 41

Be the sunlight of my people!'
Still dissuading said Nokomis:
'Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may
open!'

Laughing answered Hiawatha:
'For that reason, if no other, 51
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgot-
ten,
And old wounds be healed for-
ever!'

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow, 60
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he mea-
sured;

Yet the way seemed long before
him,

And his heart outran his foot-
steps;

And he journeyed without rest-
ing,

Till he heard the cataract's laugh-
ter,

Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.

'Pleasant is the sound!' he mur-
mured, 70

'Pleasant is the voice that calls
me!'

On the outskirts of the forests,

'Twixt the shadow and the sun-
shine,

Herds of fallow deer were feed-
ing,

But they saw not Hiawatha ;
To his bow he whispered, 'Fail
not!'

To his arrow whispered, 'Swerve
not!'

Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck ;
Threw the deer across his shoul-
der, 80

And sped forward without paus-
ing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Wa-
ter,

Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ;
Of the past the old man's thoughts
were, 91

And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat
there,

Of the days when with such ar-
rows

He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow ;
Shot the wild goose, flying south-
ward,

On the wing, the clamorous Wawa ;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his ar-
rows, 100

Could not fight without his ar-
rows.

Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they
were!

Now the men were all like wo-
men,

Only used their tongues for wea-
pons!

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,

Young and tall and very hand-
some,

Who one morning, in the Spring-
time,

Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam, 111
Lingered long about the door-
way,

Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise
him,

Praise his courage and his wis-
dom;

Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha ?

On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they
heard a footstep, 120

Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and fore-
head,

With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-
maker

Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
'Hiawatha, you are welcome!' 131

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoul-
ders;

And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of
rushes,

Said with gentle look and accent,
'You are welcome, Hiawatha!'

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skins dressed and
whitened, 140

With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its cur-
tains,

And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers,
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,

From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before
them, ¹⁵⁰

Water brought them from the
brooklet,

Gave them food in earthen ves-
sels,

Gave them drink in bowls of bass-
wood,

Listened while the guest was
speaking,

Listened while her father an-
swered,

But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,

As he talked of old Nokomis, ¹⁶⁰
Who had nursed him in his child-
hood,

As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,

And the very strong man, Kwa-
sind,

And of happiness and plenty

In the land of the Ojibways,

In the pleasant land and peace-
ful.

'After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and blood-
shed,

There is peace between the Ojib-
ways ¹⁷⁰

And the tribe of the Dacotahs.'

Thus continued Hiawatha,

And then added, speaking slowly,

'That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more
closely,

And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!'

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he an-
swered, ¹⁸¹

Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,

Fondly looked at Laughing Wa-
ter,

And made answer very gravely:

'Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minne-
haha!'

And the lovely Laughing Wa-
ter

Seemed more lovely as she stood
there,

Neither willing nor reluctant, ¹⁹⁰

As she went to Hiawatha,

Softly took the seat beside him,

While she said, and blushed to
say it,

'I will follow you, my husband!'

This was Hiawatha's wooing!

Thus it was he won the daughter

Of the ancient Arrow-maker,

In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Wa-
ter; ²⁰⁰

Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the
meadow,

Left the old man standing lonely

At the doorway of his wigwam,

Heard the Falls of Minnehaha

Calling to them from the distance,

Crying to them from afar off,

'Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!'

And the ancient Arrow-maker

Turned again unto his labor, ²¹⁰

Sat down by his sunny doorway,

Murmuring to himself, and say-
ing:

'Thus it is our daughters leave
us,

Those we love, and those who love
us!

Just when they have learned to
help us,

When we are old and lean upon
them,

Comes a youth with flaunting fea-
thers,

With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the vil-
lage,

Beckons to the fairest maiden, ²²⁰

And she follows where he leads
her,
Leaving all things for the
stranger !'

Pleasant was the journey home-
ward,

Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very
slowly,

Though his pace he checked and
slackened 229

To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden ;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear ;
Cleared the tangled pathway for
her,

Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hem-
lock,

And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-
tree. 240

All the travelling winds went
with them,

O'er the meadows, through the
forest ;

All the stars of night looked at
them,

Watched with sleepless eyes their
slumber ;

From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the
lovers ;

And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before
them, 249

Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the
lovers.

Pleasant was the journey home-
ward !

All the birds sang loud and sweet-
ly

Songs of happiness and heart's-
ease ;

Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
' Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you !'
Sang the robin, the Opechee, 259
' Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband !'

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the
branches,

Saying to them, ' O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sun-
shine,

Rule by love, O Hiawatha !'

From the sky the moon looked
at them,

Filled the lodge with mystic splen-
dors,

Whispered to them, ' O my chil-
dren, 270

Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble ;
Half is mine, although I follow ;
Rule by patience, Laughing Wa-
ter !'

Thus it was they journeyed
homeward ;

Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight,
firelight,

Brought the sunshine of his peo-
ple,

Minnehaha, Laughing Water, 280
Handsomest of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

XI

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Kee-
wis,

How the handsome Yenadizze
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;
How the gentle Chibiabos,
He the sweetest of musicians.

Sang his songs of love and long-
ing ;

How Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
Told his tales of strange adven-
ture,

That the feast might be more joy-
ous, 10

That the time might pass more
gayly,

And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Noko-
mis

Made at Hiawatha's wedding ;
All the bowls were made of bass-
wood,

White and polished very smoothly,
All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the vil-
lage

Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation, 21

As a token of the feasting ;
And the wedding guests assem-
bled,

Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paint and
plumage,

Beautiful with beads and tassels.
First they ate the sturgeon,
Nahma,

And the pike, the Maskenozha,
Caught and cooked by old Noko-
mis ; 30

Then on pemican they feasted,
Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them,
Only waited on the others, 40
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had
finished,

Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter

Filled the red-stone pipes for smok-
ing

With tobacco from the South-
land,

Mixed with bark of the red wil-
low,

And with herbs and leaves of fra-
grance.

Then she said, ' O Pau-Puk-Kee-
wis,

Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to
please us, 51

That the feast may be more joy-
ous,

That the time may pass more
gayly,

And our guests be more content-
ed !'

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people called the Storm-
Fool,

Rose among the guests assembled.
Skilled was he in sports and
pastimes, 60

In the merry dance of snow-shoes,
In the play of quoits and ball-play ;
Skilled was he in games of hazard,
In all games of skill and hazard,
Pugasaing, the Bowl and Count-
ers,

Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-
stones.

Though the warriors called him
Faint-Heart,

Called him coward, Shaugodaya,
Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,
Little heeded he their jesting, 70

Little cared he for their insults,
For the women and the maidens
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-
Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-
skin,

White and soft, and fringed with
ermine,

All inwrought with beads of wam-
pum ;

He was dressed in deer-skin leg-
gings,
Fringed with hedgehog quills and
ermine,
And in moccasins of buck-skin,
Thick with quills and beads em-
broidered. 80

On his head were plumes of swan's
down,

On his heels were tails of foxes,
In one hand a fan of feathers,
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and
yellow,
Streaks of blue and bright ver-
milion,

Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
From his forehead fell his tresses,
Smooth, and parted like a wo-
man's,

Shining bright with oil, and
plaited, 90

Hung with braids of scented
grasses,

As among the guests assembled,
To the sound of flutes and singing,
To the sound of drums and voices,
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,

And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn mea-
sure,

Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine-trees,
Through the shadows and the sun-
shine, 100

Treading softly like a panther.

Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in cir-
cles,

Leaping o'er the guests assem-
bled,

Eddying round and round the wig-
wam,

Till the leaves went whirling with
him,

Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water, 110
On he sped with frenzied gestures,

Stamped upon the sand, and tossed
it

Wildly in the air around him ;
Till the wind became a whirlwind,
Till the sand was blown and sifted
Like great snowdrifts o'er the
landscape,

Heaping all the shores with Sand
Dunes,

Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo !
Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
Danced his Beggar's Dance to
please them, 120

And, returning, sat down laughing
There among the guests assem-
bled,

Sat and fanned himself serenely
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,
To the friend of Hiawatha,
To the sweetest of all singers,
To the best of all musicians,

'Sing to us, O Chibiabos !
Songs of love and songs of long-
ing, 130

That the feast may be more joy-
ous,

That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more con-
tented !'

And the gentle Chibiabos
Sang in accents sweet and tender,
Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of longing ;
Looking still at Hiawatha, 138

Looking at fair Laughing Water,
Sang he softly, sang in this wise :

'Onaway ! Awake, beloved !
Thou the wild-flower of the forest !
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie !
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-
like !

'If thou only lookest at me,
I am happy, I am happy,
As the lilies of the prairie,
When they feel the dew upon
them !

'Sweet thy breath is as the
fragrance 149

Of the wild-flowers in the morning,
As their fragrance is at evening,

In the Moon when leaves are fall-
ing.

'Does not all the blood within
me

Leap to meet thee, leap to meet
thee,

As the springs to meet the sun-
shine,

In the Moon when nights are
brightest?

'Onaway! my heart sings to
thee,

Sings with joy when thou art near
me,

As the sighing, singing branches

In the pleasant Moon of Straw-
berries! 160

'When thou art not pleased, be-
loved,

Then my heart is sad and dark-
ened,

As the shining river darkens

When the clouds drop shadows on
it!

'When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is bright-
ened,

As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in riv-
ers.

'Smiles the earth, and smile the
waters,

Smile the cloudless skies above
us, 170

But I lose the way of smiling
When thou art no longer near me!

'I myself, myself! behold me!
Blood of my beating heart, behold
me!

Oh awake, awake, beloved!
Onaway! awake, beloved!

Thus the gentle Chibiabos
Sang his song of love and long-
ing;

And Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller, 180
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Jealous of the sweet musician,
Jealous of the applause they gave
him,

Saw in all the eyes around him,

Saw in all their looks and ges-
tures,

That the wedding guests assem-
bled

Longed to hear his pleasant sto-
ries,

His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo;

Never heard he an adventure 190
But himself had met a greater;

Never any deed of daring

But himself had done a bolder;

Never any marvellous story

But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,

Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow

Half so far and high as he had;

Ever caught so many fishes, 200

Ever killed so many reindeer,

Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he
could,

None could dive so deep as he
could,

None could swim so far as he
could;

None had made so many journeys,

None had seen so many wonders,

As this wonderful Iagoo,

As this marvellous story-teller!

Thus his name became a by-word

And a jest among the people; 210
And whenever a boastful hunter
Praised his own address too

highly,

Or a warrior, home returning,
Talked too much of his achieve-
ments,

All his hearers cried, 'Iagoo!

Here 's Iagoo come among us!'

He it was who carved the cradle

Of the little Hiawatha,

Carved its framework out of lin-
den, 220

Bound it strong with reindeer
sinews;

He it was who taught him later

How to make his bows and arrows,

How to make the bows of ash-tree,

And the arrows of the oak-tree.

So among the guests assembled
At my Hiawatha's wedding
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,
Sat the marvellous story-teller.

And they said, 'O good Iagoo,
Tell us now a tale of wonder, 231
Tell us of some strange adventure,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more
gayly,
And our guests be more con-
tented!'

And Iagoo answered straight-
way,
'You shall hear a tale of wonder,
You shall hear the strange ad-
ventures
Of Osseo, the Magician, 239
From the Evening Star descended.'

XII

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR

CAN it be the sun descending
O'er the level plain of water?
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,
Wounded by the magic arrow,
Staining all the waves with crim-
son,

With the crimson of its life-blood,
Filling all the air with splendor,
With the splendor of its plumage?

Yes; it is the sun descending,
Sinking down into the water; 10
All the sky is stained with purple,
All the water flushed with crim-
son!

No; it is the Red Swan floating,
Diving down beneath the water;
To the sky its wings are lifted,
With its blood the waves are red-
dened!

Over it the Star of Evening
Melts and trembles through the
purple,
Hangs suspended in the twilight.
No; it is a bead of wampum 20
On the robes of the Great Spirit
As he passes through the twilight,

Walks in silence through the hea-
vens.

This with joy beheld Iagoo
And he said in haste: 'Behold it!
See the sacred Star of Evening!
You shall hear a tale of wonder,
Hear the story of Osseo,
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo!

'Once, in days no more remem-
bered, 30

Ages nearer the beginning,
When the heavens were closer to
us,

And the Gods were more familiar,
In the North-land lived a hunter,
With ten young and comely daugh-
ters,

Tall and lithe as wands of willow;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
She the wilful and the wayward,
She the silent, dreamy maiden,
Was the fairest of the sisters. 40

'All these women married war-
riors,

Married brave and haughty hus-
bands;

Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Laughed and flouted all her lov-
ers,

All her young and handsome
suitors,

And then married old Osseo,
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,
Broken with age and weak with
coughing,

Always coughing like a squirrel.

'Ah, but beautiful within him 50
Was the spirit of Osseo,

From the Evening Star descended,
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,
Star of tenderness and passion!

All its fire was in his bosom,
All its beauty in his spirit,
All its mystery in his being,

All its splendor in his language!

'And her lovers, the rejected,
Handsome men with belts of wam-
pum, 60

Handsome men with paint and
feathers,

Pointed at her in derision,

Followed her with jest and laugh-
ter.

But she said: "I care not for you,
Care not for your belts of wam-
pum,

Care not for your paint and
feathers,

Care not for your jests and laugh-
ter;

I am happy with Osseo!"

'Once to some great feast invited,
Through the damp and dusk of
evening, 70

Walked together the ten sisters,
Walked together with their hus-
bands;

Slowly followed old Osseo,
With fair Oweenee beside him;

All the others chatted gayly,
These two only walked in silence.

'At the western sky Osseo
Gazed intent, as if imploring,
Often stopped and gazed imploring
At the trembling Star of Evening,
At the tender Star of Woman; 81
And they heard him murmur
softly,

"*Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa!*

Pity, pity me, my father!"

"Listen!" said the eldest sister,

"He is praying to his father!

What a pity that the old man
Does not stumble in the pathway,
Does not break his neck by fall-
ing!" 89

And they laughed till all the forest
Rang with their unseemly laugh-
ter.

'On their pathway through the
woodlands

Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,
Buried half in leaves and mosses,
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and
hollow.

And Osseo, when he saw it,
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,
Leaped into its yawning cavern,

At one end went in an old man, 100
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly;

From the other came a young man,

Tall and straight and strong and
handsome.

'Thus Osseo was transfigured,
Thus restored to youth and
beauty;

But, alas for good Osseo,
And for Oweenee, the faithful!
Strangely, too, was she transfig-
ured. 108

Changed into a weak old woman,
With a staff she tottered onward,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly!
And the sisters and their husbands
Laughed until the echoing forest
Rang with their unseemly laugh-
ter.

'But Osseo turned not from her,
Walked with slower step beside
her,

Took her hand, as brown and with-
ered

As an oak-leaf is in Winter,
Called her sweetheart, Nenemoo-
sha,

Soothed her with soft words of
kindness, 120

Till they reached the lodge of
feasting,

Till they sat down in the wigwam,
Sacred to the Star of Evening,
To the tender Star of Woman.

'Wrapt in visions, lost in dream-
ing,

At the banquet sat Osseo;
All were merry, all were happy,
All were joyous but Osseo.

Neither food nor drink he tasted,
Neither did he speak nor listen, 130

But as one bewildered sat he,
Looking dreamily and sadly,
First at Oweenee, then upward
At the gleaming sky above them.

'Then a voice was heard, a whis-
per,

Coming from the starry distance,
Coming from the empty vastness,
Low, and musical, and tender;

And the voice said: "O Osseo!
O my son, my best beloved! 140

Broken are the spells that bound
you,

All the charms of the magicians,
All the magic powers of evil;
Come to me; ascend, Osseo!

“Taste the food that stands before you:

It is blessed and enchanted,
It has magic virtues in it,
It will change you to a spirit.

All your bowls and all your kettles

Shall be wood and clay no longer;
But the bowls be changed to wampum,

And the kettles shall be silver;
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,

Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

“And the women shall no longer

Bear the dreary doom of labor,
But be changed to birds, and glinten

With the beauty of the starlight,
Painted with the dusky splendors
Of the skies and clouds of evening!”

‘What Osseo heard as whispers,

What as words he comprehended,
Was but music to the others,
Music as of birds afar off,
Of the whippoorwill afar off,
Of the lonely Wawonaissa
Singing in the darksome forest.

‘Then the lodge began to tremble,

Straight began to shake and tremble,

And they felt it rising, rising,
Slowly through the air ascending,
From the darkness of the tree-tops
Forth into the dewy starlight,
Till it passed the topmost branches;

And behold! the wooden dishes
All were changed to shells of scarlet!

And behold! the earthen kettles
All were changed to bowls of silver!

And the roof-poles of the wigwam

Were as glittering rods of silver,

And the roof of bark upon them
As the shining shards of beetles.

‘Then Osseo gazed around him,
And he saw the nine fair sisters,
All the sisters and their husbands,
Changed to birds of various plumage.

Some were jays and some were magpies,

Others thrushes, others black-birds;

And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,

Perked and fluttered all their feathers,

Strutted in their shining plumage,
And their tails like fans unfolded.

‘Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Was not changed, but sat in silence,

Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,
Looking sadly at the others;

Till Osseo, gazing upward,
Gave another cry of anguish,
Such a cry as he had uttered

By the oak-tree in the forest.

‘Then returned her youth and beauty,

And her soiled and tattered garments

Were transformed to robes of ermine,

And her staff became a feather,
Yes, a shining silver feather!

‘And again the wigwam trembled,

Swayed and rushed through airy currents,

Through transparent cloud and vapor,

And amid celestial splendors
On the Evening Star alighted,

As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,
As a leaf drops on a river,

As the thistle-down on water.

‘Forth with cheerful words of welcome
Came the father of Osseo,

He with radiant locks of silver,
 He with eyes serene and tender.
 And he said: "My son, Osseo,
 Hang the cage of birds you bring
 there,
 Hang the cage with rods of sil-
 ver, 220
 And the birds with glistening fea-
 thers,
 At the doorway of my wigwam."
 'At the door he hung the bird-
 cage,
 And they entered in and gladly
 Listened to Osseo's father,
 Ruler of the Star of Evening,
 As he said: "O my Osseo!
 I have had compassion on you,
 Given you back your youth and
 beauty,
 Into birds of various plumage 230
 Changed your sisters and their
 husbands;
 Changed them thus because they
 mocked you
 In the figure of the old man,
 In that aspect sad and wrinkled,
 Could not see your heart of pas-
 sion,
 Could not see your youth immor-
 tal;
 Only Oweenee, the faithful,
 Saw your naked heart and loved
 you.
 "In the lodge that glimmers
 yonder,
 In the little star that twinkles 240
 Through the vapors, on the left
 hand,
 Lives the envious Evil Spirit,
 The Wabeno, the magician,
 Who transformed you to an old
 man.
 Take heed lest his beams fall on
 you,
 For the rays he darts around him
 Are the power of his enchantment,
 Are the arrows that he uses."
 'Many years, in peace and quiet,
 On the peaceful Star of Even-
 ing 250
 Dwelt Osseo with his father;

Many years, in song and flutter,
 At the doorway of the wigwam,
 Hung the cage with rods of silver,
 And fair Oweenee, the faithful,
 Bore a son unto Osseo,
 With the beauty of his mother,
 With the courage of his father.
 'And the boy grew up and pro-
 spered,
 And Osseo, to delight him, 260
 Made him little bows and arrows,
 Opened the great cage of silver,
 And let loose his aunts and uncles,
 All those birds with glossy fea-
 thers,
 For his little son to shoot at.
 'Round and round they wheeled
 and darted,
 Filled the Evening Star with mu-
 sic,
 With their songs of joy and free-
 dom;
 Filled the Evening Star with splen-
 dor,
 With the fluttering of their plu-
 mage; 270
 Till the boy, the little hunter,
 Bent his bow and shot an arrow,
 Shot a swift and fatal arrow,
 And a bird, with shining feathers,
 At his feet fell wounded sorely.
 'But, O wondrous transforma-
 tion!
 'T was no bird he saw before him,
 'T was a beautiful young woman,
 With the arrow in her bosom!
 'When her blood fell on the
 planet, 280
 On the sacred Star of Evening,
 Broken was the spell of magic,
 Powerless was the strange en-
 chantment,
 And the youth, the fearless bow-
 man,
 Suddenly felt himself descending,
 Held by unseen hands, but sinking
 Downward through the empty
 spaces,
 Downward through the clouds and
 vapors,
 Till he rested on an island,

On an island, green and grassy, 290
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

'After him he saw descending
All the birds with shining fea-
thers,
Fluttering, falling, wafted down-
ward,
Like the painted leaves of Au-
tumn;

And the lodge with poles of silver,
With its roof like wings of beetles,
Like the shining shards of beetles,
By the winds of heaven uplifted,
Slowly sank upon the island, 300
Bringing back the good Osseo,
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

'Then the birds, again transfig-
ured,
Reassumed the shape of mortals,
Took their shape, but not their
stature;

They remained as Little People,
Like the pygmies, the Puk-Wud-
jies,

And on pleasant nights of Summer,
When the Evening Star was shin-
ing,

Hand in hand they danced to-
gether 310

On the island's craggy headlands,
On the sand-beach low and level.

'Still their glittering lodge is
seen there,

On the tranquil Summer evenings,
And upon the shore the fisher
Sometimes hears their happy
voices,

Sees them dancing in the star-
light!'

When the story was completed,
When the wondrous tale was
ended,

Looking round upon his listen-
ers, 320

Solemnly Iagoo added:

'There are great men, I have
known such,

Whom their people understand
not,

Whom they even make a jest of,
Scoff and jeer at in derision.

From the story of Osseo
Let us learn the fate of jesters!'

All the wedding guests delighted
Listened to the marvellous story,
Listened laughing and applaud-
ing, 330

And they whispered to each other:
'Does he mean himself, I wonder?
And are we the aunts and uncles?'

Then again sang Chibiabos,
Sang a song of love and longing,
In those accents sweet and ten-
der,

In those tones of pensive sadness,
Sang a maiden's lamentation
For her lover, her Algonquin.

'When I think of my beloved,
Ah me! think of my beloved, 341
When my heart is thinking of him,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'Ah me! when I parted from
him,

Round my neck he hung the wam-
pum,

As a pledge, the snow-white wam-
pum,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'I will go with you, he whis-
pered, 348

Ah me! to your native country;
Let me go with you, he whispered,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'Far away, away, I answered,
Very far away, I answered,

Ah me! is my native country,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'When I looked back to behold
him,

Where we parted, to behold him,
After me he still was gazing,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'By the tree he still was stand-
ing, 360

By the fallen tree was standing,
That had dropped into the water,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

'When I think of my beloved,
Ah me! think of my beloved,

When my heart is thinking of him
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin!

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,

Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 Such the story of Iagoo, 37°
 Such the songs of Chibiabos;
 Thus the wedding banquet ended,
 And the wedding guests departed,
 Leaving Hiawatha happy
 With the night and Minnehaha.

XIII

BLESSING THE CORNFIELDS

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,
 Of the happy days that followed,
 In the land of the Ojibways,
 In the pleasant land and peaceful!
 Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,
 Sing the Blessing of the Cornfields!

Buried was the bloody hatchet,
 Buried was the dreadful war-club,
 Buried were all warlike weapons,
 And the war-cry was forgotten. 10
 There was peace among the nations;

Unmolested roved the hunters,
 Built the birch canoe for sailing,
 Caught the fish in lake and river,
 Shot the deer and trapped the beaver;

Unmolested worked the women,
 Made their sugar from the maple,
 Gathered wild rice in the meadows,
 Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village 20
 Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,

Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,

Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
 Filling all the land with plenty.

'T was the women who in Spring-time

Planted the broad fields and fruitful,

Buried in the earth Mondamin;

'T was the women who in Autumn
 Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,

Stripped the garments from Mondamin, 30

Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was planted,

Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,
 Spake and said to Minnehaha,
 To his wife, the Laughing Water:
 'You shall bless to-night the corn-fields,

Draw a magic circle round them,
 To protect them from destruction,
 Blast of mildew, blight of insect,
 Wagemin, the thief of cornfields,
 Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear! 41

'In the night, when all is silence,
 In the night, when all is darkness,
 When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,

Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,

So that not an ear can hear you,
 So that not an eye can see you,
 Rise up from your bed in silence,
 Lay aside your garments wholly,
 Walk around the fields you planted, 50

Round the borders of the corn-fields,

Covered by your tresses only,
 Robed with darkness as a garment.

'Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,

And the passing of your footsteps
 Draw a magic circle round them,
 So that neither blight nor mildew,
 Neither burrowing worm nor insect,

Shall pass o'er the magic circle;
 Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she, 60
 Nor the spider, Subbekashe,
 Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena,

Nor the mighty caterpillar,
 Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-skin,

King of all the caterpillars!

On the tree-tops near the corn-fields

Sat the hungry crows and ravens,
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 With his band of black marauders.
 And they laughed at Hiawatha, 70
 Till the tree-tops shook with
 laughter,
 With their melancholy laughter,
 At the words of Hiawatha.

'Hear him!' said they; 'hear the
 Wise Man,
 Hear the plots of Hiawatha!'

When the noiseless night de-
 scended

Broad and dark o'er field and for-
 est,

When the mournful Wawonaissa
 Sorrowing sang among the hem-
 locks, 79

And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
 Shut the doors of all the wigwams,
 From her bed rose Laughing
 Water,

Laid aside her garments wholly,
 And with darkness clothed and
 guarded,

Unashamed and unaffrighted,
 Walked securely round the corn-
 fields,

Drew the sacred, magic circle
 Of her footprints round the corn-
 fields.

No one but the Midnight only
 Saw her beauty in the darkness,
 No one but the Wawonaissa 91
 Heard the panting of her bosom;
 Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped
 her

Closely in his sacred mantle,
 So that none might see her beauty,
 So that none might boast, 'I saw
 her!'

On the morrow, as the day
 dawned,

Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 Gathered all his black marauders,
 Crows and blackbirds, jays and
 ravens, 100

Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,
 And descended, fast and fearless,
 On the fields of Hiawatha,
 On the grave of the Mondamin.

'We will drag Mondamin,' said
 they,

'From the grave where he is
 buried,

Spite of all the magic circles
 Laughing Water draws around it,
 Spite of all the sacred footprints
 Minnehaha stamps upon it!' 110

But the wary Hiawatha,
 Ever thoughtful, careful, watch-
 ful,

Had overheard the scornful laugh-
 ter

When they mocked him from the
 tree-tops.

'Kaw!' he said, 'my friends the
 ravens!

Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!
 I will teach you all a lesson
 That shall not be soon forgotten!'

He had risen before the day-
 break,

He had spread o'er all the corn-
 fields 120

Snares to catch the black marau-
 ders,

And was lying now in ambush
 In the neighboring grove of pine-
 trees,

Waiting for the crows and black-
 birds,

Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and
 clamor,

Rush of wings and cry of voices,
 To their work of devastation,

Settling down upon the cornfields,
 Delving deep with beak and talon,

For the body of Mondamin. 131

And with all their craft and cun-
 ning,

All their skill in wiles of warfare,
 They perceived no danger near
 them,

Till their claws became entangled,
 Till they found themselves impris-
 oned

In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came
 he,

Striding terrible among them,

And so awful was his aspect 140
That the bravest quailed with ter-
ror.

Without mercy he destroyed them
Right and left, by tens and twen-
ties,

And their wretched, lifeless bodies
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows
Round the consecrated cornfields,
As a signal of his vengeance,
As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
He alone was spared among them
As a hostage for his people. 152
With his prisoner-string he bound
him,

Led him captive to his wigwam,
Tied him fast with cords of elm-
bark

To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

'Kahgahgee, my raven!' said he,
'You the leader of the robbers,
You the plotter of this mischief,
The contriver of this outrage, 160
I will keep you, I will hold you,
As a hostage for your people,
As a pledge of good behavior!'

And he left him, grim and sulky,
Sitting in the morning sunshine
On the summit of the wigwam,
Croaking fiercely his displeasure,
Flapping his great sable pinions,
Vainly struggling for his freedom,
Vainly calling on his people! 170

Summer passed, and Shawonda-
see

Breathed his sighs o'er all the
landscape,

From the South-land sent his ar-
dors,

Wafted kisses warm and tender;
And the maize-field grew and rip-
ened,

Till it stood in all the splendor
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage,
And the maize-ears full and shin-
ing

Gleamed from bursting sheaths of
verdure. 180

Then Nokomis, the old woman,
Spake, and said to Minnehaha:
'Tis the Moon when leaves are
falling;

All the wild rice has been gath-
ered,

And the maize is ripe and ready;
Let us gather in the harvest,
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
Strip him of his plumes and tas-
sels,

Of his garments green and yel-
low!'

And the merry Laughing Wa-
ter 190

Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,
And they called the women round
them,

Called the young men and the
maidens,

To the harvest of the cornfields,
To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,
Underneath the fragrant pine-
trees,

Sat the old men and the warriors
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.

In uninterrupted silence 201
Looked they at the gamesome la-
bor

Of the young men and the women;
Listened to their noisy talking,
To their laughter and their sing-
ing,

Heard them chattering like the
magpies,

Heard them laughing like the blue-
jays,

Heard them singing like the rob-
ins.

And whene'er some lucky maid-
en

Found a red ear in the husking, 210
Found a maize-ear red as blood
is,

'Nushka!' cried they all together,
'Nushka! you shall have a sweet-
heart,

You shall have a handsome hus-
band!'

'Ugh!' the old men all responded
From their seats beneath the pine-
trees.

And when'er a youth or maiden
Found a crooked ear in husking,
Found a maize-ear in the husk-
ing

Blighted, mildewed, or mis-
shapen, ²²⁰

Then they laughed and sang to-
gether,

Crept and limped about the corn-
fields,

Mimicked in their gait and ges-
tures

Some old man, bent almost double,
Singing singly or together:

'Wagemin, the thief of cornfields!
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-
ear!'

Till the cornfields rang with
laughter,

Till from Hiawatha's wigwam
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, ²³⁰

Screamed and quivered in his an-
ger,

And from all the neighboring tree-
tops

Cawed and croaked the black ma-
rauders.

'Ugh!' the old men all responded,
From their seats beneath the pine-
trees!

XIV

PICTURE-WRITING

IN those days said Hiawatha,
'Lo! how all things fade and per-
ish!

From the memory of the old men
Pass away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabenos,
All the marvellous dreams and
visions

Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets! ¹⁰

'Great men die and are forgot-
ten,

Wise men speak; their words of
wisdom

Perish in the ears that hear them,
Do not reach the generations

That, as yet unborn, are waiting
In the great, mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall
be!

'On the grave-posts of our fa-
thers

Are no signs, no figures painted;
Who are in those graves we know
not, ²⁰

Only know they are our fathers.
Of what kith they are and kindred,

From what old, ancestral Totem,
Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,

They descended, this we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.

'Face to face we speak together,
But we cannot speak when absent,

Cannot send our voices from us
To the friends that dwell afar

off; ³⁰

Cannot send a secret message,
But the bearer learns our secret,

May pervert it, may betray it,
May reveal it unto others.'

Thus said Hiawatha, walking
In the solitary forest,

Pondering, musing in the forest,
On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his col-
ors,

Took his paints of different col-
ors, ⁴⁰

On the smooth bark of a birch-
tree

Painted many shapes and figures,
Wonderful and mystic figures,

And each figure had a meaning,
Each some word or thought sug-
gested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,
He, the Master of Life, was painted

As an egg, with points projecting
To the four winds of the heavens.

Everywhere is the Great Spirit, ⁵⁰
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,
 He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,
 As a serpent was depicted,
 As Kenabeek, the great serpent.
 Very crafty, very cunning,
 Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,
 Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles,

Life was white, but Death was darkened; 60

Sun and moon and stars he painted,
 Man and beast, and fish and reptile,

Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,

For the sky a bow above it;

White the space between for day-time,

Filled with little stars for night-time;

On the left a point for sunrise,

On the right a point for sunset,

On the top a point for noontide, 70

And for rain and cloudy weather
 Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam

Were a sign of invitation,

Were a sign of guests assembling;

Bloody hands with palms uplifted

Were a symbol of destruction,

Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha

Show unto his wondering people, 80

And interpreted their meaning,

And he said: 'Behold, your grave-posts

Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol,

Go and paint them all with figures;

Each one with its household symbol,

With its own ancestral Totem;

So that those who follow after

May distinguish them and know them.'

And they painted on the grave-posts

On the graves yet unforgotten, 90
 Each his own ancestral Totem,
 Each the symbol of his household;
 Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
 Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,
 Each inverted as a token
 That the owner was departed,
 That the chief who bore the symbol

Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,

The Wabenos, the Magicians, 100

And the Medicine-men, the Medas,

Painted upon bark and deer-skin

Figures for the songs they chanted,

For each song a separate symbol,

Figures mystical and awful,

Figures strange and brightly colored;

And each figure had its meaning,

Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,

Flashing light through all the heaven;

The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek, 110

With his bloody crest erected,

Creeping, looking into heaven;

In the sky the sun, that listens,

And the moon eclipsed and dying;

Owl and eagle, crane and hen-

hawk,

And the cormorant, bird of magic;

Headless men, that walk the heavens,

Bodies lying pierced with arrows,

Bloody hands of death uplifted, 120

Flags on graves, and great war-

captains

Grasping both the earth and heaven!

Such as these the shapes they

Painted

On the birch-bark and the deer-

skin;

Songs of war and songs of hunt-

ing,

Songs of medicine and of magic,

All were written in these figures,

For each figure had its meaning,

Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-Song, 130

The most subtle of all medicines,
The most potent spell of magic,
Dangerous more than war or hunting!

Thus the Love-Song was recorded,
Symbol and interpretation.

First a human figure standing,
Painted in the brightest scarlet;
'T is the lover, the musician,
And the meaning is, 'My painting
Makes me powerful over others.' 140

Then the figure seated, singing,
Playing on a drum of magic,
And the interpretation, 'Listen!
'T is my voice you hear, my singing!'

Then the same red figure seated
In the shelter of a wigwam,
And the meaning of the symbol,
'I will come and sit beside you
In the mystery of my passion!'

Then two figures, man and woman, 150
Standing hand in hand together
With their hands so clasped together

That they seemed in one united,
And the words thus represented
Are, 'I see your heart within you,
And your cheeks are red with blushes!'

Next the maiden on an island,
In the centre of an island;
And the song this shape suggested
Was, 'Though you were at a distance, 160

Were upon some far-off island,
Such the spell I cast upon you,
Such the magic power of passion,
I could straightway draw you to me!'

Then the figure of the maiden
Sleeping, and the lover near her,
Whispering to her in her slumbers,
Saying, 'Though you were far from me

In the land of Sleep and Silence,
Still the voice of love would reach you!' 170

And the last of all the figures
Was a heart within a circle,
Drawn within a magic circle;
And the image had this meaning:
'Naked lies your heart before me,
To your naked heart I whisper!'

Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture-Writing, 180
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave-posts of the village.'

XV

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION

IN those days the Evil Spirits,
All the Manitos of mischief,
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,
And his love for Chibiabos,
Jealous of their faithful friendship,
And their noble words and actions,
Made at length a league against them,
To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,
Often said to Chibiabos, 10
'O my brother! do not leave me,
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!'
Chibiabos, young and heedless,
Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,
Answered ever sweet and child-like,
'Do not fear for me, O brother!
Harm and evil come not near me!'

Once when Peboan, the Winter,
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,
When the snow-flakes, whirling downward, 20

Hissed among the withered oak-
 leaves,
 Changed the pine-trees into wig-
 wams,
 Covered all the earth with si-
 lence,—
 Armed with arrows, shod with
 snow-shoes,
 Heeding not his brother's warn-
 ing,
 Fearing not the Evil Spirits,
 Forth to hunt the deer with ant-
 lers
 All alone went Chibiabos.
 Right across the Big-Sea-Wa-
 ter
 Sprang with speed the deer before
 him. 30
 With the wind and snow he fol-
 lowed,
 O'er the treacherous ice he fol-
 lowed,
 Wild with all the fierce commo-
 tion
 And the rapture of the hunting.
 But beneath, the Evil Spirits
 Lay in ambush, waiting for him,
 Broke the treacherous ice beneath
 him,
 Dragged him downward to the bot-
 tom,
 Buried in the sand his body.
 Unktahee, the god of water, 40
 He the god of the Dacotahs,
 Drowned him in the deep abysses
 Of the lake of Gitche Gumeec.
 From the headlands Hiawatha
 Sent forth such a wail of anguish,
 Such a fearful lamentation,
 That the bison paused to listen,
 And the wolves howled from the
 prairies,
 And the thunder in the distance
 Starting answered 'Baim-wawa!'
 Then his face with black he
 painted, 51
 With his robe his head he cov-
 ered,
 In his wigwam sat lamenting,
 Seven long weeks he sat lament-
 ing,

Uttering still this moan of sor-
 row:—
 'He is dead, the sweet musi-
 cian!
 He the sweetest of all singers!
 He has gone from us forever,
 He has moved a little nearer
 To the Master of all music, 60
 To the Master of all singing!
 O my brother, Chibiabos!'
 And the melancholy fir-trees
 Waved their dark green fans above
 him,
 Waved their purple cones above
 him,
 Sighing with him to console him,
 Mingling with his lamentation
 Their complaining, their lament-
 ing.
 Came the Spring, and all the
 forest
 Looked in vain for Chibiabos; 70
 Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,
 Sighed the rushes in the meadow.
 From the tree-tops sang the blue-
 bird,
 Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
 'Chibiabos! Chibiabos!
 He is dead, the sweet musician!'
 From the wigwam sang the
 robin,
 Sang the robin, the Opechee,
 'Chibiabos! Chibiabos!
 He is dead, the sweetest sing-
 er!'
 And at night through all the for-
 est 81
 Went the whippoorwill complain-
 ing,
 Wailing went the Wawonaissa,
 'Chibiabos! Chibiabos!
 He is dead, the sweet musician!
 He the sweetest of all singers!'
 Then the Medicine-men, the
 Medas,
 The magicians, the Wabenos,
 And the Jossakeeds, the Pro-
 phets,
 Came to visit Hiawatha; 90
 Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,
 To appease him, to console him,

Walked in silent, grave procession,

Bearing each a pouch of healing,
Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,
Filled with magic roots and simples,

Filled with very potent medicines.
When he heard their steps approaching,

Hiawatha ceased lamenting,
Called no more on Chibiabos; ¹⁰⁰
Naught he questioned, naught he answered,

But his mournful head uncovered,
From his face the mourning colors

Washed he slowly and in silence,
Slowly and in silence followed
Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave him,

Made of Nahma-wusk, the spear-mint,

And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,
Roots of power, and herbs of healing; ¹¹⁰

Beat their drums, and shook their rattles;

Chanted singly and in chorus,
Mystic songs like these, they chanted.

'I myself, myself! behold me!
'T is the great Gray Eagle talking;

Come, ye white crows, come and hear him!

The loud-speaking thunder helps me;

All the unseen spirits help me;

I can hear their voices calling,

All around the sky I hear them!

I can blow you strong, my brother, ¹²¹

I can heal you, Hiawatha!

'Hi-au-ha!' replied the chorus,
'Way-ha-way!' the mystic chorus.

'Friends of mine are all the serpents!

Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk!

Mahng, the white loon, I can kill him;

I can shoot your heart and kill it!
I can blow you strong, my brother,

I can heal you, Hiawatha!' ¹³⁰
'Hi-au-ha!' replied the chorus.

'Way-ha-way!' the mystic chorus.
'I myself, myself! the prophet!

When I speak the wigwam trembles,
Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror,

Hands unseen begin to shake it!
When I walk, the sky I tread on
Bends and makes a noise beneath me!

I can blow you strong, my brother!

Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!' ¹⁴⁰
'Hi-au-ha!' replied the chorus.

'Way-ha-way!' the mystic chorus.
Then they shook their medicine-pouches

O'er the head of Hiawatha,
Danced their medicine-dance around him;

And upstarting wild and haggard,
Like a man from dreams awakened,

He was healed of all his madness.
As the clouds are swept from heaven,

Straightway from his brain departed ¹⁵⁰

All his moody melancholy;
As the ice is swept from rivers,
Straightway from his heart departed

All his sorrow and affliction.

Then they summoned Chibiabos
From his grave beneath the waters,

From the sands of Gitche Gumees
Summoned Hiawatha's brother.

And so mighty was the magic
Of that cry and invocation, ¹⁶⁰

That he heard it as he lay there
Underneath the Big-Sea-Water;
From the sand he rose and listened,

Heard the music and the singing,
Came, obedient to the summons,
To the doorway of the wigwam,
But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they gave
him,
Through the door a burning fire-
brand;

Ruler in the Land of Spirits, ¹⁷⁰
Ruler o'er the dead, they made
him,

Telling him a fire to kindle
For all those that died thereaf-
ter,

Camp-fires for their night encamp-
ments

On their solitary journey
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter.

From the village of his child-
hood,

From the homes of those who
knew him,

Passing silent through the for-
est, ¹⁸⁰

Like a smoke-wreath wafted side-
ways,

Slowly vanished Chibiabos!

Where he passed, the branches
moved not,

Where he trod, the grasses bent
not,

And the fallen leaves of last year
Made no sound beneath his foot-
steps.

Four whole days he journeyed
onward

Down the pathway of the dead
men;

On the dead-man's strawberry
feasted,

Crossed the melancholy river, ¹⁹⁰
On the swinging log he crossed it,

Came unto the Lake of Silver,
In the Stone Canoe was carried
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the land of ghosts and shad-
ows.

On that journey, moving slowly,
Many weary spirits saw he,
Panting under heavy burdens,

Laden with war-clubs, bows and
arrows,

Robes of fur, and pots and ket-
tles, ²⁰⁰

And with food that friends had
given

For that solitary journey.

'Ay! why do the living,' said
they,

'Lay such heavy burdens on us!
Better were it to go naked,
Better were it to go fasting,
Than to bear such heavy burdens
On our long and weary journey!'

Forth then issued Hiawatha,
Wandered eastward, wandered
westward, ²¹⁰

Teaching men the use of simples
And the antidotes for poisons,
And the cure of all diseases.

Thus was first made known to
mortals

All the mystery of Medamin,
All the sacred art of healing.

XVI

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-Kee-
wis,

He, the handsome Yenadizze,
Whom the people called the Storm-
Fool,

Vexed the village with disturb-
ance;

You shall hear of all his mischief,
And his flight from Hiawatha,
And his wondrous transmigra-
tions,

And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo, ¹⁰
By the shining Big-Sea-Water
Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Kee-
wis.

It was he who in his frenzy
Whirled these drifting sands to-
gether,

On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,

When, among the guests assembled,

He so merrily and madly
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,
Danced the Beggar's Dance to
please them.

Now, in search of new adventures,

From his lodge went Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

Came with speed into the village,
Found the young men all assembled

In the lodge of old Iagoo,
Listening to his monstrous stories,
To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story
Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,
How he made a hole in heaven,
How he climbed up into heaven, 30
And let out the summer-weather,
The perpetual, pleasant Summer;
How the Otter first essayed it;
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger

Tried in turn the great achievement,

From the summit of the mountain
Smote their fists against the heavens,

Smote against the sky their foreheads,

Cracked the sky, but could not
break it;

How the Wolverine, uprising, 40
Made him ready for the encounter,
Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,

Drew his arms back, like a cricket.
'Once he leaped,' said old Iagoo,

'Once he leaped, and lo! above
him

Bent the sky, as ice in rivers
When the waters rise beneath it;
Twice he leaped, and lo! above
him

Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers
When the freshet is at highest! 50
Thrice he leaped, and lo! above
him

Broke the shattered sky asunder,
And he disappeared within it,
And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,
With a bound went in behind
him!

'Hark you!' shouted Pau-Puk-
Keewis

As he entered at the doorway;
'I am tired of all this talking,
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom. 60
Here is something to amuse you,
Better than this endless talking.'

Then from out his pouch of wolf-
skin

Forth he drew, with solemn man-
ner,

All the game of Bowl and Coun-
ters,

Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.
White on one side were they
painted,

And vermilion on the other;
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,
Two Ininewug or wedge-men, 70

One great war-club, Pugamaugun,
And one slender fish, the Keego,
Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,
And three Sheshebwug or duck-
lings.

All were made of bone and painted,
All except the Ozawabeeks;

These were brass, on one side
burnished,

And were black upon the other.

In a wooden bowl he placed
them, 79

Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before
him,

Thus exclaiming and explaining:
'Red side up are all the pieces,
And one great Kenabeek stand-
ing

On the bright side of a brass
piece,

On a burnished Ozawabeek;
Thirteen tens and eight are
counted.'

Then again he shook the pieces,
Shook and jostled them together,

Threw them on the ground before
him, 90

Still exclaiming and explaining :
' White are both the great Kena-
beeks,

White the Ininewug, the wedge-
men,

Red are all the other pieces ;
Five tens and an eight are
counted.

Thus he taught the game of
hazard,

Thus displayed it and explained
it,

Running through its various
chances,

Various changes, various mean-
ings :

Twenty curious eyes stared at
him, 100

Full of eagerness stared at him.

' Many games,' said old Iagoo,
' Many games of skill and hazard
Have I seen in different nations,
Have I played in different coun-
tries.

He who plays with old Iagoo
Must have very nimble fingers ;
Though you think yourself so skil-
ful,

I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,
I can even give you lessons 110
In your game of Bowl and Count-
ers !'

So they sat and played together,
All the old men and the young
men.

Played for dresses, weapons, wam-
pum,

Played till midnight, played till
morning,

Played until the Yenadizze,
Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Kee-
wis,

Of their treasures had despoiled
them.

Of the best of all their dresses,
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of er-
mine, 120

Belts of wampum, crests of fea-
thers,

Warlike weapons, pipes and
pouches.

Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at
him.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis :
' In my wigwam I am lonely,
In my wanderings and adventures
I have need of a companion,
Fain would have a Meshinauwa,
An attendant and pipe-bearer. 130
I will venture all these winnings,
All these garments heaped about
me,

All this wampum, all these fea-
thers,

On a single throw will venture
All against the young man yon-
der !'

' T was a youth of sixteen sum-
mers,

' T was a nephew of Iagoo ;
Face-in-a-Mist, the people called
him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head
Dusky red beneath the ashes, 140
So beneath his shaggy eyebrows
Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.

' Ugh !' he answered very fiercely ;
' Ugh !' they answered all and
each one.

Seized the wooden bowl the old
man,

Closely in his bony fingers
Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,
Shook it fiercely and with fury,
Made the pieces ring together
As he threw them down before
him. 150

Red were both the great Kena-
beeks,

Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men,
Red the Sheshebwug, the duck-
lings,

Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,
White alone the fish, the Keego ;
Only five the pieces counted !

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Kee-
wis

Shook the bowl and threw the
pieces ;

Lightly in the air he tossed them,
And they fell about him scattered; 160

Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,
Red and white the other pieces,
And upright among the others
One Ininewug was standing,
Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Stood alone among the players,
Saying, 'Five tens! mine the game
is!'

Twenty eyes glared at him
fiercely,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at
him,
As he turned and left the wig-
wam, 170

Followed by his Meshinauwa,
By the nephew of Iagoo,
By the tall and graceful stripling,
Bearing in his arms the winnings,
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of er-
mine,
Belts of wampum, pipes and weap-
ons.

'Carry them,' said Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Pointing with his fan of feathers,
To my wigwam far to eastward,
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo!'

Hot and red with smoke and
gambling 181

Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis
As he came forth to the freshness
Of the pleasant Summer morning.
All the birds were singing gayly,
All the streamlets flowing swiftly,
And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Sang with pleasure as the birds
sing,

Beat with triumph like the stream-
lets,

As he wandered through the vil-
lage, 190

In the early gray of morning,
With his fan of turkey-feathers,
With his plumes and tufts of
swan's down,
Till he reached the farthest wig-
wam,

Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted;
No one met him at the doorway,
No one came to bid him welcome;
But the birds were singing round
it,

In and out and round the door-
way, 200

Hopping, singing, fluttering, feed-
ing,

And aloft upon the ridge-pole
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Sat with fiery eyes, and, scream-
ing,

Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-
Keewis.

'All are gone! the lodge is
empty!'

Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-Keewis,

In his heart resolving mischief;—
'Gone is wary Hiawatha,
Gone the silly Laughing Water, 210
Gone Nokomis, the old woman,
And the lodge is left unguarded!'

By the neck he seized the raven,
Whirled it round him like a rattle,
Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,
Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,
From the ridge-pole of the wig-
wam

Left its lifeless body hanging,
As an insult to its master,
As a taunt to Hiawatha. 220

With a stealthy step he entered,
Round the lodge in wild disorder
Threw the household things about
him,

Piled together in confusion
Bowls of wood and earthen ket-
tles,

Robes of buffalo and beaver,
Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,
As an insult to Nokomis,
As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis, 230

Whistling, singing through the for-
est,

Whistling gayly to the squirrels,
Who from hollow boughs above
him

Dropped their acorn-shells upon
him,

Singing gayly to the wood birds,
Who from out the leafy darkness
Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky head-
lands,

Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee,
Perched himself upon their sum-
mit, 240

Waiting full of mirth and mischief
The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay
there;

Far below him plashed the waters,
Plashed and washed the dreamy
waters;

Far above him swam the heavens,
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens;
Round him hovered, fluttered, rus-
tled

Hiawatha's mountain chickens,
Flock-wise swept and wheeled
about him, 250

Almost brushed him with their
pinions.

And he killed them as he lay
there,

Slaughtered them by tens and
twenties,

Threw their bodies down the head-
land,

Threw them on the beach below
him,

Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-
gull,

Perched upon a crag above them,
Shouted: 'It is Pau-Puk-Keewis!
He is slaying us by hundreds!

Send a message to our brother, 260
Tidings send to Hiawatha!'

XVII

THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK- KEEWIS

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha
When he came into the village,
Found the people in confusion,

Heard of all the misdemeanors,
All the malice and the mischief,
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through
his nostrils,

Through his teeth he buzzed and
muttered

Words of anger and resentment,
Hot and humming, like a hor-
net. 10

'I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Slay this mischief-maker!' said he.
'Not so long and wide the world
is,

Not so rude and rough the way is,
That my wrath shall not attain
him,

That my vengeance shall not
reach him!'

Then in swift pursuit departed
Hiawatha and the hunters

On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Through the forest, where he
passed it, 20

To the headlands where he
rested;

But they found not Pau-Puk-Ke-
ewis,

Only in the trampled grasses,
In the whortleberry-bushes,

Found the couch where he had
rested,

Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath
them,

From the Muskoday, the meadow,
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning back-
ward,

Made a gesture of defiance, 30
Made a gesture of derision;

And aloud cried Hiawatha,
From the summit of the moun-
tains:

'Not so long and wide the world is
Not so rude and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you
And my vengeance shall attain
you!'

Over rock and over river,
Thorough bush, and brake, and for-
est,

Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis;
40

Like an antelope he bounded,
Till he came unto a streamlet
In the middle of the forest,
To a streamlet still and tranquil,
That had overflowed its margin,
To a dam made by the beavers,
To a pond of quiet water,
Where knee-deep the trees were
standing,

Where the water-lilies floated,
Where the rushes waved and
whispered. 50

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,

On the dam of trunks and
branches,

Through whose chinks the water
spouted,

O'er whose summit flowed the
streamlet.

From the bottom rose the beaver,
Looked with two great eyes of
wonder,

Eyes that seemed to ask a ques-
tion,

At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,

O'er his ankles flowed the stream-
let, 60

Flowed the bright and silvery
water,

And he spake unto the beaver,
With a smile he spake in this
wise:

'O my friend Ahmeek, the
beaver,

Cool and pleasant is the water;
Let me dive into the water,
Let me rest there in your lodges;
Change me, too, into a beaver!'

Cautiously replied the beaver,
With reserve he thus made an-
swer: 70

'Let me first consult the others,
Let me ask the other beavers.'

Down he sank into the water,
Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,

Down among the leaves and
branches,

Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,

O'er his ankles flowed the stream-
let,

Spouted through the chinks below
him,

Dashed upon the stones beneath
him, 80

Spread serene and calm before
him,

And the sunshine and the shadows
Fell in flecks and gleams upon
him,

Fell in little shining patches,
Through the waving, rustling
branches.

From the bottom rose the bea-
vers,

Silently above the surface
Rose one head and then another,
Till the pond seemed full of bea-
vers,

Full of black and shining faces. 90

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis
Spake entreating, said in this wise:

'Very pleasant is your dwelling,
O my friends! and safe from dan-
ger;

Can you not, with all your cunning,
All your wisdom and contrivance,
Change me, too, into a beaver?'

'Yes!' replied Ahmeek, the bea-
ver,

He the King of all the beavers,
'Let yourself slide down among

us, 100
Down into the tranquil water.'

Down into the pond among them
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;

Black became his shirt of deer-
skin,

Black his moccasins and leg-
gings,

In a broad black tail behind him
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes;

He was changed into a beaver.

'Make me large,' said Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

'Make me large and make me
larger, 110

Larger than the other beavers.'

'Yes,' the beaver chief responded,

'When our lodge below you enter,

In our wigwam we will make you

Ten times larger than the others.'

Thus into the clear, brown water

Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis :

Found the bottom covered over

With the trunks of trees and
branches,

Hoads of food against the win-
ter, 120

Piles and heaps against the fam-
ine ;

Found the lodge with arching
doorway,

Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and
larger,

Made him largest of the beavers,

Ten times larger than the others.

'You shall be our ruler,' said they ;

'Chief and King of all the beavers.'

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis

Sat in state among the beavers, 130

When there came a voice of warn-
ing

From the watchman at his station

In the water-flags and lilies,

Saying, 'Here is Hiawatha !

Hiawatha with his hunters !'

Then they heard a cry above
them,

Heard a shouting and a tramping,

Heard a crashing and a rushing,

And the water round and o'er them

Sank and sucked away in eddies,

And they knew their dam was

broken. 141

On the lodge's roof the hunters

Leaped, and broke it all asunder ;

Streamed the sunshine through the
crevice,

Sprang the beavers through the
doorway,

Hid themselves in deeper water,

In the channel of the streamlet ;

But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis

Could not pass beneath the door-
way ;

He was puffed with pride and feed-
ing, 150

He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hia-
watha,

Cried aloud, 'O Pau-Puk-Keewis !

Vain are all your craft and cun-
ning,

Vain your manifold disguises !

Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis !'

With their clubs they beat and
bruised him,

Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Pounded him as maize is pounded,

Till his skull was crushed to
pieces. 160

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,
Bore him home on poles and
branches,

Bore the body of the beaver ;

But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,

Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and
struggled,

Waving hither, waving thither,

As the curtains of a wigwam

Struggle with their thongs of deer-
skin, 170

When the wintry wind is blow-
ing ;

Till it drew itself together,

Till it rose up from the body,

Till it took the form and features

Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis

Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha

Saw the figure ere it vanished,

Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis

Glide into the soft blue shadow 180

Of the pine-trees of the forest ;

Toward the squares of white be-
yond it,

Toward an opening in the forest,
Like a wind it rushed and panted,
Bending all the boughs before it,

And behind it, as the rain comes,
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Where among the water-lilies ¹⁹⁰
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing;
Through the tufts of rushes float-
ing,

Steering through the reedy islands.
Now their broad black beaks they
lifted,

Now they plunged beneath the
water,

Now they darkened in the shadow,
Now they brightened in the sun-
shine.

'Pishnekuh!' cried Pau-Puk-
Keewis,

'Pishnekuh! my brothers!' said he,
'Change me to a brant with plu-
mage, ²⁰⁰

With a shining neck and feathers,
Make me large, and make me
larger,

Ten times larger than the others.'
Straightway to a brant they
changed him,

With two huge and dusky pinions,
With a bosom smooth and rounded,
With a bill like two great paddles,
Made him larger than the others,
Ten times larger than the largest,
Just as, shouting from the forest,
On the shore stood Hiawatha. ²¹¹

Up they rose with cry and
clamor,

With a whirl and beat of pinions,
Rose up from the reedy islands,
From the water-flags and lilies.

And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:
'In your flying, look not down-
ward,

Take good heed and look not down-
ward,

Lest some strange mischance
should happen,

Lest some great mishap befall
you!' ²²⁰

Fast and far they fled to north-
ward,

Fast and far through mist and
sunshine,

Fed among the moors and fen-
lands,

Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they jour-
neyed,

Buoyed and lifted by the South-
wind,

Wafted onward by the South-wind,
Blowing fresh and strong behind
them,

Rose a sound of human voices, ²²⁰
Rose a clamor from beneath them,

From the lodges of a village,
From the people miles beneath
them.

For the people of the village
Saw the flock of brant with won-
der,

Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Flapping far up in the ether,

Broader than two doorway cur-
tains.

Pau - Puk - Keewis heard the
shouting,

Knew the voice of Hiawatha,
Knew the outcry of Iagoo, ²⁴⁰

And, forgetful of the warning,
Drew his neck in, and looked
downward,

And the wind that blew behind
him

Caught his mighty fan of feathers,
Sent him wheeling, whirling down-
ward!

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis
Struggle to regain his balance!

Whirling round and round and
downward,

He beheld in turn the village ²⁴⁹
And in turn the flock above him,

Saw the village coming nearer,
And the flock receding farther,

Heard the voices growing louder,
Heard the shouting and the laugh-
ter;

Saw no more the flocks above him,
Only saw the earth beneath him;

Dead out of the empty heaven,
Dead among the shouting people.

With a heavy sound and sullen,
Fell the brant with broken pin-
ions. 260

But his soul, his ghost, his
shadow,

Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Took again the form and features
Of the handsome Yenadizze,
And again went rushing onward,
Followed fast by Hiawatha,
Crying: 'Not so wide the world is,
Not so long and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
But my vengeance shall attain
you!' 270

And so near he came, so near
him,

That his hand was stretched to
seize him,

His right hand to seize and hold
him,

When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis

Whirled and spun about in circles,
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,
Danced the dust and leaves about
him,

And amid the whirling eddies
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree, 279
Changed himself into a serpent,
Gliding out through root and rub-
bish.

With his right hand Hiawatha
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,
Rent it into shreds and splinters,
Left it lying there in fragments.
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him, 288
Sped away in gust and whirlwind.
On the shores of Gitche Gumees,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sand-
stone,

Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Old Man of the Moun-
tain,

He the Manito of Mountains,
Opened wide his rocky doorways,
Opened wide his deep abysses,

Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter
In his caverns dark and dreary,
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,
Found the doorways closed against
him, 304

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Smote great caverns in the sand-
stone,

Cried aloud in tones of thunder,
'Open! I am Hiawatha!'
But the Old Man of the Mountain
Opened not, and made no answer
From the silent crags of sand-
stone, 311

From the gloomy rock abysses.
Then he raised his hands to
heaven,

Called imploring on the tempest,
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,
And the thunder, Annemeekee;
And they came with night and
darkness,

Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water
From the distant Thunder Moun-
tains;

And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis 320

Heard the footsteps of the thunder,
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,
Was afraid, and crouched and
trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the light-
ning,

Smote the doorways of the cav-
erns,

With his war-club smote the door-
ways,

Smote the jutting crags of sand-
stone,

And the thunder, Annemeekee.
Shouted down into the caverns,
Saying, 'Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis!' 330

And the crags fell, and beneath
them

Dead among the rocky ruins
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,
Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,
 Ended were his tricks and gambols,

Ended all his craft and cunning,
 Ended all his mischief-making, 339
 All his gambling and his dancing,
 All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha
 Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
 Spake and said: 'O Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Never more in human figure
 Shall you search for new adventures;

Never more with jest and laughter
 Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds;

But above there in the heavens
 You shall soar and sail in circles;

I will change you to an eagle, 350
 To Keneu, the great war-eagle,
 Chief of all the fowls with feathers,

Chief of Hiawatha's chickens.'
 And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis

Lingers still among the people,
 Lingers still among the singers,
 And among the story-tellers;
 And in Winter, when the snowflakes

Whirl in eddies round the lodges, 360

When the wind in gusty tumult
 O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,

'There,' they cry, 'comes Pau-Puk-Keewis;

He is dancing through the village,
 He is gathering in his harvest!'

XVIII

THE DEATH OF Kwasind

FAR and wide among the nations
 Spread the name and fame of Kwasind;

No man dared to strive with Kwasind,

No man could compete with Kwasind.

But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,
 They the envious Little People,
 They the fairies and the pygmies,
 Plotted and conspired against him.

'If this hateful Kwasind,' said they,

'If this great, outrageous fellow 10
 Goes on thus a little longer,
 Tearing everything he touches,
 Rending everything to pieces,
 Filling all the world with wonder,

What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies?

Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?

He will tread us down like mushroom-rooms,

Drive us all into the water,
 Give our bodies to be eaten
 By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,
 By the Spirits of the water!'

So the angry Little People 21
 All conspired against the Strong Man,

All conspired to murder Kwasind,
 Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,
 The audacious, overbearing,
 Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind!

Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind

In his crown alone was seated;
 In his crown too was his weakness; 30

There alone could he be wounded,
 Nowhere else could weapon pierce him,

Nowhere else could weapon harm him.

Even there the only weapon
 That could wound him, that could slay him,

Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,
 Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.
 This was Kwasind's fatal secret,

Known to no man among mortals ;
But the cunning Little People, 40
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the se-
cret,

Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-
tree,

Gathered blue cones of the fir-
tree,

In the woods by Taquamenaw,
Brought them to the river's mar-
gin,

Heaped them in great piles to-
gether,

Where the red rocks from the
margin

Jutting overhang the river. 50

There they lay in wait for Kwa-
sind,

The malicious Little People.

'T was an afternoon in Summer ;
Very hot and still the air was,

Very smooth the gliding river,
Motionless the sleeping shadows :

Insects glistened in the sunshine,
Insects skated on the water,

Filled the drowsy air with buzz-
ing,

With a far resounding war-cry. 60

Down the river came the Strong
Man,

In his birch canoe came Kwasind,
Floating slowly down the current

Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,
Very languid with the weather,

Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,
From the tassels of the birch-trees,

Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended ;
By his airy hosts surrounded, 70

His invisible attendants,
Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepah-
win ;

Like a burnished Dush-kwo-ne-
she,

Like a dragon-fly, he hovered
O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a mur-
mur

As of waves upon a sea-shore,

As of far-off tumbling waters,
As of winds among the pine-
trees ;

And he felt upon his forehead 80
Blows of little airy war-clubs,

Wielded by the slumbrous le-
gions

Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
As of some one breathing on him.

At the first blow of their war-
clubs,

Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind ;
At the second blow they smote

him,
Motionless his paddle rested ;

At the third, before his vision
Reeled the landscape into dark-

ness, 90

Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,
Like a blind man seated upright,

Floated down the Taquamenaw,
Underneath the trembling birch-

trees,
Underneath the wooded head-

lands,
Underneath the war encampment

Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies.
There they stood, all armed and

waiting,
Hurled the pine-cones down upon

him, 100
Struck him on his brawny shoul-

ders,
On his crown defenceless struck

him.
'Death to Kwasind !' was the sud-

den
War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and
tumbled,

Sideways fell into the river,
Plunged beneath the sluggish wa-

ter
Headlong, as an otter plunges ;

And the birch canoe, abandoned,
Drifted empty down the river, 110

Bottom upward swerved and
drifted :

Nothing more was seen of Kwa-
sind.

But the memory of the Strong
Man
Lingered long among the people,
And whenever through the forest
Raged and roared the wintry tem-
pest,
And the branches, tossed and
troubled,
Creaked and groaned and split
asunder,
'Kwasind!' cried they; 'that is
Kwasind!
He is gathering in his fire-
wood!' 120

XIX

THE GHOSTS

NEVER stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge, and
follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions. 10
So disasters come not singly;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and
wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.
Now, o'er all the dreary North-
land,
Mighty Peboan, the Winter, 20
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,
Into stone had changed their wa-
ters.
From his hair he shook the snow-
flakes,
Till the plains were strewn with
whiteness,
One uninterrupted level,

As if, stooping, the Creator
With his hand had smoothed them
over.
Through the forest, wide and
wailing,
Roamed the hunter on his snow-
shoes;
In the village worked the wo-
men, 30
Pounded maize, or dressed the
deer-skin;
And the young men played to-
gether
On the ice the noisy ball-play,
On the plain the dance of snow-
shoes.
One dark evening, after sun-
down,
In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting
For the steps of Hiawatha
Homeward from the hunt return-
ing.
On their faces gleamed the fire-
light, 40
Painting them with streaks of
crimson,
In the eyes of old Nokomis
Glimmered like the watery moon-
light,
In the eyes of Laughing Water
Glistened like the sun in water;
And behind them crouched their
shadows
In the corners of the wigwam,
And the smoke in wreaths above
them
Climbed and crowded through the
smoke-flue.
Then the curtain of the door-
way 50
From without was slowly lifted;
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,
And a moment swerved the smoke-
wreath
As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited,
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the farthest corner,
Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their garments,
 Strangers seemed they in the vil-
 lage;
 Very pale and haggard were they,
 As they sat there sad and silent,
 Trembling, cowering with the shad-
 ows.

Was it the wind above the smoke-
 flue,
 Muttering down into the wigwam?
 Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,
 Hooting from the dismal forest?
 Sure a voice said in the silence:
 'These are corpses clad in gar-
 ments,
 These are ghosts that come to
 haunt you,
 From the kingdom of Ponemah,
 From the land of the Hereafter!'

Homeward now came Hiawatha
 From his hunting in the forest,
 With the snow upon his tresses,
 And the red deer on his shoulders.
 At the feet of Laughing Water
 Down he threw his lifeless bur-
 den;
 Nobler, handsomer she thought
 him,
 Than when first he came to woo
 her,
 First threw down the deer before
 her,
 As a token of his wishes,
 As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the
 strangers,
 Cowering, crouching with the
 shadows;
 Said within himself, 'Who are
 they?
 What strange guests has Minne-
 haha?'
 But he questioned not the stran-
 gers,
 Only spake to bid them welcome
 To his lodge, his food, his fire-
 side.

When the evening meal was
 ready,
 And the deer had been divided,

Both the pallid guests, the stran-
 gers,
 Springing from among the shad-
 ows,
 Seized upon the choicest portions,
 Seized the white fat of the roe-
 buck,
 Set apart for Laughing Water,
 For the wife of Hiawatha;
 Without asking, without thank-
 ing,
 Eagerly devoured the morsels,
 Flitted back among the shadows
 In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,
 Not a motion made Nokomis,
 Not a gesture Laughing Water;
 Not a change came o'er their fea-
 tures:

Only Minnehaha softly
 Whispered, saying, 'They are fam-
 ished;
 Let them do what best delights
 them;
 Let them eat, for they are fam-
 ished.'

Many a daylight dawned and
 darkened,
 Many a night shook off the day-
 light
 As the pine shakes off the snow-
 flakes
 From the midnight of its branches;
 Day by day the guests unmoving
 Sat there silent in the wigwam;
 But by night, in storm or starlight,
 Forth they went into the forest,
 Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam,
 Bringing pine-cones for the burn-
 ing,
 Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha
 Came from fishing or from hunting,
 When the evening meal was ready,
 And the food had been divided,
 Gliding from their darksome cor-
 ner,
 Came the pallid guests, the stran-
 gers,
 Seized upon the choicest portions
 Set aside for Laughing Water,

And without rebuke or question
Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha
By a word or look reproved them;
Never once had old Nokomis
Made a gesture of impatience;
Never once had Laughing Water
Shown resentment at the outrage.
All had they endured in silence,
That the rights of guest and
stranger, 140

That the virtue of free-giving,
By a look might not be lessened,
By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha,
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,
In the wigwam, dimly lighted
By the brands that still were burn-
ing,
By the glimmering, flickering fire-
light,

Heard a sighing, oft repeated,
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow. 150

From his couch rose Hiawatha,
From his shaggy hides of bison,
Pushed aside the deer-skin cur-
tain,
Saw the pallid guests, the shad-
ows,

Sitting upright on their couches,
Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said: 'O guests! why
is it

That your hearts are so afflicted,
That you sob so in the midnight?
Has perchance the old Nokomis,
Has my wife, my Minnehaha, 161
Wronged or grieved you by unkind-
ness,

Failed in hospitable duties?'

Then the shadows ceased from
weeping,

Ceased from sobbing and lament-
ing,

And they said, with gentle voices:
'We are ghosts of the departed,
Souls of those who once were with
you.

From the realms of Chibiabos 169
Hither have we come to try you,
Hither have we come to warn you.

'Cries of grief and lamentation
Reach us in the Blessed Islands;
Cries of anguish from the living,
Calling back their friends de-
parted,

Sadden us with useless sorrow.
Therefore have we come to try
you;

No one knows us, no one heeds us.
We are but a burden to you,
And we see that the departed 180
Have no place among the living.

'Think of this, O Hiawatha!
Speak of it to all the people,
That henceforward and forever
They no more with lamentations
Sadden the souls of the departed
In the Islands of the Blessed.

'Do not lay such heavy burdens
In the graves of those you bury,
Not such weight of furs and wam-
pum, 190

Not such weight of pots and ket-
tles,

For the spirits faint beneath them.
Only give them food to carry,
Only give them fire to light them.

'Four days is the spirit's journey
To the land of ghosts and shadows,
Four its lonely night encamp-
ments;

Four times must their fires be
lighted.

Therefore, when the dead are
buried,

Let a fire, as night approaches, 200
Four times on the grave be kin-
dled,

That the soul upon its journey
May not lack the cheerful firelight,
May not grope about in darkness.

'Farewell, noble Hiawatha!
We have put you to the trial,
To the proof have put your pa-
tience,

By the insult of our presence,
By the outrage of our actions.

We have found you great and
noble. 210

Fail not in the greater trial,
Faint not in the harder struggle.'

When they ceased, a sudden
darkness
Fell and filled the silent wigwam.
Hiawatha heard a rustle
As of garments trailing by him,
Heard the curtain of the doorway
Lifted by a hand he saw not,
Felt the cold breath of the night
air, 219
For a moment saw the starlight;
But he saw the ghosts no longer,
Saw no more the wandering spir-
its
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter.

XX

THE FAMINE

OH the long and dreary Winter!
Oh the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the land-
scape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the vil-
lage.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-
shoes 11
Vainly walked he through the for-
est,
Sought for bird or beast and found
none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weak-
ness,
Perished there from cold and hun-
ger.
Oh the famine and the fever!
Oh the wasting of the famine! 20
Oh the blasting of the fever!
Oh the wailing of the children!
Oh the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and fam-
ished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at
them!
Into Hiawatha's wigwam 29
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and
hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said: 'Behold
me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!
And the other said: 'Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!' 41
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon
her,
Shuddered at the words they ut-
tered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing,
burning,
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.
Forth into the empty forest 50
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
Wrapped in furs and armed for
hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest 60
On his snow-shoes strode he for-
ward.
'Gitche Manito, the Mighty!'
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
'Give your children food, O father!

Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!

Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant 70

Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
'Minnehaha! Minnehaha!'

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,

In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer, 80
He had brought his young wife
homeward

From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,

And the streamlets laughed and glistened,

And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,

'I will follow you, my husband!'

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her, 90

With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She, the dying Minnehaha.

'Hark!' she said; 'I hear a rushing,

Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!'

'No, my child!' said old Nokomis,

'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!'

'Look!' she said; 'I see my father 100

Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!'

'No, my child!' said old Nokomis,

'Tis the smoke, that waves and beckons!'

'Ah!' said she, 'the eyes of Pauguk

Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!' 110

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
'Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,

Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha, 120
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:

'Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,

Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!'

And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha 130

Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,

That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,

On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never 140
More would lightly run to meet him,

Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,

Seven long days and nights he sat there,

As if in a swoon he sat there,

Speechless, motionless, uncon-
scious

Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha ;
In the snow a grave they made
her,

In the forest deep and dark-
some, 150

Underneath the moaning hem-
locks ;

Clothed her in her richest gar-
ments,

Wrapped her in her robes of er-
mine,

Covered her with snow, like er-
mine ;

Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kin-
dled,

For her soul upon its journey

To the Islands of the Blessed.

From his doorway Hiawatha 160

Saw it burning in the forest,

Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks ;

From his sleepless bed uprising,

From the bed of Minnehaha,

Stood and watched it at the door-
way,

That it might not be extinguished,

Might not leave her in the dark-
ness.

'Farewell!' said he, 'Minneha-
ha !

Farewell, O my Laughing Wa-
ter !

All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with
you! 171

Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,

Where the Famine and the Fe-
ver

Wear the heart and waste the
body.

Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall fol-
low

To the Islands of the Blessed,

To the Kingdom of Ponemah,

To the Land of the Hereafter !'

XXI

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT

IN his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.

White his hair was as a snow-
drift ;

Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and trem-
bled,

Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered white-skin wrapper,

Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest, 10

Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,
As it whirled and hissed and
drifted.

All the coals were white with
ashes,

And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,

At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks

were,
Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-
time,

Bound his forehead was with
grasses ;

Bound and plumed with scented
grasses, 20

On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,

In his hand a bunch of blossoms
Filling all the lodge with sweet-
ness.

'Ah, my son!' exclaimed the old
man,

'Happy are my eyes to see you.
Sit here on the mat beside me,

Sit here by the dying embers,
Let us pass the night together,

Tell me of your strange adven-
tures, 30

Of the lands where you have trav-
elled ;

I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder.'

From his pouch he drew his
peace-pipe,

Very old and strangely fashioned;
Made of red stone was the pipe-
head,

And the stem a reed with feathers;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it,
Gave it to his guest, the stranger, 40
And began to speak in this wise:

'When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the land-
scape,

Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water!'

And the young man answered,
smiling:

'When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the land-
scape,

Flowers spring up o'er all the
meadows,

Singing, onward rush the rivers!'

50 'When I shake my hoary
tresses,'

Said the old man darkly frowning,
'All the land with snow is covered;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are
not.

From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,

For I speak, and lo! they are not. 60

And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and cav-
erns,

And the earth becomes as flint-
stone!'

'When I shake my flowing ring-
lets,'

Said the young man, softly laugh-
ing,

'Showers of rain fall warm and
welcome,

Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back into their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the

heron, 70

Homeward shoots the arrowy
swallow,

Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wan-
der,

All the meadows wave with blos-
soms,

All the woodlands ring with music,

All the trees are dark with foli-
age!'

While they spake, the night de-
parted:

From the distant realms of Wabun,
From his shining lodge of silver,

Like a warrior robed and
painted, 80

Came the sun, and said, 'Behold
me!

Gheezis, the great sun, behold
me!'

Then the old man's tongue was
speechless

And the air grew warm and plea-
sant,

And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,

And the stream began to mur-
mur,

And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently
wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stran-
ger, 90

More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him;

It was Peboan, the Winter!

From his eyes the tears were
flowing,

As from melting lakes the stream-
lets,

And his body shrunk and dwin-
dled

As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,

Till into the ground it vanished,
And the young man saw before
him, 100

On the hearth-stone of the wig-
wam,

Where the fire had smoked and
smouldered,

Saw the earliest flower of Spring-
time,

Saw the Beauty of the Spring-
time,

Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the North-
land

After that unheard-of coldness,
That intolerable Winter,
Came the Spring with all its splen-
dor,

All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and
grasses. III

Sailing on the wind to north-
ward,

Flying in great flocks, like arrows,
Like huge arrows shot through
heaven,

Passed the swan, the Mahnahbe-
zee,

Speaking almost as a man speaks ;
And in long lines waving, bend-
ing

Like a bow-string snapped asun-
der,

Came the white goose, Waw-be-
wawa ;

And in pairs, or singly flying, 120
Mahng the loon, with clangorous
pinions,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-
gah,

And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows

Piped the bluebird, the Owaissa,

On the summit of the lodges

Sang the robin, the Opechee,

In the covert of the pine-trees

Cooéd the pigeon, the Omemeé ;

And the sorrowing Hiawatha, 130

Speechless in his infinite sorrow,

Heard their voices calling to him,

Went forth from his gloomy door-
way,

Stood and gazed into the heaven,
Gazed upon the earth and wa-
ters.

From his wanderings far to east-
ward,

From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,

The great traveller, the great
boaster, 140

Full of new and strange adven-
tures,

Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village

Listened to him as he told them

Of his marvellous adventures,

Laughing answered him in this
wise :

' Ugh ! it is indeed Iagoo !

No one else beholds such won-
ders ! ' 148

He had seen, he said, a water
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumeé,

Bitter so that none could drink it !

At each other looked the warriors,

Looked the women at each other,

Smiled, and said, ' It cannot be so !

' Kaw ! ' they said, ' it cannot be
so ! '

O'er it, said he, o'er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,

A canoe with wings came flying,

Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,

Taller than the tallest tree-tops !

And the old men and the women

Looked and tittered at each other ;

' Kaw ! ' they said, ' we don't be-
lieve it ! '

From its mouth, he said, to greet
him,

Came Waywassimo, the lightning,

Came the thunder, Annemeekee ! '

And the warriors and the women

Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo ;

' Kaw ! ' they said, ' what tales you
tell us ! ' 170

In it, said he, came a people,

In the great canoe with pinions

Came, he said, a hundred war-
riors ;

Painted white were all their faces

And with hair their chins were

covered !

And the warriors and the women

Laughed and shouted in derision,

Like the ravens on the tree-tops,

Like the crows upon the hem

locks.

'Kaw!' they said, 'what lies you
tell us! 180

Do not think that we believe
them!'

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered

To their jeering and their jesting:

'True is all Iagoo tells us;

I have seen it in a vision,

Seen the great canoe with pinions,

Seen the people with white faces,

Seen the coming of this bearded

People of the wooden vessel 190

From the regions of the morning,

From the shining land of Wabun.

'Gitche Manito, the Mighty,

The Great Spirit, the Creator,

Sends them hither on his errand,

Sends them to us with his mes-
sage.

Wheresoe'er they move, before
them

Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,

Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;

Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath
them 200

Springs a flower unknown among
us,

Springs the White-man's Foot in
blossom.

'Let us welcome, then, the stran-
gers,

Hail them as our friends and bro-
thers,

And the heart's right hand of
friendship

Give them when they come to see
us.

Gitche Manito, the Mighty,

Said this to me in my vision.

'I beheld, too, in that vision

All the secrets of the future, 210

Of the distant days that shall be.

I beheld the westward marches

Of the unknown, crowded nations.

All the land was full of people,

Restless, struggling, toiling, striv-
ing,

Speaking many tongues, yet feel-
ing

But one heart-beat in their bos-
oms.

In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the val-
leys,

Over all the lakes and rivers 220

Rushed their great canoes of thun-
der.

'Then a darker, drearier vision

Passed before me, vague and
cloud-like;

I beheld our nation scattered,

All forgetful of my counsels,

Weakened, warring with each
other:

Saw the remnants of our people

Sweeping westward, wild and wo-
ful,

Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,

Like the withered leaves of Au-
tumn!' 230

XXII

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,

By the shining Big-Sea-Water,

At the doorway of his wigwam,

In the pleasant Summer morning,

Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,

All the earth was bright and joy-
ous,

And before him, through the sun-
shine,

Westward toward the neighboring
forest

Passed in golden swarms the

Ahmo, 10

Passed the bees, the honey-mak-
ers,

Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the hea-
vens,

Level spread the lake before him;

From its bosom leaped the stur-
geon,

Sparkling, flashing in the sun-
shine;

On its margin the great forest
 Stood reflected in the water,
 Every tree-top had its shadow,
 Motionless beneath the water. 20

From the brow of Hiawatha
 Gone was every trace of sorrow,
 As the fog from off the water,
 As the mist from off the meadow.
 With a smile of joy and triumph,
 With a look of exultation,
 As of one who in a vision
 Sees what is to be, but is not,
 Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were
 lifted, 30
 Both the palms spread out against
 it,

And between the parted fingers
 Fell the sunshine on his features,
 Flecked with light his naked shoul-
 ders,

As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
 Through the rifted leaves and
 branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,
 Something in the hazy distance,
 Something in the mists of morn-
 ing,

Loomed and lifted from the wa-
 ter, 40
 Now seemed floating, now seemed
 flying,

Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver?
 Or the pelican, the Shada?
 Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?
 Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
 With the water dripping, flash-
 ing,
 From its glossy neck and fea-
 thers?

It was neither goose nor diver,
 Neither pelican nor heron, 50
 O'er the water floating, flying,
 Through the shining mist of morn-
 ing,

But a birch canoe with paddles,
 Rising, sinking on the water,
 Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;
 And within it came a people
 From the distant land of Wabun,

From the farthest realms of morn-
 ing

Came the Black-Robe chief, the
 Prophet,

He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-
 face, 60

With his guides and his compan-
 ions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
 With his hands aloft extended,
 Held aloft in sign of welcome,
 Waited, full of exultation,
 Till the birch canoe with paddles
 Grated on the shining pebbles,
 Stranded on the sandy margin,
 Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-
 face,

With the cross upon his bosom, 70
 Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
 Cried aloud and spake in this
 wise:

'Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
 When you come so far to see us!

All our town in peace awaits you,
 All our doors stand open for you;
 You shall enter all our wigwams,
 For the heart's right hand we give
 you.

'Never bloomed the earth so
 gayly, 80

Never shone the sun so brightly,
 As to-day they shine and blossom
 When you come so far to see us!
 Never was our lake so tranquil,
 Nor so free from rocks and sand-
 bars.

For your birch canoe in passing
 Has removed both rock and sand-
 bar.

'Never before had our tobacco
 Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
 Never the broad leaves of our
 cornfields 90

Were so beautiful to look on,
 As they seem to us this morning,
 When you come so far to see us!'

And the Black-Robe chief made
 answer,

Stammered in his speech a little,
 Speaking words yet unfamiliar:

'Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,

Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon, 99

Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!'

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of
basswood,

Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village, 110
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome;
'It is well,' they said, 'O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!'

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in
silence,

Waiting to behold the strangers, 120
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-
face,

From the wigwam came to greet
them,

Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
'It is well,' they said, 'O brother,
That you come so far to see us!'

Then the Black-Robe chief, the
Prophet,

Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission, 130
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed, and la-
bored;

How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, cruci-
fied him;

How he rose from where they laid
him,

Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven. 140

And the chiefs made answer, say-
ing:

'We have listened to your mes-
sage,

We have heard your words of wis-
dom,

We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,

That you come so far to see us!'

Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wig-
wam,

To the young men and the wo-
men

Told the story of the strangers 150
Whom the Master of Life had sent
them

From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer;

With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wig-
wam,

With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
From the cornfields shrill and
ceaseless

Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-
keena; 160

And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering land-
scape

Fell the evening's dusk and cool-
ness,

And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of
shadow,

Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hol-
low; 170

Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,

Spake in whispers, spake in this
wise,

Did not wake the guests, that
slumbered :

' I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keeway-
din. 181

But these guests I leave behind
me,

In your watch and ward I leave
them ;

See that never harm comes near
them,

See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha !'

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young
men, 191

Spake persuading, spake in this
wise :

' I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant-journey ;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have
vanished,

Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me ;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent
them 201

From the land of light and morn-
ing !'

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at
parting ;

On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sail-
ing,

From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water ;
Whispered to it, ' Westward ! west-
ward !' 209

And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descend-
ing

Set the clouds on fire with red-
ness,

Burned the broad sky, like a
prairie,

Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splen-
dor,

Down whose stream, as down a
river,

Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening. 220

And the people from the mar-
gin
Watched him floating, rising, sink-
ing,

Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, ' Farewell for-
ever !'

Said, ' Farewell, O Hiawatha !' 229
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of
darkness,

Sighed, ' Farewell, O Hiawatha !'
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, ' Farewell, O Hiawatha !'
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-
gah,

From her haunts among the fen-
lands,
Screamed, ' Farewell, O Hiawa-
tha !'

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved, 240
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keeway-
din,

To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter !

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

I

MILES STANDISH

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
 To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
 Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
 Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.
 Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
 Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
 Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—
 Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
 Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
 While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and match.
 lock. 10

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
 Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
 Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
 Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
 Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,
 Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
 Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
 Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
 Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, 'Not Angles, but Angels.'
 Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the Mayflower. 20

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
 Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.
 'Look at these arms,' he said, 'the warlike weapons that hang here
 Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!
 This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breast-
 plate,

Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;
 Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet
 Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.
 Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
 Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish
 morasses.' 30

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:

'Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;
 He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!'
 Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:
 'See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging;
 That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
 Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;

So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
 Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
 Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock, 40
 Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
 And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!
 This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams
 Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.
 Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued :
 ' Look ! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
 High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the pur-
 pose,
 Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
 Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
 Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians ; 50
 Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better, —
 Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,
 Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon !'

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
 Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the east-wind,
 Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
 Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sunshine.
 Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
 Gloom intermingled with light ; and his voice was subdued with
 emotion,
 Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded : 60
 ' Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish ;
 Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside !
 She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower !
 Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
 Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
 Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished !'
 Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them
 Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding ;
 Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar 70
 Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
 And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.
 Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful
 Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,
 Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the
 Romans,
 Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
 Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,
 Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
 Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the
 margin,
 Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest. 80
 Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
 Busily writing epistles important, to go by the Mayflower,

Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing!
 Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,
 Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla!
 Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla!

II

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
 Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,
 Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Cæsar.
 After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm down-
 wards, 90

Heavily on the page: 'A wonderful man was this Cæsar!
 You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
 Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful!'
 Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:
 'Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.
 Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate
 Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs.'
 'Truly,' continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,
 'Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar!

Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village, 100
 Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.
 Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after;
 Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered;
 He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;
 Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!
 Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders,
 When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,
 And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
 There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a shield from a
 soldier,

Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the cap-
 tains, 110
 Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;
 Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons;
 So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
 That's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
 You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.
 Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling
 Writing epistles important to go next day by the Mayflower,
 Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla;
 Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla, 120
 Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
 Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla!
 Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,

Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,
 Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth :
 ' When you have finished your work, I have something important to
 tell you.

Be not however in haste ; I can wait ; I shall not be impatient !'

Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
 Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention :

' Speak ; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen, 130
 Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish.'

Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his
 phrases :

' T is not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.

This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it ;

Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.

Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary ;

Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship ;

Of in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.

She is alone in the world ; her father and mother and brother

Died in the winter together ; I saw her going and coming, 140

Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,

Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever

There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,

Two have I seen and known ; and the angel whose name is Priscilla

Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.

Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,

Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.

Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,

Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,

Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier. 150

Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning ;

I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,

Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,

Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden.'

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,

All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,

Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,

Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,

Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning, 160

Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered :

' Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it ;

If you would have it well done, — I am only repeating your maxim, —

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others !'

But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,

Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth :

' Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it ;

But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.

I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender, 170

But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.

I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
 But of a thundering "No!" point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
 That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it!
 So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,
 Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases.'
 Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,
 Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added:
 'Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that
 prompts me;

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friend-
 ship!' 180

Then made answer John Alden: 'The name of friendship is sacred;
 What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!'
 So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler,
 Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III

THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,
 Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest,
 Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were building
 Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure,
 Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.
 All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict, 190
 Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.
 To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing,
 As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
 Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!
 'Must I relinquish it all,' he cried with a wild lamentation, —
 'Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?
 Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence?
 Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow
 Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England?
 Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption 200
 Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
 Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
 All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
 This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
 For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
 Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
 This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution.'

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
 Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shal-
 low,
 Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him, 210
 Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
 Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.

'Puritan flowers,' he said, 'and the type of Puritan maidens,
 Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla !
 So I will take them to her ; to Priscilla the Mayflower of Plymouth,
 Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them ;
 Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
 Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver.'
 So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand ;
 Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean, 220
 Sailable, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind ;
 Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow ;
 Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
 Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
 Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
 Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
 Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
 Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
 Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
 While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
 Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth, 231
 Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
 Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
 Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
 Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
 She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
 Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
 Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being !
 Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
 Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his
 errand ; 240
 All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
 All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
 Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
 Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
 ' Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards ;
 Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
 Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the liv-
 ing,
 It is the will of the Lord ; and his mercy endureth forever ! '

So he entered the house : and the hum of the wheel and the singing
 Suddenly ceased ; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
 Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome, 251
 Saying, ' I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage ;
 For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning.'
 Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been min-
 gled
 Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
 Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
 Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the
 winter,
 After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,

Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,
 Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla
 Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside, 261
 Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm.
 Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken;
 Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
 So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-
 time,
 Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on the
 morrow.

'I have been thinking all day,' said gently the Puritan maiden,
 'Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of Eng-
 land,—

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden: 270
 Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
 Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
 Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
 And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
 Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
 Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
 Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
 You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost
 Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched.'

Thereupon answered the youth: 'Indeed I do not condemn you; 280
 Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
 Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on:
 So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
 Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Ply-
 mouth!'

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters, —
 Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
 But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a school-boy;
 Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
 Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
 Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder, 290
 Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her
 speechless;

Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:
 'If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
 Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
 If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!'
 Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
 Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy, —
 Had no time for such things — such things! the words grating harshly
 Fell on the ear of Priscilla: and swift as a flash she made answer:
 'Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding? 307
 That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.
 When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and
 that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
 Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,
 And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
 Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
 Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
 This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection
 Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking. 310
 When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
 Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me,
 Even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last might have won
 me,
 Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen.'

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
 Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
 Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
 How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction;
 How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;
 He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly 320
 Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
 Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;
 Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
 Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent,
 Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
 He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
 Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter
 He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;
 Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
 Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always, 330
 Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature;
 For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
 Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
 Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
 Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
 Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
 Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'

IV

JOHN ALDEN

INTO the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
 Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the sea-side; 340
 Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-wind,

Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.
 Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptic splendors,
 Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
 So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
 Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
 Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.

'Welcome, O wind of the East!' he exclaimed in his wild exulta-
 tion,

'Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlan-
 tic!

Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass,
 Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottoes and gardens of ocean! 35r
 Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
 Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me!'

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,
 Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore.
 Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contend-
 ing;

Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,
 Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty!

'Is it my fault,' he said, 'that the maiden has chosen between us?
 Is it my fault that he failed, — my fault that I am the victor?' 36o

Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Pro-
 phet:

'It hath displeased the Lord!' — and he thought of David's transgres-
 sion,

Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle!
 Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,
 Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest contrition:

'It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of Satan!'

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there
 Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding at anchor,
 Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;
 Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage 37o
 Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors' 'Ay, ay,
 Sir!'

Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.
 Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,
 Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
 Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.
 'Yes, it is plain to me now,' he murmured; 'the hand of the Lord is
 Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,
 Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,
 Hiding me, cutting me off, from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.
 Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon, 38o
 Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.
 Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,
 Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred;

Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor ;
 Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber
 With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers
 Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and dark-
 ness,—

Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter !'

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolu-
 tion,

Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight, 390
 Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,
 Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
 Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.
 Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain
 Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,
 Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.
 'Long have you been on your errand,' he said with a cheery de-
 meanor,

Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.
 'Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us ;
 But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming
 I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city. 401
 Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened.'

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,
 From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened ;
 How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,
 Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
 But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,
 Words so tender and cruel : 'Why don't you speak for yourself,
 John ?'

Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his
 armor

Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen. 410
 All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
 E'en as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.

Wildly he shouted, and loud : 'John Alden ! you have betrayed me !
 Me, Miles Standish, your friend ! have supplanted, defrauded, be-
 trayed me !

One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler ;
 Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a
 traitor ?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship !
 You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother ;
 You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keep-
 ing

I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and se-
 cret,—

You too, Brutus ! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter ! 420
 Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but henceforward
 Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable hatred !'

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,
 Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins on his temples.
 But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,
 Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
 Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!
 Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or par-
 ley,

Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron, 43^o
 Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.
 Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
 Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
 Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,
 Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,
 Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,
 Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,
 Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming;
 Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment, 44^o
 Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
 Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.
 God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
 Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;
 So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the people!
 Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
 Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;
 While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
 Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
 And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered, 45^o
 Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare,
 Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.
 This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating
 What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
 Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting;
 One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
 Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,
 Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behavior!
 Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
 Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger, 46^o
 'What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses?
 Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
 There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
 Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
 Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!'
 Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,
 Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:
 'Not so thought St. Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;
 Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!'
 But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain, 47^o
 Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing:
 Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.

War is a terrible trade ; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder ; and thus I answer the challenge !'

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones : ' Here, take it ! this is your answer !'
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent, 480
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

V

THE SAILING OF THE MAYFLOWER

JUST in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth ;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, ' Forward !'
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David ; 490
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible,—
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning ;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.
Sweet was the air and soft ; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward ;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the
weather, 500
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the Mayflower ;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming ;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains ;
Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas, 510
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.

Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
 Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
 Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
 Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!
 Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!
 Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
 Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!
 Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
 Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea-shore, 520
 Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower,
 Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without
 slumber,

Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.
 He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,
 Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur;
 Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swear-
 ing.

Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence;
 Then he had turned away, and said: 'I will not awake him;
 Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!' 530
 Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,
 Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning,—
 Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in
 Flanders,—

Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.
 But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him
 Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,
 Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
 Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.
 Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,
 Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon; 540
 All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emo-
 tions;

But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him,—
 Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.
 So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,
 Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!
 Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,
 Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,
 Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,
 And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore, 549
 Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
 Into a world unknown,— the corner-stone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient
 Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,
 Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,
 Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels
 Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together

Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.
 Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,
 One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,
 Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting. 560
 He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
 Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,
 Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue
 him.

But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla
 Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.
 Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
 Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,
 That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,
 As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.
 Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts! 570
 Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
 Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine!
 'Here I remain!' he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,
 Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the
 madness,

Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.
 'Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,
 Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.
 There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,
 Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.
 Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether! 580
 Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me; I heed not
 Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!
 There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,
 As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her foot-
 steps.

Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
 Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;
 Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,
 So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!'

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,
 Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather, 590
 Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded around him
 Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
 Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
 Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
 Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
 Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
 Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!
 Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
 O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower!
 No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to the ploughing! 600

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
 Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.

Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,
Blowing steady and strong; and the Mayflower sailed from the
harbor,

Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human; 610
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, 'Let us pray!' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took
courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they
uttered.

Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian, 620
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying 'Look!' he had van-
ished.

So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

VI

PRISCILLA

THUS for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtile laws of its nature, 630
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

'Are you so much offended, you will not speak to me?' said she.
'Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret, 640
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.

Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of Miles Standish,
 Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,
 Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,
 As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
 Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.
 Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.

You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,
 Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken !'

Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles
 Standish :

654

' I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,
 Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping.'

' No !' interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive ;

' No ; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.

It was wrong, I acknowledge ; for it is the fate of a woman
 Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
 Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.

Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women

Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers

659

Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruit-
 ful,

Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs.'

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women :

' Heaven forbid it, Priscilla ; and truly they seem to me always

More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,

More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,

Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden !'

' Ah, by these words, I can see,' again interrupted the maiden,

' How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.

When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,

Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,

670

Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct and in
 earnest,

Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering
 phrases.

This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you ;

For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,

Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.

Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly

If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,

If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases

Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,

But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting.'

680

Mute and amazed was Alden ; and listened and looked at Priscilla,
 Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.

He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,

Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.

So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined

What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and
 speechless.

'Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things

Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.

It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it :

I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always. 690

So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you

Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish.

For I must tell you the truth : much more to me is your friendship Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him.'

Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it, Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely,

Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling :

'Yes, we must ever be friends ; and of all who offer you friendship Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest !'

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the Mayflower, 700 Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,

Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling,

That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.

But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,

Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly :

'Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,

Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,

You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,

When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me.'

Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story, — 710

Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.

Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,

'He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment !'

But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how he had suffered, —

How he had even determined to sail that day in the Mayflower,

And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened, —

All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,

'Truly I thank you for this : how good you have been to me always !'

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,

Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward, 720

Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition ;

Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,

Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,

Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

VII

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH

MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,

Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the sea-shore,

All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger

Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder

Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.

Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort; 730

He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,

Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,

Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted!

Ah! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor!

'I alone am to blame,' he muttered, 'for mine was the folly.

What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,

Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens?

'T was but a dream, — let it pass, — let it vanish like so many others!

What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless;

Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and hencefor-
ward 740

Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!'

Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,

While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,

Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment

Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the forest;

Women at work by the tents, and warriors, horrid with war-paint,

Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;

Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,

Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket, 750

Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing,

Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present;

Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.

Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers, gigantic in stature,

Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan;

One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.

Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wam-
pum,

Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.

Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.

'Welcome, English!' they said, — these words they had learned from
the traders 760

Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.

Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,

Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man, Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder, Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,

Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them the Bible, Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster. Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other, And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain : 770
' Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain, Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman, But on a mountain at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning, Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him, Shouting, " Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat ? " ' Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,

Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle;
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning :
' I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle; 780
By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children ! '

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish : While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom, Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered, ' By and by it shall see ; it shall eat ; ah, ha ! but shall speak not ! This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us ! He is a little man ; let him go and work with the women ! '

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest, Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings, 790 Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush. But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly ; So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers. But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult, All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish, Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples. Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife from its scabbard,

Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it. Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop, 800

And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of December, Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows. Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning, Out of the lightning thunder ; and death unseen ran before it. Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket, Hotly pursued and beset ; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat, Fled not ; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet

Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the
greensward,
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above
them, 810
Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:—
'Pecksuot bragged very loud of his courage, his strength, and his
stature,—
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!'

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles
Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a
fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage. 820
Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror,
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valor.

VIII

THE SPINNING-WHEEL

MONTH after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the
merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.
All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their labors,
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead,
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest. 830
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of warfare
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.
Bravely the stalwart Standish was scouring the land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation, 840
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,

Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.
 There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard:
 Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.
 Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoy-
 ance,
 Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment
 In the division of cattle, might ruminatè in the night-time
 Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal. 850

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer
 Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of
 Priscilla,

Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy,
 Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.
 Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;
 Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden;
 Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday
 Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,—
 How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,
 How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil, 860
 How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
 How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
 How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
 Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her
 weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
 Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,
 As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune,
 After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.
 'Truly, Priscilla,' he said, 'when I see you spinning and spinning,
 Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others, 870
 Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment;
 You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner.'
 Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the
 spindle

Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers;
 While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued:
 'You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia;
 She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,
 Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain,
 Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
 She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb. 880
 So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
 Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
 Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in their child-
 hood,

Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!'
 Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
 Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the
 sweetest,

Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning,
 Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden:
 'Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for housewives,
 Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands. 890
 Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for knitting;
 Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the
 manners,

Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden!
 Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,
 He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,
 She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
 Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
 Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
 Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares — for how could she help it?—
 Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body. 900

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
 Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
 Yes; Miles Standish was dead!—an Indian had brought them the
 tidings, —

Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,
 Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces;
 All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!
 Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.
 Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward
 Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
 But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow 910
 Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered
 Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
 Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,
 Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,
 Clapsed, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
 Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own, and exclaiming:
 'Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!'

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
 Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
 Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer, 920
 Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;
 So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
 Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
 Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
 Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

IX

THE WEDDING-DAY

FORTH from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
 Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,

Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
 Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
 Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him 930
 Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver !

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
 Friends were assembled together ; the Elder and Magistrate also
 Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the
 Gospel,

One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
 Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz.
 Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
 Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,
 After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
 Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth 940
 Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in
 affection,
 Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.

Lo ! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
 Clad in armor of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure !
 Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition ?
 Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his shoulder ?
 Is it a phantom of air, — a bodiless, spectral illusion ?
 Is it a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal ?
 Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed ;
 Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression 950
 Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath
 them,

As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud
 Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
 Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
 As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.
 But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benedic-
 tion,

Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement
 Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth !
 Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, ' Forgive me !
 I have been angry and hurt, — too long have I cherished the feel-
 ing ; 960

I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God ! it is ended.
 Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,
 Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
 Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden.'
 Thereupon answered the bridegroom: ' Let all be forgotten between
 us, —

All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and
 dearer !'

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,
 Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England,
 Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled,

Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband. 970
 Then he said with a smile: 'I should have remembered the adage,—
 If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover,
 No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!'

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing,
 Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain,
 Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded
 about him,

Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom,
 Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other,
 Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewil-
 dered,

He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment, 980
 Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at
 the doorway,

Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
 Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
 Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
 There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-
 shore,

There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows;
 But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden,
 Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the
 ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of depar-
 ture, 990

Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delay-
 ing,

Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncom-
 pleted.

Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
 Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla,
 Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its master,
 Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
 Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle.
 She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noon-
 day;

Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant.
 Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others, 1000

Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband
 Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.

'Nothing is wanting now,' he said with a smile, 'but the distaff;
 Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!'

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation,
 Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
 Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest,

Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love, through its
bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splen-
dors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them sus-
pended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-
tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol.
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

. . . come i gru van cantando lor lai,
Facendo in aer di sè lunga riga.

DANTE.

FLIGHT THE FIRST

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.

Oh, 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 wingèd 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.

PROMETHEUS

OR THE POET'S FORETHOUGHT

OF Prometheus, how undaunted
 On Olympus' shining bastions
 His audacious foot he planted,
 Myths are told and songs are
 chanted,
 Full of promptings and sugges-
 tions.

Beautiful is the tradition
 Of that flight through heavenly
 portals,
 The old classic superstition
 Of the theft and the transmission
 Of the fire of the Immortals!

First the deed of noble daring,
 Born of heavenward aspiration,
 Then the fire with mortals shar-
 ing,
 Then the vulture, — the despair-
 ing
 Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted
 Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer;
 Only those are crowned and
 sainted
 Who with grief have been ac-
 quainted,
 Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,
 In their triumph and their yearn-
 ing,

In their passionate pulsations,
 In their words among the nations,
 The Promethean fire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,
 All this toil for human culture?

Through the cloud-rack, dark and
 trailing,
 Must they see above them sail-
 ing
 O'er life's barren crags the vul-
 ture?

Such a fate as this was Dante's,
 By defeat and exile maddened;
 Thus were Milton and Cervantes,
 Nature's priests and Corybantes,
 By affliction touched and sad-
 dened.

But the glories so transcendent
 That around their memories
 cluster,
 And, on all their steps attendant,
 Make their darkened lives resplen-
 dent
 With such gleams of inward
 lustre!

All the melodies mysterious,
 Through the dreary darkness
 chanted;
 Thoughts in attitudes imperious,
 Voices soft, and deep, and serious,
 Words that whispered, songs
 that haunted!

All the soul in rapt suspension,
 All the quivering, palpitating
 Chords of life in utmost tension,
 With the fervor of invention,
 With the rapture of creating!

Ah, Prometheus! heaven-scaling!
 In such hours of exultation
 Even the faintest heart, unquail-
 ing,
 Might behold the vulture sailing
 Round the cloudy crags Cauca-
 sian!

Though to all there be not given
 Strength for such sublime en-
 deavor,
 Thus to scale the walls of heaven,
 And to leaven with fiery leaven,
 All the hearts of men forever;

Yet all bards, whose hearts un-
blighted

Honor and believe the presage,
Hold aloft their torches lighted,
Gleaming through the realms be-
nighted,

As they onward bear the mes-
sage!

EPIMETHEUS

OR THE POET'S AFTERTHOUGHT

HAVE I dreamed? or was it real,
What I saw as in a vision,
When to marches hymeneal
In the land of the Ideal
Moved my thought o'er Fields
Elysian?

What! are these the guests whose
glances
Seemed like sunshine gleaming
round me?

These the wild, bewildering fancies,
That with dithyrambic dances
As with magic circles bound me?

Ah! how cold are their caresses!
Pallid cheeks, and haggard bos-
oms!
Spectral gleam their snow-white
dresses,
And from loose, dishevelled
tresses
Fall the hyacinthine blossoms!

O my songs! whose winsome mea-
sures
Filled my heart with secret rap-
ture!

Children of my golden leisures!
Must even your delights and plea-
sures
Fade and perish with the cap-
ture?

Fair they seemed, those songs
sonorous,
When they came to me unbidden:

Voices single, and in chorus,
Like the wild birds singing o'er
us
In the dark of branches hid-
den.

Disenchantment! Disillusion!
Must each noble aspiration
Come at last to this conclusion,
Jarring discord, wild confusion,
Lassitude, renunciation?

Not with steeper fall nor faster,
From the sun's serene domin-
ions,
Not through brighter realms nor
vaster,
In swift ruin and disaster,
Icarus fell with shattered pin-
ions!

Sweet Pandora! dear Pandora!
Why did mighty Jove create
thee
Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,
Beautiful as young Aurora,
If to win thee is to hate thee?

No, not hate thee! for this feel-
ing
Of unrest and long resistance
Is but passionate appealing,
A prophetic whisper stealing
O'er the chords of our existence.

Him whom thou dost once enamor,
Thou, beloved, never leavest;
In life's discord, strife, and clamor,
Still he feels thy spell of gla-
mour;
Him of Hope thou ne'er bereav-
est.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted,
Struggling souls by thee are
strengthened,
Clouds of fear asunder rifted,
Truth from falsehood cleansed and
sifted,
Lives, like days in summer,
lengthened!

Therefore art thou ever dearer,
 O my Sibyl, my deceiver!
 For thou makest each mystery
 clearer,
 And the unattained seems nearer,
 When thou fillest my heart with
 fever!

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces!
 Though the fields around us
 wither,
 There are ampler realms and
 spaces,
 Where no foot has left its traces:
 Let us turn and wander thither!

THE LADDER OF SAINT AUGUSTINE

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast
 thou said,
 That of our vices we can frame
 A ladder, if we will but tread
 Beneath our feet each deed of
 shame!

All common things, each day's
 events,
 That with the hour begin and end,
 Our pleasures and our discontents,
 Are rounds by which we may as-
 cend.

The low desire, the base design,
 That makes another's virtues
 less;
 The revel of the ruddy wine,
 And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things;
 The strife for triumph more than
 truth;
 The hardening of the heart, that
 brings
 Irreverence for the dreams of
 youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
 That have their root in thoughts
 of ill;

Whatever hinders or impedes
 The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled
 down
 Beneath our feet, if we would
 gain
 In the bright fields of fair renown
 The right of eminent domain.

We have not wings, we cannot
 soar;
 But we have feet to scale and
 climb
 By slow degrees, by more and
 more,
 The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone
 That wedge-like cleave the de-
 sert airs,
 When nearer seen, and better
 known,
 Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that up-
 rear
 Their solid bastions to the skies,
 Are crossed by pathways, that ap-
 pear
 As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached
 and kept
 Were not attained by sudden
 flight,
 But they, while their companions
 slept,
 Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore
 With shoulders bent and down-
 cast eyes,
 We may discern—unseen before—
 A path to higher destinies,

Nor deem the irrevocable Past
 As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
 If, rising on its wrecks, at last
 To something nobler we at-
 tain.

THE PHANTOM SHIP

IN Mather's Magnalia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,
And the keen and frosty airs,
That filled her sails at parting,
Were heavy with good men's
prayers.

'O Lord! if it be thy pleasure'—
Thus prayed the old divine—
'To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine!'

But Master Lamberton muttered,
And under his breath said he,
'This ship is so crauk and walty,
I fear our grave she will be!'

And the ships that came from Eng-
land,
When the winter months were
gone,
Brought no tidings of this vessel
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying
That the Lord would let them
hear
What in his greater wisdom
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were an-
swered:
It was in the month of June,
An hour before the sunset
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,
A ship was seen below,
And they knew it was Lamberton,
Master,
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of can-
vas,
Right against the wind that blew,

Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and
lifted,
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rig-
ging,
Fell slowly, one by one,
And the hulk dilated and vanished,
As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this mar-
vel
Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their
vessel,
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village
Gave thanks to God in prayer,
That, to quiet their troubled
spirits,
He had sent this Ship of Air.

THE WARDEN OF THE
CINQUE PORTS

A MIST was driving down the
British Channel,
The day was just begun,
And through the window-panes, on
floor and panel,
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rip-
pling pennon,
And the white sails of ships;
And, from the frowning rampart,
the black cannon
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings,
Hithe, and Dover
Were all alert that day,
To see the French war-steamers
speeding over,
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couch-
ant lions,
Their cannon, through the
night,
Holding their breath, had watched,
in grim defiance,
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat
from their stations
On every citadel;
Each answering each, with morn-
ing salutations,
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up
the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep
the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the
fields of azure,
No drum-beat from the
wall,
No morning gun from the black
fort's embrasure,
Awaken with its call!

No more, surveying with an eye
impartial
The long line of the coast,
Shall the gaunt figure of the old
Field Marshal
Be seen upon his post!

For in the night, unseen, a single
warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed
the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the
sleeper,
The dark and silent room,
And as he entered, darker grew,
and deeper,
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dis-
semble,
But smote the Warden hoar;
Ah! what a blow! that made all
England tremble
And groan from shore to
shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly
cannon waited,
The sun rose bright o'er-
head;
Nothing in Nature's aspect inti-
mated
That a great man was dead.



HAUNTED HOUSES

ALL houses wherein men have
lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through
the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their
errands glide,
With feet that make no sound
upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on
the stair,
Along the passages they come
and go,
Impalpable impressions on the
air,
A sense of something moving to
and fro.

There are more guests at table
than the hosts
Invited; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive
ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the
wall.

The stranger at my fireside can-
not see
The forms I see, nor hear the
sounds I hear;

He but perceives what is ; while
unto me
All that has been is visible and
clear.

We have no title-deeds to house or
lands ;
Owners and occupants of earlier
dates
From graves forgotten stretch
their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their
old estates.

The spirit-world around this world
of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and
everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists
and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal
air.

Our little lives are kept in equi-
poise
By opposite attractions and
desires ;
The struggle of the instinct that
enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that
aspires.

These perturbations, this perpet-
ual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations
high,
Come from the influence of an un-
seen star,
An undiscovered planet in our
sky.

And as the moon from some dark
gate of cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating
bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks
our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and
night, —

So from the world of spirits there
descends
A bridge of light, connecting it
with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that
sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the
dark abyss.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT
CAMBRIDGE

IN the village churchyard she
lies,
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,
No more she breathes, nor feels,
nor stirs ;
At her feet and at her head
Lies a slave to attend the dead,
But their dust is white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,
So much in love with the vanity
And foolish pomp of this world
of ours ?
Or was it Christian charity,
And lowliness and humility,
The richest and rarest of all
dowers ?

Who shall tell us ? No one speaks ;
No color shoots into those cheeks,
Either of anger or of pride,
At the rude question we have
asked ;
Nor will the mystery be unmasked
By those who are sleeping at her
side.

Hereafter ? — And do you think to
look
On the terrible pages of that Book
To find her failings, faults, and
errors ?
Ah, you will then have other cares,
In your own shortcomings and
despairs,
In your own secret sins and ter-
rors !

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-
NEST

ONCE the Emperor Charles of
Spain,
With his swarthy, grave com-
manders,
I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged, in mud and rain,
Some old frontier town of Flau-
ders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed
the weather.

Thus as to and fro they went
Over upland and through hol-
low,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,
Found on hedge-rows east and
west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his gray mustachio,
'Sure this swallow overhead
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,
And the Emperor but a Macho!'

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with those words of
malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came
Slowly from his canvas palace.

'Let no hand the bird molest,'
Said he solemnly, 'nor hurt her!'
Adding then, by way of jest,
'Golondrina is my guest,
'T is the wife of some deserter!'

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,
Through the camp was spread
the rumor,
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor's pleasant hu-
mor.

So unharmed and unafraid
Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had
made,
And the siege was thus con-
cluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the Emperor's tent,
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, 'Leave it standing!'

So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tat-
tered,
Till the brood was fledged and
flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shat-
tered.

THE TWO ANGELS

Two angels, one of Life and one
of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the
morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and
beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with
plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were
the same,
Alike their features and their
robes of white;
But one was crowned with ama-
ranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like
flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way :

Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest !

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending, at my door began to knock,
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognized the nameless agony,
The terror and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled or haunted me,
And now returned with three-fold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listened, for I thought I heard God's voice ;
And, knowing whatsoever he sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile, that filled the house with light,
' My errand is not Death, but Life,' he said ;
And ere I answered, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'T was at thy door, O friend ! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin ;
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God ! If he but wave his hand,
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till, with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo ! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his ;
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er ;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his messengers to shut the door ?

DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT

IN broad daylight, and at noon,
Yesterday I saw the moon
Sailing high, but faint and white,
As a school-boy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,
I read a Poet's mystic lay ;
And it seemed to me at most
As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day
Like a passion died away,
And the night, serene and still,
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again
 Passed like music through my
 brain;
 Night interpreted to me
 All its grace and mystery.

THE JEWISH CEMETERY
 AT NEWPORT

How strange it seems! These He-
 brews in their graves,
 Close by the street of this fair
 seaport town,
 Silent beside the never-silent
 waves,
 At rest in all this moving up and
 down!

The trees are white with dust, that
 o'er their sleep
 Wave their broad curtains in the
 south-wind's breath,
 While underneath these leafy tents
 they keep
 The long, mysterious Exodus of
 Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so
 old and brown,
 That pave with level flags their
 burial-place,
 Seem like the tablets of the Law,
 thrown down
 And broken by Moses at the
 mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are
 strange,
 Of foreign accent, and of differ-
 ent climes;

Alvares and Rivera interchange
 With Abraham and Jacob of old
 times.

'Blessed be God, for he created
 Death!'
 The mourners said, 'and Death
 is rest and peace;'

Then added, in the certainty of
 faith,
 'And giveth Life that nevermore
 shall cease.'

Closed are the portals of their
 Synagogue,
 No Psalms of David now the si-
 lence break,
 No Rabbi reads the ancient De-
 calogue
 In the grand dialect the Prophets
 spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead
 remain,
 And not neglected; for a hand
 unseen,
 Scattering its bounty, like a sum-
 mer rain,
 Still keeps their graves and their
 remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst
 of Christian hate,
 What persecution, merciless and
 blind,
 Drove o'er the sea — that desert
 desolate —
 These Ishmaels and Hagers of
 mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and
 lanes obscure,
 Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk
 and mire;
 Taught in the school of patience
 to endure
 The life of anguish and the death
 of fire.

All their lives long, with the un-
 leavened bread
 And bitter herbs of exile and its
 fears,
 The wasting famine of the heart
 they fed,
 And slaked its thirst with marah
 of their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry

That rang from town to town,
from street to street :

At every gate the accursed Mor-decai

Was mocked and jeered, and
spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand

Walked with them through the
world where'er they went ;

Trampled and beaten were they
as the sand,

And yet unshaken as the conti-
nent.

For in the background figures
vague and vast

Of patriarchs and of prophets
rose sublime,

And all the great traditions of the
Past

They saw reflected in the com-
ing time.

And thus forever with reverted
look

The mystic volume of the world
they read,

Spelling it backward, like a He-
brew book,

Till life became a Legend of the
Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall
be no more !

The groaning earth in travail
and in pain

Brings forth its races, but does
not restore,

And the dead nations never rise
again.

OLIVER BASSELIN

IN the Valley of the Vire

Still is seen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer,

And beneath the window-sill,

On the stone,

These words alone :

' Oliver Basselin lived here.'

Far above it, on the steep,

Ruined stands the old Château ;

Nothing but the donjon-keep

Left for shelter or for show.

Its vacant eyes

Stare at the skies,

Stare at the valley green and
deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,

Looked, but ah! it looks no
more,

From the neighboring hillside
down

On the rushing and the roar

Of the stream

Whose sunny gleam

Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,

To the water's dash and din,
Careless, humble, and unknown,

Sang the poet Basselin

Songs that fill

That ancient mill

With a splendor of its own.

Never feeling of unrest

Broke the pleasant dream he
dreamed ;

Only made to be his nest,

All the lovely valley seemed ;

No desire

Of soaring higher

Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine ;

Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,

Find an answer in each heart ;

But the mirth

Of this green earth

Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,

Opening on the narrow street,
Came the loud, convivial din,

Singing and applause of feet,
The laughing lays
That in those days
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,
Knights, who fought at Agin-
court,
Watched and waited, spur on
heel;
But the poet sang for sport
Songs that rang
Another clang,
Songs that lowlier hearts could
feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,
Sat the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells;
But his rhymes
Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and
squires,
Gone the abbot stern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars;
Not a name
Remains to fame,
From those mouldering days of
old!

But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part;
Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a
heart;
Haunting still
That ancient mill
In the Valley of the Vire.

VICTOR GALBRAITH

UNDER the walls of Monterey
At daybreak the bugles began to
play,
Victor Galbraith!

In the mist of the morning damp
and gray,
These were the words they seemed
to say:
'Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith!'

Forth he came, with a martial
tread;
Firm was his step, erect his head;
Victor Galbraith,
He who so well the bugle played,
Could not mistake the words it
said:
'Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith!'

He looked at the earth, he looked
at the sky,
He looked at the files of mus-
ketry,
Victor Galbraith!
And he said, with a steady voice
and eye,
'Take good aim; I am ready to
die!'
Thus challenges death
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed
straight and red,
Six leaden balls on their errand
sped;
Victor Galbraith
Falls to the ground, but he is not
dead:
His name was not stamped on
those balls of lead,
And they only scath
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and
brain,
But he rises out of the dust again,
Victor Galbraith!
The water he drinks has a bloody
stain;
'Oh kill me, and put me out of my
pain!'
In his agony prayeth
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues
of flame,
And the bugler has died a death of
shame,

Victor Galbraith!

His soul has gone back to whence
it came,

And no one answers to the name,
When the Sergeant saith,
'Victor Galbraith!'

Under the walls of Monterey
By night a bugle is heard to play,
Victor Galbraith!

Through the mist of the valley
damp and gray

The sentinels hear the sound, and
say,

'That is the wraith
Of Victor Galbraith!'

MY LOST YOUTH

OFTEN I think of the beautiful
town

That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear
old town,

And my youth comes back to
me.

And a verse of a Lapland
song

Is haunting my memory still:
'A boy's will is the wind's
will,

And the thoughts of youth are
long, long thoughts.'

I can see the shadowy lines of its
trees,

And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding
seas,

And islands that were the Hes-
perides

Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old
song,

It murmurs and whispers still:

'A boy's will is the wind's
will,

And the thoughts of youth are
long, long thoughts.'

I remember the black wharves
and the slips,

And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded
lips,

And the beauty and mystery of
the ships,

And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward
song

Is singing and saying still:

'A boy's will is the wind's
will,

And the thoughts of youth are
long, long thoughts.'

I remember the bulwarks by the
shore,

And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow
roar,

The drum-beat repeated o'er and
o'er,

And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old
song

Throbs in my memory still:

'A boy's will is the wind's
will,

And the thoughts of youth are
long, long thoughts.'

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!

And the dead captains, as they
lay

In their graves, o'erlooking the
tranquil bay

Where they in battle died.

And the sound of that mourn-
ful song

Goes through me with a thrill:
'A boy's will is the wind's

will,

And the thoughts of youth are
long, long thoughts.'

I can see the breezy dome of
groves,
The shadows of Deering's
Woods;
And the friendships old and the
early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound,
as of doves

In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet
old song,

It flutters and murmurs still:
'A boy's will is the wind's
will,

And the thoughts of youth are
long, long thoughts.'

I remember the gleams and glooms
that dart

Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the
heart,

That in part are prophecies, and
in part

Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful
song

Sings on, and is never still:
'A boy's will is the wind's
will,

And the thoughts of youth are
long, long thoughts.'

There are things of which I may
not speak;

There are dreams that cannot
die;

There are thoughts that make the
strong heart weak,

And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal
song

Come over me like a chill:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are
long, long thoughts.'

Strange to me now are the forms
I meet

When I visit the dear old town;

But the native air is pure and
sweet,

And the trees that o'ershadow
each well-known street,

As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering
still:

'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are
long, long thoughts.'

And Deering's Woods are fresh
and fair,

And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander
there,

And among the dreams of the days
that were,

I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful
song,

The groves are repeating it
still:

'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are
long, long thoughts.'

THE ROPEWALK

In that building, long and low,
With its windows all a-row,

Like the port-holes of a hulk,
Human spiders spin and spin,
Backward down their threads so
thin

Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

At the end, an open door;
Squares of sunshine on the floor

Light the long and dusky lane;
And the whirring of a wheel,
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and reascend,
Gleam the long threads in the
sun;

While within this brain of mine

Cobwebs brighter and more fine
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,
Like white doves upon the wing,
First before my vision pass;
Laughing, as their gentle hands
Closely clasp the twisted strands,
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,
With its smell of tan and planks,
And a girl poised high in air
On a cord, in spangled dress,
With a faded loveliness,
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,
And a woman with bare arms
Drawing water from a well;
As the bucket mounts apace,
With it mounts her own fair face,
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,
Ringing loud the noontide hour,
While the rope coils round and
round
Like a serpent at his feet,
And again, in swift retreat,
Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,
Laughter and indecent mirth;
Ah! it is the gallows-tree!
Breath of Christian charity,
Blow, and sweep it from the
earth!

Then a school-boy, with his kite
Gleaming in a sky of light,
And an eager, upward look;
Steeds pursued through lane and
field;
Fowlers with their snares con-
cealed;
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
Wrecks that float o'er unknown
seas,

 Anchors dragged through faith-
 less sand;
Sea-fog drifting overhead,
And, with lessening line and lead,
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,
These, and many left untold,
In that building long and low;
While the wheel goes round and
round,
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
And the spinners backward go.

THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE

LEAFLESS are the trees; their
purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like
reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the
village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian
story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flicker-
ing firelight;
Here and there the lamps of even-
ing glimmer,
Social watch-fires
Answering one another through
the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are
glowing,
And like Ariel in the cloven pine-
tree
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air impris-
oned in them.

By the fireside there are old men
seated,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
Asking sadly
Of the Past what it can ne'er re-
store them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,
 Asking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted
In whose scenes appear two actors only,
 Wife and husband,
And above them God the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
 Waiting, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-Stone ;
Is the central point, from which he measures
 Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it ;
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-wind,
 As he heard them
When he sat with those who were, but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
 Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
 But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations !

CATAWBA WINE

THIS song of mine
Is a Song of the Vine,
To be sung by the glowing embers
Of wayside inns,
 When the rain begins
To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song
Of the Scuppernong,
From warm Carolinian valleys,
 Nor the Isabel
 And the Muscadel
That bask in our garden alleys,

Nor the red Mustang,
Whose clusters hang
O'er the waves of the Colorado,
 And the fiery flood
 Of whose purple blood
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best
Is the wine of the West,
That grows by the Beautiful River ;
 Whose sweet perfume
 Fills all the room
With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees
Are the haunts of bees,
Forever going and coming ;
 So this crystal hive
 Is all alive
With a swarming and buzzing and humming.

Very good in its way
Is the Verzenay,
Or the Sillery soft and creamy ;
 But Catawba wine
 Has a taste more divine,
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine,
By Danube or Guadalquivir,
 Nor on island or cape,
 That bears such a grape
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice
 For foreign use,
 When shipped o'er the reeling At-
 lantic,
 To rack our brains
 With the fever pains,
 That have driven the Old World
 frantic.

To the sewers and sinks
 With all such drinks,
 And after them tumble the mixer;
 For a poison malign
 Is such Borgia wine,
 Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring
 Is the wine I sing,
 And to praise it, one needs but
 name it;
 For Catawba wine
 Has need of no sign,
 No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,
 This greeting of mine,
 The winds and the birds shall de-
 liver
 To the Queen of the West,
 In her garlands dressed,
 On the banks of the Beautiful
 River.

SANTA FILOMENA

WHENE'ER a noble deed is
 wrought,
 Whene'er is spoken a noble
 thought,
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,
 To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
 Into our inmost being rolls,
 And lifts us unawares
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or
 deeds
 Thus help us in our daily needs,

And by their overflow
 Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I
 read
 Of the great army of the dead,
 The trenches cold and damp,
 The starved and frozen
 camp,—

The wounded from the battle-
 plain,
 In dreary hospitals of pain,
 The cheerless corridors,
 The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
 A lady with a lamp I see
 Pass through the glimmering
 gloom,
 And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of
 bliss,
 The speechless sufferer turns to
 kiss
 Her shadow, as it falls
 Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should
 be
 Opened and then closed suddenly,
 The vision came and went,
 The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the
 long
 Hereafter of her speech and
 song,
 That light its rays shall cast
 From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
 In the great history of the land,
 A noble type of good,
 Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
 The palm, the lily, and the spear,
 The symbols that of yore
 Saint Filomena bore.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE
NORTH CAPE

A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S
OROSIUS

OTHER, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of
Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-
tooth,
Which he held in his brown
right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared ;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery gray
Gleamed in his tawny beard. 10

Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the color of
oak ;
With a kind of a laugh in his
speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous
tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas. 20

' So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me ;
To the east are wild mountain-
chains,
And beyond them meres and
plains ;
To the westward all is sea.

' So far I live to the northward,
From the harbor of Skeringes-
hale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you
sail. 30

' I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside ;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

' I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas ;— 40

' Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep ;—
Oh I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

' To the northward stretched the
desert,
How far I fain would know ;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go. 50

' To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

' The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And northward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun. 60

' And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

' The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed. 70

' Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night :

Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light.'

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while;
And raised his eyes from his
book,

With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile. 80

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,
Till the King listened, and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

'And now the land,' said Othere,
'Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea. 90

'And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal;
Ha! 't was a noble game!
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

'There were six of us all together
Norsemen of Helgoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the
strand!' 100

Here Alfred the Truth-teller
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining
teeth

Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard. 110

And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,

Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and
said,
'Behold this walrus-tooth!'

DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, 'O mists, make room
for me.'

It hailed the ships, and cried, 'Sail
on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone.'

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, 'Awake! it is the day.'

It said unto the forest, 'Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!'

It touched the wood-bird's folded
wing,
And said, 'O bird, awake and sing.'

And o'er the farms, 'O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is
near.'

It whispered to the fields of corn,
'Bow down, and hail the coming
morn.'

It shouted through the belfry-
tower,
'Awake, O bell! proclaim the
hour.'

It crossed the churchyard with a
sigh,
And said, 'Not yet! in quiet lie.'

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY
OF AGASSIZ

MAY 28, 1857

It was fifty years ago
In the pleasant month of May
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.'

'Come, wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed
long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful
song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats
wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his
dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says,
'Hark!
For his voice I listen and
yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!'

CHILDREN

COME to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed
me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,

Where thoughts are singing swal-
lows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and
the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's
flow,
But in mine is the wind of Autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert be-
hind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into
wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are
singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your ca-
resses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

SANDALPHON

HAVE you read in the Talmud of
old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have
told

Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,— the marvellous
story

Of Sandalphon, the Angel of
Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of
Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,

With his feet on the ladder of
light,

That, crowded with angels un-
numbered,

By Jacob was seen, as he slum-
bered

Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire

With the song's irresistible
stress ;

Expire in their rapture and won-
der,

As harp-strings are broken asun-
der

By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous
throng,

Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and
slow,

Among the dead angels, the death-
less

Sandalphon stands listening
breathless

To sounds that ascend from be-
low ;—

From the spirits on earth that
adore,

From the souls that entreat and
implore

In the fervor and passion of
prayer ;

From the hearts that are broken
with losses,

And weary with dragging the
crosses

Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he
stands,

And they change into flowers in
his hands,

Into garlands of purple and red ;
And beneath the great arch of the

portal,
Through the streets of the City
Immortal

Is wafted the fragrance they
shed.

It is but a legend, I know, —

A fable, a phantom, a show,

Of the ancient Rabbinical lore ;

Yet the old mediæval tradition,

The beautiful, strange superstition,

But haunts me and holds me the
more.

When I look from my window at
night,

And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with
stars,

Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding

His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part

Of the hunger and thirst of the
heart,

The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage for-
bidden,

The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain,

To quiet its fever and pain,

~~FLIGHT~~
FLIGHT THE SECOND

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the day-
light,

When the night is beginning to
lower,

Comes a pause in the day's occupa-
tions,

That is known as the Children's
Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamp-
light,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :
Yet I know by their merry
eyes
They are plotting and planning to-
gether
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stair-
way,
A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my
chair ;
If I try to escape, they surround
me ;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with
kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bing-
en
In his Mouse - Tower on the
Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed ban-
ditti,
Because you have scaled the
wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dun-
geon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to
ruin,
And moulder in dust away !

ENCELADUS

UNDER Mount Etna he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death ;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head ;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half sup-
pressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes ;
They talk together and say,
' To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
Enceladus will arise !'

And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand aghast and white with fear
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, ' At
length !'

Ah me ! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair !
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air ;

Where ashes are heaped in drifts
Over vineyard and field and town,
Whenever he starts and lifts
His head through the blackened
rifts
Of the crags that keep him
down.

See, see ! the red light shines !
'T is the glare of his awful eyes !

And the storm-wind shouts through
 the pines
 Of Alps and of Apennines,
 'Enceladus, arise!'

THE CUMBERLAND

AT anchor in Hampton Roads we
 lay,
 On board of the Cumberland,
 sloop-of-war;
 And at times from the fortress
 across the bay
 The alarum of drums swept
 past,
 Or a bugle blast
 From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south up-
 rose
 A little feather of snow-white
 smoke,
 And we knew that the iron ship of
 our foes
 Was steadily steering its course
 To try the force
 Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
 Silent and sullen, the floating
 fort;
 Then comes a puff of smoke from
 her guns,
 And leaps the terrible death,
 With fiery breath,
 From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her
 straight
 Defiance back in a full broad-
 side!
 As hail rebounds from a roof of
 slate,
 Rebounds our heavier hail
 From each iron scale
 Of the monster's hide.

'Strike your flag!' the rebel cries,
 In his arrogant old plantation
 strain.

'Never!' our gallant Morris re-
 plies;
 'It is better to sink than to
 yield!'
 And the whole air pealed
 With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black,
 She crushed our ribs in her iron
 grasp!
 Down went the Cumberland all a
 wrack,
 With a sudden shudder of
 death,
 And the cannon's breath
 For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over
 the bay,
 Still floated our flag at the main-
 mast head.
 Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!
 Every waft of the air
 Was a whisper of prayer,
 Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down
 in the seas!
 Ye are at peace in the troubled
 stream;
 Ho! brave land! with hearts like
 these,
 Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
 Shall be one again,
 And without a seam!

SNOW-FLAKES

OUT of the bosom of the Air,
 Out of the cloud-folds of her gar-
 ments shaken,
 Over the woodlands brown and
 bare,
 Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
 Silent, and soft, and slow
 Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
 Suddenly shape in some divine
 expression,

Even as the troubled heart doth
make
In the white countenance con-
fession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables re-
corded ;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoard-
ed,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

A DAY OF SUNSHINE

O GIFT of God! O perfect day :
Whereon shall no man work, but
play ;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be !

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through
every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies ;
I see the branches downward
bent,
Like keys of some great instru-
ment.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the
sun
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the
West,
Towards yonder Islands of the
Blest,
Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with
drifts.

Blow, winds ! and waft through all
the rooms
The snow - flakes of the cherry-
blooms !
Blow, winds ! and bend within my
reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach !

O Life and Love ! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is
song !
O heart of man ! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free ?

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE

LABOR with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its menace or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits ;

Waits, and will not go away ;
Waits, and will not be gainsaid ;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made ;

Till at length the burden seems
Greater than our strength can
bear,
Heavy as the weight of dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone
by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.

WEARINESS

O LITTLE feet ! that such long
years
Must wander on through hopes
and fears,

Must ache and bleed beneath
your load ;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest be-
gin,
Am weary, thinking of your
road!

O little hands! that, weak or
strong,
Have still to serve or rule so
long,
Have still so long to give or
ask ;
I, who so much with book and
pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your
task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish
heat,
Such limitless and strong de-
sires ;
Mine, that so long has glowed and
burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source
divine ;
Refracted through the mist of
years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of
mine!

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

PART FIRST

PRELUDE

THE WAYSIDE INN

ONE Autumn night, in Sudbury
town,
Across the meadows bare and
brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with fire - light
through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the
eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and
thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander
way, 10
With ampler hospitality ;
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,

With weather - stains upon the
wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy
doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and
tall.

A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch - race scattering smoke
and gleeds ; 22
But noon and night, the panting
teams
Stop under the great oaks, that
throw
Tangles of light and shade be-
low,
On roofs and doors and window-
sills.
Across the road the barns dis-
play

Their lines of stalls, their mows of
 hay,
 Through the wide doors the
 breezes blow,
 The wattled cocks strut to and
 fro, 30
 And, half effaced by rain and
 shine,
 The Red Horse prances on the
 sign.
 Round this old-fashioned, quaint
 abode
 Deep silence reigned, save when
 a gust
 Went rushing down the county
 road,
 And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
 A moment quickened by its breath,
 Shuddered and danced their dance
 of death,
 And through the ancient oaks o'er-
 head
 Mysterious voices moaned and
 fled. 40

But from the parlor of the inn
 A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
 Like water rushing through a weir:
 Oft interrupted by the din
 Of laughter and of loud applause,
 And, in each intervening pause,
 The music of a violin.
 The fire-light, shedding over all
 The splendor of its ruddy glow,
 Filled the whole parlor large and
 low; 50
 It gleamed on wainscot and on
 wall,
 It touched with more than wonted
 grace
 Fair Princess Mary's pictured
 face;
 It bronzed the rafters overhead,
 On the old spinet's ivory keys
 It played inaudible melodies,
 It crowned the sombre clock with
 flame,
 The hands, the hours, the maker's
 name,
 And painted with a livelier red 59
 The Landlord's coat-of-arms again;

And, flashing on the window-pane,
 Emblazoned with its light and
 shade
 The jovial rhymes, that still re-
 main,
 Writ near a century ago,
 By the great Major Molineaux,
 Whom Hawthorne has immortal
 made.

Before the blazing fire of wood
 Erect the rapt musician stood;
 And ever and anon he bent
 His head upon his instrument, 70
 And seemed to listen, till he
 caught
 Confessions of its secret thought,—
 The joy, the triumph, the lament,
 The exultation and the pain;
 Then, by the magic of his art,
 He soothed the throbbings of its
 heart,
 And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease
 There sat a group of friends, en-
 tranced
 With the delicious melodies; 80
 Who from the far-off noisy town
 Had to the wayside inn come down,
 To rest beneath its old oak trees.
 The fire-light on their faces
 glanced,
 Their shadows on the wainscot
 danced,
 And, though of different lands and
 speech,
 Each had his tale to tell, and each
 Was anxious to be pleased and
 please.
 And while the sweet musician
 plays, 89
 Let me in outline sketch them
 all,
 Perchance uncouthly as the blaze
 With its uncertain touch portrays
 Their shadowy semblance on the
 wall.

But first the Landlord will I trace;
 Grave in his aspect and attire;

A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as 'The
Squire.'

Proud was he of his name and
race, 99

Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
And in the parlor, full in view,
His coat-of-arms, well framed and
glazed,

Upon the wall in colors blazed;
He beareth gules upon his shield,
A chevron argent in the field,
With three wolf's-heads, and for
the crest

A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed
Upon a helmet barred; below
The scroll reads, 'By the name of
Howe.' 109

And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent
light,

Was hung the sword his grandsire
bore

In the rebellious days of yore,
Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways,
A Student of old books and days,
To whom all tongues and lands
were known,

And yet a lover of his own;
With many a social virtue graced,
And yet a friend of solitude; 120

A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he em-
braced,

And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.
Books were his passion and de-
light,

And in his upper room at home
Stood many a rare and sumptuous
tome,

In vellum bound, with gold be-
dight,

Great volumes garmented in white,
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.

He loved the twilight that sur-
rounds 131

The border-land of old romance;

Where glitter hauberk, helm, and
lance,
And banner waves, and trumpet
sounds,

And ladies ride with hawk on
wrist,

And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist,
The dusk of centuries and of song.

The chronicles of Charlemagne,
Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthure,
Mingled together in his brain 141

With tales of Flores and Blanche-
fleur,

Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour,
Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,
Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.

A young Sicilian, too, was there;
In sight of Etna born and bred,
Some breath of its volcanic air
Was glowing in his heart and
brain, 149

And, being rebellious to his liege,
After Palermo's fatal siege,
Across the western seas he fled,
In good King Bomba's happy
reign.

His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light;
His hands were small; his teeth
shone white

As sea-shells, when he smiled or
spoke;

His sinews supple and strong as
oak;

Clean shaven was he as a priest,
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,
Save that upon his upper lip 161

His beard, a good palm's length at
least,

Level and pointed at the tip,
Shot sideways, like a swallow's
wings.

The poets read he o'er and o'er,
And most of all the Immortal Four
Of Italy; and next to those,

The story-telling bard of prose,
Who wrote the joyous Tuscan
tales

Of the Decameron, that make 170

Fiesole's green hills and vales
 Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.
 Much too of music was his
 thought;
 The melodies and measures
 fraught

With sunshine and the open air,
 Of vineyards and the singing sea
 Of his beloved Sicily;
 And much it pleased him to peruse
 The songs of the Sicilian muse, —
 Bucolic songs by Meli sung 180
 In the familiar peasant tongue,
 That made men say, 'Behold!
 once more
 The pitying gods to earth restore
 Theocritus of Syracuse!'

A Spanish Jew from Alicant
 With aspect grand and grave was
 there;
 Vender of silks and fabrics rare,
 And attar of rose from the Le-
 vant.

Like an old Patriarch he appeared,
 Abraham or Isaac, or at least 190
 Some later Prophet or High-
 Priest;

With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,
 And, wildly tossed from cheeks
 and chin,

The tumbling cataract of his beard.
 His garments breathed a spicy
 scent

Of cinnamon and sandal blent,
 Like the soft aromatic gales
 That meet the mariner, who sails
 Through the Moluccas, and the
 seas 199

That wash the shores of Celebes.
 All stories that recorded are
 By Pierre Alphonse he knew by
 heart,

And it was rumored he could say
 The Parables of Sandabar,
 And all the Fables of Pilpay,
 Or if not all, the greater part!
 Well versed was he in Hebrew
 books,

Talmud and Targum, and the lore
 Of Kabala; and evermore 209

There was a mystery in his looks;
 His eyes seemed gazing far away,
 As if in vision or in trance
 He heard the solemn sackbut play,
 And saw the Jewish maidens
 dance.

A Theologian, from the school
 Of Cambridge on the Charles, was
 there;

Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
 He preached to all men everywhere
 The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
 The New Commandment given to
 men, 220
 Thinking the deed, and not the
 creed,

Would help us in our utmost need.
 With reverent feet the earth he
 trod,

Nor banished nature from his plan,
 But studied still with deep re-
 search

To build the Universal Church,
 Lofty as is the love of God,
 And ample as the wants of man.

A Poet, too, was there, whose
 verse 229

Was tender, musical, and terse;
 The inspiration, the delight,
 The gleam, the glory, the swift
 flight

Of thoughts so sudden, that they
 seem

The revelations of a dream,
 All these were his; but with them
 came

No envy of another's fame;
 He did not find his sleep less
 sweet

For music in some neighboring
 street,

Nor rustling hear in every breeze
 The laurels of Miltiades. 240

Honor and blessings on his head
 While living, good report when
 dead,

Who, not too eager for renown,
 Accepts, but does not clutch, the
 crown!

Last the Musician, as he stood
 Illumined by that fire of wood ;
 Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect
 blithe,
 His figure tall and straight and
 lithe,
 And every feature of his face
 Revealing his Norwegian race ; 250
 A radiance, streaming from within,
 Around his eyes and forehead
 beamed,
 The Angel with the violin,
 Painted by Raphael, he seemed.
 He lived in that ideal world
 Whose language is not speech, but
 song ;
 Around him evermore the throng
 Of elves and sprites their dances
 whirled ;
 The Strömkarl sang, the cataract
 hurled
 Its headlong waters from the
 height ; 260
 And mingled in the wild delight
 The scream of sea-birds in their
 flight,
 The rumor of the forest trees,
 The plunge of the implacable
 seas,
 The tumult of the wind at night,
 Voices of eld, like trumpets blow-
 ing,
 Old ballads, and wild melodies
 Through mist and darkness pour-
 ing forth,
 Like Elivagar's river flowing
 Out of the glaciers of the North. 270

The maker from whose hands it
 came
 Had written his unrivalled
 name, —
 'Antonius Stradivarius.'

And when he played, the atmo-
 sphere
 Was filled with magic, and the
 ear
 Caught echoes of that Harp of
 Gold,
 Whose music had so weird a sound,
 The hunted stag forgot to bound,
 The leaping rivulet backward
 rolled, 290
 The birds came down from bush
 and tree,
 The dead came from beneath the
 sea,
 The maiden to the harper's knee !

The music ceased ; the applause
 was loud,
 The pleased musician smiled and
 bowed ;
 The wood-fire clapped its hands of
 flame,
 The shadows on the wainscot
 stirred,
 And from the harpsichord there
 came
 A ghostly murmur of acclaim,
 A sound like that sent down at
 night 300
 By birds of passage in their flight,
 From the remotest distance heard.

Then silence followed ; then be-
 gan
 A clamor for the Landlord's
 tale, —
 The story promised them of old,
 They said, but always left un-
 told ;
 And he, although a bashful man,
 And all his courage seemed to
 fail,
 Finding excuse of no avail,
 Yielded ; and thus the story
 ran. 310

The instrument on which he played
 Was in Cremona's workshops
 made,
 By a great master of the past,
 Ere yet was lost the art divine ;
 Fashioned of maple and of pine,
 That in Tyrolean forests vast
 Had rocked and wrestled with the
 blast :
 Exquisite was it in design,
 Perfect in each minutest part,
 A marvel of the lutist's art ; 280
 And in its hollow chamber, thus,

THE LANDLORD'S TALE

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, 'If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.'

Then he said, 'Good night!' and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charles-town shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore. 30

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all. 40

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, 'All is well!'
A moment only he feels the spell

Of the place and the hour, and the
secret dread 50

Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are
bent

On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet
the bay, —

A line of black that bends and
floats

On the rising tide, like a bridge of
boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount
and ride,

Booted and spurred, with a heavy
stride

On the opposite shore walked
Paul Revere.

Now he patted his horse's side, 60
Now gazed at the landscape far
and near,

Then, impetuous, stamped the
earth,

And turned and tightened his sad-
dle-girth;

But mostly he watched with eager
search

The belfry-tower of the Old North
Church,

As it rose above the graves on the
hill,

Lonely and spectral and sombre
and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the bel-
fry's height

A glimmer, and then a gleam of
light!

He springs to the saddle, the bri-
dle he turns, 70

But lingers and gazes, till full on
his sight

A second lamp in the belfry
burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village
street,

A shape in the moonlight, a bulk
in the dark,

And beneath, from the pebbles, in
passing, a spark

Struck out by a steed flying fear-
less and fleet:

That was all! And yet, through
the gloom and the light,

The fate of a nation was riding
that night;

And the spark struck out by that
steed, in his flight,

Kindled the land into flame with
its heat. 80

He has left the village and mounted
the steep,

And beneath him, tranquil and
broad and deep,

Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean
tides;

And under the alders that skirt its
edge,

Now soft on the sand, now loud on
the ledge,

Is heard the tramp of his steed as
he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into
Medford town.

He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's
dog, 90

And felt the damp of the river
fog,

That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.

He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he
passed,

And the meeting-house windows,
blank and bare,

Gaze at him with a spectral
glare,

As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would
look upon. 100

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in
Concord town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,

And the twitter of birds among
the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning
breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in
his bed
Who at the bridge would be first
to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books
you have read, 111
How the British Regulars fired
and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball
for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-
yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the
lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge
again
Under the trees at the turn of the
road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul
Revere ;
And so through the night went his
cry of alarm 120
To every Middlesex village and
farm, —
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock
at the door,
And a word that shall echo for-
evermore !
For, borne on the night-wind of
the Past,
Through all our history, to the
last,
In the hour of darkness and peril
and need,
The people will waken and listen
to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that
steed,
And the midnight message of Paul
Revere. 130

INTERLUDE

THE Landlord ended thus his
tale,
Then rising took down from its
nail
The sword that hung there, dim
with dust,
And cleaving to its sheath with
rust,
And said, 'This sword was in the
fight.'

The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,
'It is the sword of a good knight,
Though homespun was his coat-of-
mail ;

What matter if it be not named
Joyeuse, Colada, Durindale,
Excalibar, or Aroundight,
Or other name the books record ?
Your ancestor, who bore this
sword

As Colonel of the Volunteers,
Mounted upon his old gray mare,
Seen here and there and every-
where,

To me a grander shape appears
Than old Sir William, or what not,
Clinking about in foreign lands
With iron gauntlets on his hands,
And on his head an iron pot !'

All laughed ; the Landlord's face
grew red

As his escutcheon on the wall ;
He could not comprehend at all
The drift of what the Poet said ;
For those who had been longest
dead

Were always greatest in his eyes ;
And he was speechless with sur-
prise

To see Sir William's plumed head
Brought to a level with the rest,
And made the subject of a jest.
And this perceiving, to appease
The Landlord's wrath, the others'
fears,

The Student said, with careless
ease,

'The ladies and the cavaliers,

The arms, the loves, the courtesies,
 The deeds of high emprise, I sing!
 Thus Ariosto says, in words
 That have the stately stride and ring
 Of armed knights and clashing swords.
 Now listen to the tale I bring;
 Listen! though not to me belong
 The flowing draperies of his song,
 The words that rouse, the voice that charms.
 The Landlord's tale was one of arms,
 Only a tale of love is mine,
 Blending the human and divine,
 A tale of the Decameron, told
 In Palmieri's garden old,
 By Fiametta, laurel-crowned,
 While her companions lay around,
 And heard the intermingled sound
 Of airs that on their errands sped,
 And wild birds gossiping overhead,
 And lisp of leaves, and fountain's fall,
 And her own voice more sweet than all,
 Telling the tale, which, wanting these,
 Perchance may lose its power to please.'

THE STUDENT'S TALE

THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO

ONE summer morning, when the sun was hot,
 Weary with labor in his garden-plot,
 On a rude bench beneath his cottage eaves,
 Ser Federigo sat among the leaves
 Of a huge vine, that, with its arms outspread,
 Hung its delicious clusters overhead.

Below him, through the lovely valley, flowed
 The river Arno, like a winding road,
 And from its banks were lifted high in air
 The spires and roofs of Florence called the Fair;
 To him a marble tomb, that rose above
 His wasted fortunes and his buried love.
 For there, in banquet and in tournament,
 His wealth had lavished been, his substance spent,
 To woo and lose, since ill his wooing sped,
 Monna Giovanna, who his rival wed,
 Yet ever in his fancy reigned supreme,
 The ideal woman of a young man's dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and pain,
 To this small farm, the last of his domain,
 His only comfort and his only care
 To prune his vines, and plant the fig and pear;
 His only forester and only guest
 His falcon, faithful to him, when the rest,
 Whose willing hands had found so light of yore
 The brazen knocker of his palace door,
 Had now no strength to lift the wooden latch,
 That entrance gave beneath a roof of thatch.
 Companion of his solitary ways,
 Purveyor of his feasts on holidays,
 On him this melancholy man bestowed
 The love with which his nature overflowed.

And so the empty-handed years
 went round,
 Vacant, though voiceful with prophetic sound,
 And so, that summer morn, he sat
 and mused
 With folded, patient hands, as he
 was used,
 And dreamily before his half-
 closed sight
 Floated the vision of his lost de-
 light.
 Beside him, motionless, the drowsy
 bird
 Dreamed of the chase, and in his
 slumber heard 40
 The sudden, scythe-like sweep of
 wings, that dare
 The headlong plunge through ed-
 dying gulfs of air,
 Then, starting broad awake upon
 his perch,
 Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells
 in a church,
 And looking at his master, seemed
 to say,
 'Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-
 day?'
 Ser Federigo thought not of the
 chase;
 The tender vision of her lovely
 face,
 I will not say he seems to see, he
 sees
 In the leaf-shadows of the trel-
 lises, 50
 Herself, yet not herself; a lovely
 child
 With flowing tresses, and eyes
 wide and wild,
 Coming undaunted up the garden
 walk,
 And looking not at him, but at the
 hawk.
 'Beautiful falcon!' said he, 'would
 that I
 Might hold thee on my wrist, or
 see thee fly!'
 The voice was hers, and made
 strange echoes start

Through all the haunted chambers
 of his heart,
 As an æolian harp through gusty
 doors
 Of some old ruin its wild music
 pours. 60
 'Who is thy mother, my fair boy?'
 he said,
 His hand laid softly on that shin-
 ing head.
 'Monna Giovanna. Will you let
 me stay
 A little while, and with your fal-
 con play?
 We live there, just beyond your
 garden wall,
 In the great house behind the pop-
 lars tall.'
 So he spake on; and Federigo
 heard
 As from afar each softly uttered
 word,
 And drifted onward through the
 golden gleams
 And shadows of the misty sea of
 dreams, 70
 As mariners becalmed through
 vapors drift,
 And feel the sea beneath them
 sink and lift,
 And hear far off the mournful
 breakers roar,
 And voices calling faintly from the
 shore!
 Then waking from his pleasant
 reveries,
 He took the little boy upon his
 knees,
 And told him stories of his gallant
 bird,
 Till in their friendship he became
 a third.
 Monna Giovanna, widowed in her
 prime,
 Had come with friends to pass the
 summer time 80
 In her grand villa, half-way up the
 hill,

O'erlooking Florence, but retired
and still;
With iron gates, that opened
through long lines
Of sacred ilex and centennial pines,
And terraced gardens, and broad
steps of stone,
And sylvan deities, with moss o'er-
grown,
And fountains palpitating in the
heat,
And all Val d'Arno stretched be-
neath its feet.
Here in seclusion, as a widow may,
The lovely lady whiled the hours
away, 90
Pacing in sable robes the statued
hall,
Herself the stateliest statue among
all,
And seeing more and more, with
secret joy,
Her husband risen and living in
her boy,
Till the lost sense of life returned
again,
Not as delight, but as relief from
pain.
Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in
his strength,
Stormed down the terraces from
length to length;
The screaming peacock chased in
hot pursuit,
And climbed the garden trellises
for fruit. 100
But his chief pastime was to watch
the flight
Of a gerfalcon, soaring into sight,
Beyond the trees that fringed the
garden wall,
Then downward stooping at some
distant call;
And as he gazed full often won-
dered he
Who might the master of the fal-
con be,
Until that happy morning, when
he found
Master and falcon in the cottage
ground.

And now a shadow and a terror fell
On the great house, as if a pass-
ing-bell 110
Tolled from the tower, and filled
each spacious room
With secret awe and preternatural
gloom;
The petted boy grew ill, and day
by day
Pined with mysterious malady
away.
The mother's heart would not be
comforted;
Her darling seemed to her already
dead,
And often, sitting by the sufferer's
side,
'What can I do to comfort thee?'
she cried.
At first the silent lips made no
reply,
But, moved at length by her im-
portunate cry, 120
'Give me,' he answered, with im-
ploring tone,
Ser Federigo's falcon for my own!'

No answer could the astonished
mother make;
How could she ask, e'en for her
darling's sake,
Such favor at a luckless lover's
hand,
Well knowing that to ask was to
command?
Well knowing, what all falconers
confessed,
In all the land that falcon was the
best,
The master's pride and passion
and delight,
And the sole pursuivant of this
poor knight. 130
But yet, for her child's sake, she
could no less
Than give assent, to soothe his
restlessness,
So promised, and then promising
to keep
Her promise sacred, saw him fall
asleep.

The morrow was a bright September morn ;
 The earth was beautiful as if new-born ;
 There was that nameless splendor everywhere,
 That wild exhilaration in the air,
 Which makes the passers in the city street
 Congratulate each other as they meet. 140
 Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak and hood,
 Passed through the garden gate into the wood,
 Under the lustrous leaves, and through the sheen
 Of dewy sunshine showering down between.
 The one, close-hooded, had the attractive grace
 Which sorrow sometimes lends a woman's face ;
 Her dark eyes moistened with the mists that roll
 From the gulf-stream of passion in the soul ;
 The other with her hood thrown back, her hair
 Making a golden glory in the air,
 Her cheeks suffused with an aural blush, 151
 Her young heart singing louder than the thrush,
 So walked, that morn, through mingled light and shade,
 Each by the other's presence lover made,
 Monna Giovanna and her bosom friend,
 Intent upon their errand and its end.
 They found Ser Federigo at his toil,
 Like banished Adam, delving in the soil ;
 And when he looked and these fair women spied,
 The garden suddenly was glorified ; 160

His long-lost Eden was restored again,
 And the strange river winding through the plain
 No longer was the Arno to his eyes,
 But the Euphrates watering Paradise !
 Monna Giovanna raised her stately head,
 And with fair words of salutation said :
 ' Ser Federigo, we come here as friends,
 Hoping in this to make some poor amends
 For past unkindness. I who ne'er before
 Would even cross the threshold of your door, 170
 I who in happier days such pride maintained,
 Refused your banquets, and your gifts disdained,
 This morning come, a self-invited guest,
 To put your generous nature to the test,
 And breakfast with you under your own vine.'
 To which he answered : ' Poor desert of mine,
 Not your unkindness call it, for if aught
 Is good in me of feeling or of thought,
 From you it comes, and this last grace outweighs
 All sorrows, all regrets of other days.' 180
 And after further compliment and talk,
 Among the asters in the garden walk
 He left his guests ; and to his cottage turned,
 And as he entered for a moment yearned
 For the lost splendors of the days of old,

The ruby glass, the silver and the gold,

And felt how piercing is the sting of pride,

By want embittered and intensified.

He looked about him for some means or way

To keep this unexpected holiday; 190

Searched every cupboard, and then searched again,

Summoned the maid, who came, but came in vain;

'The Signor did not hunt to-day,' she said,

'There 's nothing in the house but wine and bread.'

Then suddenly the drowsy falcon shook

His little bells, with that sagacious look,

Which said, as plain as language to the ear,

'If anything is wanting, I am here!'

Yes, everything is wanting, gallant bird!

The master seized thee without further word. 200

Like thine own lure, he whirled thee round; ah me!

The pomp and flutter of brave falconry,

The bells, the jesses, the bright scarlet hood,

The flight and the pursuit o'er field and wood,

All these forevermore are ended now;

No longer victor, but the victim thou!

Then on the board a snow-white cloth he spread,

Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of bread,

Brought purple grapes with autumn sunshine hot,

The fragrant peach, the juicy bergamot; 210

Then in the midst a flask of wine he placed,

And with autumnal flowers the banquet graced.

Ser Federigo, would not these suffice

Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves and spice?

When all was ready, and the courtly dame

With her companion to the cottage came,

Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell

The wild enchantment of a magic spell!

The room they entered, mean and low and small,

Was changed into a sumptuous banquet-hall, 220

With fanfares by aerial trumpets blown;

The rustic chair she sat on was a throne:

He ate celestial food, and a divine flavor was given to his country wine,

And the poor falcon, fragrant with his spice,

A peacock was, or bird of paradise!

When the repast was ended, they arose

And passed again into the garden-close.

Then said the lady, 'Far too well I know,

Remembering still the days of long ago, 230

Though you betray it not, with what surprise

You see me here in this familiar wise.

You have no children, and you cannot guess

What anguish, what unspeakable distress

A mother feels, whose child is lying ill,

Nor how her heart anticipates his will.

And yet for this, you see me lay aside

All womanly reserve and check of pride,

And ask the thing most precious in your sight,

Your falcon, your sole comfort and delight, 240

Which if you find it in your heart to give,

My poor, unhappy boy perchance may live.'

Ser Federigo listens, and replies,
With tears of love and pity in his eyes :

'Alas, dear lady! there can be no task

So sweet to me, as giving when you ask.

One little hour ago, if I had known

This wish of yours, it would have been my own.

But thinking in what manner I could best

Do honor to the presence of my guest, 250

I deemed that nothing worthier could be

Than what most dear and precious was to me ;

And so my gallant falcon breathed his last

To furnish forth this morning our repast.'

In mute contrition, mingled with dismay,

The gentle lady turned her eyes away,

Grieving that he such sacrifice should make

And kill his falcon for a woman's sake,

Yet feeling in her heart a woman's pride,

That nothing she could ask for was denied ; 260

Then took her leave, and passed out at the gate

With footsteps slow and soul disconsolate.

Three days went by, and lo! a passing-bell

Tolled from the little chapel in the dell ;

Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and said,

Breathing a prayer, 'Alas! her child is dead!'

Three months went by ; and lo! a merrier chime

Rang from the chapel bells at Christmas-time ;

The cottage was deserted, and no more

Ser Federigo sat beside its door,
But now, with servitors to do his will, 271

In the grand villa, half-way up the hill,

Sat at the Christmas feast, and at his side

Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,
Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair,

Enthroned once more in the old rustic chair,

High-perched upon the back of which there stood

The image of a falcon carved in wood,

And underneath the inscription, with a date,

'All things come round to him who will but wait.' 280

INTERLUDE

SOON as the story reached its end,
One, over eager to commend,

Crowned it with injudicious praise ;
And then the voice of blame found vent,

And fanned the embers of dissent

Into a somewhat lively blaze.

The Theologian shook his head;
 'These old Italian tales,' he said,
 'From the much-praised Decameron
 down

Through all the rabble of the rest,
 Are either trifling, dull, or lewd;
 The gossip of a neighborhood
 In some remote provincial town,
 A scandalous chronicle at best!

They seem to me a stagnant fen,
 Grown rank with rushes and with
 reeds,

Where a white lily, now and then,
 Blooms in the midst of noxious
 weeds
 And deadly nightshade on its
 banks!'

To this the Student straight re-
 plied,

'For the white lily, many thanks!
 One should not say, with too much
 pride,

Fountain, I will not drink of thee!
 Nor were it grateful to forget
 That from these reservoirs and
 tanks

Even imperial Shakespeare drew
 His Moor of Venice, and the Jew,
 And Romeo and Juliet,
 And many a famous comedy.'

Then a long pause; till some one
 said,

'An Angel is flying overhead!
 At these words spake the Spanish
 Jew,

And murmured with an inward
 breath:

'God grant, if what you say be
 true,

It may not be the Angel of Death!
 And then another pause; and
 then,

Stroking his beard, he said again:
 'This brings back to my memory
 A story in the Talmud told,
 That book of gems, that book of
 gold,

Of wonders many and manifold,
 A tale that often comes to me,

And fills my heart, and haunts my
 brain,
 And never wearies nor grows old.'

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN
LEVI

RABBI BEN LEVI, on the Sabbath,
 read

A volume of the Law, in which it
 said,

'No man shall look upon my face
 and live.'

And as he read, he prayed that
 God would give

His faithful servant grace with
 mortal eye

To look upon His face and yet not
 die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the
 page,

And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim
 with age,

He saw the Angel of Death before
 him stand,

Holding a naked sword in his right
 hand.

Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous
 man,

Yet through his veins a chill of
 terror ran.

With trembling voice he said,
 'What wilt thou here?'

The Angel answered, 'Lo! the
 time draws near

When thou must die; yet first, by
 God's decree,

Whate'er thou askest shall be
 granted thee.'

Replied the Rabbi, 'Let these liv-
 ing eyes

First look upon my place in Para-
 dise.'

Then said the Angel, 'Come with
 me and look.'

Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred
 book,

And rising, and uplifting his gray
head,
'Give me thy sword,' he to the
Angel said,
'Lest thou shouldst fall upon me
by the way.'
The Angel smiled and hastened to
obey,
Then led him forth to the Celestial
Town,
And set him on the wall, whence,
gazing down,
Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living
eyes,
Might look upon his place in Para-
dise.

Then straight into the city of the
Lord
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-
Angel's sword, 30
And through the streets there
swept a sudden breath
Of something there unknown,
which men call death.
Meanwhile the Angel stayed with-
out, and cried,
'Come back!' To which the
Rabbi's voice replied,
'No! in the name of God, whom I
adore,
I swear that hence I will depart
no more!'

Then all the Angels cried, 'O Holy
One,
See what the son of Levi here
hath done!
The kingdom of Heaven he takes
by violence,
And in Thy name refuses to go
hence!' 40
The Lord replied, 'My Angels, be
not wroth;
Did e'er the son of Levi break his
oath?
Let him remain; for he with mortal
eye
Shall look upon my face and yet
not die.'

Beyond the outer wall the Angel
of Death
Heard the great voice, and said,
with panting breath,
'Give back the sword, and let me
go my way.'
Whereat the Rabbi paused, and
answered, 'Nay!
Anguish enough already hath it
caused
Among the sons of men.' And
while he paused 50
He heard the awful mandate of the
Lord
Resounding through the air, 'Give
back the sword!'

The Rabbi bowed his head in si-
lent prayer,
Then said he to the dreadful Angel,
'Swear
No human eye shall look on it
again;
But when thou takest away the
souls of men,
Thyself unseen, and with an un-
seen sword,
Thou wilt perform the bidding of
the Lord.'
The Angel took the sword again,
and swore,
And walks on earth unseen for-
evermore. 60

INTERLUDE

HE ended: and a kind of spell
Upon the silent listeners fell.
His solemn manner and his words
Had touched the deep, mysterious
chords
That vibrate in each human breast
Alike, but not alike confessed.
The spiritual world seemed near;
And close above them, full of fear,
Its awful adumbration passed,
A luminous shadow, vague and
vast.
They almost feared to look, lest
there,

Embodied from the impalpable air,
They might behold the Angel
stand,
Holding the sword in his right
hand.

At last, but in a voice subdued,
Not to disturb their dreamy mood,
Said the Sicilian: 'While you
spoke,
Telling your legend marvellous,
Suddenly in my memory woke
The thought of one, now gone
from us,—
An old Abate, meek and mild,
My friend and teacher, when a
child,
Who sometimes in those days of
old
The legend of an Angel told,
Which ran, as I remember, thus.'

THE SICILIAN'S TALE

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope
Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Alle-
maine,
Apparelled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and
squire,
On St. John's eve, at vespers,
proudly sat
And heard the priests chant the
Magnificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er
again
Repeated, like a burden or re-
frain,
He caught the words, '*Deposit*
potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles;'¹⁰
And slowly lifting up his kingly
head
He to a learned clerk beside him
said,
'What mean these words?' The
clerk made answer meet,

'He has put down the mighty from
their seat,
And has exalted them of low de-
gree.'
Thereat King Robert muttered
scornfully,
'T is well that such seditious
words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin
tongue;
For unto priests and people be it
known,
There is no power can push me
from my throne!'²⁰
And leaning back, he yawned and
fell asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous
and deep.

When he awoke, it was already
night;
The church was empty, and there
was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glim-
mered few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some
saint.
He started from his seat and gazed
around,
But saw no living thing and heard
no sound.
He groped towards the door, but
it was locked;
He cried aloud, and listened, and
then knocked,³⁰
And uttered awful threatenings
and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and
saints.
The sounds reëchoed from the
roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing
in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from
without
The tumult of the knocking and
the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the
house of prayer,

Came with his lantern, asking,
 'Who is there?'
 Half choked with rage, King Robert
 fiercely said,
 'Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou
 afraid?' 40
 The frightened sexton, muttering,
 with a curse,
 'This is some drunken vagabond,
 or worse!'
 Turned the great key and flung
 the portal wide;
 A man rushed by him at a single
 stride,
 Haggard, half naked, without hat
 or cloak,
 Who neither turned, nor looked at
 him, nor spoke,
 But leaped into the blackness of
 the night,
 And vanished like a spectre from
 his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope
 Urbane
 And Valmond, Emperor of Alle-
 maine, 50
 Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
 Bareheaded, breathless, and be-
 spreant with mire,
 With sense of wrong and outrage
 desperate,
 Strode on and thundered at the
 palace gate;
 Rushed through the courtyard,
 thrusting in his rage
 To right and left each seneschal
 and page,
 And hurried up the broad and
 sounding stair,
 His white face ghastly in the
 torches' glare.
 From hall to hall he passed with
 breathless speed;
 Voices and cries he heard, but did
 not heed, 60
 Until at last he reached the ban-
 quet-room,
 Blazing with light, and breathing
 with perfume.

There on the dais sat another
 king,
 Wearing his robes, his crown, his
 signet-ring,
 King Robert's self in features,
 form, and height,
 But all transfigured with angelic
 light!
 It was an Angel; and his presence
 there
 With a divine effulgence filled the
 air,
 An exaltation, piercing the dis-
 guise,
 Though none the hidden Angel
 recognize. 70

A moment speechless, motionless,
 amazed,
 The throneless monarch on the
 Angel gazed,
 Who met his look of anger and
 surprise
 With the divine compassion of his
 eyes;
 Then said, 'Who art thou? and
 why com'st thou here?'
 To which King Robert answered
 with a sneer,
 'I am the King, and come to claim
 my own
 From an impostor, who usurps my
 throne!'
 And suddenly, at these audacious
 words,
 Up sprang the angry guests, and
 drew their swords; 80
 The Angel answered, with unruf-
 fled brow,
 'Nay, not the King, but the King's
 Jester, thou
 Henceforth shalt wear the bells
 and scalloped cape,
 And for thy counsellor shalt lead
 an ape;
 Thou shalt obey my servants
 when they call,
 And wait upon my henchmen in
 the hall!'

Deaf to King Robert's threats and
cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and
down the stairs;
A group of tittering pages ran be-
fore,
And as they opened wide the fold-
ing-door, 90
His heart failed, for he heard, with
strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the
men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar
and ring
With the mock plaudits of 'Long
live the King!'

Next morning, waking with the
day's first beam,
He said within himself, 'It was a
dream!'
But the straw rustled as he turned
his head,
There were the cap and bells be-
side his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discol-
ored walls,
Close by, the steeds were champ-
ing in their stalls, 100
And in the corner, a revolting
shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the
wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he
loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at
his touch!

Days came and went; and now re-
turned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance be-
nign
The happy island danced with
corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's
burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at
rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to
his fate, 111
Sullen and silent, and disconso-
late.
Dressed in the motley garb that
Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant
stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as
monks are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages
laughed to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left, — he still was un-
subdued.
And when the Angel met him on
his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest,
would say, 120
Sternly, though tenderly, that he
might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword
of steel,
'Art thou the King?' the passion
of his woe
Burst from him in resistless over-
flow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he
would fling
The haughty answer back, 'I am,
I am the King!'

Almost three years were ended;
when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and
name
From Valmond, Emperor of Alle-
maine,
Unto King Robert, saying that
Pope Urbane 130
By letter summoned them forth-
with to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of
Rome.
The Angel with great joy received
his guests,
And gave them presents of em-
brodered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich er-
mine lined,

And rings and jewels of the rarest
kind.

Then he departed with them o'er
the sea

Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more re-
splendent made

By the mere passing of that caval-
cade, 140

With plumes, and cloaks, and
housings, and the stir

Of jewelled bridle and of golden
spur.

And lo! among the menials, in
mock state,

Upon a piebald steed, with sham-
bling gait,

His cloak of fox-tails flapping in
the wind,

The solemn ape demurely perched
behind,

King Robert rode, making huge
merriment

In all the country towns through
which they went.

The Pope received them with great
pomp and blare

Of bannered trumpets, on Saint
Peter's square, 150

Giving his benediction and em-
brace,

Fervent, and full of apostolic
grace.

While with congratulations and
with prayers

He entertained the Angel una-
wares,

Robert, the Jester, bursting
through the crowd,

Into their presence rushed, and
cried aloud,

'I am the King! Look, and be-
hold in me

Robert, your brother, King of
Sicily!

This man, who wears my sem-
blance to your eyes,

Is an impostor in a king's dis-
guise. 160

Do you not know me? does no
voice within

Answer my cry, and say we are
akin?'

The Pope in silence, but with
troubled mien,

Gazed at the Angel's countenance
serene;

The Emperor, laughing, said, 'It
is strange sport

To keep a madman for thy Fool at
court!'

And the poor, baffled Jester in dis-
grace

Was hustled back among the pop-
ulace.

In solemn state the Holy Week
went by,

And Easter Sunday gleamed upon
the sky; 170

The presence of the Angel, with
its light,

Before the sun rose, made the city
bright,

And with new fervor filled the
hearts of men,

Who felt that Christ indeed had
risen again.

Even the Jester, on his bed of
straw,

With haggard eyes the unwonted
splendor saw,

He felt within a power unfelt be-
fore,

And, kneeling humbly on his
chamber floor,

He heard the rushing garments of
the Lord

Sweep through the silent air, as-
cending heavenward. 180

And now the visit ending, and once
more

Valmond returning to the Dan-
ube's shore,

Homeward the Angel journeyed,
and again

The land was made resplendent
with his train,

Flashing along the towns of Italy

Unto Salerno, and from thence by
 sea.
 And when once more within Pa-
 lermo's wall,
 And, seated on the throne in his
 great hall,
 He heard the Angelus from con-
 vent towers,
 As if the better world conversed
 with ours, 190
 He beckoned to King Robert to
 draw nigher,
 And with a gesture bade the rest
 retire ;
 And when they were alone, the
 Angel said,
 ' Art thou the King ? ' Then, bow-
 ing down his head,
 King Robert crossed both hands
 upon his breast,
 And meekly answered him : ' Thou
 knowest best !
 My sins as scarlet are ; let me go
 hence,
 And in some cloister's school of
 penitence,
 Across those stones, that pave the
 way to heaven,
 Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul
 be shriven ! ' 200
 The Angel smiled, and from his
 radiant face
 A holy light illumined all the
 place,
 And through the open window,
 loud and clear,
 They heard the monks chant in
 the chapel near,
 Above the stir and tumult of the
 street :
 ' He has put down the mighty from
 their seat,
 And has exalted them of low de-
 gree ! '
 And through the chant a second
 melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single
 string :
 ' I am an Angel, and thou art the
 King ! ' 210

King Robert, who was standing
 near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was
 alone !
 But all appalled as in days of
 old,
 With ermined mantle and with
 cloth of gold ;
 And when his courtiers came, they
 found him there
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed
 in silent prayer.

INTERLUDE

AND then the blue-eyed Norseman
 told
 A Saga of the days of old.
 ' There is,' said he, ' a wondrous
 book
 Of Legends in the old Norse
 tongue,
 Of the dead kings of Norroway, —
 Legends that once were told or
 sung
 In many a smoky fireside nook
 Of Iceland, in the ancient day,
 By wandering Saga-man or Scald ;
 " Heimskringla " is the volume
 called ;
 And he who looks may find therein
 The story that I now begin.'

And in each pause the story made
 Upon his violin he played,
 As an appropriate interlude,
 Fragments of old Norwegian tunes
 That bound in one the separate
 runes,
 And held the mind in perfect
 mood,
 Entwining and encircling all
 The strange and antiquated rhymes
 With melodies of olden times ;
 As over some half-ruined wall,
 Disjointed and about to fall,
 Fresh woodbines climb and inter-
 lace,
 And keep the loosened stones in
 place.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF

I

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

I AM the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer !
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever !

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations ;
This is my hammer,
Miölnir the mighty ;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it !

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off ;
This is my girdle ;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled !

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens, 20
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations !

Jove is my brother ;
Mine eyes are the lightning ;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake ! 30

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it ;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's-Day !

Thou art a God too,
O Galilean !

And thus single-handed
Unto the combat, 40
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee !

II

KING OLAF'S RETURN

And King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword,
As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who
dreamed ;
And the red light glanced and
gleamed 50

On the armor that he wore ;
And he shouted, as the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and
shifted,

' I accept thy challenge, Thor !'

To avenge his father slain,
And reconquer realm and reign,
Came the youthful Olaf home,
Through the midnight sailing, sail-
ing,
Listening to the wild wind's wail-
ing,
And the dashing of the foam. 60

To his thoughts the sacred name
Of his mother Astrid came,
And the tale she oft had told
Of her flight by secret passes
Through the mountains and mo-
rasses,
To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded
back
Of Queen Gunhild's wrath and
wrack,

And a hurried flight by sea ; 69
Of grim Vikings, and the rapture
Of the sea-fight, and the capture,
And the life of slavery.

How a stranger watched his face
In the Esthonian market-place,
Scanned his features one by one,
Saying, 'We should know each
other;

I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother,
Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son!

Then as Queen Allogia's page,
Old in honors, young in age, 80
Chief of all her men-at-arms;

Till vague whispers and mysterious
Reached King Valdemar, the im-
perious,
Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas,
Westward to the Hebrides
And to Scilly's rocky shore;
And the hermit's cavern dismal,
Christ's great name and rites bap-
tismal
In the ocean's rush and roar. 90

All these thoughts of love and
strife
Glimmered through his lurid life,
As the stars' intenser light
Through the red flames o'er him
trailing,
As his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,
Skilful in each manly sport,
Young and beautiful and tall;
Art of warfare, craft of chases, 100
Swimming, skating, snow-shoe
races,
Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,
He along the bending oars
Outside of his ship could run.
He the Smalsor Horn ascended,
And his shining shield suspended
On its summit, like a sun. 108

On the ship-rails he could stand,
Wield his sword with either hand,
And at once two javelins throw;
At all feasts where ale was stron-
gest

Sat the merry monarch longest,
First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen
One so beautiful of mien,
One so royal in attire,
When in arms completely fur-
nished,
Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,
Mantle like a flame of fire. 120

Thus came Olaf to his own,
When upon the night-wind blown
Passed that cry along the shore;
And he answered, while the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and
shifted,
'I accept thy challenge, Thor!'

III

THORA OF RIMOL

'Thora of Rimol! hide me! hide
me!
Danger and shame and death be-
tide me!
For Olaf the King is hunting me
down
Through field and forest, through
thorp and town!' 130
Thus cried Jarl Hakon
To Thora, the fairest of wo-
men.

'Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear
thee
Neither shall shame nor death
come near thee!
But the hiding-place wherein thou
must lie
Is the cave underneath the swine
in the sty.'
Thus to Jarl Hakon
Said Thora, the fairest of wo-
men.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall
Karker
Crouched in the cave, than a dun-
geon darker, 140

As Olaf came riding, with men in
mail,
Through the forest roads into
Orkadale,
Demanding Jarl Hakon
Of Thora, the fairest of women.

'Rich and honored shall be who-
ever
The head of Hakon Jarl shall dis-
sever!'
Hakon heard him, and Karker the
slave,
Through the breathing-holes of
the darksome cave.
Alone in her chamber
Wept Thora, the fairest of wo-
men. 150

Said Karker, the crafty, 'I will not
slay thee!
For all the king's gold I will never
betray thee!'
'Then why dost thou turn so pale,
O churl,
And then again black as the
earth?' said the Earl.
More pale and more faithful
Was Thora, the fairest of wo-
men.

From a dream in the night the
thrall started, saying,
'Round my neck a gold ring King
Olaf was laying!'
And Hakon answered, 'Beware of
the king!
He will lay round thy neck a blood-
red ring.' 160
At the ring on her finger
Gazed Thora, the fairest of
women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with
sorrows encumbered,
But screamed and drew up his
feet as he slumbered;
The thrall in the darkness plunged
with his knife,
And the Earl awakened no more
in this life.

But wakeful and weeping
Sat Thora, the fairest of wo-
men.

At Nidarholm the priests are all
singing,
Two ghastly heads on the gibbet
are swinging; 170
One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his
thrall's,
And the people are shouting from
windows and walls;
While alone in her chamber
Swoons Thora, the fairest of
women.

IV

QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

Queen Sigrid the Haughty sat
proud and aloft
In her chamber, that looked over
meadow and croft.
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was
besprent,
Filling the room with their fra-
grant scent. 180

She heard the birds sing, she saw
the sun shine,
The air of summer was sweeter
than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard
the bright river lay
Between her own kingdom and
Norway.

But Olaf the King had sued for
her hand,
The sword would be sheathed, the
river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around
her knee,
Working bright figures in tapes-
try,

And one was singing the ancient
rune
Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath
of Gudrun. 190

And through it, and round it, and
over it all
Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring
of gold,
From the door of Ladé's Temple
old.

King Olaf had sent her this wed-
ding gift,
But her thoughts as arrows were
keen and swift.

She had given the ring to her gold-
smiths twain,
Who smiled, as they handed it back
again.

And Sigrîd the Queen, in her
haughty way,
Said, 'Why do you smile, my gold-
smiths, say?' 200

And they answered: 'O Queen! if
the truth must be told,
The ring is of copper, and not of
gold!'

The lightning flashed o'er her fore-
head and cheek,
She only murmured, she did not
speak:

'If in his gifts he can faithless
be,
There will be no gold in his love
to me.'

A footstep was heard on the outer
stair,
And in strode King Olaf with royal
air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and
he whispered of love,

And swore to be true as the stars
are above. 210

But she smiled with contempt as
she answered: 'O King,
Will you swear it, as Odin once
swore, on the ring?'

And the King: 'O speak not of
Odin to me,
The wife of King Olaf a Christian
must be.

Looking straight at the King, with
her level brows,
She said, 'I keep true to my faith
and my vows.'

Then the face of King Olaf was
darkened with gloom,
He rose in his anger and strode
through the room.

'Why, then, should I care to have
thee?' he said,
'A faded old woman, a heathenish
jade!' 220

His zeal was stronger than fear or
love
And he struck the Queen in the
face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in
anger he fled,
And the wooden stairway shook
with his tread.

Queen Sigrîd the Haughty said
under her breath,
'This insult, King Olaf, shall be
thy death!'
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

V

THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS

Now from all King Olaf's farms
His men-at-arms 230
Gathered on the Eve of Easter;

To his house at Angvalds-ness
Fast they press,
Drinking with the royal feaster.

Loudly through the wide-flung
door

Came the roar
Of the sea upon the Skerry;
And its thunder loud and near
Reached the ear, ²³⁹
Mingling with their voices merry.

'Hark!' said Olaf to his Scald,
Halfred the Bald,
'Listen to that song, and learn it!
Half my kingdom would I give,
As I live,
If by such songs you would earn it!

'For of all the runes and rhymes
Of all times,
Best I like the ocean's dirges,
When the old harper heaves and
rocks, ²⁵⁰

His hoary locks
Flowing and flashing in the sur-
ges!'

Halfred answered: 'I am called
The Unappalled!
Nothing hinders me or daunts me.
Hearken to me, then, O King,
While I sing
The great Ocean Song that haunts
me.'

'I will hear your song sublime
Some other time,' ²⁶⁰
Says the drowsy monarch, yawn-
ing,
And retires; each laughing guest
Applauds the jest;
Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard,
King Olaf's guard
Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping
O'er the sands, and up the hill,
Gathering still
Round the house where they were
sleeping. ²⁷⁰

It was not the fog he saw,
Nor misty flaw,
That above the landscape brooded;
It was Eyvind Kallda's crew
Of warlocks blue
With their caps of darkness
hooded!

Round and round the house they
go,
Weaving slow
Magic circles to encumber
And imprison in their ring ²⁸⁰
Olaf the King,
As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapors dun
The Easter sun
Streamed with one broad track of
splendor!
In their real forms appeared
The warlocks weird,
Awful as the Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,
They groped and stared, ²⁹⁰
Round about with steps unsteady;
From his window Olaf gazed,
And, amazed,
'Who are these strange people?'
said he.

'Eyvind Kallda and his men!'
Answered then
From the yard a sturdy farmer;
While the men-at-arms apace
Filled the place,
Busily buckling on their armor. ³⁰⁰

From the gates they sallied forth,
South and north,
Scoured the island coast around
them,
Seizing all the warlock band,
Foot and hand
On the Skerry's rocks they bound
them.

And at eve the king again
Called his train,
And, with all the candles burning,

Silent sat and heard once more ³¹⁰
 The sullen roar
 Of the ocean tides returning.

Shrieks and cries of wild despair
 Filled the air,
 Growing fainter as they listened;
 Then the bursting surge alone
 Sounded on;—

Thus the sorcerers were christened!

'Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,
 Your ocean-rhyme,' ³²⁰
 Cried King Olaf: 'it will cheer
 me!'

Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,
 'The Skerry of Shrieks
 Sings too loud for you to hear me!'

VI

THE WRAITH OF ODIN

The guests were loud, the ale was
 strong,
 King Olaf feasted late and long;
 The hoary Scalds together sang;
 O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-
 gelsang.

The door swung wide, with creak
 and din; ³³⁰
 A blast of cold night-air came in,
 And on the threshold shivering
 stood

A one-eyed guest, with cloak and
 hood.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-
 gelsang.

The King exclaimed, 'O graybeard
 pale!

Come warm thee with this cup of
 ale.'

The foaming draught the old man
 quaffed,

The noisy guests looked on and
 laughed.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-
 gelsang.

Then spake the King: 'Be not
 afraid: ³⁴⁰

Sit here by me.' The guest
 obeyed,

And, seated at the table, told
 Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-
 gelsang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er,
 The King demanded yet one more;
 Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling
 said,

'Tis late, O King, and time for
 bed.'

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-
 gelsang.

The King retired; the stranger
 guest ³⁵⁰

Followed and entered with the
 rest;

The lights were out, the pages
 gone,

But still the garrulous guest spake
 on.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-
 gelsang.

As one who from a volume reads,
 He spake of heroes and their
 deeds,

Of lands and cities he had seen,
 And stormy gulfs that tossed be-
 tween,

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-
 gelsang.

Then from his lips in music rolled
 The Havamal of Odin old, ³⁶¹
 With sounds mysterious as the
 roar

Of billows on a distant shore.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-
 gelsang.

'Do we not learn from runes and
 rhymes

Made by the gods in elder times,
 And do not still the great Scalds
 teach

That silence better is than
speech?'

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-
gelsang.

Smiling at this, the King re-
plied, 370

'Thy lore is by thy tongue belied;
For never was I so enthralled
Either by Saga-man or Scald.'

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-
gelsang.

The Bishop said, 'Late hours we
keep!

Night wanes, O King! 't is time
for sleep!'

Then slept the King, and when he
woke

The guest was gone, the morning
broke.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-
gelsang.

They found the doors securely
barred, 380

They found the watch-dog in the
yard,

There was no footprint in the grass,
And none had seen the stranger
pass.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-
gelsang.

King Olaf crossed himself and
said:

'I know that Odin the Great is
dead;

Sure is the triumph of our Faith,
'The one-eyed stranger was his
wraith.'

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fo-
gelsang.

VII

IRON-BEARD

Olaf the King, one summer
morn, 390

Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,

Sending his signal through the
land of Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at
Mere

Gathered the farmers far and
near,

With their war weapons ready to
confront him.

Ploughing under the morning
star,

Old Iron-Beard in Yriar

Heard the summons, chuckling
with a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from
his brow,

Unharnessed his horses from the
plough, 400

And clattering came on horseback
to King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the
churls;

Little he cared for king or earls;
Bitter as home-brewed ale were
his foaming passions.

Hodden-gray was the garb he
wore,

And by the Hammer of Thor he
swore;

He hated the narrow town, and all
its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his
farm,

His ale at night, by the fireside
warm,

Gudrun his daughter, with her
flaxen tresses. 410

He loved his horses and his
herds,

The smell of the earth, and the
song of birds,

His well-filled barns, his brook
with its watercresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his
frame;

His beard, from which he took
his name,
Frosty and fierce, like that of Hy-
mer the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared,
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-beard,
On horseback, in an attitude de-
fiant.

And to King Olaf he cried
aloud, ⁴²⁰
Out of the middle of the crowd,
That tossed about him like a
stormy ocean :

'Such sacrifices shalt thou bring
To Odin and to Thor, O King,
As other kings have done in their
devotion !'

King Olaf answered : 'I com-
mand
This land to be a Christian land ;
Here is my Bishop who the folk
baptizes !

'But if you ask me to restore
Your sacrifices, stained with
gore, ⁴³⁰
Then will I offer human sacrifices !

'Not slaves and peasants shall
they be,
But men of note and high de-
gree,
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar
of Gryting !'

Then to their Temple strode he
in,
And loud behind him heard the
din
Of his men-at-arms and the pea-
sants fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in
wood,
The image of great Odin stood,
And other gods, with Thor supreme
among them. ⁴⁴⁰

King Olaf smote them with the
blade
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,
And downward shattered to the
pavement flung them.

At the same moment rose with-
out,
From the contending crowd, a
shout,
A mingled sound of triumph and
of wailing.

And there upon the trampled
plain
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,
Midway between the assailed and
the assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway
spoke : ⁴⁵⁰
'Choose ye between two things,
my folk,
To be baptized or given up to
slaughter !'

And seeing their leader stark
and dead,
The people with a murmur said,
'O King, baptize us with thy holy
water.'

So all the Drontheim land be-
came
A Christian land in name and
fame,
In the old gods no more believing
and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon
King Olaf wed the fair Gud-
run ; ⁴⁶⁰
And thus in peace ended the Dron-
theim Hus-Ting !

VIII

GUDRUN

On King Olaf's bridal night
Shines the moon with tender light

And across the chamber streams
Its tide of dreams.

At the fatal midnight hour,
When all evil things have power,
In the glimmer of the moon
Stands Gudrun. 469

Close against her heaving breast
Something in her hand is pressed;
Like an icicle, its sheen
Is cold and keen.

On the cairn are fixed her eyes
Where her murdered father lies,
And a voice remote and drear
She seems to hear.

What a bridal night is this!
Cold will be the dagger's kiss;
Laden with the chill of death 480
Is its breath.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps
To the couch where Olaf sleeps;
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,
His eyes meet hers.

'What is that,' King Olaf said,
'Gleams so bright above my
head?

Wherefore standest thou so white
In pale moonlight?'

'T is the bodkin that I wear 490
When at night I bind my hair;
It woke me falling on the floor;
'T is nothing more.'

'Forests have ears, and fields have
eyes;
Often treachery lurking lies
Underneath the fairest hair!
Gudrun beware!'

Ere the earliest peep of morn
Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn;
And forever Sundered ride 500
Bridegroom and bride!

IX

THANGBRAND THE PRIEST

Short of stature, large of limb,
Burly face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him,
When in Iceland he appeared.
'Look!' they said,
With nodding head,
'There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest.'

All the prayers he knew by rote,
He could preach like Chrysos-
tome, 510
From the fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.
A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,
And impatient of control,
Boisterous in the market crowd,
Boisterous at the wassail-bowl,
Everywhere 520
Would drink and swear,
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest.

In his house this malcontent
Could the King no longer bear,
So to Iceland he was sent
To convert the heathen there,
And away
One summer day
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest. 529

There in Iceland, o'er their books
Pored the people day and night,
But he did not like their looks,
Nor the songs they used to
write.
'All this rhyme
Is waste of time!'
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's
Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,
 Came the Scalds and Saga-men;
 Is it to be wondered at
 That they quarrelled now and
 then, 540
 When o'er his beer
 Began to leer
 Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's
 Priest?

All the folk in Altafiord
 Boasted of their island grand;
 Saying in a single word,
 'Iceland is the finest land
 That the sun
 Doth shine upon!'
 Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's
 Priest. 550

And he answered: 'What's the
 use
 Of this bragging up and down,
 When three women and one goose
 Make a market in your town!'
 Every Scald
 Satires drawled
 On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than
 that;
 And what vexed him most of
 all
 Was a figure in shovel hat, 560
 Drawn in charcoal on the wall;
 With words that go
 Sprawling below,
 'This is Thangbrand, Olaf's
 Priest.'

Hardly knowing what he did,
 Then he smote them might and
 main,
 Thorvald Veile and Veterlid
 Lay there in the alehouse slain.
 'To-day we are gold,
 To-morrow mould!' 570
 Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's
 Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,
 Back to Norway sailed he then.

'O King Olaf! little hope
 Is there of these Iceland men!'
 Meekly said,
 With bending head,
 Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

X

RAUD THE STRONG

'All the old gods are dead,
 All the wild warlocks fled; 580
 But the White Christ lives and
 reigns,
 And throughout my wide domains
 His Gospel shall be spread!'
 On the Evangelists
 Thus swore King Olaf.

But still in dreams of the night
 Beheld he the crimson light,
 And heard the voice that defied
 Him who was crucified,
 And challenged him to the fight.
 To Sigurd the Bishop 591
 King Olaf confessed it.

And Sigurd the Bishop said,
 'The old gods are not dead,
 For the great Thor still reigns,
 And among the Jarls and Thanes
 The old witchcraft still is spread.'
 Thus to King Olaf
 Said Sigurd the Bishop.

'Far north in the Salten Fiord, 600
 By rapine, fire, and sword,
 Lives the Viking, Raud the
 Strong;
 All the Godoe Isles belong
 To him and his heathen horde.'
 Thus went on speaking
 Sigurd the Bishop.

'A warlock, a wizard is he,
 And the lord of the wind and the
 sea;
 And whichever way he sails,
 He has ever favoring gales, 610
 By his craft in sorcery.'

Here the sign of the cross
Made devoutly King Olaf.

'With rites that we both abhor,
He worships Odin and Thor;
So it cannot yet be said,
That all the old gods are dead,
And the warlocks are no more,'
Flushing with anger
Said Sigurd the Bishop. 620

Then King Olaf cried aloud:
'I will talk with this mighty
Raud,
And along the Salten Fiord
Preach the Gospel with my sword,
Or be brought back in my
shroud!'
So northward from Drontheim
Sailed King Olaf!

XI

BISHOP SIGURD OF SALTEN FIORD

Loud the angry wind was wailing
As King Olaf's ships came sailing
Northward out of Drontheim
haven 630
To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray
drenches
Fore and aft the rowers' benches,
Not a single heart is craven
Of the champions there on
board.

All without the Fiord was quiet,
But within it storm and riot,
Such as on his Viking cruises
Raud the Strong was wont to
ride.

And the sea through all its tide-
ways 640
Swept the reeling vessels side-
ways,

As the leaves are swept through
sluices,
When the flood-gates open
wide.

'Tis the warlock! 'tis the de-
mon
Raud!' cried Sigurd to the sea-
men;
'But the Lord is not affrighted
By the witchcraft of his foes.'

To the ship's bow he ascended,
By his choristers attended,
Round him were the tapers
lighted, 650
And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,
In his robes, as one transfigured,
And the Crucifix he planted
High amid the rain and mist.

Then with holy water sprinkled
All the ship; the mass-bells tin-
kled:
Loud the monks around him
chanted,
Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted, 660
On each side the water parted;
Down a path like silver molten
Steadily rowed King Olaf's
ships;

Steadily burned all night the
tapers,
And the White Christ through the
vapors
Gleamed across the Fiord of
Saltén,
As through John's Apoca-
lypse,—

Till at last they reached Raud's
dwelling
On the little isle of Gelling; 669
Not a guard was at the doorway,
Not a glimmer of light was
seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded,
Lay the dragon-ship he buildd;
'T was the grandest ship in Nor-
way,
With its crest and scales of
green.

Up the stairway, softly creeping,
To the loft where Raud was sleep-
ing,
With their fists they burst asunder
Bolt and bar that held the
door.

Drunken with sleep and ale they
found him, 680
Dragged him from his bed and
bound him,
While he stared with stupid won-
der
At the look and garb they
wore.

Then King Olaf said: 'O Sea-King!
Little time have we for speak-
ing,
Choose between the good and evil;
Be baptized! or thou shalt
die!'

But in scorn the heathen scoffer
Answered: 'I disdain thine offer;
Neither fear I God nor Devil; 690
Thee and thy Gospel I defy!'

Then between his jaws distended,
When his frantic struggles ended,
Through King Olaf's horn an ad-
der,
Touched by fire, they forced to
glide.

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,
As he gnawed through bone and
marrow;
But without a groan or shudder,
Raud the Strong blaspheming
died. 699

Then baptized they all that region,
Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,

Far as swims the salmon, leaping,
Up the streams of Salten Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,
Preached the Gospel with his
sword.

Then he took the carved and
gilded
Dragon-ship that Raud had
buildd,
And the tiller single-handed 710
Grasping, steered into the
main.

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er
him,
Southward sailed the ship that
bore him,
Till at Drontheim haven landed
Olaf and his crew again.

XII

KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS

At Drontheim, Olaf the King
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,
As he sat in his banquet-hall,
Drinking the nut-brown ale, 719
With his bearded Berserks hale
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
He held with Bishops and Priests,
And his horn filled up to the
brim:
But the ale was never too strong,
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign
He made of the cross divine,
As he drank, and muttered his
prayers; 730
But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of
Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the fire-light dance
 Upon helmet and hauberk and
 lance,
 And laugh in the eyes of the
 King;
 And he cries to Halfred the Scald,
 Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
 'Sing!'

'Sing me a song divine, 740
 With a sword in every line,
 And this shall be thy reward.'
 And he loosened the belt at his
 waist,
 And in front of the singer placed
 His sword.

'Quern-biter of Hakon the Good,
 Wherewith at a stroke he hewed
 The millstone through and
 through,
 And Foot-breadth of Thoralf the
 Strong, 749
 Were neither so broad nor so long,
 Nor so true.'

Then the Scald took his harp and
 sang,
 And loud through the music rang
 The sound of that shining
 word;
 And the harp-strings a clangor
 made,
 As if they were struck with the
 blade
 Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about
 Broke forth into a shout 759
 That made the rafters ring:
 They smote with their fists on the
 board,
 And shouted, 'Long live the Sword,
 And the King!'

But the King said, 'O my son,
 I miss the bright word in one
 Of thy measures and thy
 rhymes.'
 And Halfred the Scald replied,
 'In another 't was multiplied
 Three times.'

Then King Olaf raised the hilt 770
 Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
 And said, 'Do not refuse;
 Count well the gain and the loss,
 Thor's hammer or Christ's cross:
 Choose!'

And Halfred the Scald said, 'This
 In the name of the Lord I kiss,
 Who on it was crucified!'
 And a shout went round the board,
 'In the name of Christ the Lord,
 Who died!' 781

Then over the waste of snows
 The noonday sun uprose,
 Through the driving mists re-
 vealed,
 Like the lifting of the Host,
 By incense-clouds almost
 Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast
 And shadowy cross was cast
 From the hilt of the lifted
 sword, 790
 And in foaming cups of ale
 The Berserks drank 'Was-hael!
 To the Lord!'

XIII

THE BUILDING OF THE LONG
SERPENT

Thorberg Skafting, master-builder,
 In his ship-yard by the sea,
 Whistling, said, 'It would bewilder
 Any man but Thorberg Skafting,
 Any man but me!'

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,
 Built of old by Raud the
 Strong, 800
 And King Olaf had commanded
 He should build another Dragon,
 Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg
 Skafting,
 As he sat with half-closed
 eyes,

And his head turned sideways,
drafting

That new vessel for King Olaf
Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and ham-
mered 809

Mallet huge and heavy axe ;
Workmen laughed and sang and
clamored ;

Whirred the wheels, that into rig-
ging
Spun the shining flax !

All this tumult heard the master,—
It was music to his ear ;

Fancy whispered all the faster,
'Men shall hear of Thorberg
Skafting
For a hundred year !' 818

Workmen sweating at the forges
Fashioned iron bolt and bar,
Like a warlock's midnight orgies
Smoked and bubbled the black
caldron
With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,
Thorberg Skafting, any curse ?
Could you not be gone a minute
But some mischief must be doing,
Turning bad to worse ?

'T was an ill wind that came waft-
ing

From his homestead words of
woe ; 830

To his farm went Thorberg Skaft-
ing,

Of repeating to his workmen,
Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning
Came the master back by
night ;

To his ship-yard longing, yearn-
ing,

Hurried he, and did not leave
it

Till the morning's light.

'Come and see my ship, my dar-
ling !'

On the morrow said the
King ; 840

'Finished now from keel to car-
ling ;

Never yet was seen in Norway
Such a wondrous thing !'

In the ship-yard, idly talking,
At the ship the workmen
stared :

Some one, all their labor balking,
Down her sides had cut deep
gashes,
Not a plank was spared !

'Death be to the evil-doer !'
With an oath King Olaf
spoke ; 850

'But rewards to his pursuer !'
And with wrath his face grew red-
der
Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smil-
ing,

Answered thus the angry
King :

'Cease blaspheming and reviling,
Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting
Who has done this thing !'

Then he chipped and smoothed
the planking,

Till the King, delighted,
swore, 860

With much lauding and much
thanking,

'Handsomest is now my Dragon
Than she was before !'

Seventy ells and four extended
On the grass the vessel's keel ;

High above it, gilt and splendid,
Rose the figure-head ferocious
With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the
tressels,

In the ship-yard by the sea ; 870

She was the grandest of all vessels,
 Never ship was built in Norway
 Half so fine as she!

The Long Serpent was she christened,
 'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer!
 They who to the Saga listened
 Heard the name of Thorberg
 Skafting
 For a hundred year!

XIV

THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT

Safe at anchor in Drontheim bay
 King Olaf's fleet assembled lay, 880
 And, striped with white and blue,
 Downward fluttered sail and banner,
 As alights the screaming lanner;
 Lustily cheered, in their wild manner,
 The Long Serpent's crew.

Her fore-castle man was Ulf the Red;
 Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,
 His teeth as large and white;
 His beard, of gray and russet blended,
 Round as a swallow's nest descended; 890
 As standard-bearer he defended
 Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,
 Like the King in garb and face,
 So gallant and so hale;
 Every cabin-boy and varlet
 Wondered at his cloak of scarlet;
 Like a river, frozen and star-lit,
 Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark, 900
 Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,
 A figure gaunt and grand;
 On his hairy arm imprinted
 Was an anchor, azure-tinted;

Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted
 Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare
 To the winds his golden hair,
 By the mainmast stood;
 Graceful was his form, and slender, 910
 And his eyes were deep and tender
 As a woman's, in the splendor
 Of her maidenhood.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork
 Watched the sailors at their work:
 Heavens! how they swore!
 Thirty men they each commanded,
 Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,
 Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,
 Tugging at the oar. 920

These, and many more like these,
 With King Olaf sailed the seas,
 Till the waters vast
 Filled them with a vague devotion,
 With the freedom and the motion,
 With the roll and roar of ocean
 And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,
 How they roared through Drontheim's street,
 Boisterous as the gale! 930
 How they laughed and stamped
 and pounded,
 Till the tavern roof resounded
 And the host looked on astounded
 As they drank the ale!

Never saw the wild North Sea
 Such a gallant company
 Sail its billows blue!
 Never, while they cruised and quarrelled,
 Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth Harald,
 Owned a ship so well apparelled,
 Boasted such a crew! 941

XV

A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR

A little bird in the air
Is singing of Thyri the fair,
The sister of Svend the Dane ;
And the song of the garrulous bird
In the streets of the town is heard,
And repeated again and again.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each
other.

To King Burislaf, it is said, 950
Was the beautiful Thyri wed,
And a sorrowful bride went she ;
And after a week and a day
She has fled away and away
From his town by the stormy sea.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

They say, that through heat and
through cold,
Through weald, they say, and
through wold,
By day and by night, they say,
She has fled ; and the gossips re-
port 961
She has come to King Olaf's court,
And the town is all in dismay.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,
Has talked with the beautiful
Queen ;
And they wonder how it will
end ;
For surely, if here she remain,
It is war with King Svend the
Dane, 970
And King Burislaf the Vend !
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

Oh, greatest wonder of all !
It is published in hamlet and hall,
It roars like a flame that is
fanned !

The King—yes, Olaf the King—
Has wedded her with his ring,
And Thyri is Queen in the land !
Hoist up your sails of silk, 980
And flee away from each other.

XVI

QUEEN THYRI AND THE AN-
GELICA STALKS

Northward over Drontheim,
Flew the clamorous sea-gulls,
Sang the lark and linnet
From the meadows green ;

Weeping in her chamber,
Lonely and unhappy,
Sat the Drottning Thyri,
Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows 990
Streamed the pleasant sunshine,
On the roof above her
Softly cooed the dove ;

But the sound she heard not,
Nor the sunshine heeded,
For the thoughts of Thyri
Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered,
Beautiful as morning,
Like the sun at Easter 1000
Shone his happy face ;

In his hand he carried
Angelicas uprooted,
With delicious fragrance
Filling all the place.

Like a rainy midnight
Sat the Drottning Thyri,
Even the smile of Olaf
Could not cheer her gloom ;

Nor the stalks he gave her 1010
With a gracious gesture,
And with words as pleasant
As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them,
 And her jewelled fingers
 Through the green leaves glistened
 Like the dews of morn ;

But she cast them from her,
 Haughty and indignant,
 On the floor she threw them 1020
 With a look of scorn.

' Richer presents,' said she,
 ' Gave King Harald Gormson
 To the Queen, my mother,
 Than such worthless weeds ;

' When he ravaged Norway,
 Laying waste the kingdom,
 Seizing scatt and treasure
 For her royal needs.

' But thou darest not venture 1030
 Through the Sound to Vendland,
 My domains to rescue
 From King Burislaf ;

' Lest King Svend of Denmark,
 Forked Beard, my brother,
 Scatter all thy vessels
 As the wind the chaff.'

Then up sprang King Olaf,
 Like a reindeer bounding,
 With an oath he answered 1040
 Thus the luckless Queen :

' Never yet did Olaf
 Fear King Svend of Denmark ;
 This right hand shall hale him
 By his forked chin !'

Then he left the chamber,
 Thundering through the door-
 way,
 Loud his steps resounded
 Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult, 1050
 Through the streets of Drontheim
 Strode he red and wrathful,
 With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered,
 Summoned all his forces,
 Making his war levy
 In the region round.

Down the coast of Norway,
 Like a flock of sea-gulls,
 Sailed the fleet of Olaf 1060
 Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless
 Steered he the Long Serpent,
 Strained the creaking cordage,
 Bent each boom and gaff ;

Till in Vendland landing,
 The domains of Thyri
 He redeemed and rescued
 From King Burislaf.

Then said Olaf, laughing, 1070
 ' Not ten yoke of oxen
 Have the power to draw us
 Like a woman's hair !

' Now will I confess it,
 Better things are jewels
 Than angelica stalks are
 For a queen to wear.'

XVII

KING SVEND OF THE FORKED
BEARD

Loudly the sailors cheered
 Svend of the Forked Beard,
 As with his fleet he steered 1080
 Southward to Vendland ;
 Where with their courses hauled
 All were together called,
 Under the Isle of Svald
 Near to the mainland.

After Queen Gunhild's death,
 So the old Saga saith,
 Plighted King Svend his faith
 To Sigrid the Haughty ;
 And to avenge his bride, 1090
 Soothing her wounded pride,

Over the waters wide
King Olaf sought he.

Still on her scornful face,
Blushing with deep disgrace,
Bore she the crimson trace
Of Olaf's gauntlet;
Like a malignant star,
Blazing in heaven afar,
Red shone the angry scar 1100
Under her frontlet.

Oft to King Svend she spake,
'For thine own honor's sake
Shalt thou swift vengeance take
On the vile coward!'
Until the King at last,
Gusty and overcast,
Like a tempestuous blast
Threatened and lowered.

Soon as the Spring appeared, 1110
Svend of the Forked Beard
High his red standard reared,
Eager for battle;
While every warlike Dane,
Seizing his arms again,
Left all unsown the grain,
Unhoused the cattle.

Likewise the Swedish King
Summoned in haste a Thing,
Weapons and men to bring 1120
In aid of Denmark;
Eric the Norseman, too,
As the war-tidings flew,
Sailed with a chosen crew
From Lapland and Finmark.

So upon Easter day
Sailed the three kings away,
Out of the sheltered bay,
In the bright season;
With them Earl Sigvald came, 1130
Eager for spoil and fame;
Pity that such a name
Stooped to such treason!

Safe under Svald at last,
Now were their anchors cast,
Safe from the sea and blast,

Plotted the three kings;
While, with a base intent,
Southward Earl Sigvald went,
On a foul errand bent, 1140
Unto the Sea-kings.

Thence to hold on his course
Unto King Olaf's force,
Lying within the hoarse
Mouths of Stet-haven;
Him to ensnare and bring
Unto the Danish king,
Who his dead corse would fling
Forth to the raven!

XVIII

KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD

On the gray sea-sands 1150
King Olaf stands,
Northward and seaward
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl
The sea-tides curl,
Washing the sandals
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout,
The ships swing about,
The yards are all hoisted, 1160
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,
The anchors are weighed,
Like moths in the distance
The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead,
The harbor lies dead,
As a corse on the sea-shore,
Whose spirit has fled!

On that fatal day, 1170
The histories say,
Seventy vessels
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide
O'er the billows they ride,

While Sigvald and Olaf
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl: 'Follow me!
I your pilot will be, 1179
For I know all the channels
Where flows the deep sea!'

So into the strait
Where his foes lie in wait,
Gallant King Olaf
Sails to his fate!

Then the sea-fog veils
The ships and their sails;
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,
Thy vengeance prevails!

XIX

KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS

'Strike the sails!' King Olaf
said; 1190

'Never shall men of mine take
flight;

Never away from battle I fled,
Never away from my foes!

Let God dispose
Of my life in the fight!'

'Sound the horns!' said Olaf the
King;

And suddenly through the drifting
brume

The blare of the horns began to
ring,

Like the terrible trumpet shock
Of Regnarock, 1200

On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns
sang

Over the level floor of the flood;
All the sails came down with a
clang,

And there in the midst overhead

The sun hung red
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were
lashed,

So that neither should turn and
retreat; 1210

In the midst, but in front of the
rest,

The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-
deck,

With bow of ash and arrows of
oak,

His gilded shield was without a
fleck,

His helmet inlaid with gold,
And in many a fold

Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red 1220
Watched the lashing of the ships;

'If the Serpent lie so far ahead,
We shall have hard work of it
here,'

Said he with a sneer
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,
'Have I a coward on board?' said
he.

'Shoot it another way, O King!'
Sullenly answered Ulf,

The old sea-wolf; 1230
'You have need of me!'

In front came Svend, the King of
the Danes,

Sweeping down with his fifty row-
ers;

To the right, the Swedish king
with his thanes;

And on board of the Iron Beard
Earl Eric steered

To the left with his oars.

'These soft Danes and Swedes,'
said the King,

'At home with their wives had
better stay,

Than come within reach of my
Serpent's sting: 1240
But where Eric the Norseman
leads
Heroic deeds
Will be done to-day!

Then as together the vessels
crashed,
Eric severed the cables of hide,
With which King Olaf's ships
were lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift
Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and
snarl, 1250
Sharper the dragons bite and
sting!

Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf the King!

XX

EINAR TAMBERSKELVER

It was Einar Tamberskelver
Stood beside the mast;
From his yew-bow, tipped with
silver,
Flew the arrows fast;
Aimed at Eric unavailing, 1260
As he sat concealed,
Half behind the quarter-railing,
Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller,
Just above his head;
'Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,'
Then Earl Eric said.
'Sing the song of Hakon dying,
Sing his funeral wail!'
And another arrow flying 1270
Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,
As the arrow passed,

Said Earl Eric, 'Shoet that bow-
man
Standing by the mast.'
Sooner than the word was spoken
Flew the yeoman's shaft;
Einar's bow in twain was broken,
Einar only laughed.

'What was that?' said Olaf, stand-
ing 1280
On the quarter-deck.
'Something heard I like the
stranding
Of a shattered wreck.'
Einar then, the arrow taking
From the loosened string,
Answered, 'That was Norway
breaking
From thy hand, O King!'

'Thou art but a poor diviner,'
Straightway Olaf said;
'Take my bow, and swifter, Ei-
nar, 1290
Let thy shafts be sped.'
Of his bows the fairest choosing,
Reached he from above;
Einar saw the blood-drops oozing
Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and nar-
row;
At the first assay,
O'er its head he drew the arrow,
Flung the bow away;
Said, with hot and angry tem-
per 1300
Flushing in his cheek,
'Olaf! for so great a Kämper
Are thy bows too weak!'

Then, with smile of joy defiant
On his beardless lip,
Scaled he, light and self-reliant,
Eric's dragon-ship.
Loose his golden locks were flow-
ing,
Bright his armor gleamed;
Like Saint Michael overthrow-
ing 1310
Lucifer he seemed.

XXI

KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK

All day has the battle raged,
 All day have the ships engaged,
 But not yet is assuaged
 The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,
 The arrows of death are sped,
 The ships are filled with the dead,
 And the spears the champions
 hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,
 The grappling-irons are plied, ¹³²¹
 The boarders climb up the side,
 The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah! never shall Norway again
 See her sailors come back o'er the
 main;
 They all lie wounded or slain,
 Or asleep in the billows blue!

On the deck stands Olaf the King,
 Around him whistle and sing
 The spears that the foemen
 fling, ¹³³⁰
 And the stones they hurl with
 their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the
 spears,
 Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,
 His shield in the air he uprears,
 By the side of King Olaf he
 stands.

Over the slippery wreck
 Of the Long Serpent's deck
 Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,
 His lips with anger are pale;

He hews with his axe at the
 mast, ¹³⁴⁰
 Till it falls, with the sails overcast,
 Like a snow-covered pine in the
 vast
 Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,
 He rushes aft with his men,
 As a hunter into the den
 Of the bear, when he stands at
 bay.

'Remember Jarl Hakon!' he cries;
 When lo! on his wondering eyes,
 Two kingly figures arise, ¹³⁵⁰
 Two Olafs in warlike array!

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear
 Of King Olaf a word of cheer,
 In a whisper that none may hear,
 With a smile on his tremulous
 lip;

Two shields raised high in the air,
 Two flashes of golden hair,
 Two scarlet meteors' glare,
 And both have leaped from the
 ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats ¹³⁶⁰
 Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,
 And cry, from their hairy throats,
 'See! it is Olaf the King!'

While far on the opposite side
 Floats another shield on the tide,
 Like a jewel set in the wide
 Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,
 How the King stripped off his
 mail,
 Like leaves of the brown sea-
 kale, ¹³⁷⁰
 As he swam beneath the main;

But the young grew old and gray,
 And never, by night or by day,
 In his kingdom of Norrway
 Was King Olaf seen again!

XXII

THE NUN OF NIDAROS

In the convent of Drontheim,
 Alone in her chamber,

Knelt Astrid the Abbess
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeching, entreating 1380
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking,
Without in the darkness,
In gusts of the night-wind,
Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of some one who answered 1390
Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,
The beloved disciple,
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

' It is accepted, 1400
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle !
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wieldest !

' Cross against corselet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry !
Patience is powerful ;
He that o'ercometh 1410
Hath power o'er the nations !

' As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains ;

' So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that beheld it 1420
Marvel, and know not

That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining !

' Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit ;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is,
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth !

' Thou art a phantom, 1430
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless ;
Day dawns and thou art not !

' The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless ;
Love is eternal !
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us ; 1440
Christ is eternal !'

INTERLUDE

A STRAIN of music closed the tale,
A low, monotonous, funeral wail,
That with its cadence, wild and
sweet,
Made the long Saga more com-
plete.

' Thank God,' the Theologian said,
' The reign of violence is dead,
Or dying surely from the world ;
While Love triumphant reigns in-
stead,

And in a brighter sky o'erhead
His blessed banners are unfurled.
And most of all thank God for
this :

The war and waste of clashing
creeds

Now end in words, and not in
deeds,

And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,
For thoughts that men call here-
sies.

'I stand without here in the porch,
I hear the bell's melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,
I hear the prayer, with words that scorch
Like sparks from an inverted torch,
I hear the sermon upon sin,
With threatenings of the last account.
And all, translated in the air,
Reach me but as our dear Lord's Prayer,
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

'Must it be Calvin, and not Christ?
Must it be Athanasian creeds,
Or holy water, books, and beads?
Must struggling souls remain content
With councils and decrees of Trent?
And can it be enough for these
The Christian Church the year embalms
With evergreens and boughs of palms,
And fills the air with litanies?

'I know that yonder Pharisee
Thanks God that he is not like me;
In my humiliation dressed,
I only stand and beat my breast,
And pray for human charity.

'Not to one church alone, but seven,
The voice prophetic spake from heaven;
And unto each the promise came,
Diversified, but still the same;
For him that overcometh are
The new name written on the stone,
The raiment white, the crown, the throne,
And I will give him the Morning Star!

'Ah! to how many Faith has been
No evidence of things unseen,

But a dim shadow, that recasts
The creed of the Phantasiasts,
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,
For whom the Tragedy Divine
Was but a symbol and a sign,
And Christ a phantom crucified!

'For others a diviner creed
Is living in the life they lead.
The passing of their beautiful feet
Blesses the pavement of the street,
And all their looks and words repeat
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,
Not as a vulture, but a dove,
The Holy Ghost came from above.

'And this brings back to me a tale
So sad the hearer well may quail,
And question if such things can be;
Yet in the chronicles of Spain
Down the dark pages runs this stain,
And naught can wash them white again,
So fearful is the tragedy.'

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

TORQUEMADA

IN the heroic days when Ferdinand
And Isabella ruled the Spanish land,
And Torquemada, with his subtle brain,
Ruled them as Grand Inquisitor of Spain,
In a great castle near Valladolid,
Moated and high and by fair woodlands hid,
There dwelt, as from the chronicles we learn,
An old Hidalgo proud and taciturn,

Whose name has perished, with
 his towers of stone,
 And all his actions save this one
 alone; 10
 This one, so terrible, perhaps
 't were best
 If it, too, were forgotten with the
 rest;
 Unless, perchance, our eyes can
 see therein
 The martyrdom triumphant o'er
 the sin;
 A double picture, with its gloom
 and glow,
 The splendor overhead, the death
 below.

This sombre man counted each
 day as lost
 On which his feet no sacred thresh-
 old crossed;
 And when he chanced the passing
 Host to meet,
 He knelt and prayed devoutly in
 the street; 20
 Oft he confessed; and with each
 mutinous thought,
 As with wild beasts at Ephesus,
 he fought.
 In deep contrition scourged him-
 self in Lent,
 Walked in processions, with his
 head down bent,
 At plays of Corpus Christi oft was
 seen,
 And on Palm Sunday bore his
 bough of green.
 His sole diversion was to hunt the
 boar
 Through tangled thickets of the
 forest hoar,
 Or with his jingling mules to hurry
 down
 To some grand bull-fight in the
 neighboring town, 30
 Or in the crowd with lighted taper
 stand,
 When Jews were burned, or ban-
 ished from the land.
 Then stirred within him a tumultu-
 ous joy;

The demon whose delight is to
 destroy
 Shook him, and shouted with a
 trumpet tone,
 'Kill! kill! and let the Lord find
 out his own!'

And now, in that old castle in the
 wood,
 His daughters, in the dawn of
 womanhood,
 Returning from their convent
 school, had made
 Resplendent with their bloom the
 forest shade, 40
 Reminding him of their dead mo-
 ther's face,
 When first she came into that
 gloomy place,—
 A memory in his heart as dim and
 sweet
 As moonlight in a solitary street,
 Where the same rays, that lift the
 sea, are thrown
 Lovely but powerless upon walls
 of stone.
 These two fair daughters of a
 mother dead
 Were all the dream had left him as
 it fled.
 A joy at first, and then a growing
 care,
 As if a voice within him cried, 'Be-
 ware!' 50
 A vague presentiment of impend-
 ing doom,
 Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant
 room,
 Haunted him day and night; a
 formless fear
 That death to some one of his
 house was near,
 With dark surmises of a hidden
 crime,
 Made life itself a death before its
 time.
 Jealous, suspicious, with no sense
 of shame,
 A spy upon his daughters he be-
 came;

With velvet slippers, noiseless on
 the floors,
 He glided softly through half-open
 doors ; 60
 Now in the room, and now upon
 the stair,
 He stood beside them ere they
 were aware ;
 He listened in the passage when
 they talked,
 He watched them from the case-
 ment when they walked,
 He saw the gypsy haunt the river's
 side,
 He saw the monk among the cork-
 trees glide :
 And, tortured by the mystery and
 the doubt
 Of some dark secret, past his find-
 ing out,
 Baffled he paused ; then reassured
 again
 Pursued the flying phantom of his
 brain. 70
 He watched them even when they
 knelt in church ;
 And then, descending lower in his
 search,
 Questioned the servants, and with
 eager eyes
 Listened incredulous to their re-
 plies ;
 The gypsy ? none had seen her in
 the wood !
 The monk ? a mendicant in search
 of food !

 At length the awful revelation
 came,
 Crushing at once his pride of birth
 and name ;
 The hopes his yearning bosom for-
 ward cast
 And the ancestral glories of the
 past, 80
 All fell together, crumbling in dis-
 grace,
 A turret rent from battlement to
 base.
 His daughters talking in the dead
 of night

In their own chamber, and with-
 out a light,
 Listening, as he was wont, he
 overheard,
 And learned the dreadful secret,
 word by word ;
 And hurrying from his castle, with
 a cry
 He raised his hands to the un pity-
 ing sky,
 Repeating one dread word, till
 bush and tree
 Caught it, and shuddering an-
 swered, ' Heresy !' 90

 Wrapped in his cloak, his hat
 drawn o'er his face,
 Now hurrying forward, now with
 lingering pace,
 He walked all night the alleys of
 his park,
 With one unseen companion in the
 dark,
 The demon who within him lay in
 wait
 And by his presence turned his
 love to hate,
 Forever muttering in an under-
 tone,
 ' Kill ! kill ! and let the Lord find
 out his own !'

 Upon the morrow, after early Mass,
 While yet the dew was glistening
 on the grass, 100
 And all the woods were musical
 with birds,
 The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful
 words,
 Walked homeward with the Priest,
 and in his room
 Summoned his trembling daugh-
 ters to their doom.
 When questioned, with brief an-
 swers they replied,
 Nor when accused evaded or de-
 nied ;
 Expostulations, passionate ap-
 peals,
 All that the human heart most
 fears or feels,

In vain the Priest with earnest
voice essayed ;
In vain the father threatened,
wept, and prayed ; 110
Until at last he said, with haughty
mien,
' The Holy Office, then, must inter-
vene ! '

And now the Grand Inquisitor of
Spain,
With all the fifty horsemen of his
train,
His awful name resounding, like
the blast

Of funeral trumpets, as he onward
passed,
Came to Valladolid, and there be-
gan

To harry the rich Jews with fire
and ban.

To him the Hidalgo went, and at
the gate

Demanded audience on affairs of
state, 120

And in a secret chamber stood be-
fore

A venerable graybeard of four-
score,

Dressed in the hood and habit of
a friar ;

Out of his eyes flashed a consum-
ing fire,

And in his hand the mystic horn
he held,

Which poison and all noxious
charms dispelled.

He heard in silence the Hidalgo's
tale,

Then answered in a voice that
made him quail :

' Son of the Church ! when Abra-
ham of old

To sacrifice his only son was
told, 130

He did not pause to parley nor
protest,

But hastened to obey the Lord's
behest.

In him it was accounted righteous-
ness ;

The Holy Church expects of thee
no less ! '

A sacred frenzy seized the father's
brain,

And Mercy from that hour im-
plored in vain.

Ah ! who will e'er believe the
words I say ?

His daughters he accused, and
the same day

They both were cast into the
dungeon's gloom,

That dismal antechamber of the
tomb, 140

Arraigned, condemned, and sen-
tenced to the flame,

The secret torture and the public
shame.

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once
more

The Hidalgo went, more eager than
before,

And said : ' When Abraham of-
fered up his son,

He clave the wood wherewith it
might be done.

By his example taught, let me too
bring

Wood from the forest for my offer-
ing ! '

And the deep voice, without a
pause, replied :

' Son of the Church ! by faith now
justified, 150

Complete thy sacrifice, even as
thou wilt ;

The Church absolves thy con-
science from all guilt ! '

Then this most wretched father
went his way

Into the woods, that round his
castle lay,

Where once his daughters in their
childhood played

With their young mother in the
sun and shade.

Now all the leaves had fallen ; the
branches bare

Made a perpetual moaning in the
air,

And screaming from their eyries
overhead

The ravens sailed athwart the sky
of lead. 160

With his own hands he lopped the
boughs and bound

Fagots, that crackled with fore-
boding sound,

And on his mules, caparisoned and
gay

With bells and tassels, sent them
on their way.

Then with his mind on one dark
purpose bent,

Again to the Inquisitor he went,
And said: 'Behold, the fagots I

have brought,
And now, lest my atonement be as

naught,
Grant me one more request, one

last desire,—
With my own hand to light the

funeral fire!' 170

And Torquemada answered from
his seat,

'Son of the Church! Thine offer-
ing is complete;

Her servants through all ages
shall not cease

To magnify thy deed. Depart in
peace!'

Upon the market-place, builded of
stone

The scaffold rose, whereon Death
claimed his own.

At the four corners, in stern atti-
tude,

Four statues of the Hebrew Pro-
phets stood,

Gazing with calm indifference in
their eyes

Upon this place of human sacri-
fice, 180

Round which was gathering fast
the eager crowd,

With clamor of voices dissonant
and loud,

And every roof and window was
alive

With restless gazers, swarming
like a hive.

The church-bells tolled, the chant
of monks drew near,

Loud trumpets stammered forth
their notes of fear,

A line of torches smoked along
the street,

There was a stir, a rush, a tramp
of feet,

And, with its banners floating in
the air,

Slowly the long procession crossed
the square, 190

And, to the statues of the Pro-
phets bound,

The victims stood, with fagots
piled around.

Then all the air a blast of trum-
pets shook,

And louder sang the monks with
bell and book,

And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and
proud,

Lifted his torch, and, bursting
through the crowd,

Lighted in haste the fagots, and
then fled,

Lest those imploring eyes should
strike him dead!

O pitiless skies! why did your
clouds retain

For peasants' fields their floods of
hoarded rain? 200

O pitiless earth! why opened no
abyss

To bury in its chasm a crime like
this?

That night, a mingled column of
fire and smoke

From the dark thickets of the for-
est broke,

And, glaring o'er the landscape
leagues away,

Made all the fields and hamlets
bright as day.

Wrapped in a sheet of flame the
 castle blazed,
 And as the villagers in terror
 gazed,
 They saw the figure of that cruel
 knight
 Lean from a window in the turret's
 height, 210
 His ghastly face illumined with
 the glare,
 His hands upraised above his head
 in prayer,
 Till the floor sank beneath him,
 and he fell
 Down the black hollow of that
 burning well.

Three centuries and more above
 his bones
 Have piled the oblivious years like
 funeral stones ;
 His name has perished with him,
 and no trace
 Remains on earth of his afflicted
 race ;
 But Torquemada's name, with
 clouds o'ercast,
 Looms in the distant landscape of
 the Past, 220
 Like a burnt tower upon a black-
 ened heath,
 Lit by the fires of burning woods
 beneath !

INTERLUDE

THUS closed the tale of guilt and
 gloom,
 That cast upon each listener's
 face
 Its shadow, and for some brief
 space
 Unbroken silence filled the room.
 The Jew was thoughtful and dis-
 tressed ;
 Upon his memory thronged and
 pressed
 The persecution of his race,
 Their wrongs and sufferings and
 disgrace ;

His head was sunk upon his
 breast,
 And from his eyes alternate came
 Flashes of wrath and tears of
 shame.

The Student first the silence
 broke,
 As one who long has lain in wait,
 With purpose to retaliate,
 And thus he dealt the avenging
 stroke.

'In such a company as this,
 A tale so tragic seems amiss,
 That by its terrible control
 O'ermasters and drags down the
 soul

Into a fathomless abyss.
 The Italian Tales that you dis-
 dain,

Some merry Night of Straparole,
 Or Machiavelli's Belpagor,
 Would cheer us and delight us
 more,

Give greater pleasure and less
 pain

Than your grim tragedies of
 Spain !'

And here the Poet raised his
 hand,

With such entreaty and command,
 It stopped discussion at its birth,
 And said : ' The story I shall tell
 Has meaning in it, if not mirth ;
 Listen, and hear what once befell
 The merry birds of Killingworth !'

THE POET'S TALE

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

It was the season, when through
 all the land

The merle and mavis build, and
 building sing

Those lovely lyrics, written by His
 hand,

Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the
 Blithe-heart King ;

When on the boughs the purple
buds expand,
The banners of the vanguard of
the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and
leap,
And wave their fluttering signals
from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping
loud,
Filled all the blossoming or-
chards with their glee; 10
The sparrows chirped as if they
still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should
mentioned be;
And hungry crows, assembled in a
crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer
incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens
cry, and said:
'Give us, O Lord, this day, our
daily bread!'

Across the Sound the birds of pas-
sage sailed,
Speaking some unknown lan-
guage strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing
hailed
The village with the cheers of
all their fleet; 20
Or quarrelling together, laughed
and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in
the street
Of seaport town, and with out-
landish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening
girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in
Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred
years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled
the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of
the crow,

That mingled with the universal
mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating
woe; 30
They shook their heads, and
doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole
race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened
straightway
To set a price upon the guilty
heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of
pay,
Levied black-mail upon the gar-
den beds
And cornfields, and beheld with-
out dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his
fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their
feast,
Whereby their sinful pleasure was
increased. 40

Then from his house, a temple
painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof
of red,
The Squire came forth, august and
splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic
tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking
left nor right,
Down the long street he walked,
as one who said,
'A town that boasts inhabitants
like me
Can have no lack of good society!'

The Parson, too, appeared, a man
austere,
The instinct of whose nature
was to kill; 50
The wrath of God he preached
from year to year,
And read, with fervor, Edwards
on the Will;

His favorite pastime was to slay
the deer
In Summer on some Adirondac
hill ;
E'en now, while walking down the
rural lane,
He lopped the wayside lilies with
his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry
crowned
The hill of Science with its vane
of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly
round,
Now at the clouds, and now at
the green grass, 60
And all absorbed in reveries pro-
found
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had
said,
As pure as water, and as good as
bread.

And next the Deacon issued from
his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth,
white as snow ;
A suit of sable bombazine he
wore ;
His form was ponderous, and
his step was slow ;
There never was so wise a man
before ;
He seemed the incarnate ' Well,
I told you so ! ' 70
And to perpetuate his great re-
nown
There was a street named after
him in town.

These came together in the new
town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the
region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and
tall,
His air impressive and his rea-
soning sound ;

Ill fared it with the birds, both
great and small ;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd
they found,
But enemies enough, who every
one
Charged them with all the crimes
beneath the sun. 80

When they had ended, from his
place apart
Rose the Preceptor, to redress
the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before
the start,
Looked round bewildered on the
expectant throng ;
Then thought of fair Almira, and
took heart
To speak out what was in him,
clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or
frown,
And quite determined not to be
laughed down.

' Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished
without pity 90
The Poets ; in this little town of
yours,
You put to death, by means of a
Committee,
The ballad-singers and the Trou-
badours,
The street-musicians of the hea-
venly city,
The birds, who make sweet music
for us all
In our dark hours, as David did
for Saul.

' The thrush that carols at the
dawn of day
From the green steeples of the
piny wood ;
The oriole in the elm ; the noisy
jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his
food ; 100

The bluebird balanced on some
topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neigh-
borhood;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all
the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the
gift of song.

' You slay them all! and where-
fore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less
of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other
grain,
Scratched up at random by in-
dustrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after
rain!
Or a few cherries, that are not
so sweet 110
As are the songs these uninvited
guests
Sing at their feast with comforta-
ble breasts.

' Do you ne'er think what won-
drous beings these?
Do you ne'er think who made
them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where
melodies
Alone are the interpreters of
thought?
Whose household words are songs
in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man
e'er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree-tops
even
Are half-way houses on the road
to heaven! 120

' Think, every morning when the
sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows
of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds re-
new
Their old, melodious madrigals
of love!

And when you think of this, re-
member too
'T is always morning somewhere,
and above
The awakening continents, from
shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing
evermore.

' Think of your woods and orchards
without birds!
Of empty nests that cling to
boughs and beams 130
As in an idiot's brain remembered
words
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs
of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of
herds
Make up for the lost music,
when your teams
Drag home the stingy harvest,
and no more
The feathered gleaners follow to
your door?

' What! would you rather see the
incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of
the hay,
And hear the locust and the grass-
hopper
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies
play? 140
Is this more pleasant to you than
the whir
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet
roundelay,
Or twitter of little field-fares, as
you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush
and brake?

' You call them thieves and pilla-
gers: but know,
They are the wingèd wardens of
your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the
insidious foe,
And from your harvests keep a
hundred harms;

Even the blackest of them all, the
crow,
Renders good service as your
man-at-arms, 150
Crushing the beetle in his coat of
mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and
snail.

•How can I teach your children
gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and rever-
ence
For Life, which, in its weakness
or excess,
Is still a gleam of God's omnipo-
tence,
Or Death, which, seeming dark-
ness, is no less
The selfsame light, although
averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions,
and your speech,
You contradict the very things I
teach?' 160

With this he closed; and through
the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of
dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded,
and some bent
Their yellow heads together like
their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun
sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks
and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as
the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of
crows.

There was another audience out
of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in
making laws, 170
But in the papers read his little
speech,
And crowned his modest temples
with applause;

They made him conscious, each
one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished
in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he
won from thee,
O fair Almira at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre be-
gan;
O'er fields and orchards, and
o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror
ran.
Dead fell the birds, with blood-
stains on their breasts, 180
Or wounded crept away from sight
of man,
While the young died of famine
in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans,
not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of
Birds!

The Summer came, and all the
birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals;
the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the or-
chards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and
around
The cultivated fields and garden
beds
Hosts of devouring insects
crawled, and found 190
No foe to check their march, till
they had made
The land a desert without leaf or
shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod,
was the town,
Because, like Herod, it had ruth-
lessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From
the trees spun down
The canker-worms upon the
passers-by.

Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl,
and gown,
Who shook them off with just a
little cry;
They were the terror of each fa-
vorite walk,
The endless theme of all the vil-
lage talk. 200

The farmers grew impatient, but
a few
Confessed their error, and would
not complain,
For after all, the best thing one
can do
When it is raining, is to let it
rain.
Then they repealed the law, al-
though they knew
It would not call the dead to life
again;
As school-boys, finding their mis-
take too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the ac-
cusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Au-
tumn came
Without the light of his majestic
look, 210
The wonder of the falling tongues
of flame,
The illumined pages of his
Doom's-Day book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson
with their shame,
And drowned themselves de-
spairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moan-
ing everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of
the air!

But the next Spring a stranger
sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard
was sung,
As great a wonder as it would
have been
If some dumb animal had found
a tongue! 220

A wagon, overarched with ever-
green,
Upon whose boughs were wicker
cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came
down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and
sweet.

From all the country round these
birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anx-
ious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker
prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places
they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many
thought
Were satires to the authorities
addressed, 230
While others, listening in green
lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been
heard!

But blither still and louder car-
olled they
Upon the morrow, for they
seemed to know
It was the fair Almira's wedding-
day,
And everywhere, around, above,
below,
When the Preceptor bore his bride
away,
Their songs burst forth in joyous
overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a
new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killing-
worth. 240

FINALE

THE hour was late; the fire burned
low,
The Landlord's eyes were closed
in sleep,
And near the story's end a deep,

Sonorous sound at times was
heard,
As when the distant bagpipes blow.
At this all laughed; the Landlord
stirred,
As one awaking from a swoond,
And, gazing anxiously around,
Protested that he had not slept,
But only shut his eyes, and kept
His ears attentive to each word.

Then all arose, and said 'Good
Night.'

Alone remained the drowsy Squire
To rake the embers of the fire,
And quench the waning parlor
light;

While from the windows, here and
there,

The scattered lamps a moment
gleamed,

And the illumined hostel seemed
The constellation of the Bear,
Downward, athwart the misty air,
Sinking and setting toward the
sun.

Far off the village clock struck
one.

PART SECOND

PRELUDE

A COLD, uninterrupted rain,
That washed each southern win-
dow-pane,

And made a river of the road;
A sea of mist that overflowed
The house, the barns, the gilded
vane,

And drowned the upland and the
plain,

Through which the oak-trees,
broad and high,

Like phantom ships went drifting
by;

And, hidden behind a watery
screen,

The sun unseen, or only seen 10
As a faint pallor in the sky;—

Thus cold and colorless and gray,
The morn of that autumnal day,
As if reluctant to begin,
Dawned on the silent Sudbury
Inn,
And all the guests that in it lay.

Full late they slept. They did not
hear

The challenge of Sir Chanticleer,
Who on the empty threshing-floor,
Disdainful of the rain outside, 20
Was strutting with a martial
stride,

As if upon his thigh he wore
The famous broadsword of the
Squire,
And said, 'Behold me, and ad-
mire!'

Only the Poet seemed to hear,
In drowse or dream, more near
and near

Across the border-land of sleep,
The blowing of a blithesome horn,
That laughed the dismal day to
scorn;

A splash of hoofs and rush of
wheels 30
Through sand and mire like strand-
ing keels,

As from the road with sudden
sweep

The Mail drove up the little steep,
And stopped beside the tavern
door;

A moment stopped, and then again
With crack of whip and bark of
dog

Plunged forward through the sea
of fog,

And all was silent as before,—
All silent save the dripping rain.

Then one by one the guests came
down, 40

And greeted with a smile the
Squire,

Who sat before the parlor fire,
Reading the paper fresh from
town.

First the Sicilian, like a bird,
Before his form appeared, was
heard

Whistling and singing down the
stair;

Then came the Student, with a
look

As placid as a meadow-brook;
The Theologian, still perplexed
With thoughts of this world and
the next; 50

The Poet then, as one who seems
Walking in visions and in dreams;
Then the Musician, like a fair
Hyperion from whose golden hair
The radiance of the morning
streams;

And last the aromatic Jew
Of Alicant, who, as he threw
The door wide open, on the air
Breathed round about him a per-
fume

Of damask roses in full bloom, 60
Making a garden of the room.

The breakfast ended, each pur-
sued

The promptings of his various
mood;

Beside the fire in silence smoked
The taciturn, impassive Jew,
Lost in a pleasant reverie;
While, by his gravity provoked,
His portrait the Sicilian drew,
And wrote beneath it 'Edrehi,
At the Red Horse in Sudbury.' 70

By far the busiest of them all,
The Theologian in the hall
Was feeding robins in a cage, —
Two corpulent and lazy birds,
Vagrants and pilferers at best.
If one might trust the hostler's
words,

Chief instrument of their arrest;
Two poets of the Golden Age,
Heirs of a boundless heritage
Of fields and orchards, east and
west, 80

And sunshine of long summer
days,

Though outlawed now and dispos-
sessed! —

Such was the Theologian's phrase.

Meanwhile the Student held dis-
course

With the Musician, on the source
Of all the legendary lore
Among the nations, scattered wide
Like silt and seaweed by the force
And fluctuation of the tide;

The tale repeated o'er and o'er, 90
With change of place and change
of name,

Disguised, transformed, and yet
the same

We've heard a hundred times be-
fore.

The Poet at the window mused,
And saw, as in a dream confused,
The countenance of the Sun, dis-
crowned,

And haggard with a pale despair,
And saw the cloud-rack trail and
drift

Before it, and the trees uplift
Their leafless branches, and the
air 100

Filled with the arrows of the rain,
And heard amid the mist below,
Like voices of distress and pain,
That haunt the thoughts of men
insane,

The fateful cawings of the crow.

Then down the road, with mud be-
sprent,

And drenched with rain from head
to hoof,

The rain-drops dripping from his
mane

And tail as from a pent-house roof,
A jaded horse, his head down
bent, 110

Passed slowly, limping as he went.

The young Sicilian — who had
grown

Impatient longer to abide
A prisoner, greatly mortified

To see completely overthrown
His plans for angling in the brook,
And, leaning o'er the bridge of
stone,

To watch the speckled trout glide
by,

And float through the inverted sky,
Still round and round the baited
hook — 120

Now paced the room with rapid
stride,

And, pausing at the Poet's side,
Looked forth, and saw the wretch-
ed steed,

And said: 'Alas for human greed,
That with cold hand and stony
eye

Thus turns an old friend out to die,
Or beg his food from gate to gate!
This brings a tale into my mind,
Which, if you are not disinclined
To listen, I will now relate.' 130

All gave assent; all wished to
hear,

Not without many a jest and jeer,
The story of a spavined steed;
And even the Student with the rest
Put in his pleasant little jest
Out of Malherbe, that Pegasus
Is but a horse that with all speed
Bears poets to the hospital;
While the Sicilian, self-possessed,
After a moment's interval 140
Began his simple story thus.

THE SICILIAN'S TALE

THE BELL OF ATRI

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant
renown,

One of those little places that have
run

Half up the hill, beneath a blazing
sun,

And then sat down to rest, as if to
say,

I climb no farther upward, come
what may.' —

The Re Giovanni, now unknown to
fame,

So many monarchs since have
borne the name,

Had a great bell hung in the mar-
ket-place,

Beneath a roof, projecting some
small space 10

By way of shelter from the sun
and rain.

Then rode he through the streets
with all his train,

And, with the blast of trumpets
loud and long,

Made proclamation, that whenever
wrong

Was done to any man, he should
but ring

The great bell in the square, and
he, the King,

Would cause the Syndic to decide
thereon.

Such was the proclamation of King
John.

How swift the happy days in Atri
sped,

What wrongs were righted, need
not here be said. 20

Suffice it that, as all things must
decay,

The hempen rope at length was
worn away,

Unravelled at the end, and, strand
by strand,

Loosened and wasted in the ring-
er's hand,

Till one, who noted this in passing
by,

Mended the rope with braids of
briony,

So that the leaves and tendrils of
the vine

Hung like a votive garland at a
shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri
dwelt

A knight, with spur on heel and
sword in belt, 30

Who loved to hunt the wild-boar
 in the woods,
 Who loved his falcons with their
 crimson hoods,
 Who loved his hounds and horses,
 and all sports
 And prodigalities of camps and
 courts; —
 Loved, or had loved them; for at
 last, grown old,
 His only passion was the love of
 gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks
 and hounds,
 Rented his vineyards and his gar-
 den-grounds,
 Kept but one steed, his favorite
 steed of all,
 To starve and shiver in a naked
 stall, ⁴⁰
 And day by day sat brooding in
 his chair,
 Devising plans how best to hoard
 and spare.

At length he said: 'What is the
 use or need
 To keep at my own cost this lazy
 steed,
 Eating his head off in my stables
 here,
 When rents are low and provender
 is dear?
 Let him go feed upon the public
 ways;
 I want him only for the holidays.'
 So the old steed was turned into
 the heat
 Of the long, lonely, silent, shade-
 less street; ⁵⁰
 And wandered in suburban lanes
 forlorn,
 Barked at by dogs, and torn by
 brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry
 clime
 It is the custom in the summer
 time,

With bolted doors and window-
 shutters closed,
 The inhabitants of Atri slept or
 dozed;
 When suddenly upon their senses
 fell
 The loud alarm of the accusing
 bell!
 The Syndic started from his deep
 repose,
 Turned on his couch, and listened,
 and then rose ⁶⁰
 And donned his robes, and with re-
 luctant pace
 Went panting forth into the mar-
 ket-place,
 Where the great bell upon its cross-
 beams swung,
 Reiterating with persistent tongue,
 In half-articulate jargon, the old
 song:
 'Some one hath done a wrong,
 hath done a wrong!'

But ere he reached the belfry's
 light arcade
 He saw, or thought he saw, be-
 neath its shade,
 No shape of human form of woman
 born,
 But a poor steed dejected and for-
 lorn, ⁷⁰
 Who with uplifted head and eager
 eye
 Was tugging at the vines of briony.
 'Domeneddio!' cried the Syndic
 straight,
 'This is the Knight of Atri's steed
 of state!
 He calls for justice, being sore dis-
 tressed,
 And pleads his cause as loudly as
 the best.'

Meanwhile from street and lane a
 noisy crowd
 Had rolled together like a summer
 cloud,
 And told the story of the wretched
 beast

In five-and-twenty different ways
 at least, 80
 With much gesticulation and appeal
 To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
 The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
 Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
 Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
 And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
 Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
 That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
 The proclamation of the King;
 then said: 90
 'Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
 But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
 Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
 Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds!
 These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
 They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
 What fair renown, what honor, what repute
 Can come to you from starving this poor brute?
 He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
 Than they who clamor loudest at the door. 100
 Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
 Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
 To comfort his old age, and to provide
 Shelter in stall, and food and field beside.'

The Knight withdrew abashed; the people all
 Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
 The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
 And cried aloud: 'Right well it pleaseth me!
 Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
 But go not in to mass; my bell doth more: 110
 It cometh into court and pleads the cause
 Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
 And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
 The Bell of Atri famous for all time.'

INTERLUDE

'YES, well your story pleads the cause
 Of those dumb mouths that have no speech,
 Only a cry from each to each
 In its own kind, with its own laws;
 Something that is beyond the reach
 Of human power to learn or teach,—
 An inarticulate moan of pain,
 Like the immeasurable main
 Breaking upon an unknown beach.'

Thus spake the Poet with a sigh;
 Then added, with impassioned cry,
 As one who feels the words he speaks,
 The color flushing in his cheeks,
 The fervor burning in his eye:
 'Among the noblest in the land,
 Though he may count himself the least,
 That man I honor and revere
 Who without favor, without fear,
 In the great city dares to stand
 The friend of every friendless beast.'

And tames with his unflinching hand
 The brutes that wear our form and face,
 The were-wolves of the human race!
 Then paused, and waited with a frown,
 Like some old champion of romance,
 Who, having thrown his gauntlet down,
 Expectant leans upon his lance;
 But neither Knight nor Squire is found
 To raise the gauntlet from the ground,
 And try with him the battle's chance.

'Wake from your dreams, O Edehi!
 Or dreaming speak to us, and make
 A feint of being half awake,
 And tell us what your dreams may be.
 Out of the hazy atmosphere
 Of cloud-land deign to reappear
 Among us in this Wayside Inn;
 Tell us what visions and what scenes
 Illuminate the dark ravines
 In which you grope your way. Begin!'

Thus the Sicilian spake. The Jew
 Made no reply, but only smiled,
 As men unto a wayward child,
 Not knowing what to answer, do.
 As from a cavern's mouth, o'er-grown
 With moss and intertangled vines,
 A streamlet leaps into the light
 And murmurs over root and stone
 In a melodious undertone;
 Or as amid the noonday night
 Of sombre and wind-haunted pines
 There runs a sound as of the sea;
 So from his bearded lips there came

A melody without a name,
 A song, a tale, a history,
 Or whatsoever it may be,
 Writ and recorded in these lines.

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

KAMBALU

INTO the city of Kambalu,
 By the road that leadeth to Ispahan,
 At the head of his dusty caravan,
 Laden with treasure from realms afar,
 Baldacca and Kelat and Kandarhar,
 Rode the great captain Alau.

The Khan from his palace-window
 Gazed,
 And saw in the thronging street
 Beneath,
 In the light of the setting sun, that
 Blazed
 Through the clouds of dust by the
 Caravan raised,
 The flash of harness and jewelled
 Sheath,
 And the shining scimitars of the
 Guard,
 And the weary camels that bared
 Their teeth,
 As they passed and passed
 Through the gates unbarred
 Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu
 Rode the great captain Alau;
 And he stood before the Khan, and
 Said:

'The enemies of my lord are dead;
 All the Kalifs of all the West
 Bow and obey thy least behest;
 The plains are dark with the mulberry-trees,
 The weavers are busy in Samarcand,
 The miners are sifting the golden
 sand,

The divers plunging for pearls in
the seas,
And peace and plenty are in the
land.

'Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone,
Rose in revolt against thy throne:
His treasures are at thy palace-
door,
With the swords and the shawls
and the jewels he wore; 30
His body is dust o'er the desert
blown.

'A mile outside of Baldacca's gate
I left my forces to lie in wait,
Concealed by forests and hillocks
of sand,
And forward dashed with a hand-
ful of men,
To lure the old tiger from his
den
Into the ambush I had planned.
Ere we reached the town the alarm
was spread,
For we heard the sound of gongs
from within;
And with clash of cymbals and
warlike din 40
The gates swung wide; and we
turned and fled;
And the garrison sallied forth and
pursued,
With the gray old Kalif at their
head,
And above them the banner of
Mohammed;
So we snared them all, and the
town was subdued.

'As in at the gate we rode, behold,
A tower that is called the Tower
of Gold!
For there the Kalif had hidden his
wealth,
Heaped and hoarded and piled on
high,
Like sacks of wheat in a gran-
ary; 50
And thither the miser crept by
stealth

To feel of the gold that gave him
health,
And to gaze and gloat with his
hungry eye
On jewels that gleamed like a glow-
worm's spark,
Or the eyes of a panther in the
dark.

'I said to the Kalif: "Thou art
old,
Thou hast no need of so much
gold.
Thou shouldst not have heaped
and hidden it here,
Till the breath of battle was hot
and near,
But have sown through the land
these useless hoards 60
To spring into shining blades of
swords,
And keep thine honor sweet and
clear.
These grains of gold are not grains
of wheat;
These bars of silver thou canst not
eat;
These jewels and pearls and pre-
cious stones
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of Death one
hour
From climbing the stairways of
thy tower!"

'Then into his dungeon I locked
the drone,
And left him to feed there all
alone 70
In the honey-cells of his golden
hive;
Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a
groan
Was heard from those massive
walls of stone,
Nor again was the Kalif seen
alive!

'When at last we unlocked the
door,
We found him dead upon the floor;

The rings had dropped from his
withered hands,
His teeth were like bones in the
desert sands :
Still clutching his treasure he had
died ;
And as he lay there, he ap-
peared 80
A statue of gold with a silver
beard,
His arms outstretched as if cruci-
fied.'

This is the story, strange and true,
That the great captain Alau
Told to his brother the Tartar
Khan,
When he rode that day into Kam-
balu
By the road that leadeth to Ispa-
han.

INTERLUDE

' I THOUGHT before your tale be-
gan,'
The Student murmured, ' we
should have
Some legend written by Judah Rav
In his Gemara of Babylon ;
Or something from the Gulistan, —
The tale of the Cazy of Hamadan,
Or of that King of Khorasan
Who saw in dreams the eyes of one
That had a hundred years been
dead
Still moving restless in his head,
Undimmed, and gleaming with the
lust
Of power, though all the rest was
dust.

' But lo ! your glittering caravan
On the road that leadeth to Ispa-
han
Hath led us farther to the East
Into the regions of Cathay.
Spite of your Kalif and his gold,
Pleasant has been the tale you
told,

And full of color ; that at least
No one will question or gainsay.
And yet on such a dismal day
We need a merrier tale to clear
The dark and heavy atmosphere.
So listen, Lordlings, while I tell,
Without a preface, what befell
A simple cobbler, in the year —
No matter ; it was long ago ;
And that is all we need to know.'

THE STUDENT'S TALE

THE COBBLER OF HAGENAU

I TRUST that somewhere and
somehow
You all have heard of Hagenau,
A quiet, quaint, and ancient town
Among the green Alsatian hills,
A place of valleys, streams, and
mills,
Where Barbarossa's castle, brown
With rust of centuries, still looks
down
On the broad, drowsy land be-
low, —
On shadowy forests filled with
game,
And the blue river winding slow 10
Through meadows, where the
hedges grow
That give this little town its name.

It happened in the good old times,
While yet the Master-singers filled
The noisy workshop and the guild
With various melodies and rhymes,
That here in Hagenau there dwelt
A cobbler, — one who loved de-
bate,
And, arguing from a postulate,
Would say what others only
felt ; 20
A man of forecast and of thrift,
And of a shrewd and careful mind
In this world's business, but in-
clined
Somewhat to let the next world
drift.

Hans Sachs with vast delight he
read,

And Regenbogen's rhymes of love,
For their poetic fame had spread
Even to the town of Hagenau;

And some Quick Melody of the
Plough,

Or Double Harmony of the
Dove 30

Was always running in his head.

He kept, moreover, at his side,
Among his leathers and his tools,
Reynard the Fox, the Ship of

Fools,

Or Eulenspiegel, open wide;

With these he was much edified:

He thought them wiser than the
Schools.

His good wife, full of godly fear,
Liked not these worldly themes to
hear;

The Psalter was her book of
songs; 40

The only music to her ear
Was that which to the Church be-
longs,

When the loud choir on Sunday
chanted,

And the two angels carved in
wood,

That by the windy organ stood,
Blew on their trumpets loud and
clear,

And all the echoes, far and near,
Gibbered as if the church were
haunted.

Outside his door, one afternoon,
This humble votary of the muse 50

Sat in the narrow strip of shade
By a projecting cornice made,

Mending the Burgomaster's shoes,
And singing a familiar tune:—

'Our ingress into the world
Was naked and bare;

Our progress through the world
Is trouble and care;

Our egress from the world
Will be nobody knows where:

But if we do well here 61
We shall do well there;
And I could tell you no more,
Should I preach a whole year!

Thus sang the cobbler at his work;
And with his gestures marked the
time,

Closing together with a jerk
Of his waxed thread the stitch and
rhyme.

Meanwhile his quiet little dame
Was leaning o'er the window-
sill, 70

Eager, excited, but mouse-still,
Gazing impatiently to see
What the great throng of folk
might be

That onward in procession came,
Along the unfrequented street,
With horns that blew, and drums
that beat,

And banners flying, and the flame
Of tapers, and, at times, the sweet
Voices of nuns; and as they sang
Suddenly all the church-bells
rang. 80

In a gay coach, above the crowd,
There sat a monk in ample hood,
Who with his right hand held aloft
A red and ponderous cross of
wood,

To which at times he meekly
bowed.

In front three horsemen rode, and
oft,

With voice and air importunate,
A boisterous herald cried aloud:

'The grace of God is at your gate!
So onward to the church they
passed. 90

The cobbler slowly turned his last,
And, wagging his sagacious head,
Unto his kneeling housewife said:
'Tis the monk Tetzl. I have
heard

The cawings of that reverend
bird.

Don't let him cheat you of your
gold;
Indulgence is not bought and
sold.'

The church of Hagenau, that
night,
Was full of people, full of light;
An odor of incense filled the
air, ¹⁰⁰
The priest intoned, the organ
groaned

Its inarticulate despair;
The candles on the altar blazed,
And full in front of it upraised
The red cross stood against the
glare.

Below, upon the altar-rail
Indulgences were set to sale,
Like ballads at a country fair.
A heavy strong-box, iron-bound
And carved with many a quaint
device, ¹¹⁰
Received, with a melodious sound,
The coin that purchased Paradise.

Then from the pulpit overhead,
Tetzel the monk, with fiery glow,
Thundered upon the crowd below.
'Good people all, draw near!' he
said;
'Purchase these letters, signed
and sealed,
By which all sins, though unre-
vealed

And unrepented, are forgiven!
Count but the gain, count not the
loss! ¹²⁰
Your gold and silver are but dross,
And yet they pave the way to hea-
ven.

I hear your mothers and your sires
Cry from their purgatorial fires,
And will ye not their ransom pay?
O senseless people! when the gate
Of heaven is open, will ye wait?
Will ye not enter in to-day?
To-morrow it will be too late;
I shall be gone upon my way. ¹³⁰
Make haste! bring money while
ye may!'

The women shuddered, and turned
pale;
Allured by hope or driven by fear,
With many a sob and many a tear,
All crowded to the altar-rail.

Pieces of silver and of gold
Into the tinkling strong-box fell
Like pebbles dropped into a well;
And soon the ballads were all
sold.

The cobbler's wife among the
rest ¹⁴⁰

Slipped into the capacious chest
A golden florin; then withdrew,
Hiding the paper in her breast;
And homeward through the dark-
ness went

Comforted, quieted, content;
She did not walk, she rather flew,
A dove that settles to her nest,
When some appalling bird of prey
That scared her has been driven
away.

The days went by, the monk was
gone, ¹⁵⁰

The summer passed, the winter
came;

Though seasons changed, yet still
the same

The daily round of life went on;
The daily round of household care,
The narrow life of toil and prayer.
But in her heart the cobbler's
dame

Had now a treasure beyond price,
A secret joy without a name,
The certainty of Paradise.

Alas, alas! Dust unto dust! ¹⁶⁰
Before the winter wore away,
Her body in the churchyard lay,
Her patient soul was with the
Just!

After her death, among the things
That even the poor preserve with
care,—

Some little trinkets and cheap
rings,

A locket with her mother's hair,
Her wedding gown, the faded
flowers

She wore upon her wedding day, —
 Among these memories of past
 hours, 170
 That so much of the heart reveal,
 Carefully kept and put away,
 The Letter of Indulgence lay
 Folded, with signature and seal.

Meanwhile the Priest, aggrieved
 and pained,
 Waited and wondered that no
 word

Of mass or requiem he heard,
 As by the Holy Church ordained:
 Then to the Magistrate com-
 plained,

That as this woman had been
 dead 180
 A week or more, and no mass
 said,

It was rank heresy, or at least
 Contempt of Church; thus said
 the Priest;
 And straight the cobbler was ar-
 raigned.

He came, confiding in his cause,
 But rather doubtful of the laws.
 The Justice from his elbow-chair
 Gave him a look that seemed to
 say:

'Thou standest before a Magis-
 trate,

Therefore do not prevaricate!' 190
 Then asked him in a business
 way,

Kindly but cold: 'Is thy wife
 dead?'

The cobbler meekly bowed his
 head;

'She is,' came struggling from his
 throat

Scarce audibly. The Justice wrote
 The words down in a book, and
 then

Continued, as he raised his pen;
 'She is; and hath a mass been
 said

For the salvation of her soul?
 Come, speak the truth! confess
 the whole!' 200

The cobbler without pause re-
 plied:

'Of mass or prayer there was no
 need;

For at the moment when she died
 Her soul was with the glorified!'
 And from his pocket with all
 speed

He drew the priestly title-deed,
 And prayed the Justice he would
 read.

The Justice read, amused, amazed;
 And as he read his mirth in-
 creased;

At times his shaggy brows he
 raised, 210

Now wondering at the cobbler
 gazed,

Now archly at the angry Priest.
 'From all excesses, sins, and
 crimes

Thou hast committed in past
 times

Thee I absolve! And further-
 more,

Purified from all earthly taints,
 To the communion of the Saints
 And to the sacraments restore!
 All stains of weakness, and all
 trace

Of shame and censure I efface;
 Remit the pains thou shouldst en-
 dure, 221

And make thee innocent and pure,
 So that in dying, unto thee
 The gates of heaven shall open
 be!

Though long thou livest, yet this
 grace

Until the moment of thy death
 Unchangeable continueth!'

Then said he to the Priest: 'I find
 This document is duly signed
 Brother John Tetzl, his own
 hand. 230

At all tribunals in the land
 In evidence it may be used;
 Therefore acquitted is the ac-
 cused.'

Then to the cobbler turned: 'My friend,
Pray tell me, didst thou ever read
Reynard the Fox?'—'Oh yes, indeed!'—
'I thought so. Don't forget the end.'

INTERLUDE

'WHAT was the end? I am ashamed

Not to remember Reynard's fate;
I have not read the book of late;
Was he not hanged?' the Poet said.

The Student gravely shook his head,

And answered: 'You exaggerate.
There was a tournament proclaimed,

And Reynard fought with Isegrim
The Wolf, and having vanquished him,

Rose to high honor in the State,
And Keeper of the Seals was named!'

At this the gay Sicilian laughed:
'Fight fire with fire, and craft with craft;

Successful cunning seems to be
The moral of your tale,' said he.
'Mine had a better, and the Jew's
Had none at all, that I could see;
His aim was only to amuse.'

Meanwhile from out its ebon case
His violin the Minstrel drew,
And having tuned its strings anew,
Now held it close in his embrace,
And poising in his outstretched hand

The bow, like a magician's wand,
He paused, and said, with beaming face:

'Last night my story was too long;

To-day I give you but a song,
An old tradition of the North;
But first, to put you in the mood,
I will a little while prelude,

And from this instrument draw forth
Something by way of overture.'

He played; at first the tones were pure

And tender as a summer night,
The full moon climbing to her height,

The sob and ripple of the seas,
The flapping of an idle sail;
And then by sudden and sharp degrees

The multiplied, wild harmonies
Freshened and burst into a gale;
A tempest howling through the dark,

A crash as of some shipwrecked bark,
A loud and melancholy wail.

Such was the prelude to the tale
Told by the Minstrel; and at times

He paused amid its varying rhymes,

And at each pause again broke in
The music of his violin,
With tones of sweetness or of fear,
Movements of trouble or of calm,
Creating their own atmosphere;
As sitting in a church we hear
Between the verses of the psalm
The organ playing soft and clear,
Or thundering on the startled ear.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

I

AT Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,
Within the sandy bar,
At sunset of a summer's day,
Ready for sea, at anchor lay
The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,
And played along her side;

And through the cabin windows
streamed
In ripples of golden light, that
seemed
The ripple of the tide. 10

There sat the captain with his
friends,
Old skippers brown and hale,
Who smoked and grumbled o'er
their grog,
And talked of iceberg and of fog,
Of calm and storm and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's
yarn
About Klaboterman,
The Kobold of the sea; a spright
Invisible to mortal sight,
Who o'er the rigging ran. 20

Sometimes he hammered in the
hold,
Sometimes upon the mast,
Sometimes abeam, sometimes
abaft,
Or at the bows he sang and
laughed,
And made all tight and fast.

He helped the sailors at their
work,
And toiled with jovial din;
He helped them hoist and reef the
sails,
He helped them stow the casks
and bales,
And heave the anchor in. 30

But woe unto the lazy louts,
The idlers of the crew;
Them to torment was his delight,
And worry them by day and night,
And pinch them black and blue.

And woe to him whose mortal eyes
Klaboterman behold.
It is a certain sign of death!—
The cabin-boy here held his
breath,
He felt his blood run cold. 40

II

The jolly skipper paused awhile,
And then again began;
'There is a Spectre Ship,' quoth
he,
'A ship of the Dead that sails the
sea,
And is called the Carmilhan.

'A ghostly ship, with a ghostly
crew,
In tempests she appears;
And before the gale, or against
the gale,
She sails without a rag of sail,
Without a helmsman steers. 50

'She haunts the Atlantic north
and south,
But mostly the mid-sea,
Where three great rocks rise bleak
and bare
Like furnace chimneys in the air,
And are called the Chimneys
Three.

'And ill betide the luckless ship
That meets the Carmilhan;
Over her decks the seas will leap,
She must go down into the deep,
And perish mouse and man.' 60

The captain of the Valdemar
Laughed loud with merry heart.
'I should like to see this ship,'
said he;
'I should like to find these Chim-
neys Three
That are marked down in the
chart.

'I have sailed right over the spot,'
he said,
'With a good stiff breeze be-
hind,
When the sea was blue, and the
sky was clear,—
You can follow my course by these
pinholes here,—
And never a rock could find.' 70

And then he swore a dreadful
oath,
He swore by the Kingdoms
Three,
That, should he meet the Carmil-
han,
He would run her down, although
he ran
Right into Eternity!

All this, while passing to and
fro,
The cabin-boy had heard;
He lingered at the door to hear,
And drank in all with greedy ear,
And pondered every word. 80

He was a simple country lad,
But of a roving mind.
'Oh, it must be like heaven,'
thought he,
'Those far-off foreign lands to see,
And fortune seek and find!'

But in the fo'castle, when he heard
The mariners blaspheme,
He thought of home, he thought of
God,
And his mother under the church-
yard sod,
And wished it were a dream. 90

One friend on board that ship had
he;
'T was the Klaboterman,
Who saw the Bible in his chest,
And made a sign upon his breast,
All evil things to ban.

III

The cabin windows have grown
blank
As eyeballs of the dead;
No more the glancing sunbeams
burn
On the gilt letters of the stern,
But on the figure-head; 100

On Valdemar Victorious,
Who looketh with disdain

To see his image in the tide
Dismembered float from side to
side,
And reunite again.

'It is the wind,' those skippers
said,
'That swings the vessel so;
It is the wind; it freshens fast,
'T is time to say farewell at last,
'T is time for us to go.' 110

They shook the captain by the
hand,
'Good luck! good luck!' they
cried;
Each face was like the setting sun,
As, broad and red, they one by one
Went o'er the vessel's side.

The sun went down, the full moon
rose,
Serene o'er field and flood;
And all the winding creeks and
bays
And broad sea-meadows seemed
ablaze,
The sky was red as blood. 120

The southwest wind blew fresh
and fair,
As fair as wind could be;
Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,
With all sail set, the Valdemar
Went proudly out to sea.

The lovely moon climbs up the sky
As one who walks in dreams;
A tower of marble in her light,
A wall of black, a wall of white,
The stately vessel seems. 130

Low down upon the sandy coast
The lights begin to burn;
And now, uplifted high in air,
They kindle with a fiercer glare,
And now drop far astern.

The dawn appears, the land is
gone,
The sea is all around;

Then on each hand low hills of
sand
Emerge and form another land ;
She steereth through the Sound.

Through Kattegat and Skager-
rack 141
She flitteth like a ghost ;
By day and night, by night and
day,
She bounds, she flies upon her way
Along the English coast.

Cape Finisterre is drawing near,
Cape Finisterre is past ;
Into the open ocean stream
She floats, the vision of a dream
Too beautiful to last. 150

Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet
There is no land in sight ;
The liquid planets overhead
Burn brighter now the moon is
dead,
And longer stays the night.

IV

And now along the horizon's edge
Mountains of cloud uprose,
Black as with forests underneath,
Above, their sharp and jagged
teeth
Were white as drifted snows. 160

Unseen behind them sank the
sun,
But flushed each snowy peak
A little while with rosy light,
That faded slowly from the sight
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky,—all black,
all black ;
The clouds were everywhere ;
There was a feeling of suspense
In nature, a mysterious sense
Of terror in the air. 170

And all on board the Valdemar
Was still as still could be ;

Save when the dismal ship-bell
tolled,
As ever and anon she rolled,
And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck
Went striding to and fro ;
Now watched the compass at the
wheel,
Now lifted up his hand to feel 179
Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails,
And now upon the deep ;
In every fibre of his frame
He felt the storm before it came,
He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells ! and suddenly abaft,
With a great rush of rain,
Making the ocean white with
spume,
In darkness like the day of doom,
On came the hurricane. 190

The lightning flashed from cloud
to cloud,
And rent the sky in two ;
A jagged flame, a single jet
Of white fire, like a bayonet,
That pierced the eyeballs
through.

Then all around was dark again,
And blacker than before ;
But in that single flash of light
He had beheld a fearful sight,
And thought of the oath he
swore. 200

For right ahead lay the Ship of the
Dead,
The ghostly Carmilhan !
Her masts were stripped, her
yards were bare,
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,
Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on
deck
Or clambering up the shrouds ;

The boatswain's whistle, the captain's hail
Were like the piping of the gale,
And thunder in the clouds. 210

And close behind the Carmilhan
There rose up from the sea,
As from a foundered ship of stone,
Three bare and splintered masts
alone :
They were the Chimneys Three.

And onward dashed the Valdemar
And leaped into the dark ;
A denser mist, a colder blast,
A little shudder, and she had
passed
Right through the Phantom
Bark. 220

She cleft in twain the shadowy
hulk,
But cleft it unaware ;
As when, careering to her nest,
The sea-gull severs with her breast
The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed ; again
They saw the Carmilhan,
Whole as before in hull and spar ;
But now on board of the Valdemar
Stood the Klaboterman. 230

And they all knew their doom was
sealed ;
They knew that death was near ;
Some prayed who never prayed
before,
And some they wept, and some
they swore,
And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,
And louder than wind or sea
A cry burst from the crew on deck,
As she dashed and crashed, a hope-
less wreck,
Upon the Chimneys Three. 240

The storm and night were passed,
the light
To streak the east began ;

The cabin-boy, picked up at sea,
Survived the wreck, and only he,
To tell of the Carmilhan.

INTERLUDE

WHEN the long murmur of ap-
plause
That greeted the Musician's lay
Had slowly buzzed itself away,
And the long talk of Spectre Ships
That followed died upon their lips
And came unto a natural pause,
' These tales you tell are one and
all
Of the Old World,' the Poet said,
' Flowers gathered from a crum-
bling wall,
Dead leaves that rustle as they
fall ;
Let me present you in their stead
Something of our New England
earth,
A tale, which, though of no great
worth,
Has still this merit, that it yields
A certain freshness of the fields,
A sweetness as of home-made
bread.'

The Student answered: ' Be dis-
creet ;
For if the flour be fresh and
sound,
And if the bread be light and
sweet,
Who careth in what mill 't was
ground,
Or of what oven felt the heat,
Unless, as old Cervantes said,
You are looking after better bread
Than any that is made of wheat ?
You know that people nowadays
To what is old give little praise ;
All must be new in prose and
verse ;
They want hot bread, or something
worse,
Fresh every morning, and half
baked ;

The wholesome bread of yesterday,
Too stale for them, is thrown away,
Nor is their thirst with water slaked.'

As oft we see the sky in May
Threaten to rain, and yet not rain,
The Poet's face, before so gay,
Was clouded with a look of pain,
But suddenly brightened up again;
And without further lèt or stay
He told his tale of yesterday.

THE POET'S TALE

LADY WENTWORTH

ONE hundred years ago, and something more,
In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern door,
Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,
Stood Mistress Stavers in her fur-belowes,
Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.
Above her head, resplendent on the sign,
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,
Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms, ¹⁰
And half resolved, though he was past his prime,
And rather damaged by the lapse of time,
To fall down at her feet, and to declare
The passion that had driven him to despair.
For from his lofty station he had seen
Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-green,

Drive his new Flying Stage-coach,
four in hand,
Down the long lane, and out into the land,
And knew that he was far upon the way
To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay! ²⁰

Just then the meditations of the Earl
Were interrupted by a little girl,
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare,
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon,
A creature men would worship and adore,
Though now in mean habiliments she bore
A pail of water, dripping through the street,
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet. ³⁰

It was a pretty picture, full of grace,—
The slender form, the delicate, thin face;
The swaying motion, as she hurried by;
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced,
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced:
And with uncommon feelings of delight
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her say
These words, or thought he did, as plain as day: ⁴⁰
'O Martha Hilton! Fie! how dare you go

About the town half dressed, and
looking so!’

At which the gypsy laughed, and
straight replied :

‘No matter how I look ; I yet
shall ride

In my own chariot, ma’am.’ And
on the child

The Earl of Halifax benignly
smiled,

As with her heavy burden she
passed on,

Looked back, then turned the
corner, and was gone.

What next, upon that memorable
day,

Arrested his attention was a
gay 50

And brilliant equipage, that flashed
and spun,

The silver harness glittering in the
sun,

Outriders with red jackets, lithe
and lank,

Pounding the saddles as they rose
and sank,

While all alone within the chariot
sat

A portly person with three-cor-
nered hat,

A crimson velvet coat, head high
in air,

Gold-headed cane, and nicely pow-
dered hair,

And diamond buckles sparkling
at his knees,

Dignified, stately, florid, much at
ease. 60

Onward the pageant swept, and as
it passed,

Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied
low and fast ;

For this was Governor Wentworth,
driving down

To Little Harbor, just beyond the
town,

Where his Great House stood look-
ing out to sea,

A goodly place, where it was good
to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an
abode

Near and yet hidden from the
great high-road,

Sequestered among trees, a noble
pile, 69

Baronial and colonial in its style ;

Gables and dormer-windows every-
where,

And stacks of chimneys rising high
in air, —

Pandæan pipes, on which all winds
that blew

Made mournful music the whole
winter through.

Within, unwonted splendors met
the eye,

Panels, and floors of oak, and tap-
estry ;

Carved chimney-pieces, where on
brazen dogs

Revelled and roared the Christmas
fires of logs ;

Doors opening into darkness un-
awares,

Mysterious passages, and flights
of stairs ; 80

And on the walls, in heavy gilded
frames,

The ancestral Wentworths with
Old-Scripture names.

Such was the mansion where the
great man dwelt,

A widower and childless ; and he
felt

The loneliness, the uncongenial
gloom,

That like a presence haunted every
room ;

For though not given to weakness,
he could feel

The pain of wounds, that ache be-
cause they heal.

The years came and the years
went, — seven in all,

And passed in cloud and sunshine
o’er the Hall ; 90

The dawns their splendor through
its chambers shed.

The sunsets flushed its western
windows red ;
The snow was on the roofs, the
wind, the rain ;
Its woodlands were in leaf and
bare again ;
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs
bloomed and died,
In the broad river ebbed and
flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came
home from sea,
And the slow years sailed by and
ceased to be.

And all these years had Martha
Hilton served
In the Great House, not wholly
unobserved : 100
By day, by night, the silver cres-
cent grew,
Though hidden by clouds, her light
still shining through ;
A maid of all work, whether coarse
or fine,
A servant who made service seem
divine !
Through her each room was fair to
look upon ;
The mirrors glistened, and the
brasses shone,
The very knocker on the outer
door,
If she but passed, was brighter
than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of
the mill
Of time, that never for an hour
stands still, 110
Ground out the Governor's six-
tieth birthday,
And powdered his brown hair with
silver-gray.
The robin, the forerunner of the
spring,
The bluebird with his jocund
carolling,
The restless swallows building in
the eaves,

The golden buttercups, the grass,
the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of
May,
All welcomed this majestic holi-
day !
He gave a splendid banquet, served
on plate,
Such as became the Governor of
the State, 120
Who represented England and the
King,
And was magnificent in every-
thing.
He had invited all his friends and
peers, —
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and
the Lears,
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows,
and the rest ;
For why repeat the name of every
guest ?
But I must mention one in bands
and gown,
The rector there, the Reverend
Arthur Brown
Of the Established Church ; with
smiling face
He sat beside the Governor and
said grace ; 130
And then the feast went on, as
others do,
But ended as none other I e'er
knew.

When they had drunk the King,
with many a cheer,
The Governor whispered in a ser-
vant's ear,
Who disappeared, and presently
there stood
Within the room, in perfect wo-
manhood,
A maiden, modest and yet self-
possessed,
Youthful and beautiful, and sim-
ply dressed.
Can this be Martha Hilton ? It
must be !
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other
she ! 140

Dowered with the beauty of her
 twenty years,
 How ladylike, how queenlike she
 appears ;
 The pale, thin crescent of the days
 gone by
 Is Dian now in all her majesty !
 Yet scarce a guest perceived that
 she was there,
 Until the Governor, rising from
 his chair,
 Played slightly with his ruffles,
 then looked down,
 And said unto the Reverend Ar-
 thur Brown :
 ' This is my birthday : it shall
 likewise be
 My wedding-day ; and you shall
 marry me ! ' 150

The listening guests were greatly
 mystified,
 None more so than the rector, who
 replied :
 ' Marry you ? Yes, that were a
 pleasant task,
 Your Excellency ; but to whom ?
 I ask.'
 The Governor answered : ' To
 this lady here ;'
 And beckoned Martha Hilton to
 draw near.
 She came and stood, all blushes,
 at his side.
 The rector paused. The impa-
 tient Governor cried :
 ' This is the lady ; do you hesitate ?
 Then I command you as Chief
 Magistrate.' 160
 The rector read the service loud
 and clear :
 ' Dearly beloved, we are gathered
 here,'
 And so on to the end. At his com-
 mand
 On the fourth finger of her fair left
 hand
 The Governor placed the ring ;
 and that was all :
 Martha was Lady Wentworth of
 the Hall !

INTERLUDE

WELL pleased the audience heard
 the tale.
 The Theologian said : ' Indeed,
 To praise you there is little need ;
 One almost hears the farmer's flail
 Thresh out your wheat, nor does
 there fail
 A certain freshness, as you said,
 And sweetness as of home-made
 bread.
 But not less sweet and not less fresh
 Are many legends that I know,
 Writ by the monks of long-ago,
 Who loved to mortify the flesh,
 So that the soul might purer grow,
 And rise to a diviner state ;
 And one of these — perhaps of all
 Most beautiful — I now recall,
 And with permission will narrate ;
 Hoping thereby to make amends
 For that grim tragedy of mine,
 As strong and black as Spanish
 wine,
 I told last night, and wish almost
 It had remained untold, my friends ;
 For Torquemada's awful ghost
 Came to me in the dreams I
 dreamed,
 And in the darkness glared and
 gleamed
 Like a great lighthouse on the
 coast.'

The Student laughing said : ' Far
 more
 Like to some dismal fire of bale
 Flaring portentous on a hill ;
 Or torches lighted on a shore
 By wreckers in a midnight gale.
 No matter ; be it as you will,
 Only go forward with your tale.'

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL

' HADST thou stayed, I must have
 fled !'
 That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contri-
tion

For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone. 10

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about
Him,
Like a garment round Him
thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain, 20
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost. 30
Lord, he thought, in heaven that
reignest,

Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corri-
dor 40

With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,

Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood; 50
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.
Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate, 60
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?
Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear
As if to the outward ear: 70
'Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!'

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye 80
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they know not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise, 90
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and
wine.

In his heart the Monk was pray-
ing,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure ;
What we see not, what we see ;
And the inward voice was saying :
' Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me !' 100

Unto me ! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loath-
ing ?

Thus his conscience put the ques-
tion,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his
face, 110
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck
feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing .
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling, 120
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
' Hadst thou stayed, I must have
fled !'

INTERLUDE

ALL praised the Legend more or
less ;
Some liked the moral, some the
verse ;

Some thought it better, and some
worse

Than other legends of the past ;
Until, with ill-concealed distress
At all their cavilling, at last
The Theologian gravely said :
' The Spanish proverb, then, is
right ;

Consult your friends on what you
do,

And one will say that it is white,
And others say that it is red.'
And ' Amen !' quoth the Spanish
Jew.

' Six stories told ! We must have
seven,

A cluster like the Pleiades,
And lo ! it happens, as with these,
That one is missing from our hea-
ven.

Where is the Landlord ? Bring
him here ;

Let the Lost Pleiad reappear.'

Thus the Sicilian cried, and went
Forthwith to seek his missing star,
But did not find him in the bar,
A place that landlords most fre-
quent,

Nor yet beside the kitchen fire,
Nor up the stairs, nor in the hall ;
It was in vain to ask or call,
There were no tidings of the Squire.

So he came back with downcast
head,

Exclaiming : ' Well, our bashful
host

Hath surely given up the ghost.
Another proverb says the dead
Can tell no tales ; and that is true.
It follows, then, that one of you
Must tell a story in his stead.

You must,' he to the Student said,
' Who know so many of the best,
And tell them better than the rest.'

Straight, by these flattering words
beguiled,

The Student, happy as a child

When he is called a little man,
Assumed the double task imposed,
And without more ado unclosed
His smiling lips, and thus began.

THE STUDENT'S SECOND
TALE

THE BARON OF ST. CASTINE

BARON CASTINE of St. Castine
Has left his château in the Pyre-
nees,
And sailed across the western
seas.

When he went away from his fair
demesne
The birds were building, the woods
were green;
And now the winds of winter blow
Round the turrets of the old châ-
teau,
The birds are silent and unseen,
The leaves lie dead in the ra-
vine,
And the Pyrenees are white with
snow. 10

His father, lonely, old, and gray,
Sits by the fireside day by day,
Thinking ever one thought of care:
Through the southern windows,
narrow and tall,
The sun shines into the ancient
hall,
And makes a glory round his hair.
The house-dog, stretched beneath
his chair,
Groans in his sleep, as if in pain,
Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps
again,
So silent is it everywhere, — 20
So silent you can hear the mouse
Run and rummage along the beams
Behind the wainscot of the wall;
And the old man rouses from his
dreams,
And wanders restless through the
house,
As if he heard strange voices call

His footsteps echo along the floor
Of a distant passage, and pause
awhile;

He is standing by an open door
Looking long, with a sad, sweet
smile, 30

Into the room of his absent son.
There is the bed on which he lay,
There are the pictures bright and
gay,

Horses and hounds and sun-lit
seas;

There are his powder-flask and
gun,

And his hunting-knives in shape
of a fan;

The chair by the window where he
sat,

With the clouded tiger-skin for a
mat,

Looking out on the Pyrenees,
Looking out on Mount Marboré 40
And the Seven Valleys of Lave-
dan.

Ah me! he turns away and sighs;
There is a mist before his eyes.

At night, whatever the weather be,
Wind or rain or starry heaven,
Just as the clock is striking seven,
Those who look from the windows
see

The village Curate, with lantern
and maid,

Come through the gateway from
the park

And cross the courtyard damp and
dark, — 50

A ring of light in a ring of shade.

And now at the old man's side he
stands,

His voice is cheery, his heart ex-
pands,

He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze
Of the fire of fagots, about old
days,

And Cardinal Mazarin and the
Fronde,

And the Cardinal's nieces fair and
fond,

And what they did, and what they
said,
When they heard his Eminence
was dead.

And after a pause the old man
says, 60

His mind still coming back again
To the one sad thought that haunts
his brain,

'Are there any tidings from over
sea ?

Ah, why has that wild boy gone
from me ?'

And the Curate answers, looking
down,

Harmless and docile as a lamb,
'Young blood! young blood! It
must so be!'

And draws from the pocket of his
gown

A handkerchief like an oriflamb,
And wipes his spectacles, and they
play 70

Their little game of lansquenet
In silence for an hour or so,
Till the clock at nine strikes loud
and clear

From the village lying asleep be-
low,

And across the courtyard, into the
dark

Of the winding pathway in the
park,

Curate and lantern disappear,
And darkness reigns in the old
château.

The ship has come back from over
sea,

She has been signalled from be-
low, 80

And into the harbor of Bordeaux
She sails with her gallant com-
pany.

But among them is nowhere seen
The brave young Baron of St. Cas-
tine ;

He hath tarried behind, I ween,
In the beautiful land of Acadie !

And the father paces to and fro
Through the chambers of the old
château,

Waiting, waiting to hear the hum
Of wheels on the road that runs
below, 90

Of servants hurrying here and
there,

The voice in the courtyard, the
step on the stair,

Waiting for some one who doth
not come !

But letters there are, which the
old man reads

To the Curate, when he comes at
night,

Word by word, as an acolyte
Repeats his prayers and tells his
beads ;

Letters full of the rolling sea,
Full of a young man's joy to be
Abroad in the world, alone and
free ; 100

Full of adventures and wonderful
scenes

Of hunting the deer through for-
ests vast

In the royal grant of Pierre du
Gast ;

Of nights in the tents of the Tarratines ;

Of Madocawando the Indian chief,
And his daughters, glorious as
queens,

And beautiful beyond belief ;
And so soft the tones of their
native tongue,

The words are not spoken, they
are sung !

And the Curate listens, and smil-
ing says : 110

'Ah yes, dear friend ! in our young
days

We should have liked to hunt the
deer

All day amid those forest scenes,
And to sleep in the tents of the
Tarratines ;

But now it is better sitting here

Within four walls, and without the
fear
Of losing our hearts to Indian
queens ;

For man is fire and woman is tow,
And the Somebody comes and be-
gins to blow.'

Then a gleam of distrust and vague
surmise 120

Shines in the father's gentle eyes,
As fire-light on a window-pane
Glimmers and vanishes again ;
But naught he answers ; he only
sighs,

And for a moment bows his head ;
Then, as their custom is, they play
Their little game of lansquenet,
And another day is with the dead.

Another day, and many a day
And many a week and month de-
part, 130

When a fatal letter wings its way
Across the sea, like a bird of prey,
And strikes and tears the old man's
heart.

Lo ! the young Baron of St. Cas-
tine,

Swift as the wind is, and as wild,
Has married a dusky Tarratine,
Has married Madocawando's
child !

The letter drops from the father's
hand ;

Though the sinews of his heart
are wrung,

He utters no cry, he breathes no
prayer, 140

No malediction falls from his
tongue ;

But his stately figure, erect and
grand,

Bends and sinks like a column of
sand

In the whirlwind of his great de-
spair.

Dying, yes, dying ! His latest
breath

Of parley at the door of death
Is a blessing on his wayward son.

Lower and lower on his breast
Sinks his gray head ; he is at rest ;
No longer he waits for any one. 150

For many a year the old château
Lies tenantless and desolate ;
Rank grasses in the courtyard
grow,

About its gables caws the crow ;
Only the porter at the gate
Is left to guard it, and to wait
The coming of the rightful heir ;
No other life or sound is there ;
No more the Curate comes at night,
No more is seen the unsteady
light, 160

Threading the alleys of the park ;
The windows of the hall are dark,
The chambers dreary, cold, and
bare !

At length, at last, when the winter
is past,

And birds are building, and woods
are green,

With flying skirts is the Curate
seen

Speeding along the woodland way,
Humming gayly, 'No day is so
long

But it comes at last to vesper-song.'
He stops at the porter's lodge to
say 170

That at last the Baron of St. Cas-
tine

Is coming home with his Indian
queen,

Is coming without a week's delay ;
And all the house must be swept
and clean,

And all things set in good array !
And the solemn porter shakes his
head ;

And the answer he makes is :
'Lackaday !

We will see, as the blind man
said !'

Alert since first the day began,
The cock upon the village
church 180

Looks northward from his airy perch,
As if beyond the ken of man
To see the ships come sailing on,
And pass the Isle of Oléron,
And pass the Tower of Cordouan.

In the church below is cold in clay
The heart that would have leaped
for joy —

O tender heart of truth and trust! —

To see the coming of that day;
In the church below the lips are
dust; 190

Dust are the hands, and dust the feet

That would have been so swift to meet

The coming of that wayward boy.

At night the front of the old châ-
teau

Is a blaze of light above and below;

There's a sound of wheels and
hoofs in the street,

A cracking of whips, and scamper
of feet,

Bells are ringing, and horns are
blown,

And the Baron hath come again to
his own.

The Curate is waiting in the
hall, 200

Most eager and alive of all
To welcome the Baron and Baron-
ess;

But his mind is full of vague dis-
tress,

For he hath read in Jesuit books
Of those children of the wilder-
ness,

And now, good, simple man! he
looks

To see a painted savage stride
Into the room, with shoulders
bare,

And eagle feathers in her hair,
And around her a robe of panther's
hide. 210

Instead, he beholds with secret
shame

A form of beauty undefined,
A loveliness without a name,
Not of degree, but more of kind;
Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor
tall,

But a new mingling of them all.
Yes, beautiful beyond belief,
Transfigured and transfused, he
sees

The lady of the Pyrenees,
The daughter of the Indian
chief. 220

Beneath the shadow of her hair
The gold-bronze color of the skin
Seems lighted by a fire within,
As when a burst of sunlight shines
Beneath a sombre grove of
pines, —

A dusky splendor in the air.
The two small hands, that now
are pressed

In his, seem made to be caressed,
They lie so warm and soft and
still,

Like birds half hidden in a
nest, 230

Trustful, and innocent of ill.
And ah! he cannot believe his
ears

When her melodious voice he hears
Speaking his native Gascon
tongue;

The words she utters seem to be
Part of some poem of Goudouli,
They are not spoken, they are
sung!

And the Baron smiles, and says,
'You see,

I told you but the simple truth;
Ah, you may trust the eyes of
youth!' 240

Down in the village day by day
The people gossip in their way,
And stare to see the Baroness
pass

On Sunday morning to early mass;
And when she kneeleth down to
pray,

They wonder, and whisper together, and say
 'Surely this is no heathen lass!'
 And in course of time they learn to bless
 The Baron and the Baroness.

And in course of time the Curate learns 250

A secret so dreadful, that by turns
 He is ice and fire, he freezes and burns.

The Baron at confession hath said,
 That though this woman be his wife,

He hath wed her as the Indians wed,

He hath bought her for a gun and a knife!

And the Curate replies: 'O profligate,

O Prodigal Son! return once more
 To the open arms and the open door

Of the Church, or ever it be too late. 260

Thank God, thy father did not live

To see what he could not forgive;
 On thee, so reckless and perverse,
 He left his blessing, not his curse.

But the nearer the dawn the darker the night,

And by going wrong all things come right;

Things have been mended that were worse,

And the worse, the nearer they are to mend.

For the sake of the living and the dead,

Thou shalt be wed as Christians wed, 270

And all things come to a happy end.'

O sun, that followest the night,
 In yon blue sky, serene and pure,
 And pourest thine impartial light
 Alike on mountain and on moor,
 Pause for a moment in thy course,

And bless the bridegroom and the bride!

O Gave, that from thy hidden source

In yon mysterious mountain-side
 Pursuest thy wandering way alone, 280

And leaping down its steps of stone,

Along the meadow-lands demure
 Stealest away to the Adour,

Pause for a moment in thy course
 To bless the bridegroom and the bride!

The choir is singing the matin song,

The doors of the church are opened wide,

The people crowd, and press, and throng

To see the bridegroom and the bride.

They enter and pass along the nave; 290

They stand upon the father's grave;

The bells are ringing soft and slow;

The living above and the dead below

Give their blessing on one and twain;

The warm wind blows from the hills of Spain,

The birds are building, the leaves are green,

And Baron Castine of St. Castine
 Hath come at last to his own again,

FINALE

'*Nunc plaudite!*' the student cried,

When he had finished; 'now applaud,

As Roman actors used to say
 At the conclusion of a play:'

And rose, and spread his hands abroad,

And smiling bowed from side to side,
As one who bears the palm away.

And generous was the applause
and loud,
But less for him than for the sun,
That even as the tale was done
Burst from its canopy of cloud,
And lit the landscape with the
blaze
Of afternoon on autumn days,
And filled the room with light, and
made
The fire of logs a painted shade.

A sudden wind from out the west
Blew all its trumpets loud and
shrill;
The windows rattled with the
blast,
The oak-trees shouted as it
passed,
And straight, as if by fear pos-
sessed,
The cloud encampment on the hill
Broke up, and fluttering flag and
tent
Vanished into the firmament,
And down the valley fled amain
The rear of the retreating rain.

Only far up in the blue sky
A mass of clouds, like drifted
snow
Suffused with a faint Alpine glow,
Was heaped together, vast and
high,
On which a shattered rainbow
hung,
Not rising like the ruined arch
Of some aerial aqueduct,
But like a roseate garland plucked
From an Olympian god, and flung
Aside in his triumphal march.

Like prisoners from their dungeon
gloom,
Like birds escaping from a snare,
Like school-boys at the hour of
play,

All left at once the pent-up room,
And rushed into the open air;
And no more tales were told that
day.

PART THIRD

PRELUDE

THE evening came; the golden
vane
A moment in the sunset glanced,
Then darkened, and then gleamed
again,
As from the east the moon ad-
vanced
And touched it with a softer light;
While underneath, with flowing
mane,
Upon the sign the Red Horse
pranced,
And galloped forth into the night.

But brighter than the afternoon
That followed the dark day of
rain,
And brighter than the golden
vane
That glistened in the rising moon,
Within, the ruddy fire - light
gleamed;
And every separate window-pane,
Backed by the outer darkness,
showed
A mirror, where the flamelets
gleamed
And flickered to and fro, and
seemed
A bonfire lighted in the road.

Amid the hospitable glow,
Like an old actor on the stage,
With the uncertain voice of age,
The singing chimney chanted low
The homely songs of long ago.

The voice that Ossian heard of
yore,
When midnight winds were in his
hall;

A ghostly and appealing call,
 A sound of days that are no more!
 And dark as Ossian sat the Jew,
 And listened to the sound, and
 knew,
 The passing of the airy hosts, 30
 The gray and misty cloud of
 ghosts
 In their interminable flight;
 And listening muttered in his
 beard,
 With accent indistinct and weird,
 'Who are ye, children of the
 Night?'

Beholding his mysterious face,
 'Tell me,' the gay Sicilian said,
 'Why was it that in breaking
 bread
 At supper, you bent down your
 head
 And, musing, paused a little
 space, 40
 As one who says a silent grace?'

The Jew replied, with solemn air,
 'I said the Manichæan's prayer.
 It was his faith, — perhaps is
 mine, —
 That life in all its forms is one,
 And that its secret conduits run
 Unseen, but in unbroken line,
 From the great fountain-head di-
 vine
 Through man and beast, through
 grain and grass.
 Howe'er we struggle, strive, and
 cry, 50
 From death there can be no es-
 cape,
 And no escape from life, alas!
 Because we cannot die, but pass
 From one into another shape:
 It is but into life we die.

'Therefore the Manichæan said
 This simple prayer on breaking
 bread,
 Lest he with hasty hand or knife
 Might wound the incarcerated
 life,

The soul in things that we call
 dead: 60
 "I did not reap thee, did not bind
 thee,
 I did not thrash thee, did not
 grind thee,
 Nor did I in the oven bake thee!
 It was not I, it was another
 Did these things unto thee, O bro-
 ther;
 I only have thee, hold thee, break
 thee!"

'That birds have souls I can con-
 cede,'
 The Poet cried, with glowing
 cheeks;
 'The flocks that from their beds
 of reed
 Uprising north or southward fly,
 And flying write upon the sky 71
 The biforked letter of the Greeks,
 As hath been said by Rucellai;
 All birds that sing or chirp or cry,
 Even those migratory bands,
 The minor poets of the air,
 The plover, peep, and sanderling,
 That hardly can be said to sing,
 But pipe along the barren sands, —
 All these have souls akin to ours;
 So hath the lovely race of flow-
 ers: 81
 Thus much I grant, but nothing
 more.

The rusty hinges of a door
 Are not alive because they creak;
 This chimney, with its dreary
 roar,
 These rattling windows, do not
 speak!'

'To me they speak,' the Jew re-
 plied;
 'And in the sounds that sink and
 soar,
 I hear the voices of a tide
 That breaks upon an unknown
 shore!' 90

Here the Sicilian interfered:
 'That was your dream, then, as
 you dozed

A moment since, with eyes half-closed,
 And murmured something in your beard.'
 The Hebrew smiled, and answered, 'Nay;
 Not that, but something very near;
 Like, and yet not the same, may seem
 The vision of my waking dream;
 Before it wholly dies away, 99
 Listen to me, and you shall hear.'

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

AZRAEL

KING SOLOMON, before his palace gate
 At evening, on the pavement tessellate
 Was walking with a stranger from the East,
 Arrayed in rich attire as for a feast,
 The mighty Runjeet - Sing, a learned man,
 And Rajah of the realms of Hindostan.
 And as they walked the guest became aware
 Of a white figure in the twilight air,
 Gazing intent, as one who with surprise
 His form and features seemed to recognize; 10
 And in a whisper to the king he said:
 'What is yon shape, that, pallid as the dead,
 Is watching me, as if he sought to trace
 In the dim light the features of my face?'
 The king looked, and replied: 'I know him well;
 It is the Angel men call Azrael,

'T is the Death Angel; what hast thou to fear?'
 And the guest answered: 'Lest he should come near,
 And speak to me, and take away my breath!
 Save me from Azrael, save me from death! 20
 O king, that hast dominion o'er the wind,
 Bid it arise and bear me hence to Ind.'

The king gazed upward at the cloudless sky,
 Whispered a word, and raised his hand on high,
 And lo! the signet-ring of chryso-prase
 On his uplifted finger seemed to blaze
 With hidden fire, and rushing from the west
 There came a mighty wind, and seized the guest
 And lifted him from earth, and on they passed,
 His shining garments streaming in the blast, 30
 A silken banner o'er the walls up-reared,
 A purple cloud, that gleamed and disappeared.
 Then said the Angel, smiling: 'If this man
 Be Rajah Runjeet-Sing of Hindostan,
 Thou hast done well in listening to his prayer;
 I was upon my way to seek him there.'

INTERLUDE

'O EDREHI, forbear to-night
 Your ghostly legends of affright,
 And let the Talmud rest in peace;
 Spare us your dismal tales of death
 That almost take away one's breath;
 So doing, may your tribe increase.'

Thus the Sicilian said ; then went
 And on the spinet's rattling keys
 Played Marianina, like a breeze
 From Naples and the Southern
 seas,
 That brings us the delicious scent
 Of citron and of orange trees,
 And memories of soft days of ease
 At Capri and Amalfi spent.

'Not so,' the eager Poet said ;
 'At least, not so before I tell
 The story of my Azrael,
 An angel mortal as ourselves,
 Which in an ancient tome I found
 Upon a convent's dusty shelves,
 Chained with an iron chain, and
 bound
 In parchment, and with clasps of
 brass,
 Lest from its prison, some dark
 day,
 It might be stolen or steal away,
 While the good friars were singing
 mass.

'It is a tale of Charlemagne,
 When like a thunder-cloud, that
 lowers
 And sweeps from mountain-crest
 to coast,
 With lightning flaming through
 its showers,
 He swept across the Lombard
 plain,
 Beleaguering with his warlike train
 Pavia, the country's pride and
 boast,
 The City of the Hundred Towers.'

Thus heralded the tale began,
 And thus in sober measure ran.

THE POET'S TALE

CHARLEMAGNE

OLGER the Dane and Desiderio,
 King of the Lombards, on a lofty
 tower

Stood gazing northward o'er the
 rolling plains,
 League after league of harvests,
 to the foot
 Of the snow-crested Alps, and saw
 approach
 A mighty army, thronging all the
 roads
 That led into the city. And the King
 Said unto Olger, who had passed
 his youth
 As hostage at the court of France,
 and knew
 The Emperor's form and face : ' Is
 Charlemagne ¹⁰
 Among that host?' And Olger
 answered : ' No.'

And still the innumerable multi-
 tude
 Flowed onward and increased, un-
 til the King
 Cried in amazement : ' Surely
 Charlemagne
 Is coming in the midst of all these
 knights !'
 And Olger answered slowly : ' No ;
 not yet ;
 He will not come so soon.' Then
 much disturbed
 King Desiderio asked : ' What
 shall we do,
 If he approach with a still greater
 army ?'
 And Olger answered : ' When he
 shall appear, ²⁰
 You will behold what manner of
 man he is ;
 But what will then befall us I
 know not.'

Then came the guard that never
 knew repose,
 The Paladins of France ; and at
 the sight
 The Lombard King o'ercome with
 terror cried :
 ' This must be Charlemagne !' and
 as before
 Did Olger answer : ' No ; not yet,
 not yet.'

And then appeared in panoply
 complete
 The Bishops and the Abbots and
 the Priests
 Of the imperial chapel, and the
 Counts; ³⁰
 And Desiderio could no more en-
 dure
 The light of day, nor yet encoun-
 ter death,
 But sobbed aloud and said: 'Let
 us go down
 And hide us in the bosom of the
 earth,
 Far from the sight and anger of a
 foe
 So terrible as this!' And Olger
 said:
 'When you behold the harvests in
 the fields
 Shaking with fear, the Po and the
 Ticino
 Lashing the city walls with iron
 waves,
 Then may you know that Charle-
 magne is come.' ⁴⁰
 And even as he spake, in the
 northwest,
 Lo! there uprose a black and
 threatening cloud,
 Out of whose bosom flashed the
 light of arms
 Upon the people pent up in the
 city;
 A light more terrible than any
 darkness,
 And Charlemagne appeared;—a
 Man of Iron!

 His helmet was of iron, and his
 gloves
 Of iron, and his breastplate and
 his greaves
 And tassets were of iron, and his
 shield.
 In his left hand he held an iron
 spear, ⁵⁰
 In his right hand his sword invin-
 cible.
 The horse he rode on had the
 strength of iron,

And color of iron. All who went
 before him,
 Beside him and behind him, his
 whole host,
 Were armed with iron, and their
 hearts within them
 Were stronger than the armor
 that they wore.
 The fields and all the roads were
 filled with iron,
 And points of iron glistened in the
 sun
 And shed a terror through the city
 streets.

 This at a single glance Olger the
 Dane ⁶⁰
 Saw from the tower, and turning
 to the King
 Exclaimed in haste: 'Behold!
 this is the man
 You looked for with such eager-
 ness!' and then
 Fell as one dead at Desiderio's
 feet.

INTERLUDE

WELL pleased all listened to the
 tale,
 That drew, the Student said, its
 pith
 And marrow from the ancient
 myth
 Of some one with an iron flail;
 Or that portentous Man of Brass
 Hephæstus made in days of yore,
 Who stalked about the Cretan
 shore,
 And saw the ships appear and
 pass,
 And threw stones at the Argo-
 nauts,
 Being filled with indiscriminate
 ire
 That tangled and perplexed his
 thoughts;
 But, like a hospitable host,
 When strangers landed on the
 coast,

Heated himself red-hot with fire,
And hugged them in his arms, and
pressed
Their bodies to his burning breast.

The Poet answered: 'No, not
thus

The legend rose; it sprang at
first

Out of the hunger and the thirst
In all men for the marvellous.

And thus it filled and satisfied
The imagination of mankind,

And this ideal to the mind
Was truer than historic fact.

Fancy enlarged and multiplied
The terrors of the awful name

Of Charlemagne, till he became
Armipotent in every act,

And, clothed in mystery, appeared
Not what men saw, but what they
feared.

'Besides, unless my memory fail,
Your some one with an iron flail
Is not an ancient myth at all,
But comes much later on the scene

As Talus in the Faerie Queene,
The iron groom of Artegall,

Who threshed out falsehood and
deceit,

And truth upheld, and righted
wrong,

And was, as is the swallow, fleet,
And as the lion is, was strong.'

The Theologian said: 'Perchance
Your chronicler in writing this
Had in his mind the Anabasis,
Where Xenophon describes the
advance

Of Artaxerxes to the fight;

At first the low gray cloud of
dust,

And then a blackness o'er the
fields

As of a passing thunder-gust,

Then flash of brazen armor bright,
And ranks of men, and spears up-
thrust,

Bowmen and troops with wicker
shields,

And cavalry equipped in white,
And chariots ranged in front of

these

With scythes upon their axle-
trees.'

To this the Student answered:
'Well,

I also have a tale to tell

Of Charlemagne; a tale that
throws

A softer light, more tinged with
rose,

Than your grim apparition cast
Upon the darkness of the past.

Listen, and hear in English rhyme
What the good Monk of Laures-

heim

Gives as the gossip of his time,
In mediæval Latin prose.'

THE STUDENT'S TALE

EMMA AND EGINHARD

WHEN Alcuin taught the sons of
Charlemagne,

In the free schools of Aix, how
kings should reign,

And with them taught the children
of the poor

How subjects should be patient
and endure,

He touched the lips of some, as
best befitted,

With honey from the hives of Holy
Writ;

Others intoxicated with the wine
Of ancient history, sweet but less
divine;

Some with the wholesome fruits of
grammar fed;

Others with mysteries of the stars
o'erhead,

That hang suspended in the
vaulted sky

Like lamps in some fair palace
vast and high.

In sooth, it was a pleasant sight
to see
That Saxon monk, with hood and
rosary,
With inkhorn at his belt, and pen
and book,
And mingled love and reverence
in his look,
Or hear the cloister and the court
repeat
The measured footfalls of his sand-
dalled feet,
Or watch him with the pupils of
his school,
Gentle of speech, but absolute of
rule. 20

Among them, always earliest in
his place,
Was Eginhard, a youth of Frank-
ish race,
Whose face was bright with flashes
that forerun
The splendors of a yet unrisen
sun.
To him all things were possible,
and seemed
Not what he had accomplished, but
had dreamed,
And what were tasks to others
were his play,
The pastime of an idle holiday.

Smaragdo, Abbot of St. Michael's,
said,
With many a shrug and shaking
of the head, 30
Surely some demon must possess
the lad,
Who showed more wit than ever
school-boy had,
And learned his Trivium thus with-
out the rod ;
But Alcuin said it was the grace
of God.

Thus he grew up, in Logic point-
device,
Perfect in Grammar, and in Rhet-
oric nice ;

Science of Numbers, Geometric
art,
And lore of Stars, and Music knew
by heart :
A Minnesinger, long before the
times
Of those who sang their love in
Suabian rhymes. 40

The Emperor, when he heard this
good report
Of Eginhard much buzzed about
the court,
Said to himself, ' This stripling
seems to be
Purposely sent into the world for
me ;
He shall become my scribe, and
shall be schooled
In all the arts whereby the world
is ruled.'
Thus did the gentle Eginhard at-
tain
To honor in the court of Charle-
magne ;
Became the sovereign's favorite,
his right hand,
So that his fame was great in all
the land, 50
And all men loved him for his
modest grace
And comeliness of figure and of
face.
An inmate of the palace, yet re-
cluse,
A man of books, yet sacred from
abuse
Among the armed knights with
spur on heel,
The tramp of horses and the clang
of steel ;
And as the Emperor promised he
was schooled
In all the arts by which the world
is ruled.
But the one art supreme, whose
law is fate,
The Emperor never dreamed of till
too late. 60

Home from her convent to the
palace came
The lovely Princess Emma, whose
sweet name,
Whispered by seneschal or sung
by bard,
Had often touched the soul of
Eginhard.
He saw her from his window, as in
state
She came, by knights attended
through the gate ;
He saw her at the banquet of that
day,
Fresh as the morn, and beautiful
as May ;
He saw her in the garden, as she
strayed
Among the flowers of summer with
her maid, 70
And said to him, ' O Eginhard, dis-
close
The meaning and the mystery of
the rose ;'
And trembling he made answer :
' In good sooth,
Its mystery is love, its meaning
youth !'

How can I tell the signals and the
signs
By which one heart another heart
divines ?
How can I tell the many thousand
ways
By which it keeps the secret it be-
trays ?

O mystery of love ! O strange ro-
mance !
Among the Peers and Paladins of
France, 80
Shining in steel, and prancing on
gay steeds,
Noble by birth, yet nobler by great
deeds,
The Princess Emma had no words
nor looks
But for this clerk, this man of
thought and books.

The summer passed, the autumn
came ; the stalks
Of lilies blackened in the garden
walks ;
The leaves fell, russet-golden and
blood-red,
Love - letters thought the poet
fancy-led,
Or Jove descending in a shower of
gold
Into the lap of Danaë of old ; 90
For poets cherish many a strange
conceit,
And love transmutes all nature by
its heat.
No more the garden lessons, nor
the dark
And hurried meetings in the twi-
light park ;
But now the studious lamp, and
the delights
Of firesides in the silent winter
nights,
And watching from his window
hour by hour
The light that burned in Princess
Emma's tower.

At length one night, while musing
by the fire,
O'ercome at last by his insane de-
sire, — 100
For what will reckless love not do
and dare ?
He crossed the court, and climbed
the winding stair,
With some feigned message in the
Emperor's name ;
But when he to the lady's presence
came
He knelt down at her feet, until
she laid
Her hand upon him, like a naked
blade,
And whispered in his ear : ' Arise,
Sir Knight,
To my heart's level, O my heart's
delight.'
And there he lingered till the crow-
ing cock,

The Alectryon of the farmyard and
 the flock, 110
 Sang his aubade with lusty voice
 and clear,
 To tell the sleeping world that
 dawn was near.
 And then they parted; but at part-
 ing, lo!
 They saw the palace courtyard
 white with snow,
 And, placid as a nun, the moon on
 high
 Gazing from cloudy cloisters of
 the sky.
 'Alas!' he said, 'how hide the
 fatal line
 Of footprints leading from thy door
 to mine,
 And none returning!' Ah, he lit-
 tle knew
 What woman's wit, when put to
 proof, can do! 120

That night the Emperor, sleepless
 with the cares
 And troubles that attend on state
 affairs,
 Had risen before the dawn, and
 musing gazed
 Into the silent night, as one
 amazed
 To see the calm that reigned o'er
 all supreme,
 When his own reign was but a
 troubled dream.
 The moon lit up the gables capped
 with snow,
 And the white roofs, and half the
 court below,
 And he beheld a form, that seemed
 to cower
 Beneath a burden, come from
 Emma's tower, — 130
 A woman, who upon her shoulders
 bore
 Clerk Eginhard to his own private
 door,
 And then returned in haste, but
 still essayed
 To tread the footprints she herself
 had made;

And as she passed across the
 lighted space,
 The Emperor saw his daughter
 Emma's face!
 He started not; he did not speak
 or moan,
 But seemed as one who hath been
 turned to stone;
 And stood there like a statue, nor
 awoke
 Out of his trance of pain, till morn-
 ing broke, 140
 Till the stars faded, and the moon
 went down,
 And o'er the towers and steeples
 of the town
 Came the gray daylight; then the
 sun, who took
 The empire of the world with sov-
 ereign look,
 Suffusing with a soft and golden
 glow
 All the dead landscape in its
 shroud of snow,
 Touching with flame the tapering
 chapel spires,
 Windows and roofs, and smoke of
 household fires,
 And kindling park and palace as
 he came;
 The stork's nest on the chimney
 seemed in flame. 150
 And thus he stood till Eginhard
 appeared,
 Demure and modest with his
 comely beard
 And flowing flaxen tresses, come
 to ask,
 As was his wont, the day's ap-
 pointed task.
 The Emperor looked upon him
 with a smile,
 And gently said: 'My son, wait
 yet a while;
 This hour my council meets upon
 some great
 And very urgent business of the
 state.
 Come back within the hour. On
 thy return

The work appointed for thee shalt
thou learn.' 160

Having dismissed this gallant
Troubadour,

He summoned straight his council,
and secure

And steadfast in his purpose, from
the throne

All the adventure of the night
made known;

Then asked for sentence; and with
eager breath

Some answered banishment, and
others death.

Then spake the king: 'Your sen-
tence is not mine;

Life is the gift of God, and is di-
vine;

Nor from these palace walls shall
one depart

Who carries such a secret in his
heart; 170

My better judgment points another
way.

Good Alcuin, I remember how one
day

When my Pepino asked you, "What
are men?"

You wrote upon his tablets with
your pen,

"Guests of the grave and travellers
that pass!"

This being true of all men, we,
alas!

Being all fashioned of the selfsame
dust,

Let us be merciful as well as just;
This passing traveller who hath

stolen away
The brightest jewel of my crown
to-day, 180

Shall of himself the precious gem
restore;

By giving it, I make it mine once
more.

Over those fatal footprints I will
throw

My ermine mantle like another
snow.'

Then Eginhard was summoned to
the hall,

And entered, and in presence of
them all,

The Emperor said: 'My son, for
thou to me

Hast been a son, and evermore
shalt be,

Long hast thou served thy sover-
eign, and thy zeal

Pleads to me with importunate
appeal, 190

While I have been forgetful to
requite

Thy service and affection as was
right.

But now the hour is come, when I,
thy Lord,

Will crown thy love with such
supreme reward,

A gift so precious kings have
striven in vain

To win it from the hands of
Charlemagne.'

Then sprang the portals of the
chamber wide,

And Princess Emma entered, in
the pride

Of birth and beauty, that in part
o'ercame

The conscious terror and the blush
of shame. 200

And the good Emperor rose up
from his throne,

And taking her white hand within
his own

Placed it in Eginhard's, and said:
'My son,

This is the gift thy constant zeal
hath won;

Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,
And cover up the footprints in the
snow.'

INTERLUDE

THUS ran the Student's pleasant
rhyme

Of Eginhard and love and youth;
Some doubted its historic truth,

But while they doubted, ne'ertheless
Saw in it gleams of truthfulness,
And thanked the Monk of Laurensheim.

This they discussed in various mood ;

Then in the silence that ensued
Was heard a sharp and sudden sound

As of a bowstring snapped in air ;
And the Musician with a bound
Sprang up in terror from his chair,
And for a moment listening stood,
Then strode across the room, and found

His dear, his darling violin
Still lying safe asleep within
Its little cradle, like a child
That gives a sudden cry of pain,
And wakes to fall asleep again ;
And as he looked at it and smiled,
By the uncertain light beguiled,
Despair ! two strings were broken
in twain.

While all lamented and made moan,

With many a sympathetic word
As if the loss had been their own,
Deeming the tones they might
have heard

Sweeter than they had heard before,

They saw the Landlord at the door,
The missing man, the portly
Squire !

He had not entered, but he stood
With both arms full of seasoned
wood,

To feed the much-devouring fire,
That like a lion in a cage
Lashed its long tail and roared
with rage.

The missing man ! Ah, yes, they
said,
Missing, but whither had he fled ?
Where had he hidden himself
away ?

No farther than the barn or shed ;
He had not hidden himself, nor
fled ;

How should he pass the rainy day
But in his barn with hens and hay,
Or mending harness, cart, or sled ?
Now, having come, he needs must
stay

And tell his tale as well as they.

The Landlord answered only :
' These

Are logs from the dead apple-trees
Of the old orchard planted here
By the first Howe of Sudbury.
Nor oak nor maple has so clear
A flame, or burns so quietly,
Or leaves an ash so clean and
white ;'

Thinking by this to put aside
The impending tale that terrified ;
When suddenly, to his delight,
The Theologian interposed,
Saying that when the door was
closed,

And they had stopped that draft
of cold,

Unpleasant night air, he proposed
To tell a tale world-wide apart
From that the Student had just
told ;

World-wide apart, and yet akin,
As showing that the human heart
Beats on forever as of old,
As well beneath the snow-white
fold

Of Quaker kerchief, as within
Sendal or silk or cloth of gold,
And without preface would begin.

And then the clamorous clock
struck eight,

Deliberate, with sonorous chime
Slow measuring out the march of
time,

Like some grave Consul of Old
Rome

In Jupiter's temple driving home
The nails that marked the year and
date.

Thus interrupted in his rhyme,

The Theologian needs must wait ;
 But quoted Horace, where he sings
 The dire Necessity of things,
 That drives into the roofs sublime
 Of new-built houses of the great
 The adamantine nails of Fate.

When ceased the little carillon
 To herald from its wooden tower
 The important transit of the hour,
 The Theologian hastened on,
 Content to be allowed at last
 To sing his Idyl of the Past.

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

ELIZABETH

I

'AH, how short are the days! How soon the night overtakes us!
 In the old country the twilight is longer; but here in the forest
 Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a pause in its coming,
 Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and the lamplight;
 Yet how grand is the winter! How spotless the snow is, and perfect!'

Thus spake Elizabeth Haddon at night-fall to Hannah the housemaid,
 As in the farm-house kitchen, that served for kitchen and parlor,
 By the window she sat with her work, and looked on the landscape
 White as the great white sheet that Peter saw in his vision,
 By the four corners let down and descending out of the heavens. 10
 Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the
 meadows.

Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Delaware flowing
 Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful river.

Then with a smile on her lips made answer Hannah the housemaid:
 'Beautiful winter! yea, the winter is beautiful, surely,
 If one could only walk like a fly with one's feet on the ceiling.
 But the great Delaware River is not like the Thames, as we saw it
 Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe Street in the Borough,
 Crowded with masts and sails of vessels coming and going;
 Here there is nothing but pines, with patches of snow on their
 branches. 20

There is snow in the air, and see! it is falling already;
 All the roads will be blocked, and I pity Joseph to-morrow,
 Breaking his way through the drifts, with his sled and oxen; and then,
 too,
 How in all the world shall we get to Meeting on First-Day?'

But Elizabeth checked her, and answered, mildly reproving:
 'Surely the Lord will provide; for unto the snow He sayeth,
 Be thou on the earth, the Lord sayeth; He it is
 Giveth snow like wool, like ashes scatters the hoar-frost.'
 So she folded her work and laid it away in her basket.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had closed and fastened the shut-
 ters, 30
 Spread the cloth, and lighted the lamp on the table, and placed there

Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown rye loaf, and the butter
 Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand with a holder,
 Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and simmering
 kettle,

Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the earthen teapot,
 Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint and wonderful figures.

Then Elizabeth said, 'Lo! Joseph is long on his errand.
 I have sent him away with a hamper of food and of clothing
 For the poor in the village. A good lad and cheerful is Joseph;
 In the right place is his heart, and his hand is ready and willing.' 40

Thus in praise of her servant she spake, and Hannah the housemaid
 Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but governed her tongue, and
 was silent,

While her mistress went on: 'The house is far from the village:
 We should be lonely here, were it not for Friends that in passing
 Sometimes tarry o'ernight, and make us glad by their coming.'

Thereupon answered Hannah the housemaid, the thrifty, the fru-
 gal:

'Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy house were a tavern;
 Open to all are its doors, and they come and go like the pigeons
 In and out of the holes of the pigeon-house over the hayloft,
 Cooing and smoothing their feathers and basking themselves in the
 sunshine.' 50

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth answered:
 'All I have is the Lord's, not mine to give or withhold it;
 I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of his people
 Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his service.
 His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I make them
 Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given.
 Therefore my excellent father first built this house in the clearing;
 Though he came not himself, I came; for the Lord was my guidance,
 Leading me here for this service. We must not grudge, then, to others
 Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from our table.' 60

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the penitent housemaid;
 And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter and softer:
 'Dost thou remember, Hannah, the great May-Meeting in London,
 When I was still a child, how we sat in the silent assembly,
 Waiting upon the Lord in patient and passive submission?
 No one spake, till at length a young man, a stranger, John Estaugh,
 Moved by the Spirit, rose, as if he were John the Apostle,
 Speaking such words of power that they bowed our hearts, as a strong
 wind

Bends the grass of the fields, or grain that is ripe for the sickle.
 Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward upon me, 70
 Wherefore I do not know; but strong is the feeling within me
 That once more I shall see a face I have never forgotten.'

II

E'en as she spake they heard the musical jangle of sleigh-bells,
 First far off, with a dreamy sound and faint in the distance,
 Then growing nearer and louder, and turning into the farmyard,
 Till it stopped at the door, with sudden creaking of runners.
 Then there were voices heard as of two men talking together,
 And to herself, as she listened, upbraiding said Hannah the house-
 maid,
 'It is Joseph come back, and I wonder what stranger is with him.'

Down from its nail she took and lighted the great tin lantern 80
 Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the top of a lighthouse,
 And went forth to receive the coming guest at the doorway,
 Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and shadow
 Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the horses,
 And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigantic.
 Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house with the stran-
 ger.

Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks aglow with the night air;
 And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and, going to meet him,
 As if an unseen power had announced and preceded his presence,
 And he had come as one whose coming had long been expected, 90
 Quietly gave him her hand, and said, 'Thou art welcome, John
 Estaugh.'

And the stranger replied, with staid and quiet behavior,
 'Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth? After so many
 Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful thing that I find thee.
 Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here to thy threshold.
 For as I journeyed along, and pondered alone and in silence
 On his ways, that are past finding out, I saw in the snow-mist,
 Seemingly weary with travel, a wayfarer, who by the wayside
 Paused and waited. Forthwith I remembered Queen Candace's
 eunuch,

How on the way that goes down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, 100
 Reading Esaias the Prophet, he journeyed, and spake unto Philip,
 Praying him to come up and sit in his chariot with him.
 So I greeted the man, and he mounted the sledge beside me,
 And as we talked on the way he told me of thee and thy homestead,
 How, being led by the light of the Spirit, that never deceiveth,
 Full of zeal for the work of the Lord, thou hadst come to this country.
 And I remembered thy name, and thy father and mother in England,
 And on my journey have stopped to see thee, Elizabeth Haddon,
 Wishing to strengthen thy hand in the labors of love thou art doing.'

And Elizabeth answered with confident voice, and serenely 110
 Looking into his face with her innocent eyes as she answered,
 'Surely the hand of the Lord is in it; his Spirit hath led thee
 Out of the darkness and storm to the light and peace of my fireside.'

Then, with stamping of feet the door was opened, and Joseph
 Entered, bearing the lantern, and, carefully blowing the light out,

Hung it up on its nail, and all sat down to their supper ;
 For underneath that roof was no distinction of persons,
 But one family only, one heart, one hearth, and one household.

When the supper was ended they drew their chairs to the fireplace,
 Spacious, open-hearted, profuse of flame and of firewood, 120
 Lord of forests unfelled, and not a gleaner of fagots,
 Spreading its arms to embrace with inexhaustible bounty
 All who fled from the cold, exultant, laughing at winter !
 Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in clearing the table,
 Coming and going, and bustling about in closet and chamber.

Then Elizabeth told her story again to John Estaugh,
 Going far back to the past, to the early days of her childhood ;
 How she had waited and watched, in all her doubts and besetments,
 Comforted with the extendings and holy, sweet inflowings
 Of the spirit of love, till the voice imperative sounded, 130
 And she obeyed the voice, and cast in her lot with her people
 Here in the desert land, and God would provide for the issue.

Meanwhile Joseph sat with folded hands, and demurely
 Listened, or seemed to listen, and in the silence that followed
 Nothing was heard for a while but the step of Hannah the housemaid
 Walking the floor overhead, and setting the chambers in order.
 And Elizabeth said, with a smile of compassion, 'The maiden
 Hath a light heart in her breast, but her feet are heavy and awkward.'
 Inwardly Joseph laughed, but governed his tongue, and was silent.

Then came the hour of sleep, death's counterfeit, nightly rehearsal 140
 Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of shadows, where no man
 Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are unbroken !
 Silently over that house the blessing of slumber descended.
 But when the morning dawned, and the sun uprose in his splendor,
 Breaking his way through clouds that encumbered his path in the hea-
 vens,

Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen breaking a pathway
 Through the drifts of snow ; the horses already were harnessed,
 And John Estaugh was standing and taking leave at the threshold,
 Saying that he should return at the Meeting in May ; while above them
 Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of the attic, 150
 Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing the casement,
 As the bird in a cuckoo-clock peeps out of its window,
 Then disappears again, and closes the shutter behind it.

III

Now was the winter gone, and the snow ; and Robin the Redbreast
 Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no other
 That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood, and blithely
 All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his boasting,
 Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the Cruel Uncle, and only

Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the nests they were building.

With them, but more sedately and meekly, Elizabeth Haddon 160
Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and songless.
Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music,
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal.

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that slowly
Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims,
Men and women, wending their way to the Quarterly Meeting
In the neighboring town; and with them came riding John Estaugh.
At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting
Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and the honey
Brought from the hives, that stood by the sunny wall of the garden; 170
Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued their journey,
And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah the housemaid.
But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and leaning
Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estaugh:
'Tarry awhile behind, for I have something to tell thee,
Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others;
Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth.'
And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together.
It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest;
It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning! 180

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,
As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded:
'I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee;
I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh.'

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised at the words she had
spoken,
'Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit;
Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness,
Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning.
But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.
When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the labor completed 190
He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness
Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for his guidance.'

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit,
'So is it best, John Estaugh. We will not speak of it further.
It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for to-morrow
Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not
When I shall see thee more; but if the Lord hath decreed it,
Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find me.'
And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town with the others.

IV

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing, 200
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;

So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

Now went on as of old the quiet life of the homestead.
Patient and unrepining Elizabeth labored, in all things
Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of others,
Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled; and Hannah the house-
maid

Diligent early and late, and rosy with washing and scouring,
Still as of old disparaged the eminent merits of Joseph,
And was at times reproved for her light and frothy behavior, 210
For her shy looks, and her careless words, and her evil surmisings,
Being pressed down somewhat, like a cart with sheaves overladen,
As she would sometimes say to Joseph, quoting the Scriptures.

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea, and departing
Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and precious,
Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to him in its sweet-
ness

Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house with its odor.
O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting!
O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy!
But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering footsteps, 220
And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless, certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the gift that was of-
fered,

Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's affection.
And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the Silent Assembly,
Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a little,
Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things.
Such were the marriage rites of John and Elizabeth Estaugh.

And not otherwise Joseph, the honest, the diligent servant,
Sped in his bashful wooing with homely Hannah the housemaid;
For when he asked her the question, she answered, 'Nay;' and then
added: 230

'But thee may make believe, and see what will come of it, Joseph.'

INTERLUDE

'A PLEASANT and a winsome
tale,'

The Student said, 'though some-
what pale

And quiet in its coloring,
As if it caught its tone and air

From the gray suits that Quakers
wear;

Yet worthy of some German bard,
Hebel, or Voss, or Eberhard,

Who love of humble themes to
sing,

In humble verse; but no more true
Than was the tale I told to you.'

The Theologian made reply,
And with some warmth, 'That I
deny;

'T is no invention of my own,
But something well and widely
known

To readers of a riper age,

Writ by the skilful hand that wrote
 The Indian tale of Hobomok,
 And Philothea's classic page.
 I found it like a waif afloat,
 Or dulse uprooted from its rock,
 On the swift tides that ebb and
 flow
 In daily papers, and at flood
 Bear freighted vessels to and fro,
 But later, when the ebb is low,
 Leave a long waste of sand and
 mud.'

'It matters little,' quoth the Jew;
 'The cloak of truth is lined with
 lies,
 Sayeth some proverb old and wise;
 And Love is master of all arts,
 And puts it into human hearts
 The strangest things to say and
 do.'

And here the controversy closed
 Abruptly, ere 't was well begun;
 For the Sicilian interposed
 With, 'Lordlings, listen, every one
 That listen may, unto a tale
 That's merrier than the nightin-
 gale;
 A tale that cannot boast, forsooth,
 A single rag or shred of truth;
 That does not leave the mind in
 doubt
 As to the with it or without;
 A naked falsehood and absurd
 As mortal ever told or heard.
 Therefore I tell it; or, maybe,
 Simply because it pleases me.'

THE SICILIAN'S TALE

THE MONK OF CASAL-MAGGIORE

ONCE on a time, some centuries
 ago,

In the hot sunshine two Francis-
 can friars
 Wended their weary way, with
 footsteps slow,
 Back to their convent, whose
 white walls and spires

Gleamed on the hillside like a
 patch of snow;
 Covered with dust they were, and
 torn by briars,
 And bore like sumpter-mules upon
 their backs
 The badge of poverty, their beg-
 gar's sacks.

The first was Brother Anthony, a
 spare
 And silent man, with pallid
 cheeks and thin,
 Much given to vigils, penance,
 fasting, prayer,
 Solemn and gray, and worn with
 discipline,
 As if his body but white ashes
 were,
 Heaped on the living coals that
 glowed within;
 A simple monk, like many of his
 day,
 Whose instinct was to listen and
 obey.

A different man was Brother Tim-
 othy,
 Of larger mould and of a coarser
 paste;
 A rubicund and stalwart monk
 was he,
 Broad in the shoulders, broader
 in the waist,
 Who often filled the dull refec-
 tory
 With noise by which the convent
 was disgraced,
 But to the mass-book gave but
 little heed,
 By reason he had never learned to
 read.

Now, as they passed the outskirts
 of a wood,

They saw, with mingled pleasure
 and surprise,
 Fast tethered to a tree an ass, that
 stood
 Lazily winking his large, limpid
 eyes.

The farmer Gilbert, of that neigh-
borhood,
His owner was, who, looking for
supplies 30
Of fagots, deeper in the wood had
strayed,
Leaving his beast to ponder in the
shade.

As soon as Brother Timothy es-
pied
The patient animal, he said:
'Good-lack!
Thus for our needs doth Provi-
dence provide;
We'll lay our wallets on the
creature's back.'
This being done, he leisurely un-
tied
From head and neck the halter
of the jack,
And put it round his own, and to
the tree
Stood tethered fast as if the ass
were he. 40

And, bursting forth into a merry
laugh,
He cried to Brother Anthony:
'Away!
And drive the ass before you with
your staff;
And when you reach the convent
you may say
You left me at a farm, half tired
and half
Ill with a fever, for a night and
day,
And that the farmer lent this ass
to bear
Our wallets, that are heavy with
good fare.'

Now Brother Anthony, who knew
the pranks
Of Brother Timothy, would not
persuade 50
Or reason with him on his quirks
and cranks,
But, being obedient, silently
obeyed;

And, smiting with his staff the
ass's flanks,
Drove him before him over hill
and glade,
Safe with his provend to the con-
vent gate,
Leaving poor Brother Timothy to
his fate.

Then Gilbert, laden with fagots for
his fire,
Forth issued from the wood, and
stood aghast
To see the ponderous body of the
friar
Standing where he had left his
donkey last. 60
Trembling he stood, and dared not
venture nigher,
But stared, and gaped, and
crossed himself full fast;
For, being credulous and of little
wit,
He thought it was some demon
from the pit.

While speechless and bewildered
thus he gazed,
And dropped his load of fagots
on the ground,
Quoth Brother Timothy: 'Be not
amazed
That where you left a donkey
should be found
A poor Franciscan friar, half-
starved and crazed,
Standing demure and with a
halter bound: 70
But set me free, and hear the pit-
eous story
Of Brother Timothy of Casal-
Maggiore.

'I am a sinful man, although you
see
I wear the consecrated cowland
cape;
You never owned an ass, but you
owned me,
Changed and transformed from
my own natural shape

All for the deadly sin of gluttony,
 From which I could not other-
 wise escape,
 Than by this penance, dieting on
 grass,
 And being worked and beaten as
 an ass. 80

'Think of the ignominy I endured;
 Think of the miserable life I
 led,
 The toil and blows to which I was
 inured,
 My wretched lodging in a windy
 shed,
 My scanty fare so grudgingly pro-
 cured,
 The damp and musty straw that
 formed my bed!
 But, having done this penance for
 my sins,
 My life as man and monk again
 begins.'

The simple Gilbert, hearing words
 like these,
 Was conscience - stricken, and
 fell down apace 90
 Before the friar upon his bended
 knees,
 And with a suppliant voice im-
 plored his grace;
 And the good monk, now very
 much at ease,
 Granted him pardon with a
 smiling face,
 Nor could refuse to be that night
 his guest,
 It being late, and he in need of
 rest.

Upon a hillside, where the olive
 thrives,
 With figures painted on its
 whitewashed walls,
 The cottage stood; and near the
 humming hives
 Made murmurs as of far-off
 waterfalls; 100
 A place where those who love se-
 cluded lives

Might live content, and, free
 from noise and brawls,
 Like Claudian's Old Man of Verona
 here
 Measure by fruits the slow-revolv-
 ing year.

And, coming to this cottage of con-
 tent,
 They found his children, and the
 buxom wench
 His wife, Dame Cicely, and his
 father, bent
 With years and labor, seated on
 a bench,
 Repeating over some obscure
 event
 In the old wars of Milanese and
 French; 110
 All welcomed the Franciscan, with
 a sense
 Of sacred awe and humble rever-
 ence.

When Gilbert told them what had
 come to pass,
 How beyond question, cavil, or
 surmise,
 Good Brother Timothy had been
 their ass,
 You should have seen the won-
 der in their eyes;
 You should have heard them cry
 'Alas! alas!'
 Have heard their lamentations
 and their sighs!
 For all believed the story, and be-
 gan 119
 To see a saint in this afflicted man.

Forthwith there was prepared a
 grand repast,
 To satisfy the craving of the
 friar
 After so rigid and prolonged a fast;
 The bustling housewife stirred
 the kitchen fire;
 Then her two barn-yard fowls, her
 best and last,
 Were put to death, at her ex-
 press desire,

And served up with a salad in a
bowl,
And flasks of country wine to
crown the whole.

It would not be believed should I
repeat

How hungry Brother Timothy
appeared; 130

It was a pleasure but to see him eat,
His white teeth flashing through
his russet beard,

His face aglow and flushed with
wine and meat,

His roguish eyes that rolled and
laughed and leered!

Lord! how he drank the blood-red
country wine

As if the village vintage were
divine!

And all the while he talked with-
out surcease,

And told his merry tales with
jovial glee

That never flagged, but rather did
increase,

And laughed aloud as if insane
were he, 140

And wagged his red beard, matted
like a fleece,

And cast such glances at Dame
Cicely

That Gilbert now grew angry with
his guest,

And thus in words his rising wrath
expressed.

'Good father,' said he, 'easily we
see

How needful in some persons,
and how right,

Mortification of the flesh may be.
The indulgence you have given

it to-night,
After long penance, clearly proves

to me
Your strength against tempta-
tion is but slight, 150

And shows the dreadful peril you
are in

Of a relapse into your deadly sin.

'To-morrow morning, with the ris-
ing sun,

Go back unto your convent, nor
refrain

From fasting and from scourging,
for you run

Great danger to become an ass
again,

Since monkish flesh and asinine
are one;

Therefore be wise, nor longer
here remain,

Unless you wish the scourge
should be applied

By other hands, that will not spare
your hide.' 160

When this the monk had heard,
his color fled

And then returned, like lightning
in the air,

Till he was all one blush from foot
to head,

And even the bald spot in his
russet hair

Turned from its usual pallor to
bright red!

The old man was asleep upon
his chair.

Then all retired, and sank into the
deep

And helpless imbecility of sleep.

They slept until the dawn of day
drew near,

Till the cock should have crowed,
but did not crow, 170

For they had slain the shining
chanticleer

And eaten him for supper, as
you know.

The monk was up betimes and of
good cheer,

And, having breakfasted, made
haste to go,

As if he heard the distant matin
bell,

And had but little time to say fare-
well.

Fresh was the morning as the
 breath of kine ;
 Odors of herbs commingled with
 the sweet
 Balsamic exhalations of the pine ;
 A haze was in the air presaging
 heat ; 180
 Uprose the sun above the Apen-
 nine,
 And all the misty valleys at its
 feet
 Were full of the delirious song of
 birds,
 Voices of men, and bells, and low
 of herds.

All this to Brother Timothy was
 naught ;
 He did not care for scenery, nor
 here
 His busy fancy found the thing it
 sought ;
 But when he saw the convent
 walls appear,
 And smoke from kitchen chimneys
 upward caught
 And whirled aloft into the atmo-
 sphere, 190
 He quickened his slow footsteps,
 like a beast
 That scents the stable a league off
 at least.

And as he entered through the
 convent gate
 He saw there in the court the
 ass, who stood
 Twirling his ears about, and
 seemed to wait,
 Just as he found him waiting in
 the wood ;
 And told the Prior that, to allevi-
 ate
 The daily labors of the brother-
 hood,
 The owner, being a man of means
 and thrift,
 Bestowed him on the convent as a
 gift. 200

And thereupon the Prior for many
 days
 Revolved this serious matter in
 his mind,
 And turned it over many different
 ways,
 Hoping that some safe issue he
 might find ;
 But stood in fear of what the
 world would say,
 If he accepted presents of this
 kind,
 Employing beasts of burden for
 the packs
 That lazy monks should carry on
 their backs.

Then, to avoid all scandal of the
 sort,
 And stop the mouth of cavil, he
 decreed 210
 That he would cut the tedious
 matter short,
 And sell the ass with all con-
 venient speed,
 Thus saving the expense of his
 support,
 And hoarding something for a
 time of need.
 So he despatched him to the neigh-
 boring Fair,
 And freed himself from cumber
 and from care.

It happened now by chance, as
 some might say,
 Others perhaps would call it
 destiny,
 Gilbert was at the Fair ; and heard
 a bray,
 And nearer came and saw that
 it was he, 220
 And whispered in his ear, ' Ah,
 lackaday !
 Good father, the rebellious flesh,
 I see,
 Has changed you back into an ass
 again,
 And all my admonitions were in
 vain.'

The ass, who felt this breathing
 in his ear,
 Did not turn round to look, but
 shook his head,
 As if he were not pleased these
 words to hear,
 And contradicted all that had
 been said.
 And this made Gilbert cry in voice
 more clear,
 'I know you well; your hair is
 russet-red; 230
 Do not deny it; for you are the
 same
 Franciscan friar, and Timothy by
 name.'

The ass, though now the secret
 had come out,
 Was obstinate, and shook his
 head again;
 Until a crowd was gathered round
 about
 To hear this dialogue between
 the twain:
 And raised their voices in a noisy
 shout
 When Gilbert tried to make the
 matter plain,
 And flouted him and mocked him
 all day long
 With laughter and with jibes and
 scraps of song. 240

'If this be Brother Timothy,' they
 cried,
 'Buy him, and feed him on the
 tenderest grass;
 Thou canst not do too much for
 one so tried
 As to be twice transformed into
 an ass.'
 So simple Gilbert bought him, and
 untied
 His halter, and o'er mountain
 and morass
 He led him homeward, talking as
 he went
 Of good behavior and a mind con-
 tent.

The children saw them coming,
 and advanced,
 Shouting with joy, and hung
 about his neck, — 250
 Not Gilbert's, but the ass's, —
 round him danced,
 And wove green garlands where-
 withal to deck
 His sacred person; for again it
 chanced
 Their childish feelings, without
 rein or check,
 Could not discriminate in any
 way
 A donkey from a friar of Orders
 Gray.

'O Brother Timothy,' the children
 said,
 'You have come back to us just
 as before;
 We were afraid, and thought that
 you were dead,
 And we should never see you
 any more.' 260
 And then they kissed the white
 star on his head,
 That like a birth-mark or a badge
 he wore,
 And patted him upon the neck
 and face,
 And said a thousand things with
 childish grace.

Thenceforward and forever he
 was known
 As Brother Timothy, and led
 away
 A life of luxury, till he had grown
 Ungrateful, being stuffed with
 corn and hay,
 And very vicious. Then in angry
 tone,
 Rousing himself, poor Gilbert
 said one day, 270
 'When simple kindness is mis-
 understood
 A little flagellation may do good.'

His many vices need not here be
told;

Among them was a habit that he
had
Of flinging up his heels at young
and old,

Breaking his halter, running off
like mad
O'er pasture-lands and meadow,
wood and wold,

And other misdemeanors quite
as bad;
But worst of all was breaking from
his shed

At night, and ravaging the cab-
bage-bed. 280

So Brother Timothy went back
once more

To his old life of labor and dis-
tress;
Was beaten worse than he had
been before;

And now, instead of comfort and
caress,
Came labors manifold and trials
sore;

And as his toils increased his
food grew less,
Until at last the great consoler,
Death,

Ended his many sufferings with
his breath.

Great was the lamentation when
he died;

And mainly that he died impeni-
tent; 290

Dame Cicely bewailed, the chil-
dren cried,

The old man still remembered
the event
In the French war, and Gilbert
magnified

His many virtues, as he came
and went,

And said: 'Heaven pardon Bro-
ther Timothy,

And keep us from the sin of glut-
tony.'

INTERLUDE

'SIGNOR LUIGI,' said the Jew,
When the Sicilian's tale was told,
'The were-wolf is a legend old,
But the were-ass is something new,
And yet for one I think it true.
The days of wonder have not
ceased;

If there are beasts in forms of
men,

As sure it happens now and then,
Why may not man become a beast,
In way of punishment at least?

'But this I will not now discuss;
I leave the theme, that we may
thus

Remain within the realm of song.
The story that I told before,
Though not acceptable to all,
At least you did not find too long.

I beg you, let me try again,
With something in a different vein,
Before you bid the curtain fall.
Meanwhile keep watch upon the
door,

Nor let the Landlord leave his
chair,

Lest he should vanish into air,
And so elude our search once
more.'

Thus saying, from his lips he blew
A little cloud of perfumed breath,
And then, as if it were a clew
To lead his footsteps safely
through,

Began his tale as followeth.

THE SPANISH JEW'S SECOND TALE

SCANDERBEG

THE battle is fought and won
By King Ladislaus, the Hun,
In fire of hell and death's frost,
On the day of Pentecost.
And in rout before his path

From the field of battle red
Flee all that are not dead
Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night
Iskander, the pride and boast 10
Of that mighty Othman host,
With his routed Turks, takes flight
From the battle fought and lost
On the day of Pentecost ;
Leaving behind him dead
The army of Amurath,
The vanguard as it led,
The rearguard as it fled,
Mown down in the bloody swath
Of the battle's aftermath. 20

But he cared not for Hospodars,
Nor for Baron or Voivode,
As on through the night he rode
And gazed at the fateful stars,
That were shining overhead ;
But smote his steed with his staff,
And smiled to himself, and said :
' This is the time to laugh.'

In the middle of the night,
In a halt of the hurrying flight, 30
There came a Scribe of the King
Wearing his signet ring,
And said in a voice severe :
' This is the first dark blot
On thy name, George Castriot !
Alas ! why art thou here,
And the army of Amurath slain,
And left on the battle plain ?'

And Iskander answered and said :
' They lie on the bloody sod 40
By the hoofs of horses trod ;
But this was the decree
Of the watchers overhead ;
For the war belongeth to God,
And in battle who are we,
Who are we, that shall withstand
The wind of his lifted hand ?'

Then he bade them bind with
chains
This man of books and brains ;
And the Scribe said : ' What mis-
deed 50

Have I done, that, without need,
Thou doest to me this thing ?'
And Iskander answering
Said unto him : ' Not one
Misdeed to me hast thou done ;
But for fear that thou shouldst
run
And hide thyself from me,
Have I done this unto thee.

' Now write me a writing, O Scribe,
And a blessing be on thy tribe ! 60
A writing sealed with thy ring,
To King Amurath's Pasha
In the city of Croia,
The city moated and walled,
That he surrender the same
In the name of my master, the
King ;
For what is writ in his name
Can never be recalled.'

And the Scribe bowed low in
dread,
And unto Iskander said : 70
' Allah is great and just,
But we are as ashes and dust ;
How shall I do this thing,
When I know that my guilty head
Will be forfeit to the King ?'

Then swift as a shooting star
The curved and shining blade
Of Iskander's scimeter
From its sheath, with jewels
bright, 79
Shot, as he thundered : ' Write !'
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,
And wrote in the fitful glare
Of the bivouac fire apart,
With the chill of the midnight air
On his forehead white and bare,
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried :
' Now follow whither I ride,
For here thou must not stay.
Thou shalt be as my dearest
friend, 90
And honors without end
Shall surround thee on every side,
And attend thee night and day.'

But the sullen Scribe replied :
 ' Our pathways here divide ;
 Mine leadeth not thy way.'

And even as he spoke
 Fell a sudden scimitar stroke,
 When no one else was near ;
 And the Scribe sank to the
 ground, 100
 As a stone, pushed from the brink
 Of a black pool, might sink
 With a sob and disappear ;
 And no one saw the deed ;
 And in the stillness around
 No sound was heard but the sound
 Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,
 As forward he sprang with a
 bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,
 With scarce three hundred
 men, 110
 Through river and forest and fen,
 O'er the mountains of Argentar ;
 And his heart was merry within,
 When he crossed the river Drin,
 And saw in the gleam of the morn
 The White Castle Ak-Hissar,
 The city Croia called,
 The city moated and walled,
 The city where he was born, —
 And above it the morning star. 120

Then his trumpeters in the van
 On their silver bugles blew,
 And in crowds about him ran
 Albanian and Turkoman,
 That the sound together drew.
 And he feasted with his friends,
 And when they were warm with
 wine,

He said : ' O friends of mine,
 Behold what fortune sends,
 And what the fates design! 130
 King Amurath commands
 That my father's wide domain,
 This city and all its lands,
 Shall be given to me again.'

Then to the Castle White
 He rode in regal state,

And entered in at the gate
 In all his arms bedight,
 And gave to the Pasha
 Who ruled in Croia 140
 The writing of the King,
 Sealed with his signet ring.
 And the Pasha bowed his head,
 And after a silence said :
 ' Allah is just and great !
 I yield to the will divine,
 The city and lands are thine ;
 Who shall contend with fate ?'

Anon from the castle walls
 The crescent banner falls, 150
 And the crowd beholds instead,
 Like a portent in the sky,
 Iskander's banner fly,
 The Black Eagle with double
 head ;
 And a shout ascends on high,
 For men's souls are tired of the
 Turks,
 And their wicked ways and works,
 That have made of Ak-Hissar
 A city of the plague ;
 And the loud, exultant cry 160
 That echoes wide and far
 Is : ' Long live Scanderbeg !'

It was thus Iskander came
 Once more unto his own ;
 And the tidings, like the flame
 Of a conflagration blown
 By the winds of summer, ran,
 Till the land was in a blaze,
 And the cities far and near,
 Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir, 170
 In his Book of the Words of the
 Days,
 ' Were taken as a man
 Would take the tip of his ear.'

INTERLUDE

' Now that is after my own heart,'
 The Poet cried ; ' one understands
 Your swarthy hero Scanderbeg,
 Gauntlet on hand and boot on leg,
 And skilled in every warlike art,
 Riding through his Albanian lands,

And following the auspicious star
That shone for him o'er Ak-Hissar.'

The Theologian added here
His word of praise not less sincere,
Although he ended with a jibe;
'The hero of romance and song
Was born,' he said, 'to right the
wrong;
And I approve; but all the same
That bit of treason with the Scribe
Adds nothing to your hero's fame.'

The Student praised the good old
times,
And liked the canter of the
rhymes,
That had a hoofbeat in their
sound;
But longed some further word to
hear
Of the old chronicler Ben Meir,
And where his volume might be
found.

The tall Musician walked the
room
With folded arms and gleaming
eyes,
As if he saw the Vikings rise,
Gigantic shadows in the gloom;
And much he talked of their em-
prise
And meteors seen in Northern
skies,
And Heimdal's horn, and day of
doom.
But the Sicilian laughed again;
'This is the time to laugh,' he said,
For the whole story he well knew
Was an invention of the Jew,
Spun from the cobwebs in his
brain,
And of the same bright scarlet
thread
As was the Tale of Kambalu.

Only the Landlord spake no word;
'T was doubtful whether he had
heard

The tale at all, so full of care
Was he of his impending fate,
That, like the sword of Damocles,
Above his head hung blank and
bare,
Suspended by a single hair,
So that he could not sit at ease,
But sighed and looked disconsolate,
And shifted restless in his chair,
Revolving how he might evade
The blow of the descending blade.

The Student came to his relief
By saying in his easy way
To the Musician: 'Calm your
grief,
My fair Apollo of the North,
Balder the Beautiful and so forth;
Although your magic lyre or lute
With broken strings is lying mute
Still you can tell some doleful
tale,
Of shipwreck in a midnight gale,
Or something of the kind to suit
The mood that we are in to-night
For what is marvellous and
strange;
So give your nimble fancy range,
And we will follow in its flight.'

But the Musician shook his head;
'No tale I tell to-night,' he said,
'While my poor instrument lies
there,
Even as a child with vacant stare
Lies in its little coffin dead.'

Yet, being urged, he said at last:
'There comes to me out of the
Past
A voice, whose tones are sweet
and wild,
Singing a song almost divine,
And with a tear in every line;
An ancient ballad, that my nurse
Sang to me when I was a child,
In accents tender as the verse;
And sometimes wept, and some-
times smiled

While singing it, to see arise
The look of wonder in my eyes,
And feel my heart with terror
beat.

This simple ballad I retain
Clearly imprinted on my brain,
And as a tale will now repeat.'

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

THE MOTHER'S GHOST

SVEND DYRING he rideth adown
the glade ;

I myself was young !

There he hath wooed him so win-
some a maid ;

*Fair words gladden so many
a heart.*

Together were they for seven
years,
And together children six were
theirs.

Then came Death abroad through
the land,
And blighted the beautiful lily-
wand.

Svend Dyring he rideth adown the
glade,
And again hath he wooed him
another maid. 10

He hath wooed him a maid and
brought home a bride,
But she was bitter and full of
pride.

When she came driving into the
yard,
There stood the six children weep-
ing so hard.

There stood the small children
with sorrowful heart ;
From before her feet she thrust
them apart.

She gave to them neither ale nor
bread ;
'Ye shall suffer hunger and hate,'
she said.

She took from them their quilts of
blue,
And said: 'Ye shall lie on the
straw we strew.' 20

She took from them the great wax-
light:
'Now ye shall lie in the dark at
night.'

In the evening late they cried with
cold ;
The mother heard it under the
mould.

The woman heard it the earth be-
low :
'To my little children I must
go.'

She standeth before the Lord of
all:
'And may I go to my children
small?'

She prayed him so long, and would
not cease,
Until he bade her depart in peace.

'At cock-crow thou shalt return
again ; 31
Longer thou shalt not there re-
main!'

She girded up her sorrowful bones,
And rifted the walls and the mar-
ble stones.

As through the village she flitted
by,
The watch-dogs howled aloud to
the sky.

When she came to the castle gate,
There stood her eldest daughter
in wait.

'Why standest thou here, dear
daughter mine?
How fares it with brothers and
sisters thine?' 40

'Never art thou mother of mine,
For my mother was both fair and
fine.

'My mother was white, with cheeks
of red,
But thou art pale, and like to the
dead.'

'How should I be fair and fine?
I have been dead; pale cheeks are
mine.

'How should I be white and
red,
So long, so long have I been
dead?'

When she came in at the chamber
door,
There stood the small children
weeping sore. 50

One she braided, another she
brushed,
The third she lifted, the fourth she
hushed.

The fifth she took on her lap and
pressed,
As if she would suckle it at her
breast.

Then to her eldest daughter said
she,
'Do thou bid Svend Dyring come
hither to me.'

Into the chamber when he came
She spake to him in anger and
shame.

'I left behind me both ale and
bread;
My children hunger and are not
fed. 60

'I left behind me quilts of blue;
My children lie on the straw ye
strew.

'I left behind me the great wax-
light;
My children lie in the dark at
night.

'If I come again unto your hall,
As cruel a fate shall you befall!

'Now crows the cock with fea-
thers red;
Back to the earth must all the
dead.

'Now crows the cock with feathers
swart;
The gates of heaven fly wide apart.

'Now crows the cock with feathers
white; 71
I can abide no longer to-night.'

Whenever they heard the watch-
dogs wail,
They gave the children bread and
ale.

Whenever they heard the watch-
dogs bay,
They feared lest the dead were on
their way.

Whenever they heard the watch-
dogs bark,
I myself was young!
They feared the dead out there in
the dark.
*Fair words gladden so many
a heart. 80*

INTERLUDE

TOUCHED by the pathos of these
rhymes,
The Theologian said: 'All praise
Be to the ballads of old times
And to the bards of simple ways,

Who walked with Nature hand in hand,
 Whose country was their Holy Land,
 Whose singing robes were home-spun brown
 From looms of their own native town,
 Which they were not ashamed to wear,
 And not of silk or sendal gay,
 Nor decked with fanciful array
 Of cockle-shells from Outre-Mer.'

To whom the Student answered;
 'Yes;
 All praise and honor! I confess
 That bread and ale, home-baked,
 home-brewed,
 Are wholesome and nutritious food,
 But not enough for all our needs;
 Poets — the best of them — are birds
 Of passage; where their instinct leads
 They range abroad for thoughts
 and words,
 And from all climes bring home
 the seeds
 That germinate in flowers or
 weeds.
 They are not fowls in barnyards
 born
 To cackle o'er a grain of corn;
 And if you shut the horizon down
 To the small limits of their town,
 What do you but degrade your
 bard
 Till he at last becomes as one
 Who thinks the all-encircling sun
 Rises and sets in his back yard?'

The Theologian said again:
 It may be so; yet I maintain
 That what is native still is best,
 And little care I for the rest.
 'T is a long story; time would fail
 To tell it, and the hour is late;
 We will not waste it in debate,
 But listen to our Landlord's tale.'

And thus the sword of Damocles
 Descending not by slow degrees,
 But suddenly, on the Landlord fell,
 Who blushing, and with much de-
 mur
 And many vain apologies,
 Plucking up heart, began to tell
 The Rhyme of one Sir Christopher.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE

THE RHYME OF SIR CHRISTOPHER

It was Sir Christopher Gardiner,
 Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,
 From Merry England over the sea,
 Who stepped upon this continent
 As if his august presence lent
 A glory to the colony.

You should have seen him in the
 street
 Of the little Boston of Winthrop's
 time,
 His rapier dangling at his feet,
 Doublet and hose and boots com-
 plete,
 Prince Rupert hat with ostrich
 plume,
 Gloves that exhaled a faint per-
 fume,
 Luxuriant curls and air sublime,
 And superior manners now obso-
 lete!

He had a way of saying things
 That made one think of courts and
 kings,
 And lords and ladies of high de-
 gree;
 So that not having been at court
 Seemed something very little short
 Of treason or lese-majesty,
 Such an accomplished knight was
 he.

His dwelling was just beyond the
 town,
 At what he called his country-seat;

For, careless of Fortune's smile or
frown,
And weary grown of the world and
its ways,
He wished to pass the rest of his
days
In a private life and a calm re-
treat.

But a double life was the life he
led,
And, while professing to be in
search
Of a godly course, and willing, he
said, 30
Nay, anxious to join the Puritan
church,
He made of all this but small ac-
count,
And passed his idle hours in-
stead
With roystering Morton of Merry
Mount,
That pettifogger from Furnival's
Inn,
Lord of misrule and riot and sin,
Who looked on the wine when it
was red.

This country-seat was little more
Than a cabin of logs; but in front
of the door
A modest flower-bed thickly sown
With sweet alyssum and colum-
bine 41
Made those who saw it at once
divine
The touch of some other hand
than his own.
And first it was whispered, and
then it was known,
That he in secret was harboring
there
A little lady with golden hair,
Whom he called his cousin, but
whom he had wed
In the Italian manner, as men
said,
And great was the scandal every
where.

But worse than this was the vague
surmise, 50
Though none could vouch for it or
aver,
That the Knight of the Holy Sepul-
chre
Was only a Papist in disguise;
And the more to imbitter their bit-
ter lives,
And the more to trouble the pub-
lic mind,
Came letters from England, from
two other wives,
Whom he had carelessly left be-
hind;
Both of them letters of such a
kind
As made the governor hold his
breath;
The one imploring him straight to
send 60
The husband home, that he might
amend;
The other asking his instant
death,
As the only way to make an end.

The wary governor deemed it
right,
When all this wickedness was re-
vealed,
To send his warrant signed and
sealed,
And take the body of the knight.
Armed with this mighty instru-
ment,
The marshal, mounting his gallant
steed,
Rode forth from town at the top
of his speed, 70
And followed by all his bailiffs
bold,
As if on high achievement bent,
To storm some castle or strong-
hold,
Challenge the warders on the
wall,
And seize in his ancestral hall
A robber-baron grim and old.

But when through all the dust and
heat
He came to Sir Christopher's coun-
try-seat,
No knight he found, nor warder
there,
But the little lady with golden
hair, 80
Who was gathering in the bright
sunshine
The sweet alyssum and columbine;
While gallant Sir Christopher, all
so gay,
Being forewarned, through the
postern gate
Of his castle wall had tripped
away,
And was keeping a little holiday
In the forests, that bounded his
estate.

Then as a trusty squire and true
The marshal searched the castle
through,
Not crediting what the lady said;
Searched from cellar to garret in
vain, 91
And, finding no knight, came out
again
And arrested the golden damsel
instead,
And bore her in triumph into the
town,
While from her eyes the tears
rolled down
On the sweet alyssum and colum-
bine,
That she held in her fingers white
and fine.

The governor's heart was moved
to see
So fair a creature caught within 99
The snares of Satan and of sin,
And he read her a little homily
On the folly and wickedness of
the lives
Of women half cousins and half
wives;
But, seeing that naught his words
availed,

He sent her away in a ship that
sailed
For Merry England over the sea,
To the other two wives in the old
countree,
To search her further, since he
had failed
To come at the heart of the mys-
tery.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher wan-
dered away 110
Through pathless woods for a
month and a day,
Shooting pigeons, and sleeping at
night
With the noble savage, who took
delight
In his feathered hat and his velvet
vest,
His gun and his rapier and the rest.
But as soon as the noble savage
heard
That a bounty was offered for this
gay bird,
He wanted to slay him out of
hand,
And bring in his beautiful scalp
for a show,
Like the glossy head of a kite or
crow, 120
Until he was made to understand
They wanted the bird alive, not
dead;
Then he followed him whitherso-
ever he fled,
Through forest and field, and
hunted him down,
And brought him prisoner into the
town.

Alas! it was a rueful sight,
To see this melancholy knight
In such a dismal and hapless
case;
His hat deformed by stain and
dent,
His plumage broken, his doublet
rent, 130
His beard and flowing locks for-
lorn,

Matted, dishevelled, and unshorn,
His boots with dust and mire besprent;
But dignified in his disgrace,
And wearing an unblushing face.
And thus before the magistrate
He stood to hear the doom of fate.

In vain he strove with wonted ease

To modify and extenuate
His evil deeds in church and state,
For gone was now his power to please;

And his pompous words had no more weight

Than feathers flying in the breeze.

With suavity equal to his own
The governor lent a patient ear
To the speech evasive and high-flown,

In which he endeavored to make clear

That colonial laws were too severe

When applied to a gallant cavalier,

A gentleman born, and so well known,

And accustomed to move in a higher sphere.

All this the Puritan governor heard,

And deigned in answer never a word;

But in summary manner shipped away,

In a vessel that sailed from Salem Bay,

This splendid and famous cavalier,

With his Rupert hat and his popery,

To Merry England over the sea,
As being unmeet to inhabit here.

Thus endeth the Rhyme of Sir Christopher,
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,

The first who furnished this barren land

With apples of Sodom and ropes of sand.

FINALE

THESE are the tales those merry guests

Told to each other, well or ill;
Like summer birds that lift their crests

Above the borders of their nests
And twitter, and again are still.

These are the tales, or new or old,
In idle moments idly told;

Flowers of the field with petals thin,

Lilies that neither toil nor spin,
And tufts of wayside weeds and gorse

Hung in the parlor of the inn
Beneath the sign of the Red Horse.

And still, reluctant to retire,
The friends sat talking by the fire
And watched the smouldering embers burn

To ashes, and flash up again
Into a momentary glow,

Lingering like them when forced to go,

And going when they would remain;

For on the morrow they must turn
Their faces homeward, and the pain

Of parting touched with its unrest
A tender nerve in every breast.

But sleep at last the victory won;
They must be stirring with the sun,

And drowsily good night they said,

And went still gossiping to bed,
And left the parlor wrapped in gloom.

The only live thing in the room
Was the old clock, that in its pace
Kept time with the revolving
spheres
And constellations in their flight,
And struck with its uplifted mace
The dark, unconscious hours of
night,
To senseless and unlistening ears.

Uprose the sun; and every guest,
Uprisen, was soon equipped and
dressed
For journeying home and city-
ward;
The old stage-coach was at the
door,
With horses harnessed, long be-
fore
The sunshine reached the with-
ered sward
Beneath the oaks, whose branches
hoar
Murmured: 'Farewell forever-
more.'

'Farewell!' the portly Landlord
cried;
'Farewell!' the parting guests re-
plied,
But little thought that nevermore

Their feet would pass that thresh-
old o'er;
That nevermore together there
Would they assemble, free from
care,
To hear the oaks' mysterious
roar,
And breathe the wholesome coun-
try air.

Where are they now? What lands
and skies
Paint pictures in their friendly
eyes?
What hope deludes, what promise
cheers,
What pleasant voices fill their
ears?
Two are beyond the salt sea
waves,
And three already in their graves.
Perchance the living still may
look
Into the pages of this book,
And see the days of long ago
Floating and fleeting to and fro,
As in the well-remembered brook
They saw the inverted landscape
gleam,
And their own faces like a dream
Look up upon them from below.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE

FLOWER-DE-LUCE

BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still
rivers,
Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow-
brook delivers
Its waters to the weir!

Thou laughest at the mill, the whirl
and worry
Of spindle and of loom,
And the great wheel that toils
amid the hurry
And rushing of the flume.

Born in the purple, born to joy
and pleasure,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with
thy presence
The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows, and uplifts thy
drooping banner,
And round thee throng and
run
The rushes, the green yeomen of
thy manor,
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thy attendant,
 And tilts against the field,
 And down the listed sunbeam rides
 resplendent
 With steel-blue mail and
 shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the
 fairest,
 Who, armed with golden rod
 And winged with the celestial
 azure, bearest
 The message of some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from
 crowded cities
 Hauntest the sylvan streams,
 Playing on pipes of reed the artless
 ditties
 That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let
 the river
 Linger to kiss thy feet!
 O flower of song, bloom on, and
 make forever
 The world more fair and sweet.

PALINGENESIS

I LAY upon the headland-height,
 and listened
 To the incessant sobbing of the
 sea
 In caverns under me,
 And watched the waves, that
 tossed and fled and glistened,
 Until the rolling meadows of ame-
 thyst
 Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep,
 I started;
 For round about me all the sunny
 capes
 Seemed peopled with the
 shapes
 Of those whom I had known in
 days departed, 10

Apparelled in the loveliness which
 gleams
 On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and
 glory
 Faded away, and the disconsolate
 shore
 Stood lonely as before;
 And the wild-roses of the promon-
 tory
 Around me shuddered in the wind,
 and shed
 Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the
 embers
 Of all things their primordial form
 exists, 20
 And cunning alchemists
 Could re-create the rose with all its
 members
 From its own ashes, but without
 the bloom,
 Without the lost perfume.

Ah me! what wonder-working, oc-
 cult science
 Can from the ashes in our hearts
 once more
 The rose of youth restore?
 What craft of alchemy can bid de-
 fiance
 To time and change, and for a sin-
 gle hour
 Renew this phantom-flower? 30

'Oh, give me back,' I cried, 'the
 vanished splendors,
 The breath of morn, and the exult-
 ant strife,
 When the swift stream of life
 Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and
 surrenders
 The pond, with all its lilies, for the
 leap
 Into the unknown deep!'

And the sea answered, with a lam-
 entation,
 Like some old prophet wailing, and
 it said,

'Alas! thy youth is dead!
It breathes no more, its heart has
no pulsation; 40
In the dark places with the dead
of old
It lies forever cold!'

Then said I, 'From its consecrated
cerements
I will not drag this sacred dust
again,
Only to give me pain;
But, still remembering all the lost
endearments,
Go on my way, like one who looks
before,
And turns to weep no more.'

Into what land of harvests, what
plantations
Bright with autumnal foliage and
the glow 50
Of sunsets burning low;
Beneath what midnight skies,
whose constellations
Light up the spacious avenues be-
tween
This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and
caresses,
What households, though not alien,
yet not mine,
What bowers of rest divine;
To what temptations in lone wil-
dernesses,
What famine of the heart, what
pain and loss,
The bearing of what cross! 60

I do not know; nor will I vainly
question
Those pages of the mystic book
which hold
The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or
suggestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence
and good heed,
Until 'The End' I read.

THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD

BURN, O evening hearth, and
waken
Pleasant visions, as of old!
Though the house by winds be
shaken,
Safe I keep this room of gold!

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy
Builds her castles in the air,
Luring me by necromancy
Up the never-ending stair!

But, instead, she builds me bridges
Over many a dark ravine,
Where beneath the gusty ridges
Cataracts dash and roar unseen.

And I cross them, little heeding
Blast of wind or torrent's roar,
As I follow the receding
Footsteps that have gone before.

Naught avails the imploring ges-
ture,
Naught avails the cry of pain!
When I touch the flying vesture,
'T is the gray robe of the rain.

Baffled I return, and, leaning
O'er the parapets of cloud,
Watch the mist that intervening
Wraps the valley in its shroud.

And the sounds of life ascending
Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear,
Murmur of bells and voices blend-
ing
With the rush of waters near.

Well I know what there lies hidden,
Every tower and town and farm,
And again the land forbidden
Reassumes its vanished charm.

Well I know the secret places,
And the nests in hedge and tree;
At what doors are friendly faces,
In what hearts are thoughts of
me.

Through the mist and darkness
sinking,
Blown by wind and beaten by
shower,
Down I fling the thought I'm
thinking,
Down I toss this Alpine flower.

HAWTHORNE

MAY 23, 1864

How beautiful it was, that one
bright day
In the long week of rain!
Though all its splendor could not
chase away
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with
apple-blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead
Dark shadows wove on their aerial
looms
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray
old manse,
The historic river flowed:
I was as one who wanders in a
trance,
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends
seemed strange;
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered
seemed to change
Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was
not there,
The one low voice was mute;
Only an unseen presence filled the
air,
And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow,
manse, and stream
Dimly my thought defines;

I only see — a dream within a
dream —
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of
rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled
breast,
The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote
from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall
the pen,
And left the tale half told.

Ah! who shall lift that wand of
magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Alad-
din's tower
Unfinished must remain!

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I HEARD the bells on Christmas
Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to
men!

And thought how, as the day had
come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to
men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to
day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to
men!

Then from each black, accursed
mouth
The cannon thundered in the
South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to
men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to
men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
'There is no peace on earth,' I
said;
'For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to
men!'

Then pealed the bells more loud
and deep:
'God is not dead; nor doth he
sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to
men!'

THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY

SEE, the fire is sinking low,
Dusky red the embers glow,
While above them still I cower,
While a moment more I linger,
Though the clock, with lifted fin-
ger,
Points beyond the midnight
hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune
Learned in some forgotten June
From a school-boy at his play,
When they both were young to-
gether,

Heart of youth and summer
weather
Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark!
How above there in the dark,
In the midnight and the snow,
Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,
Like the trumpets of Iskander,
All the noisy chimneys blow!

Every quivering tongue of flame
Seems to murmur some great
name,
Seems to say to me, 'Aspire!'
But the night-wind answers, 'Hol-
low
Are the visions that you follow,
Into darkness sinks your fire!'

Then the flicker of the blaze
Gleans on volumes of old days,
Written by masters of the art,
Loud through whose majestic
pages
Rolls the melody of ages,
Throb the harp-strings of the
heart.

And again the tongues of flame
Start exulting and exclaim:
'These are prophets, bards, and
seers;
In the horoscope of nations,
Like ascendant constellations,
They control the coming years.'

But the night-wind cries: 'De-
spair!
Those who walk with feet of
air
Leave no long-enduring marks;
At God's forges incandescent
Mighty hammers beat incessant,
These are but the flying sparks.

'Dust are all the hands that
wrought;
Books are sepulchres of thought;
The dead laurels of the dead

Rustle for a moment only,
Like the withered leaves in lonely
Churchyards at some passing
tread.'

Suddenly the flame sinks down;
Sink the rumors of renown;
And alone the night-wind drear
Clamors louder, wilder, vaguer, —
'T is the brand of Meleager
Dying on the hearth-stone here!'

And I answer, — 'Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me?
No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.'

THE BELLS OF LYNN

HEARD AT NAHANT

O CURFEW of the setting sun! O
Bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O
Bells of Lynn!

From the dark belfries of yon
cloud-cathedral wafted,
Your sounds aerial seem to float,
O Bells of Lynn!

Borne on the evening wind across
the crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and
fall, O Bells of Lynn!

The fisherman in his boat, far out
beyond the headland,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore,
O Bells of Lynn!

Over the shining sands the wander-
ing cattle homeward
Follow each other at your call, O
Bells of Lynn!

The distant lighthouse hears, and
with his flaming signal

Answers you, passing the watch-
word on, O Bells of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast
run the tumultuous surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to
you, O Bells of Lynn!

Till from the shuddering sea, with
your wild incantations,
Ye summon up the spectral moon,
O Bells of Lynn!

And startled at the sight, like the
weird woman of Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O
Bells of Lynn!

KILLED AT THE FORD

HE is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honor, the tongue of
truth,

He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-
call,

Whom all eyes followed with one
consent,

The cheer of whose laugh, and
whose pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain
gap,

To visit the picket-guard at the
ford,

Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of
some old song:

'Two red roses he had on his cap
And another he bore at the point
of his sword.'

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice
was still;

Something I heard in the darkness
fall,

And for a moment my blood grew
chill;

I spake in a whisper, as he who
speaks
In a room where some one is lying
dead ;
But he made no answer to what I
said.

We lifted him up to his saddle
again,
And through the mire and the
mist and the rain
Carried him back to the silent
camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his
bed ;
And I saw by the light of the
surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood-
red !

And I saw in a vision how far and
fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding
forth,
Till it reached a town in the dis-
tant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny
street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased
to beat
Without a murmur, without a
cry ;
And a bell was tolled, in that far-
off town,
For one who had passed from cross
to crown,
And the neighbors wondered that
she should die.

GIOTTO'S TOWER

How many lives, made beautiful
and sweet
By self-devotion and by self-
restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run with-
out complaint
On unknown errands of the
Paraclete,

Wanting the reverence of unshod-
den feet,
Fail of the nimbus which the
artists paint
Around the shining forehead of
the saint,
And are in their completeness
incomplete !
In the old Tuscan town stands
Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming
in stone, —
A vision, a delight, and a de-
sire, —
The builder's perfect and centen-
nial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed
alone,
But wanting still the glory of
the spire.

TO-MORROW

'T is late at night, and in the realm
of sleep
My little lambs are folded like
the flocks ;
From room to room I hear the
wakeful clocks
Challenge the passing hour, like
guards that keep
Their solitary watch on tower and
steep ;
Far off I hear the crowing of the
cocks,
And through the opening door
that time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of To-
morrow creep.
To-morrow ! the mysterious, un-
known guest,
Who cries to me : 'Remember
Barmecide,
And tremble to be happy with
the rest.'
And I make answer : 'I am satis-
fied ;
I dare not ask ; I know not what
is best ;
God hath already said what shall
betide.'

DIVINA COMMEDIA

I

OFT have I seen at some cathedral door
 A laborer, pausing in the dust
 and heat,
 Lay down his burden, and with
 reverent feet
 Enter, and cross himself, and on
 the floor
 Kneel to repeat his paternoster
 o'er;
 Far off the noises of the world
 retreat;
 The loud vociferations of the
 street
 Become an undistinguishable
 roar.
 So, as I enter here from day to
 day,
 And leave my burden at this
 minster gate,
 Kneeling in prayer, and not
 ashamed to pray,
 The tumult of the time disconsolate
 To inarticulate murmurs dies
 away,
 While the eternal ages watch
 and wait.

II

How strange the sculptures that
 adorn these towers!
 This crowd of statues, in whose
 folded sleeves
 Birds build their nests; while
 canopied with leaves
 Parvis and portal bloom like
 trellised bowers,
 And the vast minster seems a
 cross of flowers!
 But fiends and dragons on the
 gargoyled eaves
 Watch the dead Christ between
 the living thieves,
 And, underneath, the traitor
 Judas lowers!
 Ah! from what agonies of heart
 and brain,

What exultations trampling on
 despair,
 What tenderness, what tears,
 what hate of wrong,
 What passionate outcry of a soul
 in pain,
 Uprose this poem of the earth
 and air,
 This mediæval miracle of song!

III

I enter, and I see thee in the
 gloom
 Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
 And strive to make my steps
 keep pace with thine.
 The air is filled with some unknown
 perfume;
 The congregation of the dead make
 room
 For thee to pass; the votive
 tapers shine;
 Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's
 groves of pine
 The hovering echoes fly from
 tomb to tomb.
 From the confessionals I hear
 arise
 Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
 And lamentations from the
 crypts below;
 And then a voice celestial that
 begins
 With the pathetic words, 'Although
 your sins
 As scarlet be,' and ends with
 'as the snow.'

IV

With snow-white veil and garments
 as of flame,
 She stands before thee, who so
 long ago
 Filled thy young heart with passion
 and the woe
 From which thy song and all its
 splendors came;

And while with stern rebuke she
speaks thy name,
The ice about thy heart melts as
the snow
On mountain heights, and in
swift overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in
sobs of shame.
Thou makest full confession; and
a gleam,
As of the dawn on some dark
forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to
increase;
Lethe and Eunoë — the remem-
bered dream
And the forgotten sorrow —
bring at last
That perfect pardon which is
perfect peace.

V

I lift mine eyes, and all the win-
dows blaze
With forms of Saints and holy
men who died,
Here martyred and hereafter
glorified;
And the great Rose upon its
leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic
roundelays,
With splendor upon splendor
multiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's
side
No more rebukes, but smiles her
words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and
unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of
peace and love
And benedictions of the Holy
Ghost;
And the melodious bells among
the spires
O'er all the house-tops and
through heaven above
Proclaim the elevation of the
Host!

VI

O star of morning and of liberty!
O bringer of the light, whose
splendor shines
Above the darkness of the Apen-
nines,
Forerunner of the day that is to
be!
The voices of the city and the sea,
The voices of the mountains and
the pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar
lines
Are footpaths for the thought of
Italy!
Thy flame is blown abroad from
all the heights,
Through all the nations, and a
sound is heard,
As of a mighty wind, and men
devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new
proselytes,
In their own language hear thy
wondrous word,
And many are amazed and
many doubt.

NOËL

ENVOYÉ À M. AGASSIZ, LA VEILLE
DE NOËL 1864, AVEC UN PANIER
DE VINS DIVERS.

L'Académie en respect,
Nonobstant l'incorrection
A la faveur du sujet,
Ture-lure,
N'y fera point de rature;
Noël! ture-lure-lure.

GUI BARÔZAI.

QUAND les astres de Noël
Brillaient, palpitaient au ciel,
Six gaillards, et chacun ivre,
Chantaient gaîment dans le givre,
'Bons amis,
Allons donc chez Agassiz!'

Ces illustres Pèlerins
D'Outre-Mer adroits et fins,

Se donnant des airs de prêtre,
A Penvi se vantaient d'être
 ' Bons amis
De Jean Rudolphe Agassiz !'

Ceil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur,
Sans reproche et sans pudeur,
Dans son patois de Bourgogne,
Bredouillait comme un ivrogne,
 ' Bons amis,
J'ai dansé chez Agassiz !'

Verzenay le Champenois,
Bon Français, point New - Yor-
 quois,
Mais des environs d'Avize,
Fredonne à mainte reprise,
 ' Bons amis,
J'ai chanté chez Agassiz !'

À côté marchait un vieux
Hidalgo, mais non mousseux ;
Dans le temps de Charlemagne
Fut son père Grand d'Espagne !
 ' Bons amis,
J'ai diné chez Agassiz !'

Derrière eux un Bordelais,
Gascon, s'il en fut jamais,
Parfumé de poésie
Riait, chantait, plein de vie,
 ' Bon amis,
J'ai squipé chez Agassiz !'

Avec ce beau cadet roux,
Bras dessus et bras dessous,
Mine altière et couleur terne,
Vint le Sire de Sauterne ;
 ' Bons amis,
J'ai couché chez Agassiz !'

Mais le dernier de ces preux,
Était un pauvre Chartreux,
Qui disait, d'un ton robuste,
' Bénédiction sur le Juste !
 Bons amis,
Bénéissons Père Agassiz !'

Ils arrivent trois à trois,
Montent l'escalier de bois
Clopin-clopat ! quel gendarme
Peut permettre ce vacarme,
 Bons amis,
À la porte d'Agassiz !

' Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur,
Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur ;
Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes
Gens de bien et gentilshommes,
 Bons amis,
De la famille Agassiz !'

Chut, ganaches ! taisez-vous !
C'en est trop de vos glouglous ;
Épargnez aux Philosophes
Vos abominables strophes !
 Bons amis,
Respectez mon Agassiz !

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

FLIGHT THE THIRD

FATA MORGANA

O SWEET illusions of Song,
That tempt me everywhere,
In the lonely fields, and the throng
Of the crowded thoroughfare !

I approach, and ye vanish away,
I grasp you, and ye are gone ;

But ever by night and by day,
The melody soundeth on.

As the weary traveller sees
In desert or prairie vast,
Blue lakes, overhung with trees,
That a pleasant shadow cast ;

Fair towns with turrets high,
And shining roofs of gold,

That vanish as he draws nigh,
Like mists together rolled, —

So I wander and wander along,
And forever before me gleams
The shining city of song,
In the beautiful land of dreams.

But when I would enter the gate
Of that golden atmosphere,
It is gone, and I wonder and wait
For the vision to reappear.



THE HAUNTED CHAMBER

EACH heart has its haunted chamber,
Where the silent moonlight
falls!

On the floor are mysterious foot-
steps,
There are whispers along the
walls!

And mine at times is haunted
By phantoms of the Past,
As motionless as shadows
By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window,
That is not seen by day,
For as soon as the dawn ap-
proaches
It vanishes away.

It sits there in the moonlight,
Itself as pale and still,
And points with its airy finger
Across the window-sill.

Without, before the window,
There stands a gloomy pine,
Whose boughs wave upward and
downward
As wave these thoughts of mine.

And underneath its branches
Is the grave of a little child,
Who died upon life's threshold,
And never wept nor smiled.

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!
That haunt my troubled brain?
That vanish when day approaches,
And at night return again?

What are ye, O pallid phantoms!
But the statues without breath,
That stand on the bridge over-
arching
The silent river of death?

THE MEETING

AFTER so long an absence
At last we meet again:
Does the meeting give us plea-
sure,
Or does it give us pain?

The tree of life has been shaken,
And but few of us linger now,
Like the Prophet's two or three
berries
In the top of the uppermost
bough.

We cordially greet each other
In the old, familiar tone;
And we think, though we do not
say it,
How old and gray he is grown!

We speak of a Merry Christmas
And many a Happy New Year;
But each in his heart is think-
ing
Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their for-
tunes,
And of what they did and said,
Till the dead alone seem living,
And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish
Between the ghosts and the
guests;
And a mist and shadow of sad-
ness
Steals over our merriest jests.

VOX POPULI

WHEN Mázarvan the Magician
Journeyed westward through
Cathay,
Nothing heard he but the praises
Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumor ended
When he came to Khaledan,
There the folk were talking only
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the poets :
Every province hath its own ;
Camaralzaman is famous
Where Badoura is unknown.

THE CASTLE-BUILDER

A GENTLE boy, with soft and
silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and
tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden
blocks,
And towers that touch imagi-
nary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's
knee,
An eager listener unto stories
told
At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures mani-
fold.

There will be other towers for thee
to build ;
There will be other steeds for
thee to ride ;
There will be other legends, and
all filled
With greater marvels and more
glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles
high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to
the skies ;

Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mys-
teries.

CHANGED

FROM the outskirts of the town,
Where of old the mile-stone
stood,
Now a stranger, looking down,
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed ?
Ah! the oaks are fresh and
green,
But the friends with whom I
ranged
Through their thickets are es-
tranged
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun,
But alas! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.

THE CHALLENGE

I HAVE a vague remembrance
Of a story, that is told
In some ancient Spanish legend
Or chronicle of old.

It was when brave King San-
chez
Was before Zamora slain,
And his great besieging army
Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordenez
Sallied forth in front of all,
And shouted loud his challenge
To the warders on the wall.

All the people of Zamora,
Both the born and the unborn,

As traitors did he challenge
With taunting words of scorn.

The living, in their houses,
And in their graves, the dead!
And the waters of their rivers,
And their wine, and oil, and
bread!

There is a greater army,
That besets us round with strife,
A starving, numberless army,
At all the gates of life.

The poverty-stricken millions
Who challenge our wine and
bread,
And impeach us all as traitors,
Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,
Where the feast and song are
high,
Amid the mirth and the music
I can hear that fearful cry.

And hollow and haggard faces
Look into the lighted hall,
And wasted hands are extended
To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and
plenty,
And odors fill the air;
But without there is cold and
darkness,
And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine
In wind and cold and rain,
Christ, the great Lord of the army,
Lies dead upon the plain!

THE BROOK AND THE WAVE

THE brooklet came from the mountain,
As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver
Over the sands of gold!

Far away in the briny ocean
There rolled a turbulent wave,
Now singing along the sea-beach,
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the
billow,
Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness
and sweetness
That turbulent, bitter heart!

AFTERMATH

WHEN the summer fields are
mown,
When the birds are fledged and
flown,
And the dry leaves strew the
path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with
flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and
meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.

THE MASQUE OF PANDORA

I

THE WORKSHOP OF HEPHÆSTUS

HEPHÆSTUS (*standing before the statue of Pandora*).

Not fashioned out of gold, like
Hera's throne,
Nor forged of iron like the thun-
derbolts
Of Zeus omnipotent, or other
works
Wrought by my hands at Lemnos
or Olympus,
But moulded in soft clay, that un-
resisting
Yields itself to the touch, this
lovely form
Before me stands, perfect in every
part.
Not Aphrodite's self appeared
more fair,
When first upwafted by caressing
winds
She came to high Olympus, and the
gods¹⁰
Paid homage to her beauty. Thus
her hair
Was cinctured; thus her floating
drapery
Was like a cloud about her, and
her face
Was radiant with the sunshine and
the sea.

THE VOICE OF ZEUS.

Is thy work done, Hephæstus?

HEPHÆSTUS.

It is finished!

THE VOICE.

Not finished till I breathe the
breath of life
Into her nostrils, and she moves
and speaks.

HEPHÆSTUS.

Will she become immortal like
ourselves?

THE VOICE.

The form that thou hast fashioned
out of clay
Is of the earth and mortal; but the
spirit,²⁰
The life, the exhalation of my
breath,
Is of diviner essence and immor-
tal.
The gods shall shower on her their
benefactions,
She shall possess all gifts: the
gift of song,
The gift of eloquence, the gift of
beauty,
The fascination and the nameless
charm
That shall lead all men captive.

HEPHÆSTUS.

Wherefore? wherefore?

A wind shakes the house.

I hear the rushing of a mighty
wind
Through all the halls and cham-
bers of my house!
Her parted lips inhale it, and her
bosom³⁰
Heaves with the inspiration. As a
reed
Beside a river in the rippling cur-
rent
Bends to and fro, she bows or lifts
her head.
She gazes round about as if
amazed;
She is alive; she breathes, but yet
she speaks not!

PANDORA *descends from the
pedestal.*

CHORUS OF THE GRACES

AGLAIA.

In the workshop of Hephæstus
 What is this I see?
 Have the Gods to four increased
 us
 Who were only three?
 Beautiful in form and feature, 40
 Lovely as the day,
 Can there be so fair a creature
 Formed of common clay?

THALIA.

O sweet, pale face! O lovely eyes
 of azure,
 Clear as the waters of a brook
 that run
 Limpid and laughing in the sum-
 mer sun!
 O golden hair, that like a miser's
 treasure
 In its abundance overflows the
 measure!
 O graceful form, that cloudlike
 floatest on
 With the soft, undulating gait of
 one 50
 Who moveth as if motion were a
 pleasure!
 By what name shall I call thee?
 Nymph or Muse,
 Callirrhœ or Urania? Some
 sweet name
 Whose every syllable is a caress
 Would best befit thee; but I can-
 not choose.
 Nor do I care to choose; for still
 the same,
 Nameless or named, will be thy
 loveliness.

EUPHROSYNE.

Dowered with all celestial gifts,
 Skilled in every art
 That ennobles and uplifts 60
 And delights the heart,
 Fair on earth shall be thy fame
 As thy face is fair,
 and Pandora be the name
 Thou henceforth shalt bear.

II

OLYMPUS

HERMES (*putting on his sandals*).
 Much must he toil who serves the
 Immortal Gods,
 And I, who am their herald, most
 of all.
 No rest have I, nor respite. I no
 sooner
 Unclasp the wingèd sandals from
 my feet,
 Than I again must clasp them, and
 depart 70
 Upon some foolish errand. But to-
 day
 The errand is not foolish. Never
 yet
 With greater joy did I obey the
 summons
 That sends me earthward. I will
 fly so swiftly
 That my caduceus in the whistling
 air
 Shall make a sound like the Pan-
 dæan pipes,
 Cheating the shepherds; for to-day
 I go,
 Commissioned by high-thundering
 Zeus, to lead
 A maiden to Prometheus, in his
 tower,
 And by my cunning arguments
 persuade him 80
 To marry her. What mischief lies
 concealed
 In this design I know not; but I
 know
 Who thinks of marrying hath al-
 ready taken
 One step upon the road to peni-
 tence.
 Such embassies delight me. Forth
 I launch
 On the sustaining air, nor fear to
 fall
 Like Icarus, nor swerve aside like
 him
 Who drove amiss Hyperion's fiery
 steeds.

I sink, I fly! The yielding element
Folds itself round about me like
an arm, 90
And holds me as a mother holds
her child.

III

TOWER OF PROMETHEUS ON
MOUNT CAUCASUS

PROMETHEUS.

I hear the trumpet of Alectryon
Proclaim the dawn. The stars be-
gin to fade,
And all the heavens are full of pro-
phesies
And evil auguries. Blood-red last
night
I saw great Kronos rise; the cres-
cent moon
Sank through the mist, as if it
were the scythe
His parricidal hand had flung far
down
The western steeps. O ye Immor-
tal Gods,
What evil are ye plotting and con-
triving? 100

HERMES *and* PANDORA *at the*
threshold.

PANDORA.

I cannot cross the threshold. An
unseen
And icy hand repels me. These
blank walls
Oppress me with their weight!

PROMETHEUS.

Powerful ye are
But not omnipotent. Ye cannot
fight
Against Necessity. The Fates con-
trol you,
As they do us, and so far we are
equals!

PANDORA.

Motionless, passionless, compan-
ionless,

He sits there muttering in his
beard. His voice
Is like a river flowing under-
ground! 109

HERMES.

Prometheus, hail!

PROMETHEUS.

Who calls me?

HERMES.

It is I.

Dost thou not know me?

PROMETHEUS.

By thy wingèd cap
And wingèd heels I know thee.
Thou art Hermes,
Captain of thieves! Hast thou
again been stealing
The heifers of Admetus in the
sweet
Meadows of asphodel? or Hera's
girdle?
Or the earth-shaking trident of
Poseidon?

HERMES.

And thou, Prometheus; say, hast
thou again
Been stealing fire from Helios'
chariot-wheels
To light thy furnaces?

PROMETHEUS.

Why comest thou hither
So early in the dawn?

HERMES.

The Immortal Gods
Know naught of late or early.
Zeus himself, 121
The omnipotent hath sent me.

PROMETHEUS.

For what purpose?

HERMES.

To bring this maiden to thee.

PROMETHEUS.

I mistrust
The Gods and all their gifts. If
they have sent her
It is for no good purpose.

HERMES.

What disaster
Could she bring on thy house, who
is a woman?

PROMETHEUS.

The Gods are not my friends, nor
am I theirs.
Whatever comes from them,
though in a shape
As beautiful as this, is evil only.
Who art thou?

PANDORA.

One who, though to thee unknown,
Yet knoweth thee.

PROMETHEUS.

How shouldst thou know me, wo-
man? 131

PANDORA.

Who knoweth not Prometheus the
humane?

PROMETHEUS.

Prometheus the unfortunate; to
whom
Both Gods and men have shown
themselves ungrateful.
When every spark was quenched
on every hearth
Throughout the earth, I brought
to man the fire
And all its ministrations. My re-
ward
Hath been the rock and vulture.

HERMES.

But the Gods
At last relent and pardon.

PROMETHEUS.

They relent not;

They pardon not; they are im-
placable, 140
Revengeful, unforgiving!

HERMES.

As a pledge
Of reconciliation they have sent to
thee
This divine being, to be thy com-
panion,
And bring into thy melancholy
house
The sunshine and the fragrance of
her youth.

PROMETHEUS.

I need them not. I have within
myself
All that my heart desires; the
ideal beauty
Which the creative faculty of
mind
Fashions and follows in a thou-
sand shapes
More lovely than the real. My
own thoughts 150
Are my companions; my designs
and labors
And aspirations are my only
friends.

HERMES.

Decide not rashly. The decision
made
Can never be recalled. The Gods
implore not,
Plead not, solicit not; they only
offer
Choice and occasion, which once
being passed
Return no more. Dost thou ac-
cept the gift?

PROMETHEUS.

No gift of theirs, in whatsoever
shape
It comes to me, with whatsoever
charm
To fascinate my sense, will I re-
ceive. 160

Leave me.

PANDORA.

Let us go hence. I will not stay.

HERMES.

We leave thee to thy vacant
dreams, and all
The silence and the solitude of
thought,
The endless bitterness of un-
belief,
The loneliness of existence with-
out love.

CHORUS OF THE FATES.

CLOTHO.

How the Titan, the defiant,
The self-centred, self-reliant,
Wrapped in visions and illusions,
Robs himself of life's best gifts!
Till by all the storm-winds shaken,
By the blast of fate o'ertaken, ¹⁷¹
Hopeless, helpless, and forsaken,
In the mists of his confusions
To the reefs of doom he drifts!

LACHESIS.

Sorely tried and sorely tempted,
From no agonies exempted,
In the penance of his trial,
And the discipline of pain;
Often by illusions cheated,
Often baffled and defeated ¹⁸⁰
In the tasks to be completed,
He, by toil and self-denial,
To the highest shall attain.

ATROPOS.

Tempt no more the noble schemer;
Bear unto some idle dreamer
This new toy and fascination,
This new dalliance and delight!
To the garden where reposes
Epimetheus crowned with roses,
To the door that never closes ¹⁹⁰
Upon pleasure and temptation,
Bring this vision of the night!

IV

THE AIR

HERMES (*returning to Olympus*).
As lonely as the tower that he in-
habits,
As firm and cold as are the crags
about him,
Prometheus stands. The thunder-
bolts of Zeus
Alone can move him; but the
tender heart
Of Epimetheus, burning at white
heat,
Hammers and flames like all his
brother's forges!
Now as an arrow from Hyperion's
bow,
My errand done, I fly, I float, I
soar ²⁰⁰
Into the air, returning to Olympus.
O joy of motion! O delight to
cleave
The infinite realms of space, the
liquid ether,
Through the warm sunshine and
the cooling cloud,
Myself as light as sunbeam or as
cloud!
With one touch of my swift and
wingèd feet,
I spurn the solid earth, and leave
it rocking
As rocks the bough from which a
bird takes wing.

V

THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS

EPIMETHEUS.

Beautiful apparition! go not
hence!
Surely thou art a Goddess, for thy
voice ²¹⁰
Is a celestial melody, and thy form
Self-poised as if it floated on the
air!

PANDORA.

No Goddess am I, nor of heavenly
birth,
But a mere woman fashioned out
of clay
And mortal as the rest.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thy face is fair;
There is a wonder in thine azure
eyes
That fascinates me. Thy whole
presence seems
A soft desire, a breathing thought
of love.
Say, would thy star like Merope's
grow dim
If thou shouldst wed beneath
thee?

PANDORA.

Ask me not;
I cannot answer thee. I only
know 221
The Gods have sent me hither.

EPIMETHEUS.

I believe,
And thus believing am most for-
tunate.
It was not Hermes led thee here,
but Eros,
And swifter than his arrows were
thine eyes
In wounding me. There was no
moment's space
Between my seeing thee and lov-
ing thee.
Oh, what a telltale face thou hast!
Again
I see the wonder in thy tender
eyes.

PANDORA.

They do but answer to the love in
thine, 230
Yet secretly I wonder thou
shouldst love me.
Thou knowest me not.

EPIMETHEUS.

Perhaps I know thee better
Than had I known thee longer.
Yet it seems
That I have always known thee,
and but now
Have found thee. Ah, I have been
waiting long.

PANDORA.

How beautiful is this house! The
atmosphere
Breathes rest and comfort, and
the many chambers
Seem full of welcomes.

EPIMETHEUS.

They not only seem,
But truly are. This dwelling and
its master 239
Belong to thee.

PANDORA.

Here let me stay forever!
There is a spell upon me.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thou thyself
Art the enchantress, and I feel thy
power
Envelop me, and wrap my soul and
sense
In an Elysian dream.

PANDORA.

Oh, let me stay.
How beautiful are all things round
about me,
Multiplied by the mirrors on the
walls!
What treasures hast thou here!
Yon oaken chest,
Carven with figures and embossed
with gold,
Is wonderful to look upon! What
choice
And precious things dost thou
keep hidden in it? 250

EPIMETHEUS.

I know not. 'T is a mystery.

PANDORA.

Hast thou never
Lifted the lid?

EPIMETHEUS.

The oracle forbids.
Safely concealed there from all
mortal eyes
Forever sleeps the secret of the
Gods.
Seek not to know what they have
hidden from thee,
Till they themselves reveal it.

PANDORA.

As thou wilt.

EPIMETHEUS.

Let us go forth from this myste-
rious place.
The garden walks are pleasant at
this hour;
The nightingales among the shel-
tering boughs
Of populous and many-nested
trees 260
Shall teach me how to woo thee,
and shall tell me
By what resistless charms or in-
cantations
They won their mates.

PANDORA.

Thou dost not need a teacher.

They go out.

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

What the Immortals
Confide to thy keeping,
Tell unto no man;
Waking or sleeping,
Closed be thy portals
To friend as to foeman.

Silence conceals it; 270
The word that is spoken
Betrays and reveals it;
By breath or by token
The charm may be broken.

With shafts of their splendors
The Gods unforgiving
Pursue the offenders,
The dead and the living!
Fortune forsakes them,
Nor earth shall abide them, 280
Nor Tartarus hide them;
Swift wrath overtakes them.

With useless endeavor,
Forever, forever,
Is Sisyphus rolling
His stone up the mountain!
Immersed in the fountain,
Tantalus tastes not
The water that wastes not!
Through ages increasing 290
The pangs that afflict him,
With motions unceasing
The wheel of Ixion
Shall torture its victim!

VI

IN THE GARDEN

EPIMETHEUS.

Yon snow-white cloud that sails
sublime in ether
Is but the sovereign Zeus, who
like a swan
Flies to fair-ankled Leda!

PANDORA.

Or perchance
Ixion's cloud, the shadowy shape
of Hera,
That bore the Centaurs.

EPIMETHEUS.

The divine and human.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

Gently swaying to and fro, 300
Rocked by all the winds that blow,
Bright with sunshine from above,
Dark with shadow from below,
Beak to beak and breast to breast
In the cradle of their nest,
Lie the fledglings of our love.

ECHO.

Love! love!

EPIMETHEUS.

Hark! listen! Hear how sweetly
overhead
The feathered flute-players pipe
their songs of love,
And Echo answers, love and only
love. 310

CHORUS OF BIRDS.

Every flutter of the wing,
Every note of song we sing,
Every murmur, every tone,
Is of love and love alone.

ECHO.

Love alone!

EPIMETHEUS.

Who would not love, if loving she
might be
Changed like Callisto to a star in
heaven?

PANDORA.

Ah, who would love, if loving she
might be
Like Semele consumed and burnt
to ashes?

EPIMETHEUS.

Whence knowest thou these
stories?

PANDORA.

Hermes taught me;
He told me all the history of the
Gods. 321

CHORUS OF REEDS.

Evermore a sound shall be
In the reeds of Arcady,
Evermore a low lament
Of unrest and discontent.
As the story is retold
Of the nymph so coy and cold,
Who with frightened feet out-
ran
The pursuing steps of Pan.

EPIMETHEUS.

The pipe of Pan out of these reeds
is made, 330
And when he plays it to the shep-
herds
They pity him, so mournful is the
sound.
Be thou not coy and cold as Syrinx
was.

PANDORA.

Nor thou as Pan be rude and man-
nerless.

PROMETHEUS (*without*).

Ho! Epimetheus!

EPIMETHEUS.

'T is my brother's voice;
A sound unwelcome and inopportu-
ne
As was the braying of Silenus' ass,
Once heard in Cybele's garden.

PANDORA.

Let me go.
I would not be found here. I
would not see him.
She escapes among the trees.

CHORUS OF DRYADES.

Haste and hide thee, 340
Ere too late,
In these thickets intricate;
Lest Prometheus
See and chide thee,
Lest some hurt
Or harm betide thee,
Haste and hide thee!

PROMETHEUS (*entering*).

Who was it fled from here? I saw
a shape
Flitting among the trees.

EPIMETHEUS.

It was Pandora.

PROMETHEUS.

O Epimetheus! Is it then in vain
That I have warned thee? Let
me now implore. 351

Thou harborest in thy house a
dangerous guest.

EPIMETHEUS.

Whom the Gods love they honor
with such guests.

PROMETHEUS.

Whom the Gods would destroy they
first make mad.

EPIMETHEUS.

Shall I refuse the gifts they send
to me ?

PROMETHEUS.

Reject all gifts that come from
higher powers.

EPIMETHEUS.

Such gifts as this are not to be re-
jected.

PROMETHEUS.

Make not thyself the slave of any
woman.

EPIMETHEUS.

Make not thyself the judge of any
man.

PROMETHEUS.

I judge thee not; for thou art
more than man; 360

Thou art descended from Titanic
race,

And hast a Titan's strength and
faculties

That make thee godlike; and thou
sittest here

Like Heracles spinning Omphale's
flax,

And beaten with her sandals.

EPIMETHEUS.

O my brother !

Thou drivest me to madness with
thy taunts.

PROMETHEUS.

And me thou drivest to madness
with thy follies.

Come with me to my tower on Cau-
casus :

See there my forges in the roaring
caverns,

Beneficent to man, and taste the joy
That springs from labor. Read
with me the stars, 371

And learn the virtues that lie hid-
den in plants,

And all things that are useful.

EPIMETHEUS.

O my brother !

I am not as thou art. Thou dost
inherit

Our father's strength, and I our
mother's weakness:

The softness of the Oceanides,
The yielding nature that cannot
resist.

PROMETHEUS.

Because thou wilt not.

EPIMETHEUS.

Nay; because I cannot.

PROMETHEUS.

Assert thyself; rise up to thy full
height :

Shake from thy soul these dreams
effeminate, 380

These passions born of indolence
and ease.

Resolve, and thou art free. But
breathe the air

Of mountains, and their unap-
proachable summits

Will lift thee to the level of them-
selves.

EPIMETHEUS.

The roar of forests and of water-
falls,

The rushing of a mighty wind,
with loud

And undistinguishable voices call-
ing,

Are in my ear !

PROMETHEUS.

Oh, listen and obey.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thou ledest me as a child. I follow thee.

They go out.

CHORUS OF OREADES.

Centuries old are the mountains ;
Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted 391

Helios crowns by day,
Pallid Selene by night ;
From their bosoms uptossed
The snows are driven and drifted,
Like Tithonus' beard
Streaming dishevelled and white.

Thunder and tempest of wind
Their trumpets blow in the vastness ;

Phantoms of mist and rain, 400
Cloud and the shadow of cloud,
Pass and re-pass by the gates
Of their inaccessible fastness ;
Ever unmoved they stand,
Solemn, eternal, and proud.

VOICES OF THE WATERS.

Flooded by rain and snow
In their inexhaustible sources,
Swollen by affluent streams
Hurrying onward and hurled
Headlong over the crags, 410
The impetuous water-courses
Rush and roar and plunge
Down to the nethermost world.

Say, have the solid rocks
Into streams of silver been melted,
Flowing over the plains,
Spreading to lakes in the fields ?
Or have the mountains, the giants,
The ice-helmed, the forest-belted,
Scattered their arms abroad ; 420
Flung in the meadows their
shields ?

VOICES OF THE WINDS.

High on their turreted cliffs
That bolts of thunder have shattered,
Storm-winds muster and blow

Trumpets of terrible breath ;
Then from the gateways rush,
And before them routed and scattered

Sullen the cloud-rack flies,
Pale with the pallor of death.

Onward the hurricane rides, 430
And flee for shelter the shepherds ;

White are the frightened leaves,
Harvests with terror are white ;
Panic seizes the herds,
And even the lions and leopards,
Prowling no longer for prey,
Crouch in their caverns with fright.

VOICES OF THE FORESTS.

Guarding the mountains around
Majestic the forests are standing,
Bright are their crested helmets,
Dark is their armor of leaves ; 441
Filled with the breath of freedom
Each bosom subsiding, expanding,
Now like the ocean sinks,
Now like the ocean upheaves.

Planted firm on the rock,
With foreheads stern and defiant,
Loud they shout to the winds,
Loud to the tempest they call ;
Naught but Olympian thunders,
That blasted Titan and Giant, 451
Them can uproot and o'erthrow,
Shaking the earth with their fall.

CHORUS OF OREADES.

These are the Voices Three
Of winds and forests and fountains,

Voices of earth and of air,
Murmur and rushing of streams,
Making together one sound,
The mysterious voice of the mountains,

Waking the sluggard that sleeps,
Waking the dreamer of dreams. 461

These are the Voices Three,
That speak of endless endeavor,

Speak of endurance and strength,
Triumph and fulness of fame,
Sounding about the world,
An inspiration forever,
Stirring the hearts of men,
Shaping their end and their aim.

VII

THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS

PANDORA.

Left to myself I wander as I will,
And as my fancy leads me, through
this house, ⁴⁷¹
Nor could I ask a dwelling more
complete
Were I indeed the Goddess that
he deems me.
No mansion of Olympus, framed
to be
The habitation of the Immortal
Gods,
Can be more beautiful. And this
is mine,
And more than this, the love
wherewith he crowns me.
As if impelled by powers invisible
And irresistible, my steps return
Unto this spacious hall. All corri-
dors ⁴⁸⁰
And passages lead hither, and all
doors,
But open into it. Yon mysterious
chest
Attracts and fascinates me.
Would I knew
What there lies hidden! But the
oracle
Forbids. Ah me! The secret then
'is safe.
So would it be if it were in my
keeping.
A crowd of shadowy faces from
the mirrors
That line these walls are watching
me. I dare not
Lift up the lid. A hundred times
the act
Would be repeated, and the secret
seen 490

By twice a hundred incorporeal
eyes.

*She walks to the other side of the
hall.*

My feet are weary, wandering to
and fro,

My eyes with seeing and my heart
with waiting.

I will lie here and rest till he re-
turns,

Who is my dawn, my day, my
Helios.

*Throws herself upon a couch, and
falls asleep.*

ZEPHYRUS.

Come from thy caverns dark and
deep,

O son of Erebus and Night;
All sense of hearing and of sight

Enfold in the serene delight
And quietude of sleep! 500

Set all thy silent sentinels
To bar and guard the Ivory Gate,
And keep the evil dreams of fate
And falsehood and infernal hate
Imprisoned in their cells.

But open wide the Gate of Horn,
Whence, beautiful as planets, rise
The dreams of truth, with starry
eyes,

And all the wondrous prophecies
And visions of the morn. 510

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE
IVORY GATE.

Ye sentinels of sleep,
It is in vain ye keep
Your drowsy watch before the
Ivory Gate;
Though closed the portal seems,
The airy feet of dreams
Ye cannot thus in walls incarcer-
ate.

We phantoms are and dreams
Born by Tartarean streams,

As ministers of the infernal powers;
 O son of Erebus 520
 And Night, behold! we thus
 Elude your watchful warders on
 the towers!

From gloomy Tartarus
 The Fates have summoned us
 To whisper in her ear, who lies
 asleep,
 A tale to fan the fire
 Of her insane desire
 To know a secret that the Gods
 would keep.

This passion, in their ire,
 The Gods themselves inspire,
 To vex mankind with evils manifold, 531
 So that disease and pain
 O'er the whole earth may reign,
 And nevermore return the Age of
 Gold.

PANDORA (*waking*).

A voice said in my sleep: 'Do not
 delay;
 Do not delay; the golden moments
 fly!
 The oracle hath forbidden; yet
 not thee
 Doth it forbid, but Epimetheus
 only!' 540
 I am alone. These faces in the
 mirrors
 Are but the shadows and phan-
 toms of myself;
 They cannot help nor hinder. No
 one sees me,
 Save the all-seeing Gods, who,
 knowing good
 And knowing evil, have created
 me
 Such as I am, and filled me with
 desire
 Of knowing good and evil like
 themselves.

She approaches the chest.

I hesitate no longer. Weal or woe,

Or life or death, the moment shall
 decide.

*She lifts the lid. A dense mist
 rises from the chest, and fills the
 room. PANDORA falls senseless
 on the floor. Storm without.*

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE
 GATE OF HORN.

Yes, the moment shall decide!
 It already hath decided;
 And the secret once confided 550
 To the keeping of the Titan
 Now is flying far and wide,
 Whispered, told on every side,
 To disquiet and to frighten.

Fever of the heart and brain,
 Sorrow, pestilence, and pain,
 Moans of anguish, maniac laugh-
 ter,
 All the evils that hereafter
 Shall afflict and vex mankind,
 All into the air have risen 560
 From the chambers of their pris-
 on;
 Only Hope remains behind.

VIII

IN THE GARDEN

EPIMETHEUS.

The storm is past, but it hath left
 behind it
 Ruin and desolation. All the
 walks
 Are strewn with shattered boughs;
 the birds are silent;
 The flowers, downtrodden by the
 wind, lie dead;
 The swollen rivulet sobs with se-
 cret pain;
 The melancholy reeds whisper
 together
 As if some dreadful deed had been
 committed
 They dare not name, and all the
 air is heavy 570

With an unspoken sorrow! Pre-
monitions,
Foreshadowings of some terrible
disaster
Oppress my heart. Ye Gods,
avert the omen!

PANDORA, *coming from the house.*
O Epimetheus, I no longer dare
To lift mine eyes to thine, nor hear
thy voice,
Being no longer worthy of thy love.

EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done?

PANDORA.

Forgive me not, but kill me.

EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done?

PANDORA.

I pray for death, not pardon.

EPIMETHEUS.

What hast thou done?

PANDORA.

I dare not speak of it.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thy pallor and thy silence terrify
me! 580

PANDORA.

I have brought wrath and ruin on
thy house!
My heart hath braved the oracle
that guarded
The fatal secret from us, and my
hand
Lifted the lid of the mysterious
chest!

EPIMETHEUS.

Then all is lost! I am indeed un-
done.

PANDORA.

I pray for punishment, and not for
pardon.

EPIMETHEUS.

Mine is the fault, not thine. On
me shall fall
The vengeance of the Gods, for I
betrayed
Their secret when, in evil hour,
I said
It was a secret; when, in evil
hour, 590
I left thee here alone to this temp-
tation.
Why did I leave thee?

PANDORA.

Why didst thou return?
Eternal absence would have been
to me
The greatest punishment. To be
left alone
And face to face with my own
crime, had been
Just retribution. Upon me, ye
Gods,
Let all your vengeance fall!

EPIMETHEUS.

On thee and me.
I do not love thee less for what is
done,
And cannot be undone. Thy very
weakness
Hath brought thee nearer to me,
and henceforth 600
My love will have a sense of pity
in it,
Making it less a worship than be-
fore.

PANDORA.

Pity me not; pity is degradation.
Love me and kill me.

EPIMETHEUS.

Beautiful Pandora!
Thou art a Goddess still!

PANDORA.

I am a woman;
And the insurgent demon in my
nature,
That made me brave the oracle
revolts

At pity and compassion. Let me die;
What else remains for me?

EPIMETHEUS.

Youth, hope, and love :
To build a new life on a ruined life, 610
To make the future fairer than the past,
And make the past appear a troubled dream.
Even now in passing through the garden walks
Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest
Ruined and full of rain ; and over me
Beheld the uncomplaining birds already
Busy in building a new habitation.

PANDORA.

Auspicious omen !

EPIMETHEUS.

May the Eumenides
Put out their torches and behold us not,
And fling away their whips of scorpions 620
And touch us not.

PANDORA.

Me let them punish.
Only through punishment of our evil deeds,
Only through suffering, are we reconciled
To the immortal Gods and to ourselves.

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

Never shall souls like these
Escape the Eumenides,
The daughters dark of Acheron and Night !
Unquenched our torches glare,
Our scourges in the air
Send forth prophetic sounds before they smite. 630

Never by lapse of time
The soul defaced by crime
Into its former self returns again ;
For every guilty deed
Holds in itself the seed
Of retribution and undying pain.

Never shall be the loss
Restored, till Helios
Hath purified them with his heavenly fires ;
Then what was lost is won,
And the new life begun, 641
Kindled with nobler passions and desires.

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE

I

THE lights are out, and gone are all the guests
That thronging came with merriment and jests
To celebrate the Hanging of the Crane
In the new house, — into the night are gone ;
But still the fire upon the hearth burns on,
And I alone remain.

O fortunate, O happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth,
Like a new star just sprung to birth, 10
And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space !

So said the guests in speech and
 song,
 As in the chimney, burning bright,
 We hung the iron crane to-night,
 And merry was the feast and long.

II

And now I sit and muse on what
 may be,
 And in my vision see, or seem to
 see,
 Through floating vapors inter-
 fused with light,
 Shapes indeterminate, that gleam
 and fade, 20
 As shadows passing into deeper
 shade
 Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,
 Is spread the table round and
 small ;
 Upon the polished silver shine
 The evening lamps, but, more
 divine,
 The light of love shines over all ;
 Of love, that says not mine and
 thine,
 But ours, for ours is thine and
 mine.

They want no guests, to come
 between 30
 Their tender glances like a
 screen,
 And tell them tales of land and
 sea,
 And whatsoever may betide
 The great, forgotten world out-
 side ;
 They want no guests ; they needs
 must be
 Each other's own best company.

III

The picture fades ; as at a village
 fair
 A showman's views, dissolving
 into air,
 Again appear transfigured on
 the screen,

So in my fancy this ; and now once
 more, 40
 In part transfigured, through the
 open door
 Appears the selfsame scene.

Seated, I see the two again,
 But not alone ; they entertain
 A little angel unaware,
 With face as round as is the
 moon,
 A royal guest with flaxen hair,
 Who, throned upon his lofty
 chair,
 Drums on the table with his
 spoon,
 Then drops it careless on the
 floor, 50
 To grasp at things unseen be-
 fore.

Are these celestial manners ?
 these
 The ways that win, the arts that
 please ?
 Ah yes ; consider well the guest,
 And whatso'er he does seems
 best ;
 He ruleth by the right divine
 Of helplessness, so lately born
 In purple chambers of the morn,
 As sovereign over thee and thine.
 He speaketh not ; and yet there
 lies 60

A conversation in his eyes ;
 The golden silence of the Greek,
 The gravest wisdom of the wise,
 Not spoken in language, but in
 looks
 More legible than printed books,
 As if he could but would not
 speak.

And now, O monarch absolute,
 Thy power is put to proof ; for, lo !
 Resistless, fathomless, and slow
 The nurse comes rustling like
 the sea, 70
 And pushes back thy chair and
 thee,
 And so good night to King
 Canute.

IV

As one who walking in a forest
sees

A lovely landscape through the
parted trees,

Then sees it not, for boughs that
intervene;

Or as we see the moon sometimes
revealed

Through drifting clouds, and then
again concealed,

So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table
now;

The king, deposed and older
grown, 80

No longer occupies the throne,—
The crown is on his sister's

brow;

A Princess from the Fairy Isles,
The very pattern girl of girls,

All covered and embowered in
curls,

Rose-tinted from the Isle of
Flowers,

And sailing with soft, silken sails
From far-off Dreamland into
ours.

Above their bowls with rims of
blue

Four azure eyes of deeper hue 90
Are looking, dreamy with de-
light;

Limpid as planets that emerge
Above the ocean's rounded verge,
Soft-shining through the summer
night.

Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing
see

Beyond the horizon of their
bowls;

Nor care they for the world that
rolls

With all its freight of troubled
souls

Into the days that are to be.

V

Again the tossing boughs shut out
the scene, 100

Again the drifting vapors inter-
vene,

And the moon's pallid disk is
hidden quite;

And now I see the table wider
grown,

As round a pebble into water
thrown

Dilates a ring of light.

I see the table wider grown,

I see it garlanded with guests,

As if fair Ariadne's Crown

Out of the sky had fallen down;
Maidens within whose tender

breasts 110

A thousand restless hopes and
fears,

Forth reaching to the coming
years,

Flutter awhile, then quiet lie,

Like timid birds that fain would
fly,

But do not dare to leave their
nests;—

And youths, who in their strength
elate

Challenge the van and front of
fate,

Eager as champions to be

In the divine knight-errantry

Of youth, that travels sea and
land 120

Seeking adventures, or pursues,
Through cities, and through
solitudes

Frequented by the lyric Muse,

The phantom with the beckon-
ing hand,

That still allures and still eludes.

O sweet illusions of the brain!

O sudden thrills of fire and
frost!

The world is bright while ye re-
main,

And dark and dead when ye are
lost!

VI

The meadow-brook, that seemeth
to stand still. 130

Quickens its current as it nears
 the mill;
 And so the stream of Time that
 lingereth
 In level places, and so dull ap-
 pears,
 Runs with a swifter current as it
 nears
 The gloomy mills of Death.

And now, like the magician's
 scroll,
 That in the owner's keeping
 shrinks
 With every wish he speaks or
 thinks,
 Till the last wish consumes the
 whole,
 The table dwindles, and again ¹³⁹
 I see the two alone remain.
 The crown of stars is broken in
 parts;
 Its jewels, brighter than the
 day,
 Have one by one been stolen
 away
 To shine in other homes and
 hearts.

One is a wanderer now afar
 In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,
 Or sunny regions of Cathay;
 And one is in the boisterous
 camp
 Mid clink of arms and horses'
 tramp, ¹⁵⁰
 And battle's terrible array.
 I see the patient mother read,
 With aching heart, of wrecks
 that float
 Disabled on those seas remote,
 Or of some great heroic deed
 On battle-fields, where thousands
 bleed
 To lift one hero into fame.
 Anxious she bends her graceful
 head

Above these chronicles of pain,
 And trembles with a secret dread
 Lest there among the drowned
 or slain ¹⁶¹
 She find the one beloved name.

VII

After a day of cloud and wind and
 rain
 Sometimes the setting sun breaks
 out again,
 And, touching all the darksome
 woods with light,
 Smiles on the fields, until they
 laugh and sing,
 Then like a ruby from the horizon's
 ring
 Drops down into the night.

What see I now? The night is
 fair,
 The storm of grief, the clouds of
 care, ¹⁷⁰
 The wind, the rain, have passed
 away;
 The lamps are lit, the fires burn
 bright,
 The house is full of life and
 light;
 It is the Golden Wedding day.
 The guests come thronging in
 once more,
 Quick footsteps sound along the
 floor,
 The trooping children crowd the
 stair,
 And in and out and everywhere
 Flashes along the corridor
 The sunshine of their golden
 hair. ¹⁸⁰
 On the round table in the hall
 Another Ariadne's Crown
 Out of the sky hath fallen down;
 More than one Monarch of the
 Moon
 Is drumming with his silver
 spoon;
 The light of love shines over
 all.

O fortunate, O happy day!
 The people sing, the people
 say.
 The ancient bridegroom and the
 bride,

Smiling contented and serene ¹⁹⁰
 Upon the blithe, bewildering
 scene,
 Behold, well pleased, on every
 side
 Their forms and features multi-
 plied,

As the reflection of a light
 Between two burnished mirrors
 gleams,
 Or lamps upon a bridge at night
 Stretch on and on before the
 sight,
 Till the long vista endless seems.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS

POEM FOR THE FIFTIETH
 ANNIVERSARY OF THE
 CLASS OF 1825 IN BOWDOIN
 COLLEGE

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senes-
 cimus annis,
 Et fugiunt freno non remorante
 dies.
 OVID, *Fastorum*, Lib. vi.

'O CÆSAR, we who are about to
 die
 Salute you!' was the gladiators'
 cry
 In the arena, standing face to
 face
 With death and with the Roman
 populace.

O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves
 of pine,
 That once were mine and are no
 longer mine,—
 Thou river, widening through the
 meadows green
 To the vast sea, so near and yet
 unseen,—
 Ye halls, in whose seclusion and
 repose
 Phantoms of fame, like exhal-
 ations, rose ¹⁰
 And vanished,—we who are about
 to die,
 Salute you; earth and air and sea
 and sky,
 And the Imperial Sun that scat-
 ters down
 His sovereign splendors upon
 grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not
 hear!
 We are forgotten; and in your
 austere
 And calm indifference, ye little
 care
 Whether we come or go, or whence
 or where.
 What passing generations fill these
 halls,
 What passing voices echo from
 these walls, ²⁰
 Ye heed not; we are only as the
 blast,
 A moment heard, and then forever
 past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier
 days
 Led our bewildered feet through
 learning's maze;
 They answer us—alas! what have
 I said?
 What greetings come there from
 the voiceless dead?
 What salutation, welcome, or re-
 ply?
 What pressure from the hands
 that lifeless lie?
 They are no longer here; they all
 are gone
 Into the land of shadows,—all
 save one. ³⁰
 Honor and reverence, and the good
 repute
 That follows faithful service as its
 fruit,
 Be unto him, whom living we sa-
 lute.

The great Italian poet, when he
made
His dreadful journey to the realms
of shade,
Met there the old instructor of his
youth,
And cried in tones of pity and of
ruth:
'Oh, never from the memory of my
heart
Your dear, paternal image shall
depart,
Who while on earth, ere yet by
death surprised, 40
Taught me how mortals are im-
mortalized;
How grateful am I for that patient
care
All my life long my language shall
declare.'

To-day we make the poet's words
our own,
And utter them in plaintive under-
tone;
Nor to the living only be they said,
But to the other living called the
dead,
Whose dear, paternal images ap-
pear
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed
in sunshine here;
Whose simple lives, complete and
without flaw, 50
Were part and parcel of great Na-
ture's law;
Who said not to their Lord, as if
afraid,
'Here is thy talent in a napkin
laid,'
But labored in their sphere, as
men who live
In the delight that work alone can
give.
Peace be to them; eternal peace
and rest,
And the fulfilment of the great
behest:
'Ye have been faithful over a few
things,
Over ten cities shall ye reign as
kings.'

And ye who fill the places we once
filled, 60
And follow in the furrows that we
tilled,
Young men, whose generous hearts
are beating high,
We who are old, and are about to
die,
Salute you; hail you; take your
hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome
as with flowers!

How beautiful is youth! how
bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations,
dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without
End,
Each maid a heroine, and each
man a friend!
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus'
Purse, 70
That holds the treasures of the
universe!
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe
withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
'Be thou removed!' it to the
mountain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure
and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the
cloud!

As ancient Priam at the Scæan
gate
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal
state
With the old men, too old and weak
to fight, 80
Chirping like grasshoppers in their
delight
To see the embattled hosts, with
spear and shield,
Of Trojans and Achæans in the
field;
So from the snowy summits of our
years '
We see you in the plain, as each
appears,

And question of you; asking,
 'Who is he
 That towers above the others?
 Which may be
 Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
 Ajax the great, or bold Idome-
 neus?'

Let him not boast who puts his
 armor on 90
 As he who puts it off, the battle
 done.
 Study yourselves; and most of all
 note well
 Wherein kind Nature meant you
 to excel.
 Not every blossom ripens into
 fruit;
 Minerva, the inventress of the
 flute,
 Flung it aside, when she her face
 surveyed
 Distorted in a fountain as she
 played;
 The unlucky Marsyas found it,
 and his fate
 Was one to make the bravest hesi-
 tate.

Write on your doors the saying
 wise and old, 100
 'Be bold! be bold!' and every-
 where 'Be bold;
 Be not too bold!' Yet better the
 excess
 Than the defect; better the more
 than less;
 Better like Hector in the field to
 die,
 Than like a perfumed Paris turn
 and fly.

And now, my classmates; ye re-
 maining few
 That number not the half of those
 we knew,
 Ye, against whose familiar names
 not yet
 The fatal asterisk of death is set,
 Ye I salute! The horologe of
 Time 110

Strikes the half-century with a
 solemn chime,
 And summons us together once
 again,
 The joy of meeting not unmixed
 with pain.

Where are the others? Voices
 from the deep
 Caverns of darkness answer me:
 'They sleep!'
 I name no names; instinctively I
 feel
 Each at some well-remembered
 grave will kneel,
 And from the inscription wipe the
 weeds and moss,
 For every heart best knoweth its
 own loss.
 I see their scattered gravestones
 gleaming white 120
 Through the pale dusk of the im-
 pending night;
 O'er all alike the impartial sunset
 throws
 Its golden lilies mingled with the
 rose;
 We give to each a tender thought,
 and pass
 Out of the graveyards with their
 tangled grass,
 Unto these scenes frequented by
 our feet
 When we were young, and life was
 fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What
 can I say
 Better than silence is? When I
 survey
 This throng of faces turned to
 meet my own, 130
 Friendly and fair, and yet to me
 unknown,
 Transformed the very landscape
 seems to be;
 It is the same, yet not the same to
 me.
 So many memories crowd upon my
 brain,

So many ghosts are in the wooded
plain,
I fain would steal away, with noise-
less tread,
As from a house where some one
lieth dead.

I cannot go; — I pause; — I hesi-
tate;
My feet reluctant linger at the
gate;
As one who struggles in a troubled
dream ¹⁴⁰
To speak and cannot, to myself I
seem.

Vanish the dream! Vanish the
idle fears!
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty
years!
Whatever time or space may in-
tervene,
I will not be a stranger in this
scene.
Here every doubt, all indecision,
ends;
Hail, my companions, comrades,
classmates, friends!

Ah me! the fifty years since last
we met
Seem to me fifty folios bound and
set
By Time, the great transcriber, on
his shelves, ¹⁵⁰
Wherein are written the histories
of ourselves.
What tragedies, what comedies,
are there;
What joy and grief, what rapture
and despair!
What chronicles of triumph and
defeat,
Of struggle, and temptation, and
retreat!
What records of regrets, and
doubts, and fears!
What pages blotted, blistered by
our tears!
What lovely landscapes on the
margin shine,

What sweet, angelic faces, what
divine
And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoiled by
damp or dust! ¹⁶¹

Whose hand shall dare to open
and explore
These volumes, closed and clasped
forevermore?
Not mine. With reverential feet
I pass;
I hear a voice that cries, 'Alas!
alas!
Whatever hath been written shall
remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er
again;
The unwritten only still belongs
to thee:
Take heed, and ponder well what
that shall be.'

As children frightened by a thun-
der-cloud ¹⁷⁰
Are reassured if some one reads
aloud
A tale of wonder, with enchan-
ment fraught,
Or wild adventure, that diverts
their thought,
Let me endeavor with a tale to
chase
The gathering shadows of the time
and place,
And banish what we all too deeply
feel
Wholly to say or wholly to con-
ceal.

In mediæval Rome, I know not
where,
There stood an image with its arm
in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining
clear, ¹⁸⁰
A golden ring with the device,
'Strike here!'
Greatly the people wondered,
though none guessed

The meaning that these words but
 half expressed,
 Until a learned clerk, who at noon-
 day
 With downcast eyes was passing
 on his way,
 Paused, and observed the spot,
 and marked it well,
 Whereon the shadow of the finger
 fell;
 And, coming back at midnight,
 delved, and found
 A secret stairway leading under-
 ground.
 Down this he passed into a spa-
 cious hall, 190
 Lit by a flaming jewel on the
 wall;
 And opposite, in threatening atti-
 tude,
 With bow and shaft a brazen
 statue stood.
 Upon its forehead, like a coronet,
 Were these mysterious words of
 menace set:
 'That which I am, I am; my fatal
 aim
 None can escape, not even yon
 luminous flame!'

Midway the hall was a fair table
 placed,
 With cloth of gold, and golden
 cups enchased
 With rubies, and the plates and
 knives were gold, 200
 And gold the bread and viands
 manifold.
 Around it, silent, motionless, and
 sad,
 Were seated gallant knights in
 armor clad,
 And ladies beautiful with plume
 and zone,
 But they were stone, their hearts
 within were stone;
 And the vast hall was filled in
 every part
 With silent crowds, stony in face
 and heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and
 amazed,
 The trembling clerk in speechless
 wonder gazed;
 Then from the table, by his greed
 made bold, 210
 He seized a goblet and a knife of
 gold,
 And suddenly from their seats the
 guests upsprang,
 The vaulted ceiling with loud
 clamors rang,
 The archer sped his arrow, at
 their call,
 Shattering the lambent jewel on
 the wall,
 And all was dark around and over-
 head;—
 Stark on the floor the luckless
 clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then re-
 cords
 Its ghostly application, in these
 words: 219
 The image is the Adversary old,
 Whose beckoning finger points to
 realms of gold;
 Our lusts and passions are the
 downward stair
 That leads the soul from a diviner
 air;
 The archer, Death; the flaming
 jewel, Life;
 Terrestrial goods, the goblet and
 the knife;
 The knights and ladies, all whose
 flesh and bone
 By avarice have been hardened
 into stone;
 The clerk, the scholar whom the
 love of pelf
 Tempts from his books and from
 his nobler self.

The scholar and the world! The
 endless strife, 230
 The discord in the harmonies of
 life!

The love of learning, the sequestered nooks,
 And all the sweet serenity of books;
 The market-place, the eager love of gain,
 Whose aim is vanity, and whose end is pain!

But why, you ask me, should this tale be told

To men grown old, or who are growing old?

It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late

Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.

Cato learned Greek at eighty;
 Sophocles ²⁴⁰

Wrote his grand *Œdipus*, and *Simonides*

Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,

When each had numbered more than fourscore years,

And *Theophrastus*, at fourscore and ten,

Had but begun his 'Characters of Men.'

Chaucer, at *Woodstock* with the nightingales,

At sixty wrote the *Canterbury Tales*;

Goethe at *Weimar*, toiling to the last,

Completed *Faust* when eighty years were past.

These are indeed exceptions; but they show ²⁵⁰

How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow

Into the arctic regions of our lives,

Where little else than life itself survives.

As the barometer foretells the storm

While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,

So something in us, as old age draws near,

Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.

The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,

Descends the elastic ladder of the air;

The telltale blood in artery and vein ^{26a}

Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;

Whatever poet, orator, or sage May say of it, old age is still old age.

It is the waning, not the crescent moon;

The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;

It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,

But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,

The burning and consuming element,

But that of ashes and of embers spent,

In which some living sparks we still discern, ²⁷⁰

Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say

The night hath come; it is no longer day?

The night hath not yet come; we are not quite

Cut off from labor by the falling light;

Something remains for us to do or dare;

Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear;

Not *Œdipus Coloneus*, or Greek Ode,

Or tales of pilgrims that one morning rode

Out of the gateway of the *Tabard Inn*, ²⁸⁰

But other something, would we
but begin;
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in an-
other dress,

And as the evening twilight fades
away
The sky is filled with stars, invis-
ible by day.

A BOOK OF SONNETS

THREE FRIENDS OF MINE

I

WHEN I remember them, those
friends of mine,
Who are no longer here, the no-
ble three,
Who half my life were more
than friends to me,
And whose discourse was like a
generous wine,
I most of all remember the divine
Something, that shone in them,
and made us see
The archetypal man, and what
might be
The amplitude of Nature's first
design.
In vain I stretch my hands to
clasp their hands;
I cannot find them. Nothing
now is left
But a majestic memory. They
meanwhile
Wander together in Elysian lands,
Perchance remembering me, who
am bereft
Of their dear presence, and, re-
membering, smile.

II

In Attica thy birthplace should
have been,
Or the Ionian Isles, or where
the seas
Encircle in their arms the Cy-
clades,
So wholly Greek wast thou in
thy serene
And childlike joy of life, O Phil-
hellene!

Around thee would have
swarmed the Attic bees;
Homer had been thy friend, or
Socrates,
And Plato welcomed thee to his
demesne.
For thee old legends breathed his-
toric breath;
Thou sawest Poseidon in the
purple sea,
And in the sunset Jason's fleece
of gold!
Oh, what hadst thou to do with
cruel Death,
Who wast so full of life, or
Death with thee,
That thou shouldst die before
thou hadst grown old!

III

I stand again on the familiar
shore,
And hear the waves of the dis-
tracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting
thee,
And waiting restless at thy cot-
tage door.
The rocks, the sea-weed on the
ocean floor,
The willows in the meadow, and
the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic wel-
come me;
Then why shouldst thou be dead,
and come no more?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead,
when common men
Are busy with their trivial
affairs,

Having and holding? Why,
 when thou hadst read
 Nature's mysterious manuscript,
 and then
 Wast ready to reveal the truth
 it bears,
 Why art thou silent? Why
 shouldst thou be dead?

IV

River, that stealest with such
 silent pace
 Around the City of the Dead,
 where lies
 A friend who bore thy name, and
 whom these eyes
 Shall see no more in his accus-
 tomed place,
 Linger and fold him in thy soft em-
 brace,
 And say good night, for now the
 western skies
 Are red with sunset, and gray
 mists arise
 Like damps that gather on a
 dead man's face.
 Good night! good night! as we so
 oft have said
 Beneath this roof at midnight,
 in the days
 That are no more, and shall no
 more return.
 Thou hast but taken thy lamp and
 gone to bed;
 I stay a little longer, as one
 stays
 To cover up the embers that still
 burn.

V

The doors are all wide open: at
 the gate
 The blossomed lilacs counterfeit
 a blaze,
 And seem to warm the air; a
 dreamy haze
 Hangs o'er the Brighton mead-
 ows like a fate,
 And on their margin, with sea-tides
 elate,

The flooded Charles, as in the
 happier days,
 Writes the last letter of his
 name, and stays
 His restless steps, as if compelled
 to wait.
 I also wait; but they will come no
 more,
 Those friends of mine, whose
 presence satisfied
 The thirst and hunger of my
 heart. Ah me!
 They have forgotten the pathway
 to my door!
 Something is gone from nature
 since they died,
 And summer is not summer, nor
 can be.

CHAUCER

AN old man in a lodge within a
 park;
 The chamber walls depicted all
 around
 With portraitures of huntsman,
 hawk, and hound,
 And the hurt deer. He listeneth
 to the lark,
 Whose song comes with the sun-
 shine through the dark
 Of painted glass in leaden lattice
 bound;
 He listeneth and he laugheth at
 the sound,
 Then writeth in a book like any
 clerk.
 He is the poet of the dawn, who
 wrote
 The Canterbury Tales, and his
 old age
 Made beautiful with song; and
 as I read
 I hear the crowing cock, I hear
 the note
 Of lark and linnnet, and from
 every page
 Rise odors of ploughed field or
 flowery mead.

SHAKESPEARE

A VISION as of crowded city streets,
 With human life in endless overflow;
 Thunder of thoroughfares; trumpets that blow
 To battle; clamor, in obscure retreats,
 Of sailors landed from their anchored fleets;
 Tolling of bells in turrets, and below
 Voices of children, and bright flowers that throw
 O'er garden-walls their intermingled sweets!
 This vision comes to me when I unfold
 The volume of the Poet paramount,
 Whom all the Muses loved, not one alone;—
 Into his hands they put the lyre of gold,
 And, crowned with sacred laurel at their fount,
 Placed him as Musagetes on their throne.

MILTON

I PACE the sounding sea-beach and behold
 How the voluminous billows roll and run,
 Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun
 Shines through their sheeted emerald far unrolled,
 And the ninth wave, slow gathering fold by fold
 All its loose-flowing garments into one,
 Plunges upon the shore, and floods the dun
 Pale reach of sands, and changes them to gold.
 So in majestic cadence rise and fall

The mighty undulations of thy song,
 O sightless bard, England's Mæonides!
 And ever and anon, high over all
 Uplifted, a ninth wave superb and strong,
 Floods all the soul with its melodious seas.

KEATS

THE young Endymion sleeps Endymion's sleep;
 The shepherd-boy whose tale was left half told!
 The solemn grove uplifts its shield of gold
 To the red rising moon, and loud and deep
 The nightingale is singing from the steep;
 It is midsummer, but the air is cold;
 Can it be death? Alas, beside the fold
 A shepherd's pipe lies shattered near his sheep.
 Lo! in the moonlight gleams a marble white,
 On which I read: 'Here lieth one whose name
 Was writ in water.' And was this the need
 Of his sweet singing? Rather let me write:
 'The smoking flax before it burst to flame
 Was quenched by death, and broken the bruised reed.'

THE GALAXY

TORRENT of light and river of the air,
 Along whose bed the glimmering stars are seen
 Like gold and silver sands in some ravine

Where mountain streams have
left their channels bare!
The Spaniard sees in thee the
pathway, where
His patron saint descended in
the sheen
Of his celestial armor, on se-
rene
And quiet nights, when all the
heavens were fair.
Not this I see, nor yet the ancient
fable
Of Phaeton's wild course, that
scorched the skies
Where'er the hoofs of his hot
coursers trod;
But the white drift of worlds o'er
chasms of sable,
The star-dust, that is whirled
aloft and flies
From the invisible chariot-
wheels of God.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA

THE sea awoke at midnight from
its sleep,
And round the pebbly beaches
far and wide
I heard the first wave of the ris-
ing tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted
sweep;
A voice out of the silence of the
deep,
A sound mysteriously multiplied
As of a cataract from the moun-
tain's side,
Or roar of winds upon a wooded
steep.
So comes to us at times, from the
unknown
And inaccessible solitudes of
being,
The rushing of the sea-tides of
the soul;
And inspirations, that we deem
our own,
Are some divine foreshadowing
and foreseeing
Of things beyond our reason or
control.

A SUMMER DAY BY THE SEA

THE sun is set; and in his latest
beams
Yon little cloud of ashen gray
and gold,
Slowly upon the amber air un-
rolled,
The falling mantle of the Pro-
phet seems.
From the dim headlands many a
light-house gleams,
The street-lamps of the ocean;
and behold,
O'erhead the banners of the
night unfold;
The day hath passed into the
land of dreams.
O summer day beside the joyous
sea!
O summer day so wonderful and
white,
So full of gladness and so full of
pain!
Forever and forever shalt thou be
To some the gravestone of a
dead delight,
To some the landmark of a new
domain.

THE TIDES

I SAW the long line of the vacant
shore,
The sea-weed and the shells
upon the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare
on every hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow
no more.
Then heard I, more distinctly than
before,
The ocean breathe and its great
breast expand,
And hurrying came on the de-
fenceless land
The insurgent waters with tu-
multuous roar.
All thought and feeling and desire,
I said,

Love, laughter, and the exultant
 joy of song
 Have ebbed from me forever!
 Suddenly o'er me
 They swept again from their deep
 ocean bed,
 And in a tumult of delight, and
 strong
 As youth, and beautiful as youth,
 upbore me.

A SHADOW

I SAID unto myself, if I were dead,
 What would befall these chil-
 dren? What would be
 Their fate, who now are looking
 up to me
 For help and furtherance? Their
 lives, I said,
 Would be a volume wherein I have
 read
 But the first chapters, and no
 longer see
 To read the rest of their dear
 history,
 So full of beauty and so full of
 dread.
 Be comforted; the world is very
 old,
 And generations pass, as they
 have passed,
 A troop of shadows moving with
 the sun;
 Thousands of times has the old
 tale been told;
 The world belongs to those who
 come the last,
 They will find hope and strength
 as we have done.

A NAMELESS GRAVE

'A SOLDIER of the Union mus-
 tered out,'
 Is the inscription on an unknown
 grave
 At Newport News, beside the
 salt-sea wave,
 Nameless and dateless; sentinel
 or scout

Shot down in skirmish, or disas-
 trous rout
 Of battle, when the loud artillery
 drave
 Its iron wedges through the
 ranks of brave
 And doomed battalions, storm-
 ing the redoubt.
 Thou unknown hero sleeping by
 the sea
 In thy forgotten grave! with se-
 cret shame
 I feel my pulses beat, my fore
 head burn,
 When I remember thou hast given
 for me
 All that thou hadst, thy life, thy
 very name,
 And I can give thee nothing in
 return.

SLEEP

LULL me to sleep, ye winds, whos
 fitful sound
 Seems from some faint Æolian
 harp-string caught;
 Seal up the hundred wakeful
 eyes of thought
 As Hermes with his lyre in sleep
 profound
 The hundred wakeful eyes of Ar-
 gus bound;
 For I am weary, and am over-
 wrought
 With too much toil, with too
 much care distraught,
 And with the iron crown of an-
 guish crowned.
 Lay thy soft hand upon my brow
 and cheek,
 O peaceful Sleep! until from pain
 released
 I breathe again uninterrupted
 breath!
 Ah, with what subtle meaning did
 the Greek
 Call thee the lesser mystery at
 the feast
 Whereof the greater mystery is
 death!

THE OLD BRIDGE AT
FLORENCE

TADDEO GADDI built me. I am
old,
Five centuries old. I plant my
foot of stone
Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's
own
Was planted on the dragon.
Fold by fold
Beneath me as it struggles, I be-
hold
Its glistening scales. Twice
hath it overthrown
My kindred and companions. Me
alone
It moveth not, but is by me con-
trolled.
I can remember when the Med-
ici
Were driven from Florence ;
longer still ago
The final wars of Ghibelline and
Guelf.
Florence adorns me with her jew-
elry ;
And when I think that Michael
Angelo
Hath leaned on me, I glory in
myself.

IL PONTE VECCHIO DI
FIRENZE

GADDI mi fece ; il Ponte Vecchio
sono ;
Cinquecent' anni già sull' Arno
pianto
Il piede, come il suo Michele
Santo
Piantò sul draco. Mentre ch' io
ragiono
Lo vedo torcere con flebil suono
Le rilucenti scaglie. Ha questi
affranto
Due volte i miei maggior. Me
solo intanto
Neppure muove, ed io non l'ab-
bandono.

Io mi rammento quando fur cacci-
ati

I Medici ; pur quando Ghibellino
E Guelfo fecer pace mi ram-
mento.
Fiorenza i suoi gioielli m' ha pres-
tati ;
E quando penso ch' Agnolo il
divino
Su me posava, insuperbir mi
sento.

NATURE

As a fond mother, when the day
is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child
to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be
led,
And leave his broken playthings
on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the
open door,
Nor wholly reassured and com-
forted
By promises of others in their
stead,
Which, though more splendid,
may not please him more ;
So Nature deals with us, and takes
away
Our playthings one by one, and
by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that
we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or
stay,
Being too full of sleep to under-
stand
How far the unknown tran-
scends the what we know.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT
TARRYTOWN

HERE lies the gentle humorist,
who died
In the bright Indian Summer of
his fame !

A simple stone, with but a date
and name,
Marks his secluded resting-place
beside
The river that he loved and glorified.
Here in the autumn of his days
he came,
But the dry leaves of life were
all aflame
With tints that brightened and
were multiplied.
How sweet a life was his; how
sweet a death!
Living, to wing with mirth the
weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart
to cheer;
Dying, to leave a memory like the
breath
Of summers full of sunshine and
of showers,
A grief and gladness in the at-
mosphere.

ELIOT'S OAK

THOU ancient oak! whose myriad
leaves are loud
With sounds of unintelligible
speech,
Sounds as of surges on a shingly
beach,
Or multitudinous murmurs of a
crowd;
With some mysterious gift of
tongues endowed,
Thou speakest a different dialect
to each;
To me a language that no man
can teach,
Of a lost race, long vanished like
a cloud.
For underneath thy shade, in days
remote,
Seated like Abraham at even-
tide
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the
unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote

His Bible in a language that hath
died
And is forgotten, save by thee
alone.

THE DESCENT OF THE
MUSES

NINE sisters, beautiful in form
and face,
Came from their convent on the
shining heights
Of Pierus, the mountain of de-
lights,
To dwell among the people at its
base.
Then seemed the world to change.
All time and space,
Splendor of cloudless days and,
starry nights,
And men and manners, and all
sounds and sights,
Had a new meaning, a diviner
grace.
Proud were these sisters, but were
not too proud
To teach in schools of little
country towns
Science and song, and all the
arts that please;
So that while housewives span,
and farmers ploughed,
Their comely daughters, clad in
homespun gowns,
Learned the sweet songs of the
Pierides.

VENICE

WHITE swan of cities, slumbering
in thy nest
So wonderfully built among the
reeds
Of the lagoon, that fences thee
and feeds,
As sayeth thy old historian and
thy guest!
White water-lily, cradled and ca-
ressed

By ocean streams, and from the
 silt and weeds
 Lifting thy golden filaments and
 seeds,
 Thy sun-illumined spires, thy
 crown and crest!
 White phantom city, whose un-
 trodden streets
 Are rivers, and whose pave-
 ments are the shifting
 Shadows of palaces and strips of
 sky;
 I wait to see thee vanish like the
 fleets
 Seen in mirage, or towers of
 cloud uplifting
 In air their unsubstantial ma-
 sonry.

THE POETS

O YE dead Poets, who are living
 still
 Immortal in your verse, though
 life be fled,
 And ye, O living Poets, who are
 dead
 Though ye are living, if neglect
 can kill,
 Tell me if in the darkest hours of
 ill,
 With drops of anguish falling
 fast and red
 From the sharp crown of thorns
 upon your head,
 Ye were not glad your errand to
 fulfil?
 Yes; for the gift and ministry of
 Song
 Have something in them so di-
 vinely sweet,
 It can assuage the bitterness of
 wrong;
 Not in the clamor of the crowded
 street,
 Not in the shouts and plaudits
 of the throng,
 But in ourselves, are triumph
 and defeat.

PARKER CLEVELAND

WRITTEN ON REVISITING
 BRUNSWICK IN THE SUMMER
 OF 1875

AMONG the many lives that I have
 known,
 None I remember more serene
 and sweet,
 More rounded in itself and more
 complete,
 Than his, who lies beneath this
 funeral stone.
 These pines, that murmur in low
 monotone,
 These walks frequented by scho-
 lastic feet,
 Were all his world; but in this
 calm retreat
 For him the Teacher's chair be-
 came a throne.
 With fond affection memory loves
 to dwell
 On the old days, when his ex-
 ample made
 A pastime of the toil of tongue
 and pen;
 And now, amid the groves he loved
 so well
 That naught could lure him from
 their grateful shade,
 He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere,
 for God hath said, Amen!

THE HARVEST MOON

It is the Harvest Moon! On
 gilded vanes
 And roofs of villages, on wood-
 land crests
 And their aerial neighborhoods
 of nests
 Deserted, on the curtained win-
 dow-panes
 Of rooms where children sleep, on
 country lanes
 And harvest-fields, its mystic
 splendor rests!

Gone are the birds that were our
summer guests ;
With the last sheaves return the
laboring wains !
All things are symbols : the exter-
nal shows
Of Nature have their image in
the mind,
As flowers and fruits and falling
of the leaves ;
The song-birds leave us at the
summer's close,
Only the empty nests are left be-
hind,
And pipings of the quail among
the sheaves.

TO THE RIVER RHONE

THOU Royal River, born of sun
and shower
In chambers purple with the Al-
pine glow,
Wrapped in the spotless ermine
of the snow
And rocked by tempests!—at
the appointed hour
Forth, like a steel-clad horseman
from a tower,
With clang and clink of harness
dost thou go
To meet thy vassal torrents,
that below
Rush to receive thee and obey
thy power.
And now thou movest in triumphal
march,
A king among the rivers! On
thy way
A hundred towns await and wel-
come thee ;
Bridges uplift for thee the stately
arch,
Vineyards encircle thee with
garlands gay,
And fleets attend thy progress
to the sea !

THE THREE SILENCES OF
MOLINOS

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

THREE Silences there are: the
first of speech,
The second of desire, the third
of thought ;
This is the lore a Spanish monk,
distraught
With dreams and visions, was
the first to teach.
These Silences, commingling each
with each,
Made up the perfect Silence that
he sought
And prayed for, and wherein at
times he caught
Mysterious sounds from realms
beyond our reach.
O thou, whose daily life anticipates
The life to come, and in whose
thought and word
The spiritual world preponder-
ates,
Hermit of Amesbury! thou too
hast heard
Voices and melodies from be-
yond the gates,
And speakest only when thy
soul is stirred !

THE TWO RIVERS

I

SLOWLY the hour-hand of the
clock moves round ;
So slowly that no human eye
hath power
To see it move ! Slowly in shine
or shower
The painted ship above it, home-
ward bound,
Sails, but seems motionless, as if
aground ;
Yet both arrive at last ; and in
his tower
The slumberous watchman
wakes and strikes the hour,

A mellow, measured, melancholy
sound.

Midnight! the outpost of advancing
day!

The frontier town and citadel of
night!

The watershed of Time, from
which the streams

Of Yesterday and To-morrow take
their way,

One to the land of promise and
of light,

One to the land of darkness and
of dreams!

II

O River of Yesterday, with current
swift

Through chasms descending, and
soon lost to sight,

I do not care to follow in their
flight

The faded leaves, that on thy
bosom drift!

O River of To-morrow, I uplift
Mine eyes, and thee I follow, as
the night.

Wanes into morning, and the
dawning light

Broadens, and all the shadows
fade and shift!

I follow, follow, where thy waters
run

Through unfrequented, unfam-
iliar fields,

Fragrant with flowers and musi-
cal with song;

Still follow, follow; sure to meet
the sun,

And confident, that what the
future yields

Will be the right, unless myself
be wrong.

III

Yet not in vain, O River of Yester-
day,

Through chasms of darkness to
the deep descending,

I heard thee sobbing in the rain,
and blending

Thy voice with other voices far
away.

I called to thee, and yet thou
wouldst not stay,

But turbulent, and with thyself
contending,

And torrent-like thy force on
pebbles spending,

Thou wouldst not listen to a
poet's lay.

Thoughts, like a loud and sudden
rush of wings,

Regrets and recollections of
things past,

With hints and prophecies of
things to be,

And inspirations, which, could
they be things,

And stay with us, and we could
hold them fast,

Were our good angels,— these I
owe to thee.

IV

And thou, O River of To-morrow,
flowing

Between thy narrow adamantine
walls,

But beautiful, and white with
waterfalls,

And wreaths of mist, like hands
the pathway showing;

I hear the trumpets of the morn-
ing blowing,

I hear thy mighty voice, that
calls and calls,

And see, as Ossian saw in Mor-
ven's halls,

Mysterious phantoms, coming,
beckoning, going!

It is the mystery of the unknown
That fascinates us; we are

children still,
Wayward and wistful; with one

hand we cling
To the familiar things we call our

own,
And with the other, resolute of

will,
Grope in the dark for what the

day will bring.

BOSTON

ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN! Hither
 across the plains
 And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb
 austere,
 There came a Saxon monk, and
 founded here
 A Priory, pillaged by marauding
 Danes,
 So that thereof no vestige now
 remains;
 Only a name, that, spoken loud
 and clear,
 And echoed in another hemi-
 sphere,
 Survives the sculptured walls
 and painted panes.
 St. Botolph's Town! Far over
 leagues of land
 And leagues of sea looks forth
 its noble tower,
 And far around the chiming bells
 are heard;
 So may that sacred name forever
 stand
 A landmark, and a symbol of the
 power,
 That lies concentrated in a single
 word.

ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE

I STAND beneath the tree, whose
 branches shade
 Thy western window, Chapel of
 St. John!
 And hear its leaves repeat their
 benison
 On him, whose hand thy stones
 memorial laid;
 Then I remember one of whom
 was said
 In the world's darkest hour,
 'Behold thy son!'
 And see him living still, and
 wandering on
 And waiting for the advent long
 delayed.
 Not only tongues of the apostles
 teach

Lessons of love and light, but
 these expanding
 And sheltering boughs with all
 their leaves implore,
 And say in language clear as hu-
 man speech,
 'The peace of God, that passeth
 understanding,
 Be and abide with you forever-
 more!'

MOODS

OH that a Song would sing itself
 to me
 Out of the heart of Nature, or
 the heart
 Of man, the child of Nature, not
 of Art,
 Fresh as the morning, salt as
 the salt sea,
 With just enough of bitterness to
 be
 A medicine to this sluggish
 mood, and start
 The life-blood in my veins, and
 so impart
 Healing and help in this dull
 lethargy!
 Alas! not always doth the breath
 of song
 Breathe on us. It is like the
 wind that bloweth
 At its own will, not ours, nor
 tarrieth long;
 We hear the sound thereof, but no
 man knoweth
 From whence it comes, so sudden
 and swift and strong,
 Nor whither in its wayward
 course it goeth.

WOODSTOCK PARK

HERE in a little rustic hermitage
 Alfred the Saxon King, Alfred
 the Great,
 Postponed the cares of king-craft
 to translate
 The Consolations of the Roman
 sage.

Here Geoffrey Chaucer in his ripe
 old age
 Wrote the unrivalled Tales,
 which soon or late
 The venturous hand that strives
 to imitate
 Vanquished must fall on the un-
 finished page.
 Two kings were they, who ruled
 by right divine,
 And both supreme; one in the
 realm of Truth,
 One in the realm of Fiction and
 of Song.
 What prince hereditary of their
 line,
 Uprising in the strength and
 flush of youth,
 Their glory shall inherit and
 prolong?

THE FOUR PRINCESSES AT WILNA

A PHOTOGRAPH

SWEET faces, that from pictured
 casements lean
 As from a castle window, look-
 ing down
 On some gay pageant passing
 through a town,
 Yourselves the fairest figures in
 the scene;
 With what a gentle grace, with
 what serene
 Unconsciousness ye wear the
 triple crown
 Of youth and beauty and the
 fair renown
 Of a great name, that ne'er hath
 tarnished been!
 From your soft eyes, so innocent
 and sweet,
 Four spirits, sweet and innocent
 as they,
 Gaze on the world below, the sky
 above;
 Hark! there is some one singing
 in the street;

'Faith, Hope, and Love! these
 three,' he seems to say;
 'These three; and greatest of the
 three is Love.'

HOLIDAYS

THE holiest of all holidays are
 those
 Kept by ourselves in silence and
 apart;
 The secret anniversaries of the
 heart,
 When the full river of feeling
 overflows;—
 The happy days unclouded to their
 close;
 The sudden joys that out of
 darkness start
 As flames from ashes; swift
 desires that dart
 Like swallows singing down
 each wind that blows!
 White as the gleam of a receding
 sail,
 White as a cloud that floats and
 fades in air,
 White as the whitest lily on a
 stream,
 These tender memories are;—a
 fairy tale
 Of some enchanted land we know
 not where,
 But lovely as a landscape in a
 dream.

WAPENTAKE

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

POET! I come to touch thy lance
 with mine;
 Not as a knight, who on the
 listed field
 Of tourney touched his adver-
 sary's shield
 In token of defiance, but in
 sign

Of homage to the mastery, which
 is thine,
 In English song; nor will I keep
 concealed,
 And voiceless as a rivulet frost-
 congealed,
 My admiration for thy verse di-
 vine.
 Not of the howling dervishes of
 song,
 Who craze the brain with their
 delirious dance,
 Art thou, O sweet historian of
 the heart!
 Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves
 belong,
 To thee our love and our alle-
 giance,
 For thy allegiance to the poet's
 art.

THE BROKEN OAR

ONCE upon Iceland's solitary
 strand
 A poet wandered with his book
 and pen,
 Seeking some final word, some
 sweet Amen,
 Wherewith to close the volume
 in his hand.
 The billows rolled and plunged
 upon the sand,
 The circling sea-gulls swept be-
 yond his ken,
 And from the parting cloud-rack
 now and then
 Flashed the red sunset over sea
 and land.
 Then by the billows at his feet
 was tossed

A broken oar; and carved there-
 on he read:
 'Oft was I weary, when I toiled
 at thee;'
 And like a man, who findeth what
 was lost,
 He wrote the words, then lifted
 up his head,
 And flung his useless pen into
 the sea.

THE CROSS OF SNOW

IN the long, sleepless watches of
 the night,
 A gentle face — the face of one
 long dead —
 Looks at me from the wall,
 where round its head
 The night-lamp casts a halo of
 pale light.
 Here in this room she died; and
 soul more white
 Never through martyrdom of fire
 was led
 To its repose; nor can in books
 be read
 The legend of a life more bene-
 dight.
 There is a mountain in the distant
 West
 That, sun-defying, in its deep ra-
 vines
 Displays a cross of snow upon
 its side.
 Such is the cross I wear upon my
 breast
 These eighteen years, through
 all the changing scenes
 And seasons, changeless since
 the day she died.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

FLIGHT THE FOURTH

CHARLES SUMNER

GARLANDS upon his grave
And flowers upon his hearse,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and
broke
A path for the oppressed.

Then from the fatal field
Upon a nation's heart
Borne like a warrior on his
shield!—
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the
sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE

THE ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself
And to the fireside gleams,
To pleasant books that crowd my
shelf,
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung
Of lands beyond the sea,
And the bright days when I was
young
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of
Spain,
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall
Rise from its groves of pine,
And towers of old cathedrals tall,
And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,
Beneath centennial trees,
Through fields with poppies all on
fire,
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,
No more I feel fatigue,

While journeying with another's
feet
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my
hand
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their
eyes,
Better than with mine own.

CADENABBIA

LAKE OF COMO

No sound of wheels or hoof-beat
breaks
The silence of the summer day,
As by the loveliest of all lakes
I while the idle hours away.

I pace the leafy colonnade,
Where level branches of the
plane
Above me weave a roof of shade
Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air
Flutters the lazy leaves o'er-
head,
And gleams of sunshine toss and
flare
Like torches down the path I
tread.

By Somariva's garden gate
I make the marble stairs my
seat,
And hear the water, as I wait,
Lapping the steps beneath my
feet.

The undulation sinks and swells
Along the stony parapets,
And far away the floating bells
Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and
town
The freighted barges come and
go,
Their pendent shadows gliding
down
By town and tower submerged
below.

The hills sweep upward from the
shore,
With villas scattered one by
one
Upon their wooded spurs, and
lower
Bellaggio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass
Of walls and woods, of light and
shade,
Stands, beckoning up the Stelvio
Pass,
Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself, Is this a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away:
Linger, until my heart shall take
Into itself the summer day,
And all the beauty of the lake;

Linger, until upon my brain
Is stamped an image of the
scene;
Then fade into the air again,
And be as if thou hadst not
been.

MONTE CASSINO

TERRA DI LAVORO

BEAUTIFUL valley! through whose
verdant meads
Unheard the Garigliano glides
along;—

The Liris, nurse of rushes and of
reeds,
The river taciturn of classic
song.

The Land of Labor and the Land
of Rest,
Where mediæval towns are white
on all

The hillsides, and where every
mountain's crest
Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall.

There is Alagna, where Pope Boni-
face

Was dragged with contumely
from his throne ; 10
Sciarra Colonna, was that day's
disgrace

The Pontiff's only, or in part
thine own ?

There is Ceprano, where a rene-
gade

Was each Apulian, as great
Dante saith,
When Manfred by his men-at-arms
betrayed
Spurred on to Benevento and to
death.

There is Aquinum, the old Vol-
scian town,

Where Juvenal was born, whose
lurid light
Still hovers o'er his birthplace like
the crown

Of splendor seen o'er cities in
the night. 20

Doubled the splendor is, that in
its streets

The Angelic Doctor as a school-
boy played,
And dreamed perhaps the dreams,
that he repeats

In ponderous folios for scholas-
tics made.

And there, uplifted, like a passing
cloud

That pauses on a mountain sum-
mit high,
Monte Cassino's convent rears its
proud
And venerable walls against the
sky.

Well I remember how on foot I
climbed

The stony pathway leading to
its gate ; 30

Above, the convent bells for ves-
pers chimed,

Below, the darkening town grew
desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and
dark,

The courtyard with its well, the
terrace wide,

From which, far down, the valley
like a park,

Veiled in the evening mists, was
dim descried.

The day was dying, and with fee-
ble hands

Caressed the mountain-tops ; the
vales between

Darkened ; the river in the mea-
dow-lands

Sheathed itself as a sword, and
was not seen. 40

The silence of the place was like
a sleep,

So full of rest it seemed ; each
passing tread

Was a reverberation from the
deep

Recesses of the ages that are
dead.

For, more than thirteen centuries
ago,

Benedict fleeing from the gates
of Rome,

A youth disgusted with its vice
and woe,

Sought in these mountain soli-
tudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and
his Rule
Of prayer and work, and counted
work as prayer; 50
The pen became a clarion, and his
school
Flamed like a beacon in the mid-
night air.

What though Boccaccio, in his
reckless way,
Mocking the lazy brotherhood,
deplores
The illuminated manuscripts, that
lay
Torn and neglected on the dusty
floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child
Of fancy and of fiction at the
best!
This the urbane librarian said, and
smiled
Incredulous, as at some idle
jest. 60

Upon such themes as these, with
one young friar
I sat conversing late into the
night,
Till in its cavernous chimney the
wood-fire
Had burnt its heart out like an
anchorite.

And then translated, in my con-
vent cell,
Myself yet not myself, in dreams
I lay,
And, as a monk who hears the
matin bell,
Started from sleep;— already it
was day.

From the high window I beheld
the scene
On which Saint Benedict so oft
had gazed,— 70
The mountains and the valley in
the sheen
Of the bright sun,— and stood
as one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising,
vanishing;
The woodlands glistened with
their jewelled crowns;
Far off the mellow bells began to
ring
For matins in the half-awakened
towns.

The conflict of the Present and the
Past,
The ideal and the actual in our
life,
As on a field of battle held me fast,
Where this world and the next
world were at strife. 80

For, as the valley from its sleep
awoke,
I saw the iron horses of the
steam
Toss to the morning air their
plumes of smoke,
And woke, as one awaketh from
a dream.

AMALFI

SWEET the memory is to me
Of a land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains
meet,
Where amid her mulberry-trees
Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless summer seas.

In the middle of the town,
From its fountains in the hills,
Tumbling through the narrow
gorge, 10
The Canneto rushes down,
Turns the great wheels of the
mills,
Lifts the hammers of the forge.

'T is a stairway, not a street,
That ascends the deep ravine,
Where the torrent leaps between
Rocky walls that almost meet.
Toiling up from stair to stair

Peasant girls their burdens bear ;
 Sunburnt daughters of the soil, 20
 Stately figures tall and straight,
 What inexorable fate
 Dooms them to this life of toil ?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,
 Far above the convent stands.
 On its terraced walk aloof
 Leans a monk with folded hands.
 Placid, satisfied, serene,
 Looking down upon the scene
 Over wall and red-tiled roof ; 30
 Wondering unto what good end
 All this toil and traffic tend,
 And why all men cannot be
 Free from care and free from pain,
 And the sordid love of gain,
 And as indolent as he.

Where are now the freighted barks
 From the marts of east and west ?
 Where the knights in iron sarks
 Journeying to the Holy Land, 40
 Glove of steel upon the hand,
 Cross of crimson on the breast ?
 Where the pomp of camp and
 court ?

Where the pilgrims with their
 prayers ?
 Where the merchants with their
 wares,
 And their gallant brigantines
 Sailing safely into port
 Chased by corsair Algerines ?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,
 Like a passing trumpet-blast, 50
 Are those splendors of the past,
 And the commerce and the crowd !
 Fathoms deep beneath the seas
 Lie the ancient wharves and quays,
 Swallowed by the engulfing waves ;
 Silent streets and vacant halls,
 Ruined roofs and towers and walls ;
 Hidden from all mortal eyes
 Deep the sunken city lies :
 Even cities have their graves ! 60

This is an enchanted land !
 Round the headlands far away

Sweeps the blue Salernian bay
 With its sickle of white sand :
 Further still and furthestmost
 On the dim discovered coast
 Pæstum with its ruins lies,
 And its roses all in bloom
 Seem to tinge the fatal skies
 Of that lonely land of doom. 70

On his terrace, high in air,
 Nothing doth the good monk care
 For such worldly themes as these.
 From the garden just below
 Little puffs of perfume blow,
 And a sound is in his ears
 Of the murmur of the bees
 In the shining chestnut trees ;
 Nothing else he heeds or hears.
 All the landscape seems to
 swoon 80

In the happy afternoon ;
 Slowly o'er his senses creep
 The encroaching waves of sleep,
 And he sinks as sank the town,
 Unresisting, fathoms down,
 Into caverns cool and deep !

Walled about with drifts of snow,
 Hearing the fierce north-wind blow,
 Seeing all the landscape white
 And the river cased in ice, 90
 Comes this memory of delight,
 Comes this vision unto me
 Of a long-lost Paradise
 In the land beyond the sea.

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS

Up soared the lark into the air,
 A shaft of song, a wingèd prayer,
 As if a soul released from pain
 Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard : it was to him
 An emblem of the Seraphim ;
 The upward motion of the fire,
 The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor who cannot
wait,
From moor and mere and dark-
some wood
Come flocking for their dole of
food.

'O brother birds,' St. Francis said,
'Ye come to me and ask for bread,
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

'Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words;
Not mine, though mine they seem
to be,
Not mine, though they be spoken
through me.

'Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays;
He giveth you your plumes of
down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks
of brown.

'He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And careth for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care!

With flutter of swift wings and
songs
Together rose the feathered
throngs,
And singing scattered far apart;
Deep peace was in St. Francis'
heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was
clear.

BELISARIUS

I AM poor and old and blind;
The sun burns me, and the wind
Blows through the city gate,

And covers me with dust
From the wheels of the august
Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased
The Persians o'er wild and waste,
As General of the East;
Night after night I lay
In their camps of yesterday;
Their forage was my feast.

For him, with sails of red,
And torches at mast-head,
Piloting the great fleet,
I swept the Afric coasts
And scattered the Vandal hosts,
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again
The Ausonian realm and reign,
Rome and Parthenope;
And all the land was mine
From the summits of Apennine
To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,
I dared the battle's rage,
To save Byzantium's state,
When the tents of Zabergan
Like snow-drifts overran
The road to the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold!
Infirm and blind and old,
With gray, uncovered head,
Beneath the very arch
Of my triumphal march,
I stand and beg my bread!

Methinks I still can hear,
Sounding distinct and near,
The Vandal monarch's cry,
As, captive and disgraced,
With majestic step he paced, —
'All, all is Vanity!'

Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings;
The plaudits of the crowd
Are but the clatter of feet

At midnight in the street,
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace
Is to see forever the face
Of the Monk of Ephesus!
The unconquerable will
This, too, can bear; — I still
Am Belisarius!

SONGO RIVER

NOWHERE such a devious stream,
Save in fancy or in dream,
Winding slow through bush and
brake,
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,
Ever doubling on itself
Flows the stream, so still and
slow
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,
Lost in woodland or on wold,
Such a winding path pursued
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never school-boy, in his quest
After hazel-nut or nest,
Through the forest in and out
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide
Tangled thickets on each side
Hang inverted, and between
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing
Seems the only living thing,
Or the loon, that laughs and flies
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream! thy Indian name
Unfamiliar is to fame;
For thou hidest here alone,
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach
Wisdom deep as human speech,
Moving without haste or noise
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill,
And art ever calm and still,
Even thy silence seems to say
To the traveller on his way:—

' Traveller, hurrying from the heat
Of the city, stay thy feet!
Rest awhile, nor longer waste
Life with inconsiderate haste!

' Be not like a stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls,
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul.'

KÉRAMOS

KÉRAMOS

*Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn
round and round
Without a pause, without a sound:
So spins the flying world
away!
This clay, well mixed with marl
and sand,
Follows the motion of my hand;
For some must follow, and some
command,
Though all are made of clay!*

Thus sang the Potter at his task
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-
tree,
While o'er his features, like a
mask, 10
The quilted sunshine and leaf-
shade
Moved, as the boughs above him
swayed,
And clothed him, till he seemed to
be.
A figure woven in tapestry,
So sumptuously was he arrayed

In that magnificent attire
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.
Like a magician he appeared,
A conjurer without book or beard ;
And while he plied his magic
art — 20

For it was magical to me —
I stood in silence and apart,
And wondered more and more to
see

That shapeless, lifeless mass of
clay

Rise up to meet the master's hand,
And now contract and now ex-
pand,

And even his slightest touch obey ;
While ever in a thoughtful mood
He sang his ditty, and at times
Whistled a tune between the
rhymes, 30

As a melodious interlude.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! All things
must change*

*To something new, to something
strange ;*

*Nothing that is can pause or
stay ;*

*The moon will wax, the moon will
wane,*

*The mist and cloud will turn to
rain,*

*The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.*

Thus still the Potter sang, and still,
By some unconscious act of will, 40
The melody and even the words
Were intermingled with my
thought,
As bits of colored thread are
caught

And woven into nests of birds,
And thus to regions far remote,
Beyond the ocean's vast expanse,
This wizard in the motley coat
Transported me on wings of song,
And by the northern shores of
France

Bore me with restless speed
along. 50

What land is this that seems to be
A mingling of the land and sea? —
This land of sluices, dikes, and
dunes?

This water-net, that tessellates
The landscape? this unending
maze

Of gardens, through whose latticed
gates

The imprisoned pinks and tulips
gaze ;

Where in long summer afternoons
The sunshine, softened by the haze,
Comes streaming down as through
a screen ; 60

Where over fields and pastures
green

The painted ships float high in air,
And over all and everywhere

The sails of windmills sink and
soar

Like wings of sea-gulls on the
shore?

What land is this? Yon pretty
town

Is Delft, with all its wares dis-
played ;

The pride, the market-place, the
crown

And centre of the Potter's trade.
See! every house and room is
bright 70

With glimmers of reflected light
From plates that on the dresser
shine ;

Flagons to foam with Flemish
beer,

Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,
And pilgrim flasks with fleurs-de-
lis,

And ships upon a rolling sea,
And tankards pewter topped, and
queer

With comic mask and musketeer!
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted
tiles ; 80

The parlor walls, the chamber
floors,

The stairways and the corridors,

The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers.
That never droop in winds or
showers,
And never wither on their stalks.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is
brief;*

*What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon de-
cay;*

*The wind blows east, the wind
blows west;* 90

*The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak
and breast,
And flutter and fly away.*

Now southward through the air I
glide,

The song my only pursuivant,
And see across the landscape wide
The blue Charente, upon whose
tide

The belfries and the spires of
Saintes

Ripple and rock from side to side,
As, when an earthquake rends its
walls, 100

A crumbling city reels and falls.

Who is it in the suburbs here,
This Potter, working with such
cheer,

In this mean house, this mean at-
tire,

His manly features bronzed with
fire,

Whose figulines and rustic wares
Scarce fed him bread from day to
day?

This madman, as the people say,
Who breaks his tables and his
chairs

To feed his furnace fires, nor
cares 110

Who goes unfed if they are fed,
Nor who may live if they are dead?

This alchemist with hollow cheeks
And sunken, searching eyes, who
seeks,

By mingled earths and ores com-
bined

With potency of fire, to find
Some new enamel, hard and
bright,

His dream, his passion, his de-
light?

O Palissy! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest; 120
Thine was the prophet's vision,
thine

The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labors and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds,
Or what it cannot find creates!

*Turn, turn, my wheel! This
earthen jar*

*A touch can make, a touch can
mar;*

*And shall it to the Potter
say,* 130

*What makest thou? Thou hast no
hand?*

*As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.*

Still guided by the dreamy song,
As in a trance I float along
Above the Pyrenean chain,
Above the fields and farms of
Spain,

Above the bright Majorcan isle
That lends its softened name to
art, — 140

A spot, a dot upon the chart,
Whose little towns, red-roofed
with tile,

Are ruby-lustred with the light
Of blazing furnaces by night,
And crowned by day with wreaths
of smoke.

Then eastward, wafted in my
flight

On my enchanter's magic cloak,
I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea
Into the land of Italy,

And o'er the windy Apennines, 150
Mantled and musical with pines.

The palaces, the princely halls,
The doors of houses and the walls
Of churches and of belfry towers,
Cloister and castle, street and
mart,
Are garlanded and gay with flow-
ers

That blossom in the fields of art.
Here Gubbio's workshops gleam
and glow

With brilliant, iridescent dyes,
The dazzling whiteness of the
snow, 160

The cobalt blue of summer skies ;
And vase and scutcheon, cup and
plate,

In perfect finish emulate
Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

Forth from Urbino's gate there
came

A youth with the angelic name
Of Raphael, in form and face
Himself angelic, and divine
In arts of color and design.
From him Francesco Xanto
caught 170

Something of his transcendent
grace,

And into fictile fabrics wrought
Suggestions of the master's
thought.

Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines
With madre-perl and golden lines
Of arabesques, and interweaves
His birds and fruits and flowers
and leaves

About some landscape, shaded
brown,
With olive tints on rock and town.

Behold this cup within whose
bowl, 180

Upon a ground of deepest blue
With yellow-lusted stars o'erlaid,
Colors of every tint and hue
Mingle in one harmonious whole !
With large blue eyes and steadfast
gaze,

Her yellow hair in net and braid,
Necklace and ear-rings all ablaze
With golden lustre o'er the glaze,
A woman's portrait ; on the scroll,
Cana, the Beautiful ! A name 190
Forgotten save for such brief fame
As this memorial can bestow, —
A gift some lover long ago
Gave with his heart to this fair
dame.

A nobler title to renown
Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town,
Seated beside the Arno's stream ;
For Luca della Robbia there
Created forms so wondrous fair,
They made thy sovereignty su-
preme. 200

These choristers with lips of stone,
Whose music is not heard, but
seen,

Still chant, as from their organ-
screen,

Their Maker's praise ; nor these
alone,

But the more fragile forms of clay,
Hardly less beautiful than they,
These saints and angels that adorn
The walls of hospitals, and tell
The story of good deeds so well
That poverty seems less forlorn,
And life more like a holiday. 211

Here in this old neglected church,
That long eludes the traveller's
search,

Lies the dead bishop on his tomb ;
Earth upon earth he slumbering
lies,

Life-like and death-like in the
gloom :

Garlands of fruit and flowers in
bloom

And foliage deck his resting-place ;
A shadow in the sightless eyes,
A pallor on the patient face, 220

Made perfect by the furnace heat ;
All earthly passions and desires
Burnt out by purgatorial fires ;
Seeming to say, ' Our years are
flect,

And to the weary death is sweet. 9

But the most wonderful of all
 The ornaments on tomb or wall
 That grace the fair Ausonian
 shores
 Are those the faithful earth re-
 stores,
 Near some Apulian town con-
 cealed, ²³⁰
 In vineyard or in harvest field, —
 Vases and urns and bas-reliefs,
 Memorials of forgotten griefs,
 Or records of heroic deeds
 Of demigods and mighty chiefs:
 Figures that almost move and
 speak,
 And, buried amid mould and
 weeds,
 Still in their attitudes attest
 The presence of the graceful
 Greek, —
 Achilles in his armor dressed, ²⁴⁰
 Alcides with the Cretan bull,
 And Aphrodite with her boy,
 Or lovely Helena of Troy,
 Still living and still beautiful.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! 'T is na-
 ture's plan*

*The child should grow into the
 man,*

*The man grow wrinkled, old,
 and gray;*

*In youth the heart exults and
 sings,*

*The pulses leap, the feet have
 wings;*

*In age the cricket chirps, and
 brings ²⁵⁰*

The harvest-home of day.

And now the winds that south-
 ward blow,

And cool the hot Sicilian isle,
 Bear me away. I see below

The long line of the Libyan Nile,
 Flooding and feeding the parched
 lands

With annual ebb and overflow,
 A fallen palm whose branches lie
 Beneath the Abyssinian sky,
 Whose roots are in Egyptian
 sands. ²⁶⁰

On either bank huge water-wheels,
 Belted with jars and dripping
 weeds,
 Send forth their melancholy
 moans,
 As if, in their gray mantles hid,
 Dead anchorites of the Thebaid
 Knelt on the shore and told their
 beads,
 Beating their breasts with loud
 appeals
 And penitential tears and groans.

This city, walled and thickly set
 With glittering mosque and mina-
 ret, ²⁷⁰

Is Cairo, in whose gay bazaars
 The dreaming traveller first in-
 hales

The perfume of Arabian gales,
 And sees the fabulous earthen
 jars,

Huge as were those wherein the
 maid

Morgiana found the Forty Thieves
 Concealed in midnight ambuscade;
 And seeing, more than half be-
 lieves

The fascinating tales that run
 Through all the Thousand Nights
 and One, ²⁸⁰

Told by the fair Scheherezade.

More strange and wonderful than
 these

Are the Egyptian deities,
 Ammon, and Emeth, and the grand
 Osiris, holding in his hand
 The lotus; Isis, crowned and
 velled;

The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx;
 Bracelets with blue enamelled
 links;

The Scarabee in emerald mailed,
 Or spreading wide his funeral
 wings; ²⁹⁰

Lamps that perchance their night-
 watch kept

O'er Cleopatra while she slept, —
 All plundered from the tombs of
 kings.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race,
Of every tongue, of every place,
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,
All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth,
Are kindred and allied by birth,
And made of the same clay.*

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay, ³⁰¹
O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,
Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,
And bird-like poise on balanced wing
Above the town of King-te-tching,
A burning town, or seeming so, —
Three thousand furnaces that glow
Incessantly, and fill the air
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre, ³¹⁰
And painted by the lurid glare,
Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall,
Spotted and veined with various hues,
Are swept along the avenues,
And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,
So from this grove of chimneys whirled
To all the markets of the world,
These porcelain leaves are wafted on,
Light yellow leaves with spots and stains ³²⁰
Of violet and of crimson dye,
Or tender azure of a sky
Just washed by gentle April rains,
And beautiful with celadon.

Nor less the coarser household wares,
The willow pattern, that we knew
In childhood, with its bridge of blue
Leading to unknown thoroughfares;
The solitary man who stares

At the white river flowing through
Its arches, the fantastic trees ³³¹
And wild perspective of the view;
And intermingled among these
The tiles that in our nurseries
Filled us with wonder and delight,
Or haunted us in dreams at night.

And yonder by Nankin, behold!
The Tower of Porcelain, strange
and old,
Uplifting to the astonished skies
Its ninefold painted balconies, ³⁴⁰
With balustrades of twining leaves,
And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves
Hang porcelain bells that all the time
Ring with a soft, melodious chime;
While the whole fabric is ablaze
With varied tints, all fused in one
Great mass of color, like a maze
Of flowers illumined by the sun.

*Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done, ³⁵⁰
To-morrow will be another day;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honor or with shame
These vessels made of clay.*

Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,
The islands of the Japanese
Beneath me lie; o'er lake and plain
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Through the clear realms of azure drift, ³⁶⁰
And on the hillside I can see
The villages of Imari,
Whose thronged and flaming work-shops lift

Their twisted columns of smoke
 on high,
 Cloud cloisters that in ruins lie,
 With sunshine streaming through
 each rift,
 And broken arches of blue sky.

All the bright flowers that fill the
 land,

Ripple of waves on rock or sand,
 The snow on Fusi-yama's cone, ³⁷⁰
 The midnight heaven so thickly
 sown

With constellations of bright stars,
 The leaves that rustle, the reeds
 that make

A whisper by each stream and
 lake,

The saffron dawn, the sunset red,
 Are painted on these lovely jars;
 Again the skylark sings, again
 The stork, the heron, and the crane
 Float through the azure over-
 head,

The counterfeit and counter-
 part ³⁸⁰

Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature; yes,
 Her darling child, in whom we
 trace

The features of the mother's face,
 Her aspect and her attitude;
 All her majestic loveliness
 Chastened and softened and sub-
 dued

Into a more attractive grace,
 And with a human sense imbued.

He is the greatest artist, then, ³⁹⁰
 Whether of pencil or of pen,

Who follows Nature. Never man,
 As artist or as artisan,
 Pursuing his own fantasies,
 Can touch the human heart, or
 please,

Or satisfy our nobler needs,
 As he who sets his willing feet
 In Nature's footprints, light and
 fleet,
 And follows fearless where she
 leads.

Thus mused I on that morn in
 May, ⁴⁰⁰
 Wrapped in my visions like the
 Seer,

Whose eyes behold not what is
 near,

But only what is far away,
 When, suddenly sounding peal on
 peal,

The church-bell from the neighbor-
 ing town

Proclaimed the welcome hour of
 noon.

The Potter heard, and stopped his
 wheel,

His apron on the grass threw
 down,

Whistled his quiet little tune,
 Not overloud nor overlong, ⁴¹⁰
 And ended thus his simple song:

*Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon,
 too soon*

*The noon will be the afternoon,
 Too soon to-day be yesterday;*

*Behind us in our path we cast
 The broken potsherds of the past,
 And all are ground to dust at last,
 And trodden into clay!*

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

FLIGHT THE FIFTH

THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD

WARM and still is the summer
night,

As here by the river's brink I
wander;

White overhead are the stars, and
white

The glimmering lamps on the
hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day;

Nothing I hear but the chirp of
crickets,

And the cry of the herons winging
their way

O'er the poet's house in the Elm-
wood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you
pass

To your roosts in the haunts of
the exiled thrushes,

Sing him the song of the green
morass,

And the tides that water the
reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the
Hern,

And the secret that baffles our
utmost seeking;

For only a sound of lament we dis-
cern,

And cannot interpret the words
you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds
that uphold you,

The joy of freedom, the rapture of
flight

Through the drift of the floating
mists that unfold you;

Of the landscape lying so far be-
low,

With its towns and rivers and
desert places;

And the splendor of light above,
and the glow

Of the limitless, blue, ethereal
spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Trouba-
dours,

Or of Minnesingers in old black-
letter,

Sound in his ears more sweet than
yours,

And if yours are not sweeter and
wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his
gate,

Where the boughs of the stately
elms are meeting,

Some one hath lingered to medi-
tate,

And send him unseen this
friendly greeting;

That many another hath done the
same,

Though not by a sound was the
silence broken;

The surest pledge of a deathless
name

Is the silent homage of thoughts
unspoken.

A DUTCH PICTURE

SIMON DANZ has come home
again,

From cruising about with hi.
buccaneers;

He has singed the beard of the
King of Spain.

And carried away the Dean of
Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with
its roof of tiles,
And weathercocks flying aloft
in air,
There are silver tankards of an-
tique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and
piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the
town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-
gown,
The old sea-captain, hale and
brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio
lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King
of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like
Turks,
And the silent gardener as he
works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the
haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish
coast,
With whiskered sentinels at their
post,
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains be-
gin,
He sits and smokes by the blaz-
ing brands,
And old seafaring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with
double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and
shine
Of the flickering fire of the
winter night;
Figures in color and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the
Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or
won,
And their talk is ever and ever
the same,
While they drink the red wine of
Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish
Don,
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy
strides
He paces his parlor to and fro;
He is like a ship that at anchor
rides,
And swings with the rising and
falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of
the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his
ear,
'Simon Danz! Why stayest thou
here?
Come forth and follow me!'

So he thinks he shall take to the
sea again
For one more cruise with his
buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of
Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen
And sell him in Algiers.

CASTLES IN SPAIN

How much of my young heart, O
Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore!

What dreams romantic filled my
brain,

And summoned back to life again
The Paladins of Charlemagne,
The Cid Campeador!

And shapes more shadowy than
these,

In the dim twilight half re-
vealed;

Phœnician galleys on the seas,
The Roman camps like hives of
bees, 10

The Goth uplifting from his knees
Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,
From annals of remotest eld,
That lent the colors of romance
To every trivial circumstance,
And changed the form and counte-
nance

Of all that I beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies
hid

In monkish chronicle or
rhyme, — 20

Burgos, the birthplace of the Cid,
Zamora and Valladolid,
Toledo, built and walled amid
The wars of Wamba's time;

The long, straight line of the high-
way,

The distant town that seems so
near,

The peasants in the fields, that
stay

Their toil to cross themselves and
pray,

When from the belfry at midday
The Angelus they hear; 30

White crosses in the mountain
pass,

Mules gay with tassels, the loud
din

Of muleteers, the tethered ass
That crops the dusty wayside
grass,

And cavaliers with spurs of brass
Alighting at the inn;

White hamlets hidden in fields of
wheat,

White cities slumbering by the
sea,

White sunshine flooding square
and street,

Dark mountain ranges, at whose
feet 40

The river beds are dry with heat,—
All was a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe
O'er the enchanted landscape
reigned;

A terror in the atmosphere
As if King Philip listened near,
Or Torquemada, the austere,
His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies
Dispelled the sadness and the
gloom; 50

There Cadiz by the seaside lies,
And Seville's orange-orchards rise,
Making the land a paradise
Of beauty and of bloom.

There Cordova is hidden among
The palm, the olive, and the
vine;

Gem of the South, by poets sung,
And in whose mosque Almanzor
hung

As lamps the bells that once had
rung

At Compostella's shrine. 60

But over all the rest supreme,
The star of stars, the cynosure,
The artist's and the poet's theme,
The young man's vision, the old
man's dream,—

Granada by its winding stream,
The city of the Moor!

And there the Alhambra still re-
calls

Aladdin's palace of delight:

Allah il Allah! through its halls
Whispers the fountain as it falls,
The Darro darts beneath its
walls, ⁷¹
The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with
snow,
And cold with blasts that bite
and freeze;
But in the happy vale below
The orange and pomegranate
grow,
And wafts of air toss to and fro
The blossoming almond trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,
The fascination and allure ⁸⁰
Of the sweet landscape chains the
will;
The traveller lingers on the hill,
His parted lips are breathing still
The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown
With flowers that hide the rents
of time,
Stands now the Past that I have
known;
Castles in Spain, not built of
stone
But of white summer clouds, and
blown
Into this little mist of rhyme! ⁹⁰

VITTORIA COLONNA

Vittoria Colonna, on the death of her
husband, the Marchese di Pescara, re-
tired to her castle at Ischia (Inarimé),
and there wrote the Ode upon his death
which gained her the title of Divine.

ONCE more, once more, Inarimé,
I see thy purple halls!—once
more
I hear the billows of the bay
Wash the white pebbles on thy
shore.

High o'er the sea-surge and the
sands,
Like a great galleon wrecked
and cast
Ashore by storms, thy castle
stands,
A mouldering landmark of the
Past.

Upon its terrace-walk I see
A phantom gliding to and fro;
It is Colonna,—it is she
Who lived and loved so long
ago.

Pescara's beautiful young wife,
The type of perfect womanhood,
Whose life was love, the life of
life,
That time and change and death
withstood.

For death, that breaks the mar-
riage band
In others, only closer pressed
The wedding-ring upon her hand
And closer locked and barred
her breast.

She knew the life-long martyr-
dom,
The weariness, the endless pain
Of waiting for some one to come
Who nevermore would come
again.

The shadows of the chestnut trees,
The odor of the orange blooms,
The song of birds, and, more than
these,
The silence of deserted rooms;

The respiration of the sea,
The soft caresses of the air.
All things in nature seemed to
be
But ministers of her despair;

Till the o'erburdened heart, so
long
Imprisoned in itself, found vent

And voice in one impassioned song
Of inconsolable lament.

Then as the sun, though hidden
from sight,
Transmutes to gold the leaden
mist,
Her life was interfused with light,
From realms that, though un-
seen, exist.

Inarimé ! Inarimé !
Thy castle on the crags above
In dust shall crumble and decay,
But not the memory of her
love.

THE REVENGE OF RAIN- IN-THE-FACE

IN that desolate land and lone,
Where the Big Horn and Yellow-
stone

Roar down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs
Muttered their woes and griefs
And the menace of their wrath.

'Revenge !' cried Rain-in-the-
Face,

'Revenge upon all the race
Of the White Chief with yellow
hair !'

And the mountains dark and high
From their crags reëchoed the cry
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide
By woodland and river-side

The Indian village stood ;
All was silent as a dream,
Save the rushing of the stream
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war paint and his beads,
Like a bison among the reeds,
In ambush the Sitting Bull
Lay with three thousand braves
Crouched in the clefts and caves
Savage, unmerciful !

Into the fatal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair
And his three hundred men
Dashed headlong, sword in hand ;
But of that gallant band
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death
Overwhelmed them like the breath
And smoke of a furnace fire :
By the river's bank, and between
The rocks of the ravine,
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foemen fled in the night,
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight,
Uplifted high in air
As a ghastly trophy, bore
The brave heart, that beat no
more,
Of the White Chief with yellow
hair.

Whose was the right and the
wrong ?
Sing it, O funeral song,
With a voice that is full of tears,
And say that our broken faith
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,
In the Year of a Hundred Years.

TO THE RIVER YVETTE

O LOVELY river of Yvette !
O darling river ! like a bride,
Some dimpled, bashful, fair Li-
sette,
Thou goest to wed the Orge's
tide.

Maincourt, and lordly Dampierre,
See and salute thee on thy
way,
And, with a blessing and a prayer,
Ring the sweet bells of St. For-
get.

The valley of Chevreuse in vain
Would hold thee in its fond em-
brace ;

Thou glidest from its arms again
And hurriest on with swifter
pace.

Thou wilt not stay; with restless
feet,
Pursuing still thine onward
flight,
Thou goest as one in haste to meet
Her sole desire, her heart's de-
light.

O lovèly river of Yvette!
O darling stream! on balanced
wings
The wood-birds sang the chanson-
nette
That here a wandering poet
sings.

THE EMPEROR'S GLOVE

'Combien faudrait-il de peaux d'Es-
pagne pour faire un gant de cette gran-
deur?' A play upon the words *gant*, a
glove, and *Gand*, the French for Ghent.

ON St. Bavon's tower, command-
ing
Half of Flanders, his domain,
Charles the Emperor once was
standing,
While beneath him on the landing
Stood Duke Alva and his train.

Like a print in books of fables,
Or a model made for show,
With its pointed roofs and gables,
Dormer windows, scrolls and
labels,
Lay the city far below.

Through its squares and streets
and alleys
Poured the populace of Ghent;
As a routed army rallies,
Or as rivers run through valleys,
Hurrying to their homes they
went.

'Nest of Lutheran misbelievers!'
Cried Duke Alva as he gazed;

'Haunt of traitors and deceivers,
Stronghold of insurgent weavers,
Let it to the ground be razed!'

On the Emperor's cap the feather
Nods, as laughing he replies:
'How many skins of Spanish
leather,
Think you, would, if stitched to-
gether,
Make a glove of such a size?'

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET

OCTOBER, 1746

MR. THOMAS PRINCE *loquitur*

A FLEET with flags arrayed
Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
The signal: 'Steer southwest.'
For this Admiral D'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near.
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly: 'Let us pray!

'O Lord! we would not advise;
But if in thy Providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French Fleet hence
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be.'

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came;
It came with a mighty power,

Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower,
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried: 'Stand still, and see
The salvation of the Lord!'
The heavens were black with
cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;
Ah, never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line;
They were carried away as a
smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the
sea!

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and
fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white
feet,

Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed

Reach the dust-cloud in his
course.

More than maiden, more than wife,

More than gold and next to life
Roushan the Robber loved his
horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and
food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore, 20
Did his bidding night and day;
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must
ride
He who crosses this ravine. 30

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot
Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
'La Illáh illá Alláh!'

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
Kissed him upon both his eyes,
Sang to him in his wild way, 40
As upon the topmost spray
Sings a bird before it flies.

'O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
Carry me this peril through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
O thou soul of Kurroglou!

'Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane, 50
Tender are thine eyes and true:

All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright; O life of mine,
Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped as leaps the ocean
surge. 60

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled like pebbles on a shore:

Roushan's tasselled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head,
Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook, 70
Nor his head he turned to look,
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its
sheath;
Thus the phantom horseman
passed,
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him. 'Allahu!'
Cried he. 'In all Koordistan 82
Lives there not so brave a man
As this Robber Kurroglou!'

HAROUN AL RASCHID

ONE day, Haroun Al Raschid read
A book wherein the poet said:—

'Where are the kings, and where
the rest
Of those who once the world pos-
sessed?

'They're gone with all their pomp
and show,
They're gone the way that thou
shalt go.

'O thou who choosest for thy
share
The world, and what the world
calls fair,

'Take all that it can give or lend,
But know that death is at the end!'

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his
head:
Tears fell upon the page he read.

KING TRISANKU

VISWAMITRA the Magician,
By his spells and incantations,
Up to Indra's realms elysian
Raised Trisanku, king of na-
tions.

Indra and the gods offended
Hurled him downward, and de-
scending
In the air he hung suspended,
With these equal powers con-
tending.

Thus by aspirations lifted,
By misgivings downward driven,
Human hearts are tossed and
drifted
Midway between earth and hea-
ven.

A WRAITH IN THE MIST

'Sir, I should build me a fortifica-
tion, if I came to live here.'— Bos-
WELL'S *Johnson*.

ON the green little isle of Inch-
kenneth,
Who is it that walks by the
shore,

So gay with his Highland blue
bonnet,
So brave with his targe and clay-
more?

His form is the form of a giant,
But his face wears an aspect of
pain;
Can this be the Laird of Inchken-
neth?
Can this be Sir Allan McLean?

Ah, no! It is only the Ram-
bler,
The Idler, who lives in Bolt
Court,
And who says, were he Laird of
Inch Kenneth,
He would wall himself round
with a fort.

THE THREE KINGS

THREE Kings came riding from
far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Balta-
sar;
Three Wise Men out of the East
were they,
And they travelled by night and
they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful,
wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large,
and clear,
That all the other stars of the
sky
Became a white mist in the at-
mosphere,
And by this they knew that the
coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the pro-
phesy. 10

Three caskets they bore on their
saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden
keys;

Their robes were of crimson silk
with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and fur-
belows,
Their turbans like blossoming
almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into
the West,
Through the dusk of night, over
hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with
beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they
paused to rest,
With the people they met at
some wayside well. 20

'Of the child that is born,' said
Baltasar,
'Good people, I pray you, tell
us the news;
For we in the East have seen his
star,
And have ridden fast, and have
ridden far,
To find and worship the King of
the Jews.'

And the people answered, 'You
ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod
the Great!'
They thought the Wise Men were
men insane,
As they spurred their horses
across the plain,
Like riders in haste, and who
cannot wait. 30

And when they came to Jerusa-
lem,
Herod the Great, who had heard
this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and ques-
tioned them;
And said, 'Go down unto Bethle-
hem,
And bring me tidings of this
new king.'

So they rode away; and the star
stood still,
The only one in the gray of
morn;
Yes, it stopped, — it stood still of
its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David, where Christ
was born. 40

And the Three Kings rode through
the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street, till
their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the
great inn-yard;
But the windows were closed, and
the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable
burned.

And cradled there in the scented
hay,
In the air made sweet by the
breath of kine,
The little child in the manger
lay,
The child, that would be king one
day
Of a kingdom not human but di-
vine. 50

His mother Mary of Nazareth
Sat watching beside his place of
rest,
Watching the even flow of his
breath,
For the joy of life and the terror
of death
Were mingled together in her
breast.

They laid their offerings at his
feet:
The gold was their tribute to a
King,
The frankincense, with its odor
sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's bury-
ing. 60

And the mother wondered and
bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of
stone;
Her heart was troubled yet com-
forted,
Remembering what the Angel had
said
Of an endless reign and of Da-
vid's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the
city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud
array;
But they went not back to Herod
the Great,
For they knew his malice and
feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by
another way. 70

SONG

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and
rest;
Home-keeping hearts are hap-
piest,
For those that wander they know
not where
Are full of trouble and full of
care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and dis-
tressed,
They wander east, they wander
west,
And are baffled and beaten and
blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of
doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and
rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and
fly

A hawk is hovering in the sky ;
To stay at home is best.

THE WHITE CZAR

The White Czar is Peter the Great. *Batyushka*, *Father dear*, and *Gosudar*, *Sovereign*, are titles the Russian people are fond of giving to the Czar in their popular songs.

DOST thou see on the rampart's
height

That wreath of mist, in the light
Of the midnight moon? Oh, hist!
It is not a wreath of mist;
It is the Czar, the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard, among the dead,
The artillery roll o'erhead;
The drums and the tramp of feet
Of his soldiery in the street;
He is awake! the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard in the grave the
cries

Of his people: 'Awake! arise!'
He has rent the gold brocade
Whereof his shroud was made;
He is risen! the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

From the Volga and the Don
He has led his armies on,
Over river and morass,
Over desert and mountain pass:
The Czar, the Orthodox Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

He looks from the mountain-chain
Toward the seas, that cleave in
twain

The continents; his hand
Points southward o'er the land
Of Roumili! O Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

And the words break from his
lips:

'I am the builder of ships,
And my ships shall sail these
seas

To the Pillars of Hercules!

I say it; the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

'The Bosphorus shall be free;
It shall make room for me;
And the gates of its water-streets
Be unbarred before my fleets.
I say it; the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

'And the Christian shall no more
Be crushed, as heretofore,
Beneath thine iron rule,
O Sultan of Istamboul!
I swear it! I the Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

DELIA

SWEET as the tender fragrance
that survives,
When martyred flowers breathe
out their little lives,
Sweet as a song that once consoled
our pain,
But never will be sung to us again,
Is thy remembrance. Now the
hour of rest
Hath come to thee. Sleep, dar-
ling; it is best.

ULTIMA THULE

DEDICATION

TO G. W. G.

WITH favoring winds, o'er sunlit
seas,

We sailed for the Hesperides,
The land where golden apples
grow ;

But that, ah ! that was long ago.

How far since then the ocean
streams

Have swept us from the land of
dreams,

That land of fiction and of truth,
The lost Atlantis of our youth !

Whither, ah, whither ? Are not
these

The tempest-haunted Orcades,
Where sea-gulls scream, and break-
ers roar,

And wreck and sea-weed line the
shore ?

Ultima Thule ! Utmost Isle !

Here in thy harbors for a while

We lower our sails ; a while we
rest

From the unending, endless quest.

POEMS

BAYARD TAYLOR

DEAD he lay among his books !
The peace of God was in his looks.

As the statues in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,

So those volumes from their
shelves

Watched him, silent as themselves.

Ah ! his hand will nevermore
Turn their storied pages o'er ;

Nevermore his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest !
He is gone, who was its guest ;

Gone, as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller ! in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast, aerial space,
Shines the light upon thy face ?

In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night ?

Poet ! thou, whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse ;

Thou hast sung, with organ tone,
In Deukalion's life, thine own ;

On the ruins of the Past
Blooms the perfect flower at last.

Friend ! but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells ;

And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea ;

Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks !

THE CHAMBER OVER THE
GATE

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see,
In the Chamber over the Gate,
That old man desolate,

Weeping and wailing sore
 For his son, who is no more?
 O Absalom, my son!

Is it so long ago
 That cry of human woe
 From the walled city came,
 Calling on his dear name,
 That it has died away
 In the distance of to-day?
 O Absalom, my son!

There is no far or near,
 There is neither there nor here,
 There is neither soon nor late,
 In that Chamber over the Gate,
 Nor any long ago
 To that cry of human woe,
 O Absalom, my son!

From the ages that are past
 The voice sounds like a blast,
 Over seas that wreck and drown,
 Over tumult of traffic and town;
 And from ages yet to be
 Come the echoes back to me,
 O Absalom, my son!

Somewhere at every hour
 The watchman on the tower
 Looks forth, and sees the fleet
 Approach of the hurrying feet
 Of messengers, that bear
 The tidings of despair.
 O Absalom, my son!

He goes forth from the door,
 Who shall return no more.
 With him our joy departs;
 The light goes out in our hearts;
 In the Chamber over the Gate
 We sit disconsolate.
 O Absalom, my son!

That 't is a common grief
 Bringeth but slight relief;
 Ours is the bitterest loss,
 Ours is the heaviest cross;
 And forever the cry will be
 'Would God I had died for thee,
 O Absalom, my son!'

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR
 TO THE CHILDREN OF CAM-
 BRIDGE

WHO PRESENTED TO ME, ON MY
 SEVENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY,
 FEBRUARY 27, 1879, THIS CHAIR
 MADE FROM THE WOOD OF
 THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S
 CHESTNUT TREE.

AM I a king, that I should call my
 own
 This splendid ebon throne?
 Or by what reason, or what right
 divine,
 Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of
 song
 It may to me belong;
 Only because the spreading chest-
 nut tree
 Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its
 prime,
 When in the summer-time
 The affluent foliage of its branches
 made
 A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge,
 beside the street,
 Its blossoms white and sweet
 Enticed the bees, until it seemed
 alive,
 And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn,
 with a shout,
 Tossed its great arms about,
 The shining chestnuts, bursting
 from the sheath,
 Dropped to the ground be-
 neath.

And now some fragments of its
 branches bare,
 Shaped as a stately chair,

Have by my hearthstone found a
home at last,
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all
his pride
Repel the ocean tide,
But, seated in this chair, I can in
rhyme
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices
shout and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires
aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the
anvil beat
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye
made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than threescore
years and ten
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory,
like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into
which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remem-
brance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless
now so long,
Blossom again in song.

JUGURTHA

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!
Cried the African monarch, the
splendid,
As down to his death in the hollow

Dark dungeons of Rome he de-
scended,
Uncrowned, unthroned, unat-
tended;

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!
Cried the Poet, unknown, unbe-
friended,

As the vision, that lured him to
follow,

With the mist and the darkness
blended,

And the dream of his life was
ended;

How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

THE IRON PEN

I THOUGHT this Pen would arise
From the casket where it lies —
Of itself would arise and write
My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the
pines,

I dreamed these gems from the
mines

Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine
Would glimmer as thoughts in the
lines;

That this iron link from the chain
Of Bonnivard might retain
Some verse of the Poet who sang
Of the prisoner and his pain;

That this wood from the frigate's
mast

Might write me a rhyme at last,
As it used to write on the sky
The song of the sea and the blast.

But motionless as I wait,
Like a Bishop lying in state
Lies the Pen, with its mitre of
gold,

And its jewels inviolate.

Then must I speak, and say
That the light of that summer day

In the garden under the pines
Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there,
Caressed by the fragrant air,
With the shadow on your face,
And the sunshine on your hair.

I shall hear the sweet low tone
Of a voice before unknown,
Saying, 'This is from me to
you —
From me, and to you alone.'

And in words not idle and vain
I shall answer and thank you
again

For the gift, and the grace of
the gift,
O beautiful Helen of Maine!

And forever this gift will be
As a blessing from you to me,
As a drop of the dew of your
youth
On the leaves of an aged tree.

ROBERT BURNS

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr
A ploughman, who, in foul and
fair,
Sings at his task
So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or his,
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those
fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain;
Songs flush with purple bloom the
rye,
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside
weed
Becomes a flower; the lowliest
reed

Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and
grass
And heather, where his footsteps
pass,
The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame il-
lumes
The darkness of lone cottage
rooms;

He feels the force,
The treacherous undertow and
stress
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his
fate,
His voice is harsh, but not with
hate;
The brush-wood, hung
Above the tavern door, lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall
Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song
Rises o'er all, elate and strong;
Its master-chords
Are Manhood, Freedom, Brother-
hood,
Its discords but an interlude
Between the words.

And then to die so young and
leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!
Yet better sure
Is this, than wandering up and
down,
An old man in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native
land
As an immortal youth; his hand
Guides every plough;
He sits beside each ingle-nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to-night,
 A form of mingled mist and light
 From that far coast.
 Welcome beneath this roof of mine!
 Welcome! this vacant chair is thine,
 Dear guest and ghost!

HELEN OF TYRE

WHAT phantom is this that appears
 Through the purple mists of the years,
 Itself but a mist like these?
 A woman of cloud and of fire;
 It is she; it is Helen of Tyre,
 The town in the midst of the seas.

O Tyre! in thy crowded streets
 The phantom appears and retreats,
 And the Israelites that sell
 Thy lilies and lions of brass,
 Look up as they see her pass,
 And murmur 'Jezebel!'

Then another phantom is seen
 At her side, in a gray gabardine,
 With beard that floats to his waist;
 It is Simon Magus, the Seer;
 He speaks, and she pauses to hear
 The words he utters in haste.

He says: 'From this evil fame,
 From this life of sorrow and shame,
 I will lift thee and make thee mine;
 Thou hast been Queen Candace,
 And Helen of Troy, and shalt be
 The Intelligence Divine!'

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,
 To the fallen and forlorn
 Are whispered words of praise;
 For the famished heart believes

The falsehood that tempts and deceives,
 And the promise that betrays.

So she follows from land to land
 The wizard's beckoning hand,
 As a leaf is blown by the gust,
 Till she vanishes into night.
 O reader, stoop down and write
 With thy finger in the dust.

O town in the midst of the seas,
 With thy rafts of cedar trees,
 Thy merchandise and thy ships,
 Thou, too, art become as naught,
 A phantom, a shadow, a thought,
 A name upon men's lips.

ELEGIAC

DARK is the morning with mist;
 in the narrow mouth of the harbor
 Motionless lies the sea, under its
 curtain of cloud;
 Dreamily glimmer the sails of
 ships on the distant horizon,
 Like to the towers of a town,
 built on the verge of the sea.

Slowly and stately and still, they
 sail forth into the ocean;
 With them sail my thoughts over
 the limitless deep,
 Farther and farther away, borne
 on by unsatisfied longings,
 Unto Hesperian isles, unto Au-
 sonian shores.

Now they have vanished away,
 have disappeared in the
 ocean;
 Sunk are the towers of the town
 into the depths of the sea!
 All have vanished but those that,
 moored in the neighboring
 roadstead,
 Sailless at anchor ride, looming
 so large in the mist.

Vanished, too, are the thoughts,
 the dim, unsatisfied longings;
 Sunk are the turrets of cloud
 into the ocean of dreams;
 While in a haven of rest my heart
 is riding at anchor,
 Held by the chains of love, held
 by the anchors of trust!

OLD ST. DAVID'S AT RAD- NOR

WHAT an image of peace and rest
 Is this little church among its
 graves!
 All is so quiet; the troubled
 breast,
 The wounded spirit, the heart
 oppressed,
 Here may find the repose it
 craves.

See, how the ivy climbs and ex-
 pands
 Over this humble hermitage,
 And seems to caress with its little
 hands
 The rough, gray stones, as a child
 that stands
 Caressing the wrinkled cheeks
 of age!

You cross the threshold; and dim
 and small
 Is the space that serves for the
 Shepherd's Fold;
 The narrow aisle, the bare, white
 wall,
 The pews, and the pulpit quaint
 and tall,
 Whisper and say: 'Alas! we are
 old.'

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton
 Hardly more spacious is than
 this;
 But poet and pastor, blent in one,
 Clothed with a splendor, as of the
 sun,
 That lowly and holy edifice.

It is not the wall of stone without
 That makes the building small
 or great,
 But the soul's light shining round
 about,
 And the faith that overcometh
 doubt,
 And the love that stronger is
 than hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of
 peace,
 Were I a pastor of Holy Church,
 More than a Bishop's diocese
 Should I prize this place of rest
 and release
 From further longing and further
 search.

Here would I stay, and let the
 world
 With its distant thunder roar
 and roll;
 Storms do not rend the sail that is
 furled;
 Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and
 whirled
 In an eddy of wind, is the
 anchored soul.

FOLK-SONGS

THE SIFTING OF PETER

IN St. Luke's Gospel we are told
 How Peter in the days of old
 Was sifted;
 And now, though ages intervene,
 Sin is the same, while time and
 scene
 Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
 As wheat to sift us, and we all
 Are tempted;
 Not one, however rich or great,
 Is by his station or estate
 Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
 But he, by some device of his,

Can enter;
 No heart hath armor so complete
 But he can pierce with arrows fleet
 Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow,
 Who hear the warning voice, but
 go

Unheeding,
 Till thrice and more they have
 denied
 The Man of Sorrows, crucified
 And bleeding.

One look of that pale, suffering
 face
 Will make us feel the deep dis-
 grace

Of weakness;
 We shall be sifted till the strength
 Of self-conceit be changed at
 length
 To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though
 healed, will ache;
 The reddening scars remain, and
 make

Confession;
 Lost innocence returns no more;
 We are not what we were before
 Transgression.

But noble souls, through dust and
 heat,

Rise from disaster and defeat
 The stronger;
 And conscious still of the divine
 Within them, lie on earth supine
 No longer.

MAIDEN AND WEATHER- COCK

MAIDEN.

O WEATHERCOCK on the village
 spire,
 With your golden feathers all on
 fire,

Tell me, what can you see from
 your perch
 Above there over the tower of the
 church?

WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs and the streets
 below,
 And the people moving to and
 fro,
 And beyond, without either roof
 or street,
 The great salt sea, and the fisher-
 men's fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in
 Beyond the headlands and harbor
 of Lynn,
 And a young man standing on the
 deck,
 With a silken kerchief round his
 neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips,
 And now he is kissing his finger-
 tips,
 And now he is lifting and waving
 his hand,
 And blowing the kisses toward the
 land.

MAIDEN.

Ah, that is the ship from over the
 sea,
 That is bringing my lover back to
 me,
 Bringing my lover so fond and
 true,
 Who does not change with the
 wind like you.

WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that
 blow,
 It is only because they made me
 so,
 And people would think it won-
 drous strange,
 If I, a Weathercock, should not
 change.

O pretty Maiden, so fine and fair,
 With your dreamy eyes and your
 golden hair,
 When you and your lover meet to-
 day
 You will thank me for looking
 some other way.

THE WINDMILL

BEHOLD! a giant am I!
 Aloft here in my tower,
 With my granite jaws I devour
 The maize, and the wheat, and the
 rye,
 And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
 In the fields of grain I see
 The harvest that is to be,
 And I fling to the air my arms,
 For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
 Far off, from the threshing-
 floors
 In barns, with their open
 doors,
 And the wind, the wind in my sails,
 Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
 With my foot on the rock be-
 low,
 And whichever way it may
 blow,
 I meet it face to face
 As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
 My master, the miller, stands
 And feeds me with his hands;
 For he knows who makes him
 thrive,
 Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
 Church-going bells begin
 Their low, melodious din;
 I cross my arms on my breast,
 And all is peace within.

THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE
FALLS

THE tide rises, the tide falls,
 The twilight darkens, the curlew
 calls;
 Along the sea-sands damp and
 brown
 The traveller hastens toward the
 town,
 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and
 walls,
 But the sea, the sea in the dark-
 ness calls;
 The little waves, with their soft,
 white hands,
 Efface the footprints in the sands,
 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds
 in their stalls
 Stamp and neigh, as the hostler
 calls;
 The day returns, but nevermore
 Returns the traveller to the shore,
 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

SONNETS

MY CATHEDRAL

LIKE two cathedral towers these
 stately pines
 Uplift their fretted summits
 tipped with cones;
 The arch beneath them is not
 built with stones,
 Not Art but Nature traced these
 lovely lines,
 And carved this graceful ara-
 besque of vines;
 No organ but the wind here
 sighs and moans,
 No sepulchre conceals a mar-
 tyr's bones,
 No marble bishop on his tomb
 reclines.
 Enter! the pavement, carpeted
 with leaves,

Gives back a softened echo to
thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all
the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the
eaves,
Are singing! listen, ere the
sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship
without words.

THE BURIAL OF THE POET

RICHARD HENRY DANA

IN the old churchyard of his na-
tive town,
And in the ancestral tomb be-
side the wall,
We laid him in the sleep that
comes to all,
And left him to his rest and his
renown.
The snow was falling, as if Hea-
ven dropped down
White flowers of Paradise to
strew his pall;—
The dead around him seemed to
wake, and call
His name, as worthy of so white
a crown.
And now the moon is shining on
the scene,
And the broad sheet of snow is
written o'er
With shadows cruciform of leaf-
less trees,
As once the winding-sheet of Sala-
din
With chapters of the Koran;
but, ah! more
Mysterious and triumphant signs
are these.

NIGHT

INTO the darkness and the hush
of night
Slowly the landscape sinks, and
fades away,

And with it fade the phantoms of
the day,
The ghosts of men and things,
that haunt the light.
The crowd, the clamor, the pur-
suit, the fight,
The unprofitable splendor and
display,
The agitations, and the cares
that prey
Upon our hearts, all vanish out
of sight.
The better life begins; the world
no more
Molests us; all its records we
erase
From the dull commonplace
book of our lives,
That like a palimpsest is written
o'er
With trivial incidents of time
and place,
And lo! the ideal, hidden be-
neath, revives.

L'ENVOI

THE POET AND HIS SONGS

As the birds come in the Spring,
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
From depths of the air;
As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground;
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound;
As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea;

As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge;
As comes the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge;

So come to the Poet his songs,
 All hitherward blown
 From the misty realm, that be-
 longs
 To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
 He sings; and their fame

Is his, and not his; and the praise
 And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
 And haunt him by night,
 And he listens, and needs must
 obey,
 When the Angel says, 'Write!'

IN THE HARBOR

BECALMED

BECALMED upon the sea of
 Thought,
 Still unattained the land it sought,
 My mind, with loosely-hanging
 sails,
 Lies waiting the auspicious gales.

On either side, behind, before,
 The ocean stretches like a floor,—
 A level floor of amethyst,
 Crowned by a golden dome of mist.

Blow, breath of inspiration, blow!
 Shake and uplift this golden glow!
 And fill the canvas of the mind
 With wafts of thy celestial wind.

Blow, breath of song! until I feel
 The straining sail, the lifting keel,
 The life of the awakening sea,
 Its motion and its mystery!

THE POET'S CALENDAR

JANUARY

JANUS am I; oldest of potentates;
 Forward I look, and backward,
 and below
 I count, as god of avenues and
 gates,
 The years that through my por-
 tals come and go.
 I block the roads, and drift the
 fields with snow;

I chase the wild-fowl from the
 frozen fen;
 My frosts congeal the rivers in
 their flow,
 My fires light up the hearths and
 hearts of men.

FEBRUARY

I am lustration; and the sea is
 mine!
 I wash the sands and headlands
 with my tide;
 My brow is crowned with branches
 of the pine;
 Before my chariot-wheels the
 fishes glide.
 By me all things unclean are puri-
 fied,
 By me the souls of men washed
 white again;
 E'en the unlovely tombs of those
 who died
 Without a dirge, I cleanse from
 every stain.

MARCH

I Martius am! Once first, and
 now the third!
 To lead the Year was my ap-
 pointed place;
 A mortal dispossessed me by a
 word,
 And set there Janus with the
 double face.
 Hence I make war on all the
 human race;

I shake the cities with my hurri-
cans;
I flood the rivers and their banks
efface,
And drown the farms and ham-
lets with my rains.

APRIL

I open wide the portals of the
Spring
To welcome the procession of
the flowers,
With their gay banners, and the
birds that sing
Their song of songs from their
aerial towers.
I soften with my sunshine and my
showers
The heart of earth; with
thoughts of love I glide
Into the hearts of men; and with
the Hours
Upon the Bull with wreathèd
horns I ride.

MAY

Hark! The sea-faring wild-fowl
loud proclaim
My coming, and the swarming
of the bees.
These are my heralds, and be-
hold! my name
Is written in blossoms on the
hawthorn-trees.
I tell the mariner when to sail the
seas;
I waft o'er all the land from far
away
The breath and bloom of the Hes-
perides,
My birthplace. I am Maia. I
am May.

JUNE

Mine is the Month of Roses; yes,
and mine
The Month of Marriages! All
pleasant sights

And scents, the fragrance of the
blossoming vine,
The foliage of the valleys and
the heights.
Mine are the longest days, the
loveliest nights;
The mower's scythe makes mu-
sic to my ear;
I am the mother of all dear de-
lights;
I am the fairest daughter of the
year.

JULY

My emblem is the Lion, and I
breathe
The breath of Libyan deserts
o'er the land;
My sickle as a sabre I unsheathe,
And bent before me the pale
harvests stand.
The lakes and rivers shrink at my
command,
And there is thirst and fever in
the air;
The sky is changed to brass, the
earth to sand;
I am the Emperor whose name
I bear.

AUGUST

The Emperor Octavian, called the
August,
I being his favorite, bestowed
his name
Upon me, and I hold it still in
trust,
In memory of him and of his
fame.
I am the Virgin, and my vestal
flame
Burns less intensely than the
Lion's rage;
Sheaves are my only garlands, and
I claim
The golden Harvests as my heri-
tage.

SEPTEMBER

I bear the Scales, where hang in
 equipoise
 The night and day; and when
 unto my lips
 I put my trumpet, with its stress
 and noise
 Fly the white clouds like tattered
 sails of ships;
 The tree-tops lash the air with
 sounding whips;
 Southward the clamorous sea-
 fowl wing their flight;
 The hedges are all red with haws
 and hips,
 The Hunter's Moon reigns em-
 press of the night.

OCTOBER

My ornaments are fruits; my gar-
 ments leaves,
 Woven like cloth of gold, and
 crimson dyed;
 I do not boast the harvesting of
 sheaves,
 O'er orchards and o'er vineyards
 I preside.
 Though on the frigid Scorpion I
 ride,
 The dreamy air is full, and over-
 flows
 With tender memories of the sum-
 mer-tide,
 And mingled voices of the doves
 and crows.

NOVEMBER

The Centaur, Sagittarius, am I,
 Born of Ixion's and the cloud's
 embrace;
 With sounding hoofs across the
 earth I fly,
 A steed Thessalian with a hu-
 man face.
 Sharp winds the arrows are with
 which I chase
 The leaves, half dead already
 with affright;

I shroud myself in gloom; and to
 the race
 Of mortals bring nor comfort nor
 delight.

DECEMBER

Riding upon the Goat, with snow-
 white hair,
 I come, the last of all. This
 crown of mine
 Is of the holly; in my hand I bear
 Thy thyrsus, tipped with fra-
 grant cones of pine.
 I celebrate the birth of the Divine,
 And the return of the Saturnian
 reign;
 My songs are carols sung at every
 shrine,
 Proclaiming 'Peace on earth,
 good will to men.'

AUTUMN WITHIN

It is autumn; not without,
 But within me is the cold.
 Youth and spring are all about;
 It is I that have grown old.

Birds are darting through the
 air,
 Singing, building without rest;
 Life is stirring everywhere,
 Save within my lonely breast.

There is silence: the dead leaves
 Fall and rustle and are still;
 Beats no flail upon the sheaves,
 Comes no murmur from the mill.

THE FOUR LAKES OF MADI-
 SON

FOUR limpid lakes,— four Naiades
 Or sylvan deities are these,
 In flowing robes of azure
 dressed;
 Four lovely handmaids, that up-
 hold

Their shining mirrors, rimmed
with gold,
To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the sun
Drink of these waters as they run
Their swift diurnal round on
high;

By night the constellations glow
Far down the hollow deeps below,
And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light,
Fair town, arrayed in robes of
white,

How visionary ye appear!
All like a floating landscape seems
In cloud-land or the land of dreams,
Bathed in a golden atmosphere!

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED

As one who long hath fled with
panting breath
Before his foe, bleeding and near
to fall,

I turn and set my back against
the wall,
And look thee in the face, trium-
phant Death.

I call for aid, and no one answer-
eth;

I am alone with thee, who con-
querest all;
Yet me thy threatening form
doth not appall,
For thou art but a phantom and
a wraith.

Wounded and weak, sword broken
at the hilt,

With armor shattered, and with-
out a shield,
I stand unmoved; do with me
what thou wilt;

I can resist no more, but will not
yield.

This is no tournament where
cowards tilt;
The vanquished here is victor of
the field.

MOONLIGHT

As a pale phantom with a lamp
Ascends some ruin's haunted
stair,

So glides the moon along the damp
Mysterious chambers of the air.

Now hidden in cloud, and now re-
vealed,

As if this phantom, full of pain,
Were by the crumbling walls con-
cealed,

And at the windows seen again.

Until at last, serene and proud
In all the splendor of her light,
She walks the terraces of cloud,
Supreme as Empress of the
Night.

I look, but recognize no more
Objects familiar to my view;
The very pathway to my door
Is an enchanted avenue.

All things are changed. One mass
of shade,
The elm-trees drop their cur-
tains down;

By palace, park, and colonnade
I walk as in a foreign town.

The very ground beneath my feet
Is clothed with a diviner air;
While marble paves the silent
street

And glimmers in the empty
square.

Illusion! Underneath there lies
The common life of every day;
Only the spirit glorifies
With its own tints the sober gray.

In vain we look, in vain uplift
Our eyes to heaven, if we are
blind;

We see but what we have the gift
Of seeing; what we bring we
find.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

[A FRAGMENT]

I

WHAT is this I read in history,
 Full of marvel, full of mystery,
 Difficult to understand?
 Is it fiction, is it truth?
 Children in the flower of youth,
 Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
 Ignorant of what helps or harms,
 Without armor, without arms,
 Journeying to the Holy Land!

Who shall answer or divine? 10
 Never since the world was made
 Such a wonderful crusade
 Started forth for Palestine.
 Never while the world shall last
 Will it reproduce the past;
 Never will it see again
 Such an army, such a band,
 Over mountain, over main,
 Journeying to the Holy Land. 19

Like a shower of blossoms blown
 From the parent trees were they;
 Like a flock of birds that fly
 Through the unfrequented sky,
 Holding nothing as their own,
 Passed they into lands unknown,
 Passed to suffer and to die.

O the simple, child-like trust!
 O the faith that could believe
 What the harnessed, iron-mailed
 Knights of Christendom had
 failed, 30
 By their prowess, to achieve,
 They, the children, could and
 must!

Little thought the Hermit, preach-
 ing
 Holy Wars to knight and baron,
 That the words dropped in his
 teaching,
 His entreaty, his beseeching,
 Would by children's hands be
 gleaned,

And the staff on which he leaned
 Blossom like the rod of Aaron.

As a summer wind upheaves 40
 The innumerable leaves
 In the bosom of a wood,—
 Not as separate leaves, but massed
 All together by the blast,—
 So for evil or for good
 His resistless breath upheaved
 All at once the many-leaved,
 Many-thoughted multitude.

In the tumult of the air
 Rock the boughs with all the
 nests 50
 Cradled on their tossing crests;
 By the fervor of his prayer
 Troubled hearts were everywhere
 Rocked and tossed in human
 breasts.

For a century, at least,
 His prophetic voice had ceased;
 But the air was heated still
 By his lurid words and will,
 As from fires in far-off woods,
 In the autumn of the year, 60
 An unwonted fever broods
 In the sultry atmosphere.

II

In Cologne the bells were ringing,
 In Cologne the nuns were singing
 Hymns and canticles divine;
 Loud the monks sang in their
 stalls,
 And the thronging streets were
 loud
 With the voices of the crowd;—
 Underneath the city walls
 Silent flowed the river Rhine. 70

From the gates, that summer
 day,
 Clad in robes of hodden gray,
 With the red cross on the breast,
 Azure-eyed and golden-haired,
 Forth the young crusaders fared;
 While above the band devoted
 Consecrated banners floated,

Fluttered many a flag and
streamer,
And the cross o'er all the rest !
Singing lowly, meekly, slowly, 80
' Give us, give us back the holy
Sepulchre of the Redeemer !'
On the vast procession pressed,
Youths and maidens. . . .

III

Ah ! what master hand shall paint
How they journeyed on their way,
How the days grew long and
dreary,
How their little feet grew weary,
How their little hearts grew faint !

Ever swifter day by day 90
Flowed the homeward river ; ever
More and more its whitening cur-
rent
Broke and scattered into spray,
Till the calmly-flowing river
Changed into a mountain torrent,
Rushing from its glacier green
Down through chasm and black
ravine.

Like a phoenix in its nest,
Burned the red sun in the West,
Sinking in an ashen cloud ; 100
In the East, above the crest
Of the sea-like mountain chain,
Like a phoenix from its shroud,
Came the red sun back again.

Now around them, white with
snow,
Closed the mountain peaks. Be-
low,
Headlong from the precipice
Down into the dark abyss,
Plunged the cataract, white with
foam ;
And it said, or seemed to say : 110
' Oh return, while yet you may,
Foolish children, to your home,
There the Holy City is !'

But the dauntless leader said :
' Faint not, though your bleeding
feet

O'er these slippery paths of sleet
Move but painfully and slowly ;
Other feet than yours have bled ;
Other tears than yours been shed.
Courage ! lose not heart or hope ;
On the mountains' southern slope
Lies Jerusalem the Holy !' 122
As a white rose in its pride,
By the wind in summer-tide
Tossed and loosened from the
branch,
Showers its petals o'er the ground,
From the distant mountain's side,
Scattering all its snows around,
With mysterious, muffled sound,
Loosened, fell the avalanche. 130
Voices, echoes far and near,
Roar of winds and waters blend-
ing,
Mists uprising, clouds impending,
Filled them with a sense of fear,
Formless, nameless, never end-
ing.

SUNDOWN

THE summer sun is sinking low ;
Only the tree-tops redden and
glow :
Only the weathercock on the spire
Of the neighboring church is a
flame of fire ;
All is in shadow below.

O beautiful, awful summer day,
What hast thou given, what taken
away ?
Life and death, and love and hate,
Homes made happy or desolate,
Hearts made sad or gay !

On the road of life one mile-stone
more !
In the book of life one leaf turned
o'er !
Like a red seal is the setting
sun
On the good and the evil men have
done, —
Naught can to-day restore !

CHIMES

SWEET chimes! that in the loneliness of night
 Salute the passing hour, and in the dark
 And silent chambers of the household mark
 The movements of the myriad orbs of light!
 Through my closed eyelids, by the inner sight,
 I see the constellations in the arc
 Of their great circles moving on, and hark!
 I almost hear them singing in their flight.
 Better than sleep it is to lie awake,
 O'er-canopied by the vast starry dome
 Of the immeasurable sky; to feel
 The slumbering world sink under us, and make
 Hardly an eddy,—a mere rush of foam
 On the great sea beneath a sinking keel.

FOUR BY THE CLOCK

Nahant, September 8, 1880, four o'clock in the morning.

FOUR by the clock! and yet not day;
 But the great world rolls and wheels away,
 With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,
 Into the dawn that is to be!
 Only the lamp in the anchored bark
 Sends its glimmer across the dark,
 And the heavy breathing of the sea
 Is the only sound that comes to me.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.

UNTIL we meet again! That is the meaning
 Of the familiar words, that men repeat
 At parting in the street.
 Ah yes, till then! but when death intervening
 Rends us asunder, with what ceaseless pain
 We wait for the Again!

The friends who leave us do not feel the sorrow
 Of parting, as we feel it, who must stay
 Lamenting day by day,
 And knowing, when we wake upon the morrow,
 We shall not find in its accustomed place
 The one beloved face.

It were a double grief, if the departed,
 Being released from earth, should still retain
 A sense of earthly pain;
 It were a double grief, if the true-hearted,
 Who loved us here, should on the farther shore
 Remember us no more.

Believing, in the midst of our afflictions,
 That death is a beginning, not an end,
 We cry to them, and send farewells, that better might be called predictions,
 Being fore-shadowings of the future, thrown
 Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason,
 And if by faith, as in old times was said,

Women received their dead
 Raised up to life, then only for a
 season

Our partings are, nor shall we
 wait in vain
 Until we meet again!

ELEGIAC VERSE

I

PERADVENTURE of old, some bard in Ionian Islands,
 Walking alone by the sea, hearing the wash of the waves,
 Learned the secret from them of the beautiful verse elegiac,
 Breathing into his song motion and sound of the sea.

For as the wave of the sea, upheaving in long undulations,
 Plunges loud on the sands, pauses, and turns, and retreats,
 So the Hexameter, rising and singing, with cadence sonorous,
 Falls; and in reflux rhythm back the Pentameter flows.

II

Not in his youth alone, but in age, may the heart of the poet
 Bloom into song, as the gorse blossoms in autumn and spring.

III

Not in tenderness wanting, yet rough are the rhymes of our poet;
 Though it be Jacob's voice, Esau's, alas! are the hands.

IV

Let us be grateful to writers for what is left in the inkstand;
 When to leave off is an art only attained by the few.

V

How can the Three be One? you ask me; I answer by asking,
 Hail and snow and rain, are they not three, and yet one?

VI

By the mirage uplifted, the land floats vague in the ether,
 Ships and the shadows of ships hang in the motionless air;
 So by the art of the poet our common life is uplifted,
 So, transfigured, the world floats in a luminous haze.

VII

Like a French poem is Life; being only perfect in structure
 When with the masculine rhymes mingled the feminine are.

VIII

Down from the mountain descends the brooklet, rejoicing in free
 dom;
 Little it dreams of the mill hid in the valley below;
 Glad with the joy of existence, the child goes singing and laughing,
 Little dreaming what toils lie in the future concealed.

IX

As the ink from our pen, so flow our thoughts and our feelings
When we begin to write, however sluggish before.

X

Like the Kingdom of Heaven, the Fountain of Youth is within us;
If we seek it elsewhere, old shall we grow in the search.

XI

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it;
Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.

XII

Wisely the Hebrews admit no Present tense in their language;
While we are speaking the word, it is already the Past.

XIII

In the twilight of age all things seem strange and phantasmal,
As between daylight and dark ghost-like the landscape appears.

XIV

Great is the art of beginning, but greater the art is of ending;
Many a poem is marred by a superfluous verse.

THE CITY AND THE SEA

THE panting City cried to the Sea,
'I am faint with heat,—Oh breathe
on me!'

And the Sea said, 'Lo, I breathe!
but my breath
To some will be life, to others
death!'

As to Prometheus, bringing ease
In pain, come the Oceanides,

So to the City, hot with the flame
Of the pitiless sun, the east wind
came.

It came from the heaving breast
of the deep,
Silent as dreams are, and sudden
as sleep.

Life-giving, death-giving, which
will it be;
O breath of the merciful, merciless
Sea?

MEMORIES

OFT I remember those whom I
have known
In other days, to whom my heart
was led
As by a magnet, and who are
not dead,
But absent, and their memories
overgrown
With other thoughts and troubles
of my own,
As graves with grasses are, and
at their head
The stone with moss and lichens
so o'er-spread,
Nothing is legible but the name
alone.
And is it so with them? After
long years,
Do they remember me in the
same way,
And is the memory pleasant as
to me?
I fear to ask; yet wherefore are
my fears?

Pleasures, like flowers, may
wither and decay,
And yet the root perennial may
be.

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS

As Seleucus narrates, Hermes describes the principles that rank as wholes in two myriads of books; or, as we are informed by Manetho, he perfectly unfolded these principles in three myriads six thousand five hundred and twenty-five volumes. . . .

. . . Our ancestors dedicated the inventions of their wisdom to this deity, inscribing all their own writings with the name of Hermes. — IAMBELICUS.

STILL through Egypt's desert
places

Flows the lordly Nile,
From its banks the great stone
faces

Gaze with patient smile.
Still the pyramids imperious
Pierce the cloudless skies,
And the Sphinx stares with mysterious,
Solemn, stony eyes.

But where are the old Egyptian
Demi-gods and kings? 10
Nothing left but an inscription
Graven on stones and rings.
Where are Helios and Hephæstus,
Gods of eldest eld?
Where is Hermes Trismegistus,
Who their secrets held?

Where are now the many hundred
Thousand books he wrote?
By the Thaumaturgists plundered,
Lost in lands remote; 20
In oblivion sunk forever,
As when o'er the land
Blows a storm-wind, in the river
Sinks the scattered sand.

Something unsubstantial, ghostly,
Seems this Theurgist,

In deep meditation mostly
Wrapped, as in a mist.
Vague, phantasmal, and unreal
To our thought he seems, 30
Walking in a world ideal,
In a land of dreams.

Was he one, or many, merging
Name and fame in one,
Like a stream, to which, converging,
Many streamlets run?
Till, with gathered power proceeding,
Ampler sweep it takes,
Downward the sweet waters leading
From unnumbered lakes. 40

By the Nile I see him wandering,
Pausing now and then,
On the mystic union pondering
Between gods and men;
Half believing, wholly feeling,
With supreme delight,
How the gods, themselves concealing,
Lift men to their height.

Or in Thebes, the hundred-gated,
In the thoroughfare 50
Breathing, as if consecrated,
A diviner air;
And amid discordant noises,
In the jostling throng,
Hearing far, celestial voices
Of Olympian song.

Who shall call his dreams fallacious?
Who has searched or sought
All the unexplored and spacious
Universe of thought? 60
Who, in his own skill confiding,
Shall with rule and line
Mark the border-land dividing
Human and divine?

Trismegistus! three times greatest!
How thy name sublime

Has descended to this latest
 Progeny of time!
 Happy they whose written pages
 Perish with their lives, 70
 If amid the crumbling ages
 Still their name survives!

Thine, O priest of Egypt, lately
 Found I in the vast,
 Weed-encumbered, sombre, state-
 ly,
 Grave-yard of the Past;
 And a presence moved before me
 On that gloomy shore,
 As a waft of wind, that o'er me
 Breathed, and was no more. 80

TO THE AVON

FLOW on, sweet river! like his
 verse
 Who lies beneath this sculptured
 hearse;
 Nor wait beside the churchyard
 wall
 For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once; I see him now
 A boy with sunshine on his brow,
 And hear in Stratford's quiet
 street
 The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge
 Wading knee-deep amid the
 sedge;
 And lost in thought, as if thy
 stream
 Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows;
 And fain would follow where it
 goes,
 To the wide world, that shall ere-
 long
 Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream! That dream
 is o'er;
 He stands upon another shore;

A vaster river near him flows,
 And still he follows where it
 goes.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD

'E venni dal martirio a questa pace.'
Paradiso, XV. 148.

THESE words the poet heard in
 Paradise,
 Uttered by one who, bravely dy-
 ing here,
 In the true faith was living in
 that sphere
 Where the celestial cross of sac-
 rifice

Spread its protecting arms athwart
 the skies;
 And set thereon, like jewels crys-
 tal clear,
 The souls magnanimous, that
 knew not fear,
 Flashed their effulgence on his
 dazzled eyes.

Ah me! how dark the discipline of
 pain,
 Were not the suffering followed
 by the sense
 Of infinite rest and infinite re-
 lease!

This is our consolation; and again
 A great soul cries to us in our
 suspense,

'I came from martyrdom unto
 this peace!'

MY BOOKS

SADLY as some old mediæval
 knight
 Gazed at the arms he could no
 longer wield,
 The sword two-handed and the
 shining shield
 Suspended in the hall, and full in
 sight,
 While secret longings for the lost
 delight

Of tourney or adventure in the
field
Came over him, and tears but
half concealed
Trembled and fell upon his
beard of white,
So I behold these books upon their
shelf,
My ornaments and arms of other
days;
Not wholly useless, though no
longer used,
For they remind me of my other
self,
Younger and stronger, and the
pleasant ways
In which I walked, now clouded
and confused.

MAD RIVER

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

TRAVELLER.

WHY dost thou wildly rush and
roar,
Mad River, O Mad River?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to
pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters
o'er
This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy
breast?

Why all this fret and flurry?
Dost thou not know that what is
best
In this too restless world is rest
From over-work and worry?

THE RIVER.

What wouldst thou in these moun-
tains seek,
O stranger from the city?
Is it perhaps some foolish freak
Of thine, to put the words I speak
Into a plaintive ditty?

TRAVELLER.

Yes; I would learn of thee thy
song,
With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong
As thine is, sing it all day long,
And hear it in my slumbers.

THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs
of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted;
Out of the forest, dark and dread,
Across the open fields I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing
cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and
bowed,
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Imploring and entreating;
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky
wall
I plunged, and the loud water-
fall
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,
A toilsome life I follow;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and
charms
The rudeness of my labors;
Daily I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neigh-
bors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,

When, full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep their wooden bridge
away,

Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creating.

Thou seest the day is past its
prime ;

I can no longer waste my time ;
The mills are tired of waiting.

POSSIBILITIES

WHERE are the Poets, unto whom
belong

The Olympian heights ; whose
singing shafts were sent
Straight to the mark, and not
from bows half bent,

But with the utmost tension of
the thong ?

Where are the stately argosies of
song,

Whose rushing keels made mu-
sic as they went

Sailing in search of some new
continent,

With all sail set, and steady
winds and strong ?

Perhaps there lives some dreamy
boy, untaught

In schools, some graduate of the
field or street,

Who shall become a master of
the art,

An admiral sailing the high seas
of thought,

Fearless at first, and steering
with his fleet

For lands not yet laid down in
any chart.

DECORATION DAY

SLEEP, comrades, sleep and rest
On this Field of the Grounded
Arms,

Where foes no more molest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms !

Ye have slept on the ground be-
fore,

And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death
No sound your slumber breaks ;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod ;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the truce of God !

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep !
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers ;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

A FRAGMENT

AWAKE ! arise ! the hour is late !
Angels are knocking at thy door !
They are in haste and cannot
wait,
And once departed come no
more.

Awake ! arise ! the athlete's arm
Loses its strength by too much
rest ;
The fallow land, the untilled farm
Produces only weeds at best.

LOSS AND GAIN

WHEN I compare
What I have lost with what I
have gained,

What I have missed with what
attained,
Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware
How many days have been idly
spent ;
How like an arrow the good intent
Has fallen short or been turned
aside.

But who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this
wise ?
Defeat may be victory in disguise ;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the
tide.

INSCRIPTION ON THE SHANKLIN FOUNTAIN

O TRAVELLER, stay thy weary
feet ;
Drink of this fountain, pure and
sweet ;
It flows for rich and poor the
same.
Then go thy way, remembering still
The wayside well beneath the hill,
The cup of water in his name.

THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS

WHAT say the Bells of San Blas
To the ships that southward pass
From the harbor of Mazatlan ?
To them it is nothing more
Than the sound of surf on the
shore, —
Nothing more to master or
man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,
To whom what is and what seems
Are often one and the same, —
The Bells of San Blas to me
Have a strange, wild melody,
And are something more than
a name.

For bells are the voice of the
church ;
They have tones that touch and
search

The hearts of young and old ;
One sound to all, yet each
Lends a meaning to their speech,
And the meaning is manifold.

They are a voice of the Past,
Of an age that is fading fast,
Of a power austere and grand ;
When the flag of Spain unfurled
Its folds o'er this western world,
And the Priest was lord of the
land.

The chapel that once looked down
On the little seaport town
Has crumbled into the dust ;
And on oaken beams below
The bells swing to and fro,
And are green with mould and
rust.

'Is, then, the old faith dead,'
They say, 'and in its stead
Is some new faith proclaimed,
That we are forced to remain
Naked to sun and rain,
Unsheltered and ashamed ?

'Once in our tower aloof
We rang over wall and roof
Our warnings and our com-
plaints ;
And round about us there
The white doves filled the air,
Like the white souls of the
saints.

'The saints ! Ah, have they grown
Forgetful of their own ?
Are they asleep, or dead,
That open to the sky
Their ruined Missions lie,
No longer tenanted ?

'Oh, bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,

When the world with faith was
filled ;
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and
build.

' Then from our tower again
We will send over land and main
Our voices of command,
Like exiled kings who return
To their thrones, and the people
learn
That the Priest is lord of the
land !'

O Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the Past again !
The Past is deaf to your
prayer ;
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light ;
It is daybreak everywhere.

FRAGMENTS

October 22, 1833.

NEGLECTED record of a mind
neglected,
Unto what ' lets and stops ' art
thou subjected !
The day with all its toils and occu-
pations,
The night with its reflections and
sensations,
The future, and the present, and
the past, —
All I remember, feel, and hope at
last,
All shapes of joy and sorrow, as
they pass, —
Find but a dusty image in this
glass.

August 18, 1847.

O faithful, indefatigable tides,
That evermore upon God's errands
go, —

Now seaward bearing tidings of
the land, —
Now landward bearing tidings of
the sea, —
And filling every frith and estuary,
Each arm of the great sea, each
little creek,
Each thread and filament of wa-
ter-courses,
Full with your ministration of de-
light !
Under the rafters of this wooden
bridge
I see you come and go ; sometimes
in haste
To reach your journey's end, which
being done
With feet unrested ye return again
And recommence the never-ending
task ;
Patient, whatever burdens ye may
bear,
And fretted only by the impeding
rocks.

December 18, 1847.

Soft through the silent air descend
the feathery snow-flakes ;
White are the distant hills, white
are the neighboring fields ;
Only the marshes are brown, and
the river rolling among them
Weareth the leaden hue seen in the
eyes of the blind.

August 4, 1856.

A lovely morning, without the
glare of the sun, the sea in great
commotion, chafing and foaming.
So from the bosom of darkness
our days come roaring and
gleaming,
Chafe and break into foam, sink
into darkness again.
But on the shores of Time each
leaves some trace of its pas-
sage,
Though the succeeding wave
washes it out from the sand.

CHRISTUS: A MYSTERY

INTROITUS

*The ANGEL bearing the PROPHET
HABAKKUK through the air.*

PROPHET.

WHY dost thou bear me aloft,
O Angel of God, on thy pinions
O'er realms and dominions?
Softly I float as a cloud
In air, for thy right hand upholds
me,
Thy garment enfolds me!

ANGEL.

Lo! as I passed on my way
In the harvest-field I beheld thee,
When no man compelled thee,
Bearing with thine own hands 10
This food to the famishing reapers,
A flock without keepers!

The fragrant sheaves of the wheat
Made the air above them sweet;
Sweeter and more divine
Was the scent of the scattered
grain,
That the reaper's hand let fall
To be gathered again
By the hand of the gleaner!
Sweetest, divinest of all, 20
Was the humble deed of thine,
And the meekness of thy de-
meanor!

PROPHET.

Angel of Light,
I cannot gainsay thee,
I can but obey thee!

ANGEL.

Beautiful was it in the Lord's
sight,
To behold his Prophet
Feeding those that toil,
The tillers of the soil.

But why should the reapers eat of
it 30

And not the Prophet of Zion
In the den of the lion?
The Prophet should feed the
Prophet!

Therefore I thee have uplifted,
And bear thee aloft by the hair
Of thy head, like a cloud that is
drifted
Through the vast unknown of the
air!

Five days hath the Prophet been
lying

In Babylon, in the den
Of the lions, death-defying, 40
Defying hunger and thirst;
But the worst

Is the mockery of men!
Alas! how full of fear
Is the fate of Prophet and Seer!
Forevermore, forevermore,
It shall be as it hath been hereto-
fore;

The age in which they live
Will not forgive
The splendor of the everlasting
light, 50
That makes their foreheads bright,
Nor the sublime
Fore-running of their time!

PROPHET.

Oh tell me, for thou knowest,
Wherefore and by what grace,
Have I, who am least and lowest,
Been chosen to this place,
To this exalted part?

ANGEL.

Because thou art 59
The Struggler; and from thy youth
Thy humble and patient life
Hath been a strife
And battle for the Truth;

Nor hast thou paused nor halted,
Nor ever in thy pride
Turned from the poor aside,
But with deed and word and pen
Hast served thy fellow-men;
Therefore art thou exalted!

PROPHET.

By thine arrow's light 70
Thou goest onward through the
night,
And by the clear
Sheen of thy glittering spear!
When will our journey end?

ANGEL.

Lo, it is ended!
You silver gleam
Is the Euphrates' stream.
Let us descend
Into the city splendid,
Into the City of Gold! 80

PROPHET.

Behold!
As if the stars had fallen from
their places
Into the firmament below,
The streets, the gardens, and the
vacant spaces
With light are all aglow;
And hark!
As we draw near,
What sound is it I hear
Ascending through the dark?

ANGEL.

The tumultuous noise of the na-
tions, 90
Their rejoicings and lamentations,
The pleadings of their prayer,
The groans of their despair,
The cry of their imprecations.
Their wrath, their love, their hate!

PROPHET.

Surely the world doth wait
The coming of its Redeemer!

ANGEL.

Awake from thy sleep, O dreamer!
The hour is near, though late; 99

Awake! write the vision sublime,
The vision, that is for a time,
Though it tarry, wait; it is nigh;
In the end it will speak and not
lie.

PART ONE

THE DIVINE TRAGEDY

THE FIRST PASSOVER

I

VOX CLAMANTIS

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

REPENT! repent! repent!
For the kingdom of God is at hand,
And all the land
Full of the knowledge of the Lord
shall be
As the waters cover the sea,
And encircle the continent!

Repent! repent! repent!
For lo, the hour appointed,
The hour so long foretold
By the Prophets of old, 10
Of the coming of the Anointed,
The Messiah, the Paraclete,
The Desire of the Nations, is nigh!
He shall not strive nor cry,
Nor his voice be heard in the
street;
Nor the bruised reed shall He
break,
Nor quench the smoking flax;
And many of them that sleep
In the dust of earth shall awake,
On that great and terrible day, 20
And the wicked shall wail and
weep,
And be blown like a smoke away,
And be melted away like wax.
Repent! repent! repent!
O Priest, and Pharisee,
Who hath warned you to flee
From the wrath that is to be?
From the coming anguish and ire?
The axe is laid at the root

Of the trees, and every tree 30
That bringeth not forth good fruit
Is hewn down and cast into the
fire!

Ye Scribes, why come ye hither?
In the hour that is uncertain,
In the day of anguish and trou-
ble,
He that stretcheth the heavens as
a curtain
And spreadeth them out as a
tent,
Shall blow upon you, and ye shall
wither,
And the whirlwind shall take you
away as stubble!
Repent! repent! repent! 40

PRIEST.

Who art thou, O man of prayer!
In raiment of camel's hair,
Begirt with leathern thong,
That here in the wilderness,
With a cry as of one in distress,
Preachest unto this throng?
Art thou the Christ?

JOHN.

Priest of Jerusalem,
In meekness and humbleness,
I deny not, I confess 50
I am not the Christ!

PRIEST.

What shall we say unto them
That sent us here? Reveal
Thy name, and naught conceal!
Art thou Elias?

JOHN.

No!

PRIEST.

Art thou that Prophet, then,
Of lamentation and woe,
Who, as a symbol and sign
Of impending wrath divine
Upon unbelieving men, 60
Shattered the vessel of clay
In the Valley of Slaughter?

JOHN.

Nay.

I am not he thou namest!

PRIEST.

Who art thou, and what is the word
That here thou proclaimest?

JOHN.

I am the voice of one
Crying in the wilderness alone:
Prepare ye the way of the Lord;
Make his paths straight
In the land that is desolate! 70

PRIEST.

If thou be not the Christ,
Nor yet Elias, nor he
That, in sign of the things to be,
Shattered the vessel of clay
In the Valley of Slaughter,
Then declare unto us, and say
By what authority now
Baptizeth thou?

JOHN.

I indeed baptize you with water
Unto repentance; but He, 80
That cometh after me,
Is mightier than I and higher;
The latchet of whose shoes
I am not worthy to unloose;
He shall baptize you with fire,
And with the Holy Ghost!
Whose fan is in his hand;
He will purge to the uttermost
His floor, and garner his wheat, 89
But will burn the chaff in the brand
And fire of unquenchable heat!
Repent! repent! repent!

II

MOUNT QUARANTANIA

I

LUCIFER.

Not in the lightning's flash, nor in
the thunder,
Not in the tempest, nor the cloudy
storm,

Will I array my form ;
 But part invisible these boughs
 asunder,
 And move and murmur, as the wind
 upheaves
 And whispers in the leaves.

Not as a terror and a desolation,
 Not in my natural shape, inspiring
 fear 100
 And dread, will I appear ;
 But in soft tones of sweetness and
 persuasion,
 A sound as of the fall of mountain
 streams,
 Or voices heard in dreams.

He sitteth there in silence, worn
 and wasted
 With famine, and uplifts his hol-
 low eyes
 To the unpitying skies ;
 For forty days and nights he hath
 not tasted
 Of food or drink, his parted lips
 are pale,
 Surely his strength must
 fail. 110

Wherefore dost thou in penitential
 fasting
 Waste and consume the beauty of
 thy youth ?
 Ah, if thou be in truth
 The Son of the Unnamed, the
 Everlasting,
 Command these stones beneath
 thy feet to be
 Changed into bread for thee !

CHRISTUS.

'T is written : Man shall not live
 by bread alone,
 But by each word that from God's
 mouth proceedeth !

II

LUCIFER.

Too weak, alas ! too weak is the
 temptation

For one whose soul to nobler
 things aspires 120
 Than sensual desires !
 Ah, could I, by some sudden aber-
 ration,
 Lead and delude to suicidal death
 This Christ of Nazareth !

Unto the holy Temple on Moriah,
 With its resplendent domes, and
 manifold
 Bright pinnacles of gold,
 Where they await thy coming, O
 Messiah !
 Lo, I have brought thee ! Let thy
 glory here
 Be manifest and clear. 130

Reveal thyself by royal act and
 gesture
 Descending with the bright tri-
 umphant host
 Of all the highermost
 Archangels, and about thee as a
 vesture
 The shining clouds, and all thy
 splendors show
 Unto the world below !

Cast thyself down, it is the hour
 appointed ;
 And God hath given his angels
 charge and care
 To keep thee and upbear
 Upon their hands his only Son, the
 Anointed, 140
 Lest he should dash his foot
 against a stone
 And die, and be unknown.

CHRISTUS.

'T is written : Thou shalt not tempt
 the Lord thy God !

III

LUCIFER.

I cannot thus delude him to perdi-
 tion !
 But one temptation still remains
 untried.

The trial of his pride,
 The thirst of power, the fever of
 ambition!
 Surely by these a humble peasant's
 son
 At last may be undone!

Above the yawning chasms and
 deep abysses, ¹⁵⁰
 Across the headlong torrents, I
 have brought
 Thy footsteps, swift as
 thought;
 And from the highest of these pre-
 cipices,
 The Kingdoms of the world thine
 eyes behold,
 Like a great map unrolled.

From far-off Lebanon, with cedars
 crested,
 To where the waters of the As-
 phalt Lake
 On its white pebbles break,
 And the vast desert, silent, sand-
 invested,
 These kingdoms all are mine, and
 thine shall be, ¹⁶⁰
 If thou wilt worship me!

CHRISTUS.

Get thee behind me, Satan! thou
 shalt worship
 The Lord thy God; Him only shalt
 thou serve!

ANGELS MINISTRANT.

The sun goes down; the evening
 shadows lengthen,
 The fever and the struggle of the
 day
 Abate and pass away;
 Thine Angels Ministrant, we come
 to strengthen
 And comfort thee, and crown thee
 with the palm,
 The silence and the calm.

III

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA

THE MUSICIANS.

Rise up, my love, my fair one, ¹⁷⁰
 Rise up, and come away,
 For lo! the winter is past,
 The rain is over and gone,
 The flowers appear on the earth,
 The time of the singing of birds is
 come,
 And the voice of the turtle is heard
 in our land.

THE BRIDEGROOM.

Sweetly the minstrels sing the
 Song of Songs!
 My heart runs forward with it,
 and I say:
 Oh set me as a seal upon thine
 heart,
 And set me as a seal upon thine
 arm; ¹⁸⁰
 For love is strong as life, and
 strong as death,
 And cruel as the grave is jealousy!

THE MUSICIANS.

I sleep, but my heart awaketh;
 'T is the voice of my beloved
 Who knocketh, saying: Open to
 me,
 My sister, my love, my dove,
 For my head is filled with dew,
 My locks with the drops of the
 night!

THE BRIDE.

Ah yes, I sleep, and yet my heart
 awaketh.
 It is the voice of my beloved who
 knocks. ¹⁹⁰

THE BRIDEGROOM.

O beautiful as Rebecca at the
 fountain,
 O beautiful as Ruth among the
 sheaves!

O fairest among women! O undefiled!
 Thou art all fair, my love, there's
 no spot in thee!

THE MUSICIANS.

My beloved is white and ruddy,
 The chiefest among ten thousand;
 His locks are black as a raven,
 His eyes are the eyes of doves,
 Of doves by the rivers of water,
 His lips are like unto lilies, ²⁰⁰
 Dropping sweet-smelling myrrh.

ARCHITRICLINUS.

Who is that youth with the dark
 azure eyes,
 And hair, in color like unto the wine,
 Parted upon his forehead, and be-
 hind
 Falling in flowing locks?

PARANYMPHUS.

The Nazarene
 Who preacheth to the poor in field
 and village
 The coming of God's Kingdom.

ARCHITRICLINUS.

How serene
 His aspect is! manly yet womanly.

PARANYMPHUS.

Most beautiful among the sons of
 men!
 Oft known to weep, but never
 known to laugh. ²¹⁰

ARCHITRICLINUS.

And tell me, she with eyes of olive
 tint,
 And skin as fair as wheat, and pale
 brown hair,
 The woman at his side?

PARANYMPHUS.

His mother, Mary.

ARCHITRICLINUS.

And the tall figure standing close
 behind them,

Clad all in white, with face and
 beard like ashes,
 As if he were Elias, the White
 Witness,
 Come from his cave on Carmel to
 foretell

The end of all things?

PARANYMPHUS.

That is Manahem
 The Essenian, he who dwells
 among the palms ²¹⁹
 Near the Dead Sea.

ARCHITRICLINUS.

He who foretold to Herod
 He should one day be King?

PARANYMPHUS.

The same.

ARCHITRICLINUS.

Then why
 Doth he come here to sadden with
 his presence
 Our marriage feast, belonging to a
 sect
 Haters of women, and that taste
 not wine?

THE MUSICIANS.

My undefiled is but one,
 The only one of her mother,
 The choice of her that bare her;
 The daughters saw her and blessed
 her;
 The queens and the concubines
 praised her;
 Saying, Lo! who is this ²³⁰
 That looketh forth as the morn-
 ing?

MANAHEM, *aside*.

The Ruler of the Feast is gazing
 at me,
 As if he asked, why is that old
 man here
 Among the revellers? And thou,
 the Anointed!
 Why art thou here? I see as in a
 vision

A figure clothed in purple, crowned
with thorns;
I see a cross uplifted in the dark-
ness,
And hear a cry of agony, that shall
echo
Forever and forever through the
world!

ARCHITRICLINUS.

Give us more wine. These gob-
lets are all empty. 240

MARY to CHRISTUS.

They have no wine!

CHRISTUS.

O woman, what have I
To do with thee? Mine hour is
not yet come.

MARY to the servants.

Whatever he shall say to you, that
do.

CHRISTUS.

Fill up these pots with water.

THE MUSICIANS.

Come, my beloved,
Let us go forth into the field,
Let us lodge in the villages;
Let us get up early to the vine-
yards,
Let us see if the vine flourish, 249
Whether the tender grape appear,
And the pomegranates bud forth.

CHRISTUS.

Draw out now
And bear unto the Ruler of the
Feast.

MANAHEM, *aside*.

O thou, brought up among the Es-
senians,
Nurtured in abstinence, taste not
the wine!
It is the poison of dragons from
the vineyards
Of Sodom, and the taste of death is
in it!

ARCHITRICLINUS to the BRIDE-
GROOM.

All men set forth good wine at the
beginning,
And when men have well drunk,
that which is worse;
But thou hast kept the good wine
until now.

MANAHEM, *aside*.

The things that have been and
shall be no more, 260
The things that are, and that
hereafter shall be,
The things that might have been,
and yet were not,
The fading twilight of great joys
departed,
The daybreak of great truths as
yet unrisen,
The intuition and the expectation
Of something, which, when come,
is not the same,
But only like its forecast in men's
dreams,
The longing, the delay, and the
delight,
Sweeter for the delay; youth,
hope, love, death;
And disappointment which is also
death, 270
All these make up the sum of hu-
man life;
A dream within a dream, a wind
at night
Howling across the desert in de-
spair,
Seeking for something lost it can-
not find.
Fate or foreseeing, or whatever
name
Men call it, matters not; what is
to be
Hath been fore-written in the
thought divine
From the beginning. None can
hide from it,
But it will find him out; nor run
from it,
But it o'ertaketh him! The Lord
hath said it. 280

THE BRIDEGROOM *to the BRIDE,*
on the balcony.

When Abraham went with Sarah
into Egypt,
The land was all illumined with
her beauty;
But thou dost make the very night
itself
Brighter than day! Behold, in
glad procession,
Crowding the threshold of the sky
above us,
The stars come forth to meet thee
with their lamps;
And the soft winds, the ambassa-
dors of flowers,
From neighboring gardens and
from fields unseen,
Come laden with odors unto thee,
my Queen!

THE MUSICIANS.

Awake, O north-wind, ²⁹⁰
And come, thou wind of the South.
Blow, blow upon my garden,
That the spices thereof may flow
out.

IV

IN THE CORNFIELDS

PHILIP.

Onward through leagues of sun-
illumined corn,
As if through parted seas, the
pathway runs,
And crowned with sunshine as the
Prince of Peace
Walks the beloved Master, lead-
ing us,
As Moses led our fathers in old
times
Out of the land of bondage! We
have found
Him of whom Moses and the Pro-
phets wrote, ³⁰⁰
Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Jo-
seph.

NATHANAEL.

Can any good come out of Naza-
reth?
Can this be the Messiah?

PHILIP.

Come and see.

NATHANAEL.

The summer sun grows hot: I am
anhungered.
How cheerily the Sabbath-break-
ing quail
Pipes in the corn, and bids us to
his Feast
Of Wheat Sheaves! How the
bearded, ripening ears
Toss in the roofless temple of the
air;
As if the unseen hand of some
High-Priest
Waved them before Mount Tabor
as an altar! ³¹⁰
It were no harm, if we should
pluck and eat.

PHILIP.

How wonderful it is to walk
abroad
With the Good Master! Since the
miracle
He wrought at Cana, at the mar-
riage feast,
His fame hath gone abroad through
all the land,
And when we come to Nazareth,
thou shalt see
How his own people will receive
their Prophet,
And hail him as Messiah! See, he
turns
And looks at thee.

CHRISTUS.

Behold an Israelite
In whom there is no guile.

NATHANAEL.

Whence knowest thou me?

CHRISTUS.

Before that Philip called thee,
when thou wast ³²¹
Under the fig-tree, I beheld thee.

NATHANAEL.

Rabbi!

Thou art the Son of God, thou art
the King
Of Israel!

CHRISTUS.

Because I said I saw thee
Under the fig-tree, before Philip
called thee,
Believest thou? Thou shalt see
greater things.
Hereafter thou shalt see the hea-
vens unclosed,
The angels of God ascending and
descending
Upon the Son of Man!

PHARISEES, *passing.*

Hall, Rabbi!

CHRISTUS.

Hall!

PHARISEES.

Behold how thy disciples do a
thing ³³⁰
Which is not lawful on the Sab-
bath-day,
And thou forbiddest them not!

CHRISTUS.

Have ye not read

What David did when he an hun-
gered was,
And all they that were with him?
How he entered
Into the house of God, and ate the
shew-bread,
Which was not lawful, saving for
the priests?
Have ye not read, how on the Sab-
bath-days
The priests profane the Sabbath
in the Temple,
And yet are blameless? But I say
to you,

One in this place is greater than
the Temple! ³⁴⁰

And had ye known the meaning
of the words,

I will have mercy and not sacri-
fice,

The guiltless ye would not con-
demn. The Sabbath

Was made for man, and not man
for the Sabbath.

Passes on with the disciples.

PHARISEES.

This is, alas! some poor demo-
niac

Wandering about the fields, and
uttering

His unintelligible blasphemies
Among the common people, who

receive
As prophecies the words they com-
prehend not!

Deluded folk! The incomprehen-
sible ³⁵⁰

Alone excites their wonder. There
is none

So visionary, or so void of sense,
But he will find a crowd to follow
him!

V

NAZARETH

CHRISTUS, *reading in the Syna-
gogue.*

The Spirit of the Lord God is upon
me.

He hath anointed me to preach
good tidings

Unto the poor; to heal the broken-
hearted;

To comfort those that mourn, and
to throw open

The prison doors of captives, and
proclaim

The Year Acceptable of the Lord,
our God!

He closes the book and sits down.

A PHARISEE.

Who is this youth? He hath taken
the Teacher's seat! 360
Will he instruct the Elders?

A PRIEST.

Fifty years

Have I been Priest here in the
Synagogue,
And never have I seen so young
a man
Sit in the Teacher's seat!

CHRISTUS.

Behold, to-day

This scripture is fulfilled. One is
appointed
And hath been sent to them that
mourn in Zion,
To give them beauty for ashes, and
the oil
Of joy for mourning! They shall
build again
The old waste-places; and again
raise up
The former desolations, and re-
pair 370
The cities that are wasted! As a
bridegroom
Decketh himself with ornaments;
as a bride
Adorneth herself with jewels, so
the Lord
Hath clothed me with a robe of
righteousness!

A PRIEST.

He spake the Prophet's words;
but with an air
As if himself had been foreshad-
owed in them!

CHRISTUS.

For Zion's sake I will not hold my
peace,
And for Jerusalem's sake I will
not rest
Until its righteousness be as a
brightness,
And its salvation as a lamp that
burneth! 380

Thou shalt be called no longer the
Forsaken,
Nor any more thy land the Deso-
late.

The Lord hath sworn, by his right
hand hath sworn,
And by his arm of strength: I will
no more

Give to thine enemies thy corn as
meat;

The sons of strangers shall not
drink thy wine.

Go through, go through the gates!
Prepare a way

Unto the people! Gather out the
stones!

Lift up a standard for the people!

A PRIEST.

Ah!

These are seditious words!

CHRISTUS.

And they shall call them
The holy people; the redeemed of
God! 391
And thou, Jerusalem, shalt be
called Sought out,
A city not forsaken!

A PHARISEE.

Is not this

The carpenter Joseph's son? Is
not his mother

Called Mary? and his brethren and
his sisters,

Are they not with us? Doth he
make himself

To be a Prophet?

CHRISTUS.

No man is a Prophet
In his own country, and among his
kin.

In his own house no Prophet is
accepted.

I say to you, in the land of Israel
Were many widows in Elijah's
day, 401

When for three years and more
the heavens were shut,

And a great famine was through-
out the land ;
But unto no one was Elijah sent
Save to Sarepta, to a city of Sidon,
And to a woman there that was a
widow.
And many lepers were there in the
land
Of Israel, in the time of Eliseus
The Prophet, and yet none of them
was cleansed, 409
Save Naaman the Syrian !

A PRIEST.

Say no more !
Thou comest here into our Syna-
gogue
And speakest to the Elders and
the Priests,
As if the very mantle of Elijah
Had fallen upon thee ! Art thou
not ashamed ?

A PHARISEE.

We want no Prophets here ! Let
him be driven
From Synagogue and city ! Let
him go
And prophesy to the Samaritans !

AN ELDER.

The world is changed. We Elders
are as nothing !
We are but yesterdays, that have
no part
Or portion in to-day ! Dry leaves
that rustle, 420
That make a little sound, and then
are dust !

A PHARISEE.

A carpenter's apprentice ! a me-
chanic,
Whom we have seen at work here
in the town
Day after day ; a stripling without
learning,
Shall he pretend to unfold the
Word of God
To men grown old in study of the
Law ?
CHRISTUS *is thrust out.*

VI

THE SEA OF GALILEE

PETER *and* ANDREW *mending*
their nets.

PETER.

Never was such a marvellous
draught of fishes
Heard of in Galilee ! The market-
places
Both of Bethsaida and Capernaum
Are full of them ! Yet we had
toiled all night 430
And taken nothing, when the Mas-
ter said :
Launch out into the deep, and cast
your nets ;
And doing this, we caught such
multitudes,
Our nets like spiders' webs were
snapped asunder,
And with the draught we filled two
ships so full
That they began to sink. Then I
knelt down
Amazed, and said : O Lord, depart
from me,
I am a sinful man. And he made
answer :
Simon, fear not ; henceforth thou
shalt catch men !
What was the meaning of those
words ?

ANDREW.

I know not.
But here is Phillip, come from
Nazareth, 441
He hath been with the Master.
Tell us, Phillip,
What tidings dost thou bring ?

PHILIP.

Most wonderful !
As we drew near to Nain, out of
the gate
Upon a bier was carried the dead
body
Of a young man, his mother's only
son,

And she a widow, who with lamentation
 Bewailed her loss, and the much
 people with her;
 And when the Master saw her he
 was filled
 With pity; and he said to her:
 Weep not! 45°
 And came and touched the bier,
 and they that bare it
 Stood still; and then he said:
 Young man, arise!
 And he that had been dead sat up,
 and soon
 Began to speak; and he delivered
 him
 Unto his mother. And there came
 a fear
 On all the people, and they glorified
 The Lord, and said, rejoicing: A
 great Prophet
 Is risen up among us! and the
 Lord
 Hath visited his people!

PETER.

A great Prophet?
 Ay, greater than a Prophet:
 greater even 46°
 Than John the Baptist!

PHILIP.

Yet the Nazarenes
 Rejected him.

PETER.

The Nazarenes are dogs!
 As natural brute beasts, they
 growl at things
 They do not understand; and they
 shall perish,
 Utterly perish in their own cor-
 ruption.
 The Nazarenes are dogs!

PHILIP.

They drave him forth
 Out of their Synagogue, out of
 their city,
 And would have cast him down a
 precipice,

But, passing through the midst of
 them, he vanished
 Out of their hands.

PETER.

Wells are they without water,
 Clouds carried with a tempest,
 unto whom 47°
 The mist of darkness is reserved
 forever!

PHILIP.

Behold he cometh. There is one
 man with him
 I am amazed to see!

ANDREW.

What man is that?

PHILIP.

Judas Iscariot; he that cometh
 last,
 Girt with a leathern apron. No
 one knoweth
 His history; but the rumor of him is
 He had an unclean spirit in his
 youth.
 It hath not left him yet.

CHRISTUS, *passing.*

Come unto me,
 All ye that labor and are heavy
 laden, 48°
 And I will give you rest! Come
 unto me,
 And take my yoke upon you and
 learn of me,
 For I am meek, and I am lowly in
 heart,
 And ye shall all find rest unto your
 souls!

PHILIP.

Oh, there is something in that
 voice that reaches
 The innermost recesses of my
 spirit!
 I feel that it might say unto the
 blind:
 Receive your sight! and straight-
 way they would see!

I feel that it might say unto the
 dead,
 Arise! and they would hear it and
 obey! 490
 Behold, he beckons to us!

CHRISTUS, to PETER and AN-
 DREW.

Follow me!

PETER.

Master, I will leave all and follow
 thee.

VII

THE DEMONIAC OF GADARA

A GADARENE.

He hath escaped, hath plucked his
 chains asunder,
 And broken his fetters; always
 night and day
 Is in the mountains here, and in
 the tombs,
 Crying aloud, and cutting himself
 with stones,
 Exceeding fierce, so that no man
 can tame him!

THE DEMONIAC *from above, un-*
seen.

O Aschmedai! O Aschmedai,
 have pity!

A GADARENE.

Listen! It is his voice! Go warn
 the people
 Just landing from the lake!

THE DEMONIAC.

O Aschmedai!

Thou angel of the bottomless pit,
 have pity! 501
 It was enough to hurl King Solo-
 mon,
 On whom be peace! two hundred
 leagues away
 Into the country, and to make him
 scullion

In the kitchen of the King of
 Maschkemen!

Why dost thou hurl me here
 among these rocks,
 And cut me with these stones?

A GADARENE.

He raves and mutters
 He knows not what.

THE DEMONIAC, *appearing from*
a tomb among the rocks.

The wild cock Tarnegal
 Singeth to me and bids me to the
 banquet,

Where all the Jews shall come;
 for they have slain 510
 Behemoth the great ox, who daily
 cropped

A thousand hills for food, and at a
 draught

Drank up the river Jordan, and
 have slain

The huge Leviathan, and stretched
 his skin

Upon the high walls of Jerusalem,
 And made them shine from one end
 of the world

Unto the other; and the fowl
 Barjuchne,

Whose outspread wings eclipse
 the sun, and make

Midnight at noon o'er all the con-
 tinents!

And we shall drink the wine of
 Paradise 520

From Adam's cellars.

A GADARENE.

O thou unclean spirit!

THE DEMONIAC, *hurling down a*
stone.

This is the wonderful Barjuchne's
 egg,

That fell out of her nest, and broke
 to pieces

And swept away three hundred
 cedar-trees,

And threescore villages!— Rabbi
 Eliezer,

How thou didst sin there in that
seaport town

When thou hadst carried safe thy
chest of silver

Over the seven rivers for her sake!
I too have sinned beyond the reach
of pardon.

Ye hills and mountains, pray for
mercy on me! 53^o

Ye stars and planets, pray for
mercy on me!

Ye sun and moon, oh pray for
mercy on me!

CHRISTUS *and his disciples pass.*

A GADARENE.

There is a man here of Decapolis,
Who hath an unclean spirit; so
that none

Can pass this way. He lives
among the tombs

Up there upon the cliffs, and hurls
down stones

On those who pass beneath.

CHRISTUS.

Come out of him,
Thou unclean spirit!

THE DEMONIAC.

What have I to do
With thee, thou Son of God? Do
not torment us.

CHRISTUS.

What is thy name?

THE DEMONIAC.

Legion; for we are many.
Cain, the first murderer; and the
King Belshazzar, 54¹

And Evil Merodach of Babylon,
And Admatha, the death-cloud,
prince of Persia;

And Aschmedai, the angel of the
pit,

And many other devils. We are
Legion.

Send us not forth beyond Decap-
olis;

Command us not to go into the
deep!

There is a herd of swine here in
the pastures,

Let us go into them.

CHRISTUS.

Come out of him,
Thou unclean spirit!

A GADARENE.

See, how stupefied,
How motionless he stands! He
cries no more; 55¹

He seems bewildered and in
silence stares

As one who, walking in his sleep,
awakes

And knows not where he is, and
looks about him,

And at his nakedness, and is
ashamed.

THE DEMONIAC.

Why am I here alone among the
tombs?

What have they done to me, that
I am naked?

Ah, woe is me!

CHRISTUS.

Go home unto thy friends
And tell them how great things
the Lord hath done

For thee, and how He had com-
passion on thee! 56^o

A SWINEHERD, *running.*

The herds! the herds! O most
unlucky day!

They were all feeding quiet in the
sun,

When suddenly they started, and
grew savage

As the wild boars of Tabor, and
together

Rushed down a precipice into the
sea!

They are all drowned!

PETER.

Thus righteously are punished
The apostate Jews, that eat the
flesh of swine,

And broth of such abominable things!

GREEKS OF GADARA.

We sacrifice a sow unto Demeter
At the beginning of harvest, and
another 57°
To Dionysus at the vintage-time.
Therefore we prize our herds of
swine, and count them
Not as unclean, but as things con-
secrate
To the immortal gods. O great
magician,
Depart out of our coasts; let us
alone,
We are afraid of thee.

PETER.

Let us depart;
For they that sanctify and purify
Themselves in gardens, eating
flesh of swine,
And the abomination, and the
mouse,
Shall be consumed together, saith
the Lord! 58°

VIII

TALITHA CUMI

JAIRUS *at the feet of* CHRISTUS.

O Master! I entreat thee! I im-
plore thee!
My daughter lieth at the point of
death;
I pray thee come and lay thy
hands upon her,
And she shall live!

CHRISTUS.

Who was it touched my garments?

SIMON PETER.

Thou seest the multitude that
throng and press thee,
And sayest thou: Who touched
me? 'T was not I.

CHRISTUS.

Some one hath touched my gar-
ments; I perceive
That virtue is gone out of me.

A WOMAN.

O Master!
Forgive me! For I said within
myself,
If I so much as touch his gar-
ment's hem, 59°
I shall be whole.

CHRISTUS.

Be of good comfort, daughter!
Thy faith hath made thee whole.
Depart in peace.

A MESSENGER *from the house.*

Why troublest thou the Master?
Hearest thou not
The flute-players, and the voices
of the women
Singing their lamentation? She is
dead!

THE MINSTRELS AND MOURN-
ERS.

We have girded ourselves with
sackcloth!
We have covered our heads with
ashes!
For our young men die, and our
maidens
Swoon in the streets of the city;
And into their mother's bosom 60°
They pour out their souls like
water!

CHRISTUS, *going in.*

Give place. Why make ye this
ado, and weep?
She is not dead, but sleepeth.

THE MOTHER, *from within.*

Cruel Death!
To take away from me this tender
blossom!
To take away my dove, my lamb
my darling!

THE MINSTRELS AND MOURNERS.

He hath led me and brought into darkness,
Like the dead of old in dark places!

He hath bent his bow, and hath set me

Apart as a mark for his arrow!
He hath covered himself with a cloud,

That our prayer should not pass through and reach him!

THE CROWD.

He stands beside her bed! He takes her hand!
Listen, he speaks to her!

CHRISTUS, *within*.

Maiden, arise!

THE CROWD.

See, she obeys his voice! She stirs! She lives!
Her mother holds her folded in her arms!
O miracle of miracles! O marvel!

IX

THE TOWER OF MAGDALA

MARY MAGDALENE.

Companionless, unsatisfied, forlorn,

I sit here in this lonely tower, and look

Upon the lake below me, and the hills

That swoon with heat, and see as in a vision

All my past life unroll itself before me.

The princes and the merchants come to me,

Merchants of Tyre and Princes of Damascus,

And pass, and disappear, and are no more;

But leave behind their merchandise and jewels,

Their perfumes, and their gold, and their disgust.

I loathe them, and the very memory of them

Is unto me as thought of food to one

Cloyed with the luscious figs of Dalmanutha!

What if hereafter, in the long hereafter

Of endless joy or pain, or joy in pain,

It were my punishment to be with them

Grown hideous and decrepit in their sins,

And hear them say: Thou that hast brought us here,

Be unto us as thou hast been of old!

I look upon this raiment that I wear,

These silks, and these embroideries, and they seem

Only as cerements wrapped about my limbs!

I look upon these rings thick set with pearls,

And emerald and amethyst and jasper,

And they are burning coals upon my flesh!

This serpent on my wrist becomes alive!

Away, thou viper! and away, ye garlands,

Whose odors bring the swift remembrance back

Of the unhallowed revels in these chambers!

But yesterday, — and yet it seems to me

Something remote, like a pathetic song

Sung long ago by minstrels in the street, —

But yesterday, as from this tower I gazed,

Over the olive and the walnut
trees 650

Upon the lake and the white ships,
and wondered

Whither and whence they steered,
and who was in them,

A fisher's boat drew near the land-
ing-place

Under the oleanders, and the peo-
ple

Came up from it, and passed be-
neath the tower,

Close under me. In front of them,
as leader,

Walked one of royal aspect,
clothed in white,

Who lifted up his eyes, and looked
at me,

And all at once the air seemed
filled and living

With a mysterious power, that
streamed from him, 660

And overflowed me with an at-
mosphere

Of light and love. As one en-
tranced I stood,

And when I woke again, lo! he
was gone;

So that I said: Perhaps it is a
dream.

But from that very hour the seven
demons

That had their habitation in this
body

Which men call beautiful, de-
parted from me!

This morning, when the first gleam
of the dawn

Made Lebanon a glory in the air,
And all below was darkness, I be-
held 670

An angel, or a spirit glorified,
With wind-tossed garments walk-
ing on the lake.

The face I could not see, but I dis-
tinguished

The attitude and gesture, and I
knew

'T was he that healed me. And
the gusty wind

Brought to mine ears a voice,
which seemed to say:

Be of good cheer! 'T is I! Be not
afraid!

And from the darkness, scarcely
heard, the answer:

If it be thou, bid me come unto
thee

Upon the water! And the voice
said: Come! 680

And then I heard a cry of fear:
Lord, save me!

As of a drowning man. And then
the voice:

Why didst thou doubt, O thou of
little faith!

At this all vanished, and the wind
was hushed,

And the great sun came up above
the hills,

And the swift-flying vapors hid
themselves

In caverns among the rocks! Oh,
I must find him

And follow him, and be with him
forever!

Thou box of alabaster, in whose
walls

The souls of flowers lie pent, the
precious balm 690

And spikenard of Arabian farms,
the spirits

Of aromatic herbs, ethereal na-
tures

Nursed by the sun and dew, not
all unworthy

To bathe his consecrated feet,
whose step

Makes every threshold holy that
he crosses;

Let us go forth upon our pilgrim-
age,

Thou and I only! Let us search
for him

Until we find him, and pour out
our souls

Before his feet, till all that's left
of us

Shall be the broken caskets that
once held us! 700

X

THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE
PHARISEEA GUEST *at table.*

Are ye deceived? Have any of
the Rulers
Believed on him? or do they know
indeed
This man to be the very Christ?
Howbeit
We know whence this man is, but
when the Christ
Shall come, none knoweth whence
he is.

CHRISTUS.

Whereunto shall I liken, then, the
men
Of this generation? and what are
they like?
They are like children sitting in
the markets,
And calling unto one another, say-
ing:
We have piped unto you, and ye
have not danced; 710
We have mourned unto you, and
ye have not wept!
This say I unto you, for John the
Baptist
Came neither eating bread nor
drinking wine;
Ye say he hath a devil. The Son
of Man
Eating and drinking cometh, and
ye say:
Behold a gluttonous man, and a
wine-bibber;
Behold a friend of publicans and
sinners!

A GUEST *aside to SIMON.*

Who is that woman yonder, glid-
ing in
So silently behind him?

SIMON.

It is Mary,

Who dwelleth in the Tower of
Magdala. 720

THE GUEST.

See, how she kneels there weep-
ing, and her tears
Fall on his feet; and her long,
golden hair
Waves to and fro and wipes them
dry again.
And now she kisses them, and
from a box
Of alabaster is anointing them
With precious ointment, filling all
the house
With its sweet odor!

SIMON, *aside.*

Oh, this man, forsooth,
Were he indeed a Prophet, would
have known
Who and what manner of woman
this may be
That toucheth him! would know
she is a sinner! 730

CHRISTUS.

Simon, somewhat have I to say to
thee.

SIMON.

Master, say on.

CHRISTUS.

A certain creditor
Had once two debtors; and the
one of them
Owed him five hundred pence; the
other, fifty.
They having naught to pay withal,
he frankly
Forgave them both. Now tell me
which of them
Will love him most?

SIMON.

He, I suppose, to whom
He most forgave.

CHRISTUS.

Yea, thou hast rightly judged.
Seest thou this woman? When
thine house I entered,
Thou gavest me no water for my
feet, 740

But she hath washed them with
 her tears, and wiped them
 With her own hair. Thou gavest
 me no kiss ;
 This woman hath not ceased, since
 I came in,
 To kiss my feet. My head with
 oil didst thou
 Anoint not ; but this woman hath
 anointed
 My feet with ointment. Hence I
 say to thee,
 Her sins, which have been many,
 are forgiven,
 For she loved much.

THE GUESTS.

Oh, who, then, is this man
 That pardoneth also sins without
 atonement ?

CHRISTUS.

Woman, thy faith hath saved thee !
 Go in peace ! 750

THE SECOND PASSOVER

I

BEFORE THE GATES OF
 MACHÆRUS

MANAHEM.

WELCOME, O wilderness, and wel-
 come, night
 And solitude, and ye swift-flying
 stars
 That drift with golden sands the
 barren heavens,
 Welcome once more ! The Angels
 of the Wind
 Hasten across the desert to re-
 ceive me ;
 And sweeter than men's voices are
 to me
 The voices of these solitudes ; the
 sound
 Of unseen rivulets, and the far-off
 cry
 Of bitterns in the reeds of water-
 pools.

And lo ! above me, like the Pro-
 phet's arrow 10
 Shot from the eastern window,
 high in air
 The clamorous cranes go singing
 through the night.
 O ye mysterious pilgrims of the
 air,
 Would I had wings that I might
 follow you !

I look forth from these mountains,
 and behold
 The omnipotent and omnipresent
 night,
 Mysterious as the future and the
 fate
 That hangs o'er all men's lives ! I
 see beneath me
 The desert stretching to the Dead
 Sea shore,
 And westward, faint and far away,
 the glimmer 20
 Of torches on Mount Olivet, an-
 nouncing
 The rising of the Moon of Pass-
 over.
 Like a great cross it seems, on
 which suspended,
 With head bowed down in agony,
 I see
 A human figure ! Hide, O merci-
 ful heaven,
 The awful apparition from my
 sight !
 And thou, Machærus, lifting high
 and black
 Thy dreadful walls against the
 rising moon,
 Haunted by demons and by ap-
 paritions,
 Lilith, and Jezerhara, and Bedar-
 gon, 30
 How grim thou showest in the un-
 certain light,
 A palace and a prison, where King
 Herod
 Feasts with Herodias, while the
 Baptist John
 Fasts, and consumes his unavail-
 ing life !

And in thy court-yard grows the
untithed rue,
Huge as the olives of Gethse-
mane,
And ancient as the terebinth of
Hebron,
Coeval with the world. Would
that its leaves
Medicinal could purge thee of the
demons
That now possess thee, and the
cunning fox ⁴⁰
That burrows in thy walls, con-
triving mischief!

Music is heard from within.

Angels of God! Sandalphon, thou
that weavest
The prayers of men into immortal
garlands,
And thou, Metatron, who dost
gather up
Their songs, and bear them to the
gates of heaven,
Now gather up together in your
hands
The prayers that fill this prison,
and the songs
That echo from the ceiling of this
palace,
And lay them side by side before
God's feet!

He enters the castle.

II

HEROD'S BANQUET-HALL

MANAHEM.

Thou hast sent for me, O King,
and I am here. ⁵⁰

HEROD.

Who art thou?

MANAHEM.

Manahem, the Essenian.

HEROD.

I recognize thy features, but what
mean

These torn and faded garments?
On thy road
Have demons crowded thee, and
rubbed against thee,
And given thee weary knees? A
cup of wine!

MANAHEM.

The Essenians drink no wine.

HEROD.

What wilt thou, then?

MANAHEM.

Nothing.

HEROD.

Not even a cup of water?

MANAHEM.

Nothing.

Why hast thou sent for me?

HEROD.

Dost thou remember
One day when I, a schoolboy in
the streets
Of the great city, met thee on my
way ⁶⁰
To school, and thou didst say to
me: Hereafter
Thou shalt be king?

MANAHEM.

Yea, I remember it.

HEROD.

Thinking thou didst not know me,
I replied:
I am of humble birth; whereat
thou, smiling,
Didst smite me with thy hand, and
saidst again:
Thou shalt be King; and let the
friendly blows
That Manahem hath given thee on
this day
Remind thee of the fickleness of
fortune.

MANAHEM.

What more?

HEROD.

No more.

MANAHÉM.

Yea, for I said to thee:
It shall be well with thee if thou
love justice ⁷⁰
And clemency towards thy fellow-
men.
Hast thou done this, O King?

HEROD.

Go, ask my people.

MANAHÉM.

And then, foreseeing all thy life, I
added:
But these thou wilt forget; and at
the end
Of life the Lord will punish thee.

HEROD.

The end!
When will that come? For this I
sent to thee.
How long shall I still reign?
Thou dost not answer!
Speak! shall I reign ten years?

MANAHÉM.

Thou shalt reign twenty,
Nay, thirty years. I cannot name
the end.

HEROD.

Thirty? I thank thee, good Es-
senian! ⁸⁰
This is my birthday, and a happier
one
Was never mine. We hold a ban-
quet here.
See, yonder are Herodias and her
daughter.

MANAHÉM, *aside*.

'Tis said that devils sometimes
take the shape
Of ministering angels, clothed with
air,

That they may be inhabitants of
earth,
And lead man to destruction. Such
are these.

HEROD.

Knowest thou John the Baptist?

MANAHÉM.

Yea, I know him;
Who knows him not?

HEROD.

Know, then, this John the Bap-
tist
Said that it was not lawful I should
marry ⁹⁰
My brother Philip's wife, and John
the Baptist
Is here in prison. In my father's
time
Matthias Margaloth was put to
death
For tearing the golden eagle from
its station
Above the Temple Gate, — a
slighter crime
Than John is guilty of. These
things are warnings
To intermeddlers not to play with
eagles,
Living or dead. I think the Es-
senians
Are wiser, or more wary, are they
not?

MANAHÉM.

The Essenians do not marry.

HEROD.

Thou hast given
My words a meaning foreign to
my thought. ¹⁰¹

MANAHÉM.

Let me go hence, O King!

HEROD.

Stay yet awhile,
And see the daughter of Herodias
dance.

Cleopatra of Jerusalem, my mother,
In her best days, was not more beautiful.

Music. THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS dances.

HEROD.

Oh, what was Miriam dancing with her timbrel,
Compared to this one?

MANAHEM, *aside.*

O thou Angel of Death,
Dancing at funerals among the women,
When men bear out the dead!
The air is hot
And stifles me! Oh for a breath of air! 110
Bid me depart, O King!

HEROD.

Not yet. Come hither,
Salome, thou enchantress! Ask of me
Whate'er thou wilt; and even unto the half
Of all my kingdom, I will give it thee,
As the Lord liveth!

DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS, *kneeling.*

Give me here the head
Of John the Baptist on this silver charger!

HEROD.

Not that, dear child! I dare not; for the people
Regard John as a prophet.

DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

Thou hast sworn it.

HEROD.

For mine oath's sake, then. Send unto the prison;
Let him die quickly. Oh, accursed oath! 120

MANAHEM.

Bid me depart, O King!

HEROD.

Good Manahem,
Give me thy hand. I love the Es-senians.
He 's gone and hears me not! The guests are dumb,
Awaiting the pale face, the silent witness.
The lamps flare; and the curtains of the doorways
Wave to and fro as if a ghost were passing!
Strengthen my heart, red wine of Ascalon!

III

UNDER THE WALLS OF MACHÆRUS

MANAHEM, *rushing out.*

Away from this Palace of sin!
The demons, the terrible powers
Of the air, that haunt its towers
And hide in its water-spouts, 131
Deafen me with the din
Of their laughter and their shouts
For the crimes that are done within!

Sink back into the earth,
Or vanish into the air,
Thou castle of despair!
Let it all be but a dream
Of the things of monstrous birth,
Of the things that only seem! 140
White Angel of the Moon,
Onafiel! be my guide
Out of this hateful place
Of sin and death, nor hide
In yon black cloud too soon
Thy pale and tranquil face!

A trumpet is blown from the walls.

Hark! hark! It is the breath
Of the trump of doom and death,
From the battlements overhead

Like a burden of sorrow cast 150
 On the midnight and the blast,
 A wailing for the dead,
 That the gusts drop and uplift!
 O Herod, thy vengeance is swift!
 O Herodias, thou hast been
 The demon, the evil thing,
 That in place of Esther the Queen,
 In place of the lawful bride,
 Hast lain at night by the side
 Of Ahasuerus the king! 160

The trumpet again.

The Prophet of God is dead!
 At a drunken monarch's call,
 At a dancing-woman's beck,
 They have severed that stubborn
 neck

And into the banquet-hall
 Are bearing the ghastly head!

*A body is thrown from the
 tower.*

A torch of lurid red
 Lights the window with its glow;
 And a white mass as of snow
 Is hurled into the abyss 170
 Of the black precipice,
 That yawns for it below!
 O hand of the Most High,
 O hand of Adonai!
 Bury it, hide it away
 From the birds and beasts of prey,
 And the eyes of the homicide,
 More pitiless than they,
 As thou didst bury of yore
 The body of him that died 180
 On the mountain of Peor!
 Even now I behold a sign,
 A threatening of wrath divine,
 A watery, wandering star,
 Through whose streaming hair,
 and the white
 Unfolding garments of light,
 That trail behind it afar,
 The constellations shine!
 And the whiteness and brightness
 appear

Like the Angel bearing the Seer
 By the hair of his head, in the
 might 191
 And rush of his vehement flight.
 And I listen until I hear

From fathomless depths of the sky
 The voice of his prophecy
 Sounding louder and more near!

Malediction! malediction!
 May the lightnings of heaven fall
 On palace and prison wall,
 And their desolation be 200
 As the day of fear and affliction,
 As the day of anguish and ire,
 With the burning and fuel of fire,
 In the Valley of the Sea!

IV

NICODEMUS AT NIGHT

NICODEMUS.

The streets are silent. The dark
 houses seem
 Like sepulchres, in which the
 sleepers lie
 Wrapped in their shrouds, and for
 the moment dead.
 The lamps are all extinguished;
 only one
 Burns steadily, and from the door
 its light
 Lies like a shining gate across the
 street. 210
 He waits for me. Ah, should this
 be at last
 The long-expected Christ! I see
 him there
 Sitting alone, deep-buried in his
 thought,
 As if the weight of all the world
 were resting
 Upon him, and thus bowed him
 down. O Rabbi,
 We know thou art a Teacher come
 from God,
 For no man can perform the mira-
 cles
 Thou dost perform, except the
 Lord be with him.
 Thou art a Prophet, sent here to
 proclaim
 The Kingdom of the Lord. Be-
 hold in me 220

A Ruler of the Jews, who long
have waited
The coming of that kingdom. Tell
me of it.

CHRISTUS.

Verily, verily I say unto thee,
Except a man be born again, he
cannot
Behold the Kingdom of God!

NICODEMUS.

Be born again?
How can a man be born when he
is old?
Say, can he enter for a second
time
Into his mother's womb, and so
be born?

CHRISTUS.

Verily I say unto thee, except
A man be born of water and the
spirit, ²³⁰
He cannot enter into the Kingdom
of God.
For that which of the flesh is born,
is flesh;
And that which of the spirit is
born, is spirit.

NICODEMUS.

We Israelites from the Primeval
Man
Adam Abelson derive our bod-
ies;
Our souls are breathings of the
Holy Ghost.
No more than this we know, or
need to know.

CHRISTUS.

Then marvel not, that I said unto
thee
Ye must be born again.

NICODEMUS.

The mystery
Of birth and death we cannot com-
prehend. ²⁴⁰

CHRISTUS.

The wind bloweth where it listeth,
and we hear
The sound thereof, but know not
whence it cometh,
Nor whither it goeth. So is every
one
Born of the spirit!

NICODEMUS, *aside*.

How can these things be?
He seems to speak of some vague
realm of shadows,
Some unsubstantial kingdom of
the air!
It is not this the Jews are waiting
for,
Nor can this be the Christ, the Son
of David,
Who shall deliver us!

CHRISTUS.

Art thou a master
Of Israel, and knowest not these
things? ²⁵⁰
We speak that we do know, and
testify
That we have seen, and ye will
not receive
Our witness. If I tell you earthly
things,
And ye believe not, how shall ye
believe,
If I should tell you of things hea-
venly?
And no man hath ascended up to
heaven,
But He alone that first came down
from heaven,
Even the Son of Man which is in
heaven!

NICODEMUS, *aside*.

This is a dreamer of dreams; a
visionary,
Whose brain is overtasked, until
he deems ²⁶⁰
The unseen world to be a thing
substantial,
And this we live in, an unreal
vision!

And yet his presence fascinates
and fills me
With wonder, and I feel myself
exalted
Into a higher region, and become
Myself in part a dreamer of his
dreams,
A seer of his visions!

CHRISTUS.

And as Moses
Uplifted the serpent in the wilder-
ness,
So must the Son of Man be lifted
up;
That whosoever shall believe in
Him 270
Shall perish not, but have eternal
life.
He that believes in Him is not
condemned;
He that believes not, is condemned
already.

NICODEMUS, *aside.*

He speaketh like a Prophet of the
Lord!

CHRISTUS.

This is the condemnation; that
the light
Is come into the world, and men
loved darkness
Rather than light, because their
deeds are evil!

NICODEMUS, *aside.*

Of me he speaketh! He reprov-
eth me,
Because I come by night to ques-
tion him!

CHRISTUS.

For every one that doeth evil
deeds 280
Hateth the light, nor cometh to
the light,
Lest he should be reprov-
ed.

NICODEMUS, *aside.*

Alas, how truly

He readeth what is passing in my
heart!

CHRISTUS.

But he that doeth truth comes to
the light,
So that his deeds may be made
manifest,
That they are wrought in God.

NICODEMUS.

Alas! alas!

V

BLIND BARTIMEUS

BARTIMEUS.

Be not impatient, Chilion; it is
pleasant
To sit here in the shadow of the
walls
Under the palms, and hear the
hum of bees,
And rumor of voices passing to
and fro, 290
And drowsy bells of caravans on
their way
To Sidon or Damascus. This is
still
The City of Palms, and yet the
walls thou seest
Are not the old walls, not the
walls where Rahab
Hid the two spies, and let them
down by cords
Out of the window, when the gates
were shut,
And it was dark. Those walls
were overthrown
When Joshua's army shouted, and
the priests
Blew with their seven trumpets.

CHILION.

When was that?

BARTIMEUS.

O my sweet rose of Jericho, I
know not. 300

Hundreds of years ago. And over there
 Beyond the river, the great prophet Elijah
 Was taken by a whirlwind up to heaven
 In chariot of fire, with fiery horses.
 That is the plain of Moab; and beyond it
 Rise the blue summits of Mount Abarim,
 Nebo and Pisgah and Peor, where Moses
 Died, whom the Lord knew face to face, and whom
 He buried in a valley, and no man
 Knows of his sepulchre unto this day. 310

CHILION.

Would thou couldst see these places, as I see them.

BARTIMEUS.

I have not seen a glimmer of the light
 Since thou wast born. I never saw thy face,
 And yet I seem to see it; and one day
 Perhaps shall see it; for there is a Prophet
 In Galilee, the Messiah, the Son of David,
 Who heals the blind, if I could only find him.
 I hear the sound of many feet approaching,
 And voices, like the murmur of a crowd!
 What seest thou?

CHILION.

A young man clad in white
 Is coming through the gateway,
 and a crowd 321
 Of people follow.

BARTIMEUS.

Can it be the Prophet!
 O neighbors, tell me who it is that passes?

ONE OF THE CROWD.

Jesus of Nazareth.

BARTIMEUS, *crying*.

O Son of David!

Have mercy on me!

MANY OF THE CROWD.

Peace, Blind Bartimeus!

Do not disturb the Master.

BARTIMEUS, *crying more vehemently*.

Son of David,

Have mercy on me!

ONE OF THE CROWD.

See, the Master stops.

Be of good comfort; rise, He call-
 eth thee! 328

BARTIMEUS, *casting away his cloak*.

Chilion! good neighbors! lead me on.

CHRISTUS.

What wilt thou

That I should do to thee?

BARTIMEUS.

Good Lord! my sight—

That I receive my sight!

CHRISTUS.

Receive thy sight!

Thy faith hath made thee whole!

THE CROWD.

He sees again!

CHRISTUS *passes on. The crowd gathers round* BARTIMEUS.

BARTIMEUS.

I see again; but sight bewilders me!

Like a remembered dream, familiar things

Come back to me. I see the tender sky

Above me, see the trees, the city
walls,
And the old gateway, through
whose echoing arch
I groped so many years; and you,
my neighbors;
But know you by your friendly
voices only.
How beautiful the world is! and
how wide! ^{34°}
Oh, I am miles away, if I but look!
Where art thou, Chilion?

CHILION.

Father, I am here.

BARTIMEUS.

Oh let me gaze upon thy face, dear
child!
For I have only seen thee with my
hands!
How beautiful thou art! I should
have known thee;
Thou hast her eyes whom we shall
see hereafter!
O God of Abraham! Elion! Ado-
nai!
Who art thyself a Father, pardon
me
If for a moment I have thee post-
poned
To the affections and the thoughts
of earth, ^{35°}
Thee, and the adoration that I
owe thee,
When by thy power alone these
darkened eyes
Have been unsealed again to see
thy light!

VI

JACOB'S WELL

A SAMARITAN WOMAN.

The sun is hot; and the dry east-
wind blowing
Fills all the air with dust. The
birds are silent;
Even the little fieldfares in the
corn

No longer twitter; only the grass-
hoppers
Sing their incessant song of sun
and summer.
I wonder who those strangers
were I met
Going into the city? Galileans
They seemed to me in speaking,
when they asked ^{36°}
The short way to the market-
place. Perhaps
They are fishermen from the lake;
or travellers,
Looking to find the inn. And here
is some one
Sitting beside the well; another
stranger;
A Galilean also by his looks.
What can so many Jews be doing
here
Together in Samaria? Are they
going
Up to Jerusalem to the Passover?
Our Passover is better here at
Sychem, ^{37°}
For here is Ebal; here is Geri-
zim,
The mountain where our father
Abraham
Went up to offer Isaac; here the
tomb
Of Joseph,—for they brought his
bones from Egypt
And buried them in this land, and
it is holy.

CHRISTUS.

Give me to drink.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

How can it be that thou,
Being a Jew, askest to drink of
me
Which am a woman of Samaria?
You Jews despise us; have no
dealings with us;
Make us a byword; call us in de-
rision ^{38°}
The silly folk of Sychar. Sir, how
is it
Thou askest drink of me?

CHRISTUS.

If thou hadst known
The gift of God, and who it is that
sayeth
Give me to drink, thou wouldst
have asked of Him;
He would have given thee the liv-
ing water.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Sir, thou hast naught to draw with,
and the well
Is deep! Whence hast thou liv-
ing water?
Say, art thou greater than our fa-
ther Jacob,
Which gave this well to us, and
drank thereof
Himself, and all his children and
his cattle? 390

CHRISTUS.

Ah, whosoever drinketh of this
water
Shall thirst again; but whosoever
drinketh
The water I shall give him shall
not thirst
Forevermore, for it shall be within
him
A well of living water, springing up
Into life everlasting.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Every day
I must go to and fro, in heat and
cold,
And I am weary. Give me of this
water,
That I may thirst not, nor come
here to draw.

CHRISTUS.

Go call thy husband, woman, and
come hither. 400

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

I have no husband, Sir.

CHRISTUS.

Thou hast well said

I have no husband. Thou hast
had five husbands;
And he whom now thou hast is not
thy husband.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Surely thou art a Prophet, for thou
rearest
The hidden things of life! Our
fathers worshipped
Upon this mountain Gerizim; and
ye say
The only place in which men
ought to worship
Is at Jerusalem.

CHRISTUS.

Believe me, woman,
The hour is coming, when ye
neither shall 409
Upon this mount, nor at Jerusalem,
Worship the Father; for the hour
is coming,
And is now come, when the true
worshippers
Shall worship the Father in spirit
and in truth!
The Father seeketh such to wor-
ship Him.
God is a spirit: and they that wor-
ship Him
Must worship Him in spirit and in
truth.

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Master, I know that the Messiah
cometh,
Which is called Christ; and He
will tell us all things.

CHRISTUS.

I that speak unto thee am He!

THE DISCIPLES, *returning.*

Behold,
The Master sitting by the well,
and talking 420
With a Samaritan woman! With
a woman
Of Sychar, the silly people, always
boasting

Of their Mount Ebal, and Mount
 Gerizim,
 Their Everlasting Mountain, which
 they think
 Higher and holier than our Mount
 Moriah!
 Why, once upon the Feast of the
 New Moon,
 When our great Sanhedrim of
 Jerusalem
 Had all its watch-fires kindled on
 the hills
 To warn the distant villages, these
 people
 Lighted up others to mislead the
 Jews, ^{43°}
 And make a mockery of their
 festival!
 See, she has left the Master; and
 is running
 Back to the city!

SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Oh, come see a man
 Who hath told me all things that
 I ever did!
 Say, is not this the Christ?

THE DISCIPLES.

Lo, Master, here
 Is food, that we have brought thee
 from the city.
 We pray thee eat it.

CHRISTUS.

I have food to eat
 Ye know not of.

THE DISCIPLES, *to each other.*

Hath any man been here,
 And brought Him aught to eat,
 while we were gone?

CHRISTUS.

The food I speak of is to do the
 will ^{44°}
 Of Him that sent me, and to finish
 his work.
 Do ye not say, Lo! there are yet
 four months
 And cometh harvest? I say unto
 you,

Lift up your eyes, and look upon
 the fields,
 For they are white already unto
 harvest!

VII

THE COASTS OF CÆSAREA
 PHILIPPI

CHRISTUS, *going up the mountain.*
 Who do the people say I am?

JOHN.

Some say
 That thou art John the Baptist;
 some, Elias;
 And others Jeremiah.

JAMES.

Or that one
 Of the old Prophets is arisen again.

CHRISTUS.

But who say ye I am?

PETER.

Thou art the Christ!
 Thou art the Son of God!

CHRISTUS.

Blessed art thou,
 Simon Barjona! Flesh and blood
 hath not ^{45°}
 Revealed it unto thee, but even
 my Father,
 Which is in Heaven. And I say
 unto thee
 That thou art Peter; and upon
 this rock
 I build my Church, and all the
 gates of Hell
 Shall not prevail against it. But
 take heed
 Ye tell to no man that I am the
 Christ.
 For I must go up to Jerusalem,
 And suffer many things, and be
 rejected ^{46°}
 Of the Chief Priests, and of the
 Scribes and Elders,

And must be crucified, and the
third day
Shall rise again!

PETER.

Be it far from thee, Lord!
This shall not be!

CHRISTUS.

Get thee behind me, Satan!
Thou savorest not the things that
be of God,
But those that be of men! If any
will
Come after me, let him deny him-
self,
And daily take his cross, and
follow me.
For whosoever will save his life
shall lose it,
And whosoever will lose his life
shall find it. ^{47°}
For wherein shall a man be profit-
ed
If he shall gain the whole world,
and shall lose
Himself or be a castaway?

JAMES, *after a long pause.*

Why doth
The Master lead us up into this
mountain?

PETER.

He goeth up to pray.

JOHN.

See, where He standeth
Above us on the summit of the
hill!
His face shines as the sun! and
all his raiment
Exceeding white as snow, so as no
fuller
On earth can white them! He is
not alone;
There are two with Him there;
two men of eld, ^{48°}
Their white beards blowing on the
mountain air,
Are talking with him.

JAMES.

I am sore afraid!

PETER.

Who and whence are they?

JOHN.

Moses and Elias!

PETER.

O Master! it is good for us to be
here!
If thou wilt, let us make three
tabernacles;
For thee one, and for Moses and
Elias!

JOHN.

Behold a bright cloud sailing in
the sun!
It overshadows us. A golden mist
Now hides them from us, and en-
velops us
And all the mountain in a luminous
shadow! ^{49°}
I see no more. The nearest rocks
are hidden.

VOICE *from the cloud.*

Lo! this is my beloved Son! Hear
Him!

PETER.

It is the voice of God. He speak-
eth to us,
As from the burning bush He
spake to Moses!

JOHN.

The cloud-wreaths roll away. The
veil is lifted;
We see again. Behold! He is
alone.
It was a vision that our eyes be-
held,
And it hath vanished into the un-
seen.

CHRISTUS, *coming down from the
mountain.*

I charge ye, tell the vision unto no
one,

Till the Son of Man be risen from
the dead ! 500

PETER, *aside*.

Again He speaks of it ! What can
it mean,

This rising from the dead ?

JAMES.

Why say the Scribes
Elias must first come ?

CHRISTUS.

He cometh first,
Restoring all things. But I say to
you,

That this Elias is already come.
They knew him not, but have done
unto him

Whate'er they listed, as is written
of him.

PETER, *aside*.

It is of John the Baptist He is
speaking.

JAMES.

As we descend, see, at the moun-
tain's foot,

A crowd of people ; coming, going,
thronging 510

Round the disciples, that we left
behind us,

Seeming impatient, that we stay so
long.

PETER.

It is some blind man, or some par-
alytic

That waits the Master's coming
to be healed.

JAMES.

I see a boy, who struggles and de-
means him

As if an unclean spirit tormented
him !

A CERTAIN MAN, *running for-
ward*.

Lord ! I beseech thee, look upon
my son.

He is mine only child ; a lunatic,
And sorely vexed ; for oftentimes
he falleth

Into the fire and oft into the water.
Wherever the dumb spirit taketh
him 521

He teareth him. He gnasheth
with his teeth,

And pines away. I spake to thy
disciples

That they should cast him out, and
they could not.

CHRISTUS.

O faithless generation and per-
verse !

How long shall I be with you, and
suffer you ?

Bring thy son hither.

BYSTANDERS.

How the unclean spirit
Seizes the boy, and tortures him
with pain !

He falleth to the ground and wal-
lows, foaming ! 529

He cannot live.

CHRISTUS.

How long is it ago
Since this came unto him ?

THE FATHER.

Even of a child.
Oh, have compassion on us, Lord,
and help us,

If thou canst help us.

CHRISTUS.

If thou canst believe.
For unto him that verily believeth,
All things are possible.

THE FATHER.

Lord, I believe !
Help thou mine unbelief !

CHRISTUS.

Dumb and deaf spirit,
Come out of him, I charge thee,
and no more
Enter thou into him !

*The boy utters a loud cry of pain,
and then lies still.*

BYSTANDERS.

How motionless
He lieth there. No life is left in
him.

His eyes are like a blind man's,
that see not. 540

The boy is dead!

OTHERS.

Behold! the Master stoops,
And takes him by the hand, and
lifts him up.
He is not dead.

DISCIPLES.

But one word from those lips,
But one touch of that hand, and
he is healed!

Ah, why could we not do it?

THE FATHER.

My poor child!
Now thou art mine again. The
unclean spirit
Shall never more torment thee!
Look at me!
Speak unto me! Say that thou
knowest me!

DISCIPLES to CHRISTUS, *departing.*

Good Master, tell us, for what rea-
son was it 549
We could not cast him out?

CHRISTUS.

Because of your unbelief!

VIII

THE YOUNG RULER

CHRISTUS.

Two men went up into the temple
to pray.
The one was a self-righteous Phar-
isee,

The other a Publican. And the
Pharisee

Stood and prayed thus within him-
self! O God,

I thank thee I am not as other
men,

Extortioners, unjust, adulterers,
Or even as this Publican. I fast
Twice in the week, and also I give
tithes

Of all that I possess! The Publi-
can,

Standing afar off, would not lift so
much 560

Even as his eyes to heaven, but
smote his breast,

Saying: God be merciful to me a
sinner!

I tell you that this man went to
his house

More justified than the other.
Every one

That doth exalt himself shall be
abased,

And he that humbleth himself
shall be exalted!

CHILDREN, *among themselves.*

Let us go nearer! He is telling
stories!

Let us go listen to them.

AN OLD JEW.

Children, children!

What are ye doing here? Why do
ye crowd us?

It was such little vagabonds as
you, 570

That followed Elisha, mocking
him and crying:

Go up, thou bald-head! But the
bears—the bears

Came out of the wood, and tare
them!

A MOTHER.

Speak not thus!

We brought them here, that He
might lay his hands

On them, and bless them.

CHRISTUS.

Suffer little children
To come unto me, and forbid them
not;
Of such is the kingdom of heaven;
and their angels
Look always on my Father's face.
*Takes them in his arms and
blesses them.*

A YOUNG RULER, *running.*

Good Master!
What good thing shall I do, that I
may have 579
Eternal life?

CHRISTUS.

Why callest thou me good?
There is none good but one, and
that is God.
If thou wilt enter into life eternal,
Keep the commandments.

YOUNG RULER.

Which of them?

CHRISTUS.

Thou shalt not
Commit adultery; thou shalt not
kill;
Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt
not bear false witness;
Honor thy father and thy mother;
and love
Thy neighbor as thyself.

YOUNG RULER.

From my youth up
All these things have I kept.
What lack I yet?

JOHN.

With what divine compassion in
his eyes
The Master looks upon this eager
youth, 590
As if He loved him!

CHRISTUS.

Wouldst thou perfect be,

Sell all thou hast, and give it to
the poor,
And come, take up thy cross, and
follow me,
And thou shalt have thy treasure
in the heavens.

JOHN.

Behold, how sorrowful he turns
away!

CHRISTUS.

Children! how hard it is for them
that trust
In riches to enter into the kingdom
of God!
'T is easier for a camel to go
through
A needle's eye, than for the rich to
enter 599
The kingdom of God!

JOHN.

Ah, who then can be saved?

CHRISTUS.

With men this is indeed impossi-
ble,
But unto God all things are possi-
ble!

PETER.

Behold, we have left all, and fol-
lowed thee.
What shall we have therefor?

CHRISTUS.

Eternal life.

IX

AT BETHANY

MARTHA *busy about household
affairs.* MARY *sitting at the feet
of CHRISTUS.*

MARTHA.

She sitteth idly at the Master's feet,
And troubles not herself with
household cares.

'T is the old story. When a guest
arrives
She gives up all to be with him ;
while I
Must be the drudge, make ready
the guest-chamber,
Prepare the food, set everything in
order, 610
And see that naught is wanting in
the house.
She shows her love by words, and
I by works.

MARY.

O Master ! when thou comest, it is
always
A Sabbath in the house. I cannot
work ;
I must sit at thy feet ; must see
thee, hear thee !
I have a feeble, wayward, doubt-
ing heart,
Incapable of endurance or great
thoughts,
Striving for something that it can-
not reach,
Baffled and disappointed, wound-
ed, hungry ;
And only when I hear thee am I
happy, 620
And only when I see thee am at
peace !
Stronger than I, and wiser, and far
better
In every manner, is my sister
Martha.
Thou seest how well she orders
everything
To make thee welcome ; how she
comes and goes,
Careful and cumbered ever with
much serving,
While I but welcome thee with
foolish words !
Whene'er thou speakest to me, I
am happy ;
When thou art silent, I am satis-
fied.
Thy presence is enough. I ask
no more. 630

Only to be with thee, only to see
thee,
Sufficeth me. My heart is then at
rest.
I wonder I am worthy of so
much.

MARTHA.

Lord, dost thou care not that my
sister Mary
Hath left me thus to wait on thee
alone ?
I pray thee, bid her help me.

CHRISTUS.

Martha, Martha,
Careful and troubled about many
things
Art thou, and yet one thing alone
is needful !
Thy sister Mary hath chosen that
good part,
Which never shall be taken away
from her ! 640

X

BORN BLIND

A JEW.

Who is this beggar blinking in the
sun ?
Is it not he who used to sit and
beg
By the Gate Beautiful ?

ANOTHER.

It is the same.

A THIRD.

It is not he, but like him, for that
beggar
Was blind from birth. It cannot
be the same.

THE BEGGAR.

Yea, I am he.

A JEW.

How have thine eyes been opened ?

THE BEGGAR.

A man that is called Jesus made
a clay

And put it on mine eyes, and said
to me :

Go to Siloam's Pool and wash thy-
self.

I went and washed, and I received
my sight. 650

A JEW.

Where is He ?

THE BEGGAR.

I know not.

PHARISEES.

What is this crowd
Gathered about a beggar ? What
has happened ?

A JEW.

Here is a man who hath been
blind from birth,

And now he sees. He says a man
called Jesus

Hath healed him.

PHARISEES.

As God liveth, the Nazarene !
How was this done ?

THE BEGGAR.

Rabboni, he put clay
Upon mine eyes ; I washed, and
now I see.

PHARISEES.

When did he this ?

THE BEGGAR.

Rabboni, yesterday.

PHARISEES.

The Sabbath day. This man is
not of God

Because he keepeth not the Sab-
bath day ! 660

A JEW.

How can a man that is a sinner do
Such miracles ?

PHARISEES.

What dost thou say of him
That hath restored thy sight ?

THE BEGGAR.

He is a Prophet.

A JEW.

This is a wonderful story, but not
true.

A beggar's fiction. He was not
born blind,

And never has been blind !

OTHERS.

Here are his parents.

Ask them.

PHARISEES.

Is this your son ?

THE PARENTS.

Rabboni, yea ;
We know this is our son.

PHARISEES.

Was he born blind ?

THE PARENTS.

He was born blind.

PHARISEES.

Then how doth he now see ?

THE PARENTS, *aside*.

What answer shall we make ? If
we confess 670

It was the Christ, we shall be
driven forth

Out of the Synagogue ! We know,
Rabboni,

This is our son, and that he was
born blind ;

But by what means he seeth, we
know not,

Or who his eyes hath opened, we
know not.

He is of age ; ask him ; we cannot
say ;

He shall speak for himself.

PHARISEES.

Give God the praise!
We know the man that healed
thee is a sinner!

THE BEGGAR.

Whether He be a sinner, I know
not;
One thing I know; that whereas I
was blind, 680
I now do see.

PHARISEES.

How opened he thine eyes?
What did he do?

THE BEGGAR.

I have already told you.
Ye did not hear: why would ye
hear again?
Will ye be his disciples?

PHARISEES.

God of Moses!
Are we demoniacs, are we halt or
blind,
Or palsy-stricken, or lepers, or the
like,
That we should join the Syna-
gogue of Satan,
And follow jugglers? Thou art
his disciple,
But we are disciples of Moses;
and we know
That God spake unto Moses; but
this fellow, 690
We know not whence he is!

THE BEGGAR.

Why, herein is
A marvellous thing! Ye know not
whence He is,
Yet He hath opened mine eyes!
We know that God
Heareth not sinners; but if any
man
Doeth God's will, and is his wor-
shipper,
Him doth He hear. Oh, since the
world began

It was not heard that any man
hath opened
The eyes of one that was born
blind. If He
Were not of God, surely He could
do nothing!

PHARISEES.

Thou, who wast altogether born in
sins 700
And in iniquities, dost thou teach
us?
Away with thee out of the holy
places,
Thou reprobate, thou beggar, thou
blasphemer!

THE BEGGAR *is cast out.*

XI

SIMON MAGUS AND HELEN OF
TYRE

*On the house-top at Endor. Night.
A lighted lantern on a table.*

SIMON.

Swift are the blessed Immortals to
the mortal
That perseveres! So doth it stand
recorded •
In the divine Chaldaean Oracles
Of Zoroaster, once Ezekiel's slave,
Who in his native East betook
himself
To lonely meditation, and the
writing 710
On the dried skins of oxen the
Twelve Books
Of the Avesta and the Oracles!
Therefore I persevere; and I have
brought thee
From the great city of Tyre, where
men deride
The things they comprehend not,
to this plain
Of Esdraelon, in the Hebrew
tongue
Called Armageddon, and this town
of Endor,

Where men believe; where all the
 air is full
 Of marvellous traditions, and the
 Enchantress
 That summoned up the ghost of
 Samuel 720
 Is still remembered. Thou hast
 seen the land;
 Is it not fair to look on?

HELEN.

It is fair,
 Yet not so fair as Tyre.

SIMON.

Is not Mount Tabor
 As beautiful as Carmel by the
 Sea?

HELEN.

It is too silent and too solitary;
 I miss the tumult of the streets;
 the sounds
 Of traffic, and the going to and fro
 Of people in gay attire, with cloaks
 of purple,
 And gold and silver jewelry!

SIMON.

Inventions
 Of Ahriman, the spirit of the
 dark, 730
 The Evil Spirit!

HELEN.

I regret the gossip
 Of friends and neighbors at the
 open door
 On summer nights.

SIMON.

An idle waste of time.

HELEN.

The singing and the dancing, the
 delight
 Of music and of motion. Woe is
 me,
 To give up all these pleasures, and
 to lead!
 The life we lead!

SIMON.

Thou canst not raise thyself
 Up to the level of my higher
 thought,
 And though possessing thee, I still
 remain
 Apart from thee, and with thee,
 am alone 740
 In my high dreams.

HELEN.

Happier was I in Tyre.
 Oh, I remember how the gallant
 ships
 Came sailing in, with ivory, gold,
 and silver,
 And apes and peacocks; and the
 singing sailors,
 And the gay captains with their
 silken dresses,
 Smelling of aloes, myrrh, and cin-
 namon!

SIMON.

But the dishonor, Helen! Let the
 ships
 Of Tarshish howl for that!

HELEN.

And what dishonor?
 Remember Rahab, and how she
 became
 The ancestress of the great Psalm-
 ist David; 750
 And wherefore should not I, Helen
 of Tyre,
 Attain like honor?

SIMON.

Thou art Helen of Tyre,
 And hast been Helen of Troy, and
 hast been Rahab,
 The Queen of Sheba, and Semira-
 mis,
 And Sara of seven husbands, and
 Jezebel,
 And other women of the like al-
 lurements;
 And now thou art Minerva, the
 first Æon,
 The Mother of Angels!

HELEN.

And the concubine
Of Simon the Magician! Is it
honor
For one who has been all these
noble dames, ⁷⁶⁰
To tramp about the dirty vil-
lages
And cities of Samaria with a jug-
gler?
A charmer of serpents?

SIMON.

He who knows himself
Knows all things in himself. I
have charmed thee,
Thou beautiful asp: yet am I no
magician.
I am the Power of God, and the
Beauty of God!
I am the Paraclete, the Comfort-
er!

HELEN.

Illusions! Thou deceiver, self-de-
ceived!
Thou dost usurp the titles of
another;
Thou art not what thou sayest.

SIMON.

Am I not?
Then feel my power.

HELEN.

Would I had ne'er left Tyre!
*He looks at her, and she sinks in-
to a deep sleep.*

SIMON.

Go, see it in thy dreams, fair un-
believer! ⁷⁷²
And leave me unto mine, if they
be dreams,
That take such shapes before me,
that I see them;
These effable and ineffable im-
pressions
Of the mysterious world, that come
to me

From the elements of Fire and
Earth and Water,
And the all-nourishing Ether! It
is written,
Look not on Nature, for her name
is fatal!
Yet there are Principles, that make
apparent ⁷⁸⁰
The images of unapparent things,
And the impression of vague char-
acters
And visions most divine appear in
ether.
So speak the Oracles; then where-
fore fatal?
I take this orange-bough, with its
five leaves,
Each equidistant on the upright
stem;
And I project them on a plane be-
low,
In the circumference of a circle
drawn
About a centre where the stem is
planted,
And each still equidistant from
the other; ⁷⁹⁰
As if a thread of gossamer were
drawn
Down from each leaf, and fastened
with a pin.
Now if from these five points a
line be traced
To each alternate point, we shall
obtain
The Pentagram, or Solomon's Pen-
tangle,
A charm against all witchcraft,
and a sign,
Which on the banner of Anti-
ochus
Drove back the fierce barbarians
of the North,
Demons esteemed, and gave the
Syrian King
The sacred name of Soter, or of
Savior. ⁸⁰⁰
Thus Nature works mysteriously
with man;
And from the Eternal One, as from
a centre,

All things proceed, in fire, air,
 earth, and water,
 And all are subject to one law,
 which broken
 Even in a single point, is broken
 in all;
 Demons rush in, and chaos comes
 again.

By this will I compel the stubborn
 spirits,
 That guard the treasures, hid in
 caverns deep
 On Gerizim, by Uzzi the High-
 Priest,
 The ark and holy vessels, to re-
 veal 810
 Their secret unto me, and to re-
 store
 These precious things to the Sa-
 maritans.
 A mist is rising from the plain be-
 low me,
 And as I look, the vapors shape
 themselves
 Into strange figures, as if un-
 wares
 My lips had breathed the Tetra-
 grammaton,
 And from their graves, o'er all the
 battle-fields
 Of Armageddon, the long-buried
 captains
 Had started, with their thousands,
 and ten thousands,
 And rushed together to renew
 their wars, 820
 Powerless, and weaponless, and
 without a sound!
 Wake, Helen, from thy sleep! The
 air grows cold;
 Let us go down.

HELEN, *awaking.*

Oh, would I were at home!

SIMON.

Thou sayest that I usurp another's
 titles.

In youth I saw the Wise Men of
 the East,
 Magalath and Pangalath and Sar-
 acen,
 Who followed the bright star, but
 home returned
 For fear of Herod by another
 way.
 Oh shining worlds above me! in
 what deep
 Recesses of your realms of mys-
 tery 830
 Lies hidden now that star? and
 where are they
 That brought the gifts of frankin-
 cense and myrrh?

HELEN.

The Nazarene still liveth.

SIMON.

We have heard
 His name in many towns, but have
 not seen Him.
 He flits before us; tarries not; is
 gone
 When we approach, like something
 unsubstantial,
 Made of the air, and fading into
 air.
 He is at Nazareth, He is at Nain,
 Or at the Lovely Village on the
 Lake,
 Or sailing on its waters.

HELEN.

So say those
 Who do not wish to find Him.

SIMON.

Can this be
 The King of Israel, whom the Wise
 Men worshipped? 842
 Or does He fear to meet me? It
 would seem so.
 We should soon learn which of us
 twain usurps
 The titles of the other, as thou
 sayest.

They go down.

THE THIRD PASSOVER

I

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM

THE SYRO-PHOENICIAN WOMAN
and her DAUGHTER on the
house-top at Jerusalem.

THE DAUGHTER, *singing*.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits;
He hears the crowd;— he hears a
breath

Say, It is Christ of Nazareth!
And calls, in tones of agony,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

The thronging multitudes in-
crease:

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! 11
Θάρσει · ἔγειραι, φωνεῖ σε!

Then saith the Christ, as silent
stands

The crowd, What wilt thou at my
hands?

And he replies, Oh, give me light!
Rabbi, restore the blind man's
sight!

And Jesus answers, *Ὑπάγε ·*
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery, 20

Recall those mighty voices three,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

Θάρσει · ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε!

Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

THE MOTHER.

Thy faith hath saved thee! Ah,
how true that is!

For I had faith; and when the
Master came

Into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon,
fleeing

From those who sought to slay
Him, I went forth

And cried unto Him, saying: Have
mercy on me,

O Lord, thou Son of David! for
my daughter

Is grievously tormented with a
devil. 30

But He passed on, and answered
not a word.

And his disciples said, beseeching
Him:

Send her away! She crieth after
us!

And then the Master answered
them and said:

I am not sent but unto the lost
sheep

Of the House of Israel! Then I
worshipped Him,

Saying: Lord, help me! And He
answered me,

It is not meet to take the children's
bread

And cast it unto dogs! Truth,
Lord, I said; 40

And yet the dogs may eat the
crumbs which fall

From off their master's table; and
He turned,

And answered me; and said to
me: O woman,

Great is thy faith; then be it unto
thee

Even as thou wilt. And from that
very hour

Thou wast made whole, my dar-
ling! my delight!

THE DAUGHTER.

There came upon my dark and
troubled mind

A calm, as when the tumult of the
city

Suddenly ceases, and I lie and hear
The silver trumpets of the Temple

blowing 50

Their welcome to the Sabbath.
Still I wonder,

That one who was so far away
from me,

And could not see me, by his
thought alone
Had power to heal me. Oh that I
could see Him!

THE MOTHER.

Perhaps thou wilt; for I have
brought thee here
To keep the holy Passover, and
lay
Thine offering of thanksgiving on
the altar.
Thou mayst both see and hear
Him. Hark!

VOICES *afar off*.

Hosanna!

THE DAUGHTER.

A crowd comes pouring through
the city gate! 59
O mother, look!

VOICES *in the street*.

Hosanna to the Son
Of David!

THE DAUGHTER.

A great multitude of people
Fills all the street; and riding on
an ass
Comes one of noble aspect, like a
king!
The people spread their garments
in the way,
And scatter branches of the palm-
trees!

VOICES.

Blessed
Is He that cometh in the name of
the Lord;
Hosanna in the highest!

OTHER VOICES.

Who is this?

VOICES.

Jesus of Nazareth!

THE DAUGHTER.

Mother, it is He!

VOICES.

He hath called Lazarus of Beth-
any
Out of his grave, and raised him
from the dead! 70
Hosanna in the highest!

PHARISEES.

Ye perceive
That nothing we prevail. Behold,
the world
Is all gone after him!

THE DAUGHTER.

What majesty,
What power is in that careworn
countenance!
What sweetness, what compas-
sion! I no longer
Wonder that He hath healed me!

VOICES.

Peace in heaven,
And glory in the highest!

PHARISEES.

Rabbi! Rabbi!
Rebuke thy followers!

CHRISTUS.

Should they hold their peace
The very stones beneath us would
cry out!

THE DAUGHTER.

All hath passed by me like a dream
of wonder! 80
But I have seen Him, and have
heard his voice,
And I am satisfied! I ask no
more!

II

SOLOMON'S PORCH

GAMALIEL THE SCRIBE.

When Rabban Simeon, upon whom
be peace!
Taught in these Schools, he
boasted that his pen

Had written no word that he
 could call his own,
 But wholly and always had been
 consecrated
 To the transcribing of the Law
 and Prophets.
 He used to say, and never tired of
 saying,
 The world itself was built upon
 the Law.
 And ancient Hillel said, that who-
 soever 90
 Gains a good name, gains some-
 thing for himself,
 But he who gains a knowledge of
 the Law
 Gains everlasting life. And they
 spake truly.
 Great is the Written Law; but
 greater still
 The Unwritten, the Traditions of
 the Elders,
 The lovely words of Levites, spo-
 ken first
 To Moses on the Mount, and
 handed down
 From mouth to mouth, in one un-
 broken sound
 And sequence of divine author-
 ity,
 The voice of God resounding
 through the ages. 100

The Written Law is water; the
 Unwritten
 Is precious wine; the Written
 Law is salt,
 The Unwritten costly spice; the
 Written Law
 Is but the body; the Unwritten,
 the soul
 That quickens it and makes it
 breathe and live.
 I can remember, many years ago,
 A little bright-eyed school-boy, a
 mere stripling,
 Son of a Galilean carpenter,
 From Nazareth, I think, who
 came one day
 And sat here in the Temple with
 the Scribes, 110

Hearing us speak, and asking
 many questions,
 And we were all astonished at his
 quickness.
 And when his mother came, and
 said: Behold
 Thy father and I have sought
 thee, sorrowing;
 He looked as one astonished, and
 made answer,
 How is it that ye sought me?
 Wist ye not
 That I must be about my Father's
 business?
 Often since then I see him here
 among us,
 Or dream I see him, with his up-
 raised face
 Intent and eager, and I often
 wonder 120
 Unto what manner of manhood
 he hath grown!
 Perhaps a poor mechanic like his
 father,
 Lost in his little Galilean village
 And toiling at his craft, to die un-
 known
 And be no more remembered
 among men.

CHRISTUS in the outer court.

The Scribes and Pharisees sit in
 Moses' seat;
 All, therefore, whatsoever they
 command you,
 Observe and do; but follow not
 their works;
 They say and do not. They bind
 heavy burdens
 And very grievous to be borne,
 and lay them 130
 Upon men's shoulders, but they
 move them not
 With so much as a finger!

GAMALIEL, looking forth.

Who is this

Exhorting in the outer courts so
 loudly?

CHRISTUS.

Their works they do for to be seen
of men.
They make broad their phylacter-
ies, and enlarge
The borders of their garments,
and they love
The uppermost rooms at feasts,
and the chief seats
In Synagogues, and greetings in
the markets,
And to be called of all men Rabbi,
Rabbi!

GAMALIEL.

It is that loud and turbulent Gali-
lean, 140
That came here at the Feast of
Dedication,
And stirred the people up to
break the Law!

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and
Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites! for ye shut up the
kingdom
Of heaven, and neither go ye in
yourselves
Nor suffer them that are entering
to go in!

GAMALIEL.

How eagerly the people throng
and listen,
As if his ribald words were words
of wisdom!

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and
Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites! for ye devour the
houses 150
Of widows, and for pretence ye
make long prayers;
Therefore shall ye receive the
more damnation.

GAMALIEL.

This brawler is no Jew, — he is a
vile

Samaritan, and hath an unclean
spirit!

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and
Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites! ye compass sea
and land
To make one proselyte, and when
he is made
Ye make him twofold more the
child of hell
Than you yourselves are!

GAMALIEL.

O my father's father!
Hillel of blessed memory, hear and
judge! 160

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and
Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites! for ye pay tithe
of mint,
Of anise, and of cumin, and omit
The weightier matters of the law
of God,
Judgment and faith and mercy;
and all these
Ye ought to have done, nor leave
undone the others!

GAMALIEL.

O Rabban Simeon! how must thy
bones
Stir in their grave to hear such
blasphemies!

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and
Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites! for ye make clean
and sweet 170
The outside of the cup and of the
platter,
But they within are full of all ex-
cess!

GAMALIEL.

Patience of God! canst thou en-
dure so long?

Or art thou deaf, or gone upon a
journey ?

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and
Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites! for ye are very like
To whited sepulchres, which in-
deed appear
Beautiful outwardly, but are with-
in
Filled full of dead men's bones
and all uncleanness !

GAMALIEL.

Am I awake? Is this Jerusa-
lem? 180
And are these Jews that throng
and stare and listen?

CHRISTUS.

Woe unto you, ye Scribes and
Pharisees,
Ye hypocrites! because ye build
the tombs
Of prophets, and adorn the sepul-
chres
Of righteous men, and say: If we
had lived
When lived our fathers, we would
not have been
Partakers with them in the blood
of Prophets.
So ye be witnesses unto your-
selves,
That ye are children of them that
killed the Prophets!
Fill ye up then the measure of
your fathers. 190
I send unto you Prophets and
Wise Men,
And Scribes, and some ye crucify,
and some
Scourge in your Synagogues, and
persecute
From city to city; that on you
may come
The righteous blood that hath
been shed on earth,
From the blood of righteous Abel
to the blood

Of Zacharias, son of Barachias,
Ye slew between the Temple and
the altar !

GAMALIEL.

Oh, had I here my subtle dialecti-
cian,
My little Saul of Tarsus, the tent-
maker, 200
Whose wit is sharper than his
needle's point,
He would delight to foil this noisy
wrangler !

CHRISTUS.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem ! O thou
That killest the Prophets, and that
stonest them
Which are sent unto thee, how
often would I
Have gathered together thy chil-
dren, as a hen
Gathereth her chickens under-
neath her wing,
And ye would not ! Behold, your
house is left
Unto you desolate !

THE PEOPLE.

This is a Prophet !
This is the Christ that was to
come ! 210

GAMALIEL.

Ye fools !
Think ye, shall Christ come out of
Galilee ?

III

LORD, IS IT I ?

CHRISTUS.

One of you shall betray me.

THE DISCIPLES.

Is it I ?
Lord, is it I ?

CHRISTUS.

One of the Twelve it is

That dippeth with me in this dish
his hand ;
He shall betray me. Lo, the Son
of Man
Goeth indeed as it is written of
Him ;
But woe shall be unto that man by
whom
He is betrayed ! Good were it for
that man
If he had ne'er been born !

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

Lord, is it I ?

CHRISTUS.

Ay, thou hast said. And that thou
doest, do quickly. 220

JUDAS ISCARIOT, *going out.*

Ah, woe is me !

CHRISTUS.

All ye shall be offended
Because of me this night ; for it is
written :
Awake, O sword against my shep-
herd ! Smite
The shepherd, saith the Lord of
hosts, and scattered
Shall be the sheep !— But after I
am risen
I go before you into Galilee.

PETER.

O Master ! though all men shall
be offended
Because of thee, yet will not I be !

CHRISTUS.

Simon,

Behold how Satan hath desired to
have you,
That he may sift you as one sift-
eth wheat ! 230
Whither I go thou canst not follow
me —
Not now ; but thou shalt follow
me hereafter.

PETER.

Wherefore can I not follow thee ?
I am ready
To go with thee to prison and to
death.

CHRISTUS.

Verily say I unto thee, this night,
Ere the cock crow, thou shalt deny
me thrice !

PETER.

Though I should die, yet will I not
deny thee.

CHRISTUS.

When first I sent you forth with-
out a purse,
Or scrip, or shoes, did ye lack any-
thing ? 239

THE DISCIPLES.

Not anything.

CHRISTUS.

But he that hath a purse,
Now let him take it, and likewise
his scrip ;
And he that hath no sword, let
him go sell
His clothes and buy one. That
which hath been written
Must be accomplished now : He
hath poured out
His soul even unto death ; he hath
been numbered
With the transgressors, and him-
self hath borne
The sin of many, and made inter-
cession
For the transgressors. And here
have an end
The things concerning me.

PETER.

Behold, O Lord,
Behold, here are two swords !

CHRISTUS.

It is enough.

IV

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE

CHRISTUS.

My spirit is exceeding sorrowful
Even unto death! Tarry ye here
and watch. 252

He goes apart.

PETER.

Under this ancient olive-tree, that
spreads
Its broad centennial branches like
a tent,
Let us lie down and rest.

JOHN.

What are those torches,
That glimmer on Brook Kedron
there below us?

JAMES.

It is some marriage feast; the joy-
ful maidens
Go out to meet the bridegroom.

PETER.

I am weary.
The struggles of this day have
overcome me.

*They sleep.*CHRISTUS, *falling on his face.*

Father! all things are possible to
thee, — 260

Oh let this cup pass from me!
Nevertheless
Not as I will, but as thou wilt, be
done!

Returning to the Disciples.

What! could ye not watch with me
for one hour?

Oh watch and pray, that ye may
enter not

Into temptation. For the spirit
indeed

Is willing, but the flesh is weak!

JOHN.

Alas!

It is for sorrow that our eyes are
heavy. —

I see again the glimmer of those
torches

Among the olives; they are com-
ing hither.

JAMES.

Outside the garden wall the path
divides; 270

Surely they come not hither.

*They sleep again.*CHRISTUS, *as before.*

O my Father!

If this cup may not pass away
from me,

Except I drink of it, thy will be
done.

Returning to the Disciples.

Sleep on; and take your rest!

JOHN.

Beloved Master,

Alas! we know not what to an-
swer thee!

It is for sorrow that our eyes are
heavy. —

Behold, the torches now encom-
pass us.

JAMES.

They do but go about the garden
wall,

Seeking for some one, or for some-
thing lost.

*They sleep again.*CHRISTUS, *as before.*

If this cup may not pass away
from me, 280

Except I drink of it, thy will be
done.

Returning to the Disciples.

It is enough! Behold, the Son of
Man

Hath been betrayed into the hands
of sinners!

The hour is come. Rise up, let us
be going;

For he that shall betray me is at
hand.

JOHN.

Ah me! See, from his forehead,
in the torchlight,
Great drops of blood are falling to
the ground!

PETER.

What lights are these? What
torches glare and glisten
Upon the swords and armor of
these men?

And there among them Judas Is-
cariot!

*He smites the servant of the High-
Priest with his sword.* 290

CHRISTUS.

Put up thy sword into its sheath;
for they

That take the sword shall perish
with the sword.

The cup my Father hath given me
to drink,

Shall I not drink it? Think'st thou
that I cannot

Pray to my Father, and that He
shall give me

More than twelve legions of angels
presently?

JUDAS to CHRISTUS, *kissing him.*
Hail, Master! hail!

CHRISTUS.

Friend, wherefore art thou come?
Whom seek ye?

CAPTAIN OF THE TEMPLE.

Jesus of Nazareth.

CHRISTUS.

I am he.

Are ye come hither as against a
thief,

With swords and staves to take
me? When I daily 300

Was with you in the Temple, ye
stretched forth

No hands to take me! But this is
your hour,

And this the power of darkness.
If ye seek

Me only, let these others go their
way.

The Disciples depart. CHRISTUS
*is bound and led away. A cer-
tain young man follows Him,
having a linen cloth cast about
his body. They lay hold of him,
and the young man flees from
them naked.*

V

THE PALACE OF CAIAPHAS

PHARISEES.

What do we? Clearly something
must we do,

For this man worketh many mira-
cles.

CAIAPHAS.

I am informed that he is a me-
chanic;

A carpenter's son; a Galilean
peasant,

Keeping disreputable company.

PHARISEES.

The people say that here in Beth-
any 310

He hath raised up a certain Laz-
arus,

Who had been dead three days.

CAIAPHAS.

Impossible!

There is no resurrection of the
dead;

This Lazarus should be taken, and
put to death

As an impostor. If this Galilean
Would be content to stay in Gali-
lee,

And preach in country towns, I
should not heed him.

But when he comes up to Jerusa-
lem

Riding in triumph, as I am in-
formed,

And drives the money-changers
from the Temple, 320

That is another matter.

PHARISEES.

If we thus
Let him alone, all will believe on
him,
And then the Romans come and
take away
Our place and nation.

CAIAPHAS.

Ye know nothing at all.
Simon Ben Camith, my great pre-
decessor,
On whom be peace! would have
dealt presently
With such a demagogue. I shall
no less.
The man must die. Do ye con-
sider not
It is expedient that one man should
die,
Not the whole nation perish?
What is death? ^{33°}
It differeth from sleep but in dura-
tion.
We sleep and wake again; an hour
or two
Later or earlier, and it matters
not,
And if we never wake it matters
not;
When we are in our graves we are
at peace,
Nothing can wake us or disturb
us more.
There is no resurrection.

PHARISEES, *aside*.

O most faithful
Disciple of Hircanus Maccabæus,
Will nothing but complete anni-
hilation
Comfort and satisfy thee?

CAIAPHAS.

While ye are talking
And plotting, and contriving how
to take him, ³⁴¹
Fearing the people, and so doing
naught,
I, who fear not the people, have
been acting;

Have taken this Prophet, this
young Nazarene,
Who by Beelzebub the Prince of
devils
Casteth out devils, and doth raise
the dead,
That might as well be dead, and
left in peace.
Annas my father-in-law hath sent
him hither.
I hear the guard. Behold your
Galilean!
CHRISTUS is brought in bound.

SERVANT, *in the vestibule*.

Why art thou up so late, my pretty
damsel? ^{35°}

DAMSEL.

Why art thou up so early, pretty
man?
It is not cock-crow yet, and art
thou stirring?

SERVANT.

What brings thee here?

DAMSEL.

What brings the rest of you?

SERVANT.

Come here and warm thy hands.

DAMSEL *to* PETER.

Art thou not also
One of this man's disciples?

PETER.

I am not.

DAMSEL.

Now surely thou art also one of
them;
Thou art a Galilean, and thy
speech
Bewrayeth thee.

PETER.

Woman, I know him not!

CAIAPHAS *to* CHRISTUS *in the Hall.*

Who art thou? Tell us plainly of thyself
And of thy doctrines, and of thy disciples. 360

CHRISTUS.

Lo, I have spoken openly to the world,
I have taught ever in the Synagogue,
And in the Temple, where the Jews resort;
In secret have said nothing.
Wherefore then
Askest thou me of this? Ask them that heard me
What I have said to them. Behold, they know.
What I have said!

OFFICER, *striking him.*

What, fellow! answerest thou
The High-Priest so?

CHRISTUS.

If I have spoken evil,
Bear witness of the evil; but if well,
Why smitest thou me?

CAIAPHAS.

Where are the witnesses?
Let them say what they know.

THE TWO FALSE WITNESSES.

We heard him say:
I will destroy this Temple made with hands, 372
And will within three days build up another
Made without hands.

SCRIBES *and* PHARISEES.

He is o'erwhelmed with shame
And cannot answer!

CAIAPHAS.

Dost thou answer nothing?
What is this thing they witness here against thee?

SCRIBES *and* PHARISEES.

He holds his peace.

CAIAPHAS.

Tell us, art thou the Christ?
I do adjure thee by the living God,
Tell us, art thou indeed the Christ?

CHRISTUS.

I am.
Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man 380
Sit on the right hand of the power of God,
And come in clouds of heaven!

CAIAPHAS, *rending his clothes.*

It is enough.
He hath spoken blasphemy! What further need
Have we of witnesses? Now ye have heard
His blasphemy. What think ye?
Is he guilty?

SCRIBES *and* PHARISEES.

Guilty of death!

KINSMAN OF MALCHUS *to* PETER, *in the vestibule.*

Surely I know thy face,
Did I not see thee in the garden with him?

PETER.

How couldst thou see me? I swear unto thee
I do not know this man of whom ye speak!

The cock crows.

Hark! the cock crows! That sorrowful, pale face 390
Seeks for me in the crowd, and looks at me,
As if He would remind me of those words:
Ere the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice!

Goes out weeping. CHRISTUS *is blindfolded and buffeted.*

AN OFFICER, *striking him with his palm.*

Prophecy unto us, thou Christ,
thou Prophet!
Who is it smote thee?

CALAPHAS.

Lead him unto Pilate!

VI

PONTIUS PILATE

PILATE.

Wholly incomprehensible to me,
Vainglorious, obstinate, and given
up

To unintelligible old traditions,
And proud, and self-conceited are
these Jews!

Not long ago, I marched the legions
down 400

From Cæsarea to their winter-
quarters

Here in Jerusalem, with the effi-
gies

Of Cæsar on their ensigns, and a
tumult

Arose among these Jews, because
their Law

Forbids the making of all images!
They threw themselves upon the
ground with wild

Expostulations, bared their necks,
and cried

That they would sooner die than
have their Law

Infringed in any manner; as if
Numa

Were not as great as Moses, and
the Laws 410

Of the Twelve Tables as their
Pentateuch!

And then, again, when I desired to
span

Their valley with an aqueduct,
and bring

A rushing river in to wash the city
And its inhabitants, — they all re-
belled

As if they had been herds of un-
washed swine!

Thousands and thousands of them
got together

And raised so great a clamor
round my doors,

That, fearing violent outbreak, I
desisted,

And left them to their wallowing
in the mire. 420

And now here comes the reverend
Sanhedrim

Of lawyers, priests, and Scribes
and Pharisees,

Like old and toothless mastiffs,
that can bark

But cannot bite, howling their
accusations

Against a mild enthusiast, who
hath preached

I know not what new doctrine,
being King

Of some vague kingdom in the
other world,

That hath no more to do with
Rome and Cæsar

Than I have with the patriarch
Abraham! 429

Finding this man to be a Galilean
I sent him straight to Herod, and

I hope

That is the last of it; but if it be not,
I still have power to pardon and
release him,

As is the custom at the Passover,
And so accommodate the matter
smoothly,

Seeming to yield to them, yet sav-
ing him;

A prudent and sagacious policy
For Roman Governors in the Pro-
vinces.

Incomprehensible, fanatic people!
Ye have a God, who seemeth like
yourselves 440

Incomprehensible, dwelling apart,
Majestic, cloud - encompassed,
clothed in darkness!

One whom ye fear, but love not;
yet ye have

No Goddesses to soften your stern
lives,
And make you tender unto human
weakness,
While we of Rome have every-
where around us
Our amiable divinities, that haunt
The woodlands, and the waters,
and frequent
Our households, with their sweet
and gracious presence !
I will go in, and while these Jews
are wrangling, 450
Read my Ovidius on the Art of
Love.

VII

BARABBAS IN PRISON

BARABBAS, *to his fellow-prisoners.*
Barabbas is my name,
Barabbas, the Son of Shame,
Is the meaning I suppose ;
I'm no better than the best,
And whether worse than the rest
Of my fellow-men, who knows ?

I was once, to say it in brief,
A highwayman, a robber-chief,
In the open light of day. 460
So much I am free to confess ;
But all men, more or less,
Are robbers in their way.

From my cavern in the crags,
From my lair of leaves and flags,
I could see, like ants, below,
The camels with their load
Of merchandise, on the road
That leadeth to Jericho.

And I struck them unaware, 470
As an eagle from the air
Drops down upon bird or beast ;
And I had my heart's desire
Of the merchants of Sidon and
Tyre,
And Damascus and the East.

But it is not for that I fear ;
It is not for that I am here
In these iron fetters bound ;
Sedition ! that is the word
That Pontius Pilate heard, 480
And he liketh not the sound.

What think ye, would he care
For a Jew slain here or there,
Or a plundered caravan ?
But Cæsar ! — ah, that is a crime,
To the uttermost end of time
Shall not be forgiven to man.

Therefore was Herod wroth
With Matthias Margaloth,
And burned him for a show ! 490
Therefore his wrath did smite
Judas the Gaulonite,
And his followers, as ye know.

For that cause and no more,
Am I here, as I said before ;
For one unlucky night,
Jucundus, the captain of horse,
Was upon us with all his force,
And I was caught in the fight.

I might have fled with the rest,
But my dagger was in the breast
Of a Roman equerry ; 502
As we rolled there in the street,
They bound me, hands and feet ;
And this is the end of me.

Who cares for death ? Not I !
A thousand times I would die,
Rather than suffer wrong !
Already those women of mine
Are mixing the myrrh and the
wine ; 510
I shall not be with you long.

VIII

ECCE HOMO

PILATE, *on the tessellated pave-
ment in front of his palace.*
Ye have brought unto me this man,
as one

Who doth pervert the people; and behold!

I have examined him, and found no fault

Touching the things whereof ye do accuse him.

No, nor yet Herod; for I sent you to him,

And nothing worthy of death he findeth in him.

Ye have a custom at the Pass-over,

That one condemned to death shall be released.

Whom will ye, then, that I release to you? 52°

Jesus Barabbas, called the Son of Shame,

Or Jesus, Son of Joseph, called the Christ?

THE PEOPLE, *shouting.*

Not this man, but Barabbas!

PILATE.

What then will ye
That I should do with him that is called Christ?

THE PEOPLE.

Crucify him!

PILATE.

Why, what evil hath he done?
Lo, I have found no cause of death in him;
I will chastise him, and then let him go.

THE PEOPLE, *more vehemently.*

Crucify him! crucify him!

A MESSENGER, *to PILATE.*

Thy wife sends
This message to thee, — Have thou naught to do
With that just man; for I this day in dreams 53°
Have suffered many things because of him.

PILATE, *aside.*

The Gods speak to us in our dreams! I tremble

At what I have to do! O Claudia, How shall I save him? Yet one

effort more,
Or he must perish!

Washes his hands before them.

I am innocent
Of the blood of this just person; see ye to it!

THE PEOPLE.

Let his blood be on us and on our children!

VOICES, *within the palace.*

Put on thy royal robes; put on thy crown,

And take thy sceptre! Hail, thou King of the Jews!

PILATE.

I bring him forth to you, that ye may know 54°

I find no fault in him. Behold the man!

CHRISTUS *is led in with the purple robe and crown of thorns.*

CHIEF PRIESTS *and OFFICERS.*

Crucify him! crucify him!

PILATE.

Take ye him;
I find no fault in him.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

We have a Law,
And by our Law he ought to die; because

He made himself to be the Son of God.

PILATE, *aside.*

Ah! there are Sons of God, and demi-gods

More than ye know, ye ignorant High-Priests!

To CHRISTUS.

Whence art thou?

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Crucify him! crucify him!

PILATE, to CHRISTUS.

Dost thou not answer me? Dost thou not know

That I have power enough to crucify thee? 55°

That I have also power to set thee free?

CHRISTUS.

Thou couldst have no power at all against me

Except that it were given thee from above;

Therefore hath he that sent me unto thee

The greater sin.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

If thou let this man go, Thou art not Cæsar's friend. For whosoever Maketh himself a King, speaks against Cæsar.

PILATE.

Ye Jews, behold your King!

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Away with him!

Crucify him!

PILATE.

Shall I crucify your King?

CHIEF PRIESTS.

We have no King but Cæsar!

PILATE.

Take him, then,

Take him, ye cruel and blood-thirsty Priests, 56r

More merciless than the plebeian mob,

Who pity and spare the fainting gladiator

Blood-stained in Roman amphitheatres, —

Take him, and crucify him if ye will;

But if the immortal Gods do ever mingle

With the affairs of mortals, which I doubt not,

And hold the attribute of justice dear,

They will commission the Eumenides

To scatter you to the four winds of heaven, 57°

Exacting tear for tear, and blood for blood.

Here, take ye this inscription, Priests, and nail it

Upon the cross, above your victim's head:

Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Nay, we entreat! write not, the King of the Jews;

But that he said: I am the King of the Jews!

PILATE.

Enough. What I have written, I have written.

IX

ACELDAMA

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

Lost! lost! Forever lost! I have betrayed

The innocent blood! O God! if thou art love,

Why didst thou leave me naked to the tempter? 58°

Why didst thou not commission thy swift lightning

To strike me dead? or why did I not perish

With those by Herod slain, the innocent children

Who went with playthings in their
 little hands
 Into the darkness of the other
 world,
 As if to bed? Or wherefore was I
 born,
 If thou in thy foreknowledge didst
 perceive
 All that I am, and all that I must
 be?
 I know I am not generous, am not
 gentle,
 Like other men; but I have tried
 to be, 590
 And I have failed. I thought by
 following Him
 I should grow like Him; but the
 unclean spirit
 That from my childhood up hath
 tortured me
 Hath been too cunning and too
 strong for me.
 Am I to blame for this? Am I to
 blame
 Because I cannot love, and ne'er
 have known
 The love of woman or the love of
 children?
 It is a curse and a fatality,
 A mark, that hath been set upon
 my forehead,
 That none shall slay me, for it
 were a mercy 600
 That I were dead, or never had
 been born.
 Too late! too late! I shall not see
 Him more
 Among the living. That sweet,
 patient face
 Will never more rebuke me, nor
 those lips
 Repeat the words: One of you
 shall betray me!
 It stung me into madness. How
 I loved,
 Yet hated Him! But in the other
 world!
 I will be there before Him, and
 will wait

Until he comes, and fall down on
 my knees
 And kiss his feet, imploring par-
 don, pardon! 610

I heard Him say: All sins shall
 be forgiven,
 Except the sin against the Holy
 Ghost.
 That shall not be forgiven in this
 world,
 Nor in the world to come. Is that
 my sin?
 Have I offended so there is no
 hope
 Here nor hereafter? That I soon
 shall know.
 O God, have mercy! Christ have
 mercy on me!

*Throws himself headlong from
 the cliff.*

X

THE THREE CROSSES

MANAHEM, THE ESSENIAN.

Three crosses in this noonday
 night uplifted,
 Three human figures that in mor-
 tal pain
 Gleam white against the super-
 natural darkness; 620
 Two thieves, that writhe in torture,
 and between them
 The Suffering Messiah, the Son of
 Joseph,
 Ay, the Messiah Triumphant, Son
 of David!
 A crown of thorns on that dishon-
 ored head!
 Those hands that healed the sick
 now pierced with nails,
 Those feet that wandered home-
 less through the world
 Now crossed and bleeding, and at
 rest forever!
 And the three faithful Maries,
 overwhelmed

By this great sorrow, kneeling,
praying, weeping!
O Joseph Caiaphas, thou great
High-Priest, 630
How wilt thou answer for this
deed of blood?

SCRIBES *and* ELDERS.

Thou that destroyest the Temple,
and dost build it
In three days, save thyself; and if
thou be
The Son of God, come down now
from the cross.

CHIEF PRIESTS.

Others he saved, himself he cannot
save!
Let Christ the King of Israel de-
scend
That we may see and believe!

SCRIBES *and* ELDERS.

In God he trusted;
Let Him deliver him, if He will
have him,
And we will then believe.

CHRISTUS.

Father! forgive them;
They know not what they do.

THE IMPENITENT THIEF.

If thou be Christ,
Oh save thyself and us!

THE PENITENT THIEF.

Remember me,
Lord, when thou comest into thine
own kingdom. 642

CHRISTUS.

This day shalt thou be with me in
Paradise.

MANAHEM.

Golgotha! Golgotha! Oh the pain
and darkness!
Oh the uplifted cross, that shall
forever

Shine through the darkness, and
shall conquer pain
By the triumphant memory of this
hour!

SIMON MAGUS.

O Nazarene! I find thee here at
last!
Thou art no more a phantom unto
me!
This is the end of one who called
himself 650
The Son of God! Such is the fate
of those
Who preach new doctrines. 'T is
not what he did,
But what he said, hath brought
him unto this.
I will speak evil of no dignitaries.
This is my hour of triumph, Naza-
rene!

THE YOUNG RULER.

This is the end of him who said to
me:
Sell that thou hast, and give unto
the poor!
This is the treasure in heaven he
promised me!

CHRISTUS.

Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!

A SOLDIER, *preparing the hyssop.*
He calleth for Elias!

ANOTHER.

Nay, let be!
See if Elias now will come to save
him! 661

CHRISTUS.

I thirst.

A SOLDIER.

Give him the wormwood!

CHRISTUS, *with a loud cry, bow-
ing his head.*

It is finished!

XI

THE TWO MARIES

MARY MAGDALENE.

We have arisen early, yet the sun
O'ertakes us ere we reach the sepul-
chre,
To wrap the body of our blessed
Lord
With our sweet spices.

MARY, MOTHER OF JAMES.

Lo, this is the garden,
And yonder is the sepulchre. But
who
Shall roll away the stone for us to
enter?

MARY MAGDALENE.

It hath been rolled away! The
sepulchre
Is open! Ah, who hath been here
before us, 670
When we rose early, wishing to be
first?

MARY, MOTHER OF JAMES.

I am affrighted!

MARY MAGDALENE.

Hush! I will stoop down
And look within. There is a young
man sitting
On the right side, clothed in a long
white garment!
It is an angel!

THE ANGEL.

Fear not; ye are seeking
Jesus of Nazareth, which was cru-
cified.
Why do ye seek the living among
the dead?
He is no longer here; He is arisen!
Come see the place where the
Lord lay! Remember
How He spake unto you in Gali-
lee, 680
Saying: The Son of Man must be
delivered

Into the hands of sinful men; by
them

Be crucified, and the third day rise
again!

But go your way, and say to his
disciples,

He goeth before you into Galilee;
There shall ye see Him as He said
to you.

MARY, MOTHER OF JAMES.

I will go swiftly for them.

MARY MAGDALENE, *alone, weep-*
ing.

They have taken
My Lord away from me, and now
I know not

Where they have laid Him! Who
is there to tell me?

This is the gardener. Surely he
must know.

CHRISTUS.

Woman, why weepest thou? Whom
seekest thou? 690

MARY MAGDALENE.

They have taken my Lord away;
I cannot find Him.

O Sir, if thou have borne him hence,
I pray thee

Tell me where thou hast laid Him.

CHRISTUS.

Mary!

MARY MAGDALENE.

Rabboni!

XII

THE SEA OF GALILEE

NATHANAEL, *in the ship.*

All is now ended.

JOHN.

Nay, He is arisen,
I ran unto the tomb, and stooping
down

Looked in, and saw the linen grave-
clothes lying,
Yet dared not enter.

PETER.

I went in, and saw
The napkin that had been about
his head,
Not lying with the other linen
clothes,
But wrapped together in a sepa-
rate place. 700

THOMAS.

And I have seen Him. I have
seen the print
Of nails upon his hands, and thrust
my hands
Into his side. I know He is arisen;
But where are now the kingdom
and the glory
He promised unto us? We have
all dreamed
That we were princes, and we
wake to find
We are but fishermen.

PETER.

Who should have been
Fishers of men!

JOHN.

We have come back again
To the old life, the peaceful life,
among
The white towns of the Galilean
lake. 710

PETER.

They seem to me like silent sepul-
chres
In the gray light of morning! The
old life,
Yea, the old life! for we have
toiled all night
And have caught nothing.

JOHN.

Do ye see a man
Standing upon the beach and
beckoning?

'T is like an apparition. He hath
kindled
A fire of coals, and seems to wait
for us.
He calleth.

CHRISTUS, *from the shore.*

Children, have ye any meat?

PETER.

Alas! We have caught nothing.

CHRISTUS.

Cast the net
On the right side of the ship, and
ye shall find. 720

PETER.

How that reminds me of the days
gone by,
And one who said: Launch out
into the deep,
And cast your nets!

NATHANAEL.

We have but let them down
And they are filled, so that we
cannot draw them!

JOHN.

It is the Lord!

PETER, *girding his fisher's coat
about him.*

He said: When I am risen
I will go before you into Galilee!
He casts himself into the lake.

JOHN.

There is no fear in love; for per-
fect love
Casteth out fear. Now then, if ye
are men,
Put forth your strength; we are
not far from shore;
The net is heavy, but breaks not.
All is safe. 730

PETER, *on the shore.*

Dear Lord! I heard thy voice and
could not wait.

Let me behold thy face, and kiss
thy feet!

Thou art not dead, thou livest!
Again I see thee.

Pardon, dear Lord! I am a sinful
man;

I have denied thee thrice. Have
mercy on me!

THE OTHERS, *coming to land.*

Dear Lord! stay with us! cheer
us! comfort us!

Lo! we again have found thee!
Leave us not!

CHRISTUS.

Bring hither of the fish that ye
have caught,
And come and eat!

JOHN.

Behold! He breaketh bread
As He was wont. From his own
blessed hands 74°
Again we take it.

CHRISTUS.

Simon, son of Jonas,
Lovest thou me, more than these
others?

PETER.

Yea,
More, Lord, than all men; even
more than these.
Thou knowest that I love thee.

CHRISTUS.

Feed my lambs.

THOMAS, *aside.*

How more than we do? He re-
maineth ever
Self-confident and boastful as be-
fore.
Nothing will cure him.

CHRISTUS.

Simon, son of Jonas,
Lovest thou me?

PETER.

Yea, dearest Lord, I love thee.
Thou knowest that I love thee.

CHRISTUS.

Feed my sheep.

THOMAS, *aside.*

Again, the selfsame question, and
the answer 75°

Repeated with more vehemence.

Can the Master

Doubt if we love Him?

CHRISTUS.

Simon, son of Jonas,
Lovest thou me?

PETER, *grieved.*

Dear Lord! thou knowest all
things.

Thou knowest that I love thee.

CHRISTUS.

Feed my sheep.

When thou wast young thou gird-
edst thyself, and walkedst

Whither thou wouldst; but when
thou shalt be old,

Thou shalt stretch forth thy hands,
and other men

Shall gird and carry thee whither
thou wouldst not.

Follow thou me!

JOHN, *aside.*

It is a prophecy
Of what death he shall die.

PETER, *pointing to JOHN.*

Tell me, O Lord,
And what shall this man do?

CHRISTUS.

And if I will
He tarry till I come, what is it to
thee? 76°

Follow thou me!

PETER.

Yea, I will follow thee, dear Lord
and Master!

Will follow thee through fasting
and temptation,
Through all thine agony and
bloody sweat,
Thy cross and passion, even unto
death!

EPILOGUE

SYMBOLUM APOSTOLORUM

PETER.

I BELIEVE in God the Father
Almighty;

JOHN.

Maker of Heaven and Earth;

JAMES.

And in Jesus Christ his only Son,
our Lord;

ANDREW.

Who was conceived by the Holy
Ghost, born of the Virgin
Mary;

PHILIP.

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was
crucified, dead, and buried;

THOMAS.

And the third day He rose again
from the dead;

BARTHOLOMEW.

He ascended into Heaven, and sit-
teth on the right hand of
God, the Father Almighty;

MATTHEW.

From thence He shall come to
judge the quick and the dead.

JAMES, THE SON OF ALPHEUS.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the
holy Catholic Church;

SIMON ZELOTES.

The communion of Saints; the for-
giveness of sins;

JUDE.

The resurrection of the body;

MATTHIAS.

And the Life Everlasting.

FIRST INTERLUDE

THE ABBOT JOACHIM

A ROOM IN THE CONVENT OF
FLORA IN CALABRIA. NIGHT

JOACHIM.

THE wind is rising; it seizes and
shakes

The doors and window-blinds and
makes

Mysterious moanings in the halls;
The convent-chimneys seem al-
most

The trumpets of some heavenly
host,

Setting its watch upon our walls!
Where it listeth, there it blow-
eth;

We hear the sound, but no man
knoweth

Whence it cometh or whither it
goeth,

And thus it is with the Holy
Ghost. 10

O breath of God! O my delight
In many a vigil of the night,
Like the great voice in Patmos
heard

By John, the Evangelist of the
Word,

I hear thee behind me saying:
Write

In a book the things that thou
hast seen,

The things that are, and that have
been,

And the things that shall here-
after be!

This convent, on the rocky crest
Of the Calabrian hills, to me 20
A Patmos is wherein I rest;

While round about me like a sea
The white mists roll, and over-
flow

The world that lies unseen below
In darkness and in mystery.
Here in the Spirit, in the vast
Embrace of God's encircling arm,
Am I uplifted from all harm;
The world seems something far
away,

Something belonging to the Past,
A hostelry, a peasant's farm, 31
That lodged me for a night or
day,

In which I care not to remain,
Nor having left, to see again.

Thus, in the hollow of God's hand
I dwelt on sacred Tabor's height,
When as a simple acolyte
I journeyed to the Holy Land,
A pilgrim for my master's sake,
And saw the Galilean Lake, 40
And walked through many a vil-
lage street

That once had echoed to his feet.
There first I heard the great com-
mand,

The voice behind me saying:
Write!

And suddenly my soul became
Illumined by a flash of flame,
That left imprinted on my thought
The image I in vain had sought,
And which forever shall remain;
As sometimes from these windows
high, 50

Gazing at midnight on the sky
Black with a storm of wind and
rain,

I have beheld a sudden glare
Of lightning lay the landscape
bare,

With tower and town and hill and
plain

Distinct, and burnt into my brain,
Never to be effaced again!

And I have written. These vol-
umes three,

The Apocalypse, the Harmony

Of the Sacred Scriptures, new and
old, 60

And the Psalter with Ten Strings,
enfold

Within their pages, all and each,
The Eternal Gospel that I teach.

Well I remember the Kingdom of
Heaven

Hath been likened to a little lea-
ven

Hidden in two measures of meal,
Until it leavened the whole mass;

So likewise will it come to pass
With the doctrines that I here
conceal.

Open and manifest to me 70
The truth appears, and must be
told;

All sacred mysteries are three-
fold;

Three Persons in the Trinity,

Three ages of Humanity,

And Holy Scriptures likewise
three,

Of Fear, of Wisdom, and of Love;

For Wisdom that begins in Fear

Endeth in Love; the atmosphere

In which the soul delights to
be,

And finds that perfect liberty 80
Which cometh only from above.

In the first Age, the early prime

And dawn of all historic time,

The Father reigned; and face to
face

He spake with the primeval race.

Bright Angels, on his errands sent,

Sat with the patriarch in his tent;

His prophets thundered in the
street;

His lightnings flashed, his hail-
storms beat;

In earthquake and in flood and
flame, 90

In tempest and in cloud He came!

The fear of God is in his Book;

The pages of the Pentateuch

Are full of the terror of his name.

Then reigned the Son; his Cove-
nant
Was peace on earth, good-will to
man;
With Him the reign of Law be-
gan.
He was the Wisdom and the
Word,
And sent his Angels Ministrant,
Unterrified and undeterred, ¹⁰⁰
To rescue souls forlorn and lost,
The troubled, tempted, tempest-
tost,
To heal, to comfort, and to teach.
The fiery tongues of Pentecost
His symbols were, that they should
preach
In every form of human speech,
From continent to continent.
He is the Light Divine, whose
rays
Across the thousand years un-
spent
Shine through the darkness of our
days, ¹¹⁰
And touch with their celestial fires
Our churches and our convent
spires.
His Book is the New Testament.

These Ages now are of the Past;
And the Third Age begins at last.
The coming of the Holy Ghost,
The reign of Grace, the reign of
Love
Brightens the mountain-tops above,
And the dark outline of the coast.
Already the whole land is white
With convent walls, as if by night
A snow had fallen on hill and
height! ¹²²
Already from the streets and
marts
Of town and traffic, and low cares,
Men climb the consecrated stairs
With weary feet, and bleeding
hearts;
And leave the world, and its de-
lights,

Its passions, struggles, and de-
spairs,
For contemplation and for prayers
In cloister-cells of cœnobites. ¹³⁰

Eternal benedictions rest
Upon thy name, Saint Benedict!
Founder of convents in the West,
Who built on Mount Cassino's
crest
In the Land of Labor, thine eagle's
nest!

May I be found not derelict
In aught of faith or godly fear,
If I have written, in many a page,
The Gospel of the coming age,
The Eternal Gospel men shall
hear. ¹⁴⁰

Oh may I live resembling thee,
And die at last as thou hast
died;

So that hereafter men may see,
Within the choir, a form of air,
Standing with arms outstretched
in prayer,
As one that hath been crucified!

My work is finished; I am strong
In faith and hope and charity;
For I have written the things I
see,
The things that have been and
shall be, ¹⁵⁰
Conscious of right, nor fearing
wrong;

Because I am in love with Love,
And the sole thing I hate is Hate:
For Hate is death; and Love is
life,
A peace, a splendor from above;
And Hate, a never-ending strife.
A smoke, a blackness from the
abyss

Where unclean serpents coil and
hiss!

Love is the Holy Ghost within;
Hate the unpardonable sin! ¹⁶⁰
Who preaches otherwise than this,
Betrays his Master with a kiss!

PART TWO

THE GOLDEN LEGEND

PROLOGUE

THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG
CATHEDRAL

*Night and storm. LUCIFER, with
the Powers of the Air, trying to
tear down the cross.*

LUCIFER.

HASTEN! hasten!
O ye spirits!
From its station drag the ponderous
Cross of iron, that to mock us
Is uplifted high in air!

VOICES.

Oh, we cannot!
For around it
All the Saints and Guardian An-
gels
Throng in legions to protect it;
They defeat us everywhere!

THE BELLS.

Laudo Deum verum!
Plebem voco!
Congrego clerum!

LUCIFER.

Lower! lower!
Hover downward!
Seize the loud, vociferous bells,
and
Clashing, clanging, to the pave-
ment
Hurl them from their windy tower!

VOICES.

All thy thunders
Here are harmless!
For these bells have been anointed,
And baptized with holy water!
They defy our utmost power.

THE BELLS.

Defunctos ploro!

Pestem fugo!
Festa decoro!

LUCIFER.

Shake the casements!
Break the painted
Panes, that flame with gold and
crimson;
Scatter them like leaves of Au-
tumn,
Swept away before the blast!

VOICES.

Oh, we cannot!
The Archangel
Michael flames from every win-
dow,
With the sword of fire that drove us
Headlong, out of heaven, aghast!

THE BELLS.

Funera plango!
Fulgura frango!
Sabbata pango!

LUCIFER.

Aim your lightnings
At the oaken,
Massive, iron-studded portals!
Sack the house of God, and scatter
Wide the ashes of the dead!

VOICES.

Oh, we cannot!
The Apostles
And the Martyrs, wrapped in man-
tles,
Stand as warders at the entrance,
Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

THE BELLS.

Excito lentos!
Dissipo ventos!
Paco cruentos!

LUCIFER.

Baffled! baffled!
Inefficient,
Craven spirits! leave this labor
Unto Time, the great Destroyer!
Come away, ere night is gone!

VOICES.

Onward! onward!
 With the night-wind,
 Over field and farm and forest,
 Lonely homestead, darksome ham-
 let,
 Blighting all we breathe upon!
*They sweep away. Organ and
 Gregorian Chant.*

CHOIR.

Nocte surgentes
 Vigilemus omnes!

I

THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON
THE RHINE

*A chamber in a tower. PRINCE
 HENRY, sitting alone, ill and
 restless. Midnight.*

PRINCE HENRY.

I cannot sleep! my fervid brain
 Calls up the vanished Past again,
 And throws its misty splendors
 deep
 Into the pallid realms of sleep!
 A breath from that far-distant
 shore
 Comes freshening ever more and
 more,
 And wafts o'er intervening seas
 Sweet odors from the Hesperides!
 A wind, that through the corridor
 Just stirs the curtain, and no more,
 And, touching the æolian strings,
 Faints with the burden that it
 brings! 12
 Come back! ye friendships long
 departed!
 That like o'erflowing streamlets
 started,
 And now are dwindled, one by one,
 To stony channels in the sun!
 Come back! ye friends, whose lives
 are ended,
 Come back, with all that light at-
 tended,

Which seemed to darken and decay
 When ye arose and went away! 20

They come, the shapes of joy and
 woe,
 The airy crowds of long ago,
 The dreams and fancies known of
 yore,
 That have been, and shall be no
 more.

They change the cloisters of the
 night
 Into a garden of delight;
 They make the dark and dreary
 hours

Open and blossom into flowers!
 I would not sleep! I love to be
 Again in their fair company; 30
 But ere my lips can bid them stay,
 They pass and vanish quite away!
 Alas! our memories may retrace
 Each circumstance of time and
 place,

Season and scene come back again,
 And outward things unchanged re-
 main;

The rest we cannot reinstate;
 Ourselves we cannot re-create,
 Nor set our souls to the same key
 Of the remembered harmony! 40

Rest! rest! Oh, give me rest and
 peace!

The thought of life that ne'er shall
 cease

Has something in it like despair,
 A weight I am too weak to bear!
 Sweeter to this afflicted breast
 The thought of never-ending rest!
 Sweeter the undisturbed and deep
 Tranquillity of endless sleep!

*A flash of lightning, out of which
 LUCIFER appears, in the garb
 of a travelling Physician.*

LUCIFER.

All hail, Prince Henry!

PRINCE HENRY, *starting.*

Who is it speaks?
 Who and what are you?

LUCIFER.

One who seeks
A moment's audience with the
Prince. 51

PRINCE HENRY.

When came you in?

LUCIFER.

A moment since.
I found your study door unlocked,
And thought you answered when
I knocked.

PRINCE HENRY.

I did not hear you.

LUCIFER.

You heard the thunder;
It was loud enough to waken the
dead.

And it is not a matter of special
wonder

That, when God is walking over-
head,

You should not hear my feeble
tread.

PRINCE HENRY.

What may your wish or purpose
be? 60

LUCIFER.

Nothing or everything, as it
pleases

Your Highness. You behold in me
Only a travelling Physician;

One of the few who have a mission
To cure incurable diseases,
Or those that are called so.

PRINCE HENRY.

Can you bring
The dead to life?

LUCIFER.

Yes; very nearly.
And, what is a wiser and better
thing,

Can keep the living from ever
needing

Such an unnatural, strange pro-
ceeding, 70

By showing conclusively and
clearly

That death is a stupid blunder
merely,

And not a necessity of our lives.

My being here is accidental;

The storm, that against your case-
ment drives,

In the little village below waylaid
me.

And there I heard with a secret
delight,

Of your maladies physical and
mental,

Which neither astonished nor dis-
mayed me.

And I hastened hither, though late
in the night, 80

To proffer my aid!

PRINCE HENRY, *ironically*.

For this you came!

Ah, how can I ever hope to requite

This honor from one so erudite?

LUCIFER.

The honor is mine, or will be when
I have cured your disease.

PRINCE HENRY.

But not till then.

LUCIFER.

What is your illness?

PRINCE HENRY.

It has no name.

A smouldering, dull, perpetual
flame,

As in a kiln, burns in my veins,

Sending up vapors to the head;

My heart has become a dull la-
goon, 90

Which a kind of leprosy drinks
and drains;

I am accounted as one who is
dead,

And, indeed, I think that I shall
be soon.

LUCIFER.

And has Gordonius the Divine,
In his famous Lily of Medicine,—
I see the book lies open before
you,—
No remedy potent enough to re-
store you?

PRINCE HENRY.

None whatever!

LUCIFER.

The dead are dead,
And their oracles dumb, when
questioned
Of the new diseases that human
life ¹⁰⁰
Evolves in its progress, rank and
rife.
Consult the dead upon things that
were,
But the living only on things that
are.
Have you done this, by the appli-
ance
And aid of doctors?

PRINCE HENRY.

Ay, whole schools
Of doctors, with their learned
rules;
But the case is quite beyond their
science.
Even the doctors of Salerno
Send me back word they can discern
No cure for a malady like this, ¹¹⁰
Save one which in its nature is
Impossible and cannot be!

LUCIFER.

That sounds oracular!

PRINCE HENRY.

Unendurable!

LUCIFER.

What is their remedy?

PRINCE HENRY.

You shall see;
Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

LUCIFER, *reading.*

'Not to be cured, yet not incurable!

The only remedy that remains
Is the blood that flows from a
maiden's veins,
Who of her own free will shall die,
And give her life as the price of
yours!' 120

That is the strangest of all cures,
And one, I think, you will never
try;

The prescription you may well
put by,

As something impossible to find
Before the world itself shall end!
And yet who knows? One cannot
say

That into some maiden's brain
that kind

Of madness will not find its way.
Meanwhile permit me to recom-
mend,

As the matter admits of no delay,
My wonderful Catholicon, ¹³¹
Of very subtle and magical pow-
ers!

PRINCE HENRY.

Purge with your nostrums and
drugs infernal

The spouts and gargoyles of these
towers,

Not me! My faith is utterly gone
In every power but the Power
Supernal!

Pray tell me, of what school are
you?

LUCIFER.

Both of the Old and of the New!
The school of Hermes Trismegis-
tus,

Who uttered his oracles sub-
lime 140

Before the Olympiads, in the dew
Of the early dusk and dawn of
time,

The reign of dateless old Hephæ-
tus!

As northward, from its Nubian
springs,

The Nile, forever new and old,
Among the living and the dead,
Its mighty, mystic stream has
rolled;

So, starting from its fountain-
head

Under the lotus-leaves of Isis,
From the dead demigods of eld, ¹⁵⁰
Through long, unbroken lines of
kings

Its course the sacred art has held,
Unchecked, unchanged by man's
devices.

This art the Arabian Geber taught,
And in alembics, finely wrought,
Distilling herbs and flowers, dis-
covered

The secret that so long had hov-
ered

Upon the misty verge of Truth,
The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,
Called Alcohol, in the Arab
speech! ¹⁶⁰

Like him, this wondrous lore I
teach!

PRINCE HENRY.

What! an adept?

LUCIFER.

Nor less, nor more!

PRINCE HENRY.

I am a reader of your books,
A lover of that mystic lore!
With such a piercing glance it
looks

Into great Nature's open eye,
And sees within it trembling lie
The portrait of the Deity!

And yet, alas! with all my pains,
The secret and the mystery ¹⁷⁰
Have baffled and eluded me,
Unseen the grand result remains!

LUCIFER, *showing a flask.*

Behold it here! this little flask
Contains the wonderful quintes-
sence,

The perfect flower and efflores-
cence,

Of all the knowledge man can ask!
Hold it up thus against the light!

PRINCE HENRY.

How limpid, pure, and crystalline,
How quick, and tremulous, and
bright

The little wavelets dance and
shine, ¹⁸⁰

As were it the Water of Life in
sooth!

LUCIFER.

It is! It assuages every pain,
Cures all disease, and gives again
To age the swift delights of youth.
Inhale its fragrance

PRINCE HENRY.

It is sweet.
A thousand different odors meet
And mingle in its rare perfume,
Such as the winds of summer waft
At open windows through a room!

LUCIFER.

Will you not taste it?

PRINCE HENRY.

Will one draught
Suffice?

LUCIFER.

If not, you can drink more.

PRINCE HENRY.

Into this crystal goblet pour ¹⁹²
So much as safely I may drink.

LUCIFER, *pouring.*

Let not the quantity alarm you;
You may drink all; it will not
harm you.

PRINCE HENRY.

I am as one who on the brink
Of a dark river stands and sees
The waters flow, the landscape
dim

Around him waver, wheel, and
swim,
And, ere he plunges, stops to
think 200
Into what whirlpools he may
sink;

One moment pauses, and no more,
Then madly plunges from the
shore!

Headlong into the mysteries
Of life and death I boldly leap,
Nor fear the fateful current's
sweep,

Nor what in ambush lurks below!
For death is better than disease!

*An ANGEL with an æolian harp
hovers in the air.*

ANGEL.

Woe! woe! eternal woe!
Not only the whispered prayer 210
Of love,

But the imprecations of hate,
Reverberate
For ever and ever through the air
Above!

This fearful curse
Shakes the great universe!

LUCIFER, *disappearing.*

Drink! drink!
And thy soul shall sink
Down into the dark abyss, 220
Into the infinite abyss,
From which no plummet nor rope
Ever drew up the silver sand of
hope!

PRINCE HENRY, *drinking.*

It is like a draught of fire!
Through every vein
I feel again
The fever of youth, the soft desire;
A rapture that is almost pain
Throbs in my heart and fills my
brain!
O joy! O joy! I feel 230
The band of steel
That so long and heavily has
pressed
Upon my breast

Uplifted, and the malediction
Of my affliction
Is taken from me, and my weary
breast
At length finds rest.

THE ANGEL.

It is but the rest of the fire, from
which the air has been taken!

It is but the rest of the sand, when
the hour-glass is not shaken!

It is but the rest of the tide be-
tween the ebb and the
flow! 240

It is but the rest of the wind be-
tween the flaws that blow!

With fiendish laughter,
Hereafter,
This false physician
Will mock thee in thy perdition.

PRINCE HENRY.

Speak! speak!
Who says that I am ill?
I am not ill! I am not weak!
The trance, the swoon, the dream,
is o'er! 249

I feel the chill of death no more!
At length,

I stand renewed in all my strength!
Beneath me I can feel
The great earth stagger and reel,
As if the feet of a descending God
Upon its surface trod,
And like a pebble it rolled beneath
his heel!

This, O brave physician! this
Is thy great Palingenesis!

Drinks again.

THE ANGEL.

Touch the goblet no more! 260
It will make thy heart sore

To its very core!

Its perfume is the breath
Of the Angel of Death,
And the light that within it lies
Is the flash of his evil eyes.

Beware! Oh, beware!
For sickness, sorrow, and care
All are there!

PRINCE HENRY, *sinking back.*

O thou voice within my breast! 270
Why entreat me, why upbraid me,
When the steadfast tongues of
truth

And the flattering hopes of youth
Have all deceived me and be-
trayed me?

Give me, give me rest, oh rest!
Golden visions wave and hover,
Golden vapors, waters streaming,
Landscapes moving, changing,
gleaming!

I am like a happy lover, 279
Who illumines life with dreaming!
Brave physician! Rare physician!
Well hast thou fulfilled thy mis-
sion!

His head falls on his book.

THE ANGEL, *receding.*

Alas! alas!
Like a vapor the golden vision
Shall fade and pass,
And thou wilt find in thy heart
again
Only the blight of pain,
And bitter, bitter, bitter contrition!

COURT-YARD OF THE CASTLE.

HUBERT *standing by the gateway.*

HUBERT.

How sad the grand old castle
looks! 289

O'erhead, the unmolested rooks
Upon the turret's windy top
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop;
Here in the court-yard springs the
grass,

So few are now the feet that pass;
The stately peacocks, bolder
grown,

Come hopping down the steps of
stone,

As if the castle were their own;
And I, the poor old seneschal,
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-
hall. 299

Alas! the merry guests no more
Crowd through the hospitable
door;

No eyes with youth and passion
shine,

No cheeks glow redder than the
wine;

No song, no laugh, no jovial din
Of drinking wassail to the pin;

But all is silent, sad, and drear,
And now the only sounds I hear

Are the hoarse rooks upon the
walls,

And horses stamping in their
stalls!

A horn sounds.

What ho! that merry, sudden
blast 310

Reminds me of the days long past!
And, as of old resounding, grate

The heavy hinges of the gate,
And, clattering loud, with iron

clank,
Down goes the sounding bridge of
plank,

As if it were in haste to greet
The pressure of a traveller's feet!

Enter WALTER the Minnesinger.

WALTER.

How now, my friend! This looks
quite lonely!

No banner flying from the walls,
No pages and no seneschals, 320

No warders, and one porter only!
Is it you, Hubert?

HUBERT.

Ah! Master Walter!

WALTER.

Alas! how forms and faces alter!
I did not know you. You look
older!

Your hair has grown much grayer
and thinner,

And you stoop a little in the
shoulder!

HUBERT.

Alack! I am a poor old sinner,

And, like these towers, begin to
moulder ;
And you have been absent many a
year! 329

WALTER.

How is the Prince ?

HUBERT.

He is not here ;
He has been ill: and now has
fled.

WALTER.

Speak it out frankly: say he's
dead!
Is it not so ?

HUBERT.

No; if you please,
A strange, mysterious disease
Fell on him with a sudden blight.
Whole hours together he would
stand

Upon the terrace, in a dream,
Resting his head upon his hand,
Best pleased when he was most
alone,
Like Saint John Nepomuck in
stone, 340
Looking down into a stream.

In the Round Tower, night after
night,
He sat and bleared his eyes with
books ;
Until one morning we found him
there
Stretched on the floor, as if in a
swoon
He had fallen from his chair.
We hardly recognized his sweet
looks!

WALTER.

Poor Prince!

HUBERT.

I think he might have mended ;
And he did mend ; but very soon
The priests came flocking in, like
rooks, 350

With all their crosiers and their
crooks,
And so at last the matter ended.

WALTER.

How did it end ?

HUBERT.

Why, in Saint Rochus
They made him stand, and wait his
doom ;

And, as if he were condemned to
the tomb,

Began to mutter their hocus-pocus.
First, the Mass for the Dead they
chanted,

Then three times laid upon his
head

A shovelful of churchyard clay,
Saying to him, as he stood un-
daunted, 360

'This is a sign that thou art
dead,

So in thy heart be penitent!'
And forth from the chapel door he
went

Into disgrace and banishment,
Clothed in a cloak of hodden gray,
And bearing a wallet, and a bell,
Whose sound should be a perpet-
ual knell

To keep all travellers away.

WALTER.

Oh, horrible fate! Outcast, re-
jected, 369
As one with pestilence infected!

HUBERT.

Then was the family tomb un-
sealed,
And broken helmet, sword, and
shield,

Buried together, in common wreck,
As is the custom, when the last
Of any princely house has passed,
And thrice, as with a trumpet-blast,
A herald shouted down the stair
The words of warning and de-
spair, —

'O Hoheneck! O Hoheneck!'

WALTER.

Still in my soul that cry goes
 on, — 380
 Forever gone! forever gone!
 Ah, what a cruel sense of loss,
 Like a black shadow, would fall
 across
 The hearts of all, if he should
 die!
 His gracious presence upon earth
 Was as a fire upon a hearth;
 As pleasant songs, at morning
 sung,
 The words that dropped from his
 sweet tongue
 Strengthened our hearts; or heard
 at night,
 Made all our slumbers soft and
 light. 390
 Where is he?

HUBERT.

In the Odenwald.

Some of his tenants, unappalled
 By fear of death, or priestly
 word, —
 A holy family, that make
 Each meal a Supper of the Lord, —
 Have him beneath their watch and
 ward,
 For love of him, and Jesus' sake!
 Pray you come in. For why
 should I
 With out-door hospitality 399
 My prince's friend thus entertain?

WALTER.

I would a moment here remain.
 But you, good Hubert, go before,
 Fill me a goblet of May-drink,
 As aromatic as the May
 From which it steals the breath
 away,
 And which he loved so well of
 yore;
 It is of him that I would think.
 You shall attend me, when I call,
 In the ancestral banquet-hall. 409
 Unseen companions, guests of
 air,
 You cannot wait on, will be there;

They taste not food, they drink not
 wine,
 But their soft eyes look into mine,
 And their lips speak to me, and
 all
 The vast and shadowy banquet-
 hall
 Is full of looks and words di-
 vine!

Leaning over the parapet.

The day is done; and slowly from
 the scene
 The stooping sun up-gathers his
 spent shafts,
 And puts them back into his golden
 quiver!
 Below me in the valley, deep and
 green 420
 As goblets are, from which in
 thirsty draughts
 We drink its wine, the swift and
 mantling river
 Flows on triumphant through
 these lovely regions,
 Etched with the shadows of its
 sombre margin,
 And soft, reflected clouds of gold
 and argent!
 Yes, there it flows, forever, broad
 and still
 As when the vanguard of the Ro-
 man legions
 First saw it from the top of yonder
 hill!
 How beautiful it is! Fresh fields
 of wheat,
 Vineyard, and town, and tower
 with fluttering flag, 430
 The consecrated chapel on the
 crag,
 And the white hamlet gathered
 round its base,
 Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's
 feet,
 And looking up at his beloved
 face!
 O friend! O best of friends! Thy
 absence more
 Than the impending night darkens
 the landscape o'er!

II

A FARM IN THE ODENWALD

*A garden; morning; PRINCE
HENRY seated, with a book.
ELSIE at a distance gathering
flowers.*

PRINCE HENRY, *reading.*

One morning, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker,
grayer,

His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay
without,

Filling the summer air;
And within the woodlands as he
trod, 10
The dusk was like the Truce of
God

With worldly woe and care;
Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of
hoary trees
Waved, and made the sign of the
cross,
And whispered their Benedic-
tes;

And from the ground
Rose an odor sweet and fragrant
Of the wild-flowers and the va-
grant

Vines that wandered, 20
Seeking the sunshine, round and
round.

These he heeded not, but pon-
dered

On the volume in his hand,
Wherein amazed he read:
'A thousand years in thy sight
Are but as yesterday when it is
past,

And as a watch in the night!'
And with his eyes downcast
In humility he said:

'I believe, O Lord, 30
What is written in thy Word,
But alas! I do not understand!'

And lo! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird, that from a
cloud

Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing,
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings
ringing. 40

And the Monk Felix closed his
book,

And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred,

Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet

Fall on the golden flagging of the
street. 50

And he would fain
Have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain;

For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.

And he retraced 60
His pathway homeward sadly and
in haste.

In the convent there was a change!
He looked for each well-known
face,

But the faces were new and
strange;

New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chanted in the choir;
Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusky walls

Of cold, gray stone,
The same cloisters and belfry and

spire. 70

A stranger and alone
 Among that brotherhood
 The Monk Felix stood.
 'Forty years,' said a Friar,
 'Have I been Prior
 Of this convent in the wood,
 But for that space
 Never have I beheld thy face!'

The heart of the Monk Felix fell:
 And he answered, with submissive
 tone, 80

'This morning, after the hour of
 Prime,
 I left my cell,
 And wandered forth alone,
 Listening all the time
 To the melodious singing
 Of a beautiful white bird,
 Until I heard
 The bells of the convent ringing
 Noon from their noisy towers.
 It was as if I dreamed; 90
 For what to me had seemed
 Moments only, had been hours!'

'Years!' said a voice close by.
 It was an aged monk who spoke,
 From a bench of oak
 Fastened against the wall;—
 He was the oldest monk of all.
 For a whole century
 Had he been there,
 Serving God in prayer, 100
 The meekest and humblest of his
 creatures.

He remembered well the features
 Of Felix, and he said,
 Speaking distinct and slow:
 'One hundred years ago,
 When I was a novice in this place,
 There was here a monk, full of
 God's grace,
 Who bore the name
 Of Felix, and this man must be
 the same.'

And straightway 110
 They brought forth to the light of
 day
 A volume old and brown,

A huge tome, bound
 In brass and wild-boar's hide,
 Wherein were written down
 The names of all who had died
 In the convent, since it was edi-
 fied.

And there they found,
 Just as the old monk said,
 That on a certain day and date,
 One hundred years before, 121
 Had gone forth from the convent
 gate

The Monk Felix, and never more
 Had entered that sacred door.
 He had been counted among the
 dead!

And they knew, at last,
 That, such had been the power
 Of that celestial and immortal
 song,

A hundred years had passed,
 And had not seemed so long 130
 As a single hour!

ELSIE comes in with flowers.

ELSIE.

Here are flowers for you,
 But they are not all for you.
 Some of them are for the Virgin
 And for Saint Cecilia.

PRINCE HENRY.

As thou standest there,
 Thou seemest to me like the ange,
 That brought the immortal roses
 To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber.

ELSIE.

But these will fade. 140

PRINCE HENRY.

Themselves will fade,
 But not their memory,
 And memory has the power
 To re-create them from the dust.
 They remind me, too,
 Of martyred Dorothea,
 Who from celestial gardens sent
 Flowers as her witnesses
 To him who scoffed and doubted.

ELSIE.

Do you know the story 150
Of Christ and the Sultan's daughter?
That is the prettiest legend of them
all.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then tell it to me.
But first come hither.
Lay the flowers down beside me,
And put both thy hands in mine.
Now tell me the story.

ELSIE.

Early in the morning
The Sultan's daughter
Walked in her father's garden, 160
Gathering the bright flowers,
All full of dew.

PRINCE HENRY.

Just as thou hast been doing
This morning, dearest Elsie.

ELSIE.

And as she gathered them
She wondered more and more
Who was the Master of the Flowers,
And made them grow
Out of the cold, dark earth.
'In my heart,' she said, 170
'I love him; and for him
Would leave my father's palace,
To labor in his garden.'

PRINCE HENRY.

Dear, innocent child!
How sweetly thou recallest
The long-forgotten legend,
That in my early childhood
My mother told me!
Upon my brain
It reappears once more, 180
As a birth-mark on the forehead
When a hand suddenly
Is laid upon it, and removed!

ELSIE.

And at midnight,

As she lay upon her bed,
She heard a voice
Call to her from the garden,
And, looking forth from her window,

She saw a beautiful youth
Standing among the flowers. 190

It was the Lord Jesus;
And she went down to Him,
And opened the door for Him;
And He said to her, 'O maiden!
Thou hast thought of me with love,
And for thy sake

Out of my Father's kingdom
Have I come hither:
I am the Master of the Flowers.
My garden is in Paradise, 200
And if thou wilt go with me,
Thy bridal garland
Shall be of bright red flowers.'

And then He took from his finger
A golden ring,
And asked the Sultan's daughter
If she would be his bride.
And when she answered Him with
love,

His wounds began to bleed,
And she said to Him, 210

'O Love! how red thy heart is,
And thy hands are full of roses.'
'For thy sake,' answered He,
'For thy sake is my heart so red,
'For thee I bring these roses;
I gathered them at the cross
Whereon I died for thee!
Come, for my Father calls.
Thou art my elected bride!'

And the Sultan's daughter 220
Followed Him to his Father's garden.

PRINCE HENRY.

Wouldst thou have done so, Elsie?

ELSIE.

Yes, very gladly.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then the Celestial Bridegroom
Will come for thee also.
Upon thy forehead He will place,

Not his crown of thorns,
 But a crown of roses.
 In thy bridal chamber,
 Like Saint Cecilia, 230
 Thou shalt hear sweet music,
 And breathe the fragrance
 Of flowers immortal!
 Go now and place these flowers
 Before her picture.

A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

Twilight. URSULA *spinning.*
 GOTTLIEB *asleep in his chair.*

URSULA.

Darker and darker! Hardly a
 glimmer
 Of light comes in at the window-
 pane;
 Or is it my eyes are growing dim-
 mer?
 I cannot disentangle this skein,
 Nor wind it rightly upon the
 reel. 240
 Elsie!

GOTTLIEB, *starting.*

The stopping of thy wheel
 Has awakened me out of a plea-
 sant dream.
 I thought I was sitting beside a
 stream,
 And heard the grinding of a mill,
 When suddenly the wheels stood
 still,
 And a voice cried 'Elsie' in my
 ear!
 It startled me, it seemed so near.

URSULA.

I was calling her: I want a light.
 I cannot see to spin my flax.
 Bring the lamp, Elsie. Dost thou
 hear? 250

ELSIE, *within.*

In a moment!

GOTTLIEB.

Where are Bertha and Max?

URSULA.

They are sitting with Elsie at the
 door.
 She is telling them stories of the
 wood,
 And the Wolf, and little Red Rid-
 inghood.

GOTTLIEB.

And where is the Prince?

URSULA.

In his room overhead;
 I heard him walking across the
 floor,
 As he always does, with a heavy
 tread.

ELSIE *comes in with a lamp.* MAX
and BERTHA follow her; and
they all sing the Evening Song
on the lighting of the lamps.

EVENING SONG.

O gladsome light
 Of the Father Immortal,
 And of the celestial 260
 Sacred and blessed
 Jesus, our Saviour!

Now to the sunset
 Again hast thou brought us;
 And, seeing the evening
 Twilight, we bless thee,
 Praise thee, adore thee!

Father omnipotent!
 Son, the Life-giver!
 Spirit, the Comforter! 270
 Worthy at all times
 Of worship and wonder!

PRINCE HENRY, *at the door.*

Amen!

URSULA.

Who was it said Amen?

ELSIE.

It was the Prince: he stood at the
 door,

And listened a moment, as we
 chanted
 The evening song. He is gone
 again.
 I have often seen him there before.

URSULA.

Poor Prince!

GOTTLIEB.

I thought the house was haunted!
 Poor Prince, alas! and yet as mild
 And patient as the gentlest
 child! 280

MAX.

I love him because he is so good,
 And makes me such fine bows and
 arrows,
 To shoot at the robins and the
 sparrows,
 And the red squirrels in the wood!

BERTHA.

I love him, too!

GOTTLIEB.

Ah, yes! we all
 Love him, from the bottom of our
 hearts;
 He gave us the farm, the house,
 and the grange,
 He gave us the horses and the
 carts,
 And the great oxen in the stall,
 The vineyard, and the forest
 range! 290
 We have nothing to give him but
 our love!

BERTHA.

Did he give us the beautiful stork
 above
 On the chimney-top, with its large,
 round nest?

GOTTLIEB.

No, not the stork; by God in
 heaven,
 As a blessing, the dear white stork
 was given,

But the Prince has given us all the
 rest.

God bless him, and make him well
 again.

ELSIE.

Would I could do something for
 his sake,
 Something to cure his sorrow and
 pain! 299

GOTTLIEB.

That no one can; neither thou nor I,
 Nor any one else.

ELSIE.

And must he die?

URSULA.

Yes; if the dear God does not take
 Pity upon him, in his distress,
 And work a miracle!

GOTTLIEB.

Or unless
 Some maiden, of her own accord,
 Offers her life for that of her lord,
 And is willing to die in his stead.

ELSIE.

I will!

URSULA.

Prithee, thou foolish child, be still!
 Thou shouldst not say what thou
 dost not mean! 309

ELSIE.

I mean it truly!

MAX.

O father! this morning,
 Down by the mill, in the ravine,
 Hans killed a wolf, the very same
 That in the night to the sheepfold
 came,
 And ate up my lamb, that was left
 outside.

GOTTLIEB.

I am glad he is dead. It will be a
 warning

To the wolves in the forest, far
and wide.

MAX.

And I am going to have his hide!

BERTHA.

I wonder if this is the wolf that ate
Little Red Ridinghood!

URSULA.

Oh, no!

That wolf was killed a long while
ago.

32°

Come, children, it is growing late.

MAX.

Ah, how I wish I were a man,
As stout as Hans is, and as strong!
I would do nothing else, the whole
day long,
But just kill wolves.

GOTTLIEB.

Then go to bed,
And grow as fast as a little boy
can.

Bertha is half asleep already.
See how she nods her heavy head,
And her sleepy feet are so un-
steady

She will hardly be able to creep
upstairs.

33°

URSULA.

Good night, my children. Here's
the light.

And do not forget to say your
prayers

Before you sleep.

GOTTLIEB.

Good night!

MAX and BERTHA.

Good night!

They go out with ELSIE.

URSULA, *spinning.*

She is a strange and wayward
child,

That Elsie of ours. She looks so
old,

And thoughts and fancies weird
and wild

Seem of late to have taken hold
Of her heart, that was once so do-
cile and mild!

GOTTLIEB.

She is like all girls.

URSULA.

Ah no, forsooth!

Unlike all I have ever seen.

34°

For she has visions and strange
dreams,

And in all her words and ways, she
seems

Much older than she is in truth.

Who would think her but fifteen?

And there has been of late such a
change!

My heart is heavy with fear and
doubt

That she may not live till the year
is out.

She is so strange, — so strange, —
so strange!

GOTTLIEB.

I am not troubled with any such
fear;

She will live and thrive for many
a year.

35°

ELSIE'S CHAMBER.

Night. ELSIE praying.

ELSIE.

My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech thee, I entreat thee,

Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet thee,

Watching, waiting, hoping, yearn-
ing,

With my lamp well trimmed and
burning!

Interceding

With these bleeding

Wounds upon thy hands and side,

For all who have lived and errèd,
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,
Scourged, and mocked, and cruci-
fied, 362
And in the grave hast thou been
buried!

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,
O my Saviour, I beseech thee,
Even as thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where thou ledest,
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give 370
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble thee!

THE CHAMBER OF GOTTLIEB
AND URSULA.

*Midnight. ELSIE standing by
their bedside, weeping.*

GOTTLIEB.

The wind is roaring; the rushing
rain
Is loud upon roof and window-
pane,
As if the Wild Huntsman of Ro-
denstein,
Boding evil to me and mine,
Were abroad to - night with his
ghostly train!
In the brief lulls of the tempest
wild,
The dogs howl in the yard; and
hark! 380
Some one is sobbing in the dark,
Here in the chamber!

ELSIE.

It is I.

URSULA.

Elsie! what ails thee, my poor
child?

ELSIE.

I am disturbed and much dis-
tressed,

In thinking our dear Prince must
die;
I cannot close mine eyes, nor rest.

GOTTLIEB.

What wouldst thou? In the
Power Divine
His healing lies, not in our own;
It is in the hand of God alone.

ELSIE.

Nay, He has put it into mine, 390
And into my heart!

GOTTLIEB.

Thy words are wild!

URSULA.

What dost thou mean? my child!
my child!

ELSIE.

That for our dear Prince Henry's
sake

I will myself the offering make,
And give my life to purchase his.

URSULA.

Am I still dreaming, or awake?
Thou speakest carelessly of death,
And yet thou knowest not what
it is.

ELSIE.

'T is the cessation of our breath.
Silent and motionless we lie; 400
And no one knoweth more than
this.

I saw our little Gertrude die;
She left off breathing, and no
more

I smoothed the pillow beneath her
head.

She was more beautiful than be-
fore.

Like violets faded were her eyes;
By this we knew that she was
dead.

Through the open window looked
the skies

Into the chamber where she lay,

And the wind was like the sound
of wings, 410

As if angels came to bear her
away.

Ah! when I saw and felt these
things,

I found it difficult to stay;
I longed to die, as she had died,
And go forth with her, side by side.
The Saints are dead, the Martyrs
dead,

And Mary, and our Lord; and I
Would follow in humility
The way by them illuminèd!

URSULA.

My child! my child! thou must not
die! 420

ELSIE.

Why should I live? Do I not
know

The life of woman is full of woe?
Toiling on and on and on,
With breaking heart, and tearful
eyes,

And silent lips, and in the soul
The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies!
Some more, some less, but of the
whole

Not one quite happy, no, not one!

URSULA.

It is the malediction of Eve! 430

ELSIE.

In place of it, let me receive
The benediction of Mary, then.

GOTTLIEB.

Ah, woe is me! Ah, woe is me!
Most wretched am I among men!

URSULA.

Alas! that I should live to see
Thy death, beloved, and to stand
Above thy grave! Ah, woe the
day!

ELSIE.

Thou wilt not see it. I shall lie

Beneath the flowers of another
land,

For at Salerno, far away 440

Over the mountains, over the sea,
It is appointed me to die!

And it will seem no more to thee
Than if at the village on market-
day

I should a little longer stay
Than I am wont.

URSULA.

Even as thou sayest!
And how my heart beats, when
thou stayest!

I cannot rest until my sight
Is satisfied with seeing thee. 449
What then, if thou wert dead?

GOTTLIEB.

Ah me!

Of our old eyes thou art the light!
The joy of our old hearts art thou!
And wilt thou die?

URSULA.

Not now! not now!

ELSIE.

Christ died for me, and shall not I
Be willing for my Prince to die?
You both are silent; you cannot
speak.

This said I at our Saviour's feast
After confession, to the priest,
And even he made no reply. 459

Does he not warn us all to seek
The happier, better land on high,
Where flowers immortal never
wither;

And could he forbid me to go
thither?

GOTTLIEB.

In God's own time, my heart's
delight!
When He shall call thee, not be-
fore!

ELSIE.

I heard Him call. When Christ
ascended

Triumphantly, from star to star,
 He left the gates of heaven ajar.
 I had a vision in the night, ⁴⁶⁹
 And saw Him standing at the door
 Of his Father's mansion, vast and
 splendid,
 And beckoning to me from afar.
 I cannot stay!

GOTTLIEB.

She speaks almost
 As if it were the Holy Ghost
 Spake through her lips, and in her
 stead!
 What if this were of God?

URSULA.

Ah, then
 Gainsay it dare we not.

GOTTLIEB.

Amen!
 Elsie! the words that thou hast
 said
 Are strange and new for us to
 hear,
 And fill our hearts with doubt and
 fear. ⁴⁸⁰
 Whether it be a dark temptation
 Of the Evil One, or God's inspira-
 tion,
 We in our blindness cannot say.
 We must think upon it, and pray;
 For evil and good it both re-
 sembles.
 If it be of God, his will be done!
 May He guard us from the Evil
 One!
 How hot thy hand is! how it
 trembles!
 Go to thy bed, and try to sleep.

URSULA.

Kiss me. Good night; and do not
 weep! ⁴⁹⁰

ELSIE goes out.

Ah, what an awful thing is this!
 I almost shuddered at her kiss,
 As if a ghost had touched my
 cheek,

I am so childish and so weak!
 As soon as I see the earliest gray
 Of morning glimmer in the east,
 I will go over to the priest,
 And hear what the good man has
 to say!

A VILLAGE CHURCH.

*A woman kneeling at the confes-
 sional.*

THE PARISH PRIEST, *from within.*

Go, sin no more! Thy penance
 o'er,

A new and better life begin! ⁵⁰⁰
 God maketh thee forever free
 From the dominion of thy sin!

Go, sin no more! He will re-
 store

The peace that filled thy heart be-
 fore,

And pardon thine iniquity!

*The woman goes out. The Priest
 comes forth, and walks slowly up
 and down the church.*

O blessed Lord! how much I
 need

Thy light to guide me on my
 way!

So many hands, that, without heed,
 Still touch thy wounds, and make
 them bleed! ⁵⁰⁹

So many feet, that, day by day,
 Still wander from thy fold astray!

Unless thou fill me with thy light,
 I cannot lead thy flock aright;

Nor, without thy support, can bear
 The burden of so great a care,

But am myself a castaway!

A pause.

The day is drawing to its close;
 And what good deeds, since first
 it rose,

Have I presented, Lord, to thee,
 As offerings of my ministry? ⁵²⁰

What wrong repressed, what right
 maintained,

What struggle passed, what vic-
 tory gained,

What good attempted and attained?

Feeble, at best, is my endeavor!
I see, but cannot reach, the height
That lies forever in the light,
And yet forever and forever,
When seeming just within my grasp,
I feel my feeble hands unclasp, 529
And sink discouraged into night!
For thine own purpose, thou hast sent

The strife and the discouragement!
A pause.

Why stapest thou, Prince of Hohen-
eck?

Why keep me pacing to and fro
Amid these aisles of sacred gloom,
Counting my footsteps as I go,
And marking with each step a tomb?

Why should the world for thee
make room, 538

And wait thy leisure and thy beck?
Thou comest in the hope to hear
Some word of comfort and of cheer.

What can I say? I cannot give
The counsel to do this and live;
But rather, firmly to deny
The tempter, though his power be strong,

And, inaccessible to wrong,
Still like a martyr live and die!

A pause.

The evening air grows dusk and brown;

I must go forth into the town, 549
To visit beds of pain and death,
Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,

And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes

That see, through tears, the sun go down,

But never more shall see it rise.

The poor in body and estate,
The sick and the disconsolate,
Must not on man's convenience wait.

Goes out.

Enter LUCIFER, as a Priest.

LUCIFER, *with a genuflexion, mocking.*

This is the Black Pater-noster.

God was my foster,
He fostered me 560
Under the book of the Palm-tree!

St. Michael was my dame.
He was born at Bethlehem,
He was made of flesh and blood.

God send me my right food,
My right food, and shelter too,
That I may to yon kirk go,
To read upon yon sweet book
Which the mighty God of heaven
shook.

Open, open, hell's gates! 570
Shut, shut, heaven's gates!

All the devils in the air
The stronger be, that hear the
Black Prayer!

Looking round the church.

What a darksome and dismal
place!

I wonder that any man has the
face

To call such a hole the House of
the Lord,

And the Gate of Heaven,—yet
such is the word.

Ceiling, and walls, and windows
old,

Covered with cobwebs, blackened
with mould;

Dust on the pulpit, dust on the
stairs, 580

Dust on the benches, and stalls,
and chairs!

The pulpit, from which such ponderous
sermons

Have fallen down on the brains of
the Germans,

With about as much real edifica-
tion

As if a great Bible, bound in lead,
Had fallen, and struck them on
the head;

And I ought to remember that sen-
sation!

Here stands the holy-water stoup!

Holy-water it may be to many,
 But to me, the veriest Liquor
 Gehennæ! 590
 It smells like a filthy fast-day
 soup!
 Near it stands the box for the
 poor,
 With its iron padlock, safe and
 sure.

I and the priest of the parish know
 Whither all these charities go;
 Therefore, to keep up the institu-
 tion,

I will add my little contribution!

He puts in money.

Underneath this mouldering tomb,
 With statue of stone, and scutch-
 eon of brass,

Slumbers a great lord of the vil-
 lage. 600

All his life was riot and pillage,
 But at length to escape the threat-
 ened doom

Of the everlasting penal fire,
 He died in the dress of a mendi-
 cant friar,

And bartered his wealth for a
 daily mass.

But all that afterwards came to
 pass,

And whether he finds it dull or
 pleasant,

Is kept a secret for the present,
 At his own particular desire. 609

And here, in a corner of the wall,
 Shadowy, silent, apart from all,
 With its awful portal open wide,
 And its latticed windows on either
 side,

And its step well worn by the
 bended knees

Of one or two pious centuries,

Stands the village confessional!

Within it, as an honored guest,

I will sit down awhile and rest!

Sits himself in the confessional.

Here sits the priest; and faint and
 low,

Like the sighing of an evening
 breeze, 620

Comes through these painted lat-
 tices

The ceaseless sound of human
 woe;

Here, while her bosom aches and
 throbs

With deep and agonizing sobs,
 That half are passion, half contri-
 tion,

The luckless daughter of perdi-
 tion

Slowly confesses her secret
 shame!

The time, the place, the lover's
 name!

Here the grim murderer, with a
 groan,

From his bruised conscience rolls
 the stone, 630

Thinking that thus he can atone
 For ravages of sword and flame!

Indeed, I marvel, and marvel
 greatly,

How a priest can sit here so se-
 dately,

Reading, the whole year out and
 in,

Naught but the catalogue of sin,
 And still keep any faith whatever
 In human virtue! Never! never!

I cannot repeat a thousandth
 part

Of the horrors and crimes and sins
 and woes 640

That arise, when with palpitating
 throes

The graveyard in the human heart
 Gives up its dead, at the voice of

the priest,
 As if he were an archangel, at
 least.

It makes a peculiar atmosphere,
 This odor of earthly passions and
 crimes,

Such as I like to breathe, at times,
 And such as often brings me here

In the hottest and most pestilen-
 tial season. 649

To-day, I come for another reason;

To foster and ripen an evil thought
 In a heart that is almost to mad-
 ness wrought,
 And to make a murderer out of a
 prince,
 A sleight of hand I learned long
 since!
 He comes. In the twilight he will
 not see
 The difference between his priest
 and me!
 In the same net was the mother
 caught!

PRINCE HENRY, *entering and
 kneeling at the confessional.*

Remorseful, penitent, and lowly,
 I come to crave, O Father holy,
 Thy benediction on my head. 660

LUCIFER.

The benediction shall be said
 After confession, not before!
 'T is a God-speed to the parting
 guest,
 Who stands already at the door,
 Sandalled with holiness, and
 dressed
 In garments pure from earthly
 stain.
 Meanwhile, hast thou searched
 well thy breast?
 Does the same madness fill thy
 brain?
 Or have thy passion and unrest 669
 Vanished forever from thy mind?

PRINCE HENRY.

By the same madness still made
 blind,
 By the same passion still pos-
 sessed,
 I come again to the house of
 prayer,
 A man afflicted and distressed!
 As in a cloudy atmosphere,
 Through unseen sluices of the
 air,
 A sudden and impetuous wind
 Strikes the great forest white with
 fear,

And every branch, and bough, and
 spray
 Points all its quivering leaves one
 way, 680
 And meadows of grass, and fields
 of grain,
 And the clouds above, and the
 slanting rain,
 And smoke from chimneys of the
 town,
 Yield themselves to it, and bow
 down,
 So does this dreadful purpose
 press
 Onward, with irresistible stress,
 And all my thoughts and faculties,
 Struck level by the strength of
 this,
 From their true inclination turn,
 And all stream forward to Sa-
 lern! 690

LUCIFER.

Alas! we are but eddies of dust,
 Uplifted by the blast, and whirled
 Along the highway of the world
 A moment only, then to fall
 Back to a common level all,
 At the subsiding of the gust!

PRINCE HENRY.

O holy Father! pardon in me
 The oscillation of a mind
 Unsteadfast, and that cannot
 find 699
 Its centre of rest and harmony!
 For evermore before mine eyes
 This ghastly phantom flits and
 flies,
 And as a madman through a
 crowd,
 With frantic gestures and wild
 cries,
 It hurries onward, and aloud
 Repeats its awful prophecies!
 Weakness is wretchedness! To
 be strong
 Is to be happy! I am weak,
 And cannot find the good I
 seek, 709
 Because I feel and fear the wrong!

LUCIFER.

Be not alarmed! The Church is kind,
 And in her mercy and her meekness
 She meets half-way her children's weakness,
 Writes their transgressions in the dust!
 Though in the Decalogue we find
 The mandate written, 'Thou shalt not kill!'
 Yet there are cases when we must.
 In war, for instance, or from scathe
 To guard and keep the one true Faith,
 We must look at the Decalogue in the light ⁷²⁰
 Of an ancient statute, that was meant
 For a mild and general application,
 To be understood with the reservation
 That in certain instances the Right
 Must yield to the Expedient!
 Thou art a Prince. If thou shouldst die,
 What hearts and hopes would prostrate lie!
 What noble deeds, what fair renown,
 Into the grave with thee go down! ⁷²⁹
 What acts of valor and courtesy
 Remain undone, and die with thee!
 Thou art the last of all thy race!
 With thee a noble name expires,
 And vanishes from the earth's face
 The glorious memory of thy sires!
 She is a peasant. In her veins
 Flows common and plebeian blood;
 It is such as daily and hourly stains
 The dust and the turf of battle plains,
 By vassals shed, in a crimson flood, ⁷⁴⁰
 Without reserve, and without reward,

At the slightest summons of their lord!
 But thine is precious; the fore-appointed
 Blood of kings, of God's anointed!
 Moreover, what has the world in store
 For one like her, but tears and toil?
 Daughter of sorrow, serf of the soil,
 A peasant's child and a peasant's wife,
 And her soul within her sick and sore
 With the roughness and barrenness of life! ⁷⁵⁰
 I marvel not at the heart's recoil
 From a fate like this, in one so tender,
 Nor at its eagerness to surrender
 All the wretchedness, want, and woe
 That await it in this world below,
 For the unutterable splendor
 Of the world of rest beyond the skies.
 So the Church sanctions the sacrifice:
 Therefore inhale this healing balm,
 And breathe this fresh life into thine; ⁷⁶⁰
 Accept the comfort and the calm
 She offers, as a gift divine;
 Let her fall down and anoint thy feet
 With the ointment costly and most sweet
 Of her young blood, and thou shalt live.

PRINCE HENRY.

And will the righteous Heaven forgive?
 No action, whether foul or fair,
 Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
 A record, written by fingers ghostly,

As a blessing or a curse, and
 mostly 770
 In the greater weakness or greater
 strength
 Of the acts which follow it, till at
 length
 The wrongs of ages are redressed,
 And the justice of God made mani-
 fest!

LUCIFER.

In ancient records it is stated
 That, whenever an evil deed is
 done,
 Another devil is created
 To scourge and torment the offend-
 ing one!
 But evil is only good perverted,
 And Lucifer, the bearer of Light,
 But an angel fallen and deserted,
 Thrust from his Father's house
 with a curse 782
 Into the black and endless night.

PRINCE HENRY.

If justice rules the universe,
 From the good actions of good men
 Angels of light should be begotten,
 And thus the balance restored
 again.

LUCIFER.

Yes; if the world were not so rot-
 ten,
 And so given over to the Devil!

PRINCE HENRY.

But this deed, is it good or evil?
 Have I thine absolution free 791
 To do it, and without restriction?

LUCIFER.

Ay; and from whatsoever sin
 Lieth around it and within,
 From all crimes in which it may
 involve thee,
 I now release thee and absolve
 thee!

PRINCE HENRY.

Give me thy holy benediction.

LUCIFER, *stretching forth his
 hand and muttering.*
 Maledictione perpetua
 Maledicat vos
 Pater eternus! 800

THE ANGEL, *with the æolian harp.*

Take heed! take heed!
 Noble art thou in thy birth,
 By the good and the great of earth
 Hast thou been taught!
 Be noble in every thought
 And in every deed!
 Let not the illusion of thy senses
 Betray thee to deadly offences.
 Be strong! be good! be pure!
 The right only shall endure, 810
 All things else are but false pre-
 tentences.

I entreat thee, I implore,
 Listen no more
 To the suggestions of an evil spirit,
 That even now is there,
 Making the foul seem fair,
 And selfishness itself a virtue and
 a merit!

A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

GOTTLIEB.

It is decided! For many days,
 And nights as many, we have had
 A nameless terror in our breast,
 Making us timid, and afraid 821
 Of God, and his mysterious ways!
 We have been sorrowful and sad;
 Much have we suffered, much have
 prayed

That He would lead us as is best,
 And show us what his will re-
 quired.

It is decided; and we give
 Our child, O Prince, that you may
 live!

URSULA.

It is of God. He has inspired
 This purpose in her; and through
 pain, 830
 Out of a world of sin and woe,
 He takes her to Himself again.

The mother's heart resists no longer;
With the Angel of the Lord in vain
It wrestled, for he was the stronger.

GOTTLIEB.

As Abraham offered long ago
His son unto the Lord, and even
The Everlasting Father in heaven
Gave his, as a lamb unto the slaughter,

So do I offer up my daughter! 840

URSULA *hides her face.*

ELSIE.

My life is little,
Only a cup of water,
But pure and limpid.
Take it, O my Prince!
Let it refresh you,
Let it restore you.
It is given willingly,
It is given freely;
May God bless the gift!

PRINCE HENRY.

And the giver! 850

GOTTLIEB.

Amen!

PRINCE HENRY.

I accept it!

GOTTLIEB.

Where are the children?

URSULA.

They are already asleep.

GOTTLIEB.

What if they were dead?

IN THE GARDEN.

ELSIE.

I have one thing to ask of you.

PRINCE HENRY.

What is it?
It is already granted.

ELSIE.

Promise me,
When we are gone from here, and
on our way
Are journeying to Salerno, you
will not,
By word or deed, endeavor to dis-
suade me 860
And turn me from my purpose;
but remember
That as a pilgrim to the Holy City
Walks unmolested, and with
thoughts of pardon
Occupied wholly, so would I ap-
proach
The gates of Heaven, in this great
jubilee,
With my petition, putting off from
me
All thoughts of earth, as shoes
from off my feet.
Promise me this.

PRINCE HENRY.

Thy words fall from thy lips
Like roses from the lips of Angelo:
and angels 869
Might stoop to pick them up!

ELSIE.

Will you not promise?

PRINCE HENRY.

If ever we depart upon this jour-
ney,
So long to one or both of us, I
promise.

ELSIE.

Shall we not go, then? Have you
lifted me
Into the air, only to hurl me back
Wounded upon the ground? and
offered me
The waters of eternal life, to bid me
Drink the polluted puddles of this
world?

PRINCE HENRY.

O Elsie! what a lesson thou dost
teach me!

The life which is, and that which
is to come,
Suspended hang in such nice equi-
poise 88o

A breath disturbs the balance;
and that scale

In which we throw our hearts pre-
ponderates,

And the other, like an empty one,
flies up,

And is accounted vanity and air!
To me the thought of death is

terrible,
Having such hold on life. To thee

it is not
So much even as the lifting of a

latch;
Only a step into the open air

Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its

transparent walls! 89o
O pure in heart! from thy sweet

dust shall grow
Lilies, upon whose petals will be

written
'Ave Maria' in characters of gold!

III

A STREET IN STRASBURG

*Night. PRINCE HENRY wandering
alone, wrapped in a cloak.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Still is the night. The sound of feet
Has died away from the empty

street,
And like an artisan, bending down

His head on his anvil, the dark
town

Sleeps, with a slumber deep and
sweet.

Sleepless and restless, I alone,
In the dusk and damp of these

walls of stone,
Wander and weep in my remorse!

**CRIER OF THE DEAD, ringing a
bell.**

Wake! wake!

All ye that sleep! 10

Pray for the Dead!

Pray for the Dead!

PRINCE HENRY.

Hark! with what accents loud
and hoarse

This warder on the walls of
death

Sends forth the challenge of his
breath!

I see the dead that sleep in the
grave!

They rise up and their garments
wave,

Dimly and spectral, as they rise,
With the light of another world in

their eyes!

CRIER OF THE DEAD.

Wake! wake! 20

All ye that sleep!

Pray for the Dead!

Pray for the Dead!

PRINCE HENRY.

Why for the dead, who are at rest?
Pray for the living, in whose breast

The struggle between right and
wrong

Is raging terrible and strong,
As when good angels war with

devils!

This is the Master of the Revels,
Who, at Life's flowing feast, pro-
poses 30

The health of absent friends, and
pledges,

Not in bright goblets crowned with
roses,

And tinkling as we touch their
edges,

But with his dismal, tinkling bell,
That mocks and mimics their fu-
neral knell!

CRIER OF THE DEAD.

Wake! wake!

All ye that sleep!

Pray for the Dead!

Pray for the Dead!

PRINCE HENRY.

Wake not, beloved! be thy sleep 40
Silent as night is, and as deep!
There walks a sentinel at thy gate
Whose heart is heavy and desolate,

And the heavings of whose bosom
number

The respirations of thy slumber,
As if some strange, mysterious
fate

Had linked two hearts in one, and
mine

Went madly wheeling about thine,
Only with wider and wilder sweep!

CRIER OF THE DEAD, *at a distance.*

Wake! wake! 50

All ye that sleep!

Pray for the Dead!

Pray for the Dead!

PRINCE HENRY.

Lo! with what depth of blackness
thrown

Against the clouds, far up the
skies

The walls of the cathedral rise,
Like a mysterious grove of stone,
With fitful lights and shadows
blending,

As from behind, the moon, ascend-
ing,

Lights its dim aisles and paths un-
known! 60

The wind is rising; but the boughs
Rise not and fall not with the
wind,

That through their foliage sobs
and soughs;

Only the cloudy rack behind,
Drifting onward, wild and ragged,
Gives to each spire and buttress
jagged

A seeming motion undefined.

Below on the square, an armèd
knight,

Still as a statue and as white,
Sits on his steed, and the moon-
beams quiver 70

Upon the points of his armor
bright

As on the ripples of a river.
He lifts the visor from his cheek,
And beckons, and makes as he
would speak.

WALTER *the Minnesinger.*

Friend! can you tell me where
alight

Thuringia's horsemen for the
night?

For I have lingered in the rear,
And wander vainly up and down.

PRINCE HENRY.

I am a stranger in the town,
As thou art; but the voice I
hear 80

Is not a stranger to mine ear.
Thou art Walter of the Vogel-
weid!

WALTER.

Thou hast guessed rightly; and
thy name

Is Henry of Hoheneck!

PRINCE HENRY.

Ay, the same.

WALTER, *embracing him.*

Come closer, closer to my side!

What brings thee hither? What
potent charm

Has drawn thee from thy German
farm

Into the old Alsatian city?

PRINCE HENRY.

A tale of wonder and of pity!

A wretched man, almost by
stealth 90

Dragging my body to Salern,
In the vain hope and search for
health,

And destined never to return.

Already thou hast heard the rest.
But what brings thee, thus armed
and dight

In the equipments of a knight?

WALTER.

Dost thou not see upon my breast
The cross of the Crusaders shine?
My pathway leads to Palestine.

PRINCE HENRY.

Ah, would that way were also
mine! 100
O noble poet! thou whose heart
Is like a nest of singing-birds
Rocked on the topmost bough of
life,
Wilt thou, too, from our sky depart,
And in the clangor of the strife
Mingle the music of thy words?

WALTER.

My hopes are high, my heart is
proud,
And like a trumpet long and loud,
Thither my thoughts all clang and
ring!
My life is in my hand, and lo! 110
I grasp and bend it as a bow,
And shoot forth from its trembling
string
An arrow, that shall be, perchance,
Like the arrow of the Israelite
king
Shot from the window toward the
east,
That of the Lord's deliverance!

PRINCE HENRY.

My life, alas! is what thou seest!
O enviable fate! to be
Strong, beautiful, and armed like
thee
With lyre and sword, with song
and steel; 120
A hand to smite, a heart to feel!
Thy heart, thy hand, thy lyre, thy
sword,
Thou givest all unto thy Lord;
While I, so mean and abject
grown,
Am thinking of myself alone.

WALTER.

Be patient: Time will reinstate
Thy health and fortunes.

PRINCE HENRY.

'T is too late!
I cannot strive against my fate!

WALTER.

Come with me; for my steed is
weary;
Our journey has been long and
dreary, 130
And, dreaming of his stall, he dints
With his impatient hoofs the
flints.

PRINCE HENRY, *aside*.

I am ashamed, in my disgrace,
To look into that noble face!
To-morrow, Walter, let it be.

WALTER.

To-morrow, at the dawn of day,
I shall again be on my way.
Come with me to the hostelry,
For I have many things to say.
Our journey into Italy 140
Perchance together we may make;
Wilt thou not do it for my sake?

PRINCE HENRY.

A sick man's pace would but im-
pede
Thine eager and impatient speed.
Besides, my pathway leads me
round
To Hirschau, in the forest's bound,
Where I assemble man and steed,
And all things for my journey's
need.

*They go out.*LUCIFER, *flying over the city*.

Sleep, sleep, O city! till the light
Wake you to sin and crime
again, 150
Whilst on your dreams, like dis-
mal rain,
I scatter downward through the
night
My maledictions dark and deep.
I have more martyrs in your walls
Than God has; and they cannot
sleep;

They are my bondsmen and my
thralls;

Their wretched lives are full of
pain,

Wild agonies of nerve and brain;
And every heart-beat, every
breath, 159

Is a convulsion worse than death!
Sleep, sleep, O city! though within
The circuit of your walls there be
No habitation free from sin,

And all its nameless misery;
The aching heart, the aching head,
Grief for the living and the dead,
And foul corruption of the time,
Disease, distress, and want, and
woe,

And crimes, and passions that may
grow

Until they ripen into crime! 170

SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE
CATHEDRAL.

Easter Sunday. FRIAR CUTHBERT
preaching to the crowd
from a pulpit in the open air.
PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE
crossing the square.

PRINCE HENRY.

This is the day, when from the
dead

Our Lord arose; and everywhere,
Out of their darkness and despair,
Triumphant over fears and foes,
The hearts of his disciples rose,
When to the women, standing near,
The Angel in shining vesture said,
'The Lord is risen; He is not
here!'

And, mindful that the day is come,
On all the hearths in Christen-
dom 180

The fires are quenched, to be again
Rekindled from the sun, that high
Is dancing in the cloudless sky.

The churches are all decked with
flowers,

The salutations among men
Are but the Angel's words divine,

'Christ is arisen!' and the bells
Catch the glad murmur, as it
swells,

And chant together in their tow-
ers.

All hearts are glad; and free from
care 190

The faces of the people shine.
See what a crowd is in the square,
Gayly and gallantly arrayed!

ELSIE.

Let us go back; I am afraid!

PRINCE HENRY.

Nay, let us mount the church-steps
here,

Under the doorway's sacred shad-
ow;

We can see all things, and be freer
From the crowd that madly heaves
and presses!

ELSIE.

What a gay pageant! what bright
dresses!

It looks like a flower-besprinkled
meadow. 200

What is that yonder on the square?

PRINCE HENRY.

A pulpit in the open air,
And a Friar, who is preaching to
the crowd

In a voice so deep and clear and
loud,

That, if we listen, and give heed,
His lowest words will reach the
ear.

FRIAR CUTHBERT, *gesticulating
and cracking a postilion's whip.*

What ho! good people! do you not
hear?

Dashing along at the top of his
speed,

Booted and spurred, on his jaded
steed,

A courier comes with words of
cheer. 210

Courier! what is the news, I pray?

'Christ is arisen!' Whence come you? 'From court.'
Then I do not believe it; you say it in sport.

Cracks his whip again.

Ah, here comes another, riding this way;

We soon shall know what he has to say.

Courier! what are the tidings to-day?

'Christ is arisen!' Whence come you? 'From town.'

Then I do not believe it; away with you, clown.

Cracks his whip more violently.

And here comes a third, who is spurring amain;

What news do you bring, with your loose-hanging rein, ²²⁰

Your spurs wet with blood, and your bridle with foam?

'Christ is arisen!' Whence come you? 'From Rome.'

Ah, now I believe. He is risen, indeed.

Ride on with the news, at the top of your speed!

Great applause among the crowd.

To come back to my text! When the news was first spread

That Christ was arisen indeed from the dead,

Very great was the joy of the angels in heaven;

And as great the dispute as to who should carry

The tidings thereof to the Virgin Mary,

Pierced to the heart with sorrows seven. ²³⁰

Old Father Adam was first to propose,

As being the author of all our woes;

But he was refused, for fear, said they,

He would stop to eat apples on the way!

Abel came next, but petitioned in vain,

Because he might meet with his brother Cain!

Noah, too, was refused, lest his weakness for wine

Should delay him at every tavern-sign;

And John the Baptist could not get a vote,

On account of his old-fashioned camel's-hair coat; ²⁴⁰

And the Penitent Thief, who died on the cross,

Was reminded that all his bones were broken!

Till at last, when each in turn had spoken,

The company being still at loss,

The Angel, who rolled away the stone,

Was sent to the sepulchre, all alone.

And filled with glory that gloomy prison,

And said to the Virgin, 'The Lord is arisen!'

The Cathedral bells ring.

But hark! the bells are beginning to chime;

And I feel that I am growing hoarse. ²⁵⁰

I will put an end to my discourse,

And leave the rest for some other time.

For the bells themselves are the best of preachers;

Their brazen lips are learned teachers,

From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,

Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,

Shriller than trumpets under the Law,

Now a sermon, and now a prayer.

The clangorous hammer is the tongue,

This way, that way, beaten and swung, ²⁶⁰

That from mouth of brass, as from mouth of Gold,

May be taught the Testaments,
New and Old.

And above it the great cross-beam
of wood

Representeth the Holy Rood,
Upon which, like the bell, our
hopes are hung.

And the wheel wherewith it is
swayed and rung

Is the mind of man, that round
and round

Sways, and maketh the tongue to
sound!

And the rope, with its twisted cor-
dage three,

Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity
Of Morals, and Symbols, and His-
tory; 271

And the upward and downward
motion show

That we touch upon matters high
and low;

And the constant change and
transmutation

Of action and of contemplation,
Downward, the Scripture brought
from on high,

Upward, exalted again to the
sky;

Downward, the literal interpreta-
tion,

Upward, the Vision and Mystery!

And now, my hearers, to make an
end, 280

I have only one word more to
say;

In the church, in honor of Easter
day

Will be presented a Miracle Play;
And I hope you will all have the
grace to attend.

Christ bring us at last to his feli-
city!

Pax vobiscum! et Benedicite!

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

CHANT.

Kyrie Eleison!
Christe Eleison!

ELSIE.

I am at home here in my Father's
house!

These paintings of the Saints upon
the walls 290

Have all familiar and benignant
faces.

PRINCE HENRY.

The portraits of the family of
God!

Thine own hereafter shall be
placed among them.

ELSIE.

How very grand it is and wonder-
ful!

Never have I beheld a church so
splendid!

Such columns, and such arches,
and such windows,

So many tombs and statues in the
chapels,

And under them so many confes-
sionals.

They must be for the rich. I
should not like

To tell my sins in such a church
as this. 300

Who built it?

PRINCE HENRY.

A great master of his craft,
Erwin von Steinbach; but not he
alone,

For many generations labored with
him.

Children that came to see these
Saints in stone,

As day by day out of the blocks
they rose,

Grew old and died, and still the
work went on,

And on, and on, and is not yet
completed.

The generation that succeeds our
own

Perhaps may finish it. The archi-
tect

Built his great heart into these
sculptured stones, 310

And with him toiled his children,
 and their lives
 Were builded, with his own, into
 the walls,
 As offerings unto God. You see
 that statue
 Fixing its joyous, but deep-wrinkled
 eyes
 Upon the Pillars of the Angels
 yonder.
 That is the image of the master,
 carved
 By the fair hand of his own child,
 Sabina.

ELSIE.

How beautiful is the column that
 he looks at!

PRINCE HENRY.

That, too, she sculptured. At the
 base of it
 Stand the Evangelists; above their
 heads ³²⁰
 Four Angels blowing upon marble
 trumpets,
 And over them the blessed Christ,
 surrounded
 By his attendant ministers, uphold-
 ing
 The instruments of his passion.

ELSIE.

O my Lord!

Would I could leave behind me
 upon earth
 Some monument to thy glory, such
 as this!

PRINCE HENRY.

A greater monument than this
 thou leavest
 In thine own life, all purity and
 love!
 See, too, the Rose, above the west-
 ern portal
 Resplendent with a thousand gor-
 geous colors, ³³⁰
 The perfect flower of Gothic love-
 liness!

ELSIE.

And, in the gallery, the long line
 of statues,
 Christ with his twelve Apostles
 watching us!

*A BISHOP in armor, booted and
 spurred, passes with his train.*

PRINCE HENRY.

But come away; we have not time
 to look.

The crowd already fills the church,
 and yonder

Upon a stage, a herald with a trum-
 pet,

Clad like the Angel Gabriel, pro-
 claims

The Mystery that will now be re-
 presented.

THE NATIVITY

A MIRACLE-PLAY

INTROITUS

PRÆCO.

Come, good people, all and each,
 Come and listen to our speech!
 In your presence here I stand, ³⁴¹
 With a trumpet in my hand,
 To announce the Easter Play,
 Which we represent to-day!
 First of all we shall rehearse,
 In our action and our verse,
 The Nativity of our Lord,
 As written in the old record
 Of the Protevangelion,
 So that he who reads may run!
Blows his trumpet.

I. HEAVEN.

MERCY, *at the feet of God.*

Have pity, Lord! be not afraid
 To save mankind, whom thou hast
 made, ³⁵²
 Nor let the souls that were be-
 trayed
 Perish eternally!

JUSTICE.

It cannot be, it must not be!
When in the garden placed by
thee,
The fruit of the forbidden tree
He ate, and he must die!

MERCY.

Have pity, Lord! let penitence
Atone for disobedience, 360
Nor let the fruit of man's offence
Be endless misery!

JUSTICE.

What penitence proportionate
Can e'er be felt for sin so great?
Of the forbidden fruit he ate,
And damnèd must he be!

GOD.

He shall be saved, if that within
The bounds of earth one free from
sin
Be found, who for his kith and
kin
Will suffer martyrdom. 370

THE FOUR VIRTUES.

Lord! we have searched the world
around,
From centre to the utmost bound,
But no such mortal can be found;
Despairing, back we come.

WISDOM.

No mortal, but a God made man,
Can ever carry out this plan,
Achieving what none other can,
Salvation unto all!

GOD.

Go, then, O my beloved Son!
It can by thee alone be done; 380
By thee the victory shall be won
O'er Satan and the Fall!

*Here the ANGEL GABRIEL shall
leave Paradise and fly towards
the earth; the jaws of Hell open
below, and the Devils walk about,
making a great noise.*

II. MARY AT THE WELL.

MARY.

Along the garden walk, and
thence
Through the wicket in the garden
fence,
I steal with quiet pace,
My pitcher at the well to fill,
That lies so deep and cool and
still
In this sequestered place.

These sycamores keep guard
around;
I see no face, I hear no sound, 390
Save bubblings of the spring,
And my companions, who, within,
The threads of gold and scarlet
spin,
And at their labor sing.

THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

Hail, Virgin Mary, full of grace!
*Here MARY looketh around her,
trembling, and then saith:*

MARY.

Who is it speaketh in this place,
With such a gentle voice?

GABRIEL.

The Lord of heaven is with thee
now!
Blessed among all women thou,
Who art his holy choice! 400

MARY, setting down the pitcher.

What can this mean? No one is
near,
And yet, such sacred words I hear,
I almost fear to stay.

*Here the ANGEL, appearing to her,
shall say:*

GABRIEL.

Fear not, O Mary! but believe!
For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive
A child this very day.
Fear not, O Mary! from the sky

The majesty of the Most High
Shall overshadow thee!

MARY.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord!
According to thy holy word, 411
So be it unto me!

*Here the Devils shall again make
a great noise, under the stage.*

III. THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN
PLANETS, BEARING THE STAR
OF BETHLEHEM.

THE ANGELS.

The Angels of the Planets Seven,
Across the shining fields of heaven
The natal star we bring!
Dropping our sevenfold virtues
down

As priceless jewels in the crown
Of Christ, our new-born King.

RAPHAEL.

I am the Angel of the Sun,
Whose flaming wheels began to
run 420

When God's almighty breath
Said to the darkness and the Night,
Let there be light! and there was
light!

I bring the gift of Faith.

ONAFIEL.

I am the Angel of the Moon,
Darkened to be rekindled soon
Beneath the azure cope!
Nearest to earth, it is my ray
That best illumines the midnight
way;

I bring the gift of Hope! 430

ANAEL.

The Angel of the Star of Love,
The Evening Star, that shines
above

The place where lovers be,
Above all happy hearths and
homes,

On roofs of thatch, or golden
domes,
I give him Charity!

ZOBIACHEL.

The Planet Jupiter is mine!
The mightiest star of all that shine,
Except the sun alone!
He is the High Priest of the Dove,
And sends, from his great throne
above, 441
Justice, that shall atone!

MICHAEL.

The Planet Mercury, whose place
Is nearest to the sun in space,
Is my allotted sphere!
And with celestial ardor swift
I bear upon my hands the gift
Of heavenly Prudence here!

URIEL.

I am the Minister of Mars,
The strongest star among the
stars! 450

My songs of power prelude
The march and battle of man's
life,
And for the suffering and the strife,
I give him Fortitude!

ORIFEL.

The Angel of the uttermost
Of all the shining, heavenly host,
From the far-off expanse
Of the Saturnian, endless space
I bring the last, the crowning
grace,
The gift of Temperance! 460

*A sudden light shines from the
windows of the stable in the vil-
lage below.*

IV. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

*The stable of the Inn. The VIR-
GIN and CHILD. Three Gypsy
Kings, GASPAR, MELCHIOR,
and BELSHAZZAR, shall come
in.*

GASPAR.

Hail to thee, Jesus of Nazareth !
 Though in a manger thou draw
 breath,
 Thou art greater than Life and
 Death,

Greater than Joy or Woe!
 This cross upon the line of life
 Portendeth struggle, toil, and
 strife,
 And through a region with peril
 rife

In darkness shalt thou go !

MELCHIOR.

Hail to thee, King of Jerusa-
 lem!

Though humbly born in Bethle-
 hem, 470

A sceptre and a diadem

Await thy brow and hand!
 The sceptre is a simple reed,
 The crown will make thy temples
 bleed,

And in thine hour of greatest need,
 Abashed thy subjects stand !

BELSHAZZAR.

Hail to thee, Christ of Christen-
 dom!

O'er all the earth thy kingdom
 come!

From distant Trebizond to Rome
 Thy name shall men adore! 480
 Peace and good-will among all
 men,

The Virgin has returned again,
 Returned the old Saturnian reign
 And Golden Age once more.

THE CHILD CHRIST.

Jesus, the Son of God, am I,
 Born here to suffer and to die
 According to the prophecy,
 That other men may live !

THE VIRGIN.

And now these clothes, that
 wrapped Him, take
 And keep them precious, for his
 sake ; 490

Our benediction thus we make,
 Naught else have we to give.

*She gives them swaddling-clothes,
 and they depart.*

V. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

*Here JOSEPH shall come in, lead-
 ing an ass, on which are seated
 MARY and the CHILD.*

MARY.

Here will we rest us, under these
 O'erhanging branches of the trees,
 Where robins chant their Lita-
 nies

And canticles of joy.

JOSEPH.

My saddle-girths have given way
 With trudging through the heat
 to-day ;

To you I think it is but play
 To ride and hold the boy. 500

MARY.

Hark! how the robins shout and
 sing,

As if to hail their infant King!
 I will alight at yonder spring
 To wash his little coat.

JOSEPH.

And I will hobble well the ass,
 Lest, being loose upon the grass,
 He should escape; for, by the
 mass,

He 's nimble as a goat.

*Here MARY shall alight and go to
 the spring.*

MARY.

O Joseph! I am much afraid,
 For men are sleeping in the shade;
 I fear that we shall be waylaid, 511
 And robbed and beaten sore !

*Here a band of robbers shall be
 seen sleeping, two of whom shall
 rise and come forward.*

DUMACHUS.

Cock's soul! deliver up your gold!

JOSEPH.

I pray you, Sirs, let go your hold!
 You see that I am weak and old,
 Of wealth I have no store.

DUMACHUS.

Give up your money!

TITUS.

Prithee cease.
 Let these people go in peace.

DUMACHUS.

First let them pay for their release,
 And then go on their way. 520

TITUS.

These forty groats I give in fee,
 If thou wilt only silent be.

MARY.

May God be merciful to thee
 Upon the Judgment Day!

JESUS.

When thirty years shall have gone
 by,
 I at Jerusalem shall die.
 By Jewish hands exalted high
 On the accursed tree,
 Then on my right and my left side,
 These thieves shall both be cruci-
 fied, 530
 And Titus thenceforth shall abide
 In paradise with me.

*Here a great rumor of trumpets
 and horses, like the noise of a
 king with his army, and the
 robbers shall take flight.*

VI. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

KING HEROD.

Potz-tausend! Himmel-sacrament!
 Filled am I with great wonderment

At this unwelcome news!
 Am I not Herod? Who shall dare
 My crown to take, my sceptre
 bear,

As king among the Jews?

*Here he shall stride up and down
 and flourish his sword.*

What ho! I fain would drink a
 can

Of the strong wine of Canaan!

The wine of Helbon bring 541
 I purchased at the Fair of Tyre,
 As red as blood, as hot as fire,
 And fit for any king!

He quaffs great goblets of wine.

Now at the window will I stand,
 While in the street the armèd
 band

The little children slay;
 The babe just born in Bethlehem
 Will surely slaughtered be with
 them,

Nor live another day! 550

*Here a voice of lamentation shall
 be heard in the street.*

RACHEL.

O wicked king! O cruel speed!
 To do this most unrighteous deed!
 My children all are slain!

HEROD.

Ho seneschal! another cup!
 With wine of Sorek fill it up!
 I would a bumper drain!

RAHAB.

May maledictions fall and blast
 Thyself and lineage, to the last
 Of all thy kith and kin!

HEROD.

Another goblet! quick! and stir
 Pomegranate juice and drops of
 myrrh 561
 And calamus therein!

SOLDIERS, *in the street.*

Give up thy child into our hands!

It is King Herod who commands
That he should thus be slain!

THE NURSE MEDUSA.

O monstrous men! What have ye
done!

It is King Herod's only son
That ye have cleft in twain!

HEROD.

Ah, luckless day! What words of
fear

Are these that smite upon my ear
With such a doleful sound! 571
What torments rack my heart and
head!

Would I were dead! would I were
dead,

And buried in the ground!

*He falls down and writhes as
though eaten by worms. Hell
opens, and SATAN and ASTA-
ROTH come forth, and drag him
down.*

VII. JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS
SCHOOLMATES.

JESUS.

The shower is over. Let us play,
And make some sparrows out of
clay,
Down by the river's side.

JUDAS.

See, how the stream has over-
flowed

Its banks, and o'er the meadow
road

Is spreading far and wide! 580

*They draw water out of the river
by channels, and form little
pools. JESUS makes twelve
sparrows of clay, and the other
boys do the same.*

JESUS.

Look! look how prettily I make
These little sparrows by the lake

Bend down their necks and
drink!

Now will I make them sing and
soar

So far, they shall return no more
Unto this river's brink.

JUDAS.

That canst thou not! They are
but clay,

They cannot sing, nor fly away
Above the meadow lands!

JESUS.

Fly, fly! ye sparrows! you are
free! 590

And while you live, remember
me,

Who made you with my hands.

*Here JESUS shall clap his hands,
and the sparrows shall fly away,
chirruping.*

JUDAS.

Thou art a sorcerer, I know;
Oft has my mother told me so,
I will not play with thee!

He strikes JESUS in the right side.

JESUS.

Ah, Judas! thou hast smote my
side,

And when I shall be crucified,
There shall I pierced be!

*Here JOSEPH shall come in and
say:*

JOSEPH.

Ye wicked boys! why do ye
play,

And break the holy Sabbath day?
What, think ye, will your mothers
say 601

To see you in such plight!

In such a sweat and such a heat,
With all that mud upon your
feet!

There's not a beggar in the street
Makes such a sorry sight!

VIII. THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

The RABBI BEN ISRAEL, *sitting*
on a high stool, with a long
beard, and a rod in his hand.

RABBI.

I am the Rabbi Ben Israel,
Throughout this village known full
well,
And, as my scholars all will tell,
Learned in things divine; ⁶¹⁰
The Cabala and Talmud hoar
Than all the prophets prize I
more,
For water is all Bible lore,
But Mishna is strong wine.

My fame extends from West to
East,
And always, at the Purim feast,
I am as drunk as any beast
That wallows in his sty;
The wine it so elateth me,
That I no difference can see ⁶²⁰
Between 'Accursed Haman be!'
And 'Blessed be Mordecai!'

Come hither, Judas Iscariot;
Say, if thy lesson thou hast got
From the Rabbinical Book or
not.

Why howl the dogs at night?

JUDAS.

In the Rabbinical Book, it saith
The dogs howl, when with icy
breath
Great Sammael, the Angel of
Death,
Takes through the town his
flight! ⁶³⁰

RABBI.

Well, boy! now say, if thou art
wise,
When the Angel of Death, who is
full of eyes,
Comes where a sick man dying
lies,
What doth he to the wight?

JUDAS.

He stands beside him, dark and
tall,
Holding a sword, from which doth
fall
Into his mouth a drop of gall,
And so he turneth white.

RABBI.

And now, my Judas, say to me
What the great Voices Four may
be, ⁶⁴⁰
That quite across the world do
flee,
And are not heard by men?

JUDAS.

The Voice of the Sun in heaven's
dome,
The Voice of the Murmuring of
Rome,
The Voice of a Soul that goeth
home,
And the Angel of the Rain!

RABBI.

Right are thine answers every one!
Now little Jesus, the carpenter's
son,
Let us see how thy task is done;
Canst thou thy letters say? ⁶⁵⁰

JESUS.

Aleph.

RABBI.

What next? Do not stop yet!
Go on with all the alphabet.
Come, Aleph, Beth; dost thou for-
get?
Cock's soul! thou'dst rather
play!

JESUS.

What Aleph means I fain would
know,
Before I any farther go!

RABBI.

Oh, by Saint Peter! wouldst thou
so?

Come hither, boy, to me.
 As surely as the letter Jod
 Once cried aloud, and spake to
 God, 660
 So surely shalt thou feel this
 rod,
 And punished shalt thou be!

*Here RABBI BEN ISRAEL shall
 lift up his rod to strike JESUS,
 and his right arm shall be par-
 alyzed.*

IX. CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.

*JESUS sitting among his play-
 mates crowned with flowers as
 their King.*

BOYS.

We spread our garments on the
 ground!
 With fragrant flowers thy head is
 crowned
 While like a guard we stand
 around,
 And hail thee as our King!
 Thou art the new King of the
 Jews!
 Nor let the passers-by refuse
 To bring that homage which men
 use
 To majesty to bring. 670

*Here a traveller shall go by, and
 the boys shall lay hold of his
 garments and say:*

BOYS.

Come hither! and all reverence
 pay
 Unto our monarch, crowned to-
 day!
 Then go rejoicing on your way,
 In all prosperity!

TRAVELLER.

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,
 Who weareth in his diadem

The yellow crocus for the gem
 Of his authority!

*He passes by; and others come in,
 bearing on a litter a sick child.*

BOYS.

Set down the litter and draw near!
 The King of Bethlehem is here!
 What ails the child, who seems to
 fear 681
 That we shall do him harm?

THE BEARERS.

He climbed up to the robin's nest,
 And out there darted, from his
 rest,
 A serpent with a crimson crest,
 And stung him in the arm.

JESUS.

Bring him to me, and let me
 feel
 The wounded place; my touch can
 heal
 The sting of serpents, and can
 steal
 The poison from the bite! 690
*He touches the wound, and the
 boy begins to cry.*

Cease to lament! I can fore-
 see
 That thou hereafter known shalt
 be,
 Among the men who follow me,
 As Simon the Canaanite!

EPILOGUE.

In the after part of the day
 Will be represented another play,
 Of the Passion of our Blessed
 Lord,
 Beginning directly after Nones!
 At the close of which we shall ac-
 cord,
 By way of benison and reward,
 The sight of a holy Martyr's
 bones! 701

IV

THE ROAD TO HIRSCHAU

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE, *with their attendants on horseback.*

ELSIE.

Onward and onward the highway runs to the distant city, impatiently
bearing
Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of hate, of doing and
daring!

PRINCE HENRY.

This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

ELSIE.

Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with
the stigma
Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark
enigma.

PRINCE HENRY.

Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure with little care of what may be-
tide,
Else why am I travelling here beside thee, a demon that rides by an
angel's side?

ELSIE.

All the hedges are white with dust, and the great dog under the creak-
ing wain
Hangs his head in the lazy heat, while onward the horses toil and
strain. 10

PRINCE HENRY.

Now they stop at the wayside inn, and the wagoner laughs with the
landlord's daughter,
While out of the dripping trough the horses distend their leathern
sides with water.

ELSIE.

All through life there are wayside inns, where man may refresh his
soul with love;
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by springs from
above.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yonder, where rises the cross of stone, our journey along the highway
ends,
And over the fields, by a bridle path, down into the broad green valley
descends.

ELSIE.

I am not sorry to leave behind the beaten road with its dust and heat;
The air will be sweeter far, and the turf will be softer under our horses'
feet.

They turn down a green lane.

ELSIE.

Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the valley stretching for
miles below
Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered with lightest
snow. 20

PRINCE HENRY.

Over our heads a white cascade is gleaming against the distant hill;
We cannot hear it, nor see it move, but it hangs like a banner when
winds are still.

ELSIE.

Damp and cool is this deep ravine, and cool the sound of the brook by
our side!
What is this castle that rises above us, and lords it over a land so wide?

PRINCE HENRY.

It is the home of the Counts of Calva; well have I known these scenes
of old,
Well I remember each tower and turret, remember the brooklet, the
wood, and the wold.

ELSIE.

Hark! from the little village below us the bells of the church are ring-
ing for rain!
Priests and peasants in long procession come forth and kneel on the
arid plain.

PRINCE HENRY.

They have not long to wait, for I see in the south uprising a little cloud,
That before the sun shall be set will cover the sky above us as with a
shroud. 30

They pass on.

THE CONVENT OF HIRSCHAU IN
THE BLACK FOREST.

*The Convent cellar. FRIAR CLAUS
comes in with a light and a bas-
ket of empty flacons.*

FRIAR CLAUS.

I always enter this sacred place
With a thoughtful, solemn, and
reverent pace,
Pausing long enough on each stair
To breathe an ejaculatory prayer,
And a benediction on the vines
That produce these various sorts
of wines!
For my part, I am well con-
tent
That we have got through with the
tedious Lent!

Fasting is all very well for those
Who have to contend with invis-
ible foes; 40
But I am quite sure it does not
agree
With a quiet, peaceable man like
me,
Who am not of that nervous and
meagre kind,
That are always distressed in body
and mind!
And at times it really does me
good
To come down among this brother-
hood,
Dwelling forever underground,
Silent, contemplative, round and
sound;
Each one old, and brown with
mould,

But filled to the lips with the ardor
of youth, 50
With the latent power and love of
truth,
And with virtues fervent and mani-
fold.

I have heard it said, that at
Easter-tide
When buds are swelling on every
side,
And the sap begins to move in the
vine,
Then in all cellars, far and wide,
The oldest as well as the newest
wine
Begins to stir itself, and ferment,
With a kind of revolt and discon-
tent
At being so long in darkness pent,
And fain would burst from its
sombre tun 61

To bask on the hillside in the sun;
As in the bosom of us poor friars,
The tumult of half-subdued de-
sires
For the world that we have left
behind
Disturbs at times all peace of
mind!
And now that we have lived
through Lent,
My duty it is, as often before,
To open awhile the prison-door,
And give these restless spirits
vent. 70

Now here is a cask that stands
alone,
And has stood a hundred years or
more,
Its beard of cobwebs, long and
hoar,
Trailing and sweeping along the
floor,
Like Barbarossa, who sits in his
cave,
Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and
grave,
Till his beard has grown through
the table of stone!

It is of the quick and not of the
dead!

In its veins the blood is hot and
red,

And a heart still beats in those
ribs of oak 80

That time may have tamed, but
has not broke!

It comes from Bacharach on the
Rhine,

Is one of the three best kinds of
wine,

And costs some hundred florins
the ohm;

But that I do not consider dear,
When I remember that every year
Four butts are sent to the Pope of
Rome.

And whenever a goblet thereof I
drain,

The old rhyme keeps running in
my brain:

At Bacharach on the Rhine, 90

At Hochheim on the Main,

And at Würzburg on the Stein,
Grow the three best kinds of wine!

They are all good wines, and
better far

Than those of the Neckar, or those
of the Ahr.

In particular, Würzburg well may
boast

Of its blessed wine of the Holy
Ghost,

Which of all wines I like the most.
This I shall draw for the Abbot's
drinking,

Who seems to be much of my way
of thinking. 100

Fills a flagon.

Ah! how the streamlet laughs and
sings!

What a delicious fragrance springs
From the deep flagon, while it fills,
As of hyacinths and daffodils!

Between this cask and the Abbot's
lips

Many have been the sips and
slips;

Many have been the draughts of wine,
 On their way to his, that have stopped at mine;
 And many a time my soul has hankered
 For a deep draught out of his silver tankard, 110
 When it should have been busy with other affairs,
 Less with its longings and more with its prayers.
 But now there is no such awkward condition,
 No danger of death and eternal perdition;
 So here 's to the Abbot and Brothers all,
 Who dwell in this convent of Peter and Paul!

He drinks.

O cordial delicious! O soother of pain!
 It flashes like sunshine into my brain!
 A benison rest on the Bishop who sends
 Such a fudder of wine as this to his friends! 120
 And now a flagon for such as may ask
 A draught from the noble Bacharach cask,
 And I will be gone, though I know full well
 The cellar 's a cheerfuller place than the cell.
 Behold where he stands, all sound and good,
 Brown and old in his oaken hood:
 Silent he seems externally
 As any Carthusian monk may be;
 But within, what a spirit of deep unrest!
 What a seething and simmering in his breast! 130
 As if the heaving of his great heart
 Would burst his belt of oak apart!
 Let me unloose this button of wood,

And quiet a little his turbulent mood.

Sets it running.

See! how its currents gleam and shine,
 As if they had caught the purple hues
 Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine,
 Descending and mingling with the dews;
 Or as if the grapes were stained with the blood
 Of the innocent boy, who, some years back, 140
 Was taken and crucified by the Jews,
 In that ancient town of Bacharach;
 Perdition upon those infidel Jews,
 In that ancient town of Bacharach!
 The beautiful town, that gives us wine
 With the fragrant odor of Muscadine!
 I should deem it wrong to let this pass
 Without first touching my lips to the glass,
 For here in the midst of the current I stand
 Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of the river, 150
 Taking toll upon either hand,
 And much more grateful to the giver.

He drinks.

Here, now, is a very inferior kind,
 Such as in any town you may find,
 Such as one might imagine would suit
 The rascal who drank wine out of a boot.
 And, after all, it was not a crime,
 For he won thereby Dorf Hüffelsheim.
 A jolly old toper! who at a pull
 Could drink a postilion's jack-boot full, 160
 And ask with a laugh, when that was done,

If the fellow had left the other
one!

This wine is as good as we can
afford

To the friars, who sit at the lower
board,

And cannot distinguish bad from
good,

And are far better off than if they
could,

Being rather the rude disciples of
beer

Than of anything more refined and
dear!

Fills the flagon and departs.

THE SCRIPTORIUM.

FRIAR PACIFICUS *transcribing
and illuminating.*

FRIAR PACIFICUS.

It is growing dark! Yet one line
more,

And then my work for to-day is
o'er. ¹⁷⁰

I come again to the name of the
Lord!

Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among
men,

Let me pause awhile, and wash
my pen;

Pure from blemish and blot must
it be

When it writes that word of mys-
tery!

Thus have I labored on and on,
Nearly through the Gospel of
John.

Can it be that from the lips
Of this same gentle Evangelist, ¹⁸⁰

That Christ himself perhaps has
kissed,

Came the dread Apocalypse!

It has a very awful look,
As it stands there at the end of

the book,
Like the sun in an eclipse.

Ah me! when I think of that vi-
sion divine,

Think of writing it, line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trump of doom, in the
closing verse!

God forgive me! if ever I ¹⁹⁰

Take aught from the book of that
Prophecy,

Lest my part too should be taken
away

From the Book of Life on the
Judgment Day.

This is well written, though I say
it!
I should not be afraid to display
it

In open day, on the selfsame shelf
With the writings of St. Thecla
herself,

Or of Theodosius, who of old
Wrote the Gospels in letters of
gold!

That goodly folio standing yon-
der, ²⁰⁰

Without a single blot or blunder,
Would not bear away the palm
from mine,

If we should compare them line
for line.

There, now, is an initial letter!
Saint Ulric himself never made a
better!

Finished down to the leaf and the
snail,

Down to the eyes on the peacock's
tail!

And now, as I turn the volume
over,

And see what lies between cover
and cover,

What treasures of art these pages
hold, ²¹⁰

All ablaze with crimson and gold,
God forgive me! I seem to feel

A certain satisfaction steal
Into my heart, and into my brain

As if my talent had not lain
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in
vain.

Yes, I might almost say to the
Lord,

Here is a copy of thy Word,
Written out with much toil and
pain;

Take it, O Lord, and let it be ²²⁰
As something I have done for
thee!

He looks from the window.

How sweet the air is! How fair
the scene!

I wish I had as lovely a green
To paint my landscapes and my
leaves!

How the swallows twitter under
the eaves!

There, now, there is one in her nest:
I can just catch a glimpse of her
head and breast,

And will sketch her thus, in her
quiet nook,

For the margin of my Gospel book.

He makes a sketch.

I can see no more. Through the
valley yonder ²³⁰

A shower is passing; I hear the
thunder

Mutter its curses in the air,
The devil's own and only prayer!

The dusty road is brown with rain,
And, speeding on with might and
main,

Hitherward rides a gallant train.
They do not parley, they cannot
wait,

But hurry in at the convent gate.
What a fair lady! and beside her
What a handsome, graceful, noble
rider! ²⁴⁰

Now she gives him her hand to
alight;

They will beg a shelter for the
night.

I will go down to the corridor,
And try to see that face once
more;

It will do for the face of some
beautiful Saint,

Or for one of the Maries I shall
paint.

Goes out.

THE CLOISTERS.

*The ABBOT ERNESTUS pacing to
and fro.*

ABBOT.

Slowly, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the
shade;

Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed.

Round me, o'er me, everywhere, ²⁵¹
All the sky is grand with clouds,

And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in
crowds.

Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red;

Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead.

Darker, darker, and more wan,
In my breast the shadows fall; ²⁶⁰

Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.

From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;

Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

PRINCE HENRY.

Christ is arisen!

ABBOT.

Amen! He is arisen!
His peace be with you!

PRINCE HENRY.

Here it reigns forever!
The peace of God, that passeth
understanding,

Reigns in these cloisters and these
corridors. ²⁷⁰

Are you Ernestus, Abbot of the
convent?

ABBOT.

I am.

PRINCE HENRY.

And I Prince Henry of Hoheneck,

Who crave your hospitality to-night.

ABBOT.

You are thrice welcome to our humble walls.
You do us honor; and we shall requite it,
I fear, but poorly, entertaining you
With Paschal eggs, and our poor convent wine,
The remnants of our Easter holidays.

PRINCE HENRY.

How fares it with the holy monks of Hirschau?
Are all things well with them?

ABBOT.

All things are well.

PRINCE HENRY.

A noble convent! I have known it long ²⁸¹
By the report of travellers. I now see
Their commendations lag behind the truth.
You lie here in the valley of the Nagold
As in a nest: and the still river, gliding
Along its bed, is like an admonition
How all things pass. Your lands are rich and ample,
And your revenues large. God's benediction
Rests on your convent.

ABBOT.

By our charities
We strive to merit it. Our Lord and Master, ²⁹⁰
When He departed, left us in his will,
As our best legacy on earth, the poor!
These we have always with us; had we not,

Our hearts would grow as hard as are these stones.

PRINCE HENRY.

If I remember right, the Counts of Calva
Founded your convent.

ABBOT.

Even as you say.

PRINCE HENRY.

And, if I err not, it is very old.

ABBOT.

Within these cloisters lie already buried
Twelve holy Abbots. Underneath the flags
On which we stand, the Abbot William lies, ³⁰⁰
Of blessed memory.

PRINCE HENRY.

And whose tomb is that,
Which bears the brass escutcheon?

ABBOT.

A benefactor's.
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood
Godfather to our bells.

PRINCE HENRY.

Your monks are learned
And holy men, I trust.

ABBOT.

There are among them
Learned and holy men. Yet in this age
We need another Hildebrand, to shake
And purify us like a mighty wind.
The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder
God does not lose his patience with it wholly, ³¹⁰
And shatter it like glass! Even here, at times,

Within these walls, where all
 should be at peace,
 I have my trials. Time has laid
 his hand
 Upon my heart, gently, not smit-
 ing it,
 But as a harper lays his open
 palm
 Upon his harp, to deaden its vibra-
 tions.
 Ashes are on my head, and on my
 lips
 Sackcloth, and in my breast a
 heaviness
 And weariness of life, that makes
 me ready
 To say to the dead Abbots under
 us, 320
 'Make room for me!' Only I see
 the dusk
 Of evening twilight coming, and
 have not
 Completed half my task; and so
 at times
 The thought of my shortcomings
 in this life
 Falls like a shadow on the life to
 come.

PRINCE HENRY.

We must all die, and not the old
 alone;
 The young have no exemption
 from that doom.

ABBOT.

Ah, yes! the young may die, but
 the old must!
 That is the difference.

PRINCE HENRY.

I have heard much laud
 Of your transcribers. Your Scrip-
 torium 330
 Is famous among all; your manu-
 scripts
 Praised for their beauty and their
 excellence.

ABBOT.

That is indeed our boast. If you
 desire it,

You shall behold these treasures.
 And meanwhile
 Shall the Refectorarius bestow
 Your horses and attendants for
 the night.

They go in. The Vesper-bell rings.

THE CHAPEL.

*Vespers; after which the monks
 retire, a chorister leading an old
 monk who is blind.*

PRINCE HENRY.

They are all gone, save one who
 lingers,
 Absorbed in deep and silent
 prayer.
 As if his heart could find no rest,
 At times he beats his heaving
 breast 340
 With clenched and convulsive fin-
 gers,
 Then lifts them trembling in the
 air.

A chorister, with golden hair,
 Guides hitherward his heavy pace.
 Can it be so? Or does my sight
 Deceive me in the uncertain light?
 Ah no! I recognize that face,
 Though Time has touched it in his
 flight,
 And changed the auburn hair to
 white.

It is Count Hugo of the Rhine, 350
 The deadliest foe of all our race,
 And hateful unto me and mine!

THE BLIND MONK.

Who is it that doth stand so near
 His whispered words I almost
 hear?

PRINCE HENRY.

I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck,
 And you, Count Hugo of the
 Rhine!

I know you, and I see the scar,
 The brand upon your forehead,
 shine
 And redden like a baleful star!

THE BLIND MONK.

Count Hugo once, but now the
wreck 360
Of what I was. O Hoheneck!
The passionate will, the pride, the
wrath
That bore me headlong on my
path,
Stumbled and staggered into fear,
And failed me in my mad career,
As a tired steed some evil-doer,
Alone upon a desolate moor,
Bewildered, lost, deserted, blind,
And hearing loud and close be-
hind
The o'ertaking steps of his pur-
suer. 370
Then suddenly from the dark there
came
A voice that called me by my
name,
And said to me, 'Kneel down and
pray!'
And so my terror passed away,
Passed utterly away forever.
Contrition, penitence, remorse,
Came on me, with o'erwhelming
force;
A hope, a longing, an endeavor,
By days of penance and nights of
prayer,
To frustrate and defeat despair!
Calm, deep, and still is now my
heart, 381
With tranquil waters overflowed;
A lake whose unseen fountains
start,
Where once the hot volcano
glowed.
And you, O Prince of Hoheneck!
Have known me in that earlier
time,
A man of violence and crime,
Whose passions brooked no curb
nor check.
Behold me now, in gentler mood,
One of this holy brotherhood. 390
Give me your hand; here let me
kneel;
Make your reproaches sharp as
steel;

Spurn me, and smite me on each
cheek:
No violence can harm the meek,
There is no wound Christ cannot
heal!
Yes; lift your princely hand, and
take
Revenge, if 't is revenge you seek;
Then pardon me, for Jesus' sake!

PRINCE HENRY.

Arise, Count Hugo! let there
be
No further strife nor enmity 400
Between us twain; we both have
erred!
Too rash in act, too wroth in word,
From the beginning have we stood
In fierce, defiant attitude,
Each thoughtless of the other's
right,
And each reliant on his might.
But now our souls are more sub-
dued;
The hand of God, and not in
vain,
Has touched us with the fire of
pain.
Let us kneel down and side by
side 410
Pray, till our souls are purified,
And pardon will not be denied!

They kneel.

THE REFECTORY.

Gaudiolum of Monks at midnight.
LUCIFER *disguised as a Friar.*

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

Ave! color vini clari,
Dulcis potus, non amari,
Tua nos inebriari
Digneris potentia!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Not so much noise, my worthy
frères,
You'll disturb the Abbot at his
prayers.

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

D! quam placens in colore!
D! quam fragrans in odore! 420
D! quam sapidum in ore!
Dulce linguæ vinculum!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

I should think your tongue had
broken its chain!

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

Felix venter quem intrabis!
Felix guttur quod rigabis!
Felix os quod tu lavabis!
Et beata labia!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Peace! I say, peace!
Will you never cease!
You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell
you again! 430

FRIAR JOHN.

No danger! to-night he will let us
alone,
As I happen to know he has
guests of his own.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Who are they?

FRIAR JOHN.

A German Prince and his train,
Who arrived here just before the
rain.
There is with him a damsel fair to
see,
As slender and graceful as a reed!
When she alighted from her steed,
It seemed like a blossom blown
from a tree.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

None of your pale-faced girls for
me!
None of your damsels of high de-
gree! 440

FRIAR JOHN.

Come, old fellow, drink down to
your peg!

But do not drink any further, I
beg!

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

In the days of gold,
The days of old,
Crosier of wood
And bishop of gold!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

What an infernal racket and riot!
Can you not drink your wine in
quiet?
Why fill the convent with such
scandals,
As if we were so many drunken
Vandals? 450

FRIAR PAUL *continues.*

Now we have changed
That law so good
To crosier of gold
And bishop of wood!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Well, then, since you are in the
mood
To give your noisy humors vent,
Sing and howl to your heart's con-
tent!

CHORUS OF MONKS.

Funde vinum, funde!
Tanquam sint fluminis undæ,
Nec quæras unde, 460
Sed fundas semper abunde!

FRIAR JOHN.

What is the name of yonder friar,
With an eye that glows like a coal
of fire,
And such a black mass of tan-
gled hair?

FRIAR PAUL.

He who is sitting there,
With a rollicking,
Devil may care,
Free and easy look and air,
As if he were used to such feasting
and frolicking?

FRIAR JOHN.

The same.

FRIAR PAUL.

He 's a stranger. You had better
ask his name, 470
And where he is going and whence
he came.

FRIAR JOHN.

Hallo ! Sir Friar !

FRIAR PAUL.

You must raise your voice a little
higher,
He does not seem to hear what
you say.
Now, try again ! He is looking
this way.

FRIAR JOHN.

Hallo ! Sir Friar,
We wish to inquire
Whence you came, and where you
are going,
And anything else that is worth
the knowing.
So be so good as to open your
head. 480

LUCIFER.

I am a Frenchman born and bred,
Going on a pilgrimage to Rome.
My home
Is the convent of St. Gildas de
Rhuys,
Of which, very like, you never
have heard.

MONKS.

Never a word !

LUCIFER.

You must know, then, it is in the
diocese
Called the Diocese of Vannes,
In the province of Brittany.
From the gray rocks of Morbihan
It overlooks the angry sea ; 491
The very sea-shore where,
In his great despair,

Abbot Abelard walked to and fro,
Filling the night with woe,
And wailing aloud to the merciless
seas

The name of his sweet Heloise,
Whilst overhead
The convent windows gleamed as
red

As the fiery eyes of the monks
within, 500

Who with jovial din
Gave themselves up to all kinds of
sin !

Ha ! that is a convent ! that is an
abbey !

Over the doors,
None of your death-heads carved
in wood,

None of your Saints looking pious
and good,

None of your Patriarchs old and
shabby !

But the heads and tusks of boars,
And the cells

Hung all round with the fells 510
Of the fallow-deer.

And then what cheer !

What jolly, fat friars,
Sitting round the great, roaring
fires,

Roaring louder than they,

With their strong wines,

And their concubines,

And never a bell,

With its swagger and swell,

Calling you up with a start of af-
fright 520

In the dead of night,

To send you grumbling down dark
stairs,

To mumble your prayers ;

But the cheery crow

Of cocks in the yard below,

After daybreak, an hour or so,

And the barking of deep-mouthed
hounds,

These are the sounds

That, instead of bells, salute the
ear.

And then all day 530
Up and away

Through the forest, hunting the
deer!

Ah, my friends! I'm afraid that
here

You are a little too pious, a little
too tame,

And the more is the shame.

'T is the greatest folly

Not to be jolly;

That's what I think!

Come, drink, drink,

Drink, and die game! 540

MONKS.

And your Abbot What's-his-
name?

LUCIFER.

Abelard!

MONKS.

Did he drink hard?

LUCIFER.

Oh, no! Not he!

He was a dry old fellow,

Without juice enough to get thor-
oughly mellow.

There he stood,

Lowering at us in sullen mood,

As if he had come into Brittany

Just to reform our brotherhood!

A roar of laughter.

But you see 551

It never would do!

For some of us knew a thing or
two,

In the Abbey of St. Gildas de
Rhuys!

For instance, the great ado

With old Fulbert's niece,

The young and lovely Heloise.

FRIAR JOHN.

Stop there, if you please,

Till we drink to the fair Heloise.

ALL, drinking and shouting.

Heloise! Heloise! 560

The Chapel-bell tolls.

LUCIFER, *starting.*

What is that bell for? Are you
such asses

As to keep up the fashion of mid-
night masses?

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

It is only a poor, unfortunate bro-
ther,

Who is gifted with most miracu-
lous powers

Of getting up at all sorts of hours,
And, by way of penance and
Christian meekness,

Of creeping silently out of his cell
To take a pull at that hideous
bell;

So that all the monks who are
lying awake

May murmur some kind of prayer
for his sake, 570

And adapted to his peculiar weak-
ness!

FRIAR JOHN.

From frailty and fall—

ALL.

Good Lord, deliver us all!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

And before the bell for matins
sounds,

He takes his lantern, and goes the
rounds,

Flashing it into our sleepy eyes,
Merely to say it is time to arise.

But enough of that. Go on, if you
please,

With your story about St. Gildas
de Rhuys.

LUCIFER.

Well, it finally came to pass 580
That, half in fun and half in mal-
ice,

One Sunday at Mass

We put some poison into the
chalice.

But, either by accident or design,
Peter Abelard kept away

From the chapel that day,
 And a poor young friar, who in his
 stead
 Drank the sacramental wine,
 Fell on the steps of the altar, dead !
 But look ! do you see at the window
 there 590
 That face, with a look of grief and
 despair,
 That ghastly face, as of one in
 pain ?

MONKS.

Who ? where ?

LUCIFER.

As I spoke, it vanished away
 again.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

It is that nefarious
 Siebald the Refectorarius.
 That fellow is always playing the
 scout,
 Creeping and peeping and prowling
 about ;
 And then he regales
 The Abbot with scandalous tales.

LUCIFER.

A spy in the convent ? One of the
 brothers 601
 Telling scandalous tales of the
 others ?
 Out upon him, the lazy loon !
 I would put a stop to that pretty
 soon,
 In a way he should rue it.

MONKS.

How shall we do it ?

LUCIFER.

Do you, brother Paul,
 Creep under the window, close to
 the wall,
 And open it suddenly when I call.
 Then seize the villain by the hair,
 And hold him there, 611
 And punish him soundly, once for
 all.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

As St. Dunstan of old,
 We are told,
 Once caught the Devil by the nose !

LUCIFER.

Ha ! ha ! that story is very clever,
 But has no foundation whatso-
 ever.

Quick ! for I see his face again
 Glaring in at the window-pane ;
 Now ! now ! and do not spare your
 blows. 620

FRIAR PAUL *opens the window
 suddenly, and seizes SIEBALD.*

They beat him.

FRIAR SIEBALD.

Help ! help ! are you going to slay
 me ?

FRIAR PAUL.

That will teach you again to be-
 tray me !

FRIAR SIEBALD.

Mercy ! mercy !

FRIAR PAUL, *shouting and beat-
 ing.*

Rumpas bellorum lorum
 Vim confer amorum
 Morum verorum rorum
 Tu plena polorum !

LUCIFER.

Who stands in the doorway yon-
 der,
 Stretching out his trembling hand,
 Just as Abelard used to stand,
 The flash of his keen, black eyes
 Forerunning the thunder ? 632

THE MONKS, *in confusion.*

The Abbot ! the Abbot !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

And what is the wonder !
 He seems to have taken you by
 surprise.

FRIAR FRANCIS.

Hide the great flagon
From the eyes of the dragon!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Pull the brown hood over your
face!
This will bring us into disgrace!

ABBOT.

What means this revel and ca-
rouse?
Is this a tavern and drinking-
house? 640
Are you Christian monks, or
heathen devils,
To pollute this convent with your
revels?
Were Peter Damian still upon
earth,
To be shocked by such ungodly
mirth,
He would write your names, with
pen of gall,
In his Book of Gomorrah, one and
all!
Away, you drunkards! to your
cells,
And pray till you hear the matin-
bells;
You, Brother Francis, and you,
Brother Paul!
And as a penance mark each
prayer 650
With the scourge upon your
shoulders bare;
Nothing atones for such a sin
But the blood that follows the dis-
cipline.
And you, Brother Cuthbert, come
with me
Alone into the sacristy;
You, who should be a guide to
your brothers,
And are ten times worse than all
the others,
For you I've a draught that has
long been brewing,
You shall do a penance worth the
doing!

Away to your prayers, then, one
and all!
I wonder the very convent wall
Does not crumble and crush you
in its fall! 660

THE NEIGHBORING NUNNERY.

*The ABBESS IRMINGARD sitting
with ELSIE in the moonlight.*

IRMINGARD.

The night is silent, the wind is
still,
The moon is looking from yonder
hill
Down upon convent, and grove,
and garden;
The clouds have passed away from
her face,
Leaving behind them no sorrowful
trace,
Only the tender and quiet grace
Of one whose heart has been
healed with pardon!

And such am I. My soul within
Was dark with passion and soiled
with sin. 671
But now its wounds are healed
again;
Gone are the anguish, the terror,
and pain;
For across that desolate land of
woe,
O'er whose burning sands I was
forced to go,
A wind from heaven began to
blow;
And all my being trembled and
shook,
As the leaves of the tree, or the
grass of the field,
And I was healed, as the sick are
healed,
When fanned by the leaves of the
Holy Book! 680

As thou sittest in the moonlight
there,
Its glory flooding thy golden hair,

And the only darkness that which
lies
In the haunted chambers of thine
eyes,
I feel my soul drawn unto thee,
Strangely, and strongly, and more
and more,
As to one I have known and loved
before;

For every soul is akin to me
That dwells in the land of mys-
tery!

I am the Lady Irmingard, 690
Born of a noble race and name!
Many a wandering Suabian bard,
Whose life was dreary, and bleak,
and hard,
Has found through me the way to
fame.

Brief and bright were those days,
and the night
Which followed was full of a lurid
light.

Love, that of every woman's heart
Will have the whole, and not a
part,

That is to her, in Nature's plan,
More than ambition is to man, 700
Her light, her life, her very breath,
With no alternative but death,
Found me a maiden soft and
young,
Just from the convent's cloistered
school,

And seated on my lowly stool,
Attentive while the minstrels sung.

Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,
Fairest, noblest, best of all,
Was Walter of the Vogelweid;
And, whatsoever may betide, 710
Still I think of him with pride!
His song was of the summer-time,
The very birds sang in his rhyme;
The sunshine, the delicious air,
The fragrance of the flowers, were
there;

And I grew restless as I heard,
Restless and buoyant as a bird,
Down soft, aerial currents sailing,

O'er blossomed orchards, and fields
in bloom,
And through the momentary gloom
Of shadows o'er the landscape
trailing, 721
Yielding and borne I knew not
where,
But feeling resistance unavailing.

And thus, unnoticed and apart,
And more by accident than choice,
I listened to that single voice
Until the chambers of my heart
Were filled with it by night and
day.

One night,— it was a night in
May,—

Within the garden, unawares, 730
Under the blossoms in the gloom,
I heard it utter my own name
With protestations and wild
prayers;

And it rang through me, and be-
came

Like the archangel's trump of
doom,
Which the soul hears, and must
obey;

And mine arose as from a tomb.
My former life now seemed to
me

Such as hereafter death may be,
When in the great Eternity 740
We shall awake and find it day.

It was a dream, and would not
stay;

A dream, that in a single night
Faded and vanished out of sight.
My father's anger followed fast
This passion, as a freshening blast
Seeks out and fans the fire, whose
rage

It may increase, but not assuage.
And he exclaimed: 'No wander-
ing bard

Shall win thy hand, O Irmin-
gard!

For which Prince Henry of Hohe-
neck 751
By messenger and letter sues.'

Gently, but firmly, I replied:
 'Henry of Hoheneck I discard!
 Never the hand of Irmingard
 Shall lie in his as the hand of a
 bride!'

This said I, Walter, for thy sake;
 This said I, for I could not choose.
 After a pause, my father spake
 In that cold and deliberate tone
 Which turns the hearer into stone,
 And seems itself the act to be ⁷⁶²
 That follows with such dread cer-
 tainty:

'This or the cloister and the veil!
 No other words than these he said,
 But they were like a funeral wail;
 My life was ended, my heart was
 dead.

That night from the castle-gate
 went down,

With silent, slow, and stealthy
 pace,

Two shadows, mounted on shad-
 owy steeds, ⁷⁷⁰

Taking the narrow path that leads
 Into the forest dense and brown.

In the leafy darkness of the place,
 One could not distinguish form nor
 face,

Only a bulk without a shape,
 A darker shadow in the shade;
 One scarce could say it moved or
 stayed.

Thus it was we made our escape!
 A foaming brook, with many a
 bound,

Followed us like a playful hound;
 Then leaped before us, and in the
 hollow ⁷⁸¹

Paused, and waited for us to fol-
 low,

And seemed impatient, and afraid
 That our tardy flight should be be-
 trayed

By the sound our horses' hoof-
 beats made.

And when we reached the plain
 below,

We paused a moment and drew
 rein

To look back at the castle again;
 And we saw the windows all aglow
 With lights, that were passing to
 and fro; ⁷⁹⁰

Our hearts with terror ceased to
 beat;

The brook crept silent to our feet:
 We knew what most we feared to
 know.

Then suddenly horns began to
 blow;

And we heard a shout, and a heavy
 tramp,

And our horses snorted in the
 damp

Night-air of the meadows green
 and wide,

And in a moment, side by side,
 So close, they must have seemed
 but one,

The shadows across the moonlight
 run, ⁸⁰⁰

And another came, and swept be-
 hind,

Like the shadow of clouds before
 the wind!

How I remember that breathless
 flight

Across the moors, in the summer
 night!

How under our feet the long, white
 road

Backward like a river flowed,
 Sweeping with it fences and
 hedges,

Whilst farther away and over-
 head,

Paler than I, with fear and dread,
 The moon fled with us as we fled
 Along the forest's jagged edges!

All this I can remember well: ⁸¹²
 But of what afterwards befell

I nothing further can recall
 Than a blind, desperate, headlong
 fall;

The rest is a blank and darkness
 all.

When I awoke out of this swoon,
 The sun was shining, not the moon,

Making a cross upon the wall
 With the bars of my windows nar-
 row and tall; 820
 And I prayed to it, as I had been
 wont to pray,
 From early childhood, day by day,
 Each morning, as in bed I lay!
 I was lying again in my own room!
 And I thanked God, in my fever
 and pain,
 That those shadows on the mid-
 night plain
 Were gone, and could not come
 again!
 I struggled no longer with my
 doom!

This happened many years ago.
 I left my father's home to come
 Like Catherine to her martyrdom,
 For blindly I esteemed it so. 832
 And when I heard the convent
 door
 Behind me close, to ope no more,
 I felt it smite me like a blow.
 Through all my limbs a shudder
 ran,
 And on my bruised spirit fell
 The dampness of my narrow cell
 As night-air on a wounded man,
 Giving intolerable pain. 840

But now a better life began.
 I felt the agony decrease
 By slow degrees, then wholly
 cease,
 Ending in perfect rest and peace!
 It was not apathy, nor dulness,
 That weighed and pressed upon
 my brain,
 But the same passion I had given
 To earth before, now turned to
 heaven
 With all its overflowing fulness.

Alas! the world is full of peril!
 The path that runs through the
 fairest meads, 851
 On the sunniest side of the valley,
 leads
 Into a region bleak and sterile!

Alike in the high-born and the
 lowly,
 The will is feeble, and passion
 strong.
 We cannot sever right from wrong;
 Some falsehood mingles with all
 truth;
 Nor is it strange the heart of
 youth
 Should waver and comprehend but
 slowly
 The things that are holy and un-
 holy! 860
 But in this sacred, calm retreat,
 We are all well and safely shield-
 ed
 From winds that blow, and waves
 that beat,
 From the cold, and rain, and
 blighting heat,
 To which the strongest hearts
 have yielded.
 Here we stand as the Virgins
 Seven,
 For our celestial bridegroom yearn-
 ing;
 Our hearts are lamps forever burn-
 ing,
 With a steady and unwavering
 flame, 869
 Pointing upward, forever the same,
 Steadily upward toward the hea-
 ven!

The moon is hidden behind a cloud;
 A sudden darkness fills the room,
 And thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,
 Shine like jewels in a shroud.
 On the leaves is a sound of falling
 rain;
 A bird, awakened in its nest,
 Gives a faint twitter of unrest,
 Then smooths its plumes and
 sleeps again. 879
 No other sounds than these I hear;
 The hour of midnight must be near.
 Thou art o'erspent with the day's
 fatigue
 Of riding many a dusty league;
 Sink, then, gently to thy slumber;
 Me so many cares encumber,

So many ghosts, and forms of
fright,
Have started from their graves to-
night,
They have driven sleep from mine
eyes away:
I will go down to the chapel and
pray.

V

A COVERED BRIDGE AT LU-
CERNE

PRINCE HENRY.

God's blessing on the architects
who build
The bridges o'er swift rivers and
abysses
Before impassable to human feet,
No less than on the builders of
cathedrals,
Whose massive walls are bridges
thrown across
The dark and terrible abyss of
Death.
Well has the name of Pontifex
been given
Unto the Church's head, as the
chief builder
And architect of the invisible
bridge
That leads from earth to heaven.

ELSIE.

How dark it grows!
What are these paintings on the
walls around us? 11

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance Macaber!

ELSIE.

What?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance of Death!
All that go to and fro must look
upon it,
Mindful of what they shall be,
while beneath,

Among the wooden piles, the tur-
bulent river
Rushes, impetuous as the river of
life,
With dimpling eddies, ever green
and bright,
Save where the shadow of this
bridge falls on it.

ELSIE.

Oh yes! I see it now!

PRINCE HENRY.

The grim musician
Leads all men through the mazes
of that dance, 20
To different sounds in different
measures moving;
Sometimes he plays a lute, some-
times a drum,
To tempt or terrify.

ELSIE.

What is this picture?

PRINCE HENRY.

It is a young man singing to a
nun,
Who kneels at her devotions, but
in kneeling
Turns round to look at him; and
Death, meanwhile,
Is putting out the candles on the
altar!

ELSIE.

Ah, what a pity 't is that she should
listen
Unto such songs, when in her ori-
sons
She might have heard in heaven
the angels singing! 30

PRINCE HENRY.

Here he has stolen a jester's cap
and bells,
And dances with the Queen.

ELSIE.

A foolish jest!

PRINCE HENRY.

And here the heart of the new-wedded wife,
Coming from church with her beloved lord,
He startles with the rattle of his drum.

ELSIE.

Ah, that is sad! And yet perhaps 't is best
That she should die, with all the sunshine on her,
And all the benedictions of the morning,
Before this affluence of golden light
Shall fade into a cold and clouded gray, 40
Then into darkness!

PRINCE HENRY.

Under it is written,
'Nothing but death shall separate thee and me!'

ELSIE.

And what is this, that follows close upon it?

PRINCE HENRY.

Death, playing on a dulcimer. Behind him,
A poor old woman, with a rosary,
Follows the sound, and seems to wish her feet
Were swifter to o'ertake him. Underneath,
The inscription reads, 'Better is Death than Life.'

ELSIE.

Better is Death than Life! Ah yes! to thousands
Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings 50
That song of consolation, till the air
Rings with it, and they cannot choose but follow •

Whither he leads. And not the old alone,
But the young also hear it, and are still.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yes, in their sadder moments. 'T is the sound
Of their own hearts they hear, half full of tears,
Which are like crystal cups, half filled with water,
Responding to the pressure of a finger
With music sweet and low and melancholy.
Let us go forward, and no longer stay 60
In this great picture-gallery of Death!
I hate it! ay, the very thought of it!

ELSIE.

Why is it hateful to you?

PRINCE HENRY.

For the reason
That life, and all that speaks of life, is lovely,
And death, and all that speaks of death, is hateful.

ELSIE.

The grave itself is but a covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!

PRINCE HENRY, *emerging from the bridge.*

I breathe again more freely! Ah, how pleasant
To come once more into the light of day,
Out of that shadow of death! To hear again 70
The hoof-beats of our horses on firm ground,
And not upon those hollow planks, resounding

With a sepulchral echo, like the
 clods
 On coffins in a churchyard! Yonder
 lies
 The Lake of the Four Forest-
 Towns, appavelled
 In light, and lingering, like a vil-
 lage maiden,
 Hid in the bosom of her native
 mountains,
 Then pouring all her life into
 another's,
 Changing her name and being!
 Overhead,
 Shaking his cloudy tresses loose
 in air, 80
 Rises Pilatus, with his windy
 pines.

They pass on.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE cross-
 ing with attendants.

GUIDE.

This bridge is called the Devil's
 Bridge.
 With a single arch. from ridge to
 ridge,
 It leaps across the terrible chasm
 Yawning beneath us, black and
 deep,
 As if, in some convulsive spasm,
 The summits of the hills had
 cracked,
 And made a road for the cataract
 That raves and rages down the
 steep!

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha!

90

GUIDE.

Never any bridge but this
 Could stand across the wild abyss;
 All the rest, of wood or stone,
 By the Devil's hand were over-
 thrown.
 He toppled crags from the preci-
 pice,

And whatsoe'er was built by day
 In the night was swept away;
 None could stand but this alone.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha!

GUIDE.

I showed you in the valley a bowl-
 der 100
 Marked with the imprint of his
 shoulder;
 As he was bearing it up this
 way,
 A peasant, passing, cried, 'Herr
 JÉ!'
 And the Devil dropped it in his
 fright,
 And vanished suddenly out of
 sight!

LUCIFER *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha!

GUIDE.

Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel,
 For pilgrims on their way to Rome,
 Built this at last, with a single
 arch, 109
 Under which, on its endless march,
 Runs the river, white with foam,
 Like a thread through the eye of a
 needle.
 And the Devil promised to let it
 stand,
 Under compact and condition
 That the first living thing which
 crossed
 Should be surrendered into his
 hand,
 And be beyond redemption lost.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha! perdition!

GUIDE.

At length, the bridge being all
 completed,
 The Abbot, standing at its head, 120
 Threw across it a loaf of bread,
 Which a hungry dog sprang after,

And the rocks reëchoed with the
peals of laughter
To see the Devil thus defeated!
They pass on.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha! defeated!
For journeys and for crimes like
this
I let the bridge stand o'er the
abyss!

THE ST. GOTHARD PASS.

PRINCE HENRY.

This is the highest point. Two
ways the rivers
Leap down to different seas, and
as they roll
Grow deep and still, and their ma-
jestic presence ¹³⁰
Becomes a benefaction to the
towns
They visit, wandering silently
among them,
Like patriarchs old among their
shining tents.

ELSIE.

How bleak and bare it is! No-
thing but mosses
Grow on these rocks.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yet are they not forgotten;
Beneficent Nature sends the mists
to feed them.

ELSIE.

See yonder little cloud, that, borne
aloft
So tenderly by the wind, floats
fast away
Over the snowy peaks! It seems
to me
The body of St. Catherine, borne
by angels! ¹⁴⁰

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou art St. Catherine, and invis-
ible angels

Bear thee across these chasms and
precipices,
Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet
against a stone!

ELSIE.

Would I were borne unto my grave,
as she was,
Upon angelic shoulders! Even
now
I seem uplifted by them, light as
air!
What sound is that?

PRINCE HENRY.

The tumbling avalanches!

ELSIE.

How awful, yet how beautiful!

PRINCE HENRY.

These are
The voices of the mountains!
Thus they ope
Their snowy lips, and speak unto
each other, ¹⁵⁰
In the primeval language, lost to
man.

ELSIE.

What land is this that spreads it-
self beneath us?

PRINCE HENRY.

Italy! Italy!

ELSIE.

Land of the Madonna!
How beautiful it is! It seems a
garden
Of Paradise!

PRINCE HENRY.

Nay, of Gethsemane
To thee and me, of passion and of
prayer!
Yet once of Paradise. Long years
ago
I wandered as a youth among its
bowers,
And never from my heart has
faded quite

Its memory, that, like a summer
sunset, 160
Encircles with a ring of purple
light
All the horizon of my youth.

GUIDE.

O friends!

The days are short, the way before
us long;
We must not linger, if we think to
reach
The inn at Belinzona before ves-
pers!

They pass on.

AT THE FOOT OF THE ALPS.

A halt under the trees at noon.

PRINCE HENRY.

Here let us pause a moment in the
trembling
Shadow and sunshine of the road-
side trees,
And, our tired horses in a group
assembling,
Inhale long draughts of this de-
licious breeze.
Our fleeter steeds have distanced
our attendants; 170
They lag behind us with a slower
pace;
We will await them under the
green pendants
Of the great willows in this shady
place.
Ho, Barbarossa! how thy mottled
haunches
Sweat with this canter over hill
and glade!
Stand still, and let these overhang-
ing branches
Fan thy hot sides and comfort
thee with shade!

ELSIE.

What a delightful landscape
spreads before us,
Marked with a whitewashed cot-
tage here and there!

And, in luxuriant garlands droop-
ing o'er us, 180
Blossoms of grape-vines scent the
sunny air!

PRINCE HENRY.

Hark! what sweet sounds are
those, whose accents holy
Fill the warm noon with music sad
and sweet!

ELSIE.

It is a band of pilgrims, moving
slowly
On their long journey, with uncov-
ered feet.

PILGRIMS, *chanting the Hymn of
St. Hildebert.*

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion David, urbs tranquilla,
Cujus faber auctor lucis,
Cujus portæ lignum crucis,
Cujus claves lingua Petri, 190
Cujus cives semper læti,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos Rex festivus!

LUCIFER, *as a Friar in the pro-
cession.*

Here am I, too, in the pious band,
In the garb of a barefooted Car-
melite dressed!
The soles of my feet are as hard
and tanned
As the conscience of old Pope
Hildebrand,
The Holy Satan, who made the
wives
Of the bishops lead such shameful
lives.
All day long I beat my breast, 200
And chant with a most particular
zest
The Latin hymns, which I under-
stand
Quite as well, I think, as the rest.
And at night such lodging in barns
and sheds,
Such a hurly-burly in country inns
Such a clatter of tongues in empty
heads,

Such a helter-skelter of prayers
and sins!

Of all the contrivances of the time
For sowing broadcast the seeds of
crime,

There is none so pleasing to me
and mine 210

As a pilgrimage to some far-off
shrine!

PRINCE HENRY.

If from the outward man we judge
the inner,

And cleanliness is godliness, I
fear

A hopeless reprobate, a hardened
sinner,

Must be that Carmelite now pass-
ing near.

LUCIFER.

There is my German Prince again,
Thus far on his journey to Salern,
And the lovesick girl, whose heated
brain

Is sowing the cloud to reap the
rain;

But it's a long road that has no
turn! 220

Let them quietly hold their way,
I have also a part in the play.

But first I must act to my heart's
content

This mummery and this merri-
ment,

And drive this motley flock of
sheep

Into the fold, where drink and
sleep

The jolly old friars of Benevent.
Of a truth, it often provokes me to
laugh

To see these beggars hobble along,
Lamed and maimed, and fed upon
chaff, 230

Chanting their wonderful piff and
paff,

And, to make up for not under-
standing the song,

Singing it fiercely, and wild, and
strong!

Were it not for my magic garters
and staff,

And the goblets of goodly wine I
quaff,

And the mischief I make in the
idle throng,

I should not continue the business
long.

PILGRIMS, *chanting.*

In hâc urbe, lux solennis,

Ver æternum, pax perennis;

In hâc odor implens cælos, 240

In hâc semper festum melos!

PRINCE HENRY.

Do you observe that monk among
the train,

Who pours from his great throat
the roaring bass,

As a cathedral spout pours out the
rain,

And this way turns his rubicund,
round face?

ELSIE.

It is the same who, on the Stras-
burg square,

Preached to the people in the open
air.

PRINCE HENRY.

And he has crossed o'er mountain,
field, and fell,

On that good steed, that seems to
bear him well,

The hackney of the Friars of Or-
ders Gray, 250

His own stout legs! He, too, was
in the play,

Both as King Herod and Ben Is-
rael.

Good morrow, Friar!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Good morrow, noble Sir'

PRINCE HENRY.

I speak in German, for, unless I
err,

You are a German.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

I cannot gainsay you.
But by what instinct, or what secret sign,
Meeting me here, do you straightway divine
That northward of the Alps my country lies ?

PRINCE HENRY.

Your accent, like St. Peter's, would betray you,
Did not your yellow beard and your blue eyes. ²⁶⁰
Moreover, we have seen your face before,
And heard you preach at the Cathedral door
On Easter Sunday, in the Strasburg square.
We were among the crowd that gathered there,
And saw you play the Rabbi with great skill,
As if, by leaning o'er so many years
To walk with little children, your own will
Had caught a childish attitude from theirs,
A kind of stooping in its form and gait,
And could no longer stand erect and straight. ²⁷⁰
Whence come you now ?

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

From the old monastery
Of Hirschau, in the forest ; being sent
Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent,
To see the image of the Virgin Mary,
That moves its holy eyes, and sometimes speaks,
And lets the piteous tears run down its cheeks,
To touch the hearts of the impenitent.

PRINCE HENRY.

Oh, had I faith, as in the days gone by,
That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery !

LUCIFER, *at a distance.*

Ho, Cuthbert ! Friar Cuthbert !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Farewell, Prince !
I cannot stay to argue and convince. ²⁸¹

PRINCE HENRY.

This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer !
All hearts are touched and softened at her name,
Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present !
And even as children, who have much offended
A too indulgent father, in great shame, ²⁹⁰
Penitent, and yet not daring untended
To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait
Till she goes in before and intercedes ;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
With their requests an angry father's ear,
Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
And she for them in heaven makes intercession.

And if our Faith had given us no-
 thing more 300
 Than this example of all woman-
 hood,
 So mild, so merciful, so strong, so
 good,
 So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving,
 pure,
 This were enough to prove it
 higher and truer
 Than all the creeds the world had
 known before.

PILGRIMS, *chanting afar off.*

Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,
 Supra petram collocata,
 Urbs in portu satis tuto
 De longinquo te saluto,
 Te saluto, te suspiro, 310
 Te affecto, te requiro!

THE INN AT GENOA.

*A terrace overlooking the sea.
 Night.*

PRINCE HENRY.

It is the sea, it is the sea,
 In all its vague immensity,
 Fading and darkening in the dis-
 tance!
 Silent, majestical, and slow,
 The white ships haunt it to and
 fro,
 With all their ghostly sails un-
 furled,
 As phantoms from another world
 Haunt the dim confines of exist-
 ence!
 But ah! how few can compre-
 hend 320
 Their signals, or to what good
 end
 From land to land they come and
 go!
 Upon a sea more vast and dark
 The spirits of the dead embark,
 All voyaging to unknown coasts.
 We wave our farewells from the
 shore.

And they depart, and come no
 more,
 Or come as phantoms and as
 ghosts.

Above the darksome sea of death,
 Looms the great life that is to
 be, 330
 A land of cloud and mystery,
 A dim mirage, with shapes of men
 Long dead, and passed beyond our
 ken.

Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our
 breath

Till the fair pageant vanisheth,
 Leaving us in perplexity,
 And doubtful whether it has been
 A vision of the world unseen,
 Or a bright image of our own
 Against the sky in vapors thrown.

LUCIFER, *singing from the sea.*

Thou didst not make it, thou canst
 not mend it, 341
 But thou hast the power to end it!
 The sea is silent, the sea is dis-
 creet,

Deep it lies at thy very feet;
 There is no confessor like unto
 Death!

Thou canst not see him, but he is
 near;

Thou needst not whisper above
 thy breath,
 And he will hear;

He will answer the questions,
 The vague surmises and sugges-
 tions, 350

That fill thy soul with doubt and
 fear!

PRINCE HENRY.

The fisherman, who lies afloat,
 With shadowy sail, in yonder boat,
 Is singing softly to the Night!

But do I comprehend aright
 The meaning of the words he sung
 So sweetly in his native tongue?

Ah yes! the sea is still and deep.
 All things within its bosom sleep!
 A single step, and all is o'er: 360

A plunge, a bubble, and no more ;
 And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be
 free
 From martyrdom and agony.

ELSIE, *coming from her chamber
 upon the terrace.*

The night is calm and cloudless,
 And still as still can be,
 And the stars come forth to lis-
 ten

To the music of the sea.
 They gather, and gather, and
 gather,

Until they crowd the sky,
 And listen, in breathless si-
 lence, 370

To the solemn litany.

It begins in rocky caverns,
 As a voice that chants alone
 To the pedals of the organ
 In monotonous undertone ;
 And anon from shelving beaches,
 And shallow sands beyond,
 In snow-white robes uprising
 The ghostly choirs respond.

And sadly and unceasing 380
 The mournful voice sings on,
 And the snow-white choirs still
 answer

Christe eleison!

PRINCE HENRY.

Angel of God ! thy finer sense per-
 ceives

Celestial and perpetual harmo-
 nies !

Thy purer soul, that trembles and
 believes,

Hears the archangel's trumpet in
 the breeze,

And where the forest rolls, or
 ocean heaves,

Cecilia's organ sounding in the
 seas,

And tongues of prophets speaking
 in the leaves. 390

But I hear discord only and de-
 spair,

And whispers as of demons in the
 air!

AT SEA.

IL PADRONE.

The wind upon our quarter lies.
 And on before the freshening gale,
 That fills the snow-white lateen
 sail,

Swiftly our light felucca flies.
 Around, the billows burst and
 foam ;

They lift her o'er the sunken rock,
 They beat her sides with many a
 shock,

And then upon their flowing dome
 They poise her, like a weather-
 cock ! 401

Between us and the western skies
 The hills of Corsica arise ;

Eastward, in yonder long blue line,
 The summits of the Apennine,
 And southward, and still far away,
 Salerno, on its sunny bay.

You cannot see it, where it lies.

PRINCE HENRY.

Ah, would that never more mine
 eyes

Might see its towers by night or
 day ! 410

ELSIE.

Behind us, dark and awfully,
 There comes a cloud out of the
 sea,

That bears the form of a hunted
 deer,

With hide of brown, and hoofs of
 black,

And antlers laid upon its back,
 And fleeing fast and wild with
 fear,

As if the hounds were on its track !

PRINCE HENRY.

Lo ! while we gaze, it breaks and
 falls 418

In shapeless masses, like the walls
 Of a burnt city. Broad and red

The fires of the descending sun
 Glare through the windows, and
 o'erhead,

Athwart the vapors, dense and
dun,
Long shafts of silvery light arise,
Like rafters that support the
skies!

ELSIE.

See! from its summit the lurid
levin
Flashes downward without warn-
ing,
As Lucifer, son of the morning,
Fell from the battlements of hea-
ven!

IL PADRONE.

I must entreat you, friends, be-
low! 43°
The angry storm begins to blow,
For the weather changes with the
moon.
All this morning, until noon,
We had baffling winds, and sudden
flaws
Struck the sea with their cat's-
paws.
Only a little hour ago
I was whistling to Saint Antonio
For a capful of wind to fill our
sail,
And instead of a breeze he has
sent a gale.
Last night I saw Saint Elmo's
stars, 44°
With their glimmering lanterns,
all at play
On the tops of the masts and the
tips of the spars,
And I knew we should have foul
weather to-day.
Cheerily, my hearties! yo heave
ho!
Brail up the mainsail, and let her
go
As the winds will and Saint An-
tonio!

Do you see that Livornese felucca,
That vessel to the windward yon-
der,
Running with her gunwale under?

I was looking when the wind o'er-
took her. 45°
She had all sail set, and the only
wonder

Is that at once the strength of the
blast

Did not carry away her mast.
She is a galley of the Gran Duca,
That, through the fear of the Al-
gerines,
Convoys those lazy brigantines,
Laden with wine and oil from
Lucca.

Now all is ready, high and low :
Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio!

Ha! that is the first dash of the
rain, 46°

With a sprinkle of spray above the
rails,

Just enough to moisten our sails,
And make them ready for the
strain.

See how she leaps, as the blasts
overtake her,

And speeds away with a bone in
her mouth!

Now keep her head toward the
south,

And there is no danger of bank or
breaker.

With the breeze behind us, on we
go;

Not too much, good Saint An-
tonio!

VI

THE SCHOOL OF SALERNO

*A travelling Scholastic affixing
his Theses to the gate of the Col-
lege.*

SCHOLASTIC.

There, that is my gauntlet, my
banner, my shield,

Hung up as a challenge to all the
field!

One hundred and twenty-five pro-
positions,

Which I will maintain with the
 sword of the tongue
 Against all disputants, old and
 young.
 Let us see if doctors or dialecti-
 cians
 Will dare to dispute my defini-
 tions,
 Or attack any one of my learned
 theses.
 Here stand I; the end shall be as
 God pleases.
 I think I have proved, by profound
 researches, ¹⁰
 The error of all those doctrines so
 vicious
 Of the old Areopagite Dionysius,
 That are making such terrible
 work in the churches,
 By Michael the Stammerer sent
 from the East,
 And done into Latin by that Scot-
 tish beast,
 Johannes Duns Scotus, who dares
 to maintain,
 In the face of the truth, the error
 infernal,
 That the universe is and must be
 eternal;
 At first laying down, as a fact fun-
 damental,
 That nothing with God can be ac-
 cidental; ²⁰
 Then asserting that God before
 the creation
 Could not have existed, because it
 is plain
 That, had He existed, He would
 have created;
 Which is begging the question
 that should be debated,
 And moveth me less to anger than
 laughter.
 All nature, he holds, is a respira-
 tion
 Of the Spirit of God, who, in breath-
 ing, hereafter
 Will inhale it into his bosom again,
 So that nothing but God alone will
 remain.

And therein he contradicteth him-
 self; ³⁰
 For he opens the whole discussion
 by stating,
 That God can only exist in cre-
 ating.
 That question I think I have laid
 on the shelf!

*He goes out. Two Doctors come in
 disputing, and followed by pu-
 pils.*

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

I, with the Doctor Seraphic, main-
 tain,
 That a word which is only con-
 ceived in the brain
 Is a type of eternal Generation;
 The spoken word is the Incarna-
 tion.

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

What do I care for the Doctor
 Seraphic,
 With all his wordy chaffer and
 traffic?

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

You make but a paltry show of re-
 sistance; ⁴⁰
 Universals have no real existence!

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

Your words are but idle and empty
 chatter;
 Ideas are eternally joined to mat-
 ter!

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

May the Lord have mercy on your
 position,
 You wretched, wrangling culler of
 herbs!

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

May he send your soul to eternal
 perdition,
 For your Treatise on the Irregular
 Verbs!

*They rush out fighting. Two
Scholars come in.*

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Monte Cassino, then, is your College.
What think you of ours here at Salern?

SECOND SCHOLAR.

To tell the truth, I arrived so lately, ⁵⁰
I hardly yet have had time to discern.
So much, at least, I am bound to acknowledge:
The air seems healthy, the buildings stately,
And on the whole I like it greatly.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Yes, the air is sweet; the Calabrian hills
Send us down puffs of mountain air;
And in summer-time the sea-breeze fills
With its coolness cloister, and court, and square.
Then at every season of the year
There are crowds of guests and travellers here; ⁶⁰
Pilgrims, and mendicant friars, and traders
From the Levant, with figs and wine,
And bands of wounded and sick Crusaders,
Coming back from Palestine.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

And what are the studies you pursue?
What is the course you here go through?

FIRST SCHOLAR.

The first three years of the college course
Are given to Logic alone, as the source

Of all that is noble, and wise, and true.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

That seems rather strange, I must confess, ⁷⁰
In a Medical School; yet, nevertheless,
You doubtless have reasons for that.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Oh yes!

For none but a clever dialectician
Can hope to become a great physician;
That has been settled long ago.
Logic makes an important part
Of the mystery of the healing art;
For without it how could you hope to show
That nobody knows so much as you know?
After this there are five years more ⁸⁰
Devoted wholly to medicine,
With lectures on chirurgical lore,
And dissections of the bodies of swine,
As likest the human form divine.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

What are the books now most in vogue?

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Quite an extensive catalogue;
Mostly, however, books of our own;
As Gariopontus' *Passionarius*,
And the writings of Matthew *Platari*
And a volume universally known ⁹⁰
As the *Regimen of the School of Salern*,
For Robert of Normandy written in terse
And very elegant Latin verse.
Each of these writings has its turn.

And when at length we have finished these,
 Then comes the struggle for degrees,
 With all the oldest and ablest critics;
 The public thesis and disputation,
 Question, and answer, and explanation
 Of a passage out of Hippocrates,
 Or Aristotle's Analytics. 100
 There the triumphant Magister stands!
 A book is solemnly placed in his hands,
 On which he swears to follow the rule
 And ancient forms of the good old School;
 To report if any confectionarius
 Mingles his drugs with matters various,
 And to visit his patients twice a day,
 And once in the night, if they live in town,
 And if they are poor, to take no pay, 110
 Having faithfully promised these,
 His head is crowned with a laurel crown;
 A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his hand,
 The Magister Artium et Physices
 Goes forth from the school like a lord of the land.
 And now, as we have the whole morning before us,
 Let us go in, if you make no objection,
 And listen awhile to a learned prelection
 On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus.

They go in. Enter LUCIFER as a Doctor.

LUCIFER.

This is the great School of Salern!

120

A land of wrangling and of quarrels,
 Of brains that seethe, and hearts that burn,
 Where every emulous scholar hears,
 In every breath that comes to his ears,
 The rustling of another's laurels!
 The air of the place is called salubrious;
 The neighborhood of Vesuvius lends it
 An odor volcanic, that rather mends it,
 And the buildings have an aspect lugubrious,
 That inspires a feeling of awe and terror 130
 Into the heart of the beholder,
 And befits such an ancient homestead of error,
 Where the old falsehoods moulder and smoulder,
 And yearly by many hundred hands
 Are carried away, in the zeal of youth,
 And sown like tares in the field of truth,
 To blossom and ripen in other lands.

What have we here, affixed to the gate?
 The challenge of some scholastic wight,
 Who wishes to hold a public debate 140
 On sundry questions wrong or right!
 Ah, now this is my great delight!
 For I have often observed of late
 That such discussions end in a fight.
 Let us see what the learned wag maintains
 With such a prodigal waste of brains.

Reads.

'Whether angels in moving from
place to place
Pass through the intermediate
space.
Whether God himself is the author
of evil,
Or whether that is the work of the
Devil. 150
When, where, and wherefore Luci-
fer fell,
And whether he now is chained in
hell'
I think I can answer that ques-
tion well!
So long as the boastful human
mind
Consents in such mills as this to
grind,
I sit very firmly upon my throne!
Of a truth it almost makes me
laugh,
To see men leaving the golden
grain
To gather in piles the pitiful chaff
That old Peter Lombard thrashed
with his brain, 160
To have it caught up and tossed
again
On the horns of the Dumb Ox of
Cologne!

But my guests approach! there is
in the air
A fragrance, like that of the Beau-
tiful Garden
Of Paradise, in the days that
were!
An odor of innocence and of
prayer,
And of love, and faith that never
fails,
Such as the fresh young heart ex-
hales
Before it begins to wither and
harden!
I cannot breathe such an atmo-
sphere! 170
My soul is filled with a nameless
fear,
That, after all my trouble and
pain,

After all my restless endeavor,
The youngest, fairest soul of the
twain,
The most ethereal, most divine,
Will escape from my hands for
ever and ever.
But the other is already mine!
Let him live to corrupt his race,
Breathing among them, with every
breath,
Weakness, selfishness, and the
base 180
And pusillanimous fear of death.
I know his nature, and I know
That of all who in my ministry
Wander the great earth to and fro,
And on my errands come and go,
The safest and subtlest are such
as he.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and
ELSIE, with attendants.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Can you direct us to Friar An-
gelo?

LUCIFER.

He stands before you.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then you know our purpose.
I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck,
and this
The maiden that I spake of in my
letters. 190

LUCIFER.

It is a very grave and solemn
business!
We must not be precipitate. Does
she
Without compulsion, of her own
free will,
Consent to this?

PRINCE HENRY.

Against all opposition,
Against all prayers, entreaties,
protestations.
She will not be persuaded.

LUCIFER.

That is strange!
Have you thought well of it?

ELSIE.

I come not here
To argue, but to die. Your business is not
To question, but to kill me. I am ready.
I am impatient to be gone from here ²⁰⁰
Ere any thoughts of earth disturb again
The spirit of tranquillity within me.

PRINCE HENRY.

Would I had not come here!
Would I were dead,
And thou wert in thy cottage in the forest,
And hadst not known me! Why have I done this?
Let me go back and die.

ELSIE.

It cannot be;
Not if these cold, flat stones on which we tread
Were coulters heated white, and yonder gateway
Flamed like a furnace with a sevenfold heat.
I must fulfil my purpose.

PRINCE HENRY.

I forbid it!
Not one step further. For I only meant ²¹¹
To put thus far thy courage to the proof.
It is enough. I, too, have strength to die,
For thou hast taught me!

ELSIE.

O my Prince! remember
Your promises. Let me fulfil my errand.

You do not look on life and death as I do.

There are two angels, that attend unseen

Each one of us, and in great books record

Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down

The good ones, after every action closes ²²⁰

His volume, and ascends with it to God.

The other keeps his dreadful day-book open

Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,

The record of the action fades away,

And leaves a line of white across the page.

Now if my act be good, as I believe,

It cannot be recalled. It is already

Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.

The rest is yours. Why wait you? I am ready.

To her attendants.

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me. ²³⁰

I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,

And you will have another friend in heaven.

Then start not at the creaking of the door

Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

To PRINCE HENRY.

And you, O Prince! bear back my benison

Unto my father's house, and all within it.

This morning in the church I prayed for them,

After confession, after absolution, When my whole soul was white, I

prayed for them.

God will take care of them, they
need me not. 240

And in your life let my remem-
brance linger,

As something not to trouble and
disturb it,

But to complete it, adding life to
life.

And if at times beside the evening
fire

You see my face among the other
faces,

Let it not be regarded as a ghost
That haunts your house, but as a

guest that loves you.

Nay, even as one of your own
family,

Without whose presence there
were something wanting.

I have no more to say. Let us go
in. 250

PRINCE HENRY.

Friar Angelo! I charge you on
your life,

Believe not what she says, for she
is mad,

And comes here not to die, but to
be healed.

ELSIE.

Alas! Prince Henry!

LUCIFER.

Come with me; this way.

*ELSIE goes in with LUCIFER, who
thrusts PRINCE HENRY back
and closes the door.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Gone! and the light of all my life
gone with her!

A sudden darkness falls upon the
world!

Oh, what a vile and abject thing
am I

That purchase length of days at
such a cost!

Not by her death alone, but by the
death

Of all that's good and true and
noble in me! 260

All manhood, excellence, and self-
respect,

All love, and faith, and hope, and
heart are dead!

All my divine nobility of nature
By this one act is forfeited forever.

I am a Prince in nothing but in
name!

To the attendants.

Why did you let this horrible deed
be done?

Why did you not lay hold on her,
and keep her

From self-destruction? Angelo!
murderer!

*Struggles at the door, but cannot
open it.*

ELSIE, *within.*

Farewell, dear Prince! farewell!

PRINCE HENRY.

Unbar the door!

LUCIFER.

It is too late!

PRINCE HENRY.

It shall not be too late!

*They burst the door open and
rush in.*

THE FARM-HOUSE IN THE
ODENWALD.

URSULA *spinning. A summer
afternoon. A table spread.*

URSULA.

I have marked it well,—it must
be true,— 271

Death never takes one alone, but
two!

Whenever he enters in at a door,
Under roof of gold or roof of
thatch,

He always leaves it upon the latch.

And comes again ere the year is
o'er.

Never one of a household only!
Perhaps it is a merey of God,
Lest the dead there under the sod,
In the land of strangers, should be
lonely! 280

Ah me! I think I am lonelier
here!

It is hard to go,—but harder to
stay!

Were it not for the children, I
should pray

That Death would take me within
the year!

And Gottlieb!—he is at work all
day,

In the sunny field, or the forest
murk,

But I know that his thoughts are
far away,

I know that his heart is not in his
work!

And when he comes home to me
at night

He is not cheery, but sits and
sighs, 290

And I see the great tears in his
eyes,

And try to be cheerful for his sake.
Only the children's hearts are
light.

Mine is weary, and ready to break.
God help us! I hope we have
done right;

We thought we were acting for the
best!

Looking through the open door.

Who is it coming under the trees?
A man, in the Prince's livery
dressed!

He looks about him with doubtful
face,

As if uncertain of the place. 300

He stops at the beehives;—now

he sees

The garden gate;—he is going
past!

Can he be afraid of the bees?
No; he is coming in at last!

He fills my heart with strange
alarm!

Enter a Forester.

FORESTER.

Is this the tenant Gottlieb's farm?

URSULA.

This is his farm, and I his wife.
Pray sit. What may your busi-
ness be!

FORESTER.

News from the Prince!

URSULA.

Of death or life?

FORESTER.

You put your questions eagerly!

URSULA.

Answer me, then! How is the
Prince? 311

FORESTER.

I left him only two hours since
Homeward returning down the
river,

As strong and well as if God, the
Giver,

Had given him back his youth
again.

URSULA, *despairing.*

Then Elsie, my poor child, is dead!

FORESTER.

That, my good woman, I have not
said.

Don't cross the bridge till you
come to it,

Is a proverb old, and of excellent
wit.

URSULA.

Keep me no longer in this pain! 320

FORESTER.

It is true your daughter is no
more;—

That is, the peasant she was before.

URSULA.

Alas! I am simple and lowly bred,
I am poor, distracted, and forlorn.
And it is not well that you of the court
Should mock me thus, and make a sport
Of a joyless mother whose child is dead,
For you, too, were of mother born!

FORESTER.

Your daughter lives, and the Prince is well!
You will learn ere long how it all befell. 33°
Her heart for a moment never failed;
But when they reached Salerno's gate,
The Prince's nobler self prevailed,
And saved her for a noble fate.
And he was healed, in his despair,
By the touch of St. Matthew's sacred bones;
Though I think the long ride in the open air,
That pilgrimage over stocks and stones,
In the miracle must come in for a share!

URSULA.

Virgin! who lovest the poor and lowly, 34°
If the loud cry of a mother's heart
Can ever ascend to where thou art,
Into thy blessed hands and holy
Receive my prayer of praise and thanksgiving!
Let the hands that bore our Saviour bear it
Into the awful presence of God;
For thy feet with holiness are shod,

And if thou bearest it He will hear it.

Our child who was dead again is living!

FORESTER.

I did not tell you she was dead; 35°
If you thought so 't was no fault of mine;
At this very moment, while I speak,
They are sailing homeward down the Rhine,
In a splendid barge, with golden prow,
And decked with banners white and red
As the colors on your daughter's cheek.
They call her the Lady Alicia now;
For the Prince in Salerno made a vow
That Elsie only would he wed.

URSULA.

Jesu Maria! what a change! 36°
All seems to me so weird and strange!

FORESTER.

I saw her standing on the deck,
Beneath an awning cool and shady;
Her cap of velvet could not hold
The tresses of her hair of gold,
That flowed and floated like the stream,
And fell in masses down her neck.
As fair and lovely did she seem
As in a story or a dream
Some beautiful and foreign lady.
And the Prince looked so grand
and proud, 37°
And waved his hand thus to the crowd
That gazed and shouted from the shore,
All down the river, long and loud.

URSULA.

We shall behold our child once
more;
She is not dead! She is not dead!
God, listening, must have over-
heard
The prayers, that, without sound
or word,
Our hearts in secrecy have said!
Oh, bring me to her; for mine
eyes ³⁸⁰
Are hungry to behold her face;
My very soul within me cries;
My very hands seem to caress
her,
To see her, gaze at her, and bless
her;
Dear Elsie, child of God and
grace!

Goes out toward the garden.

FORESTER.

There goes the good woman out
of her head;
And Gottlieb's supper is waiting
here;
A very capacious flagon of beer,
And a very portentous loaf of
bread.
One would say his grief did not
much oppress him. ³⁹⁰
Here 's to the health of the Prince,
God bless him!

He drinks.

Ha! it buzzes and stings like a
hornet!
And what a scene there, through
the door!
The forest behind and the garden
before,
And midway an old man of three-
score,
With a wife and children that ca-
ress him.
Let me try still further to cheer
and adorn it
With a merry, echoing blast of my
cornet!

Goes out blowing his horn.

THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON
THE RHINE.

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE
*standing on the terrace at even-
ing.*

*The sound of bells heard from
a distance.*

PRINCE HENRY.

We are alone. The wedding guests
Ride down the hill, with plumes
and cloaks, ⁴⁰⁰
And the descending dark invests
The Niederwald, and all the nests
Among its hoar and haunted oaks.

ELSIE.

What bells are those, that ring so
slow,
So mellow, musical, and low?

PRINCE HENRY.

They are the bells of Geisenheim,
That with their melancholy chime
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

ELSIE.

Listen, beloved.

PRINCE HENRY.

They are done!
Dear Elsie! many years ago ⁴¹⁰
Those same soft bells at eventide
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,
As, seated by Fastrada's side
At Ingelheim, in all his pride
He heard their sound with secret
pain.

ELSIE.

Their voices only speak to me
Of peace and deep tranquillity,
And endless confidence in thee!

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou knowest the story of her
ring,
How, when the court went back
to Aix, ⁴²⁰

Fastrada died; and how the king
Sat watching by her night and day,
Till into one of the blue lakes,
Which water that delicious land,
They cast the ring, drawn from her
hand :

And the great monarch sat serene
And sad beside the fated shore,
Nor left the land forevermore.

ELSIE.

That was true love.

PRINCE HENRY.

For him the queen
Ne'er did what thou hast done for
me. 43°

ELSIE.

Wilt thou as fond and faithful be?
Wilt thou so love me after death?

PRINCE HENRY.

In life's delight, in death's dismay,
In storm and sunshine, night and
day,

In health, in sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter, I am thine!
Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Be-
neath

The calm, blue waters of thine
eyes,

Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,
And, undisturbed by this world's
breath, 44°

With magic light its jewels shine!
This golden ring, which thou hast
worn

Upon thy finger since the morn,
Is but a symbol and a semblance,
An outward fashion, a remem-
brance,

Of what thou wearest within un-
seen,

O my Fastrada, O my queen!
Behold! the hill-tops all aglow
With purple and with amethyst;
While the whole valley deep be-
low 45°

Is filled, and seems to overflow,
With a fast-rising tide of mist.

The evening air grows damp and
chill;
Let us go in.

ELSIE.

Ah, not so soon.

See yonder fire! It is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage
drips

In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with
night. 46°

PRINCE HENRY.

Oft on this terrace, when the day
Was closing, have I stood and
gazed,

And seen the landscape fade away,
And the white vapors rise and
drown

Hamlet and vineyard, tower and
town,

While far above the hill-tops
blazed.

But then another hand than thine
Was gently held and clasped in
mine;

Another head upon my breast
Was laid, as thine is now, at
rest. 47°

Why dost thou lift those tender
eyes

With so much sorrow and sur-
prise?

A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand,
Was that which in my own was
pressed.

A manly form usurped thy place,
A beautiful, but bearded face,
That now is in the Holy Land,
Yet in my memory from afar
Is shining on us like a star.

But linger not. For while I
speak, 48°

A sheeted spectre white and tall,
The cold mist climbs the castle
wall,

And lays his hand upon thy cheek!
They go in.

EPILOGUE

THE TWO RECORDING ANGELS
ASCENDINGTHE ANGEL OF GOOD DEEDS,
with closed book.

God sent his messenger the rain,
And said unto the mountain brook,
'Rise up, and from thy caverns look
And leap, with naked, snow-white
feet,

From the cool hills into the heat
Of the broad, arid plain.'

God sent his messenger of faith,
And whispered in the maiden's
heart,

'Rise up, and look from where
thou art,

And scatter with unselfish hands 10
Thy freshness on the barren sands
And solitudes of Death,'

O beauty of holiness,
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness !
O power of meekness,
Whose very gentleness and weak-
ness

Are like the yielding, but irresisti-
ble air !

Upon the pages
Of the sealed volume that I bear,
The deed divine 20

Is written in characters of gold,
That never shall grow old,

But through all ages

Burn and shine,

With soft effulgence !

O God ! it is thy indulgence
That fills the world with the bliss
Of a good deed like this !

THE ANGEL OF EVIL DEEDS,
with open book.

Not yet, not yet
Is the red sun wholly set, 30
But evermore recedes,
While open still I bear
The Book of Evil Deeds,
To let the breathings of the upper
air

Visit its pages and erase
The records from its face !
Fainter and fainter as I gaze
In the broad blaze
The glimmering landscape shines,
And below me the black river 40
Is hidden by wreaths of vapor !
Fainter and fainter the black lines
Begin to quiver
Along the whitening surface of the
paper ;

Shade after shade
The terrible words grow faint and
fade,
And in their place
Runs a white space !

Down goes the sun !
But the soul of one, 50
Who by repentance
Hath escaped the dreadful sen-
tence,

Shines bright below me as I look.
It is the end !

With closed Book

To God do I ascend.

Lo ! over the mountain steeps
A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps

Beneath my feet ;
A blackness inwardly brighten-
ing 60

With sullen heat,
As a storm-cloud lurid with light-
ning.

And a cry of lamentation,
Repeated and again repeated,
Deep and loud

As the reverberation
Of cloud answering unto cloud,
Swells and rolls away in the dis-
tance,

As if the sheeted
Lightning retreated, 70
Baffled and thwarted by the wind's
resistance.

It is Lucifer,
The son of mystery ;
And since God suffers him to be,
He, too, is God's minister,
And labors for some good
By us not understood !

SECOND INTERLUDE

MARTIN LUTHER

A CHAMBER IN THE WARTBURG.
MORNING. MARTIN LUTHER
WRITING.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Our God, a Tower of Strength is He,
A goodly wall and weapon ;
From all our need He helps us free,
That now to us doth happen.

The old evil foe
Doth in earnest grow,
In grim armor dight,
Much guile and great might ;
On earth there is none like him.

OH yes ; a tower of strength indeed, 10

A present help in all our need,
A sword and buckler is our God.
Innocent men have walked unshod

O'er burning ploughshares, and
have trod

Unharm'd on serpents in their
path,
And laugh'd to scorn the Devil's
wrath !

Safe in this Wartburg tower I
stand

Where God hath led me by the
hand,
And look down, with a heart at
ease,

Over the pleasant neighborhoods, 20
Over the vast Thuringian Woods,
With flash of river, and gloom of
trees,

With castles crowning the dizzy
heights,

And farms and pastoral delights,
And the morning pouring every-
where

Its golden glory on the air.

Safe, yes, safe am I here at last,
Safe from the overwhelming blast
Of the mouths of Hell, that fol-
low'd me fast,

And the howling demons of de-
spair 30
That hunted me like a beast to his
lair.

Of our own might we nothing can ;
We soon are unprotected ;
There fighteth for us the right Man,
Whom God himself elected.

Who is He ; ye exclaim ?
Christus is his name,
Lord of Sabaoth,
Very God in troth ;
The field He holds forever. 40

Nothing can vex the Devil more
Than the name of Him whom we
adore.

Therefore doth it delight me best
To stand in the choir among the
rest,

With the great organ trumpeting
Through its metallic tubes, and
sing :

Et verbum caro factum est !
These words the Devil cannot en-
dure,

For he knoweth their meanin-
well !

Him they trouble and repel,
Us they comfort and allure,
And happy it were, if our delight
Were as great as his affright !

Yea, music is the Prophets' art ;
Among the gifts that God ha-
sent,

One of the most magnificent !
It calms the agitated heart ;
Temptations, evil thoughts, a
all

The passions that disturb the sc
Are quelled by its divine control
As the Evil Spirit fled from Sau
And his distemper was allayed,
When David took his harp ;
played.

This world may full of Devils be,
All ready to devour us ;
Yet not so sore afraid are we,
They shall not overpower us.

This World's Prince, how'er
 Fierce he may appear,
 He can harm us not, 70
 He is doomed, God wot!
 One little word can slay him!

Incredible it seems to some
 And to myself a mystery,
 That such weak flesh and blood as
 we,
 Armed with no other shield or
 sword,
 Or other weapon than the Word,
 Should combat and should over-
 come

A spirit powerful as he!
 He summons forth the Pope of
 Rome 80

With all his diabolic crew,
 His shorn and shaven retinue
 Of priests and children of the
 dark;

Kill! kill! they cry, the Here-
 siarch,

Who rouseth up all Christendom
 Against us; and at one fell blow
 seeks the whole Church to over-
 throw!

Not yet; my hour is not yet come.

Yesterday in an idle mood, 89
 hunting with others in the wood,
 did not pass the hours in vain,
 nor in the very heart of all
 the joyous tumult raised around,
 shouting of men, and baying of
 hound,

And the bugle's blithe and cheery
 call,

And echoes answering back again,
 from crags of the distant moun-
 tain chain,—

In the very heart of this, I found
 a mystery of grief and pain.

There was an image of the power 100
 of Satan, hunting the world about,
 with his nets and traps and well-
 trained dogs,

And bishops and priests and theo-
 logues,

And all the rest of the rabble rout,

Seeking whom he may devour!
 Enough I have had of hunting
 hares,

Enough of these hours of idle
 mirth,

Enough of nets and traps and
 gins!

The only hunting of any worth
 Is where I can pierce with jave-
 lins 110

The cunning foxes and wolves and
 bears

The whole iniquitous troop of
 beasts,

The Roman Pope and the Roman
 priests

That sorely infest and afflict the
 earth!

Ye nuns, ye singing birds of the
 air!

The fowler hath caught you in his
 snare,

And keeps you safe in his gilded
 cage,

Singing the song that never tires,
 To lure down others from their
 nests;

How ye flutter and beat your
 breasts, 120

Warm and soft with young desires
 Against the cruel, pitiless wires,

Reclaiming your lost heritage!
 Behold! a hand unbars the door,

Ye shall be captives held no more.

The Word they shall perforce let stand,
 And little thanks they merit!

For He is with us in the land,
 With gifts of his own Spirit!

Though they take our life, 130

Goods, honors, child and wife,

Let these pass away,

Little gain have they;

The Kingdom still remaineth!

Yea, it remaineth forevermore,
 However Satan may rage and roar,

Though often he whispers in my
 ears:

What if thy doctrines false should
 be?

And wrings from me a bitter
sweat.

Then I put him to flight with
jeers, 140
Saying: Saint Satan! pray for me:
If thou thinkest I am not saved yet!

And my mortal foes that lie in
wait

In every avenue and gate!
As to that odious monk John Tet-
zel,

Hawking about his hollow wares
Like a huckster at village fairs,
And those mischievous fellows,
Wetzel,

Campanus, Carlstadt, Martin Cel-
larius,

And all the busy, multifarious 150
Heretics, and disciples of Arius,
Half-learned, dunce-bold, dry and
hard,

They are not worthy of my regard,
Poor and humble as I am.

But ah! Erasmus of Rotterdam,
He is the vilest miscreant
That ever walked this world be-
low!

A Momus, making his mock and
mow,

At Papist and at Protestant, 159
Sneering at St. John and St. Paul,
At God and Man, at one and all;
And yet as hollow and false and
drear,

As a cracked pitcher to the ear,
And ever growing worse and
worse!

Whenever I pray, I pray for a
curse

On Erasmus, the Insincere!

Philip Melancthon! thou alone
Faithful among the faithless
known,

Thee I hail, and only thee!
Behold the record of us three! 170

Res et verba Philippus,
Res sine verbis Lutherus;
Erasmus verba sine re!

My Philip, prayest thou for me?
Lifted above all earthly care,
From these high regions of the
air,
Among the birds that day and
night

Upon the branches of tall trees
Sing their lauds and litanies,
Praising God with all their might,
My Philip, unto thee I write. 181

My Philip! thou who knowest
best

All that is passing in this breast;
The spiritual agonies,
The inward deaths, the inward
hell,

And the divine new births as well,
That surely follow after these,
As after winter follows spring;
My Philip, in the night-time sing
This song of the Lord I send to
thee; 190

And I will sing it for thy sake,
Until our answering voices make
A glorious antiphony,
And choral chant of victory!

PART THREE

THE NEW ENGLAND
TRAGEDIES

JOHN ENDICOTT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JOHN ENDICOTT . . .	<i>Governor.</i>
JOHN ENDICOTT . . .	<i>His son.</i>
RICHARD BELLINGHAM	<i>Deputy Gov- nor.</i>
JOHN NORTON . . .	<i>Minister of Gospel.</i>
EDWARD BUTTER . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>
WALTER MERRY . . .	<i>Tithing-ma- ster.</i>
NICHOLAS UPSALL . . .	<i>An old citi- zen.</i>
SAMUEL COLE . . .	<i>Landlord the Thr Marine.</i>
SIMON KEMPTHORN }	<i>Sea-Capt</i>
RALPH GOLDSMITH }	

WENLOCK CHRISTISON }
 EDITH, *his daughter* } *Quakers.*
 EDWARD WHARTON }
Assistants, Halberdiers, Marshal, etc.

*The scene is in Boston in the year
 1665.*

PROLOGUE

TO-NIGHT we strive to read, as we
 may best,
 This city, like an ancient palimp-
 sest;
 And bring to light, upon the blot-
 ted page,
 The mournful record of an earlier
 age,
 That, pale and half effaced, lies
 hidden away
 Beneath the fresher writing of to-
 day.

Rise, then, O buried city that hast
 been ;
 Rise up, rebuilt in the painted
 scene,
 And let our curious eyes behold
 once more
 The pointed gable and the pent-
 house door, ¹⁰
 The Meeting-house with leaden-
 latticed panes,
 The narrow thoroughfares, the
 crooked lanes !

Rise, too, ye shapes and shadows
 of the Past,
 Rise from your long - forgotten
 graves at last ;
 Let us behold your faces, let us
 hear
 the words ye uttered in those
 days of fear !
 Visit your familiar haunts
 again, —
 the scenes of triumph, and the
 scenes of pain,
 and leave the footprints of your
 bleeding feet
 the more upon the pavement of
 the street ! ²⁰

Nor let the Historian blame the
 Poet here,
 If he perchance misdate the day
 or year,
 And group events together, by his
 art,
 That in the Chronicles lie far
 apart ;
 For as the double stars, though
 sundered far,
 Seem to the naked eye a single
 star,
 So facts of history, at a distance
 seen,
 Into one common point of light
 convene.

'Why touch upon such themes?'
 perhaps some friend
 May ask, incredulous ; 'and to
 what good end ? ³⁰
 Why drag again into the light of
 day
 The errors of an age long passed
 away ?'
 I answer : 'For the lesson that
 they teach :
 The tolerance of opinion and of
 speech.
 Hope, Faith, and Charity remain,
 — these three ;
 And greatest of them all is
 Charity.'

Let us remember, if these words
 be true,
 That unto all men Charity is
 due ;
 Give what we ask ; and pity, while
 we blame,
 Lest we become copartners in the
 shame, ⁴⁰
 Lest we condemn, and yet our-
 selves partake,
 And persecute the dead for con-
 science' sake.

Therefore it is the author seeks
 and strives
 To represent the dead as in their
 lives,

And lets at times his characters
 unfold
 Their thoughts in their own lan-
 guage, strong and bold ;
 He only asks of you to do the like ;
 To hear him first, and, if you will,
 then strike.

ACT I

SCENE I. — *Sunday afternoon.*
The interior of the Meeting-
house. On the pulpit, an hour-
glass ; below, a box for contribu-
tions. JOHN NORTON in the
pulpit. GOVERNOR ENDICOTT
in a canopied seat, attended by
four halberdiers. The congrega-
tion singing.

The Lord descended from above,
 And bowed the heavens high ;
 And underneath his feet He cast
 The darkness of the sky.

On Cherubim and Seraphim
 Right royally He rode,
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.

NORTON (*rising and turning the*
hour-glass on the pulpit).

I heard a great voice from the
 temple saying
 Unto the Seven Angels, Go your
 ways ; 10
 Pour out the vials of the wrath of
 God
 Upon the earth. And the First
 Angel went
 And poured his vial on the earth ;
 and straight
 There fell a noisome and a grievous
 sore
 On them which had the birth-mark
 of the Beast,
 And them which worshipped and
 adored his image.
 On us hath fallen this grievous
 pestilence.
 There is a sense of terror in the
 air ;

And apparitions of things horrible
 Are seen by many. From the sky
 above us 20
 The stars fall ; and beneath us the
 earth quakes !
 The sound of drums at midnight
 from afar,
 The sound of horsemen riding to
 and fro,
 As if the gates of the invisible
 world
 Were opened, and the dead came
 forth to warn us, —
 All these are omens of some dire
 disaster
 Impending over us, and soon to
 fall.
 Moreover, in the language of the
 Prophet,
 Death is again come up into our
 windows,
 To cut off little children from with-
 out, 30
 And young men from the streets.
 And in the midst
 Of all these supernatural threats
 and warnings
 Doth Heresy uplift its horrid
 head :
 A vision of Sin more awful and
 appalling
 Than any phantasm, ghost, or ap-
 parition,
 As arguing and portending some
 enlargement
 Of the mysterious Power of Dark-
 ness !

EDITH, *barefooted, and clad in*
sackcloth, with her hair hanging
loose upon her shoulders, walks
slowly up the aisle, followed by
WHARTON and other Quakers.
The congregation starts up in
confusion.

EDITH (*to NORTON, raising her*
hand).
 Peace!

NORTON.

Anathema maranatha ! The Lord
 cometh !

EDITH.

Yea, verily He cometh, and shall
judge
The shepherds of Israel who do
feed themselves, ⁴⁰
And leave their flocks to eat what
they have trodden
Beneath their feet.

NORTON.

Be silent, babbling woman!
St. Paul commands all women to
keep silence
Within the churches.

EDITH.

Yet the women prayed
And prophesied at Corinth in his
day;
And, among those on whom the
fiery tongues
Of Pentecost descended, some were
women!

NORTON.

The Elders of the Churches, by our
law,
Alone have power to open the
doors of speech
And silence in the Assembly. I
command you! ⁵⁰

EDITH.

The law of God is greater than
your laws!
Ye build your church with blood,
your town with crime;
The heads thereof give judgment
for reward;
The priests thereof teach only for
their hire;
Your laws condemn the innocent
to death;
And! against this I bear my testi-
mony!

NORTON.

What testimony?

EDITH.

That of the Holy Spirit,

Which, as your Calvin says, sur-
passeth reason.

NORTON.

The laborer is worthy of his hire.

EDITH.

Yet our great Master did not teach
for hire, ⁶⁰
And the Apostles without purse
or scrip
Went forth to do his work. Be-
hold this box
Beneath thy pulpit. Is it for the
poor?
Thou canst not answer. It is for
the Priest;
And against this I bear my testi-
mony.

NORTON.

Away with all these Heretics and
Quakers!
Quakers, forsooth! Because a
quaking fell
On Daniel, at beholding of the
Vision,
Must ye needs shake and quake?
Because Isaiah
Went stripped and barefoot, must
ye wail and howl? ⁷⁰
Must ye go stripped and naked?
must ye make
A wailing like the dragons, and a
mourning
As of the owls? Ye verify the
adage
That Satan is God's ape! Away
with them!
*Tumult. The Quakers are driven
out with violence, EDITH follow-
ing slowly. The congregation
retires in confusion.*

Thus freely do the Reprobates
commit
Such measure of iniquity as fits
them
For the intended measure of God's
wrath,
And even in violating God's com-
mands

Are they fulfilling the divine decree!

The will of man is but an instrument 80

Disposed and predetermined to its action

According unto the decree of God,
Being as much subordinate there-
to

As is the axe unto the hewer's
hand!

*He descends from the pulpit, and
joins* GOVERNOR ENDICOTT,
who comes forward to meet him.

The omens and the wonders of the
time,

Famine, and fire, and shipwreck,
and disease,

The blast of corn, the death of our
young men,

Our sufferings in all precious, plea-
sant things,

Are manifestations of the wrath
divine,

Signs of God's controversy with
New England. 90

These emissaries of the Evil One,
These servants and ambassadors
of Satan,

Are but commissioned execution-
ers

Of God's vindictive and deserved
displeasure.

We must receive them as the Ro-
man Bishop

Once received Attila, saying, I re-
joice

You have come safe, whom I es-
teem to be

The scourge of God, sent to chas-
tise his people.

This very heresy, perchance, may
serve

The purposes of God to some good
end. 100

With you I leave it; but do not
neglect

The holy tactics of the civil sword.

ENDICOTT.

And what more can be done?

NORTON.

The hand that cut

The Red Cross from the colors of
the king

Can cut the red heart from this
heresy.

Fear not. All blasphemies imme-
diate

And heresies turbulent must be
suppressed

By civil power.

ENDICOTT.

But in what way suppressed?

NORTON.

The Book of Deuteronomy de-
clares

That if thy son, thy daughter, or
thy wife, 110

Ay, or the friend which is as thine
own soul,

Entice thee secretly, and say to
thee,

Let us serve other gods, then shall
thine eye

Not pity him, but thou shalt surely
kill him,

And thine own hand shall be the
first upon him

To slay him.

ENDICOTT.

Four already have been slain;
And others banished upon pain of
death.

But they come back again to meet
their doom,

Bringing the linen for their wind-
ing-sheets.

We must not go too far. In truth,
I shrink 120

From shedding of more blood. The
people murmur

At our severity.

NORTON.

Then let them murmur!
Truth is relentless; justice never
wavers;

The greatest firmness is the greatest mercy ;
 The noble order of the Magistracy
 Cometh immediately from God,
 and yet
 This noble order of the Magistracy
 Is by these Heretics despised and
 outraged.

ENDICOTT.

To-night they sleep in prison. If
 they die,
 They cannot say that we have
 caused their death. ¹³⁰
 We do but guard the passage, with
 the sword
 Pointed towards them; if they
 dash upon it,
 Their blood will be on their own
 heads, not ours.

NORTON.

Enough. I ask no more. My predecessor
 Coped only with the milder heresies
 Of Antinomians and of Anabaptists.
 He was not born to wrestle with
 these fiends.
 Chrysostom in his pulpit; Augustine
 In disputation; Timothy in his
 house!
 The lantern of St. Botolph's ceased
 to burn ¹⁴⁰
 When from the portals of that
 church he came
 To be a burning and a shining
 light
 Here in the wilderness. And, as
 he lay
 On his death-bed, he saw me in a
 vision
 Ride on a snow-white horse into
 this town.
 His vision was prophetic; thus I
 came,
 A terror to the impenitent, and
 Death

On the pale horse of the Apocalypse
 To all the accursed race of Heretics!
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. — *A street. On one side, NICHOLAS UPSALL'S house; on the other, WALTER MERRY'S, with a flock of pigeons on the roof. UPSALL seated in the porch of his house.*

UPSALL.

O day of rest! How beautiful, how
 fair, ¹⁵⁰
 How welcome to the weary and
 the old!
 Day of the Lord! and truce to
 earthly cares!
 Day of the Lord, as all our days
 should be!
 Ah, why will man by his austerities
 Shut out the blessed sunshine and
 the light,
 And make of thee a dungeon of
 despair!

WALTER MERRY (*entering and looking round him*).

All silent as a graveyard! No one
 stirring;
 No footfall in the street, no sound
 of voices!
 By righteous punishment and perseverance,
 And perseverance in that punishment, ¹⁶⁰
 At last I have brought this contumacious town
 To strict observance of the Sabbath day.
 Those wanton gospellers, the pigeons yonder,
 Are now the only Sabbath-breakers left.
 I cannot put them down. As if to taunt me,
 They gather every Sabbath afternoon

In noisy congregation on my roof,
Billing and cooing. Whir! take
that, ye Quakers.

Throws a stone at the pigeons.
Sees UPSALL.

Ah! Master Nicholas!

UPSALL.

Good afternoon,
Dear neighbor Walter.

MERRY.

Master Nicholas,
You have to-day withdrawn your-
self from meeting. 171

UPSALL.

Yea, I have chosen rather to wor-
ship God
Sitting in silence here at my own
door.

MERRY.

Worship the Devil! You this day
have broken
Three of our strictest laws. First,
by abstaining
From public worship. Secondly,
by walking
Profanely on the Sabbath.

UPSALL.

Not one step.
I have been sitting still here, see-
ing the pigeons
Feed in the street and fly about
the roofs.

MERRY.

You have been in the street with
other intent 180
Than going to and from the Meet-
ing-house.
And, thirdly, you are harboring
Quakers here.
I am amazed!

UPSALL.

Men sometimes, it is said,
Entertain angels unawares.

MERRY.

Nice angels!
Angels in broad-brimmed hats and
russet cloaks,
The color of the Devil's nutting-
bag! They came
Into the Meeting-house this after-
noon
More in the shape of devils than
of angels.
The women screamed and fainted;
and the boys
Made such an uproar in the gal-
lery 190
I could not keep them quiet.

UPSALL.

Neighbor Walter,
Your persecution is of no avail.

MERRY.

'T is prosecution, as the Governor
says,
Not persecution.

UPSALL.

Well, your prosecution;
Your hangings do no good.

MERRY.

The reason is,
We do not hang enough. But,
mark my words,
We 'll scour them; yea, I warrant
ye, we 'll scour them!
And now go in and entertain your
angels,
And don't be seen here in the street
again
Till after sundown!—There they
are again! 200

*Exit UPSALL. MERRY throws
another stone at the pigeons,
and then goes into his house.*

SCENE III.—*A room in UPSALL'S
house. Night. EDITH, WHAR
TON, and other Quakers seatel
at a table. UPSALL seated near
them. Several books on the ta-
ble.*

WHARTON.

William and Marmaduke, our martyred brothers,
 Sleep in untimely graves, if aught untimely
 Can find place in the providence of God,
 Where nothing comes too early or too late.
 I saw their noble death. They to the scaffold
 Walked hand in hand. Two hundred armed men
 And many horsemen guarded them, for fear
 Of rescue by the crowd, whose hearts were stirred.

EDITH.

O holy martyrs!

WHARTON.

When they tried to speak,
 Their voices by the roll of drums were drowned. ²¹⁰
 When they were dead they still looked fresh and fair,
 The terror of death was not upon their faces.
 Our sister Mary, likewise, the meek woman,
 Has passed through martyrdom to her reward;
 Exclaiming, as they led her to her death,
 'These many days I've been in Paradise.'
 And, when she died, Priest Wilson threw the hangman
 His handkerchief, to cover the pale face
 He dared not look upon.

EDITH.

As persecuted,
 Yet not forsaken; as unknown, yet known; ²²⁰
 As dying, and behold we are alive;
 As sorrowful, and yet rejoicing always;
 As having nothing, yet possessing all!

WHARTON.

And Leddra, too, is dead. But from his prison,
 The day before his death, he sent these words
 Unto the little flock of Christ: 'Whatever
 May come upon the followers of the Light,—
 Distress, affliction, famine, nakedness,
 Or perils in the city or the sea, Or persecution, or even death itself,— ²³⁰
 I am persuaded that God's armor of Light,
 As it is loved and lived in, will preserve you.
 Yea, death itself; through which you will find entrance
 Into the pleasant pastures of the fold,
 Where you shall feed forever as the herds
 That roam at large in the low valleys of Achor.
 And as the flowing of the ocean fills
 Each creek and branch thereof, and then retires,
 Leaving behind a sweet and wholesome savor;
 So doth the virtue and the life of God ²⁴⁰
 Flow evermore into the hearts of those
 Whom He hath made partakers of his nature;
 And, when it but withdraws itself a little,
 Leaves a sweet savor after it, that many
 Can say they are made clean by every word
 That He hath spoken to them in their silence.'

EDITH (*rising and breaking into a kind of chant*).

Truly we do but grope here in the dark.

Near the partition-wall of Life and
Death,

At every moment dreading or de-
siring

To lay our hands upon the unseen
door! 250

Let us, then, labor for an inward
stillness,—

An inward stillness and an inward
healing;

That perfect silence where the lips
and heart

Are still, and we no longer enter-
tain

Our own imperfect thoughts and
vain opinions,

But God alone speaks in us, and
we wait

In singleness of heart, that we
may know

His will, and in the silence of our
spirits,

That we may do his will, and do
that only!

*A long pause, interrupted by the
sound of a drum approaching;
then shouts in the street, and a
loud knocking at the door.*

MARSHAL.

Within there! Open the door!

MERRY.

Will no one answer?

MARSHAL.

In the King's name! Within
there!

MERRY.

Open the door!

UPSALL (*from the window*).

It is not barred. Come in. No-
thing prevents you. 262

The poor man's door is ever on
the latch.

He needs no bolt nor bar to shut
out thieves:

He fears no enemies, and has no
friends

Importunate enough to need a
key.

*Enter JOHN ENDICOTT, the MAR-
SHAL, MERRY, and a crowd.
Seeing the Quakers silent and
unmoved, they pause, awe-
struck. ENDICOTT opposite
EDITH.*

MARSHAL.

In the King's name do I arrest
you all!

Away with them to prison. Mas-
ter Upsall,

You are again discovered harbor-
ing here

These ranters and disturbers of
the peace. 270

You know the law.

UPSALL.

I know it, and am ready
To suffer yet again its penalties.

EDITH (*to ENDICOTT*).

Why dost thou persecute me, Saul
of Tarsus?

ACT II

SCENE I. — JOHN ENDICOTT'S
room. Early morning.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

'Why dost thou persecute me,
Saul of Tarsus?'

All night these words were ring-
ing in mine ears!

A sorrowful sweet face; a look
that pierced me

With meek reproach; a voice of
resignation

That had a life of suffering in its
tone;

And that was all! And yet I
could not sleep,

Or, when I slept, I dreamed that
awful dream!

I stood beneath the elm-tree on
the Common

On which the Quakers have been
hanged, and heard

A voice, not hers, that cried amid
the darkness,

'This is Aceldama, the field of
blood!

I will have mercy, and not sacri-
fice!'

Opens the window, and looks out.
The sun is up already; and my
heart

Sickens and sinks within me when
I think

How many tragedies will be en-
acted

Before his setting. As the earth
rolls round,

It seems to me a huge Ixion's
wheel,

Upon whose whirling spokes we
are bound fast,

And must go with it! Ah, how
bright the sun

Strikes on the sea and on the
masts of vessels,

That are uplifted in the morning
air,

Like crosses of some peaceable
crusade!

It makes me long to sail for lands
unknown,

No matter whither! Under me, in
shadow,

Gloomy and narrow lies the little
town,

Still sleeping, but to wake and toil
awhile,

Then sleep again. How dismal
looks the prison,

How grim and sombre in the sun-
less street,—

The prison where she sleeps, or
wakes and waits

For what I dare not think of,—
death, perhaps!

A word that has been said may be
unsaid:

It is but air. But when a deed is
done

It cannot be undone, nor can our
thoughts

Reach out to all the mischiefs that
may follow.

'T is time for morning prayers. I
will go down.

My father, though severe, is kind
and just;

And when his heart is tender with
devotion,—

When from his lips have fallen the
words, 'Forgive us

As we forgive,'— then will I inter-
cede

For these poor people, and per-
haps may save them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — *Dock Square. On one side, the tavern of the Three Mariners. In the background, a quaint building with gables; and, beyond it, wharves and shipping.* CAPTAIN KEMPTHORN and others seated at a table before the door. SAMUEL COLE standing near them.

KEMPTHORN.

Come, drink about! Remember
Parson Melham,
And bless the man who first in-
vented flip!

They drink.

COLE.

Pray, Master Kempthorn, where
were you last night?

KEMPTHORN.

On board the Swallow, Simon
Kempthorn, master,
Up for Barbadoes, and the Wind-
ward Islands.

COLE.

The town was in a tumult.

KEMPTHORN.

And for what?

COLE.

Your Quakers were arrested.

KEMPTHORN.

How my Quakers ?

COLE.

Those you brought in your vessel
from Barbadoes.

They made an uproar in the Meet-
ing-house

Yesterday, and they're now in
prison for it. ⁵⁰

I owe you little thanks for bring-
ing them

To the Three Mariners.

KEMPTHORN.

They have not harmed you.

I tell you, Goodman Cole, that
Quaker girl

Is precious as a sea-bream's eye. I
tell you

It was a lucky day when first she
set

Her little foot upon the Swallow's
deck,

Bringing good luck, fair winds, and
pleasant weather.

COLE.

I am a law-abiding citizen ;

I have a seat in the new Meeting-
house,

A cow-right on the Common ; and,
besides, ⁶⁰

Am corporal in the Great Artil-
lery.

I rid me of the vagabonds at
once.

KEMPTHORN.

Why should you not have Quakers
at your tavern

If you have fiddlers ?

COLE.

Never ! never ! never !

If you want fiddling you must go
elsewhere.

To the Green Dragon and the
Admiral Vernon,
And other such disreputable
places.

But the Three Mariners is an
orderly house,

Most orderly, quiet, and respecta-
ble.

Lord Leigh said he could be as
quiet here ⁷⁰

As at the Governor's. And have I
not

King Charles's Twelve Good
Rules, all framed and glazed,
Hanging in my best parlor ?

KEMPTHORN.

Here 's a health

To good King Charles. Will you
not drink the King ?

Then drink confusion to old Par-
son Palmer.

COLE.

And who is Parson Palmer ? I
don't know him.

KEMPTHORN.

He had his cellar underneath his
pulpit,

And so preached o'er his liquor,
just as you do.

A drum within.

COLE.

Here comes the Marshal.

MERRY (*within*).

Make room for the Marshal.

KEMPTHORN.

How pompous and imposing he
appears ! ⁸⁰

His great buff doublet bellying like
a mainsail,

And all his streamers fluttering in
the wind.

What holds he in his hand ?

COLE.

A proclamation.

Enter the MARSHAL, with a proclamation; and MERRY, with a halberd. They are preceded by a drummer, and followed by the hangman, with an armful of books, and a crowd of people, among whom are UPSALL and JOHN ENDICOTT. A pile is made of the books.

MERRY.

Silence, the drum! Good citizens,
attend
To the new laws enacted by the
Court.

MARSHAL (*reads*).

'Whereas a cursed sect of Heretics
Has lately risen, commonly called
Quakers,
Who take upon themselves to be
commissioned
Immediately of God, and further-
more
Infallibly assisted by the Spirit ⁹⁰
To write and utter blasphemous
opinions,
Despising Government and the
order of God
In Church and Commonwealth, and
speaking evil
Of Dignities, reproaching and re-
viling
The Magistrates and Ministers,
and seeking
To turn the people from their
faith, and thus
Gain proselytes to their pernicious
ways;—
This Court, considering the pre-
mises,
And to prevent like mischief as is
wrought
By their means in our land, doth
hereby order, ¹⁰⁰
That whatsoever master or com-
mander
Of any ship, bark, pink, or catch
shall bring
To any roadstead, harbor, creek,
or cove

Within this Jurisdiction any Qua-
kers,
Or other blasphemous Heretics,
shall pay
Unto the Treasurer of the Com-
monwealth
One hundred pounds, and for de-
fault thereof
Be put in prison, and continue
there
Till the said sum be satisfied and
paid.'

COLE.

Now, Simon Kempthorn, what say
you to that? 110

KEMPTHORN.

I pray you, Cole, lend me a hun-
dred pounds!

MARSHAL (*reads*).

'If any one within this Jurisdic-
tion
Shall henceforth entertain, or shall
conceal
Quakers, or other blasphemous
Heretics,
Knowing them so to be, every such
person
Shall forfeit to the country forty
shillings
For each hour's entertainment or
concealment,
And shall be sent to prison, as
aforesaid,
Until the forfeiture be wholly
paid.'

Murmurs in the crowd.

KEMPTHORN.

Now, Goodman Cole, I think your
turn has come! 120

COLE.

Knowing them so to be!

KEMPTHORN.

At forty shillings
The hour, your fine will be some
forty pounds!

COLE.

Knowing them so to be! That is
the law.

MARSHAL (*reads*).

'And it is further ordered and en-
acted,
If any Quaker or Quakers shall
presume

To come henceforth into this Ju-
risdiction,

Every male Quaker for the first
offence

Shall have one ear cut off; and
shall be kept

At labor in the Workhouse, till
such time

As he be sent away at his own
charge. 130

And for the repetition of the of-
fence

Shall have his other ear cut off,
and then

Be branded in the palm of his right
hand.

And every woman Quaker shall be
whipt

Severely in three towns; and every
Quaker,

Or he or she, that shall for a third
time

Herein again offend, shall have
their tongues

Bored through with a hot iron, and
shall be

Sentenced to Banishment on pain
of Death.'

*Loud murmurs. The voice of
CHRISTISON in the crowd.*

O patience of the Lord! How long,
how long, 140

Ere thou avenge the blood of Thine
Elect?

MERRY.

Silence, there, silence! Do not
break the peace!

MARSHAL (*reads*).

'Every inhabitant of this Jurisdic-
tion

Who shall defend the horrible
opinions

Of Quakers, by denying due re-
spect

To equals and superiors, and with-
drawing

From Church Assemblies, and
thereby approving

The abusive and destructive prac-
tices

Of this accursed sect, in opposi-
tion

To all the orthodox received opin-
ions 150

Of godly men, shall be forthwith
committed

Unto close prison for one month;
and then

Refusing to retract and to reform
The opinions as aforesaid, he shall
be

Sentenced to Banishment on pain
of Death.

By the Court. Edward Rawson,
Secretary.'

Now, hangman, do your duty.
Burn those books.

*Loud murmurs in the crowd. The
pile of books is lighted.*

UPSALL.

I testify against these cruel laws!
Forerunners are they of some
judgment on us;

And, in the love and tenderness I
bear 160

Unto this town and people, I be-
seech you,

O Magistrates, take heed, lest ye
be found

As fighters against God!

JOHN ENDICOTT (*taking UP-
SALL'S hand*).

Upsall, I thank you
For speaking words such as some
younger man,

'I, or another, should have said be-
fore you.

Such laws as these are cruel and
oppressive;

A blot on this fair town, and a disgrace
To any Christian people.

MERRY (*aside, listening behind them*).

Here 's seditio!
I never thought that any good
would come
Of this young popinjay, with his
long hair ¹⁷⁰
And his great boots, fit only for
the Russians'
Or barbarous Indians, as his fa-
ther says!

THE VOICE.

Woe to the bloody town! And
rightfully
Men call it the Lost Town! The
blood of Abel
Cries from the ground, and at the
final judgment
The Lord will say, 'Cain, Cain!
where is thy brother?'

MERRY.

Silence there in the crowd!

UPSALL (*aside*).

'T is Christison!

THE VOICE.

O foolish people, ye that think to
burn
And to consume the truth of God,
I tell you
That every flame is a loud tongue
of fire ¹⁸⁰
To publish it abroad to all the
world
Louder than tongues of men!

KEMPTHORN (*springing to his feet*).

Well said, my hearty!
There 's a brave fellow! There 's
a man of pluck!
A man who 's not afraid to say his
say,

Though a whole town 's against
him. Rain, rain, rain,
Bones of St. Botolph, and put out
this fire!

The drum beats. Exeunt all but
MERRY, KEMPTHORN, and
COLE.

MERRY.

And now that matter 's ended,
Goodman Cole,
Fetch me a mug of ale, your
strongest ale.

KEMPTHORN (*sitting down*).

And me another mug of flip; and
put
Two gills of brandy in it.

[*Exit* COLE.]

MERRY.

No; no more.
Not a drop more, I say. You've
had enough. ¹⁹¹

KEMPTHORN.

And who are you, sir?

MERRY.

I 'm a Tithing-man,
And Merry is my name.

KEMPTHORN.

A merry name!
I like it; and I 'll drink your
merry health
Till all is blue.

MERRY.

And then you will be clapped
Into the stocks, with the red let-
ter D
Hung round about your neck for
drunkenness.
You 're a free-drinker, — yes, and
a free-thinker!

KEMPTHORN.

And you are Andrew Merry, or
Merry Andrew.

MERRY.

My name is Walter Merry, and
not Andrew. 200

KEMPTHORN.

Andrew or Walter, you're a merry
fellow ;

I'll swear to that.

MERRY.

No swearing, let me tell you.
The other day one Shorthose had
his tongue

Put into a cleft stick for profane
swearing.

COLE *brings the ale.*

KEMPTHORN.

Well, where's my flip? As sure as
my name's Kempthorn—

MERRY.

Is your name Kempthorn?

KEMPTHORN.

That's the name I go by.

MERRY.

What, Captain Simon Kempthorn
of the Swallow?

KEMPTHORN.

No other.

MERRY (*touching him on the
shoulder*).

Then you're wanted. I arrest you
In the King's name.

KEMPTHORN.

And where's your warrant?

MERRY (*unfolding a paper, and
reading*).

Here.

Listen to me. 'Hereby you are
required, 210

In the King's name, to apprehend
the body

Of Simon Kempthorn, mariner,
and him

Safely to bring before me, there to
answer

All such objections as are laid to
him,

Touching the Quakers.' Signed,
John Endicott.

KEMPTHORN.

Has it the Governor's seal?

MERRY.

Ay, here it is.

KEMPTHORN.

Death's head and cross-bones.
That's a pirate's flag!

MERRY.

Beware how you revile the Magis-
trates ;

You may be whipped for that.

KEMPTHORN.

Then mum's the word.

Exeunt MERRY and KEMP-
THORN.

COLE.

There's mischief brewing! Sure,
there's mischief brewing!

I feel like Master Josselyn when
he found 221

The hornet's nest, and thought it
some strange fruit,

Until the seeds came out, and
then he dropped it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. — *A room in the Gov-
ernor's house. Enter* GOV-
ERNOR ENDICOTT and MERRY.

ENDICOTT.

My son, you say?

MERRY.

Your Worship's eldest son.

ENDICOTT.

Speaking against the laws?

MERRY.

Ay, worshipful sir.

ENDICOTT.

And in the public market-place?

MERRY.

I saw him
With my own eyes, heard him
with my own ears.

ENDICOTT.

Impossible!

MERRY.

He stood there in the crowd
With Nicholas Upsall, when the
laws were read
To-day against the Quakers, and I
heard him ²³⁰
Denounce and vilipend them as
unjust,
And cruel, wicked, and abomina-
ble.

ENDICOTT.

Ungrateful son! O God! thou
layest upon me
A burden heavier than I can
bear!
Surely the power of Satan must be
great
Upon the earth, if even the elect
Are thus deceived and fall away
from grace!

MERRY.

Worshipful sir! I meant no harm—

ENDICOTT.

'T is well.
You've done your duty, though
you've done it roughly,
And every word you've uttered
since you came ²⁴⁰
Has stabbed me to the heart!

MERRY.

I do beseech
Your Worship's pardon!

ENDICOTT.

He whom I have nurtured
And brought up in the reverence
of the Lord!
The child of all my hopes and my
affections!
He upon whom I leaned as a sure
staff
For my old age! It is God's
chastisement
For leaning upon any arm but
His!

MERRY.

Your Worship!—

ENDICOTT.

And this comes from holding par-
ley
With the delusion and deceits of
Satan.
At once, forever, must they be
crushed out, ²⁵⁰
Or all the land will reek with her-
esy!
Pray, have you any children?

MERRY.

No, not any.

ENDICOTT.

Thank God for that. He has de-
livered you
From a great care. Enough; my
private griefs
Too long have kept me from the
public service.

*Exit MERRY. ENDICOTT seats
himself at the table and ar-
ranges his papers.*

The hour has come; and I am
eager now
To sit in judgment on these Here-
tics.

A knock.

Come in. Who is it? (*Not look-
ing up*).

JOHN ENDICOTT.

It is I.

ENDICOTT (*restraining himself*).
Sit down!

JOHN ENDICOTT (*sitting down*).
I come to intercede for these poor
people
Who are in prison, and await their
trial. 260

ENDICOTT.

It is of them I wish to speak with
you.
I have been angry with you, but
't is passed.
For when I hear your footsteps
come or go,
See in your features your dead mo-
ther's face,
And in your voice detect some
tone of hers,
All anger vanishes, and I remem-
ber
The days that are no more, and
come no more,
When as a child you sat upon my
knee,
And prattled of your playthings,
and the games
You played among the pear-trees
in the orchard! 270

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Oh, let the memory of my noble
mother
Plead with you to be mild and
merciful!
For mercy more becomes a Magis-
trate
Than the vindictive wrath which
men call justice!

ENDICOTT.

The sin of heresy is a deadly sin.
'T is like the falling of the snow,
whose crystals
The traveller plays with, thought-
less of his danger,
Until he sees the air so full of
light
That it is dark; and blindly stag-
gering onward,

Lost and bewildered, he sits down
to rest; 280
There falls a pleasant drowsiness
upon him,
And what he thinks is sleep, alas!
is death.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

And yet who is there that has
never doubted?
And doubting and believing, has
not said,
'Lord, I believe; help thou my un-
belief'?

ENDICOTT.

In the same way we trifle with our
doubts,
Whose shining shapes are like the
stars descending;
Until at last, bewildered and dis-
mayed,
Blinded by that which seemed to
give us light,
We sink to sleep, and find that it
is death, 290

Rising.

Death to the soul through all eter-
nity!
Alas that I should see you growing
up
To man's estate, and in the admo-
nition
And nurture of the Law, to find
you now
Pleading for Heretics!

JOHN ENDICOTT (*rising*).

In the sight of God,
Perhaps all men are Heretics.
Who dares
To say that he alone has found
the truth?
We cannot always feel and thin
and act
As those who go before us. Ha
you done so, 29
You would not now be here.

ENDICOTT.

Have you forgott

The doom of Heretics, and the fate
of those
Who aid and comfort them? Have
you forgotten
That in the market-place this very
day
You trampled on the laws? What
right have you,
An inexperienced and untravelled
youth,
To sit in judgment here upon the
acts
Of older men and wiser than your-
self,
Thus stirring up sedition in the
streets,
And making me a byword and a
jest?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Words of an inexperienced youth
like me 310
Were powerless if the acts of
older men
Went not before them. 'Tis
these laws themselves
Stir up sedition, not my judgment
of them.

ENDICOTT.

Take heed, lest I be called, as
Brutus was,
To be the judge of my own son!
Begone!
When you are tired of feeding
upon husks,
Return again to duty and submis-
sion,
But not till then.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I hear and I obey!
[Exit.]

ENDICOTT.

Oh happy, happy they who have
no children!
He's gone! I hear the hall door
shut behind him. 320
It sends a dismal echo through my
heart,

As if forever it had closed between
us,
And I should look upon his face
no more!
Oh, this will drag me down into
my grave,—
To that eternal resting-place
wherein
Man lieth down, and riseth not
again!
Till the heavens be no more he
shall not wake,
Nor be roused from his sleep; for
Thou dost change
His countenance, and sendest him
away!

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[Exit.]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Court of Assistants.* ENDICOTT, BELLINGHAM, ATHERTON, and other magistrates. KEMPTHORN, MERRY, and constables. Afterwards WHARTON, EDITH, and CHRISTISON.

ENDICOTT.

Call Captain Simon Kempthorn.

MERRY.

Simon Kempthorn,
Come to the bar!

KEMPTHORN *comes forward.*

ENDICOTT.

You are accused of bringing
Into this Jurisdiction, from Bar-
badoes,
Some persons of that sort and
sect of people
Known by the name of Quakers,
and maintaining
Most dangerous and heretical
opinions;
Purposely coming here to propa-
gate
Their heresies and errors; bring-
ing with them

And spreading sundry books here,
 which contain
 Their doctrines most corrupt and
 blasphemous,¹⁰
 And contrary to the truth pro-
 fessed among us.

What say you to this charge?

KEMPTHORN.

I do acknowledge,
 Among the passengers on board
 the Swallow
 Were certain persons saying Thee
 and Thou.
 They seemed a harmless people,
 mostways silent,
 Particularly when they said their
 prayers.

ENDICOTT.

Harmless and silent as the pesti-
 lence!
 You'd better have brought the
 fever or the plague
 Among us in your ship! There-
 fore, this Court,
 For preservation of the Peace and
 Truth,²⁰
 Hereby commands you speedily to
 transport,
 Or cause to be transported speed-
 ily,
 The aforesaid persons hence unto
 Barbadoes,
 From whence they came; you pay-
 ing all the charges
 Of their imprisonment.

KEMPTHORN.

Worshipful sir,
 No ship e'er prospered that has
 carried Quakers
 Against their will! I knew a ves-
 sel once —

ENDICOTT.

And for the more effectual per-
 formance
 Hereof you are to give security
 In bonds amounting to one hun-
 dred pounds.

30

On your refusal, you will be com-
 mitted
 To prison till you do it.

KEMPTHORN.

But you see
 I cannot do it. The law, sir, of
 Barbadoes
 Forbids the landing Quakers on
 the island.

ENDICOTT.

Then you will be committed.
 Who comes next?

MERRY.

There is another charge against
 the Captain.

ENDICOTT.

What is it?

MERRY.

Profane swearing, please your
 Worship.
 He cursed and swore from Dock
 Square to the Court-house.

ENDICOTT.

Then let him stand in the pillory
 for one hour.

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[*Exit KEMPTHORN with constable.*]

Who's next?

MERRY.

The Quakers.

ENDICOTT.

Call them.

MERRY.

Edward Wharton,
 Come to the bar!

WHARTON.

Yea, even to the bench.

ENDICOTT.

Take off your hat.

WHARTON.

My hat offendeth not.
If it offendeth any, let him take
it;
For I shall not resist.

ENDICOTT.

Take off his hat.
Let him be fined ten shillings for
contempt.

MERRY *takes off* WHARTON'S
hat.

WHARTON.

What evil have I done?

ENDICOTT.

Your hair 's too long ;
And in not putting off your hat to
us
You've disobeyed and broken
that commandment
Which sayeth 'Honor thy father
and thy mother.'

WHARTON.

John Endicott, thou art become
too proud ; 50
And lovest him who putteth off
the hat,
And honoreth thee by bowing of
the body,
And sayeth 'Worshipful sir !'
'T is time for thee
To give such follies over, for thou
mayest
Be drawing very near unto thy
grave.

ENDICOTT.

Now, sirrah, leave your canting.
Take the oath.

WHARTON.

Nay, sirrah me no sirrahs !

ENDICOTT.

Will you swear?

WHARTON.

Nay, I will not.

ENDICOTT.

You made a great disturbance
And uproar yesterday in the
Meeting-house, 59
Having your hat on.

WHARTON.

I made no disturbance ;
For peacefully I stood, like other
people.
I spake no words ; moved against
none my hand ;
But by the hair they haled me out,
and dashed
Their books into my face.

ENDICOTT.

You, Edward Wharton,
On pain of death, depart this Ju-
risdiction
Within ten days. Such is your
sentence. Go.

WHARTON.

John Endicott, it had been well for
thee
If this day's doings thou hadst
left undone.
But, banish me as far as thou hast
power,
Beyond the guard and presence of
my God 70
Thou canst not banish me !

ENDICOTT.

Depart the Court ;
We have no time to listen to your
babble.
Who's next ? [*Exit* WHARTON.

MERRY.

This woman, for the same of-
fence.
EDITH *comes forward.*

ENDICOTT.

What is your name?

EDITH.

'T is to the world unknown,
But written in the Book of Life.

ENDICOTT.

Take heed
It be not written in the Book of
Death!
What is it?

EDITH.

Edith Christison.

ENDICOTT (*with eagerness*).

The daughter
Of Wenlock Christison?

EDITH.

I am his daughter.

ENDICOTT.

Your father hath given us trouble
many times.
A bold man and a violent, who
sets 80
At naught the authority of our
Church and State
And is in banishment on pain of
death.
Where are you living?

EDITH.

In the Lord.

ENDICOTT.

Make answer
Without evasion. Where?

EDITH.

My outward being
Is in Barbadoes.

ENDICOTT.

Then why come you here?

EDITH.

I come upon an errand of the
Lord.

ENDICOTT.

'T is not the business of the Lord
you're doing;
It is the Devil's. Will you take
the oath?
Give her the Book.

MERRY *offers the book.*

EDITH.

You offer me this Book
To swear on; and it saith, 'Swear
not at all, 90
Neither by heaven, because it is
God's Throne,
Nor by the earth, because it is his
footstool!'
I dare not swear.

ENDICOTT.

You dare not? Yet you Quakers
Deny this Book of Holy Writ, the
Bible,
To be the Word of God.

EDITH (*reverentially*).

Christ is the Word,
The everlasting oath of God. I
dare not.

ENDICOTT.

You own yourself a Quaker,—do
you not?

EDITH.

I own that in derision and re-
proach
I am so called.

ENDICOTT.

Then you deny the Scripture
To be the rule of life.

EDITH.

Yea, I believe
The Inner Light, and not the Writ-
ten Word, 101
To be the rule of life.

ENDICOTT.

And you deny
That the Lord's Day is holy.

EDITH.

Every day,
Is the Lord's Day. It runs through
all our lives,
As through the pages of the Holy
Bible,
'Thus saith the Lord.'

ENDICOTT.

You are accused of making
An horrible disturbance, and af-
frighting
The people in the Meeting-house
on Sunday.
What answer make you?

EDITH.

I do not deny
That I was present in your Steeple-
house 110
On the First Day; but I made no
disturbance.

ENDICOTT.

Why came you there?

EDITH.

Because the Lord commanded.
His word was in my heart, a burn-
ing fire
Shut up within me and consuming
me,
And I was very weary with for-
bearing;
I could not stay.

ENDICOTT.

'T was not the Lord that sent
you;
As an incarnate devil did you
come!

EDITH.

On the First Day, when seated, in
my chamber,
I heard the bells toll, calling you
together,
The sound struck at my life, as
once at his, 120
The holy man, our Founder, when
he heard
The far-off bells toll in the Vale of
Beavor.
It sounded like a market bell to
call
The folk together, that the Priest
might set
His wares to sale. And the Lord
said within me,

'Thou must go cry aloud against
that Idol,
And all the worshippers thereof.'
I went
Barefooted, clad in sackcloth, and
I stood
And listened at the threshold; and
I heard
The praying and the singing and
the preaching, 130
Which were but outward forms,
and without power.
Then rose a cry within me, and my
heart
Was filled with admonitions and
reproofs.
Remembering how the Prophets
and Apostles
Denounced the covetous hirelings
and diviners,
I entered in, and spake the words
the Lord
Commanded me to speak. I could
no less.

ENDICOTT.

Are you a Prophetess?

EDITH.

Is it not written,
'Upon my handmaidens will I pour
out 139
My spirit, and they shall prophesy?'

ENDICOTT.

Enough;
For out of your own mouth are
you condemned!
Need we hear further?

THE JUDGES.

We are satisfied.

ENDICOTT.

It is sufficient. Edith Christison,
The sentence of the Court is, that
you be
Scourged in three towns, with forty
stripes save one,
Then banished upon pain of death!

EDITH.

Your sentence
Is truly no more terrible to me
Than had you blown a feather
into the air,
And, as it fell upon me, you had
said,
'Take heed it hurt thee not!'
God's will be done! 150

WENLOCK CHRISTISON (*unseen in
the crowd*).

Woe to the city of blood! The
stone shall cry
Out of the wall; the beam from
out the timber
Shall answer it! Woe unto him
that buildeth
A town with blood, and stablish-
eth a city
By his iniquity!

ENDICOTT.

Who is it makes
Such outcry here?

CHRISTISON (*coming forward*).

I, Wenlock Christison!

ENDICOTT.

Banished on pain of death, why
come you here?

CHRISTISON.

I come to warn you that you shed
no more
The blood of innocent men! It
cries aloud 159
For vengeance to the Lord!

ENDICOTT.

Your life is forfeit
Unto the law; and you shall surely
die,
And shall not live.

CHRISTISON.

Like unto Eleazer,
Maintaining the excellence of an-
cient years
And the honor of his gray head, I
stand before you;

Like him disdaining all hypo-
crisy,
Lest, through desire to live a little
longer,
I get a stain to my old age and
name!

ENDICOTT.

Being in banishment, on pain of
death,
You come now in among us in re-
bellion.

CHRISTISON.

I come not in among you in rebel-
lion, 170
But in obedience to the Lord of
Heaven.
Not in contempt to any Magis-
trate,
But only in the love I bear your
souls,
As ye shall know hereafter, when
all men
Give an account of deeds done in
the body!
God's righteous judgments ye can-
not escape.

ONE OF THE JUDGES.

Those who have gone before you
said the same,
And yet no judgment of the Lord
hath fallen
Upon us.

CHRISTISON.

He but waiteth till the measure
Of your iniquities shall be filled
up, 180
And ye have run your race. Then
will his wrath
Descend upon you to the utter-
most!
For thy part, Humphrey Atherton,
it hangs
Over thy head already. It shall
come
Suddenly, as a thief doth in the
night,
And in the hour when least thou
thinkest of it!

ENDICOTT.

We have a law, and by that law
you die.

CHRISTISON.

I, a free man of England and free-
born,
Appeal unto the laws of mine own
nation!

ENDICOTT.

There's no appeal to England
from this Court! ¹⁹⁰
What! do you think our statutes
are but paper?
Are but dead leaves that rustle in
the wind?
Or litter to be trampled under
foot?
What say ye, Judges of the Court,
— what say ye?
Shall this man suffer death?
Speak your opinions.

ONE OF THE JUDGES.

I am a mortal man, and die I must,
And that erelong; and I must
then appear
Before the awful judgment-seat of
Christ,
To give account of deeds done in
the body.
My greatest glory on that day will
be, ²⁰⁰
That I have given my vote against
this man.

CHRISTISON.

If, Thomas Danforth, thou hast
nothing more
To glory in upon that dreadful
day
Than blood of innocent people,
then thy glory
Will be turned into shame! The
Lord hath said it!

ANOTHER JUDGE.

I cannot give consent, while other
men
Who have been banished upon
pain of death

Are now in their own houses here
among us.

ENDICOTT.

Ye that will not consent, make
record of it. ²¹⁰
I thank my God that I am not
afraid
To give my judgment. Wenlock
Christison,
You must be taken back from
hence to prison,
Thence to the place of public exe-
cution,
There to be hanged till you be
dead—dead—dead!

CHRISTISON.

If ye have power to take my life
from me,—
Which I do question,— God hath
power to raise
The principle of life in other
men,
And send them here among you.
There shall be
No peace unto the wicked, saith
my God.
Listen, ye Magistrates, for the
Lord hath said it! ²²⁰
The day ye put his servitors to
death,
That day the Day of your own
Visitation,
The Day of Wrath, shall pass
above your heads,
And ye shall be accursed forever-
more!

To EDITH, embracing her.

Cheer up, dear heart! they have
not power to harm us.

[*Exeunt CHRISTISON and EDITH
guarded. The Scene closes.*

SCENE II. — *A street. Enter JOHN
ENDICOTT and UPSALL.*

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Scourged in three towns! and yet
the busy people

Go up and down the streets on
 their affairs
 Of business or of pleasure, as if
 nothing
 Had happened to disturb them or
 their thoughts!
 When bloody tragedies like this
 are acted, 230
 The pulses of a nation should
 stand still;
 The town should be in mourning,
 and the people
 Speak only in low whispers to each
 other.

UPSALL.

I know this people; and that
 underneath
 A cold outside there burns a secret
 fire
 That will find vent, and will not
 be put out,
 Till every remnant of these bar-
 barous laws
 Shall be to ashes burned, and
 blown away.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Scourged in three towns! It is in-
 credible
 Such things can be! I feel the
 blood within me 240
 Fast mounting in rebellion, since
 in vain
 Have I implored compassion of
 my father!

UPSALL.

You know your father only as a
 father;
 I know him better as a Magis-
 trate.
 He is a man both loving and se-
 vere;
 A tender heart; a will inflexible.
 None ever loved him more than I
 have loved him.
 He is an upright man and a just
 man
 In all things save the treatment
 of the Quakers.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Yet I have found him cruel and
 unjust 250
 Even as a father. He has driven
 me forth
 Into the street; has shut his door
 upon me,
 With words of bitterness. I am
 as homeless
 As these poor Quakers are.

UPSALL.

Then come with me.
 You shall be welcome for your
 father's sake,
 And the old friendship that has
 been between us.
 He will relent ere long. A father's
 anger
 Is like a sword without a handle,
 piercing
 Both ways alike, and wounding
 him that wields it 259
 No less than him that it is pointed
 at. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The prison. Night.*
 EDITH *reading the Bible by a*
lamp.

EDITH.

'Blessed are ye when men shall
 persecute you,
 And shall revile you, and shall say
 against you
 All manner of evil falsely for my
 sake!
 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad,
 for great
 Is your reward in heaven. For so
 the prophets,
 Which were before you, have been
 persecuted.'

Enter JOHN ENDICOTT.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Edith!

EDITH.

Who is it that speaketh?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Saul of Tarsus:
As thou didst call me once.

EDITH (*coming forward*).

Yea, I remember.
Thou art the Governor's son.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I am ashamed
Thou shouldst remember me.

EDITH.

Why comest thou
Into this dark guest-chamber in
the night? 271
What seekest thou?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Forgiveness!

EDITH.

I forgive
All who have injured me. What
hast thou done?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I have betrayed thee, thinking
that in this
I did God service. Now, in deep
contrition,
I come to rescue thee.

EDITH.

From what?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

From prison.

EDITH.

I am safe here within these gloomy
walls.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

From scourging in the streets, and
in three towns!

EDITH.

Remembering who was scourged
for me, I shrink not

Nor shudder at the forty stripes
save one. 280

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Perhaps from death itself!

EDITH.

I fear not death,
Knowing who died for me.

JOHN ENDICOTT (*aside*).

Surely some divine
Ambassador is speaking through
those lips
And looking through those eyes!
I cannot answer!

EDITH.

If all these prison doors stood
opened wide
I would not cross the threshold,—
not one step.
There are invisible bars I cannot
break;
There are invisible doors that shut
me in,
And keep me ever steadfast to my
purpose.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Thou hast the patience and the
faith of Saints! 290

EDITH.

Thy Priest hath been with me
this day to save me,
Not only from the death that
comes to all,
But from the second death!

JOHN ENDICOTT.

The Pharisee!
My heart revolts against him and
his creed!
Alas! the coat that was without a
seam
Is rent asunder by contending
sects;
Each bears away a portion of the
garment,

Blindly believing that he has the whole!

EDITH.

When Death, the Healer, shall have touched our eyes

With moist clay of the grave, then shall we see 300

The truth as we have never yet beheld it.

But he that overcometh shall not be

Hurt of the second death. Has he forgotten

The many mansions in our father's house?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

There is no pity in his iron heart! The hands that now bear stamped upon their palms

The burning sign of Heresy, hereafter

Shall be uplifted against such accusers,

And then the imprinted letter and its meaning

Will not be Heresy, but Holiness! 310

EDITH.

Remember, thou condemnest thine own father!

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I have no father! He has cast me off.

I am as homeless as the wind that moans

And wanders through the streets. Oh, come with me!

Do not delay. Thy God shall be my God,

And where thou goest I will go.

EDITH.

I cannot.

Yet will I not deny it, nor conceal it;

From the first moment I beheld thy face

I felt a tenderness in my soul towards thee.

My mind has since been inward to the Lord, 320

Waiting his word. It has not yet been spoken.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I cannot wait. Trust me. Oh, come with me!

EDITH.

In the next room, my father, an old man,

Sitteth imprisoned and condemned to death,

Willing to prove his faith by martyrdom;

And thinkest thou his daughter would do less?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Oh, life is sweet, and death is terrible!

EDITH.

I have too long walked hand in hand with death

To shudder at that pale familiar face.

But leave me now. I wish to be alone. 330

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Not yet. Oh, let me stay.

EDITH.

Urge me no more.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Alas! good-night. I will not say good-by!

EDITH.

Put this temptation underneath thy feet.

To him that overcometh shall be given

The white stone with the new name written on it,

That no man knows save him that
doth receive it,
And I will give thee a new name,
and call thee
Paul of Damascus and not Saul of
Tarsus.

[Exit ENDICOTT. EDITH sits
down again to read the Bible.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*King Street, in front
of the town-house. KEMPTHORN
in the pillory. MERRY and a
crowd of lookers-on.*

KEMPTHORN (*sings*).

The world is full of care,
Much like unto a bubble;
Women and care, and care and women,
And women and care and trouble.

Good Master Merry, may I say
confound?

MERRY.

Ay, that you may.

KEMPTHORN.

Well, then, with your permission,
Confound the Pillory!

MERRY.

That's the very thing
The joiner said who made the
Shrewsbury stocks.
He said, Confound the stocks, be-
cause they put him
Into his own. He was the first
man in them. 10

KEMPTHORN.

For swearing, was it?

MERRY.

No, it was for charging;
He charged the town too much;
and so the town,
To make things square, set him in
his own stocks,

And fined him five pound sterling,
— just enough
To settle his own bill.

KEMPTHORN.

And served him right;
But, Master Merry, is it not eight
bells?

MERRY.

Not quite.

KEMPTHORN.

For, do you see? I'm getting tired
Of being perched aloft here in this
cro' nest

Like the first mate of a whaler, or
a Middy

Mast-headed, looking out for land!
Sail ho! 20

Here comes a heavy-laden mer-
chantman

With the lee clews eased off, and
running free

Before the wind. A solid man of
Boston.

A comfortable man, with divi-
dends,

And the first salmon, and the first
green peas.

A gentleman passes.

He does not even turn his head to
look.

He's gone without a word. Here
comes another,

A different kind of craft on a taut
bowline,—

Deacon Giles Firmin the apothecary, 29

A plous and a ponderous citizen,
Looking as rubicund and round
and splendid

As the great bottle in his own shop
window!

DEACON FIRMIN *passes.*

And here's my host of the Three
Mariners,

My creditor and trusty taverner,
My corporal in the Great Artillery!

He's not a man to pass me without speaking.

COLE *looks away and passes.*

Don't yaw so; keep your luff, old hypocrite!

Respectable, ah yes, respectable, You, with your seat in the new Meeting-house,

Your cow-right on the Common! But who's this? ⁴⁰

I did not know the Mary Ann was in!

And yet this is my old friend, Captain Goldsmith,

As sure as I stand in the bilboes here.

Why, Ralph, my boy!

Enter RALPH GOLDSMITH.

GOLDSMITH.

Why, Simon, is it you? Set in the bilboes?

KEMPTHORN.

Chock-a-block, you see, And without chafing-gear.

GOLDSMITH.

And what's it for?

KEMPTHORN.

Ask that starbowline with the boat-hook there, That handsome man.

MERRY (*bowing*).

For swearing.

KEMPTHORN.

In this town They put sea-captains in the stocks for swearing, And Quakers for not swearing. So look out. ⁵⁰

GOLDSMITH.

I pray you set him free; he meant no harm;

'T is an old habit he picked up afloat.

MERRY.

Well, as your time is out, you may come down.

The law allows you now to go at large

Like Elder Oliver's horse upon the Common.

KEMPTHORN.

Now, hearties, bear a hand! Let go and haul.

KEMPTHORN *is set free, and comes forward, shaking GOLDSMITH'S hand.*

KEMPTHORN.

Give me your hand, Ralph. Ah, how good it feels!

The hand of an old friend.

GOLDSMITH.

God bless you, Simon!

KEMPTHORN.

Now let us make a straight wake for the tavern

Of the Three Mariners, Samuel Cole commander; ⁶⁰

Where we can take our ease, and see the shipping,

And talk about old times.

GOLDSMITH.

First I must pay My duty to the Governor, and take him

His letters and dispatches. Come with me.

KEMPTHORN.

I'd rather not. I saw him yesterday.

GOLDSMITH.

Then wait for me at the Three Nuns and Comb.

KEMPTHORN.

I thank you. That's too near to the town pump.

I will go with you to the Governor's,

And wait outside there, sailing off
and on;
If I am wanted, you can hoist a
signal. 70

MERRY.

Shall I go with you and point out
the way?

GOLDSMITH.

Oh no, I thank you. I am not a
stranger
Here in your crooked little town.

MERRY.

How now, sir?
Do you abuse our town? [Exit.

GOLDSMITH.

Oh, no offence.

KEMPTHORN.

Ralph, I am under bonds for a
hundred pound.

GOLDSMITH.

Hard lines. What for?

KEMPTHORN.

To take some Quakers back
I brought here from Barbadoes in
the Swallow.

And how to do it I don't clearly see,
For one of them is banished, and
another

Is sentenced to be hanged! What
shall I do? 80

GOLDSMITH.

Just slip your hawser on some
cloudy night;
Sheer off, and pay it with the top-
sail, Simon! [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — *Street in front of the
prison. In the background a
gateway and several flights of
steps leading up terraces to the
Governor's house. A pump on
one side of the street.* JOHN
ENDICOTT, MERRY, UPSALL,
and others. *A drum beats.*

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Oh shame, shame, shame!

MERRY.

Yes, it would be a shame
But for the damnable sin of
Heresy!

JOHN ENDICOTT.

A woman scourged and dragged
about our streets!

MERRY.

Well, Roxbury and Dorchester
must take
Their share of shame. She will be
whipped in each!
Three towns, and Forty Stripes
save one; that makes
Thirteen in each.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

And are we Jews or Christians?
See where she comes, amid a gap-
ing crowd! 90
And she a child. Oh, pitiful! piti-
ful!

There 's blood upon her clothes,
her hands, her feet!

*Enter MARSHAL and a drummer,
EDITH stripped to the waist,
followed by the hangman with a
scourge, and a noisy crowd.*

EDITH.

Here let me rest one moment. I
am tired.

Will some one give me water?

MERRY.

At his peril.

UPSALL.

Alas! that I should live to see this
day!

A WOMAN.

Did I forsake my father and my
mother
And come here to New England
to see this?

EDITH.

I am athirst. Will no one give me
water?

JOHN ENDICOTT (*making his way
through the crowd with water*).

In the Lord's name!

EDITH (*drinking*).

In his name I receive it!
Sweet as the water of Samaria's
well 100
This water tastes. I thank thee.
Is it thou?
I was afraid thou hadst deserted
me.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Never will I desert thee, nor deny
thee.
Be comforted.

MERRY.

O Master Endicott,
Be careful what you say.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Peace, idle babbler!

MERRY.

You'll rue these words!

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Art thou not better now?

EDITH.

They've struck me as with roses.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Ah, these wounds!
These bloody garments!

EDITH.

It is granted me
To seal my testimony with my
blood.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

O blood-red seal of man's vindic-
tive wrath! 110
O roses of the garden of the Lord!

I, of the household of Iscariot,
I have betrayed in thee my Lord
and Master!

WENLOCK CHRISTISON *appears
above, at the window of the
prison, stretching out his hands
through the bars.*

CHRISTISON.

Be of good courage, O my child!
my child!
Blessed art thou when men shall
persecute thee!
Fear not their faces, saith the
Lord, fear not,
For I am with thee to deliver
thee.

A CITIZEN.

Who is it crying from the prison
yonder?

MERRY.

It is old Wenlock Christison.

CHRISTISON.

Remember
Him who was scourged, and
mocked, and crucified! 120
I see his messengers attending
thee.
Be steadfast, oh, be steadfast to
the end!

EDITH (*with exultation*).

I cannot reach thee with these
arms, O father!
But closely in my soul do I em-
brace thee
And hold thee. In thy dungeon
and thy death
I will be with thee, and will com-
fort thee!

MARSHAL.

Come, put an end to this. Let the
drum beat.

*The drum beats. Exeunt all but
JOHN ENDICOTT, UPSALL, and
MERRY.*

CHRISTISON.

Dear child, farewell! Never shall
I behold
Thy face again with these bleared
eyes of flesh;
And never wast thou fairer, love-
lier, dearer 130
Than now, when scourged and
bleeding, and insulted
For the truth's sake. O pitiless,
pitiless town!
The wrath of God hangs over thee;
and the day
Is near at hand when thou shalt
be abandoned
To desolation and the breeding of
nettles.
The bittern and the cormorant
shall lodge
Upon thine upper lintels, and their
voice
Sing in thy windows. Yea, thus
saith the Lord!

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Awake! awake! ye sleepers, ere
too late, 139
And wipe these bloody statutes
from your books! [*Exit.*]

MERRY.

Take heed; the walls have ears!

UPSALL.

At last, the heart
Of every honest man must speak
or break!

*Enter GOVERNOR ENDICOTT with
his halberdiers.*

ENDICOTT.

What is this stir and tumult in the
street?

MERRY.

Worshipful sir, the whipping of a
girl,
And her old father howling from
the prison.

ENDICOTT (*to his halberdiers*).
Go on.

CHRISTISON.

Antiochus! Antiochus!
O thou that slayest the Maccabees!
The Lord
Shall smite thee with incurable
disease,
And no man shall endure to carry
thee! 149

MERRY.

Peace, old blasphemer!

CHRISTISON.

I both feel and see
The presence and the waft of death
go forth
Against thee, and already thou
dost look
Like one that's dead!

MERRY (*pointing*).

And there is your own son,
Worshipful sir, abetting the sedi-
tion.

ENDICOTT.

Arrest him. Do not spare him.

MERRY (*aside*).

His own child!
There is some special providence
takes care
That none shall be too happy in
this world!
His own first-born.

ENDICOTT.

O Absalom, my son!
[*Exeunt; the Governor with his
halberdiers ascending the steps
of his house.*]

SCENE III. — *The Governor's pri-
vate room. Papers upon the
table.* ENDICOTT and BEL-
LINGHAM.

ENDICOTT.

There is a ship from England has
come in,
Bringing dispatches and much
news from home. 160

His Majesty was at the Abbey
crowned;
And when the coronation was complete
There passed a mighty tempest
o'er the city,
Portentous with great thunderings
and lightnings.

BELLINGHAM.

After his father's, if I well remember,
There was an earthquake, that foreboded evil.

ENDICOTT.

Ten of the Regicides have been put to death!
The bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw
Have been dragged from their graves, and publicly ¹⁶⁹
Hanged in their shrouds at Tyburn.

BELLINGHAM.

Horrible!

ENDICOTT.

Thus the old tyranny revives again!
Its arm is long enough to reach us here,
As you will see. For, more insulting still
Than flaunting in our faces dead men's shrouds,
Here is the King's Mandamus, taking from us,
From this day forth, all power to punish Quakers.

BELLINGHAM.

That takes from us all power: we are but puppets,
And can no longer execute our laws.

ENDICOTT.

His Majesty begins with pleasant words,

'Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well;' ¹⁸⁰
Then with a ruthless hand he strips from me
All that which makes me what I am; as if
From some old general in the field, grown gray
In service, scarred with many wounds,
Just at the hour of victory, he should strip
His badge of office and his well-gained honors,
And thrust him back into the ranks again.

Opens the Mandamus and hands it to BELLINGHAM; and, while he is reading, ENDICOTT walks up and down the room.

Here, read it for yourself; you see his words
Are pleasant words — considerate — not reproachful —
Nothing could be more gentle — or more royal; ¹⁹⁰
But then the meaning underneath the words,
Mark that. He says all people known as Quakers
Among us, now condemned to suffer death
Or any corporal punishment whatever,
Who are imprisoned, or may be obnoxious
To the like condemnation, shall be sent
Forthwith to England, to be dealt with there
In such wise as shall be agreeable
Unto the English law and their demerits. ¹⁹⁹
Is it not so?

BELLINGHAM (*returning the paper*).

Ay, so the paper says.

ENDICOTT.

It means we shall no longer rule
the Province;
It means farewell to law and lib-
erty,
Authority, respect for Magis-
trates,
The peace and welfare of the Com-
monwealth.
If all the knaves upon this conti-
nent
Can make appeal to England, and
so thwart
The ends of truth and justice by
delay,
Our power is gone forever. We
are nothing
But ciphers, valueless save when
we follow
Some unit; and our unit is the
King! 210
'T is he that gives us value.

BELLINGHAM.

I confess

Such seems to be the meaning of
this paper,
But being the King's Mandamus,
signed and sealed,
We must obey, or we are in rebel-
lion.

ENDICOTT.

I tell you, Richard Bellingham, —
I tell you,
That this is the beginning of a
struggle
Of which no mortal can foresee
the end.
I shall not live to fight the battle
for you,
I am a man disgraced in every
way;
This order takes from me my self-
respect 220
And the respect of others. 'T is
my doom,
Yes, my death-warrant, but must
be obeyed!
Take it, and see that it is exe-
cuted

So far as this, that all be set at
large;
But see that none of them be sent
to England
To bear false witness, and to
spread reports
That might be prejudicial to our-
selves.

[Exit BELLINGHAM.]

There's a dull pain keeps knock-
ing at my heart,
Dolefully saying, 'Set thy house
in order,
For thou shalt surely die, and
shalt not live!' 230
For me the shadow on the dial-
plate
Goeth not back, but on into the
dark! [Exit.]

SCENE IV. — *The street. A crowd,
reading a placard on the door
of the Meeting-house. NICHOLAS
UPSALL among them. Enter
JOHN NORTON.*

NORTON.

What is this gathering here?

UPSALL.

One William Brand,
An old man like ourselves, and
weak in body,
Has been so cruelly tortured in
his prison,
The people are excited, and they
threaten
To tear the prison down.

NORTON.

What has been done?

UPSALL.

He has been put in irons, with his
neck
And heels tied close together, and
so left
From five in the morning until
nine at night. 240

NORTON.

What more was done?

UPSALL.

He has been kept five days
In prison without food, and cruelly
beaten,
So that his limbs were cold, his
senses stopped.

NORTON.

What more?

UPSALL.

And is this not enough?

NORTON.

Now hear me.
This William Brand of yours has
tried to beat
Our Gospel Ordinances black and
blue;
And, if he has been beaten in like
manner,
It is but justice, and I will appear
In his behalf that did so. I suppose
That he refused to work.

UPSALL.

He was too weak.
How could an old man work, when
he was starving? 251

NORTON.

And what is this placard?

UPSALL.

The Magistrates,
To appease the people and pre-
vent a tumult,
Have put up these placards
throughout the town,
Declaring that the jailer shalt be
dealt with
Impartially and sternly by the
Court.

NORTON (*tearing down the pla-
card*).

Down with this weak and cowardly
concession,

This flag of truce with Satan and
with Sin!

I fling it in his face! I trample it
Under my feet! It is his cunning
craft, 260

The masterpiece of his diplomacy,
To cry and plead for boundless
toleration.

But toleration is the first-born
child

Of all abominations and deceits.

There is no room in Christ's trium-
phant army

For tolerationists. And if an An-
gel

Preach any other gospel unto you
Than that ye have received, God's
malediction

Descend upon him! Let him be
accursed! [*Exit.*]

UPSALL.

Now, go thy ways, John Norton!
go thy ways, 270

Thou Orthodox Evangelist, as men
call thee!

But even now there cometh out of
England,

Like an o'ertaking and accusing
conscience,

An outraged man, to call thee to
account

For the unrighteous murder of his
son! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. — *The Wilderness.* *En-
ter* EDITH.

EDITH.

How beautiful are these autumnal
woods!

The wilderness doth blossom like
the rose,

And change into a garden of the
Lord!

How silent everywhere! Alone
and lost

Here in the forest, there comes
over me 280

An inward awfulness. I recall
the words

Of the Apostle Paul: 'In journeyings often,
Often in perils in the wilderness,
In weariness, in painfulness, in
watchings,
In hunger and thirst, in cold and
nakedness;'
And I forget my weariness and
pain,
My watchings, and my hunger and
my thirst.
The Lord hath said that He will
seek his flock
In cloudy and dark days, and they
shall dwell
Securely in the wilderness, and
sleep 290
Safe in the woods! Whichever
way I turn,
I come back with my face towards
the town.
Dimly I see it, and the sea beyond
it.
O cruel town! I know what waits
me there,
And yet I must go back; for ever
louder
I hear the inward calling of the
Spirit,
And must obey the voice. O woods,
that wear
Your golden crown of martyrdom,
blood-stained,
From you I learn a lesson of sub-
mission, 299
And am obedient even unto death,
If God so wills it. [Exit.

JOHN ENDICOTT (*within*).

Edith! Edith! Edith!

He enters.

It is in vain! I call, she answers
not;
I follow, but I find no trace of her!
Blood! blood! The leaves above
me and around me
Are red with blood! The path-
ways of the forest,
The clouds that canopy the setting
sun

And even the little river in the
meadows
Are stained with it! Where'er I
look, I see it!
Away, thou horrible vision! Leave
me! leave me!
Alas! yon winding stream, that
gropes its way 310
Through mist and shadow, dou-
bling on itself,
At length will find, by the unerr-
ing law
Of nature, what it seeks. O soul
of man,
Groping through mist and shadow,
and recoiling
Back on thyself, are, too, thy devi-
ous ways
Subject to law? and when thou
seemest to wander
The farthest from thy goal, art
thou still drawing
Nearer and nearer to it, till at
length
Thou findest, like the river, what
thou seekest? [Exit.

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Daybreak. Street in front of UPSALL'S house. A light in the window. Enter JOHN ENDICOTT.*

JOHN ENDICOTT.

O silent, sombre, and deserted
streets,
To me ye're peopled with a sad
procession,
And echo only to the voice of sor-
row!
O houses full of peacefulness and
sleep,
Far better were it to awake no
more
Than wake to look upon such
scenes again!
There is a light in Master Upsall's
window.

The good man is already risen, for
sleep

Deserts the couches of the old.
Knocks at UPSALL'S door.

UPSALL (*at the window*).

Who's there?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Am I so changed you do not
know my voice? 10

UPSALL.

I know you. Have you heard
what things have happened?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I have heard nothing.

UPSALL.

Stay; I will come down.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

I am afraid some dreadful news
awaits me!

I do not dare to ask, yet am impa-
tient

To know the worst. Oh, I am
very weary

With waiting and with watching
and pursuing!

Enter UPSALL.

UPSALL.

Thank God, you have come back!
I've much to tell you.
Where have you been?

JOHN ENDICOTT.

You know that I was seized,
Fined, and released again. You
know that Edith,

After her scourging in three
towns, was banished 20

Into the wilderness, into the land
that is not sown; and there I fol-
lowed her,

But found her not. Where is
she?

UPSALL.

She is here.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Oh, do not speak that word, for it
means death!

UPSALL.

No, it means life. She sleeps in
yonder chamber.

Listen to me. When news of
Leddra's death

Reached England, Edward Bur-
roughs, having boldly

Got access to the presence of the
King,

Told him there was a vein of inno-
cent blood

Opened in his dominions here,
which threatened 30

To overrun them all. The King
replied,

'But I will stop that vein!' and
he forthwith

Sent his Mandamus to our Magis-
trates,

That they proceed no further in
this business.

So all are pardoned, and all set at
large.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

Thank God! This is a victory for
truth!

Our thoughts are free. They can-
not be shut up

In prison walls, nor put to death
on scaffolds!

UPSALL.

Come in; the morning air blows
sharp and cold

Through the damp streets.

JOHN ENDICOTT.

It is the dawn of day
That chases the old darkness from
our sky,

And fills the land with liberty and
light. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.— *The parlor of the Three Mariners. Enter KEMPTHORN.*

KEMPTHORN.

A dull life this, — a dull life any-way!

Ready for sea; the cargo all aboard,

Cleared for Barbadoes, and a fair wind blowing

From nor'-nor'-west; and I, an idle lubber,

Laid neck and heels by that confounded bond!

I said to Ralph, says I, 'What's to be done?'

Says he: 'Just slip your hawser in the night;

Sheer off, and pay it with the top-sail, Simon.' 50

But that won't do; because, you see, the owners

Somehow or other are mixed up with it.

Here are King Charles's Twelve Good Rules, that Cole

Thinks as important as the Rule of Three.

Reads.

'Make no comparisons; make no long meals.'

Those are good rules and golden for a landlord

To hang in his best parlor, framed and glazed!

'Maintain no ill opinions; urge no healths.'

I drink the King's, whatever he may say,

And, as to ill opinions, that depends. 60

Now of Ralph Goldsmith I've a good opinion,

And of the bilboes I've an ill opinion;

And both of these opinions I'll maintain

As long as there's a shot left in the locker.

Enter EDWARD BUTTER with an ear-trumpet.

BUTTER.

Good morning, Captain Kempthorn.

KEMPTHORN.

Sir, to you.

You've the advantage of me. I don't know you.

What may I call your name?

BUTTER.

That's not your name?

KEMPTHORN.

Yes, that's my name. What's yours?

BUTTER.

My name is Butter.

I am the treasurer of the Commonwealth. 69

KEMPTHORN.

Will you be seated?

BUTTER.

What say? Who's conceited?

KEMPTHORN.

Will you sit down?

BUTTER.

Oh, thank you.

KEMPTHORN.

Spread yourself

Upon this chair, sweet Butter.

BUTTER (*sitting down*).

A fine morning.

KEMPTHORN.

Nothing's the matter with it that I know of.

I have seen better, and I have seen worse.

The wind's nor'-west. That's fair for them that sail.

BUTTER.

You need not speak so loud; I understand you.

You sail to-day.

KEMPTHORN.

No, I don't sail to-day.
No, be it fair or foul, it matters
not.
Say, will you smoke? There's
choice tobacco here.

BUTTER.

No, thank you. It's against the
law to smoke. 80

KEMPTHORN.

Then, will you drink? There's
good ale at this inn.

BUTTER.

No, thank you. It's against the
law to drink.

KEMPTHORN.

Well, almost everything's against
the law
In this good town. Give a wide
berth to one thing,
You're sure to fetch up soon on
something else.

BUTTER.

And so you sail to-day for dear Old
England.
I am not one of those who think a
sup
Of this New England air is better
worth
Than a whole draught of our Old
England's ale.

KEMPTHORN.

Nor I. Give me the ale and keep
the air. 90
But, as I said, I do not sail to-day.

BUTTER.

Ah yes; you sail to-day.

KEMPTHORN.

I'm under bonds
To take some Quakers back to the
Barbadoes;
And one of them is banished, and
another
Is sentenced to be hanged.

BUTTER.

No, all are pardoned,
All are set free, by order of the
Court;
But some of them would fain re-
turn to England.
You must not take them. Upon
that condition
Your bond is cancelled.

KEMPTHORN.

Ah, the wind has shifted!
I pray you, do you speak officially?

BUTTER.

I always speak officially. To prove
it, 101
Here is the bond.
Rising and giving a paper.

KEMPTHORN.

And here's my hand upon it.
And, look you, when I say I'll do
a thing
The thing is done. Am I now free
to go?

BUTTER.

What say?

KEMPTHORN.

I say, confound the tedious man
With his strange speaking-trum-
pet! Can I go?

BUTTER.

You're free to go, by order of the
Court.
Your servant, sir. [*Exit.*]

KEMPTHORN (*shouting from the
window*).

Swallow, ahoy! Hallo!
If ever a man was happy to leave
Boston,
That man is Simon Kempthorn of
the Swallow! 110

Reënter BUTTER.

BUTTER.

Pray, did you call?

KEMPTHORN.

Call? Yes, I hailed the Swallow.

BUTTER.

That's not my name. My name is
Edward Butter.
You need not speak so loud.

KEMPTHORN (*shaking hands*).

Good-by! Good-by!

BUTTER.

Your servant, sir.

KEMPTHORN.

And yours a thousand times!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — GOVERNOR ENDICOTT'S *private room*. *An open window*. ENDICOTT *seated in an arm-chair*. BELLINGHAM *standing near*.

ENDICOTT.

O lost, O loved! wilt thou return
no more?
O loved and lost, and loved the
more when lost!
How many men are dragged into
their graves
By their rebellious children! I
now feel
The agony of a father's breaking
heart
In David's cry, 'O Absalom, my
son!'

120

BELLINGHAM.

Can you not turn your thoughts a
little while
To public matters? There are pa-
pers here
That need attention.

ENDICOTT.

Trouble me no more!
My business now is with another
world.

Ah, Richard Bellingham! I greatly
fear
That in my righteous zeal I have
been led
To doing many things which, left
undone,
My mind would now be easier.
Did I dream it,
Or has some person told me, that
John Norton
Is dead?

BELLINGHAM.

You have not dreamed it. He is
dead, 130
And gone to his reward. It was
no dream.

ENDICOTT.

Then it was very sudden; for I
saw him
Standing where you now stand, not
long ago.

BELLINGHAM.

By his own fireside, in the after-
noon,
A faintness and a giddiness came
o'er him;
And, leaning on the chimney-
piece, he cried,
'The hand of God is on me!' and
fell dead.

ENDICOTT.

And did not some one say, or have
I dreamed it,
That Humphrey Atherton is dead?

BELLINGHAM.

Alas!

He too is gone, and by a death as
sudden. 140
Returning home one evening, at
the place
Where usually the Quakers have
been scourged,
His horse took fright, and threw
him to the ground,
So that his brains were dashed
about the street.

ENDICOTT.

I am not superstitious, Bellingham,
And yet I tremble lest it may have
been
A judgment on him.

BELLINGHAM.

So the people think.
They say his horse saw standing
in the way
The ghost of William Leddra, and
was frightened.
And furthermore, brave Richard
Davenport, ¹⁵⁰
The captain of the Castle, in the
storm
Has been struck dead by lightning.

ENDICOTT.

Speak no more.
For as I listen to your voice it
seems
As if the Seven Thunders uttered
their voices,
And the dead bodies lay about the
streets
Of the disconsolate city! Bellingham,
I did not put those wretched men
to death.
I did but guard the passage with
the sword
Pointed towards them, and they
rushed upon it!
Yet now I would that I had taken
no part ¹⁶⁰
In all that bloody work.

BELLINGHAM.

The guilt of it
Be on their heads, not ours.

ENDICOTT.

Are all set free?

BELLINGHAM.

All are at large.

ENDICOTT.

And none have been sent back

To England to malign us with the
King?

BELLINGHAM.

The ship that brought them sails
this very hour,
But carries no one back.

A distant cannon.

ENDICOTT.

What is that gun.

BELLINGHAM.

Her parting signal. Through the
window there,
Look, you can see her sails, above
the roofs,
Dropping below the Castle, out-
ward bound.

ENDICOTT.

O white, white, white! Would
that my soul had wings ¹⁷⁰
As spotless as those shining sails
to fly with!
Now lay this cushion straight. I
thank you. Hark!
I thought I heard the hall door
open and shut!
I thought I heard the footsteps of
my boy!

BELLINGHAM.

It was the wind. There's no one
in the passage.

ENDICOTT.

O Absalom, my son! I feel the
world
Sinking beneath me, sinking, sink-
ing, sinking!
Death knocks! I go to meet him!
Welcome, Death!

*Rises, and sinks back dead; his
head falling aside upon his
shoulder.*

BELLINGHAM.

O ghastly sight! Like one who
has been hanged!

Endicott! Endicott! He makes
no answer! 180

Raises ENDICOTT'S head.

He breathes no more! How bright
this signet-ring
Glitters upon his hand, where he
has worn it
Through such long years of trou-
ble, as if Death
Had given him this memento of
affection,
And whispered in his ear, 'Re-
member me!'
How placid and how quiet is his
face,
Now that the struggle and the
strife are ended!
Only the acrid spirit of the times
Corroded this true steel. Oh, rest
in peace,
Courageous heart! Forever rest
in peace! 190

GILES COREY OF THE SALEM FARMS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GILES COREY . . . *Farmer.*
JOHN HATHORNE . . . *Magistrate.*
COTTON MATHER . . . *Minister of the Gos-
pel.*
JONATHAN WALCOT . . . *A youth.*
RICHARD GARDNER . . . *Sea-Captain.*
JOHN GLOYD *Corey's hired man.*
MARTHA *Wife of Giles Corey.*
TITUBA *An Indian woman.*
MARY WALCOT *One of the Afflicted.*

The Scene is in Salem in the year 1692.

PROLOGUE

DELUSIONS of the days that once
have been,
Witchcraft and wonders of the
world unseen,
Phantoms of air, and necromantic
arts
That crushed the weak and awed
the stoutest hearts,—
These are our theme to-night; and
vaguely here,

Through the dim mists that crowd
the atmosphere,
We draw the outlines of weird
figures cast
In shadow on the background of
the Past.

Who would believe that in the
quiet town
Of Salem, and amid the woods that
crown 10
The neighboring hillsides, and the
sunny farms
That fold it safe in their paternal
arms,—
Who would believe that in those
peaceful streets,
Where the great elms shut out the
summer heats,
Where quiet reigns, and breathes
through brain and breast
The benediction of unbroken
rest,—
Who would believe such deeds
could find a place
As these whose tragic history we
retrace?

'T was but a village then: the
goodman ploughed
His ample acres under sun or
cloud; 20
The goodwife at her doorstep sat
and spun,
And gossiped with her neighbors
in the sun;
The only men of dignity and state
Were then the Minister and the
Magistrate,
Who ruled their little realm with
iron rod,
Less in the love than in the fear
of God;
And who believed devoutly in the
Powers
Of Darkness, working in this
world of ours,
In spells of Witchcraft, incanta-
tions dread,
And shrouded apparitions of the
dead. 30

Upon this simple folk 'with fire
and flame,'
Saith the old Chronicle, 'the Devil
came;
Scatter his firebrands and his
poisonous darts,
To set on fire of Hell all tongues
and hearts!
And 't is no wonder; for, with all
his host,
There most he rages where he
hateth most,
And is most hated; so on us he
brings
All these stupendous and portent-
ous things!'

Something of this our scene to-
night will show;
And ye who listen to the Tale of
Woe, 40
Be not too swift in casting the first
stone,
Nor think New England bears the
guilt alone.
This sudden burst of wickedness
and crime
Was but the common madness of
the time,
When in all lands, that lie within
the sound
Of Sabbath bells, a Witch was
burned or drowned.

ACT I

SCENE I.— *The woods near Sa-
lem Village. Enter TITUBA,
with a basket of herbs.*

TITUBA.

Here 's monk's-hood, that breeds
fever in the blood;
And deadly nightshade, that
makes men see ghosts;
And henbane, that will shake them
with convulsions;
And meadow-saffron and black
hellebore,
That rack the nerves, and puff the
skin with dropsy;

And bitter-sweet, and briony, and
eyebright,
That cause eruptions, nosebleed,
rheumatisms;
I know them, and the places
where they hide
In field and meadow; and I know
their secrets,
And gather them because they
give me power 10
Over all men and women. Armed
with these,
I, Tituba, an Indian and a slave,
Am stronger than the captain with
his sword,
Am richer than the merchant with
his money,
Am wiser than the scholar with
his books,
Mightier than Ministers and Ma-
gistrates,
With all the fear and reverence
that attend them!
For I can fill their bones with
aches and pains,
Can make them cough with asth-
ma, shake with palsy,
Can make their daughters see and
talk with ghosts, 20
Or fall into delirium and convul-
sions.
I have the Evil Eye, the Evil
Hand;
A touch from me and they are
weak with pain,
A look from me, and they consume
and die.
The death of cattle and the blight
of corn,
The shipwreck, the tornado, and
the fire,—
These are my doings, and they
know it not.
Thus I work vengeance on mine
enemies,
Who, while they call me slave, are
slaves to me!

*Exit TITUBA. Enter MATHER,
booted and spurred, with a rid-
ing-whip in his hand.*

MATHER.

Methinks that I have come by
 paths unknown 30
 Into the land and atmosphere of
 Witches ;
 For, meditating as I journeyed on,
 Lo ! I have lost my way ! If I re-
 member
 Rightly, it is Scribonius the
 learned
 That tells the story of a man who,
 praying
 For one that was possessed by
 Evil Spirits,
 Was struck by Evil Spirits in the
 face ;
 I, journeying to circumvent the
 Witches,
 Surely by Witches have been led
 astray.
 I am persuaded there are few
 affairs 40
 In which the Devil doth not inter-
 fere.
 We cannot undertake a journey
 even,
 But Satan will be there to meddle
 with it
 By hindering or by furthering. He
 hath led me
 Into this thicket, struck me in the
 face
 With branches of the trees, and so
 entangled
 The fetlocks of my horse with
 vines and brambles,
 That I must needs dismount, and
 search on foot
 For the lost pathway leading to
 the village.

Reënter TITUBA.

What shape is this ? What mon-
 strous apparition, 50
 Exceeding fierce, that none may
 pass that way ?
 Tell me, good woman, if you are a
 woman —

TITUBA.

I am a woman, but I am not good.
 I am a Witch !

MATHER.

Then tell me, Witch and woman,
 For you must know the pathways
 through this wood,
 Where lieth Salem Village ?

TITUBA.

Reverend sir,
 The village is near by. I'm going
 there
 With these few herbs. I'll lead
 you. Follow me.

MATHER.

First say, who are you ? I am
 loath to follow
 A stranger in this wilderness, for
 fear 60
 Of being misled, and left in some
 morass.
 Who are you ?

TITUBA.

I am Tituba the Witch,
 Wife of John Indian.

MATHER.

You are Tituba ?
 I know you then. You have re-
 nounced the Devil,
 And have become a penitent con-
 fessor.
 The Lord be praised ! Go on, I'll
 follow you.
 Wait only till I fetch my horse,
 that stands
 Tethered among the trees, not far
 from here.

TITUBA.

Let me get up behind you, reverend
 sir.

MATHER.

The Lord forbid ! What would the
 people think, 70
 If they should see the Reverend
 Cotton Mather
 Ride into Salem with a Witch be-
 hind him ?
 The Lord forbid !

TITUBA.

I do not need a horse!
I can ride through the air upon a
stick,
Above the tree-tops and above the
houses,
And no one see me, no one over-
take me! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.— *A room at JUSTICE
HATHORNE'S. A clock in the
corner. Enter HATHORNE and
MATHER.*

HATHORNE.

You are welcome, reverend sir,
thrice welcome here
Beneath my humble roof.

MATHER.

I thank your Worship.

HATHORNE.

Pray you be seated. You must be
fatigued
With your long ride through un-
frequented woods. 80
They sit down.

MATHER.

You know the purport of my visit
here,—
To be advised by you, and counsel
with you,
And with the Reverend Clergy of
the village,
Touching these witchcrafts that so
much afflict you;
And see with mine own eyes the
wonders told
Of spectres and the shadows of
the dead,
That come back from their graves
to speak with men.

HATHORNE.

Some men there are, I have known
such, who think
That the two worlds—the seen
and the unseen,

The world of matter and the world
of spirit— 90
Are like the hemispheres upon our
maps,
And touch each other only at a
point.
But these two worlds are not
divided thus,
Save for the purposes of common
speech.
They form one globe, in which the
parted seas
All flow together and are inter-
mingled,
While the great continents remain
distinct.

MATHER.

I doubt it not. The spiritual
world
Lies all about us, and its avenues
Are open to the unseen feet of
phantoms 100
That come and go, and we per-
ceive them not,
Save by their influence, or when at
times
A most mysterious Providence
permits them
To manifest themselves to mortal
eyes.

HATHORNE.

You, who are always welcome here
among us,
Are doubly welcome now. We
need your wisdom,
Your learning in these things, to
be our guide.
The Devil hath come down in
wrath upon us,
And ravages the land with all his
hosts.

MATHER.

The Unclean Spirit said, 'My
name is Legion!' 110
Multitudes in the Valley of De-
struction!
But when our fervent, well-directed
prayers,

Which are the great artillery of
Heaven,
Are brought into the field, I see
them scattered
And driven like autumn leaves be-
fore the wind.

HATHORNE.

You, as a Minister of God, can
meet them
With spiritual weapons; but, alas!
I, as a Magistrate, must combat
them
With weapons from the armory of
the flesh.

MATHER.

These wonders of the world in-
visible, — 120
These spectral shapes that haunt
our habitations, —
The multiplied and manifold afflic-
tions
With which the aged and the dying
saints
Have their death prefaced and
their age inbittered, —
Are but prophetic trumpets that
proclaim
The Second Coming of our Lord on
earth.
The evening wolves will be much
more abroad,
When we are near the evening of
the world.

HATHORNE.

When you shall see, as I have
hourly seen,
The sorceries and the witchcrafts
that torment us, 130
See children tortured by invisible
spirits,
And wasted and consumed by
powers unseen,
You will confess the half has not
been told you.

MATHER.

It must be so. The death-pangs
of the Devil

Will make him more a Devil than
before;
And Nebuchadnezzar's furnace
will be heated
Seven times more hot before its
putting out.

HATHORNE.

Advise me, reverend sir. I look to
you
For counsel and for guidance in
this matter.
What further shall we do?

MATHER.

Remember this,
That as a sparrow falls not to the
ground 141
Without the will of God, so not a
Devil
Can come down from the air with-
out his leave.
We must inquire.

HATHORNE.

Dear sir, we have inquired;
Sifted the matter thoroughly
through and through,
And then resifted it.

MATHER.

If God permits
These Evil Spirits from the unseen
regions
To visit us with surprising infor-
mations,
We must inquire what cause there
is for this,
But not receive the testimony
borne 150
By spectres as conclusive proof of
guilt
In the accused.

HATHORNE.

Upon such evidence
We do not rest our case. The
ways are many
In which the guilty do betray
themselves.

MATHER.

Be careful. Carry the knife with
such exactness,
That on one side no innocent blood
be shed
By too excessive zeal, and on the
other
No shelter given to any work of
darkness.

HATHORNE.

For one, I do not fear excess of
zeal.
What do we gain by parleying with
the Devil? 160
You reason, but you hesitate to
act!
Ah, reverend sir! believe me, in
such cases
The only safety is in acting
promptly.
'Tis not the part of wisdom to de-
lay
In things where not to do is still
to do
A deed more fatal than the deed
we shrink from.
You are a man of books and medi-
tation,
But I am one who acts.

MATHER.

God give us wisdom
In the directing of this thorny
business,
And guide us, lest New England
should become 170
Of an unsavory and sulphurous
odor
In the opinion of the world abroad!
The clock strikes.
I never hear the striking of a clock
Without a warning and an admoni-
tion
That time is on the wing, and we
must quicken
Our tardy pace in journeying
Heavenward,
As Israel did in journeying
Canaan-ward!

They rise.

HATHORNE.

Then let us make all haste; and I
will show you
In what disguises and what fear-
ful shapes
The Unclean Spirits haunt this
neighborhood, 180
And you will pardon my excess of
zeal.

MATHER.

Ah, poor New England! He who
hurricanoed
The house of Job is making now
on thee
One last assault, more deadly and
more snarled
With unintelligible circumstances
Than any thou hast hitherto en-
countered! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *A room in WAL-
COT'S house. MARY WALCOT
seated in an arm-chair. TI-
TUBA with a mirror.*

MARY.

Tell me another story, Tituba.
A drowsiness is stealing over
me
Which is not sleep; for, though I
close mine eyes,
I am awake, and in another world.
Dim faces of the dead and of the
absent 190
Come floating up before me,—
floating, fading,
And disappearing.

TITUBA.

Look into this glass.
What see you?

MARY.

Nothing but a golden vapor.
Yes, something more. An island,
with the sea
Breaking all round it, like a bloom-
ing hedge.
What land is this?

TITUBA.

It is San Salvador,
Where Tituba was born. What
see you now?

MARY.

A man all black and fierce.

TITUBA.

That is my father.
He was an Obi man, and taught
me magic, — 200
Taught me the use of herbs and
images.
What is he doing?

MARY.

Holding in his hand
A waxen figure. He is melting it
Slowly before a fire.

TITUBA.

And now what see you?

MARY.

A woman lying on a bed of leaves,
Wasted and worn away. Ah, she
is dying!

TITUBA.

That is the way the Obi men de-
stroy
The people they dislike! That is
the way
Some one is wasting and consum-
ing you.

MARY.

You terrify me, Tituba! Oh, save
me 210
From those who make me pine
and waste away!
Who are they? Tell me.

TITUBA.

That I do not know,
But you will see them. They will
come to you.

MARY.

No, do not let them come! I can-
not bear it!

I am too weak to bear it! I am
dying.

Falls into a trance.

TITUBA.

Hark! there is some one coming!
*Enter HATHORNE, MATHER, and
WALCOT.*

WALCOT.

There she lies,
Wasted and worn by devilish in-
cantations!
O my poor sister!

MATHER.

Is she always thus?

WALCOT.

Nay, she is sometimes tortured by
convulsions.

MATHER.

Poor child! How thin she is!
How wan and wasted! 220

HATHORNE.

Observe her. She is troubled in
her sleep.

MATHER.

Some fearful vision haunts her.

HATHORNE.

You now see
With your own eyes, and touch
with your own hands,
The mysteries of this Witchcraft.

MATHER.

One would need
The hands of Briareus and the
eyes of Argus
To see and touch them all.

HATHORNE.

You now have entered
The realm of ghosts and phan-
toms, — the vast realm
Of the unknown and the invisible,
Through whose wide-open gates
there blows a wind

From the dark valley of the shadow of Death, ²³⁰
That freezes us with horror.

MARY (*starting*).

Take her hence!
Take her away from me. I see her there!
She's coming to torment me!

WALCOT (*taking her hand*).

O my sister!
What frightens you? She neither hears nor sees me.
She's in a trance.

MARY.

Do you not see her there?

TITUBA.

My child, who is it?

MARY.

Ah, I do not know.
I cannot see her face.

TITUBA.

How is she clad?

MARY.

She wears a crimson bodice. In her hand
She holds an image, and is pinching it

Between her fingers. Ah, she tortures me! ²⁴⁰

I see her face now. It is Goodwife Bishop!

Why does she torture me? I never harmed her!

And now she strikes me with an iron rod!

Oh, I am beaten!

MATHER.

This is wonderful!
I can see nothing! Is this apparition
Visibly there, and yet we cannot see it?

HATHORNE.

It is. The spectre is invisible
Unto our grosser senses, but she sees it.

MARY.

Look! look! there is another clad in gray!

She holds a spindle in her hand, and threatens ²⁵⁰

To stab me with it! It is Goodwife Corey!

Keep her away! Now she is coming at me!

O mercy! mercy!

WALCOT (*thrusting with his sword*).

There is nothing there!

MATHER (*to HATHORNE*).

Do you see anything?

HATHORNE.

The laws that govern
The spiritual world prevent our seeing

Things palpable and visible to her. These spectres are to us as if they were not.

Mark her; she wakes.

TITUBA *touches her, and she awakes.*

MARY.

Who are these gentlemen?

WALCOT.

They are our friends. Dear Mary, are you better?

MARY.

Weak, very weak.

Taking a spindle from her lap, and holding it up.

How came this spindle here?

TITUBA.

You wrenched it from the hand of Goodwife Corey ²⁶¹

When she rushed at you.

HATHORNE.

Mark that, reverend sir!

MATHER.

It is most marvellous, most inexplicable!

FITUBA (*picking up a bit of gray cloth from the floor*).

And here, too, is a bit of her gray dress,
That the sword cut away.

MATHER.

Beholding this,

It were indeed by far more credulous

To be incredulous than to believe.

None but a Sadducee, who doubts of all

Pertaining to the spiritual world,
Could doubt such manifest and damning proofs! 270

HATHORNE.

Are you convinced?

MATHER (*to MARY*).

Dear child, be comforted!
Only by prayer and fasting can you drive

These Unclean Spirits from you.
An old man

Gives you his blessing. God be with you, Mary!

ACT II

SCENE I.—GILES COREY'S farm.
Morning. Enter COREY, with a horseshoe and a hammer.

COREY.

The Lord hath prospered me. The rising sun

Shines on my Hundred Acres and my woods

As if he loved them. On a morn like this

I can forgive mine enemies, and thank God

For all his goodness unto me and mine.

My orchard groans with russets and pearmains;

My ripening corn shines golden in the sun;

My barns are crammed with hay, my cattle thrive;

The birds sing blithely on the trees around me!

And blither than the birds my heart within me. 10

But Satan still goes up and down the earth;

And to protect this house from his assaults,

And keep the powers of darkness from my door,

This horseshoe will I nail upon the threshold.

Nails down the horseshoe.

There, ye night-hags and witches that torment

The neighborhood, ye shall not enter here!—

What is the matter in the field?—
John Gloyd!

The cattle are all running to the woods!—

John Gloyd! Where is the man?

Enter JOHN GLOYD.

Look there!

What ails the cattle? Are they all bewitched? 20

They run like mad.

GLOYD.

They have been overlooked.

COREY.

The Evil Eye is on them sure enough.

Call all the men. Be quick. Go after them!

Exit GLOYD and enter MARTHA.

MARTHA.

What is amiss?

COREY.

The cattle are bewitched.
They are broken loose and making
for the woods.

MARTHA.

Why will you harbor such delu-
sions, Giles?
Bewitched? Well, then it was
John Gloyd bewitched them;
I saw him even now take down
the bars
And turn them loose! They're
only frolicsome.

COREY.

The rascal!

MARTHA.

I was standing in the road,
Talking with Goodwife Proctor,
and I saw him. 31

COREY.

With Proctor's wife? And what
says Goodwife Proctor?

MARTHA.

Sad things indeed; the saddest
you can hear
Of Bridget Bishop. She's cried
out upon!

COREY.

Poor soul! I've known her forty
year or more.
She was the widow Wasselby;
and then
She married Oliver, and Bishop
next.
She's had three husbands. I re-
member well
My games of shovel-board at
Bishop's tavern
In the old merry days, and she so
gay 40
With her red paragon bodice and
her ribbons!
Ah, Bridget Bishop always was a
Witch!

MARTHA.

They'll little help her now, — her
caps and ribbons,
And her red paragon bodice, and
her plumes,
With which she flaunted in the
Meeting-house!
When next she goes there, it will
be for trial.

COREY.

When will that be?

MARTHA.

This very day at ten.

COREY.

Then get you ready. We will go
and see it.
Come; you shall ride behind me
on the pillion.

MARTHA.

Not I. You know I do not like
such things. 50
I wonder you should. I do not be-
lieve
In Witches nor in Witchcraft.

COREY.

Well, I do.
There's a strange fascination in it
all,
That draws me on and on, I know
not why.

MARTHA.

What do we know of spirits good
or ill,
Or of their power to help us or to
harm us?

COREY.

Surely what's in the Bible must
be true.
Did not an Evil Spirit come on
Saul?
Did not the Witch of Endor bring
the ghost
Of Samuel from his grave? The
Bible says so. 60

MARTHA.

That happened very long ago.

COREY.

With God

There is no long ago.

MARTHA.

There is with us.

COREY.

And Mary Magdalene had seven devils,
And he who dwelt among the tombs a legion!

MARTHA.

God's power is infinite. I do not doubt it.

If in His providence He once permitted

Such things to be among the Israelites,

It does not follow He permits them now,

And among us who are not Israelites.

But we will not dispute about it, Giles.

Go to the village, if you think it best,

And leave me here; I'll go about my work.

[Exit into the house.]

COREY.

And I will go and saddle the gray mare.

The last word always. That is woman's nature.

If an old man will marry a young wife,

He must make up his mind to many things.

It's putting new cloth into an old garment,

When the strain comes, it is the old gives way.

Goes to the door.

Oh Martha! I forgot to tell you something.

I've had a letter from a friend of mine,

80

A certain Richard Gardner of Nantucket,

Master and owner of a whaling-vessel;

He writes that he is coming down to see us.

I hope you'll like him.

MARTHA.

I will do my best.

COREY.

That's a good woman. Now I will be gone.

I've not seen Gardner for this twenty year;

But there is something of the sea about him, —

Something so open, generous, large, and strong,

It makes me love him better than a brother.

[Exit.]

MARTHA comes to the door.

MARTHA.

Oh these old friends and cronies of my husband,

90

These captains from Nantucket and the Cape,

That come and turn my house into a tavern

With their carousing! Still, there's something frank

In these seafaring men that makes me like them.

Why, here's a horseshoe nailed upon the doorstep!

Giles has done this to keep away the Witches.

I hope this Richard Gardner will bring with him

A gale of good sound common-sense to blow

The fog of these delusions from his brain!

99

COREY (*within*).

Ho! Martha! Martha!

Enter COREY.

Have you seen my saddle?

MARTHA.

I saw it yesterday.

COREY.

Where did you see it?

MARTHA.

On a gray mare, that somebody
was riding
Along the village road.

COREY.

Who was it? Tell me.

MARTHA.

Some one who should have stayed
at home.

COREY (*restraining himself*).

I see!

Don't vex me, Martha. Tell me
where it is.

MARTHA.

I've hidden it away.

COREY.

Go fetch it me.

MARTHA.

Go find it.

COREY.

No. I'll ride down to the village
Bare-back; and when the people
stare and say,

'Giles Corey, where's your saddle?' I will answer,

'A Witch has stolen it.' How
shall you like that? 110

MARTHA.

I shall not like it.

COREY.

Then go fetch the saddle.

[*Exit* MARTHA.]

If an old man will marry a young
wife,

Why then — why then — why then
— he must spell Baker!

Enter MARTHA *with the saddle,*
which she throws down.

MARTHA.

There! There's the saddle.

COREY.

Take it up.

MARTHA.

I won't!

COREY.

Then let it lie there. I'll ride to
the village,
And say you are a Witch.

MARTHA.

No, not that, Giles.

She takes up the saddle.

COREY.

Now come with me, and saddle
the gray mare

With your own hands; and you
shall see me ride

Along the village road as is be-
coming 119

Giles Corey of the Salem Farms,
your husband! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.— *The Green, in front
of the Meeting-house in Salem
Village. People coming and go-
ing. Enter* GILES COREY.

COREY.

A melancholy end! Who would
have thought

That Bridget Bishop e'er would
come to this?

Accused, convicted, and con-
demned to death

For Witchcraft! And so good a
woman too!

A FARMER.

Good morrow, neighbor Corey.

COREY (*not hearing him*).

Who is safe?

How do I know but under my own roof

I too may harbor Witches, and some Devil

Be plotting and contriving against me?

FARMER.

He does not hear. Good morrow, neighbor Corey!

COREY.

Good morrow.

FARMER.

Have you seen John Proctor lately?
130

COREY.

No, I have not.

FARMER.

Then do not see him, Corey.

COREY.

Why should I not?

FARMER.

Because he's angry with you. So keep out of his way. Avoid a quarrel.

COREY.

Why does he seek to fix a quarrel on me?

FARMER.

He says you burned his house.

COREY.

I burn his house?

If he says that, John Proctor is a liar!

The night his house was burned I was in bed,

And I can prove it! Why, we are old friends!

He could not say that of me.

FARMER.

He did say it.

I heard him say it.

COREY.

Then he shall unsay it.

FARMER.

He said you did it out of spite to him
141

For taking part against you in the quarrel

You had with your John Gloyd about his wages.

He says you murdered Goodell; that you trampled

Upon his body till he breathed no more.

And so beware of him; that's my advice!
[Exit.]

COREY.

By Heaven! this is too much! I'll seek him out,

And make him eat his words, or strangle him.

I'll not be slandered at a time like this,

When every word is made an accusation,
150

When every whisper kills, and every man

Walks with a halter round his neck!

Enter GLOYD in haste.

What now?

GLOYD.

I came to look for you. The cattle—

COREY.

Well,

What of them? Have you found them?

GLOYD.

They are dead.

I followed them through the
woods, across the meadows ;
Then they all leaped into the Ips-
wich River,
And swam across, but could not
climb the bank,
And so were drowned.

COREY.

You are to blame for this ;
For you took down the bars, and
let them loose.

GLOYD.

That I deny. They broke the
fences down. 160
You know they were bewitched.

COREY.

Ah, my poor cattle !
The Evil Eye was on them ; that
is true.
Day of disaster ! Most unlucky
day !
Why did I leave my ploughing and
my reaping
To plough and reap this Sodom
and Gomorrah ?
Oh, I could drown myself for sheer
vexation ! [Exit.

GLOYD.

He's going for his cattle. He
won't find them.
By this time they have drifted out
to sea.
They will not break his fences any
more,
Though they may break his heart.
And what care I ? [Exit.

SCENE III. — COREY'S *kitchen.*
A table with supper. MARTHA
knitting.

MARTHA.

He's come at last. I hear him in
the passage. 171

Something has gone amiss with
him to-day ;

I know it by his step, and by the
sound

The door made as he shut it. He
is angry.

*Enter COREY with his riding-
whip. As he speaks he takes off
his hat and gloves, and throws
them down violently.*

COREY.

I say if Satan ever entered man
He's in John Proctor !

MARTHA.

Giles, what is the matter ?
You frighten me.

COREY.

I say if any man
Can have a Devil in him, then that
man
Is Proctor, — is John Proctor, and
no other !

MARTHA.

Why, what has he been doing ?

COREY.

Everything !
What do you think I heard there
in the village ? 181

MARTHA.

I'm sure I cannot guess. What
did you hear ?

COREY.

He says I burned his house !

MARTHA.

Does he say that ?

COREY.

He says I burned his house. I
was in bed
And fast asleep that night ; and I
can prove it.

MARTHA.

If he says that, I think the Father
of Lies
Is surely in the man.

COREY.

He does say that,
And that I did it to wreak ven-
geance on him
For taking sides against me in the
quarrel
I had with that John Gloyd about
his wages. ¹⁹⁰
And God knows that I never bore
him malice
For that, as I have told him twenty
times!

MARTHA.

It is John Gloyd has stirred him
up to this.
I do not like that Gloyd. I think
him crafty,
Not to be trusted, sullen, and un-
truthful.
Come, have your supper. You are
tired and hungry.

COREY.

I'm angry, and not hungry.

MARTHA.

Do eat something.
You'll be the better for it.

COREY (*sitting down*).

I'm not hungry.

MARTHA.

Let not the sun go down upon your
wrath.

COREY.

It has gone down upon it, and will
rise ²⁰⁰
To-morrow, and go down again
upon it.
They have trumped up against me
the old story
Of causing Goodell's death by
trampling on him.

MARTHA.

Oh, that is false. I know it to be
false.

COREY.

He has been dead these fourteen
years or more.
Why can't they let him rest? Why
must they drag him
Out of his grave to give me a bad
name?
I did not kill him. In his bed he
died,
As most men die, because his hour
had come.
I have wronged no man. Why
should Proctor say ²¹⁰
Such things about me? I will not
forgive him

Till he confesses he has slandered
me.

Then, I've more trouble. All my
cattle gone.

MARTHA.

They will come back again.

COREY.

Not in this world.
Did I not tell you they were over-
looked?
They ran down through the woods,
into the meadows,
And tried to swim the river, and
were drowned.
It is a heavy loss.

MARTHA.

I'm sorry for it.

COREY.

All my dear oxen dead. I loved
them, Martha,
Next to yourself. I liked to look
at them, ²²⁰
And watch the breath come out of
their wide nostrils,
And see their patient eyes. Some-
how I thought
It gave me strength only to look at
them.

And how they strained their necks
 against the yoke
 If I but spoke, or touched them
 with the goad !
 They were my friends ; and when
 Gloyd came and told me
 They were all drowned, I could
 have drowned myself
 From sheer vexation ; and I said
 as much
 To Gloyd and others.

MARTHA.

Do not trust John Gloyd
 With anything you would not have
 repeated. 230

COREY.

As I came through the woods this
 afternoon,
 Impatient at my loss, and much
 perplexed
 With all that I had heard there in
 the village,
 The yellow leaves lit up the trees
 about me
 Like an enchanted palace, and I
 wished
 I knew enough of magic or of
 Witchcraft
 To change them into gold. Then
 suddenly
 A tree shook down some crimson
 leaves upon me,
 Like drops of blood, and in the
 path before me
 Stood Tituba the Indian, the old
 crone. 240

MARTHA.

Were you not frightened ?

COREY.

No, I do not think
 I know the meaning of that word.
 Why frightened ?
 I am not one of those who think
 the Lord
 Is waiting till He catches them
 some day

In the back yard alone ! What
 should I fear ?
 She started from the bushes by
 the path,
 And had a basket full of herbs and
 roots
 For some witch-broth or other, —
 the old hag !

MARTHA.

She has been here to-day.

COREY.

With hand outstretched
 She said : ' Giles Corey, will you
 sign the Book ? ' 250
 ' Avaunt ! ' I cried : ' Get thee be-
 hind me, Satan ! '
 At which she laughed and left me.
 But a voice
 Was whispering in my ear contin-
 ually :
 ' Self-murder is no crime. The
 life of man
 Is his, to keep it or to throw
 away ! '

MARTHA.

' T was a temptation of the Evil
 One !
 Giles, Giles ! why will you harbor
 these dark thoughts ?

COREY (*rising*).

I am too tired to talk. I'll go to
 bed.

MARTHA.

First tell me something about
 Bridget Bishop.
 How did she look ? You saw her ?
 You were there ? 260

COREY.

I'll tell you that to-morrow, not
 to-night.
 I'll go to bed.

MARTHA.

First let us pray together.

COREY.

I cannot pray to-night.

MARTHA.

Say the Lord's Prayer,
And that will comfort you.

COREY.

I cannot say,
'As we forgive those that have
sinned against us,'
When I do not forgive them.

MARTHA (*kneeling on the hearth*).

God forgive you!

COREY.

I will not make believe! I say,
to-night

There 's something thwarts me
when I wish to pray,
And thrusts into my mind, instead
of prayers,

Hate and revenge, and things that
are not prayers. 270

Something of my old self, — my
old, bad life, —

And the old Adam in me, rises
up,

And will not let me pray. I am
afraid

The Devil hinders me. You know
I say

Just what I think, and nothing
more nor less,

And, when I pray, my heart is in
my prayer.

I cannot say one thing and mean
another.

If I can't pray, I will not make
believe!

[*Exit COREY. MARTHA contin-
ues kneeling.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. — GILES COREY'S
*kitchen. Morning. COREY and
MARTHA sitting at the break-
fast-table.*

COREY (*rising*).

Well, now I 've told you all I saw
and heard
Of Bridget Bishop: and I must be
gone.

MARTHA.

Don't go into the village, Giles, to-
day.

Last night you came back tired
and out of humor.

COREY.

Say, angry; say, right angry. I
was never

In a more devilish temper in my
life.

All things went wrong with me.

MARTHA.

You were much vexed;
So don't go to the village.

COREY (*going*).

No, I won't.

I won't go near it. We are going
to mow

The Ipswich meadows for the
aftermath, 10

The crop of sedge and rowens.

MARTHA.

Stay a moment.

I want to tell you what I dreamed
last night.

Do you believe in dreams?

COREY.

Why, yes and no.

When they come true, then I be-
lieve in them;

When they come false, I don't be-
lieve in them.

But let me hear. What did you
dream about?

MARTHA.

I dreamed that you and I were
both in prison;

That we had fetters on our hands
and feet;

That we were taken before the
Magistrates,
And tried for Witchcraft, and con-
demned to death! 20
I wished to pray; they would not
let me pray;
You tried to comfort me, and they
forbade it.
But the most dreadful thing in all
my dream
Was that they made you testify
against me!
And then there came a kind of
mist between us;
I could not see you; and I woke
in terror.
I never was more thankful in my
life
Than when I found you sleeping
at my side!

COREY (*with tenderness*).

It was our talk last night that
made you dream.
I'm sorry for it. I'll control my-
self 30
Another time, and keep my tem-
per down!
I do not like such dreams. — Re-
member, Martha,
I'm going to mow the Ipswich
River meadows;
If Gardner comes, you'll tell him
where to find me. [*Exit.*]

MARTHA.

So this delusion grows from bad
to worse.
First, a forsaken and forlorn old
woman,
Ragged and wretched, and without
a friend;
Then something higher. Now it's
Bridget Bishop;
God only knows whose turn it will
be next!
The Magistrates are blind, the
people mad! 40
If they would only seize the
Afflicted Children,

And put them in the Workhouse,
where they should be,
There 'd be an end of all this wick-
edness. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — *A street in Salem
Village. Enter MATHER and
HATHORNE.*

MATHER.

Yet one thing troubles me.

HATHORNE.

And what is that?

MATHER.

May not the Devil take the out-
ward shape
Of innocent persons? Are we not
in danger,
Perhaps, of punishing some who
are not guilty?

HATHORNE.

As I have said, we do not trust
alone
To spectral evidence.

MATHER.

And then again,
If any shall be put to death for
Witchcraft, 50
We do but kill the body, not the
soul.
The Unclean Spirits that pos-
sessed them once
Live still, to enter into other bod-
ies.
What have we gained? Surely,
there 's nothing gained.

HATHORNE.

Doth not the Scripture say, 'Thou
shalt not suffer
A Witch to live?'

MATHER.

The Scripture sayeth it,
But speaketh to the Jews; and
we are Christians.
What say the laws of England?

HATHORNE.

They make Witchcraft
Felony without the benefit of
Clergy.
Witches are burned in England.
You have read — 60
For you read all things, not a book
escapes you —
The famous Demonology of King
James ?

MATHER.

A curious volume. I remember
also
The plot of the Two Hundred,
with one Fian,
The Registrar of the Devil, at their
head,
To drown his Majesty on his re-
turn
From Denmark ; how they sailed
in sieves or riddles
Unto North Berwick Kirk in Lo-
thian,
And, landing there, danced hand
in hand, and sang,
' Goodwife, go ye before ! good-
wife, go ye ! 70
If ye 'll not go before, goodwife,
let me !'
While Geillis Duncan played the
Witches' Reel
Upon a jews-harp.

HATHORNE.

Then you know full well
The English law, and that in Eng-
land Witches,
When lawfully convicted and at-
tainted,
Are put to death.

MATHER.

When lawfully convicted ;
That is the point.

HATHORNE.

You heard the evidence
Produced before us yesterday at
the trial
Of Bridget Bishop.

MATHER.

One of the Afflicted,
I know, bore witness to the ap-
parition 80
Of ghosts unto the spectre of this
Bishop,
Saying, ' You murdered us ! ' of the
truth whereof
There was in matter of fact too
much suspicion.

HATHORNE.

And when she cast her eyes on the
Afflicted,
They were struck down ; and this
in such a manner
There could be no collusion in the
business.
And when the accused but laid
her hand upon them,
As they lay in their swoons, they
straight revived,
Although they stirred not when
the others touched them.

MATHER.

What most convinced me of the
woman's guilt 90
Was finding hidden in her cellar
wall
Those poppets made of rags, with
headless pins
Stuck into them point outwards,
and whereof
She could not give a reasonable
account.

HATHORNE.

When you shall read the testi-
mony given
Before the Court in all the other
cases,
I am persuaded you will find the
proof
No less conclusive than it was in
this.
Come, then, with me, and I will
tax your patience
With reading of the documents so
far 100

As may convince you that these
sorcerers
Are lawfully convicted and at-
tainted.
Like doubting Thomas, you shall
lay your hand
Upon these wounds, and you will
doubt no more. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *A room in COREY'S
house. MARTHA and two Dea-
cons of the church.*

MARTHA.

Be seated. I am glad to see you
here.
I know what you are come for.
You are come
To question me, and learn from
my own lips
If I have any dealings with the
Devil;
In short, if I'm a Witch.

DEACON (*sitting down*).

Such is our purpose.
How could you know beforehand
why we came? 110

MARTHA.

'T was only a surmise.

DEACON.

We came to ask you,
You being with us in church cove-
nant,
What part you have, if any, in
these matters.

MARTHA.

And I make answer, No part what-
soever.
I am a farmer's wife, a working
woman;
You see my spinning-wheel, you
see my loom,
You know the duties of a farmer's
wife,
And are not ignorant that my life
among you

Has been without reproach until
this day.
Is it not true?

DEACON.

So much we're bound to own;
And say it frankly, and without
reserve. 121

MARTHA.

I've heard the idle tales that are
abroad;
I've heard it whispered that I am
a Witch;
I cannot help it. I do not believe
In any Witchcraft. It is a delu-
sion.

DEACON.

How can you say that it is a delu-
sion,
When all our learned and good
men believe it?—
Our Ministers and worshipful
Magistrates?

MARTHA.

Their eyes are blinded, and see
not the truth.
Perhaps one day they will be open
to it. 130

DEACON.

You answer boldly. The Afflicted
Children
Say you appeared to them.

MARTHA.

And did they say
What clothes I came in?

DEACON.

No, they could not tell.
They said that you foresaw our
visit here,
And blinded them, so that they
could not see
The clothes you wore.

MARTHA.

The cunning, crafty girls!

I say to you, in all sincerity,
 I never have appeared to any
 one
 In my own person. If the Devil
 takes
 My shape to hurt these children,
 or afflict them, ¹⁴⁰
 I am not guilty of it. And I
 say
 It 's all a mere delusion of the
 senses.

DEACON.

I greatly fear that you will find
 too late
 It is not so.

MARTHA (*rising*).

They do accuse me falsely.
 It is delusion, or it is deceit.
 There is a story in the ancient
 Scriptures
 Which much I wonder comes not
 to your minds.
 Let me repeat it to you.

DEACON.

We will hear it.

MARTHA.

It came to pass that Naboth had a
 vineyard
 Hard by the palace of the King
 called Ahab. ¹⁵⁰
 And Ahab, King of Israel, spake
 to Naboth,
 And said to him, Give unto me thy
 vineyard,
 That I may have it for a garden of
 herbs,
 And I will give a better vineyard
 for it,
 Or, if it seemeth good to thee, its
 worth
 In money. And then Naboth said
 to Ahab,
 The Lord forbid it me that I should
 give
 The inheritance of my fathers unto
 thee.
 And Ahab came into his house dis-
 pleased

And heavy at the words which
 Naboth spake, ¹⁶⁰
 And laid him down upon his bed,
 and turned
 His face away; and he would eat
 no bread.
 And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab,
 came
 And said to him, Why is thy spirit
 sad?
 And he said unto her, Because I
 spake
 To Naboth, to the Jezreelite, and
 said,
 Give me thy vineyard; and he an-
 swered, saying,
 I will not give my vineyard unto
 thee.
 And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab,
 said,
 Dost thou not rule the realm of
 Israel? ¹⁷⁰
 Arise, eat bread, and let thy heart
 be merry;
 I will give Naboth's vineyard unto
 thee.
 So she wrote letters in King
 Ahab's name,
 And sealed them with his seal,
 and sent the letters
 Unto the elders that were in his
 city
 Dwelling with Naboth, and unto
 the nobles;
 And in the letters wrote, Proclaim
 a fast;
 And set this Naboth high among
 the people,
 And set two men, the sons of
 Belial,
 Before him, to bear witness and
 to say, ¹⁸⁰
 Thou didst blaspheme against
 God and the King;
 And carry him out and stone him,
 that he die!
 And the elders and the nobles in
 the city
 Did even as Jezebel, the wife of
 Ahab,
 Had sent to them and written in
 the letters.

And then it came to pass, when
 Ahab heard
 Naboth was dead, that Ahab rose
 to go
 Down unto Naboth's vineyard, and
 to take
 Possession of it. And the word of
 God
 Came to Elijah, saying to him,
 Arise, 190
 Go down to meet the King of
 Israel
 In Naboth's vineyard, whither he
 hath gone
 To take possession. Thou shalt
 speak to him,
 Saying, Thus saith the Lord!
 What! hast thou killed
 And also taken possession? In
 the place
 Wherein the dogs have licked the
 blood of Naboth
 Shall the dogs lick thy blood, — ay,
 even thine!

*Both of the Deacons start from
 their seats.*

And Ahab then, the King of Israel,
 Said, Hast thou found me, O mine
 enemy?
 Elijah the Prophet answered, I
 have found thee! 200
 So will it be with those who have
 stirred up
 The Sons of Belial here to bear
 false witness
 And swear away the lives of in-
 nocent people;
 Their enemy will find them out at
 last,
 The Prophet's voice will thunder,
 I have found thee! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *Meadows on Ips-
 wich River. COREY and his
 men mowing; COREY in ad-
 vance.*

COREY.

Well done, my men. You see, I
 lead the field!

I'm an old man, but I can swing
 a scythe
 Better than most of you, though
 you be younger.

Hangs his scythe upon a tree.

GLOYD (*aside to the others*).

How strong he is! It's super-
 natural.

No man so old as he is has such
 strength. 210

The Devil helps him!

COREY (*wiping his forehead*).

Now we'll rest awhile,
 And take our nooning. What's
 the matter with you?

You are not angry with me, — are
 you, Gloyd?

Come, come, we will not quarrel.
 Let's be friends.

It's an old story, that the Raven
 said,

'Read the Third of Colossians and
 fifteenth.'

GLOYD.

You're handier at the scythe, but
 I can beat you

At wrestling.

COREY.

Well, perhaps so. I don't know.
 I never wrestled with you. Why,
 you're vexed!

Come, come, don't bear a grudge.

GLOYD.

You are afraid

COREY.

What should I be afraid of? All
 bear witness 225

The challenge comes from him
 Now, then, my man.

*They wrestle, and GLOYD is
 thrown.*

ONE OF THE MEN.

That's a fair fall.

ANOTHER.

'T was nothing but a foil!

OTHERS.

You 've hurt him!

COREY (*helping GLOYD rise*).

No; this meadow-land is soft.
You 're not hurt, — are you, Gloyd?

GLOYD (*rising*).

No, not much hurt.

COREY.

Well, then, shake hands; and
there 's an end of it.

How do you like that Cornish hug,
my lad?

And now we 'll see what 's in our
basket here.

GLOYD (*aside*).

The Devil and all his imps are in
that man!

The clutch of his ten fingers burns
like fire! 230

COREY (*reverentially taking off
his hat*).

God bless the food He hath pro-
vided for us,

And make us thankful for it, for
Christ's sake!

*He lifts up a keg of cider, and
drinks from it.*

GLOYD.

Do you see that? Don't tell me
it's not Witchcraft.

Two of us could not lift that cask
as he does!

COREY *puts down the keg, and
opens a basket. A voice is heard
calling.*

VOICE.

Ho! Corey, Corey!

COREY.

What is that? I surely
Heard some one calling me by
name!

VOICE.

Giles Corey!

*Enter a boy, running, and out of
breath.*

BOY.

Is Master Corey here?

COREY.

Yes, here I am.

BOY.

O Master Corey!

COREY.

Well?

BOY.

Your wife — your wife —

COREY.

What 's happened to my wife?

BOY.

She 's sent to prison!

COREY.

The dream! the dream! O God,
be merciful! 240

BOY.

She sent me here to tell you.

COREY (*putting on his jacket*).

Where 's my horse?

Don't stand there staring, fellows.

Where 's my horse?

[*Exit COREY.*]

GLOYD.

Under the trees there. Run, old
man, run, run!

You've got some one to wrestle
with you now

Who 'll trip your heels up, with
your Cornish hug.

If there 's a Devil, he has got you
now.

Ah, there he goes! His horse is
snorting fire!

ONE OF THE MEN.

John Gloyd, don't talk so! It's
a shame to talk so!
He's a good master, though you
quarrel with him.

GLOYD.

If hard work and low wages make
good masters, ²⁵⁰
Then he is one. But I think other-
wise.
Come, let us have our dinner and
be merry,
And talk about the old man and
the Witches.
I know some stories that will
make you laugh.

*They sit down on the grass, and
eat.*

Now there are Goody Cloyse and
Goody Good,
Who have not got a decent tooth
between them,
And yet these children — the Af-
flicted Children —
Say that they bite them, and show
marks of teeth
Upon their arms!

ONE OF THE MEN.

That makes the wonder greater.
That's Witchcraft. Why, if they
had teeth like yours, ²⁶⁰
'T would be no wonder if the girls
were bitten!

GLOYD.

And then those ghosts that come
out of their graves
And cry, 'You murdered us! you
murdered us!'

ONE OF THE MEN.

And all those Apparitions that
stick pins
Into the flesh of the Afflicted
Children!

GLOYD.

Oh those Afflicted Children! They
know well

Where the pins come from. I can
tell you that.

And there's old Corey, he has got
a horse-shoe

Nailed on his doorstep to keep off
the Witches,

And all the same his wife has gone
to prison. ²⁷⁰

ONE OF THE MEN.

Oh, she's no Witch. I'll swear
that Goodwife Corey

Never did harm to any living
creature.

She's a good woman, if there ever
was one.

GLOYD.

Well, we shall see. As for ~~that~~
Bridget Bishop,

She has been tried before; some
years ago

A negro testified he saw her shape
Sitting upon the rafters in a
barn,

And holding in its hand an egg;
and while

He went to fetch his pitchfork, she
had vanished.

And now be quiet, will you? I am
tired, ²⁸⁰

And want to sleep here on the
grass a little.

*They stretch themselves on the
grass.*

ONE OF THE MEN.

There may be Witches riding
through the air

Over our heads on broomsticks at
this moment,

Bound for some Satan's Sabbath
in the woods

To be baptized.

GLOYD.

I wish they'd take you with them,
And hold you under water, head
and ears,

Till you were drowned; and that
would stop your talking,
If nothing else will. Let me sleep,
I say.

ACT IV

SCENE I. — *The Green in front of
the village Meeting-house. An
excited crowd gathering. Enter
JOHN GLOYD.*

A FARMER.

Who will be tried to-day?

A SECOND.

I do not know.
Here is John Gloyd. Ask him; he
knows.

FARMER.

John Gloyd,
Whose turn is it to-day?

GLOYD.

It's Goodwife Corey's.

FARMER.

Giles Corey's wife?

GLOYD.

The same. She is not mine.
It will go hard with her with all
her praying.
The hypocrite! She's always on
her knees;
But she prays to the Devil when
she prays.
Let us go in.

A trumpet blows.

FARMER.

Here come the Magistrates.

SECOND FARMER.

Who's the tall man in front?

GLOYD.

Oh, that is Hathorne,
A Justice of the Court, and Quar-
termaster

In the Three County Troop. He'll
sift the matter.
That's Corwin with him; and the
man in black
Is Cotton Mather, Minister of Bos-
ton.

*Enter HATHORNE and other
Magistrates on horseback, fol-
lowed by the Sheriff, constables,
and attendants on foot. The
Magistrates dismount, and en-
ter the Meeting-house, with the
rest.*

FARMER.

The Meeting-house is full. I never
saw
So great a crowd before.

GLOYD.

No matter. Come.
We shall find room enough by
elbowing
Our way among them. Put your
shoulder to it.

FARMER.

There were not half so many at
the trial
Of Goodwife Bishop.

GLOYD.

Keep close after me.
I'll find a place for you. They'll
want me there. ²⁰
I am a friend of Corey's, as you
know,
And he can't do without me just at
present. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Interior of the Meet-
ing-house. MATHER and the
Magistrates seated in front of
the pulpit. Before them a raised
platform. MARTHA in chains.
COREY near her. MARY WAL-
COT in a chair. A crowd of
spectators, among them GLOYD.
Confusion and murmurs during
the scene.*

HATHORNE.

Call Martha Corey.

MARTHA.

I am here.

HATHORNE.

Come forward.

*She ascends the platform.*The Jurors of our Sovereign Lord
and LadyThe King and Queen, heré present,
do accuse youOf having on the tenth of June last
past,And divers other times before and
after,Wickedly used and practised cer-
tain artsCalled Witchcrafts, Sorceries, and
Incantations,Against one Mary Walcot, single
woman,Of Salem Village; by which wicked
artsThe aforesaid Mary Walcot was
tormented,Tortured, afflicted, pined, con-
sumed, and wasted,Against the peace of our Sovereign
Lord and LadyThe King and Queen, as well as of
the StatuteMade and provided in that case.
What say you?

MARTHA.

Before I answer, give me leave to
pray.

HATHORNE.

We have not sent for you, nor are
we here,To hear you pray, but to examine
youIn whatsoever is alleged against
you.Why do you hurt this person? ^{4^o}

MARTHA.

I do not.

I am not guilty of the charge
against me.

MARY.

Avoid, she-devil! You may tor-
ment me now!

Avoid, avoid, Witch!

MARTHA.

I am innocent.

I never had to do with any Witch-
craftSince I was born. I am a gospel
woman.

MARY.

You are a gospel Witch!

MARTHA (*clasping her hands*).

Ah me! ah me!

Oh, give me leave to pray!

MARY (*stretching out her hands*).

She hurts me now.

See, she has pinched my hands!

HATHORNE.

Who made these marks
Upon her hands?

MARTHA.

I do not know. I stand
Apart from her. I did not touch
her hands. 5^r

HATHORNE.

Who hurt her then?

MARTHA.

I know not.

HATHORNE.

Do you think
She is bewitched?

MARTHA.

Indeed I do not think so.
I am no Witch, and have no faith
in Witches.

HATHORNE.

Then answer me : When certain
persons came
To see you yesterday, how did you
know
Beforehand why they came ?

MARTHA.

I had had speech ;
The children said I hurt them, and
I thought
These people came to question me
about it.

HATHORNE.

How did you know the children
had been told ⁶⁰
To note the clothes you wore ?

MARTHA.

My husband told me
What others said about it.

HATHORNE.

Goodman Corey,
Say, did you tell her ?

COREY.

I must speak the truth ;
I did not tell her. It was some
one else.

HATHORNE.

Did you not say your husband told
you so ?
How dare you tell a lie in this as-
sembly ?
Who told you of the clothes ? Con-
fess the truth.

MARTHA *bites her lips, and is si-
lent.*

You bite your lips, but do not an-
swer me !

MARY.

Ah, she is biting me ! Avoid,
avoid ! ⁶⁹

HATHORNE.

You said your husband told you.

MARTHA.

Yes, he told me
The children said I troubled them.

HATHORNE.

Then tell me,
Why do you trouble them ?

MARTHA.

I have denied it.

MARY.

She threatened me ; stabbed at me
with her spindle ;
And, when my brother thrust her
with his sword,
He tore her gown, and cut a piece
away.

Here are they both, the spindle
and the cloth.

Shows them.

HATHORNE.

And there are persons here who
know the truth
Of what has now been said. What
answer make you ?

MARTHA.

I make no answer. Give me leave
to pray. ⁷⁹

HATHORNE.

Whom would you pray to ?

MARTHA.

To my God and Father.

HATHORNE.

Who is your God and Father ?

MARTHA.

The Almighty !

HATHORNE.

Doth he you pray to say that he is
God ?

It is the Prince of Darkness, and
not God.

MARY.

There is a dark shape whispering
in her ear.

HATHORNE.

What does it say to you?

MARTHA.

I see no shape.

HATHORNE.

Did you not hear it whisper?

MARTHA.

I heard nothing.

MARY.

What torture! Ah, what agony I
suffer!

Falls into a swoon.

HATHORNE.

You see this woman cannot stand
before you.

If you would look for mercy, you
must look

In God's way, by confession of
your guilt. 90

Why does your spectre haunt and
hurt this person?

MARTHA.

I do not know. He who appeared
of old

In Samuel's shape, a saint and
glorified,

May come in whatsoever shape he
chooses.

I cannot help it. I am sick at
heart!

COREY.

O Martha, Martha! let me hold
your hand.

HATHORNE.

No; stand aside, old man.

MARY (*starting up*).

Look there! Look there!
I see a little bird, a yellow bird,

Perched on her finger; and it
pecks at me.

Ah! it will tear mine eyes out!

MARTHA.

I see nothing.

HATHORNE.

'Tis the Familiar Spirit that at-
tends her. 101

MARY.

Now it has flown away. It sits up
there

Upon the rafters. It is gone; is
vanished.

MARTHA.

Giles, wipe these tears of anger
from mine eyes.

Wipe the sweat from my forehead.
I am faint.

She leans against the railing.

MARY.

Oh, she is crushing me with all her
weight!

HATHORNE.

Did you not carry once the Devil's
Book

To this young woman?

MARTHA.

Never.

HATHORNE.

Have you signed it,
Or touched it?

MARTHA.

No; I never saw it.

HATHORNE.

Did you not scourge her with an
iron rod? 110

MARTHA.

No, I did not. If any Evil Spirit
Has taken my shape to do these
evil deeds,

I cannot help it. I am innocent.

HATHORNE.

Did you not say the Magistrates
were blind?
That you would open their eyes?

MARTHA (*with a scornful laugh*).

Yes, I said that;
If you call me a sorceress, you are
blind!
If you accuse the innocent, you
are blind!
Can the innocent be guilty?

HATHORNE.

Did you not
On one occasion hide your hus-
band's saddle
To hinder him from coming to the
Sessions? 120

MARTHA.

I thought it was a folly in a farm-
er
To waste his time pursuing such
illusions.

HATHORNE.

What was the bird that this young
woman saw
Just now upon your hand?

MARTHA.

I know no bird.

HATHORNE.

Have you not dealt with a Familiar
Spirit?

MARTHA.

No, never, never!

HATHORNE.

What then was the Book
You showed to this young woman,
and besought her
To write in it?

MARTHA.

Where should I have a book?
I showed her none, nor have
none.

MARY.

The next Sabbath
Is the Communion Day, but Mar-
tha Corey 130
Will not be there!

MARTHA.

Ah, you are all against me.
What can I do or say?

HATHORNE.

You can confess.

MARTHA.

No, I cannot, for I am innocent.

HATHORNE.

We have the proof of many wit-
nesses
That you are guilty.

MARTHA.

Give me leave to speak.
Will you condemn me on such
evidence, —
You who have known me for so
many years?
Will you condemn me in this house
of God,
Where I so long have worshipped
with you all?
Where I have eaten the bread
and drunk the wine 140
So many times at our Lord's Table
with you?

Bear witness, you that hear me;
you all know

That I have led a blameless life
among you,

That never any whisper of suspi-
cion

Was breathed against me till this
accusation.

And shall this count for nothing?
Will you take

My life away from me, because
this girl,

Who is distraught, and not in her
right mind,

Accuses me of things I blush to
name?

HATHORNE.

What ! is it not enough ? Would
you hear more ? 150
Giles Corey !

COREY.

I am here.

HATHORNE.

Come forward, then.

COREY *ascends the platform.*

Is it not true, that on a certain
night
You were impeded strangely in
your prayers ?
That something hindered you ?
and that you left
This woman here, your wife, kneel-
ing alone
Upon the hearth ?

COREY.

Yes ; I cannot deny it.

HATHORNE.

Did you not say the Devil hin-
dered you ?

COREY.

I think I said some words to that
effect.

HATHORNE.

Is it not true, that fourteen head
of cattle,
To you belonging, broke from their
enclosure 160
And leaped into the river, and
were drowned ?

COREY.

It is most true.

HATHORNE.

And did you not then say
That they were overlooked ?

COREY.

So much I said.
I see ; they 're drawing round me
closer, closer,

A net I cannot break, cannot es-
cape from ! (Aside.)

HATHORNE.

Who did these things ?

COREY.

I do not know who did them.

HATHORNE.

Then I will tell you. It is some
one near you ;
You see her now ; this woman,
your own wife.

COREY.

I call the heavens to witness, it is
false !
She never harmed me, never hin-
dered me 170
In anything but what I should not
do.

And I bear witness in the sight of
heaven,
And in God's house here, that I
never knew her

As otherwise than patient, brave,
and true,

Faithful, forgiving, full of charity,
A virtuous and industrious and
good wife !

HATHORNE.

Tut, tut, man ; do not rant so in
your speech ;

You are a witness, not an advo-
cate !

Here, Sheriff, take this woman
back to prison.

MARTHA.

O Giles, this day you've sworn
away my life ! 180

MARY.

Go, go and join the Witches at the
door.

Do you not hear the drum ? Do
you not see them ?

Go quick. They 're waiting for
you. You are late.

[Exit MARTHA ; COREY following.]

COREY.

The dream! the dream! the
dream!

HATHORNE.

What does he say?
Giles Corey, go not hence. You
are yourself
Accused of Witchcraft and of
Sorcery
By many witnesses. Say, are you
guilty?

COREY.

I know my death is foreordained
by you, —
Mine and my wife's. Therefore I
will not answer.

*During the rest of the scene he re-
mains silent.*

HATHORNE.

Do you refuse to plead? — 'T were
better for you ^{19b}
To make confession, or to plead
Not Guilty. —
Do you not hear me? — Answer,
are you guilty?
Do you not know a heavier doom
awaits you,
If you refuse to plead, than if found
guilty?
Where is John Gloyd?

GLOYD (*coming forward*).

Here am I.

HATHORNE.

Tell the Court;
Have you not seen the supernatu-
ral power
Of this old man? Have you not
seen him do
Strange feats of strength?

GLOYD.

I've seen him lead the field,
On a hot day, in mowing, and
against
Us younger men; and I have wres-
tled with him. 200

He threw me like a feather. I
have seen him
Lift up a barrel with his single
hands,
Which two strong men could
hardly lift together,
And, holding it above his head,
drink from it.

HATHORNE.

That is enough; we need not
question further.
What answer do you make to this,
Giles Corey?

MARY.

See there! See there!

HATHORNE.

What is it? I see nothing.

MARY.

Look! Look! It is the ghost of
Robert Goodell,
Whom fifteen years ago this man
did murder
By stamping on his body! In his
shroud 210
He comes here to bear witness to
the crime!

*The crowd shrinks back from
COREY in horror.*

HATHORNE.

Ghosts of the dead and voices of
the living
Bear witness to your guilt, and
you must die!
It might have been an easier
death. Your doom
Will be on your own head, and not
on ours.
Twice more will you be questioned
of these things:
Twice more have room to plead or
to confess.
If you are contumacious to the
Court,
And if, when questioned, you re-
fuse to answer,

Then by the Statute you will be
condemned 220
To the *peine forte et dure!* To
have your body
Pressed by great weights until you
shall be dead!
And may the Lord have mercy on
your soul!

ACT V

SCENE I.—COREY'S farm as in
Act II., Scene I. Enter RICH-
ARD GARDNER, looking round
him.

GARDNER.

Here stands the house as I remem-
ber it,
The four tall poplar-trees before
the door;
The house, the barn, the orchard,
and the well,
With its moss-covered bucket and
its trough;
The garden, with its hedge of cur-
rant-bushes;
The woods, the harvest-fields;
and, far beyond,
The pleasant landscape stretching
to the sea.
But everything is silent and de-
serted!
No bleat of flocks, no bellowing of
herds,
No sound of flails, that should be
beating now; 10
Nor man nor beast astir. What can
this mean?
Knocks at the door.
What ho! Giles Corey! Hillo-ho!
Giles Corey!—
No answer but the echo from the
barn,
And the ill-omened cawing of the
crow,
That yonder wings his flight across
the fields,
As if he scented carrion in the
air.

Enter TITUBA *with a basket.*

What woman's this, that, like an
apparition,
Haunts this deserted homestead
in broad day?
Woman, who are you?

TITUBA.

I'm Tituba,
I am John Indian's wife. I am a
Witch. 20

GARDNER.

What are you doing here?

TITUBA.

I am gathering herbs,—
Cinquefoil, and saxifrage, and pen-
nyroyal.

GARDNER (*looking at the herbs*).

This is not cinquefoil, it is deadly
nightshade!
This is not saxifrage, but helle-
bore!
This is not pennyroyal, it is hen-
bane!
Do you come here to poison these
good people?

TITUBA.

I get these for the Doctor in the
Village.
Beware of Tituba. I pinch the
children;
Make little poppets and stick pins
in them,
And then the children cry out they
are pricked. 30
The Black Dog came to me, and
said, 'Serve me!'
I was afraid. He made me hurt
the children.

GARDNER.

Poor soul! She's crazed, with all
these Devil's doings.

TITUBA.

Will you, sir, sign the Book?

GARDNER.

No, I'll not sign it.
Where is Giles Corey? Do you
know Giles Corey?

TITUBA.

He's safe enough. He's down
there in the prison.

GARDNER.

Corey in prison? What is he ac-
cused of?

TITUBA.

Giles Corey and Martha Corey are
in prison
Down there in Salem Village.
Both are Witches.
She came to me and whispered,
'Kill the children!' 40
Both signed the Book!

GARDNER.

Begone, you imp of darkness!
You Devil's dam!

TITUBA.

Beware of Tituba!
[Exit.

GARDNER.

How often out at sea on stormy
nights,
When the waves thundered round
me, and the wind
Bellowed, and beat the canvas,
and my ship
Clove through the solid darkness,
like a wedge,
I've thought of him, upon his plea-
sant farm,
Living in quiet with his thrifty
housewife,
And envied him, and wished his
fate were mine!
And now I find him shipwrecked
utterly, 50
Drifting upon this sea of sorce-
ries,
And lost, perhaps, beyond all aid
of man!
[Exit.

SCENE II.— *The prison.* GILES
COREY *at a table on which are
some papers.*

COREY.

Now I have done with earth and
all its cares;
I give my worldly goods to my
dear children;
My body I bequeath to my tor-
mentors,
And my immortal soul to Him who
made it.
O God! who in thy wisdom dost
afflict me
With an affliction greater than
most men
Have ever yet endured or shall en-
dure,
Suffer me not in this last bitter
hour 60
For any pains of death to fall from
thee!

MARTHA *is heard singing.*

Arise, O righteous Lord!
And disappoint my foes;
They are but thine avenging sword,
Whose wounds are swift to close.

COREY.

Hark, hark! it is her voice! She
is not dead!
She lives! I am not utterly for-
saken!

MARTHA, *singing.*

By thine abounding grace,
And mercies multiplied,
I shall awake, and see thy face; 70
I shall be satisfied.

COREY *hides his face in his hands.*
Enter the JAILER, followed by
RICHARD GARDNER.

JAILER.

Here's a seafaring man, one Rich-
ard Gardner,
A friend of yours, who asks to
speak with you.

COREY *rises. They embrace.*

COREY.

I'm glad to see you, ay, right glad
to see you.

GARDNER.

And I am most sorely grieved to
see you thus.

COREY.

Of all the friends I had in happier
days,
You are the first, ay, and the only
one,
That comes to seek me out in my
disgrace!
And you but come in time to say
farewell.

They've dug my grave already in
the field. 80

I thank you. There is something
in your presence,

I know not what it is, that gives
me strength.

Perhaps it is the bearing of a man
Familiar with all dangers of the
deep,

Familiar with the cries of drown-
ing men,

With fire, and wreck, and foundering
ships at sea!

GARDNER.

Ah, I have never known a wreck
like yours!

Would I could save you!

COREY.

Do not speak of that.
It is too late. I am resolved to
die.

GARDNER.

Why would you die who have so
much to live for?— 90

Your daughters, and—

COREY.

You cannot say the word.
My daughters have gone from me.

They are married;

They have their homes, their
thoughts, apart from me;

I will not say their hearts,— that
were too cruel.

What would you have me do?

GARDNER.

Confess and live.

COREY.

That's what they said who came
here yesterday

To lay a heavy weight upon my
conscience

By telling me that I was driven
forth

As an unworthy member of their
church.

GARDNER.

It is an awful death.

COREY.

'T is but to drown,
And have the weight of all the
seas upon you. 101

GARDNER.

Say something; say enough to
fend off death

Till this tornado of fanaticism
Blows itself out. Let me come in
between you

And your severer self, with my
plain sense;

Do not be obstinate.

COREY.

I will not plead.
If I deny, I am condemned al-
ready,

In courts where ghosts appear as
witnesses.

And swear men's lives away. If
I confess,

Then I confess a lie, to buy a
life 110

Which is not life, but only death
in life.

I will not bear false witness
against any.

Not even against myself, whom I
count least.

GARDNER (*aside*).

Ah, what a noble character is this!

COREY.

I pray you, do not urge me to do that

You would not do yourself. I have already

The bitter taste of death upon my lips;

I feel the pressure of the heavy weight

That will crush out my life within this hour;

But if a word could save me, and that word

Were not the Truth; nay, if it did but swerve

A hair's-breadth from the Truth, I would not say it!

GARDNER (*aside*).

How mean I seem beside a man like this!

COREY.

As for my wife, my Martha and my Martyr,—

Whose virtues, like the stars, unseen by day,

Though numberless, do but await the dark

To manifest themselves unto all eyes,—

She who first won me from my evil ways,

And taught me how to live by her example,

By her example teaches me to die,

And leads me onward to the better life!

SHERIFF (*without*).

Giles Corey! Come! The hour has struck!

COREY.

I come!

Here is my body; ye may torture it,

But the immortal soul ye cannot crush!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A street in the Village. Enter GLOYD and others.*

GLOYD.

Quick, or we shall be late!

A MAN.

That's not the way. Come here; come up this lane.

GLOYD.

I wonder now If the old man will die, and will not speak?

He's obstinate enough and tough enough

For anything on earth.

A bell tolls.

Hark! What is that?

A MAN.

The passing bell. He's dead.

GLOYD.

We are too late.
[*Exeunt in haste.*]

SCENE IV.—*A field near the graveyard. GILES COREY lying dead, with a great stone on his breast. The sheriff at his head, RICHARD GARDNER at his feet. A crowd behind. The bell tolling. Enter HATHORNE and MATHER.*

HATHORNE.

This is the Potter's Field. Behold the fate

Of those who deal in Witchcrafts, and, when questioned,

Refuse to plead their guilt or innocence,

And stubbornly drag death upon themselves.

MATHER.

O sight most horrible! In a land
like this,
Spangled with Churches Evangelical,
Inwrapped in our salvations, must
we seek
In mouldering statute-books of
English Courts
Some old forgotten Law, to do such
deeds?
Those who lie buried in the Pot-
ter's Field ¹⁵⁰
Will rise again, as surely as our-
selves
That sleep in honored graves with
epitaphs:
And this poor man, whom we have
made a victim,
Hereafter will be counted as a
martyr!

FINALE

SAINT JOHN

SAINT JOHN *wandering over the
face of the Earth.*

SAINT JOHN.

THE Ages come and go,
The Centuries pass as Years;
My hair is white as the snow,
My feet are weary and slow,
The earth is wet with my tears!
The kingdoms crumble, and fall
Apart, like a ruined wall,
Or a bank that is undermined
By a river's ceaseless flow,
And leave no trace behind! ¹⁰
The world itself is old;
The portals of Time unfold
On hinges of iron, that grate
And groan with the rust and the
weight,
Like the hinges of a gate
That hath fallen to decay;
But the evil doth not cease;
There is war instead of peace,
Instead of Love there is hate;

And still I must wander and wait,
Still I must watch and pray, ²¹
Not forgetting in whose sight,
A thousand years in their flight
Are as a single day.

The life of man is a gleam
Of light, that comes and goes
Like the course of the Holy
Stream,
The cityless river, that flows
From fountains no one knows,
Through the Lake of Galilee, ³⁰
Through forests and level lands,
Over rocks, and shallows, and
sands
Of a wilderness wild and vast,
Till it findeth its rest at last
In the desolate Dead Sea!
But alas! alas for me
Not yet this rest shall be!

What, then! doth Charity fail?
Is Faith of no avail?
Is Hope blown out like a light ⁴⁰
By a gust of wind in the night?
The clashing of creeds, and the
strife
Of the many beliefs, that in vain
Perplex man's heart and brain,
Are naught but the rustle of leaves,
When the breath of God upheaves
The boughs of the Tree of Life,
And they subside again!
And I remember still
The words, and from whom they
came, ⁵⁰
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!

And Him evermore I behold
Walking in Galilee,
Through the cornfield's waving
gold,
In hamlet, in wood, and in wold,
By the shores of the Beautiful
Sea.
He toucheth the sightless eyes;
Before him the demons flee;
To the dead He sayeth: Arise! ⁶⁰
To the living: Follow me!

And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone,
To the centuries that shall be!

From all vain pomps and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men;
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen;
Bewildered in its search, 71

Bewildered with the cry:
Lo, here! lo, there, the Church!
Poor, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the great Master taught,
And that remaineth still: 80
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!

JUDAS MACCABÆUS

ACT I

THE CITADEL OF ANTIOCHUS AT JERUSALEM

SCENE I. — ANTIOCHUS; JASON.

ANTIOCHUS.

O ANTIOCH, my Antioch, my city!
Queen of the East! my solace, my
delight!

The dowry of my sister Cleopatra
When she was wed to Ptolemy,
and now

Won back and made more wonder-
ful by me!

I love thee, and I long to be once
more

Among the players and the dan-
cing women

Within thy gates, and bathe in the
Orontes,

Thy river and mine. O Jason, my
High-Priest,

For I have made thee so, and thou
art mine, 10

Hast thou seen Antioch the Beau-
tiful?

JASON.

Never, my Lord.

ANTIOCHUS.

Then hast thou never seen

The wonder of the world. This
city of David
Compared with Antioch is but a
village,
And its inhabitants compared
with Greeks
Are mannerless boors.

JASON.

They are barbarians,
And mannerless.

ANTIOCHUS.

They must be civilized.
They must be made to have more
gods than one;
And goddesses besides.

JASON.

They shall have more.

ANTIOCHUS.

They must have hippodromes, and
games, and baths, 20
Stage-plays and festivals, and
most of all
The Dionysia.

JASON.

They shall have them all.

ANTIOCHUS.

By Heracles! but I should like to
see

These Hebrews crowned with ivy,
and arrayed
In skins of fawns, with drums and
flutes and thyrsi,
Revel and riot through the solemn
streets
Of their old town. Ha, ha! It
makes me merry
Only to think of it! — Thou dost
not laugh.

JASON.

Yea, I laugh inwardly.

ANTIOCHUS.

The new Greek leaven
Works slowly in this Israelitish
dough! ³⁰
Have I not sacked the Temple,
and on the altar
Set up the statue of Olympian
Zeus
To Hellenize it?

JASON.

Thou hast done all this.

ANTIOCHUS.

As thou wast Joshua once and
now art Jason,
And from a Hebrew hast become
a Greek,
So shall this Hebrew nation be
translated,
Their very natures and their
names be changed,
And all be Hellenized.

JASON.

It shall be done.

ANTIOCHUS.

Their manners and their laws and
way of living
Shall all be Greek. They shall
unlearn their language. ⁴⁰
And learn the lovely speech of
Antioch.
Where hast thou been to-day?
Thou comest late.

JASON.

Playing at discus with the other
priests
In the Gymnasium.

ANTIOCHUS.

Thou hast done well.
There's nothing better for you
lazy priests
Than discus-playing with the com-
mon people.
Now tell me, Jason, what these
Hebrews call me
When they converse together at
their games.

JASON.

Antiochus Epiphanes, my Lord;
Antiochus the Illustrious.

ANTIOCHUS.

Oh, not that;
That is the public cry; I mean
the name ⁵¹
They give me when they talk
among themselves,
And think that no one listens;
what is that?

JASON.

Antiochus Epimanes, my Lord!

ANTIOCHUS.

Antiochus the Mad! Ay, that is it.
And who hath said it? Who hath
set in motion
That sorry jest?

JASON.

The Seven Sons insane
Of a weird woman, like themselves
insane.

ANTIOCHUS.

I like their courage, but it shall
not save them.
They shall be made to eat the
flesh of swine ⁶⁰
Or they shall die. Where are
they?

JASON.

In the dungeons
Beneath this tower.

ANTIOCHUS.

There let them stay and starve,
Till I am ready to make Greeks of
them,
After my fashion.

JASON.

They shall stay and starve.—
My Lord, the Ambassadors of Sa-
maria
Await thy pleasure.

ANTIOCHUS.

Why not my displeasure?
Ambassadors are tedious. They
are men
Who work for their own ends, and
not for mine;
There is no furtherance in them.
Let them go
To Apollonius, my governor 70
There in Samaria, and not trouble
me.
What do they want?

JASON.

Only the royal sanction
To give a name unto a nameless
temple
Upon Mount Gerizim.

ANTIOCHUS.

Then bid them enter.
This pleases me, and furthers my
designs.
The occasion is auspicious. Bid
them enter.

SCENE II. — ANTIOCHUS; JA-
SON; *the* SAMARITAN AMBAS-
SADORS.

ANTIOCHUS.

Approach. Come forward; stand
not at the door
Wagging your long beards, but
demean yourselves

As doth become Ambassadors.
What seek ye?

AN AMBASSADOR.

An audience from the King.

ANTIOCHUS.

Speak, and be brief.
Waste not the time in useless
rhetoric. 81
Words are not things.

AMBASSADOR (*reading*).

'To King Antiochus,
The God, Epiphanes; a Memorial
From the Sidonians, who live at
Sichem.'

ANTIOCHUS.

Sidonians?

AMBASSADOR.

Ay, my Lord.

ANTIOCHUS.

Go on, go on!
And do not tire thyself and me
with bowing!

AMBASSADOR (*reading*).

'We are a colony of Medes and
Persians.'

ANTIOCHUS.

No, ye are Jews from one of the
Ten Tribes;

Whether Sidonians or Samaritans
Or Jews of Jewry, matters not to
me; 90

Ye are all Israelites, ye are all
Jews.

When the Jews prosper, ye claim
kindred with them;

When the Jews suffer, ye are
Medes and Persians;

I know that in the days of Alex-
ander

Ye claimed exemption from the
annual tribute

In the Sabbatic Year, because, ye
said,

Your fields had not been planted
in that year.

AMBASSADOR (*reading*).

'Our fathers, upon certain frequent
plagues,
And following an ancient supersti-
tion,
Were long accustomed to observe
that day 100
Which by the Israelites is called
the Sabbath,
And in a temple on Mount Geri-
zim
Without a name, they offered sacri-
fice.
Now we, who are Sidonians, be-
seech thee,
Who art our benefactor and our
savior,
Not to confound us with these
wicked Jews,
But to give royal order and injunc-
tion
To Apollonius in Samaria,
Thy governor, and likewise to
Nicanor,
Thy procurator, no more to molest
us; 110
And let our nameless temple now
be named
The Temple of Jupiter Hellenius.'

ANTIOCHUS.

This shall be done. Full well it
pleaseth me
Ye are not Jews, or are no longer
Jews,
But Greeks; if not by birth, yet
Greeks by custom.
Your nameless temple shall re-
ceive the name
Of Jupiter Hellenius. Ye may go!

SCENE III. — ANTIOCHUS; JA-
SON.

ANTIOCHUS.

My task is easier than I dreamed.
These people

Meet me half-way. Jason, didst
thou take note

How these Samaritans of Sichem
said 120

They were not Jews? that they
were Medes and Persians,
They were Sidonians, anything
but Jews?

'T is of good augury. The rest
will follow

Till the whole land is Hellenized.

JASON.

My Lord,
These are Samaritans. The tribe
of Judah

Is of a different temper, and the
task

Will be more difficult.

ANTIOCHUS.

Dost thou gainsay me?

JASON.

I know the stubborn nature of the
Jew.

Yesterday, Eleazer, an old man,
Being fourscore years and ten,
chose rather death 130

By torture than to eat the flesh of
swine.

ANTIOCHUS.

The life is in the blood, and the
whole nation

Shall bleed to death, or it shall
change its faith!

JASON.

Hundreds have fled already to the
mountains

Of Ephraim, where Judas Macca-
bæus

Hath raised the standard of revolt
against thee.

ANTIOCHUS.

I will burn down their city, and
will make it

Waste as a wilderness. Its thor-
oughfares

Shall be but furrows in a field of
ashes.
It shall be sown with salt as So-
dom is! 140
This hundred and fifty-third Olympi-
ad
Shall have a broad and blood-red
seal upon it,
Stamped with the awful letters of
my name,
Antiochus the God, Epiphanes!—
Where are those Seven Sons?

JASON.

My Lord, they wait
Thy royal pleasure.

ANTIOCHUS.

They shall wait no longer!

ACT II

THE DUNGEONS IN THE CITA- DEL

SCENE I.—THE MOTHER *of the*
SEVEN SONS *alone, listening.*

THE MOTHER.

Be strong, my heart! Break not
till they are dead.
All, all my Seven Sons; then burst
asunder,
And let this tortured and tor-
mented soul
Leap and rush out like water
through the shards
Of earthen vessels broken at a
well.
O my dear children, mine in life
and death,
I know not how ye came into my
womb;
I neither gave you breath, nor
gave you life,
And neither was it I that formed
the members
Of every one of you. But the
Creator, 10
Who made the world, and made
the heavens above us,

Who formed the generation of
mankind,
And found out the beginning of all
things,
He gave you breath and life, and
will again
Of his own mercy, as ye now regard
Not your own selves, but his eter-
nal law.
I do not murmur, nay, I thank
thee, God,
That I and mine have not been
deemed unworthy
To suffer for thy sake, and for thy
law,
And for the many sins of Israel. 20
Hark! I can hear within the sound
of scourges!
I feel them more than ye do, O my
sons!
But cannot come to you. I, who
was wont
To wake at night at the least cry
ye made,
To whom ye ran at every slightest
hurt,—
I cannot take you now into my lap
And soothe your pain, but God
will take you all
Into his pitying arms, and comfort
you,
And give you rest.

A VOICE (*within*).

What wouldst thou ask of us?
Ready are we to die, but we will
never 30
Transgress the law and customs
of our fathers.

THE MOTHER.

It is the voice of my first-born!
O brave
And noble boy! Thou hast the
privilege
Of dying first, as thou wast born
the first.

THE SAME VOICE (*within*).

God looketh on us, and hath com-
fort in us;

As Moses in his song of old declared,
He in his servants shall be comforted.

THE MOTHER.

I knew thou wouldst not fail!—
He speaks no more,
He is beyond all pain!

ANTIOCHUS (*within*).

If thou eat not
Thou shalt be tortured throughout
all the members 40
Of thy whole body. Wilt thou eat
then?

SECOND VOICE (*within*).

No.

THE MOTHER.

It is Adajah's voice. I tremble
for him.
I know his nature, devious as the
wind,
And swift to change, gentle and
yielding always.
Be steadfast, O my son!

THE SAME VOICE (*within*).

Thou, like a fury,
Takest us from this present life,
but God,
Who rules the world, shall raise us
up again
Into life everlasting.

THE MOTHER.

God, I thank thee
That thou hast breathed into that
timid heart
Courage to die for thee. O my
Adalah, 50
Witness of God! if thou for whom
I feared
Canst thus encounter death, I need
not fear;
The others will not shrink.

THIRD VOICE (*within*).

Behold these hands

Held out to thee, O King Anti-
ochus,
Not to implore thy mercy, but to
show
That I despise them. He who
gave them to me
Will give them back again.

THE MOTHER.

O Avilan,

It is thy voice. For the last time
I hear it;
For the last time on earth, but not
the last.
To death it bids defiance, and to
torture. 60
It sounds to me as from another
world,
And makes the petty miseries of
this
Seem unto me as naught, and less
than naught.
Farewell, my Avilan; nay, I should
say
Welcome, my Avilan; for I am
dead
Before thee. I am waiting for the
others.
Why do they linger?

FOURTH VOICE (*within*).

It is good, O King,
Being put to death by men, to look
for hope
From God, to be raised up again
by Him.
But thou—no resurrection shalt
thou have 70
To life hereafter.

THE MOTHER.

Four! already four!
Three are still living; nay, they
all are living,
Half here, half there. Make haste,
Antiochus,
To reunite us; for the sword that
cleaves
These miserable bodies makes a
door

Through which our souls, impatient of release,
Rush to each other's arms.

FIFTH VOICE (*within*).

Thou hast the power;
Thou doest what thou wilt. Abide awhile,
And thou shalt see the power of God, and how
He will torment thee and thy seed.

THE MOTHER.

O hasten;
Why dost thou pause? Thou who hast slain already 81
So many Hebrew women, and hast hung
Their murdered infants round their necks, slay me,
For I too am a woman, and these boys
Are mine. Make haste to slay us all,
And hang my lifeless babes about my neck.

SIXTH VOICE (*within*).

Think not, Antiochus, that takest in hand
To strive against the God of Israel,
Thou shalt escape unpunished, for his wrath
Shall overtake thee and thy bloody house. 93

THE MOTHER.

One more, my Sirion, and then all is ended.
Having put all to bed, then in my turn
I will lie down and sleep as sound as they.
My Sirion, my youngest, best beloved!
And those bright golden locks, that I so oft
Have curled about these fingers, even now
Are foul with blood and dust, like a lamb's fleece,

Slain in the shambles. — Not a sound I hear.

This silence is more terrible to me
Than any sound, than any cry of pain, 100

That might escape the lips of one who dies.

Doth his heart fail him? Doth he fall away

In the last hour from God? O Sirion, Sirion,

Art thou afraid? I do not hear thy voice.

Die as thy brothers died. Thou must not live!

SCENE II. — THE MOTHER; ANTIOCHUS; SIRION.

THE MOTHER.

Are they all dead?

ANTIOCHUS.

Of all thy Seven Sons
One only lives. Behold them where they lie;
How dost thou like this picture?

THE MOTHER.

God in heaven!
Can a man do such deeds, and yet not die
By the recoil of his own wickedness? 110
Ye murdered, bleeding, mutilated bodies
That were my children once, and still are mine,
I cannot watch o'er you as Rizpah watched
In sackcloth o'er the seven sons of Saul,
Till water drop upon you out of heaven
And wash this blood away! I cannot mourn
As she, the daughter of Aiah, mourned the dead,
From the beginning of the barley-harvest

Until the autumn rains, and suffered not
 The birds of air to rest on them by day, 120
 Nor the wild beasts by night. For ye have died
 A better death, a death so full of life
 That I ought rather to rejoice than mourn. —
 Wherefore art thou not dead, O Sirion?
 Wherefore art thou the only living thing
 Among thy brothers dead? Art thou afraid?

ANTIOCHUS.

O woman, I have spared him for thy sake,
 For he is fair to look upon and comely;
 And I have sworn to him by all the gods
 That I would crown his life with joy and honor, 130
 Heap treasures on him, luxuries, delights,
 Make him my friend and keeper of my secrets,
 If he would turn from your Mosaic Law
 And be as we are; but he will not listen.

THE MOTHER.

My noble Sirion!

ANTIOCHUS.

Therefore I beseech thee,
 Who art his mother, thou wouldst speak with him,
 And wouldst persuade him. I am sick of blood.

THE MOTHER.

Yea, I will speak with him and will persuade him.
 O Sirion my son! have pity on me,

On me that bare thee, and that gave thee suck, 140
 And fed and nourished thee, and brought thee up
 With the dear trouble of a mother's care
 Unto this age. Look on the heavens above thee,
 And on the earth and all that is therein;
 Consider that God made them out of things
 That were not; and that likewise in this manner
 Mankind was made. Then fear not this tormentor;
 But, being worthy of thy brethren, take
 Thy death as they did, that I may receive thee 149
 Again in mercy with them.

ANTIOCHUS.

I am mocked,
 Yea, I am laughed to scorn.

SIRION.

Whom wait ye for?
 Never will I obey the King's commandment,
 But the commandment of the ancient Law,
 That was by Moses given unto our fathers.
 And thou, O godless man, that of all others
 Art the most wicked, be not lifted up,
 Nor puffed up with uncertain hopes, uplifting
 Thy hand against the servants of the Lord,
 For thou hast not escaped the righteous judgment
 Of the Almighty God, who seeth all things! 160

ANTIOCHUS.

He is no God of mine; I fear Him not.

SIRION.

My brothers, who have suffered a
 brief pain,
 Are dead; but thou, Antiochus,
 shalt suffer
 The punishment of pride. I offer
 up
 My body and my life, beseeching
 God
 That He would speedily be merci-
 ful
 Unto our nation, and that thou by
 plagues
 Mysterious and by torments may-
 est confess
 That He alone is God.

ANTIOCHUS.

Ye both shall perish
 By torments worse than any that
 your God, 170
 Here or hereafter, hath in store
 for me.

THE MOTHER.

My Sirion, I am proud of thee!

ANTIOCHUS.

Be silent

Go to thy bed of torture in yon
 chamber,
 Where lie so many sleepers, heart-
 less mother!
 Thy footsteps will not wake them,
 nor thy voice,
 Nor wilt thou hear, amid thy trou-
 bled dreams,
 Thy children crying for thee in the
 night!

THE MOTHER.

O Death, that stretchest thy white
 hands to me,
 I fear them not, but press them to
 my lips,
 That are as white as thine; for I
 am Death, 180
 Nay, am the Mother of Death, see-
 ing these sons
 All lying lifeless. — Kiss me, Si-
 rion.

ACT III

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF BETH-
HORON

SCENE I. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS
in armor before his tent.

JUDAS.

The trumpets sound; the echoes
 of the mountains
 Answer them, as the Sabbath
 morning breaks
 Over Beth-horon and its battle-
 field,
 Where the great captain of the
 hosts of God,
 A slave brought up in the brick-
 fields of Egypt,
 O'ercame the Amorites. There
 was no day
 Like that, before or after it, nor
 shall be.
 The sun stood still; the hammers
 of the hail
 Beat on their harness; and the
 captains set
 Their weary feet upon the necks
 of kings, 19
 As I will upon thine, Antiochus,
 Thou man of blood! — Behold the
 rising sun
 Strikes on the golden letters of
 my banner,
Be Elohim Yehovah! Who is
 like
 To thee, O Lord, among the gods?
 — Alas!
 I am not Joshua, I cannot say,
 'Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon,
 and thou Moon,
 In Ajalon!' Nor am I one who
 wastes
 The fateful time in useless lamen-
 tation;
 But one who bears his life upon
 his hand 20
 To lose it or to save it, as may
 best
 Serve the designs of Him who giv-
 eth life.

SCENE II. — JUDAS MACCABÆUS;
JEWISH FUGITIVES.

JUDAS.

Who and what are ye, that with
furtive steps
Steal in among our tents?

FUGITIVES.

O Maccabæus,
Outcasts are we, and fugitives as
thou art,
Jews of Jerusalem, that have es-
caped
From the polluted city, and from
death.

JUDAS.

None can escape from death. Say
that ye come
To die for Israel, and ye are wel-
come.
What tidings bring ye?

FUGITIVES.

Tidings of despair.
The Temple is laid waste; the
precious vessels, ³¹
Censers of gold, vials and veils
and crowns,
And golden ornaments, and hidden
treasures,
Have all been taken from it, and
the Gentiles
With revelling and with riot fill its
courts,
And dally with harlots in the holy
places.

JUDAS.

All this I knew before.

FUGITIVES.

Upon the altar,
Are things profane, things by the
law forbidden;
Nor can we keep our Sabbaths or
our Feasts,
But on the festivals of Dionysus
Must walk in their processions,
bearing ivy ⁴¹
To crown a drunken god.

JUDAS.

This too I know.
But tell me of the Jews. How fare
the Jews?

FUGITIVES.

The coming of this mischief hath
been sore
And grievous to the people. All
the land
Is full of lamentation and of
mourning.
The Princes and the Elders weep
and wail;
The young men and the maidens
are made feeble;
The beauty of the women hath
been changed.

JUDAS.

And are there none to die for Is-
rael? ⁵⁰
'T is not enough to mourn. Breast-
plate and harness
Are better things than sackcloth.
Let the women
Lament for Israel; the men should
die.

FUGITIVES.

Both men and women die; old
men and young:
Old Eleazer died: and Máhala
With all her Seven Sons.

JUDAS.

Antiochus,
At every step thou takest there is
left
A bloody footprint in the street,
by which
The avenging wrath of God will
track thee out!
It is enough. Go to the sutler's
tents: ⁶⁰
Those of you who are men, put on
such armor
As ye may find; those of you who
are women,
Buckle that armor on; and for a
watchword

Whisper, or cry aloud, 'The Help
of God.'

SCENE III. — JUDAS MACCA-
BÆUS; NICANOR.

NICANOR.

Hail, Judas Maccabæus!

JUDAS.

Hail! — Who art thou
That comest here in this mysteri-
ous guise
Into our camp unheralded?

NICANOR.

A herald
Sent from Nicanor.

JUDAS.

Heralds come not thus.
Armed with thy shirt of mail from
head to heel,
Thou glidest like a serpent silent-
ly 70
Into my presence. Wherefore dost
thou turn
Thy face from me? A herald
speaks his errand
With forehead unabashed. Thou
art a spy
Sent by Nicanor.

NICANOR.

No disguise avails!
Behold my face; I am Nicanor's
self.

JUDAS.

Thou art indeed Nicanor. I salute
thee.
What brings thee hither to this
hostile camp
Thus unattended?

NICANOR.

Confidence in thee.
Thou hast the nobler virtues of
thy race,
Without the failings that attend
those virtues. 80

Thou canst be strong, and yet not
tyrannous,
Canst righteous be and not intol-
erant.
Let there be peace between us.

JUDAS.

What is peace?
Is it to bow in silence to our vic-
tors?
Is it to see our cities sacked and
pillaged,
Our people slain, or sold as slaves,
or fleeing
At night-time by the blaze of burn-
ing towns;
Jerusalem laid waste; the Holy
Temple
Polluted with strange gods? Are
these things peace?

NICANOR.

These are the dire necessities that
wait 90
On war, whose loud and bloody en-
ginery
I seek to stay. Let there be peace
between
Antiochus and thee.

JUDAS.

Antiochus?
What is Antiochus, that he should
prate
Of peace to me, who am a fugitive?
To-day he shall be lifted up; to-
morrow
Shall not be found, because he is
returned
Unto his dust; his thought has
come to nothing.
There is no peace between us, nor
can be,
Until this banner floats upon the
walls 100
Of our Jerusalem.

NICANOR.

Between that city
And thee there lies a waving wall
of tents

Held by a host of forty thousand
foot,
And horsemen seven thousand.
What hast thou
To bring against all these ?

JUDAS.

The power of God,
Whose breath shall scatter your
white tents abroad,
As flakes of snow.

NICANOR.

Your Mighty One in heaven
Will not do battle on the Seventh
Day ;
It is his day of rest.

JUDAS.

Silence, blasphemer.
Go to thy tents.

NICANOR.

Shall it be war or peace ?

JUDAS.

War, war, and only war. Go to
thy tents 111
That shall be scattered, as by you
were scattered
The torn and trampled pages of
the Law,
Blown through the windy streets.

NICANOR.

Farewell, brave foe !

JUDAS.

Ho, there, my captains ! Have
safe-conduct given
Unto Nicanor's herald through
the camp,
And come yourselves to me.—
Farewell, Nicanor !

SCENE IV. — JUDAS MACCA-
BÆUS ; CAPTAINS AND SOL-
DIERS.

JUDAS.

The hour is come. Gather the
host together

For battle. Lo, with trumpets and
with songs
The army of Nicanor comes against
us. 120
Go forth to meet them, praying in
your hearts,
And fighting with your hands.

CAPTAINS.

Look forth and see !
The morning sun is shining on
their shields
Of gold and brass ; the mountains
glisten with them,
And shine like lamps. And we,
who are so few
And poorly armed, and ready to
faint with fasting,
How shall we fight against this
multitude ?

JUDAS.

The victory of a battle standeth
not
In multitudes, but in the strength
that cometh
From heaven above. The Lord
forbid that I 130
Should do this thing, and flee away
from them.
Nay, if our hour be come, then let
us die :
Let us not stain our honor.

CAPTAINS.

'T is the Sabbath.
Wilt thou fight on the Sabbath,
Maccabæus ?

JUDAS.

Ay ; when I fight the battles of the
Lord,
I fight them on his day, as on all
others.
Have ye forgotten certain fugi-
tives
That fled once to these hills, and
hid themselves
In caves ? How their pursuers
camped against them
Upon the Seventh Day, and chal-
lenged them ? 140

And how they answered not, nor
 cast a stone,
 Nor stopped the places where they
 lay concealed,
 But meekly perished with their
 wives and children,
 Even to the number of a thousand
 souls?
 We who are fighting for our laws
 and lives
 Will not so perish.

CAPTAINS.

Lead us to the battle!

JUDAS.

And let our watchword be, 'The
 Help of God!'
 Last night I dreamed a dream;
 and in my vision
 Beheld Onias, our High-Priest of
 old,
 Who holding up his hands prayed
 for the Jews. ¹⁵⁰
 This done, in the like manner
 there appeared
 An old man, and exceeding glo-
 rious,
 With hoary hair, and of a wonder-
 ful
 And excellent majesty. And
 Onias said:
 'This is a lover of the Jews, who
 prayeth
 Much for the people and the Holy
 City, —
 God's prophet Jeremias.' And
 the prophet
 Held forth his right hand and
 gave unto me
 A sword of gold; and giving it he
 said:
 'Take thou this holy sword, a gift
 from God, ¹⁶⁰
 And with it thou shalt wound
 thine adversaries.'

CAPTAINS.

The Lord is with us!

JUDAS.

Hark! I hear the trumpets

Sound from Beth-horon; from the
 battle-field
 Of Joshua, where he smote the
 Amorites,
 Smote the Five Kings of Eglon
 and of Jarmuth,
 Of Hebron, Lachish, and Jeru-
 salem,
 As we to-day will smite Nicanor's
 hosts
 And leave a memory of great
 deeds behind us.

CAPTAINS AND SOLDIERS.

The Help of God!

JUDAS.

Be Elohim Yehovah!

Lord, thou didst send thine Angel
 in the time ¹⁷⁰
 Of Esekias, King of Israel,
 And in the armies of Sennacherib
 Didst slay a hundred fourscore
 and five thousand.
 Wherefore, O Lord of heaven, now
 also send
 Before us a good angel for a fear,
 And through the might of thy
 right arm let those
 Be stricken with terror that have
 come this day
 Against thy holy people to blas-
 pheme!

ACT IV

THE OUTER COURTS OF THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM

SCENE I. — JUDAS MACCA- BÆUS; CAPTAINS; JEWS.

JUDAS.

Behold, our enemies are discom-
 fitted.
 Jerusalem has fallen; and our
 banners
 Float from her battlements, and
 o'er her gates
 Nicanor's severed head, a sign of
 terror,
 Blackens in wind and sun.

CAPTAINS.

O Maccabæus,
The citadel of Antiochus, wherein
The Mother with her Seven Sons
was murdered,
Is still defiant.

JUDAS.

Wait.

CAPTAINS.

Its hateful aspect
Insults us with the bitter mem-
ories
Of other days..

JUDAS.

Wait; it shall disappear
And vanish as a cloud. First let
us cleanse 11
The Sanctuary. See, it is become
Waste like a wilderness. Its gold-
en gates
Wrenched from their hinges and
consumed by fire;
Shrubs growing in its courts as in
a forest;
Upon its altars hideous and strange
idols;
And strewn about its pavement
at my feet
Its Sacred Books, half-burned and
painted o'er
With images of heathen gods.

JEWS.

Woe! woe!

Our beauty and our glory are laid
waste! 20

The Gentiles have profaned our
holy places!

{*Lamentation and alarm of trum-
pets.*}

JUDAS.

This sound of trumpets, and this
lamentation,
The heart-cry of a people toward
the heavens,
Stir me to wrath and vengeance.
Go, my captains;

I hold you back no longer. Batter
down

The citadel of Antiochus, while
here

We sweep away his altars and his
gods.

SCENE II. — JUDAS MACCA-
BÆUS; JASON; JEWS.

JEWS.

Lurking among the ruins of the
Temple,

Deep in its inner courts, we found
this man,

Clad as High-Priest.

JUDAS.

I ask not who thou art,
I know thy face, writ over with de-
ceit 31

As are these tattered volumes of
the Law

With heathen images. A priest
of God

Wast thou in other days, but thou
art now

A priest of Satan. Traitor, thou
art Jason.

JASON.

I am thy prisoner, Judas Macca-
bæus,

And it would ill become me to
conceal

My name or office.

JUDAS.

Over yonder gate
There hangs the head of one who
was a Greek.

What should prevent me now, thou
man of sin, 4c

From hanging at its side the head
of one

Who born a Jew hath made him-
self a Greek?

JASON.

Justice prevents thee.

JUDAS.

Justice? Thou art stained
With every crime 'gainst which
the Decalogue
Thunders with all its thunder.

JASON.

If not Justice,
Then Mercy, her handmaiden.

JUDAS.

When hast thou
At any time, to any man or wo-
man,
Or even to any little child, shown
mercy?

JASON.

I have but done what King An-
tiochus
Commanded me.

JUDAS.

True, thou hast been the weapon
With which he struck; but hast
been such a weapon, ⁵¹
So flexible, so fitted to his hand,
It tempted him to strike. So thou
hast urged him
To double wickedness, thine own
and his.
Where is this King? Is he in An-
tioch
Among his women still, and from
his windows
Throwing down gold by handfuls,
for the rabble
To scramble for?

JASON.

Nay, he is gone from there,
Gone with an army into the far
East.

JUDAS.

And wherefore gone?

JASON.

I know not. For the space
Of forty days almost were horse-
men seen ⁶¹

Running in air, in cloth of gold,
and armed
With lances, like a band of sol-
diery;
It was a sign of triumph.

JUDAS.

Or of death.
Wherefore art thou not with
him?

JASON.

I was left
For service in the Temple.

JUDAS.

To pollute it,
And to corrupt the Jews; for there
are men
Whose presence is corruption; to
be with them
Degrades us and deforms the
things we do.

JASON.

I never made a boast, as some
men do, ⁷⁰
Of my superior virtue, nor de-
nied
The weakness of my nature, that
hath made me
Subservient to the will of other
men.

JUDAS.

Upon this day, the five-and-twenti-
eth day
Of the month Caslan, was the Tem-
ple here
Profaned by strangers,— by An-
tiochus
And thee, his instrument. Upon
this day
Shall it be cleansed. Thou, who
didst lend thyself
Unto this profanation, canst not
be
A witness of these solemn ser-
vices. ⁸⁰

There can be nothing clean where
 thou art present.
 The people put to death Callis-
 thenes,
 Who burned the Temple gates;
 and if they find thee
 Will surely slay thee. I will spare
 thy life
 To punish thee the longer. Thou
 shalt wander
 Among strange nations. Thou,
 that hast cast out
 So many from their native land,
 shalt perish
 In a strange land. Thou, that
 hast left so many
 Unburied, shalt have none to
 mourn for thee,
 Nor any solemn funerals at all, 90
 Nor sepulchre with thy fathers. —
 Get thee hence!

*Music. Procession of Priests and
 people, with citherns, harps, and
 cymbals. JUDAS MACCABÆUS
 puts himself at their head, and
 they go into the inner courts.*

SCENE III. — JASON *alone.*

JASON.

Through the Gate Beautiful I see
 them come,
 With branches and green boughs
 and leaves of palm,
 And pass into the inner courts.
 Alas!
 I should be with them, should be
 one of them,
 But in an evil hour, an hour of
 weakness,
 That cometh unto all, I fell away
 From the old faith, and did not
 clutch the new,
 Only an outward semblance of be-
 lief;
 For the new faith I cannot make
 mine own, 100

Not being born to it. It hath no
 root
 Within me. I am neither Jew nor
 Greek,
 But stand between them both, a
 renegade
 To each in turn; having no longer
 faith
 In gods or men. Then what mys-
 terious charm,
 What fascination is it chains my
 feet,
 And keeps me gazing like a curi-
 ous child
 Into the holy places, where the
 priests
 Have raised their altar?— Strik-
 ing stones together,
 They take fire out of them, and
 light the lamps 110
 In the great candlestick. They
 spread the veils,
 And set the loaves of shewbread
 on the table.
 The incense burns; the well-re-
 membered odor
 Comes wafted unto me, and takes
 me back
 To other days. I see myself
 among them
 As I was then; and the old super-
 stition
 Creeps over me again!— A child-
 ish fancy! —
 And hark! they sing with citherns
 and with cymbals,
 And all the people fall upon their
 faces,
 Praying and worshipping!— I will
 away 120
 Into the East, to meet Antio-
 chus
 Upon his homeward journey,
 crowned with triumph. *
 Alas! to-day I would give every-
 thing
 To see a friend's face, or to hear a
 voice
 That had the slightest tone of
 comfort in it!

ACT V

THE MOUNTAINS OF ECBATANA

SCENE I.—ANTIOCHUS; PHILIP;
ATTENDANTS.

ANTIOCHUS.

Here let us rest awhile. Where
are we, Philip?
What place is this?

PHILIP.

Ecbatana, my Lord;
And yonder mountain range is the
Orontes.

ANTIOCHUS.

The Orontes is my river at Antioch.
Why did I leave it? Why have I
been tempted
By coverings of gold and shields
and breastplates
To plunder Elymais, and be driven
From out its gates, as by a fiery
blast
Out of a furnace?

PHILIP.

These are fortune's changes.

ANTIOCHUS.

What a defeat it was! The Per-
sian horsemen ¹⁰
Came like a mighty wind, the wind
Khamáseen,
And melted us away, and scat-
tered us
As if we were dead leaves, or des-
ert sand.

PHILIP.

Be comforted, my Lord; for thou
• hast lost
But what thou hadst not.

ANTIOCHUS.

I, who made the Jews
Skip like the grasshoppers, am
made myself
To skip among these stones.

PHILIP.

Be not discouraged.
Thy realm of Syria remains to
thee;
That is not lost nor marred.

ANTIOCHUS.

Oh, where are now
The splendors of my court, my
baths and banquets? ²⁰
Where are my players and my
dancing women?
Where are my sweet musicians
with their pipes,
That made me merry in the olden
time?
I am a laughing-stock to man and
brute.
The very camels, with their ugly
faces,
Mock me and laugh at me.

PHILIP.

Alas! my Lord,
It is not so. If thou wouldst sleep
awhile,
All would be well.

ANTIOCHUS.

Sleep from mine eyes is gone,
And my heart faileth me for very
care.
Dost thou remember, Philip, the
old fable ³⁰
Told us when we were boys, in
which the bear
Going for honey overturns the
hive,
And is stung blind by bees? I am
that beast,
Stung by the Persian swarms of
Elymais.

PHILIP.

When thou art come again to An-
tioch,
These thoughts will be as covered
and forgotten
As are the tracks of Pharaoh's
chariot-wheels
In the Egyptian sands.

ANTIOCHUS.

Ah! when I come
Again to Antioch! When will that
be? 39
Alas! alas!

SCENE II. — ANTIOCHUS ;
PHILIP ; A MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

May the King live forever!

ANTIOCHUS.

Who art thou, and whence comest
thou?

MESSENGER.

My Lord,
I am a messenger from Antioch,
Sent here by Lysias.

ANTIOCHUS.

A strange foreboding
Of something evil overshadows
me.

I am no reader of the Jewish
Scriptures ;
I know not Hebrew ; but my High-
Priest Jason,

As I remember, told me of a Pro-
phet
Who saw a little cloud rise from
the sea

Like a man's hand, and soon the
heaven was black

With clouds and rain. Here,
Philip, read ; I cannot ; 50
I see that cloud. It makes the let-
ters dim

Before mine eyes.

PHILIP (*reading*).

'To King Antiochus,
The God, Epiphanes.'

ANTIOCHUS.

Oh mockery !
Even Lysias laughs at me! — Go
on, go on!

PHILIP (*reading*).

'We pray thee hasten thy return.
The realm

Is falling from thee. Since thou
hast gone from us

The victories of Judas Maccabæ-
us

Form all our annals. First he
overthrew

Thy forces at Beth-horon, and
passed on,

And took Jerusalem, the Holy
City. 60

And then Emmaus fell ; and then
Bethsura,

Ephron and all the towns of Ga-
laad,

And Maccabæus marched to Car-
nion.'

ANTIOCHUS.

Enough, enough! Go call my
chariot-men ;

We will drive forward, forward,
without ceasing,

Until we come to Antioch. My
captains,

My Lysias, Gorgias, Seron, and
Nicanor,

Are babes in battle, and this
dreadful Jew

Will rob me of my kingdom and
my crown.

My elephants shall trample him to
dust ; 70

I will wipe out his nation, and will
make

Jerusalem a common burying-
place,

And every home within its walls a
tomb!

*Throws up his hands, and sinks
into the arms of attendants, who
lay him upon a bank.*

PHILIP.

Antiochus! Antiochus! Alas,
The King is ill! What is it, O my
Lord?

ANTIOCHUS.

Nothing. A sudden and sharp
 spasm of pain,
 As if the lightning struck me, or
 the knife
 Of an assassin smote me to the
 heart.
 'T is passed, even as it came. Let
 us set forward.

PHILIP.

See that the chariots be in readi-
 ness; 80
 We will depart forthwith.

ANTIOCHUS.

A moment more.

I cannot stand. I am become at
 once
 Weak as an infant. Ye will have
 to lead me.
 Jove, or Jehovah, or whatever
 name
 Thou wouldst be named, — it is
 alike to me, —
 If I knew how to pray, I would en-
 treat
 To live a little longer.

PHILIP.

O my Lord,

Thou shalt not die; we will not let
 thee die!

ANTIOCHUS.

How canst thou help it, Philip?
 Oh the pain!
 Stab after stab. Thou hast no
 shield against 90
 This unseen weapon. God of Is-
 rael,
 Since all the other gods abandon
 me,
 Help me. I will release the Holy
 City,
 Garnish with goodly gifts the Holy
 Temple.
 Thy people, whom I judged to be
 unworthy
 To be so much as buried, shall be
 equal

Unto the citizens of Antioch.

I will become a Jew, and will de-
 clare
 Through all the world that is in-
 habited 99
 The power of God!

PHILIP.

He faints. It is like death.
 Bring here the royal litter. We
 will bear him
 Into the camp, while yet he lives.

ANTIOCHUS.

O Philip,

Into what tribulation am I come!
 Alas! I now remember all the evil
 That I have done the Jews; and
 for this cause
 These troubles are upon me, and
 behold
 I perish through great grief in a
 strange land.

PHILIP.

Antiochus! my King!

ANTIOCHUS.

Nay, King no longer.

Take thou my royal robes, my sig-
 net ring,
 My crown and sceptre, and deliver
 them 110
 Unto my son, Antiochus Eupator;
 And unto the good Jews, my citi-
 zens,
 In all my towns, say that their
 dying monarch
 Wisheth them joy, prosperity, and
 health.
 I who, puffed up with pride and
 arrogance,
 Thought all the kingdoms of the
 earth mine own,
 If I would but outstretch my hand
 and take them,
 Meet face to face a greater poten-
 tate,
 King Death — Epiphanes — the
 Illustrious!

[Dies

MICHAEL ANGELO: A FRAGMENT

Michel piu che mortal, Angel divino.

ARIOSTO.

Similamente operando all' artista
Ch' a l' abito dell' arte e man che trema.

DANTE, *Par.* xiii. st. 77.

DEDICATION

NOTHING that is shall perish utterly,
But perish only to revive again
In other forms, as clouds restore
in rain
The exhalations of the land and
sea.
Men build their houses from the
masonry
Of ruined tombs; the passion
and the pain
Of hearts, that long have ceased
to beat, remain
To throb in hearts that are, or
are to be.
So from old chronicles, where
sleep in dust
Names that once filled the world
with trumpet tones,
I build this verse; and flowers
of song have thrust
Their roots among the loose dis-
jointed stones,
Which to this end I fashion as I
must.
Quickened are they that touch
the Prophet's bones.

PART FIRST

I

PROLOGUE AT ISCHIA

The Castle Terrace. VITTORIA
COLONNA and JULIA GONZAGA.

VITTORIA.

WILL you then leave me, Julia,
and so soon,

To pace alone this terrace like a
ghost?

JULIA.

To-morrow, dearest.

VITTORIA.

Do not say to-morrow.
A whole month of to-morrows were
too soon.
You must not go. You are a part
of me.

JULIA.

I must return to Fondi.

VITTORIA.

The old castle
Needs not your presence. No one
waits for you.
Stay one day longer with me.
They who go
Feel not the pain of parting; it is
they
Who stay behind that suffer. I
was thinking ¹⁰
But yesterday how like and how
unlike
Have been, and are, our destinies.
Your husband,
The good Vespasian, an old man,
who seemed
A father to you rather than a hus-
band,
Died in your arms; but mine, in
all the flower
And promise of his youth, was
taken from me
As by a rushing wind. The breath
of battle
Breathed on him, and I saw his
face no more,

Save as in dreams it haunts me.
 As our love
 Was for these men, so is our sor-
 row for them. ²⁰
 Yours a child's sorrow, smiling
 through its tears;
 But mine the grief of an impas-
 sioned woman,
 Who drank her life up in one
 draught of love.

JULIA.

Behold this locket. This is the
 white hair
 Of my Vespasian. This the flower-
 of-love,
 This amaranth, and beneath it the
 device,
Non moritura. Thus my heart
 remains
 True to his memory; and the an-
 cient castle,
 Where we have lived together,
 where he died, ²⁹
 Is dear to me as Ischia is to you.

VITTORIA.

I did not mean to chide you.

JULIA.

Let your heart
 Find, if it can, some poor apology
 For one who is too young, and feels
 too keenly
 The joy of life, to give up all her
 days
 To sorrow for the dead. While I
 am true
 To the remembrance of the man I
 loved
 And mourn for still, I do not make
 a show
 Of all the grief I feel, nor live se-
 cluded
 And, like Veronica da Gámbara,
 Drape my whole house in mourn-
 ing, and drive forth ⁴⁰
 In coach of sable drawn by sable
 horses,
 As if I were a corpse. Ah, one to-
 day

Is worth for me a thousand yester-
 days.

VITTORIA.

Dear Julia! Friendship has its
 jealousies
 As well as love. Who waits for
 you at Fondi?

JULIA.

A friend of mine and yours; a
 friend and friar.
 You have at Naples your Fra
 Bernardino;
 And I at Fondi have my Fra Bas-
 tiano,
 The famous artist, who has come
 from Rome
 To paint my portrait. That is not
 a sin. ⁵⁰

VITTORIA.

Only a vanity.

JULIA.

He painted yours.

VITTORIA.

Do not call up to me those days
 departed,
 When I was young, and all was
 bright about me,
 And the vicissitudes of life were
 things
 But to be read of in old histories,
 Though as pertaining unto me or
 mine
 Impossible. Ah, then I dreamed
 your dreams,
 And now, grown older, I look back
 and see
 They were illusions.

JULIA.

Yet without illusions
 What would our lives become,
 what we ourselves? ⁶⁰
 Dreams or illusions, call them
 what you will,
 They lift us from the commonplace
 of life
 To better things.

VITTORIA.

Are there no brighter dreams,
No higher aspirations, than the
wish
To please and to be pleased?

JULIA.

For you there are:
I am no saint; I feel the world we
live in
Comes before that which is to be
hereafter,
And must be dealt with first.

VITTORIA.

But in what way?

JULIA.

Let the soft wind that wafts to us
the odor
Of orange blossoms, let the laugh-
ing sea 70
And the bright sunshine bathing
all the world,
Answer the question.

VITTORIA.

And for whom is meant
This portrait that you speak of?

JULIA.

For my friend
The Cardinal Ippolito.

VITTORIA.

For him?

JULIA.

Yes, for Ippolito the Magnificent.
'Tis always flattering to a woman's
pride
To be admired by one whom all
admire.

VITTORIA.

Ah, Julia, she that makes herself
a dove
Is eaten by the hawk. Be on your
guard.
He is a Cardinal; and his adora-
tion 80
Should be elsewhere directed.

JULIA.

You forget

The horror of that night, when
Barbarossa,
The Moorish corsair, landed on
our coast
To seize me for the Sultan Soli-
man;
How in the dead of night, when all
were sleeping,
He scaled the castle wall; how I
escaped,
And in my night-dress, mounting a
swift steed,
Fled to the mountains, and took
refuge there
Among the brigands. Then of all
my friends
The Cardinal Ippolito was first 90
To come with his retainers to my
rescue.
Could I refuse the only boon he
asked
At such a time, my portrait?

VITTORIA.

I have heard

Strange stories of the splendors of
his palace,
And how, appavelled like a Span-
ish Prince,
He rides through Rome with a long
retinue
Of Ethiopians and Numidians
And Turks and Tartars, in fantas-
tic dresses,
Making a gallant show. Is this
the way
A Cardinal should live?

JULIA.

He is so young;

Hardly of age, or little more than
that; 101
Beautiful, generous, fond of arts
and letters,
A poet, a musician, and a scholar;
Master of many languages, and a
player
On many instruments. In Rome
his palace

Is the asylum of all men distinguished
 In art or science, and all Florentines
 Escaping from the tyranny of his
 cousin,
 Duke Alessandro.

VITTORIA.

I have seen his portrait,
 Painted by Titian. You have
 painted it 110
 In brighter colors.

JULIA.

And my Cardinal,
 At Itri, in the courtyard of his
 palace,
 Keeps a tame lion!

VITTORIA.

And so counterfeits
 St. Mark, the Evangelist!

JULIA.

Ah, your tame lion
 Is Michael Angelo.

VITTORIA.

You speak a name
 That always thrills me with a noble
 sound,
 As of a trumpet! Michael Angelo!
 A lion all men fear and none can
 tame;
 A man that all men honor, and the
 model
 That all should follow: one who
 works and prays, 120
 For work is prayer, and consecrates
 his life
 To the sublime ideal of his art,
 Till art and life are one; a man
 who holds
 Such place in all men's thoughts,
 that when they speak
 Of great things done, or to be done,
 his name
 Is ever on their lips.

JULIA.

You too can paint
 The portrait of your hero, and in
 colors
 Brighter than Titian's; I might
 warn you also
 Against the dangers that beset
 your path; 129
 But I forbear.

VITTORIA.

If I were made of marble,
 Of Fior di Persico or Pavonazzo,
 He might admire me: being but
 flesh and blood,
 I am no more to him than other
 women;
 That is, am nothing.

JULIA.

Does he ride through Rome
 Upon his little mule, as he was
 wont,
 With his slouched hat, and boots
 of Cordovan,
 As when I saw him last?

VITTORIA.

Pray do not jest.
 I cannot couple with his noble
 name
 A trivial word! Look, how the
 setting sun
 Lights up Castel-a-mare and Sorrento, 140
 And changes Capri to a purple
 cloud!
 And there Vesuvius with its plume
 of smoke,
 And the great city stretched upon
 the shore
 As in a dream!

JULIA.

Parthenope the Siren!

VITTORIA.

And yon long line of lights, those
 sunlit windows

Blaze like the torches carried in
procession
To do her honor! It is beautiful!

JULIA.

I have no heart to feel the beauty
of it!
My feet are weary, pacing up and
down
These level flags, and wearier still
my thoughts 150
Treading the broken pavement of
the Past.
It is too sad. I will go in and
rest,
And make me ready for to-mor-
row's journey.

VITTORIA.

I will go with you; for I would not
lose
One hour of your dear presence.
'T is enough
Only to be in the same room with
you.
I need not speak to you, nor hear
you speak;
If I but see you, I am satisfied.

[*They go in.*]

MONOLOGUE: THE LAST JUDG-
MENT

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio*. *He
is at work on the cartoon of the
Last Judgment.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Why did the Pope and his ten
Cardinals
Come here to lay this heavy task
upon me? 160
Were not the paintings on the
Sistine ceiling
Enough for them? They saw the
Hebrew leader
Waiting, and clutching his tem-
pestuous beard,
But heeded not. The bones of
Julius

Shook in their sepulchre. I heard
the sound;
They only heard the sound of their
own voices.

Are there no other artists here in
Rome
To do this work, that they must
needs seek me?
Fra Bastian, my Fra Bastian, might
have done it,
But he is lost to art. The Papal
Seals, 170
Like leaden weights upon a dead
man's eyes,
Press down his lids; and so the
burden falls
On Michael Angelo, Chief Archi-
tect
And Painter of the Apostolic Pal-
ace.
That is the title they cajole me
with,
To make me do their work and
leave my own;
But having once begun, I turn not
back.
Blow, ye bright angels, on your
golden trumpets
To the four corners of the earth,
and wake
The dead to judgment! Ye re-
cording angels, 180
Open your books and read! Ye
dead, awake!
Rise from your graves, drowsy and
drugged with death,
As men who suddenly aroused
from sleep
Look round amazed, and know
not where they are!
In happy hours, when the imagina-
tion
Wakes like a wind at midnight,
and the soul
Trembles in all its leaves, it is a
joy
To be uplifted on its wings, and
listen
To the prophetic voices in the air

That call us onward. Then the
work we do 190

Is a delight, and the obedient hand
Never grows weary. But how dif-
ferent is it

In the disconsolate, discouraged
hours,

When all the wisdom of the world
appears

As trivial as the gossip of a nurse
In a sick-room, and all our work
seems useless.

What is it guides my hand, what
thoughts possess me,

That I have drawn her face among
the angels,

Where she will be hereafter? O
sweet dreams,

That through the vacant cham-
bers of my heart 200

Walk in the silence, as familiar
phantoms

Frequent an ancient house, what
will ye with me?

'T is said that Emperors write
their names in green

When under age, but when of age
in purple.

So Love, the greatest Emperor of
them all,

Writes his in green at first, but
afterwards

In the imperial purple of our
blood.

First love or last love, — which of
these two passions

Is more omnipotent? Which is
more fair,

The star of morning, or the even-
ing star? 210

The sunrise or the sunset of the
heart?

The hour when we look forth to
the unknown,

And the advancing day consumes
the shadows,

Or that when all the landscape of
our lives

Lies stretched behind us, and fa-
miliar places

Gleam in the distance, and sweet
memories

Rise like a tender haze, and mag-
nify

The objects we behold, that soon
must vanish?

What matters it to me, whose
countenance

Is like Laocoön's, full of pain?
whose forehead 220

Is a ploughed harvest-field, where
threescore years

Have sown in sorrow and have
reaped in anguish?

To me, the artisan, to whom all
women

Have been as if they were not, or
at most

A sudden rush of pigeons in the
air,

A flutter of wings, a sound, and
then a silence?

I am too old for love; I am too old
To flatter and delude myself with
visions

Of never-ending friendship with
fair women,

Imaginations, fantasies, illusions,
In which the things that cannot
be take shape, 231

And seem to be, and for the mo-
ment are.

Convent bells ring.

Distant and near and low and loud
the bells,

Dominican, Benedictine, and Fran-
ciscan,

Jangle and wrangle in their airy
towers,

Discordant as the brotherhoods
themselves

In their dim cloisters. The de-
scending sun

Seems to caress the city that he
loves,

And crowns it with the aureole of
a saint.

I will go forth and breathe the air
awhile. 240

II

SAN SILVESTRO

A Chapel in the Church of San Silvestro on Monte Cavallo.

VITTORIA COLONNA, CLAUDIO TOLOMMEI, *and others.*

VITTORIA.

Here let us rest awhile, until the crowd
Has left the church. I have already sent
For Michael Angelo to join us here.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

After Fra Bernardino's wise discourse
On the Pauline Epistles, certainly
Some words of Michael Angelo on Art
Were not amiss, to bring us back to earth.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *at the door.*

How like a Saint or Goddess she appears!
Diana or Madonna, which I know not,
In attitude and aspect formed to be
At once the artist's worship and despair! 251

VITTORIA.

Welcome, Maestro. We were waiting for you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I met your messenger upon the way,
And hastened hither.

VITTORIA.

It is kind of you
To come to us, who linger here like gossips
Wasting the afternoon in idle talk.
These are all friends of mine and friends of yours.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If friends of yours, then are they friends of mine.
Pardon me, gentlemen. But when I entered
I saw but the Marchesa.

VITTORIA.

Take this seat
Between me and Ser Claudio Tolommei, 261
Who still maintains that our Italian tongue
Should be called Tuscan. But for that offence
We will not quarrel with him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Eccellenza —

VITTORIA.

Ser Claudio has banished Eccellenza
And all such titles from the Tuscan tongue.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

'Tis the abuse of them, and not the use,
I deprecate.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The use or the abuse,
It matters not. Let them all go together,
As empty phrases and frivolities,
And common as gold-lace upon the collar 271
Of an obsequious lackey.

VITTORIA.

That may be,
But something of politeness would go with them;
We should lose something of the stately manners
Of the old school.

MESSER CLAUDIO.

Undoubtedly.

VITTORIA.

But that
Is not what occupies my thoughts
at present,
Nor why I sent for you, Messer
Michele.
It was to counsel me. His Holi-
ness
Has granted me permission, long
desired,
To build a convent in this neigh-
borhood, 280
Where the old tower is standing,
from whose top
Nero looked down upon the burn-
ing city.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is an inspiration!

VITTORIA.

I am doubtful
How I shall build; how large to
make the convent,
And which way fronting.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, to build, to build!
That is the noblest art of all the
arts.
Painting and sculpture are but
images,
Are merely shadows cast by out-
ward things
On stone or canvas, having in them-
selves
No separate existence. Architec-
ture, 290
Existing in itself, and not in seem-
ing
A something it is not, surpasses
them
As substance shadow. Long, long
years ago,
Standing one morning near the
Baths of Titus,
I saw the statue of Laocoön
Rise from its grave of centuries,
like a ghost
Writhing in pain; and as it tore
away

The knotted serpents from its
limbs, I heard,
Or seemed to hear, the cry of
agony
From its white, parted lips. And
still I marvel 300
At the three Rhodian artists, by
whose hands
This miracle was wrought. Yet
he beholds
Far nobler works who looks upon
the ruins
Of temples in the Forum here in
Rome.
If God should give me power in
my old age
To build for Him a temple half as
grand
As those were in their glory, I
should count
My age more excellent than youth
itself,
And all that I have hitherto ac-
complished
As only vanity.

VITTORIA.

I understand you.
Art is the gift of God, and must be
used 311
Unto His glory. That in art is
highest
Which aims at this. When St.
Hilarion blessed
The horses of Italicus, they
won
The race at Gaza, for his benedic-
tion
O'erpowered all magic; and the
people shouted
That Christ had conquered Mar-
nas. So that art
Which bears the consecration and
the seal
Of holiness upon it will prevail
Over all others. Those few words
of yours 320
Inspire me with new confidence
to build.
What think you? The old walls
might serve, perhaps,

Some purpose still. The tower
can hold the bells.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If strong enough.

VITTORIA.

If not, it can be strengthened.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I see no bar nor drawback to this
building,
And on our homeward way, if it
shall please you,
We may together view the site.

VITTORIA.

I thank you.

I did not venture to request so
much.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Let us now go to the old walls
you spake of,
Vossignoria —

VITTORIA.

What, again, Maestro?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Pardon me, Messer Claudio, if
once more 331
I use the ancient courtesies of
speech.
I am too old to change.

III

CARDINAL IPPOLITO

SCENE I.— *A richly furnished
apartment in the Palace of
CARDINAL IPPOLITO. Night.*

JACOPO NARDI, *an old man,
alone.*

NARDI.

I am bewildered. These Numid-
ian slaves,

In strange attire; these endless
antechambers;

This lighted hall, with all its gold-
en splendors,

Pictures, and statues! Can this
be the dwelling

Of a disciple of that lowly Man

Who had not where to lay his
head? These statues

Are not of Saints; nor is this a
Madonna, 340

This lovely face, that with such
tender eyes

Looks down upon me from the
painted canvas.

My heart begins to fail me. What
can he

Who lives in boundless luxury at
Rome

Care for the imperilled liberties of
Florence,

Her people, her Republic? Ah,
the rich

Feel not the pangs of banishment.
All doors

Are open to them, and all hands
extended.

The poor alone are outcasts; they
who risked

All they possessed for liberty, and
lost; 350

And wander through the world
without a friend,

Sick, comfortless, distressed, un-
known, uncared for.

SCENE II.— JACOPO NARDI;
CARDINAL IPPOLITO, *in Span-
ish cloak and slouched hat.*

IPPOLITO.

I pray you pardon me if I have
kept you
Waiting so long alone.

NARDI.

The Cardinal.

I wait to see

IPPOLITO.

I am the Cardinal;
And you?

NARDI.
Jacopo Nardi.

IPPOLITO.

You are welcome.
I was expecting you. Philippo
Strozzi
Had told me of your coming.

NARDI.
'T was his son
That brought me to your door.

IPPOLITO.

Pray you, be seated.
You seem astonished at the garb I
wear, ³⁶⁰
But at my time of life, and with
my habits,
The petticoats of a Cardinal would
be —
Troublesome; I could neither ride
nor walk,
Nor do a thousand things, if I
were dressed
Like an old dowager. It were put-
ting wine
Young as the young Astyanax into
goblets
As old as Priam.

NARDI.

Oh, your Eminence
Knows best what you should wear.

IPPOLITO.

Dear Messer Nardi,
You are no stranger to me. I
have read
Your excellent translation of the
books ³⁷⁰
Of Titus Livius, the historian
Of Rome, and model of all histo-
rians
That shall come after him. It
does you honor;

But greater honor still the love
you bear
To Florence, our dear country,
and whose annals
I hope your hand will write, in
happier days
Than we now see.

NARDI.

Your Eminence will pardon
The lateness of the hour.

IPPOLITO.

The hours I count not
As a sun-dial; but am like a clock,
That tells the time as well by
night as day. ³⁸⁰
So, no excuse. I know what
brings you here.
You come to speak of Florence.

NARDI.

And her woes.

IPPOLITO.

The duke, my cousin, the black
Alessandro,
Whose mother was a Moorish
slave, that fed
The sheep upon Lorenzo's farm,
still lives
And reigns.

NARDI.

Alas, that such a scourge
Should fall on such a city!

IPPOLITO.

When he dies,
The Wild Boar in the gardens of
Lorenzo,
The beast obscene, should be the
monument
Of this bad man.

NARDI.

He walks the streets at night
With revellers, insulting honest
men. ³⁹¹
No house is sacred from his lusts.
The convents

Are turned by him to brothels,
and the honor
Of woman and all ancient pious
customs
Are quite forgotten now. The
offices
Of the Priori and Gonfalonieri
Have been abolished. All the ma-
gistrates
Are now his creatures. Liberty is
dead.
The very memory of all honest
living
Is wiped away, and even our Tus-
can tongue ⁴⁰⁰
Corrupted to a Lombard dialect.

IPPOLITO.

And, worst of all, his impious
hand has broken
The Martinella, — our great battle
bell,
That, sounding through three cen-
turies, has led
The Florentines to victory, — lest
its voice
Should waken in their soul some
memory
Of far-off times of glory.

NARDI.

What a change
Ten little years have made! We
all remember
Those better days, when Niccolò
Capponi,
The Gonfaloniere, from the win-
dows ⁴¹⁰
Of the Old Palace, with the blast
of trumpets,
Proclaimed to the inhabitants that
Christ
Was chosen King of Florence;
and already
Christ is dethroned, and slain;
and in his stead
Reigns Lucifer! Alas, alas, for
Florence!

IPPOLITO.

Lilies with lilies, said Savonarola;

Florence and France! But I say
Florence only,
Or only with the Emperor's hand
to help us
In sweeping out the rubbish.

NARDI.

Little hope
Of help is there from him. He
has betrothed ⁴²⁰
His daughter Margaret to this
shameless Duke.
What hope have we from such an
Emperor?

IPPOLITO.

Baccio Valori and Philippo
Strozzi,
Once the Duke's friends and in-
timates, are with us,
And Cardinals Salvati and Ridolfi.
We shall soon see, then, as Valori
says,
Whether the Duke can best spare
honest men,
Or honest men the Duke.

NARDI.

We have determined
To send ambassadors to Spain,
and lay
Our griefs before the Emperor,
though I fear ⁴³⁰
More than I hope.

IPPOLITO.

The Emperor is busy
With this new war against the
Algerines,
And has no time to listen to com-
plaints
From our ambassadors; nor will I
trust them,
But go myself. All is in readi-
ness
For my departure, and to-morrow
morning
I shall go down to Itri, where I
meet
Dante da Castiglione and some
others,

Republicans and fugitives from
Florence,
And then take ship at Gaëta, and
go 44°
To join the Emperor in his new
crusade
Against the Turk. I shall have
time enough
And opportunity to plead our
cause.

NARDI, *rising*.

It is an inspiration, and I hail it
As of good omen. May the power
that sends it
Bless our beloved country, and re-
store
Its banished citizens. The soul of
Florence
Is now outside its gates. What
lies within
Is but a corpse, corrupted and
corrupting.
Heaven help us all. I will not
tarry longer, 45°
For you have need of rest. Good-
night.

IPPOLITO.

Good-night!

SCENE III.—CARDINAL IPPOLITO;
FRA SEBASTIANO;
Turkish attendants.

IPPOLITO.

Fra Bastiano, how your portly pre-
sence
Contrasts with that of the spare
Florentine
Who has just left me!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

As we passed each other,
I saw that he was weeping.

IPPOLITO.

Poor old man!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Who is he?

IPPOLITO.

Jacopo Nardi. A brave soul;
One of the Fuorusciti, and the
best
And noblest of them all; but he
has made me
Sad with his sadness. As I look
on you
My heart grows lighter. I behold
a man 46°
Who lives in an ideal world, apart
From all the rude collisions of our
life,
In a calm atmosphere.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Your Eminence

Is surely jesting. If you knew
the life
Of artists as I know it, you might
think
Far otherwise.

IPPOLITO.

But wherefore should I jest?
The world of art is an ideal
world,—
The world I love, and that I fain
would live in;
So speak to me of artists and of
art,
Of all the painters, sculptors, and
musicians 47°
That now illustrate Rome.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Of the musicians,
I know but Goudimel, the brave
maestro
And chapel-master of his Holiness,
Who trains the Papal choir.

IPPOLITO.

In church, this morning,
I listened to a mass of Goudimel,
Divinely chanted. In the *Incar-*
natus,
In lieu of Latin words, the tenor
sang
With infinite tenderness, in plain
Italian,
A Neapolitan love-song.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

You amaze me.

Was it a wanton song?

IPPOLITO.

Not a divine one.

I am not over-scrupulous, as you
know, 481In word or deed, yet such a song
as that,Sung by the tenor of the Papal
choir,And in a Papal mass, seemed out
of place;

There 's something wrong in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

There 's something wrong

In everything. We cannot make
the worldGo right. 'T is not my business to
reform

The Papal choir.

IPPOLITO.

Nor mine, thank Heaven!

Then tell me of the artists.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Naming one

I name them all; for there is only
one; 490His name is Messer Michael An-
gelo.All art and artists of the present
day

Centre in him.

IPPOLITO.

You count yourself as nothing?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Or less than nothing, since I am
at bestOnly a portrait-painter; one who
drawsWith greater or less skill, as best
he may,

The features of a face.

IPPOLITO.

And you have had

The honor, nay, the glory, of por-
trayingJulia Gonzaga! Do you count as
nothingA privilege like that? See there
the portrait 500Rebuking you with its divine ex-
pression.Are you not penitent? He whose
skilful handPainted that lovely picture has
not rightTo vilipend the art of portrait-
painting.

But what of Michael Angelo?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But lately

Strolling together down the
crowded Corso,We stopped, well pleased, to see
your EminencePass on an Arab steed, a noble
creature,Which Michael Angelo, who is a
loverOf all things beautiful, and espe-
cially 510When they are Arab horses, much
admired,

And could not praise enough.

IPPOLITO, *to an attendant.*

Hassan, to-morrow,

When I am gone, but not till I am
gone,—Be careful about that, — take Bar-
barossaTo Messer Michael Angelo the
sculptor,Who lives there at Macello dei
Corvi,Near to the Capitol; and take be-
sidesSome ten mule-loads of provender,
and sayYour master sends them to him as
a present.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A princely gift. Though Michael
Angelo 520

Refuses presents from his Holiness,
Yours he will not refuse.

IPPOLITO.

You think him like
Thymœtes, who received the
wooden horse
Into the walls of Troy. That
book of Virgil
Have I translated in Italian verse
And shall, some day, when we
have leisure for it,
Be pleased to read you. When I
speak of Troy
I am reminded of another town
And of a lovelier Helen, our dear
Countess
Julia Gonzaga. You remember,
surely, ⁵³⁰
The adventure with the corsair
Barbarossa,
And all that followed ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A most strange adventure ;
A tale as marvellous and full of
wonder
As any in Boccaccio or Sacchetti ;
Almost incredible !

IPPOLITO.

Were I a painter
I should not want a better theme
than that :
The lovely lady fleeing through
the night
In wild disorder ; and the brig-
ands' camp
With the red fire-light on their
swarthy faces. ⁵³⁹
Could you not paint it for me ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

No, not I.
It is not in my line.

IPPOLITO.

Then you shall paint
The portrait of the corsair, when
we bring him

A prisoner chained to Naples ; for
I feel
Something like admiration for a
man
Who dared this strange adventure.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will do it.
But catch the corsair first.

IPPOLITO.

You may begin
To-morrow with the sword. Has-
san, come hither ;
Bring me the Turkish scimitar
that hangs
Beneath the picture yonder. Now
unsheathe it.
'Tis a Damascus blade ; you see
the inscription ⁵⁵⁰
In Arabic : *La Allah ! illa Al-
lah !* —
There is no God but God.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

How beautiful
In fashion and in finish ! It is per-
fect.
The Arsenal of Venice cannot
boast
A finer sword.

IPPOLITO.

You like it ? It is yours.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

You do not mean it.

IPPOLITO.

I am not a Spaniard,
To say that it is yours and not to
mean it.
I have at Itri a whole armory
Full of such weapons. When you
paint the portrait
Of Barbarossa, it will be of use.
You have not been rewarded as
you should be ⁵⁶¹
For painting the Gonzaga. Throw
this bauble

Into the scale, and make the balance equal.

Till then suspend it in your studio ;
You artists like such trifles.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will keep it
In memory of the donor. Many
thanks.

IPPOLITO.

Fra Bastian, I am growing tired of
Rome,
The old dead city, with the old
dead people ;
Priests everywhere, like shadows
on a wall,

And morning, noon, and night the
ceaseless sound 570
Of convent bells. I must be gone
from here ;

Though Ovid somewhere says that
Rome is worthy

To be the dwelling-place of all the
Gods,

I must be gone from here. To-
morrow morning

I start for Itri, and go thence by
sea

To join the Emperor, who is mak-
ing war

Upon the Algerines ; perhaps to
sink

Some Turkish galleys, and bring
back in chains

The famous corsair. Thus would
I avenge

The beautiful Gonzaga.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

An achievement
Worthy of Charlemagne, or of Or-
lando. 581

Berni and Ariosto both shall add
A canto to their poems, and de-
scribe you

As Furioso and Innamorato.

Now I must say good-night.

IPPOLITO.

You must not go ;

First you shall sup with me. My
seneschal,

Giovan Andrea dal Borgo a San
Sepolcro,—

I like to give the whole sonorous
name,

It sounds so like a verse of the
Æneid,—

Has brought me eels fresh from
the Lake of Fondi, 590

And Lucrine oysters cradled in
their shells ;

These, with red Fondi wine, the
Cæcuban

That Horace speaks of, under a
hundred keys

Kept safe, until the heir of Post-
humus

Shall stain the pavement with it,
make a feast

Fit for Lucullus, or Fra Bastian
even ;

So we will go to supper, and be
merry.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Beware! Remember that Bolse-
na's eels

And Vernage wine once killed a
Pope of Rome!

IPPOLITO.

'T was a French Pope ; and then
so long ago ; 600

Who knows?—perhaps the story
is not true.

IV

BORGO DELLE VERGINE AT NAPLES

Room in the Palace of JULIA
GONZAGA. *Night.* JULIA GON-
ZAGA, GIOVANNI VALDESSO.

JULIA.

Do not go yet.

VALDESSO.

The night is far advanced ;

I fear to stay too late, and weary
you
With these discussions.

JULIA.

I have much to say.
I speak to you, Valdesso, with that
frankness
Which is the greatest privilege of
friendship,—
Speak as I hardly would to my
confessor,
Such is my confidence in you.

VALDESSO.

Dear Countess,
If loyalty to friendship be a claim
Upon your confidence, then I may
claim it. 610

JULIA.

Then sit again, and listen unto
things
That nearer are to me than life it-
self.

VALDESSO.

In all things I am happy to obey
you,
And happiest then when you com-
mand me most.

JULIA.

Laying aside all useless rhetoric,
That is superfluous between us
two,
I come at once unto the point, and
say,
You know my outward life, my
rank and fortune;
Countess of Fondi, Duchess of Tra-
jetto,
A widow rich and flattered, for
whose hand 620
In marriage princes ask, and ask
it only
To be rejected. All the world can
offer
Lies at my feet. If I remind you
of it
It is not in the way of idle boast-
ing,

But only to the better understand-
ing
Of what comes after.

VALDESSO.

God hath given you also
Beauty and intellect; and the sig-
nal grace
To lead a spotless life amid temp-
tations
That others yield to.

JULIA.

But the inward life,—
That you know not; 'tis known
but to myself, 630
And is to me a mystery and a
pain:
A soul disquieted and ill at ease,
A mind perplexed with doubts and
apprehensions,
A heart dissatisfied with all around
me,
And with myself, so that some-
times I weep,
Discouraged and disgusted with
the world.

VALDESSO.

Whene'er we cross a river at a
ford,
If we would pass in safety, we
must keep
Our eyes fixed steadfast on the
shore beyond,
For if we cast them on the flowing
stream, 640
The head swims with it; so if we
would cross
The running flood of things here
in the world,
Our souls must not look down, but
fix their sight
On the firm land beyond.

JULIA.

I comprehend you.
You think I am too worldly; that
my head
Swims with the giddy whirl of
life about me.
Is that your meaning?

VALDESSO.

Yes; your meditations
Are more of this world and its
vanities
Than of the world to come.

JULIA.

Between the two
I am confused.

VALDESSO.

Yet have I seen you listen
Enraptured when Fra Bernardino
preached 651
Of faith and hope and charity.

JULIA.

I listen,
But only as to music without mean-
ing.
It moves me for the moment, and
I think
How beautiful it is to be a saint,
As dear Vittoria is; but I am weak
And wayward, and I soon fall back
again
To my old ways, so very easily.
There are too many week-days for
one Sunday.

VALDESSO.

Then take the Sunday with you
through the week, 660
And sweeten with it all the other
days.

JULIA.

In part I do so; for to put a stop
To idle tongues, what men might
say of me
If I lived all alone here in my pal-
ace,
And not from a vocation that I feel
For the monastic life, I now am
living
With Sister Caterina at the con-
vent
Of Santa Chiara, and I come here
only
On certain days, for my affairs, or
visits

Of ceremony, or to be with friends.
For I confess, to live among my
friends 671
Is Paradise to me; my Purgatory
Is living among people I dislike.
And so I pass my life in these two
worlds,
This palace and the convent.

VALDESSO.

It was then
The fear of man, and not the love
of God,
That led you to this step. Why
will you not
Renounce the world, and give your
heart to God,¹

JULIA.

If God so commands it,
Wherefore hath He not made me
capable 680
Of doing for Him what I wish to
do
As easily as I could offer Him
This jewel from my hand, this
gown I wear,
Or aught else that is mine?

VALDESSO.

The hindrance lies
In that original sin, by which all
fell.

JULIA.

Ah me, I cannot bring my troubled
mind
To wish well to that Adam, our
first parent,
Who by his sin lost Paradise for
us,
And brought such ills upon us.

VALDESSO.

We ourselves,
When we commit a sin, lose Para-
dise, 690

¹ For some unexplained reason, the sentence has been left incomplete; apparently the omission was not more than a half line.

As much as he did. Let us think
of this,
And how we may regain it.

JULIA.

Teach me, then,
To harmonize the discord of my
life,
And stop the painful jangle of
these wires.

VALDESSO.

That is a task impossible, until
You tune your heart-strings to a
higher key
Than earthly melodies.

JULIA.

How shall I do it?
Point out to me the way of this
perfection,
And I will follow you; for you
have made
My soul enamored with it, and I
cannot ⁷⁰⁰
Rest satisfied until I find it out.
But lead me privately, so that the
world
Hear not my steps; I would not
give occasion
For talk among the people.

VALDESSO.

Now at last
I understand you fully. Then,
what need
Is there for us to beat about the
bush?
I know what you desire of me.

JULIA.

What rudeness!
If you already know it, why not
tell me?

VALDESSO.

Because I rather wait for you to
ask it
With your own lips.

JULIA.

Do me the kindness, then,

To speak without reserve; and
with all frankness, ⁷¹¹
If you divine the truth, will I con-
fess it.

VALDESSO.

I am content.

JULIA.

Then speak.

VALDESSO.

You would be free
From the vexatious thoughts that
come and go
Through your imagination, and
would have me
Point out some royal road and
lady-like
Which you may walk in, and not
wound your feet.
You would attain to the divine per-
fection,
And yet not turn your back upon
the world;
You would possess humility within,
But not reveal it in your outward
actions; ⁷²¹
You would have patience, but
without the rude
Occasions that require its exer-
cise;
You would despise the world, but
in such fashion
The world should not despise you
in return;
Would clothe the soul with all the
Christian graces,
Yet not despoil the body of its
gauds;
Would feed the soul with spiritual
food,
Yet not deprive the body of its
feasts;
Would seem angelic in the sight of
God, ⁷³⁰
Yet not too saint-like in the eyes
of men;
In short, would lead a holy Chris-
tian life
In such a way that even your
nearest friend

Would not detect therein one circumstance
To show a change from what it was before.
Have I divined your secret?

JULIA.

You have drawn
The portrait of my inner self as truly
As the most skilful painter ever painted
A human face.

VALDESSO.

This warrants me in saying
You think you can win heaven by compromise, 740
And not by verdict.

JULIA.

You have often told me
That a bad compromise was better even
Than a good verdict.

VALDESSO.

Yes, in suits at law;
Not in religion. With the human soul
There is no compromise. By faith alone
Can man be justified.

JULIA.

Hush, dear Valdesso;
That is a heresy. Do not, I pray you,
Proclaim it from the house-top, but preserve it
As something precious, hidden in your heart,
As I, who half believe and tremble at it. 750

VALDESSO.

I must proclaim the truth.

JULIA.

Enthusiast!
Why must you? You imperil both yourself

And friends by your imprudence.
Pray, be patient.

You have occasion now to show that virtue

Which you lay stress upon. Let us return

To our lost pathway. Show me by what steps

I shall walk in it.

[*Convent bells are heard.*]

VALDESSO.

Hark! the convent bells
Are ringing; it is midnight; I must leave you.

And yet I linger. Pardon me, dear Countess,

Since you to-night have made me your confessor, 760

If I so far may venture, I will warn you

Upon one point.

JULIA.

What is it? Speak, I pray you,
For I have no concealments in my conduct;

All is as open as the light of day.
What is it you would warn me of?

VALDESSO.

Your friendship
With Cardinal Ippolito.

JULIA.

What is there
To cause suspicion or alarm in that,

More than in friendships that I entertain

With you and others? I ne'er sat with him

Alone at night, as I am sitting now 770

With you, Valdesso.

VALDESSO.

Pardon me; the portrait
That Fra Bastiano painted was for him.

Is that quite prudent?

JULIA.

That is the same question
 Vittoria put to me, when I last
 saw her.
 I make you the same answer.
 That was not
 A pledge of love, but of pure grati-
 tude.
 Recall the adventure of that dread-
 ful night
 When Barbarossa with two thou-
 sand Moors
 Landed upon the coast, and in the
 darkness
 Attacked my castle. Then, with-
 out delay, 780
 The Cardinal came hurrying down
 from Rome
 To rescue and protect me. Was
 it wrong
 That in an hour like that I did not
 weigh
 Too nicely this or that, but granted
 him
 A boon that pleased him, and that
 flattered me ?

VALDESSO.

Only beware lest, in disguise of
 friendship,
 Another corsair, worse than Bar-
 barossa,
 Steal in and seize the castle, not
 by storm
 But strategy. And now I take my
 leave.

JULIA.

Farewell; but ere you go, look
 forth and see 790
 How night hath hushed the clamor
 and the stir
 Of the tumultuous streets. The
 cloudless moon
 Roofs the whole city as with tiles
 of silver ;
 The dim, mysterious sea in silence
 sleeps,
 And straight into the air Vesuvius
 lifts

His plume of smoke. How beauti-
 ful it is !

[*Voices in the street.*]

GIOVAN ANDREA.

Poisoned at Itri.

ANOTHER VOICE.

Poisoned ? Who is poisoned ?

GIOVAN ANDREA.

The Cardinal Ippolito, my master.
 Call it malaria. It was very sud-
 den. [*Julia swoons.*]

V

VITTORIA COLONNA

A room in the Torre Argentina.

VITTORIA COLONNA and JULIA
 GONZAGA.

VITTORIA.

Come to my arms and to my heart
 once more ; 800
 My soul goes out to meet you and
 embrace you,
 For we are of the sisterhood of
 sorrow.
 I know what you have suffered.

JULIA.

Name it not.

Let me forget it.

VITTORIA.

I will say no more.
 Let me look at you. What a joy it
 is
 To see your face, to hear your
 voice again !
 You bring with you a breath as of
 the morn,
 A memory of the far-off happy
 days
 When we were young. When did
 you come from Fondi ?

JULIA.

I have not been at Fondi since —

VITTORIA.

Ah me!

You need not speak the word; I understand you. 811

JULIA.

I came from Naples by the lovely valley,
The Terra di Lavoro.

VITTORIA.

And you find me
But just returned from a long journey northward.
I have been staying with that noble woman,
Renée of France, the Duchess of Ferrara.

JULIA.

Oh, tell me of the Duchess. I have heard
Flaminio speak her praises with such warmth
That I am eager to hear more of her
And of her brilliant court.

VITTORIA.

You shall hear all.
But first sit down and listen patiently 821
While I confess myself.

JULIA.

What deadly sin
Have you committed?

VITTORIA.

Not a sin; a folly.
I chid you once at Ischia, when you told me
That brave Fra Bastian was to paint your portrait.

JULIA.

Well I remember it.

VITTORIA.

Then chide me now,
For I confess to something still more strange.
Old as I am, I have at last consented
To the entreaties and the supplications
Of Michael Angelo —

JULIA.

To marry him?

VITTORIA.

I pray you, do not jest with me!
You know, 831
Or you should know, that never such a thought
Entered my breast. I am already married.
The Marquis of Pescara is my husband,
And death has not divorced us.

JULIA.

Pardon me.
Have I offended you?

VITTORIA.

No, but have hurt me.
Unto my buried lord I give myself,
Unto my friend the shadow of myself,
My portrait. It is not from vanity,
But for the love I bear him.

JULIA.

I rejoice
To hear these words. Oh, this will be a portrait 841
Worthy of both of you!

[A knock

VITTORIA.

Hark! he is coming.

JULIA.

And shall I go or stay?

VITTORIA.

By all means, stay.
The drawing will be better for
your presence;
You will enliven me.

JULIA.

I shall not speak;
The presence of great men doth
take from me
All power of speech. I only gaze
at them
In silent wonder, as if they were
gods,
Or the inhabitants of some other
planet.

Enter MICHAEL ANGELO.

VITTORIA.

Come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I fear my visit is ill-timed;
I interrupt you.

VITTORIA.

No; this is a friend
Of yours as well as mine,— the
Lady Julia, 852
The Duchess of Trajetto.

MICHAEL ANGELO *to* JULIA.

I salute you.
'T is long since I have seen your
face, my lady;
Pardon me if I say that having
seen it,
One never can forget it.

JULIA.

You are kind
To keep me in your memory.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is
The privilege of age to speak with
frankness.
You will not be offended when I
say
That never was your beauty more
divine. 860

JULIA.

When Michael Angelo conde-
scends to flatter
Or praise me, I am proud, and not
offended.

VITTORIA.

Now this is gallantry enough for
one;
Show me a little.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my gracious lady,
You know I have not words to
speak your praise.
I think of you in silence. You con-
ceal
Your manifold perfections from all
eyes,
And make yourself more saint-like
day by day,
And day by day men worship you
the more.
But now your hour of martyrdom
has come. 870
You know why I am here.

VITTORIA.

Ah yes, I know it;
And meet my faith with fortitude.
You find me
Surrounded by the labors of your
hands:
The Woman of Samaria at the
Well,
The Mater Dolorosa, and the
Christ
Upon the Cross, beneath which
you have written
Those memorable words of Ali-
ghieri,
'Men have forgotten how much
blood it costs.'

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now I come to add one labor
more,
If you call that labor which is
pleasure, 880
And only pleasure.

VITTORIA.

How shall I be seated?

MICHAEL ANGELO, *opening his portfolio.*

Just as you are. The light falls well upon you.

VITTORIA.

I am ashamed to steal the time from you

That should be given to the Sistine Chapel.

How does that work go on?

MICHAEL ANGELO, *drawing.*

But tardily.

Old men work slowly. Brain and hand alike

Are dull and torpid. To die young is best,

And not to be remembered as old men

Tottering about in their decrepitude.

VITTORIA.

My dear Maestro! have you, then, forgotten

The story of Sophocles in his old age? ⁸⁹⁰

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What story is it?

VITTORIA.

When his sons accused him, Before the Areopagus, of dotage, For all defence, he reads there to his Judges

The Tragedy of Œdipus Coloneus,—

The work of his old age.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is an illusion, A fabulous story, that will lead old men

Into a thousand follies and conceits.

VITTORIA.

So you may show to cavillers your painting

Of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel. 900

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Now you and Lady Julia shall resume

The conversation that I interrupted.

VITTORIA.

It was of no great import: nothing more

Nor less than my late visit to Ferrara,

And what I saw there in the ducal palace.

Will it not interrupt you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not the least.

VITTORIA.

Well, first, then, of Duke Ercole: a man

Cold in his manners, and reserved and silent,

And yet magnificent in all his ways;

Not hospitable unto new ideas, But from state policy, and certain

reasons 911

Concerning the investiture of the duchy,

A partisan of Rome, and consequently

Intolerant of all the new opinions.

JULIA.

I should not like the Duke. These silent men,

Who only look and listen, are like wells

That have no water in them, deep and empty.

How could the daughter of a king of France

Wed such a duke?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The men that women marry,
And why they marry them, will
always be 920
A marvel and a mystery to the
world.

VITTORIA.

And then the Duchess, — how shall
I describe her,
Or tell the merits of that happy
nature
Which pleases most when least it
thinks of pleasing?
Not beautiful, perhaps, in form
and feature,
Yet with an inward beauty, that
shines through
Each look and attitude and word
and gesture;
A kindly grace of manner and be-
havior,
A something in her presence and
her ways
That makes her beautiful beyond
the reach 930
Of mere external beauty; and in
heart
So noble and devoted to the truth,
And so in sympathy with all who
strive
After the higher life.

JULIA.

She draws me to her
As much as her Duke Ercole re-
pels me.

VITTORIA.

Then the devout and honorable
women
That grace her court, and make it
good to be there;
Francesca Bucyronia, the true-
hearted,
Lavinia della Rovere and the
Orsini,
The Magdalena and the Cherubina,
And Anne de Parthenai, who sings
so sweetly; 941

All lovely women, full of noble
thoughts
And aspirations after noble things.

JULIA.

Boccaccio would have envied you
such dames.

VITTORIA.

No; his Fiammettas and his Phi-
lomenas
Are fitter company for Ser Gio-
vanni;
I fear he hardly would have com-
prehended
The women that I speak of.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yet he wrote
The story of Griseldis. That is
something
To set down in his favor.

VITTORIA.

With these ladies
Was a young girl, Olympia Mo-
rata, 951
Daughter of Fulvio, the learned
scholar,
Famous in all the universities:
A marvellous child, who at the
spinning-wheel,
And in the daily round of house-
hold cares,
Hath learned both Greek and
Latin; and is now
A favorite of the Duchess and com-
panion
Of Princess Anne. This beautiful
young Sappho
Sometimes recited to us Grecian
odes
That she had written, with a voice
whose sadness 960
Thrilled and o'ermastered me, and
made me look
Into the future time, and ask my-
self
What destiny will be hers.

JULIA.

A sad one, surely.
Frost kills the flowers that blossom
out of season;
And these precocious intellects
portend
A life of sorrow or an early death.

VITTORIA.

About the court were many learned
men;
Chilian Sinapius from beyond the
Alps,
And Celio Curione, and Manzolli,
The Duke's physician; and a pale
young man, ⁹⁷⁰
Charles d'Espeville of Geneva,
whom the Duchess
Doth much delight to talk with
and to read.
For he hath written a book of In-
stitutes
The Duchess greatly praises,
though some call it
The Koran of the heretics.

JULIA.

And what poets
Were there to sing you madrigals,
and praise
Olympia's eyes and Cherubina's
tresses?

VITTORIA.

None; for great Ariosto is no
more.
The voice that filled those halls
with melody ⁹⁷⁹
Has long been hushed in death.

JULIA.

You should have made
A pilgrimage unto the poet's tomb,
And laid a wreath upon it, for the
words
He spake of you.

VITTORIA.

And of yourself no less,
And of our master, Michael An-
gelo.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Of me?

VITTORIA.

Have you forgotten that he calls
you
Michael, less man than angel, and
divine?
You are ungrateful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A mere play on words.
That adjective he wanted for a
rhyme,
To match with Gian Bellino and
Urbino.

VITTORIA.

Bernardo Tasso is no longer there,
Nor the gay troubadour of Gas-
cony, ⁹⁹¹
Clement Marot, surnamed by flat-
terers
The Prince of Poets and the Poet
of Princes,
Who, being looked upon with
much disfavor
By the Duke Ercole, has fled to
Venice.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There let him stay with Pietro
Aretino,
The Scourge of Princes, also called
Divine.
The title is so common in our
mouths,
That even the Pifferari of Abruzzi,
Who play their bagpipes in the
streets of Rome ¹⁰⁰⁰
At the Epiphany, will bear it soon,
And will deserve it better than
some poets.

VITTORIA.

What bee hath stung you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

One that makes no honey;
One that comes buzzing in through
every window,

And stabs men with his sting. A
bitter thought
Passed through my mind, but it
is gone again;
I spake too hastily.

JULIA.

I pray you, show me
What you have done.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not yet; it is not finished.

PART SECOND

I

MONOLOGUE

*A room in MICHAEL ANGELO'S
house.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Fled to Viterbo, the old Papal
city
Where once an Emperor, humbled
in his pride,
Held the Pope's stirrup, as his Ho-
liness
Alighted from his mule! A fugi-
tive
From Cardinal Caraffa's hate, who
hurls
His thunders at the house of the
Colonna,
With endless bitterness! — Among
the nuns
In Santa Caterina's convent hid-
den,
Herself in soul a nun! And now
she chides me
For my too frequent letters, that
disturb ¹⁰
Her meditations, and that hinder
me
And keep me from my work; now
graciously
She thanks me for the crucifix I
sent her,

And says that she will keep it:
with one hand
Inflicts a wound, and with the
other heals it.

[*Reading.*

'Profoundly I believed that God
would grant you
A supernatural faith to paint this
Christ;
I wished for that which now I see
fulfilled
So marvellously, exceeding all my
wishes.
Nor more could be desired, or
even so much. ²⁰
And greatly I rejoice that you
have made
The angel on the right so beauti-
ful;
For the Archangel Michael will
place you,
You, Michael Angelo, on that new
day,
Upon the Lord's right hand! And
waiting that,
How can I better serve you than
to pray
To this sweet Christ for you, and
to beseech you
To hold me altogether yours in all
things.'

Well, I will write less often, or no
more,
But wait her coming. No one
born in Rome ³⁰
Can live elsewhere; but he must
pine for Rome,
And must return to it. I, who am
born
And bred a Tuscan and a Floren-
tine,
Feel the attraction, and I linger
here
As if I were a pebble in the pave-
ment
Trodden by priestly feet. This I
endure,
Because I breathe in Rome an at-
mosphere

Heavy with odors of the laurel
leaves
That crowned great heroes of the
sword and pen,
In ages past. I feel myself ex-
alted 40
To walk the streets in which a
Virgil walked,
Or Trajan rode in triumph; but
far more,
And most of all, because the great
Colonna
Breathes the same air I breathe,
and is to me
An inspiration. Now that she is
gone,
Rome is no longer Rome till she
return.
This feeling overmasters me. I
know not
If it be love, this strong desire to
be
Forever in her presence; but I
know
That I, who was the friend of soli-
tude, 50
And ever was best pleased when
most alone,
Now weary grow of my own com-
pany.
For the first time old age seems
lonely to me.

[*Opening the Divina Commedia.*]

I turn for consolation to the
leaves
Of the great master of our Tuscan
tongue,
Whose words, like colored garnet-
shirts in lava,
Betray the heat in which they
were engendered.
A mendicant, he ate the bitter
bread
Of others, but repaid their meagre
gifts
With immortality. In courts of
princes 60
He was a by-word, and in streets
of towns

Was mocked by children, like the
Hebrew prophet,
Himself a prophet. I too know
the cry,
Go up, thou bald head! from a
generation
That, wanting reverence, wanteth
the best food
The soul can feed on. There 's
not room enough
For age and youth upon this little
planet.
Age must give way. There was
not room enough
Even for this great poet. In his
song
I hear reverberate the gates of
Florence, 70
Closing upon him, nevermore to
open;
But mingled with the sound are
melodies
Celestial from the gates of para-
dise.
He came and he is gone. The peo-
ple knew not
What manner of man was passing
by their doors,
Until he passed no more; but in
his vision
He saw the torments and beati-
tudes
Of souls condemned or pardoned,
and hath left
Behind him this sublime Apoca-
lypse.
I strive in vain to draw here on
the margin 80
The face of Beatrice. It is not
hers,
But the Colonna's. Each hath his
ideal,
The image of some woman excel-
lent,
That is his guide. No Grecian art,
nor Roman,
Hath yet revealed such loveliness
as hers.

II

VITERBO

VITTORIA COLONNA, *at the convent window.*

VITTORIA.

Parting with friends is temporary death,

As all death is. We see no more their faces,

Nor hear their voices, save in memory.

But messages of love give us assurance

That we are not forgotten. Who shall say 90

That from the world of spirits comes no greeting,

No message of remembrance? It may be

The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,

Sudden as inspiration, are the whispers

Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us

As friends, who wait outside a prison wall,

Through the barred windows speak to those within.

[*A pause.*

As quiet as the lake that lies beneath me,

As quiet as the tranquil sky above me,

As quiet as a heart that beats no more, 100

This convent seems. Above, below, all peace!

Silence and solitude, the soul's best friends,

Are with me here, and the tumultuous world

Makes no more noise than the remotest planet. [*A pause.*

O gentle spirit, unto the third circle

Of heaven among the blessed souls ascended,

Who, living in the faith and dying for it,

Have gone to their reward, I do not sigh

For thee as being dead, but for myself

That I am still alive. Turn those dear eyes, 110

Once so benignant to me, upon mine,

That open to their tears such uncontrolled

And such continual issue. Still awhile

Have patience; I will come to thee at last.

A few more goings in and out these doors,

A few more chimings of these convent bells,

A few more prayers, a few more sighs and tears,

And the long agony of this life will end,

And I shall be with thee. If I am wanting

To thy well-being, as thou art to mine, 120

Have patience; I will come to thee at last.

Ye winds that loiter in these cloister gardens,

Or wander far above the city walls, Bear unto him this message, that I ever

Or speak or think of him, or weep for him.

By unseen hands uplifted in the light

Of sunset, yonder solitary cloud

Floats, with its white apparel blown abroad,

And wafted up to heaven. It fades away,

And melts into the air. Ah, would that I 130

Could thus be wafted unto thee, Francesco,

A cloud of white, an incorporeal spirit!

III

MICHAEL ANGELO AND BENVENUTO CELLINI

SCENE I. — MICHAEL ANGELO,
BENVENUTO CELLINI *in gay attire.*

BENVENUTO.

A good day and good year to the
divine
Maestro Michael Angelo, the
sculptor!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Welcome, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO.

That is what
My father said, the first time he
beheld
This handsome face. But say
farewell, not welcome.
I come to take my leave. I start
for Florence
As fast as horse can carry me. I
long
To set once more upon its level
flags ¹⁴⁰
These feet, made sore by your vile
Roman pavements.
Come with me; you are wanted
there in Florence.
The Sacristy is not finished.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Speak not of it;
How damp and cold it was! How
my bones ached
And my head reeled, when I was
working there!
I am too old. I will stay here in
Rome,
Where all is old and crumbling,
like myself,
To hopeless ruin. All roads lead
to Rome.

BENVENUTO.

And all lead out of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There is a charm,
A certain something in the atmo-
sphere, ¹⁵⁰
That all men feel, and no man
can describe.

BENVENUTO.

Malaria?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes, malaria of the mind,
Out of this tomb of the majestic
Past;
The fever to accomplish some
great work
That will not let us sleep. I must
go on
Until I die.

BENVENUTO.

Do you ne'er think of Florence?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes; whenever
I think of anything beside my
work,
I think of Florence. I remember,
too,
The bitter days I passed among
the quarries ¹⁶⁰
Of Seravezza and Pietrasanta;
Road-building in the marshes; stu-
pid people,
And cold and rain incessant, and
mad gusts
Of mountain wind, like howling
Dervishes,
That spun and whirled the eddy-
ing snow about them
As if it were a garment; aye, vex-
ations
And troubles of all kinds, that
ended only
In loss of time and money.

BENVENUTO.

True, Maestro;
But that was not in Florence.
You should leave

Such work to others. Sweeter
 memories 170
 Cluster about you, in the pleasant
 city
 Upon the Arno.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

In my waking dreams
 I see the marvellous dome of
 Brunelleschi,
 Ghiberti's gates of bronze, and
 Giotto's tower;
 And Ghirlandajo's lovely Benci
 glides
 With folded hands amid my trou-
 bled thoughts,
 A splendid vision! Time rides
 with the old
 At a great pace. As travellers on
 swift steeds
 See the near landscape fly and
 flow behind them,
 While the remoter fields and dim
 horizons 180
 Go with them, and seem wheeling
 round to meet them,
 So in old age things near us slip
 away,
 And distant things go with us.
 Pleasantly
 Come back to me the days when,
 as a youth,
 I walked with Ghirlandajo in the
 gardens
 Of Medici, and saw the antique
 statues,
 The forms august of gods and god-
 like men,
 And the great world of art re-
 vealed itself
 To my young eyes. Then all that
 man hath done
 Seemed possible to me. Alas!
 how little 190
 Of all I dreamed of has my hand
 achieved!

BENVENUTO.

Nay, let the Night and Morning,
 let Lorenzo

And Julian in the Sacristy at Flor-
 ence,
 Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine
 Chapel,
 And the Last Judgment answer.
 Is it finished?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The work is nearly done. But
 this Last Judgment
 Has been the cause of more vexa-
 tion to me
 Than it will be of honor. Ser
 Biagio,
 Master of ceremonies at the
 Papal court,
 A man punctilious and over
 nice, 200
 Calls it improper; says that those
 nude forms,
 Showing their nakedness in such
 shameless fashion,
 Are better suited to a common
 bagnio,
 Or wayside wine-shop, than a Pa-
 pal Chapel.
 To punish him I painted him as
 Minos
 And leave him there as master of
 ceremonies
 In the Infernal Regions. What
 would you
 Have done to such a man?

BENVENUTO.

I would have killed him.
 When any one insults me, if I
 can
 I kill him, kill him.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Oh, you gentlemen,
 Who dress in silks and velvets,
 and wear swords, 211
 Are ready with your weapons, and
 have all
 A taste for homicide.

BENVENUTO.

I learned that lesson

Under Pope Clement at the siege
of Rome,
Some twenty years ago. As I was
standing
Upon the ramparts of the Campo
Santo
With Alessandro Bene, I beheld
A sea of fog, that covered all the
plain,
And hid from us the foe; wher
suddenly,
A misty figure, like an apparition,
Rose up above the fog, as if on
horseback.
At this I aimed my arquebus, and
fired.
The figure vanished; and there
rose a cry
Out of the darkness, long and
fierce and loud,
With imprecations in all lan-
guages.
It was the Constable of France, the
Bourbon,
That I had slain.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rome should be grateful to you.

BENVENUTO.

But has not been; you shall hear
presently.
During the siege I served as bom-
bardier,
There in St. Angelo. His Holi-
ness
One day was walking with his
Cardinals
On the round bastion, while I stood
above
Among my falconets. All thought
and feeling,
All skill in art and all desire of
fame,
Were swallowed up in the delight-
ful music
Of that artillery. I saw far off,
Within the enemy's trenches on
the Prati,

A Spanish cavalier in scarlet
cloak;
And firing at him with due aim
and range,
I cut the gay Hidalgo in two
pieces.
The eyes are dry that wept for
him in Spain.
His Holiness, delighted beyond
measure
With such display of gunnery, and
amazed
To see the man in scarlet cut in
two,
Gave me his benediction, and ab-
solved me
From all the homicides I had com-
mitted
In service of the Apostolic Church,
Or should commit thereafter.
From that day
I have not held in very high es-
teem
The life of man.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And who absolved Pope Clement?
Now let us speak of Art.

BENVENUTO.

Of what you will.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Say, have you seen our friend Fra
Bastian lately,
Since by a turn of fortune he be-
came
Friar of the Signet?

BENVENUTO.

Faith, a pretty artist
To pass his days in stamping
leaden seals
On Papal bulls!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

He has grown fat and lazy,
As if the lead clung to him like a
sinker.
He paints no more since he was
sent to Fondi

By Cardinal Ippolito to paint
The fair Gonzaga. Ah, you should
 have seen him 260
As I did, riding through the city
 gate,
In his brown hood, attended by
 four horsemen,
Completely armed, to frighten the
 banditti.
I think he would have frightened
 them alone,
For he was rounder than the O of
 Giotto.

BENVENUTO.

He must have looked more like a
 sack of meal
Than a great painter.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

 Well, he is not great,
But still I like him greatly. Ben-
 venuto,
Have faith in nothing but in indus-
 try.
Be at it late and early; perse-
 vere, 270
And work right on through cen-
 sure and applause,
Or else abandon Art.

BENVENUTO.

 No man works harder
Than I do. I am not a moment
 idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And what have you to show me ?

BENVENUTO.

 This gold ring,
Made for his Holiness, — my latest
 work,
And I am proud of it. A single
 diamond,
Presented by the Emperor to the
 Pope.
Targhetta of Venice set and tinted
 it;

I have reset it, and retinted it
Divinely, as you see. The jewel-
 lers 280
Say I've surpassed Targhetta.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

 Let me see it.
A pretty jewel.

BENVENUTO.

 That is not the expression.
Pretty is not a very pretty word
To be applied to such a precious
 stone,
Given by an Emperor to a Pope,
 and set
By Benvenuto !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

 Messer Benvenuto,
I lose all patience with you; for
 the gifts
That God hath given you are of
 such a kind,
They should be put to far more
 noble uses
Than setting diamonds for the
 Pope of Rome. 290
You can do greater things.

BENVENUTO.

 The God who made me
Knows why He made me what I am,
 — a goldsmith,
A mere artificer.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

 Oh no; an artist,
Richly endowed by nature, but
 who wraps
His talent in a napkin, and con-
 sumes
His life in vanities.

BENVENUTO.

 Michael Angelo
May say what Benvenuto would
 not bear
From any other man. He speaks
 the truth.

I know my life is wasted and consumed
 In vanities; but I have better hours 300
 And higher aspirations than you think.
 Once, when a prisoner at St. Angelo,
 Fasting and praying in the midnight darkness,
 In a celestial vision I beheld
 A crucifix in the sun, of the same substance
 As is the sun itself. And since that hour
 There is a splendor round about my head,
 That may be seen at sunrise and at sunset
 Above my shadow on the grass. And now
 I know that I am in the grace of God, 310
 And none henceforth can harm me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

None but one, —
 None but yourself, who are your greatest foe.
 He that respects himself is safe from others;
 He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.

BENVENUTO.

I always wear one.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O incorrigible!
 At least, forget not the celestial vision.
 Man must have something higher than himself
 To think of.

BENVENUTO.

That I know full well. Now listen.
 I have been sent for into France, where grow

The Lilies that illumine heaven and earth, 320
 And carry in mine equipage the model
 Of a most marvellous golden salt-cellar
 For the king's table; and here in my brain
 A statue of Mars Armipotent for the fountain
 Of Fontainebleau, colossal, wonderful.
 I go a goldsmith, to return a sculptor.
 And so farewell, great Master. Think of me
 As one who, in the midst of all his follies,
 Had also his ambition, and aspired
 To better things.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not forget the vision.

SCENE II. — MICHAEL ANGELO
sitting down again to the Divina Commedia.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Now in what circle of his poem sacred 331
 Would the great Florentine have placed this man?
 Whether in Phlegethon, the river of blood,
 Or in the fiery belt of Purgatory,
 I know not, but most surely not with those
 Who walk in leaden cloaks. Though he is one
 Whose passions, like a potent alkaliest,
 Dissolve his better nature, he is not
 That despicable thing, a hypocrite
 He doth not cloak his vices, nor deny them. 341
 Come back, my thoughts, from him to Paradise.

IV

FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO

SCENE I. — MICHAEL ANGELO;
FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.MICHAEL ANGELO, *not turning
round.*

Who is it?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Wait, for I am out of breath
In climbing your steep stairs.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, my Bastiano,
If you went up and down as many
stairs
As I do still, and climbed as many
ladders,
It would be better for you. Pray
sit down.
Your idle and luxurious way of
living
Will one day take your breath
away entirely,
And you will never find it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Well, what then?
That would be better, in my apprehension,
Than falling from a scaffold.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That was nothing.
It did not kill me; only lamed me
slightly;
I am quite well again.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why, dear Master,
Why do you live so high up in
your house,
When you can live below and have
a garden,
As I do?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

From this window I can look

On many gardens; o'er the city
roofsSee the Campagna and the Alban
hills:

And all are mine.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Can you sit down in them,
On summer afternoons, and play
the lute,
Or sing, or sleep the time away?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I never
Sleep in the day-time; scarcely
sleep at night;
I have not time. Did you meet
Benvenuto
As you came up the stair?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

He ran against me
On the first landing, going at full
speed;
Dressed like the Spanish captain
in a play,
With his long rapier and his short
red cloak.
Why hurry through the world at
such a pace?
Life will not be too long.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It is his nature, —
A restless spirit, that consumes
itself
With useless agitations. He o'er-
leaps
The goal he aims at. Patience is
a plant
That grows not in all gardens.
You are made
Of quite another clay.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And thank God for it.
And now, being somewhat rested,
I will tell you
Why I have climbed these formid-
able stairs.
I have a friend, Francesco Berni,
here,

A very charming poet and companion,
Who greatly honors you and all
your doings, 379
And you must sup with us.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not I, indeed.
I know too well what artists' sup-
pers are.
You must excuse me.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I will not excuse you.
You need repose from your inces-
sant work ;
Some recreation, some bright
hours of pleasure.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

To me, what you and other men
call pleasure.
Is only pain. Work is my recrea-
tion,
The play of faculty ; a delight like
that
Which a bird feels in flying, or a
fish
In darting through the water,—
nothing more.
I cannot go. The Sibylline leaves
of life 390
Grow precious now, when only
few remain.
I cannot go.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni, perhaps, will read
A canto of the Orlando Innamorato.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That is another reason for not go-
ing.
If aught is tedious and intolerable,
It is a poet reading his own verses.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Berni thinks somewhat better of
your verses
Than you of his. He says that you
speak things,

And other poets words. So, pray
you, come. 399

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If it were now the Improvisatore,
Luigi Pulci, whom I used to hear
With Benvenuto, in the streets of
Florence,
I might be tempted. I was younger
then,
And singing in the open air was
pleasant.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

There is a Frenchman here, named
Rabelais,
Once a Franciscan friar, and now
a doctor,
And secretary to the embassy :
A learned man, who speaks all
languages,
And wittiest of men ; who wrote a
book 409
Of the Adventures of Gargantua,
So full of strange conceits one
roars with laughter
At every page ; a jovial boon-com-
panion
And lover of much wine. He too
is coming.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then you will not want me, who
am not witty,
And have no sense of mirth, and
love not wine.
I should be like a dead man at
your banquet.
Why should I seek this French-
man, Rabelais ?
And wherefore go to hear Fran-
cesco Berni,
When I have Dante Alighieri
here, 419
The greatest of all poets ?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And the dullest ;
And only to be read in episodes.
His day is past. Petrarca is our
poet.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Petrarca is for women and for
lovers,
And for those soft Abati, who de-
light
To wander down long garden
walks in summer,
Tinkling their little sonnets all day
long,
As lap-dogs do their bells.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I love Petrarca.
How sweetly of his absent love he
sings,
When journeying in the forest of
Ardennes!
'I seem to hear her, hearing the
boughs and breezes 43^o
And leaves and birds lamenting,
and the waters
Murmuring flee along the verdant
herbage.'

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Enough. It is all seeming, and no
being.
If you would know how a man
speaks in earnest,
Read here this passage, where St.
Peter thunders
In Paradise against degenerate
Popes
And the corruptions of the church,
till all
The heaven about him blushes
like a sunset.
I beg you to take note of what he
says
About the Papal seals, for that
concerns 44^o
Your office and yourself.

FRA SEBASTIANO, *reading*.

Is this the passage?
'Nor I be made the figure of a seal
To privileges venal and menda-
cious;
Whereat I often redden and flash
with fire!'—
That is not poetry.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What is it, then?

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Vituperation; gall that might have
spirted
From Aretino's pen.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Name not that man!
A profligate, whom your Francesco
Berni
Describes as having one foot in the
brothel
And the other in the hospital; who
lives 45^o
By flattering or maligning, as best
serves
His purpose at the time. He writes
to me
With easy arrogance of my Last
Judgment,
In such familiar tone that one
would say
The great event already had trans-
pired,
And he was present, and from ob-
servation
Informed me how the picture
should be painted.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

What unassuming, unobtrusive
men
These critics are! Now, to have
Aretino
Aiming his shafts at you brings
back to mind 46^o
The Gascon archers in the square
of Milan,
Shooting their arrows at Duke
Sforza's statue,
By Leonardo, and the foolish rab-
ble
Of envious Florentines, that at
your David
Threw stones at night. But Aretino
praised you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

His praises were ironical. He
knows
How to use words as weapons, and
to wound
While seeming to defend. But
look, Bastiano,
See how the setting sun lights up
that picture! 469

FRA SEBASTIANO.

My portrait of Vittoria Colonna.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It makes her look as she will look
hereafter,
When she becomes a saint!

FRA SEBASTIANO.

A noble woman!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, these old hands can fashion
fairer shapes
In marble, and can paint diviner
pictures,
Since I have known her.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And you like this picture;
And yet it is in oils, which you de-
test.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When that barbarian Jan Van
Eyck discovered
The use of oil in painting, he de-
graded
His art into a handicraft, and
made it
Sign-painting, merely, for a coun-
try inn 480
Or wayside wine-shop. 'T is an
art for women,
Or for such leisurely and idle people
As you are, Fra Bastiano. Nature
paints not
In oils, but frescoes the great
dome of heaven
With sunsets, and the lovely forms
of clouds
And flying vapors.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

And how soon they fade!
Behold you line of roofs and bel-
fries painted
Upon the golden background of
the sky,
Like a Byzantine picture, or a por-
trait
Of Cimabue. See how hard the
outline, 490
Sharp-cut and clear, not rounded
into shadow.
Yet that is nature.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

She is always right.
The picture that approaches sculp-
ture nearest
Is the best picture.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Leonardo thinks
The open air too bright. We ought
to paint
As if the sun were shining through
a mist.
'T is easier done in oil than in dis-
temper.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Do not revive again the old dis-
pute;
I have an excellent memory for
forgetting,
But I still feel the hurt. Wounds
are not healed 500
By the unbending of the bow that
made them.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

So say Petrarca and the ancient
proverb.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But that is past. Now I am angry
with you,
Not that you paint in oils, but that,
grown fat
And indolent, you do not paint at
all.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Why should I paint? Why should
I toil and sweat,
Who now am rich enough to live
at ease,
And take my pleasure?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When Pope Leo died,
He who had been so lavish of the
wealth
His predecessors left him, who re-
ceived ⁵¹⁰
A basket of gold-pieces every
morning,
Which every night was empty, left
behind
Hardly enough to pay his funeral.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

I care for banquets, not for fune-
rals,
As did his Holiness. I have for-
bidden
All tapers at my burial, and pro-
cession
Of priests and friars and monks;
and have provided
The cost thereof be given to the
poor!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have done wisely, but of that
I speak not.
Ghiberti left behind him wealth
and children; ⁵²⁰
But who to-day would know that
he had lived,
If he had never made those gates
of bronze
In the old Baptistery, — those
gates of bronze,
Worthy to be the gates of Para-
dise.
His wealth is scattered to the
winds; his children
Are long since dead; but those
celestial gates
Survive, and keep his name and
memory green.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

But why should I fatigue myself?
I think
That all things it is possible to
paint
Have been already painted; and
if not, ⁵³⁰
Why, there are painters in the
world at present
Who can accomplish more in two
short months
Than I could in two years; so it
is well
That some one is contented to do
nothing,
And leave the field to others.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O blasphemer!
Not without reason do the people
call you
Sebastian del Piombo, for the
lead
Of all the Papal bulls is heavy
upon you,
And wraps you like a shroud.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Misericordia!
Sharp is the vinegar of sweet wine,
and sharp ⁵⁴⁰
The words you speak, because the
heart within you
Is sweet unto the core.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How changed you are
From the Sebastiano I once knew.
When poor, laborious, emulous to
excel,
You strove in rivalry with Ba-
dassare
And Raphael Sanzio.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Raphael is dead.
He is but dust and ashes in his
grave,
While I am living and enjoying
life,

And so am victor. One live Pope
is worth
A dozen dead ones.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Raphael is not dead ;
He doth but sleep ; for how can
he be dead 551
Who lives immortal in the hearts
of men ?
He only drank the precious wine
of youth,
The outbreak of the grapes, before
the vintage
Was trodden to bitterness by the
feet of men.
The gods have given him sleep.
We never were
Nor could be foes, although our
followers,
Who are distorted shadows of our-
selves,
Have striven to make us so ; but
each one worked
Unconsciously upon the other's
thought, 560
Both giving and receiving. He
perchance
Caught strength from me, and I
some greater sweetness
And tenderness from his more gen-
tle nature.
I have but words of praise and
admiration
For his great genius ; and the
world is fairer
That he lived in it.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

We at least are friends ;
So come with me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

No, no ; I am best pleased
When I'm not asked to banquets.
I have reached
A time of life when daily walks
are shortened,
And even the houses of our dear-
est friends, 570

That used to be so near, seem far
away.

FRA SEBASTIANO.

Then we must sup without you.
We shall laugh
At those who toil for fame, and
make their lives
A tedious martyrdom, that they
may live
A little longer in the mouths of
men !
And so, good-night.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-night, my Fra Bastiano.

SCENE II. — MICHAEL ANGELO,
returning to his work.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How will men speak of me when I
am gone,
When all this colorless, sad life is
ended,
And I am dust ? They will re-
member only
The wrinkled forehead, the marred
countenance, 580
The rudeness of my speech, and
my rough manners,
And never dream that underneath
them all
There was a woman's heart of ten-
derness ;
They will not know the secret of
my life,
Locked up in silence, or but
vaguely hinted
In uncouth rhymes, that may per-
chance survive
Some little space in memories of
men !
Each one performs his life-work,
and then leaves it ;
Those that come after him will
estimate
His influence on the age in which
he lived. 590

V

PALAZZO BELVEDERE

TITIAN'S studio. *A painting of Danaë with a curtain before it.*
TITIAN, MICHAEL ANGELO,
and GIORGIO VASARI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So you have left at last your still
lagoons,
Your City of Silence floating in the
sea,
And come to us in Rome.

TITIAN.

I come to learn,
But I have come too late. I should
have seen
Rome in my youth, when all my
mind was open
To new impressions. Our Vasari
here
Leads me about, a blind man,
groping darkly
Among the marvels of the past. I
touch them,
But do not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

There are things in Rome
That one might walk barefooted
here from Venice 600
But to see once, and then to die
content.

TITIAN.

I must confess that these majes-
tic ruins
Oppress me with their gloom. I
feel as one
Who in the twilight stumbles
among tombs,
And cannot read the inscriptions
carved upon them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I felt so once; but I have grown
familiar
With desolation, and it has be-
come

No more a pain to me, but a de-
light.

TITIAN.

I could not live here. I must have
the sea,
And the sea-mist, with sunshine
interwoven 610
Like cloth of gold; must have be-
neath my windows
The laughter of the waves, and at
my door
Their pattering footsteps, or I am
not happy.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then tell me of your city in the
sea,
Paved with red basalt of the Pad-
uan hills.
Tell me of art in Venice. Three
great names,
Giorgione, Titian, and the Tinto-
retto,
Illustrate your Venetian school,
and send
A challenge to the world. The
first is dead, 619
But Tintoretto lives.

TITIAN.

And paints with fire,
Sudden and splendid, as the light-
ning paints
The cloudy vault of heaven.

GIORGIO.

Does he still keep
Above his door the arrogant in-
scription
That once was painted there,—
'The color of Titian,
With the design of Michael An-
gelo'?

TITIAN.

Indeed, I know not. 'T was a fool-
ish boast,
And does no harm to any but him-
self.
Perhaps he has grown wiser.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When you two
Are gone, who is there that re-
mains behind
To seize the pencil falling from
your fingers? 630

GIORGIO.

Oh, there are many hands up-
raised already
To clutch at such a prize, and
hardly wait
For death to loose your grasp, — a
hundred of them:
Schiaivone, Bonifazio, Campagnola,
Moretto, and Moroni; who can
count them,
Or measure their ambition?

TITIAN.

When we are gone,
The generation that comes after us
Will have far other thoughts than
ours. Our ruins
Will serve to build their palaces
or tombs.
They will possess the world that
we think ours, 640
And fashion it far otherwise.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I hear
Your son Orazio and your nephew
Marco
Mentioned with honor.

TITIAN.

Ay, brave lads, brave lads.
But time will show. There is a
youth in Venice,
One Paul Cagliari, called the Ver-
onese,
Still a mere stripling, but of such
rare promise
That we must guard our laurels,
or may lose them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

These are good tidings: for I
sometimes fear

That, when we die, with us all art
will die.

'Tis but a fancy. Nature will pro-
vide 650

Others to take our places. I re-
joice

To see the young spring forward
in the race,

Eager as we were, and as full of
hope

And the sublime audacity of youth.

TITIAN.

Men die and are forgotten. The
great world

Goes on the same. Among the
myriads

Of men that live, or have lived, or
shall live,

What is a single life, or thine or
mine,

That we should think all nature
would stand still

If we were gone? We must make
room for others. 660

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now, Maestro, pray unveil
your picture
Of Danaë, of which I hear such
praise.

TITIAN, *drawing back the curtain.*

What think you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

That Acrisius did well
To lock such beauty in a brazen
tower,

And hide it from all eyes.

TITIAN.

The model truly
Was beautiful.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And more, that you were present,
And saw the showery Jove from
high Olympus

Descend in all his splendor.

TITIAN.

From your lips
Such words are full of sweetness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have caught
These golden hues from your Venetian sunsets. 670

TITIAN.

Possibly.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Or from sunshine through a shower
On the lagoons, or the broad Adriatic.

Nature reveals herself in all our arts.

The pavements and the palaces of cities

Hint at the nature of the neighboring hills.

Red lavas from the Euganean quarries

Of Padua pave your streets; your palaces

Are the white stones of Istria, and gleam

Reflected in your waters and your pictures.

And thus the works of every artist show 680

Something of his surroundings and his habits.

The uttermost that can be reached by color

Is here accomplished. Warmth and light and softness

Mingle together. Never yet was flesh

Painted by hand of artist, dead or living,

With such divine perfection.

TITIAN.

I am grateful
For so much praise from you, who are a master;
While mostly those who praise and those who blame
Know nothing of the matter, so that mainly

Their censure sounds like praise, their praise like censure. 690

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Wonderful! wonderful! The charm of color

Fascinates me the more that in myself

The gift is wanting. I am not a painter.

GIORGIO.

Messer Michele, all the arts are yours,

Not one alone; and therefore I may venture

To put a question to you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, speak on.

GIORGIO.

Two nephews of the Cardinal Farnese

Have made me umpire in dispute between them

Which is the greater of the sister arts,

Painting or sculpture. Solve for me the doubt. 700

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Sculpture and painting have a common goal,

And whosoever would attain to it, Whichever path he take, will find that goal

Equally hard to reach.

GIORGIO.

No doubt, no doubt; But you evade the question.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When I stand
In presence of this picture, I concede

That painting has attained its uttermost;

But in the presence of my sculptured figures

I feel that my conception soars
beyond 709
All limit I have reached.

GIORGIO.

You still evade me.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Giorgio Vasari, I have often said
That I account that painting as
the best
Which most resembles sculpture.
Here before us
We have the proof. Behold these
rounded limbs!
How from the canvas they detach
themselves,
Till they deceive the eye, and one
would say,
It is a statue with a screen behind
it!

TITIAN.

Signori, pardon me; but all such
questions
Seem to me idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Idle as the wind.
And now, Maestro, I will say once
more 720
How admirable I esteem your
work,
And leave you, without further in-
terruption.

TITIAN.

Your friendly visit hath much hon-
ored me.

GIORGIO.

Farewell.

MICHAEL ANGELO *to* GIORGIO,
going out.

If the Venetian painters knew
But half as much of drawing as of
color,
They would indeed work miracles
in art,
And the world see what it hath
never seen.

VI

PALAZZO CESARINI

SCENE I.—VITTORIA COLONNA,
seated in an arm-chair; JULIA
GONZAGA, *standing near her.*

JULIA.

It grieves me that I find you still
so weak
And suffering.

VITTORIA.

No, not suffering; only dying.
Death is the chillness that pre-
cedes the dawn; 730
We shudder for a moment, then
awake
In the broad sunshine of the other
life.
I am a shadow, merely, and these
hands,
These cheeks, these eyes, these
tresses that my husband
Once thought so beautiful, and I
was proud of
Because he thought them so, are
faded quite,—
All beauty gone from them.

JULIA.

Ah, no, not that.
Paler you are, but not less beauti-
ful.

VITTORIA, *folding her hands.*

O gentle spirit, unto the third cir-
cle
Of heaven among the blessed souls
ascended, 740
Who living for the faith and dying
for it,
Have gone to their reward, I do
not mourn
For thee as being dead, but for
myself
That I am still alive. A little
longer
Have patience with me, and if I
am wanting

To thy well-being as thou art to
mine,
Have patience; I will come to
thee ere long.

JULIA.

Do not give way to these forebod-
ing thoughts.

VITTORIA.

Hand me the mirror. I would
fain behold
What change comes o'er our fea-
tures when we die. 750
Thank you. And now sit down
beside me here.
How glad I am that you have
come to-day,
Above all other days, and at the
hour
When most I need you.

JULIA.

Do you ever need me?

VITTORIA.

Always, and most of all to-day and
now.
Do you remember, Julia, when we
walked,
One afternoon, upon the castle ter-
race
At Ischia, on the day before you
left me?

JULIA.

Well I remember; but it seems to
me
Something unreal that has never
been, 760
Something that I have read of in
a book,
Or heard of some one else.

VITTORIA.

Ten years and more
Have passed since then; and many
things have happened
In those ten years, and many
friends have died:

Marco Flaminio, whom we all ad-
mired
And loved as our Catullus; dear
Valdesso,
The noble champion of free
thought and speech;
And Cardinal Ippolito, your friend.

JULIA.

Oh, do not speak of him! His
sudden death
O'ercomes me now, as it o'ercame
me then. 770
Let me forget it; for my memory
Serves me too often as an unkind
friend,
And I remember things I would
forget,
While I forget the things I would
remember.

VITTORIA.

Forgive me; I will speak of him
no more.
The good Fra Bernardino has de-
parted,
Has fled from Italy, and crossed
the Alps,
Fearing Caraffa's wrath, because
he taught
That He who made us all without
our help
Could also save us without aid of
ours. 780
Renée of France, the Duchess of
Ferrara,
That Lily of the Loire, is bowed
by winds
That blow from Rome; Olympia
Morata
Banished from court because of
this new doctrine.
Therefore be cautious. Keep your
secret thought
Locked in your breast.

JULIA.

I will be very prudent.
But speak no more, I pray; it wea-
ries you.

VITTORIA.

Yes, I am very weary. Read to me.

JULIA.

Most willingly. What shall I read?

VITTORIA.

Petrarca's
Triumph of Death. The book lies
on the table, 790
Beside the casket there. Read
where you find
The leaf turned down. 'T was
there I left off reading.

JULIA reads.

' Not as a flame that by some force
is spent,
But one that of itself consumeth
quite,
Departed hence in peace the
soul content,
In fashion of a soft and lucent
light
Whose nutriment by slow grada-
tion goes,
Keeping until the end its lustre
bright.
Not pale, but whiter than the sheet
of snows
That without wind on some fair
hill-top lies, 800
Her weary body seemed to find
repose.
Like a sweet slumber in her lovely
eyes,
When now the spirit was no
longer there,
Was what is dying called by the
unwise.
E'en Death itself in her fair face
seemed fair.'

Is it of Laura that he here is
speaking?—
She doth not answer, yet is not
asleep;
Her eyes are full of light and fixed
on something

Above her in the air. I can see
naught

Except the painted angels on the
ceiling. 810

Vittoria! speak! What is it?
Answer me!—

She only smiles, and stretches out
her hands.

[*The mirror falls and breaks.*]

VITTORIA.

Call my confessor!—
Not disobedient to the heavenly
vision!
Pescara! my Pescara! [*Dies.*]

JULIA.

Holy Virgin!
Her body sinks together,— she is
dead!
[*Kneels, and hides her face in
Vittoria's lap.*]

SCENE II.— JULIA GONZAGA.
MICHAEL ANGELO.

JULIA.

Hush! make no noise.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How is she?

JULIA.

Never better.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Then she is dead!

JULIA.

Alas! yes, she is dead!
Even death itself in her fair face
seems fair.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How wonderful! The light upon
her face 820
Shines from the windows of an-
other world.
Saints only have such faces. Holy
Angels!

Bear her like sainted Catherine to
her rest!

[*Kisses Vittoria's hand.*

PART THIRD

I

MONOLOGUE

*Macello de' Corvi. A room in
MICHAEL ANGELO'S house.*

MICHAEL ANGELO, *standing be-
fore a model of St. Peter's.*

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Better than thou I cannot, Brunel-
leschi,
And less than thou I will not! If
the thought
Could, like a windlass, lift the
ponderous stones
And swing them to their places;
if a breath
Could blow this rounded dome
into the air,
As if it were a bubble, and these
statues
Spring at a signal to their sacred
stations,
As sentinels mount guard upon a
wall,
Then were my task completed.
Now, alas!
Naught am I but a Saint Sebaldus,
holding ¹⁰
Upon his hand the model of a
church,
As German artists paint him; and
what years,
What weary years, must drag
themselves along,
Ere this be turned to stone!
What hindrances
Must block the way; what idle in-
terferences
Of Cardinals and Canons of St.
Peter's,
Who nothing know of art beyond
the color

Of cloaks and stockings, nor of
any building
Save that of their own fortunes!
And what then?

I must then the short-coming of
my means ²⁰
Piece out by stepping forward, as
the Spartan
Was told to add a step to his short
sword.

[*A pause.*

And is Fra Bastian dead? Is all
that light

Gone out? that sunshine dark-
ened? all that music

And merriment, that used to make
our lives

Less melancholy, swallowed up in
silence

Like madrigals sung in the street
at night

By passing revellers? It is strange
indeed

That he should die before me. 'T is
against

The laws of nature that the young
should die, ³⁰

And the old live; unless it be that
some

Have long been dead who think
themselves alive,

Because not buried. Well, what
matters it,

Since now that greater light, that
was my sun,

Is set, and all is darkness, all is
darkness!

Death's lightnings strike to right
and left of me,

And, like a ruined wall, the world
around me

Crumbles away, and I am left
alone.

I have no friends, and want none
My own thoughts

Are now my sole companions, -
thoughts of her, ⁴

That like a benediction from the
skies

Come to me in my solitude and
soothe me.

When men are old, the incessant
 thought of Death
 Follows them like their shadow:
 sits with them
 At every meal; sleeps with them
 when they sleep;
 And when they wake already is
 awake,
 And standing by their bedside.
 Then, what folly
 It is in us to make an enemy
 Of this importunate follower, not
 a friend!
 To me a friend, and not an enemy,
 Has he become since all my friends
 are dead. 51

II

VIGNA DI PAPA GIULIO

SCENE I.—POPE JULIUS III.
*seated by the Fountain of Acqua
 Vergine, surrounded by Cardi-
 nals.*

JULIUS.

Tell me, why is it ye are discon-
 tent.
 You, Cardinals Salviati and Mar-
 cello,
 With Michael Angelo? What has
 he done,
 Or left undone, that ye are set
 against him?
 When one Pope dies, another is
 soon made;
 And I can make a dozen Cardi-
 nals,
 But cannot make one Michael
 Angelo.

CARDINAL SALVIATI.

Your Holiness, we are not set
 against him;
 We but deplore his incapacity. 60
 He is too old.

JULIUS.

You, Cardinal Salviati,
 Are an old man. Are you inca-
 pable?

'T is the old ox that draws the
 straightest furrow.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Your Holiness remembers he was
 charged
 With the repairs upon St. Mary's
 bridge;
 Made cofferdams, and heaped up
 load on load
 Of timber and travertine; and yet
 for years
 The bridge remained unfinished,
 till we gave it
 To Baccio Bigio.

JULIUS.

Always Baccio Bigio!
 Is there no other architect on
 earth? 70
 Was it not he that sometime had
 in charge
 The harbor of Ancona?

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Ay, the same.

JULIUS.

Then let me tell you that your
 Baccio Bigio
 Did greater damage in a single day
 To that fair harbor than the sea
 had done
 Or would do in ten years. And
 him you think
 To put in place of Michael Angelo,
 In building the Basilica of St.
 Peter!
 The ass that thinks himself a stag
 discovers
 His error when he comes to leap
 the ditch. 80

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

He does not build; he but de-
 molishes
 The labors of Bramante and San
 Gallo.

JULIUS.

Only to build more grandly.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

But time passes;
Year after year goes by, and yet
the work
Is not completed. Michael An-
gelo
Is a great sculptor, but no archi-
tect.
His plans are faulty.

JULIUS.

I have seen his model,
And have approved it. But here
comes the artist.
Beware of him. He may make
Persians of you,
To carry burdens on your backs
forever. 90

SCENE II. — *The same*: MICHAEL
ANGELO.

JULIUS.

Come forward, dear Maestro. In
these gardens
All ceremonies of our court are
banished.
Sit down beside me here.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *sitting down*.

How graciously
Your Holiness commiserates old
age
And its infirmities!

JULIUS.

Say its privileges.
Art I respect. The building of
this palace
And laying out of these pleasant
garden walks
Are my delight, and if I have not
asked
Your aid in this, it is that I for-
bear
To lay new burdens on you at an
age 100
When you need rest. Here I es-
cape from Rome

To be at peace. The tumult of
the city
Scarce reaches here.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How beautiful it is,
And quiet almost as a hermitage!

JULIUS.

We live as hermits here; and from
these heights
O'erlook all Rome and see the
yellow Tiber
Cleaving in twain the city, like a
sword,
As far below there as St. Mary's
bridge.
What think you of that bridge?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I would advise
Your Holiness not to cross it, or
not often; 110
It is not safe.

JULIUS.

It was repaired of late.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Some morning you will look for it
in vain;
It will be gone. The current of
the river
Is undermining it.

JULIUS.

But you repaired it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I strengthened all its piers, and
paved its road
With travertine. He who came
after me
Removed the stone and sold it,
and filled in
The space with gravel.

JULIUS.

Cardinal Salviati
And Cardinal Marcello, do you
listen?

This is your famous Nanni Baccio
Bigio. 120

MICHAEL ANGELO, *aside*.

There is some mystery here. These
Cardinals

Stand lowering at me with un-
friendly eyes.

JULIUS.

Now let us come to what concerns
us more

Than bridge or gardens. Some
complaints are made

Concerning the Three Chapels in
St. Peter's ;

Certain supposed defects or im-
perfections,

You doubtless can explain.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

This is no longer
The golden age of art. Men have
become

Iconoclasts and critics. They de-
light not

In what an artist does, but set
themselves 130

To censure what they do not com-
prehend.

You will not see them bearing a
Madonna

Of Cimabue to the church in
triumph,

But tearing down the statue of a
Pope

To cast it into cannon. Who are
they

That bring complaints against
me ?

JULIUS.

Deputies

Of the Commissioners ; and they
complain

Of insufficient light in the Three
Chapels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Your Holiness, the insufficient
light

Is somewhere else, and not in the
Three Chapels. 140

Who are the deputies that make
complaint ?

JULIUS.

The Cardinals Salviati and Mar-
cello,

Here present.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *rising*.

With permission, Monsignori,
What is it ye complain of ?

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

We regret

You have departed from Bra-
mante's plan,

And from San Gallo's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Since the ancient time
No greater architect has lived on
earth

Than Lazzari Bramante. His de-
sign,

Without confusion, simple, clear,
well-lighted,

Merits all praise, and to depart
from it 150

Would be departing from the
truth. San Gallo,

Building about with columns, took
all light

Out of this plan ; left in the choir
dark corners

For infinite ribaldries, and lurking
places

For rogues and robbers ; so that
when the church

Was shut at night, not five and
twenty men

Could find them out. It was San
Gallo then,

That left the church in darkness,
and not I.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Excuse me ; but in each of the
Three Chapels

Is but a single window.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Monsignore,

Perhaps you do not know that in
the vaulting 161
Above there are to go three other
windows.

CARDINAL SALVIATI.

How should we know? You never
told us of it.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I neither am obliged, nor will I be,
To tell your Eminence or any
other
What I intend or ought to do.
Your office
Is to provide the means, and see
that thieves
Do not lay hands upon them. The
designs
Must all be left to me.

CARDINAL MARCELLO.

Sir architect,

You do forget yourself, to speak
thus rudely 170
In presence of his Holiness, and
to us
Who are his Cardinals.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *putting on his hat.*

I do not forget

I am descended from the Counts
Canossa,
Linked with the Imperial line, and
with Matilda,
Who gave the Church Saint Peter's
Patrimony.
I, too, am proud to give unto the
Church
The labor of these hands, and what
of life
Remains to me. My father Bu-
narotti
Was Podestà of Chiusi and Ca-
prese.
I am not used to have men speak
to me 180

As if I were a mason, hired to
build
A garden wall, and paid on Satur-
days
So much an hour.

CARDINAL SALVIATI, *aside.*

No wonder that Pope Clement
Never sat down in presence of this
man,
Lest he should do the same; and
always bade him
Put on his hat, lest he unasked
should do it!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

If any one could die of grief and
shame,
I should. This labor was imposed
upon me;
I did not seek it; and if I assumed
it,
'T was not for love of fame or love
of gain, 190
But for the love of God. Perhaps
old age
Deceived me, or self-interest, or
ambition;
I may be doing harm instead of
good.
Therefore, I pray your Holiness,
release me;
Take off from me the burden of
this work;
Let me go back to Florence.

JULIUS.

Never, never,

While I am living.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Doth your Holiness

Remember what the Holy Scrip-
tures say
Of the inevitable time, when those
Who look out of the windows shall
be darkened, 200
And the almond-tree shall flour-
ish?

JULIUS.

That is in
Ecclesiastes.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And the grasshopper
Shall be a burden, and desire shall
fail,
Because man goeth unto his long
home.
Vanity of Vanities, saith the
Preacher; all
Is vanity.

JULIUS.

Ah, were to do a thing
As easy as to dream of doing it,
We should not want for artists.
But the men
Who carry out in act their great
designs
Are few in number; aye, they may
be counted ²¹⁰
Upon the fingers of this hand.
Your place
Is at St. Peter's.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have had my dream,
And cannot carry out my great
conception,
And put it into act.

JULIUS.

Then who can do it?
You would but leave it to some
Baccio Bigio
To mangle and deface.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rather than that,
I will still bear the burden on my
shoulders
A little longer. If your Holiness
Will keep the world in order, and
will leave
The building of the church to me,
the work ²²⁰
Will go on better for it. Holy
Father,
If all the labors that I have en-
dured,

And shall endure, advantage not
my soul,
I am but losing time.

JULIUS, *laying his hands on
MICHAEL ANGELO'S shoulders.*

You will be gainer
Both for your soul and body.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not events
Exasperate me, but the funest con-
clusions
I draw from these events; the sure
decline
Of art, and all the meaning of that
word;
All that embellishes and sweetens
life,
And lifts it from the level of low
cares ²³⁰
Into the purer atmosphere of
beauty;
The faith in the Ideal; the inspira-
tion
That made the canons of the
church of Seville
Say, 'Let us build, so that all men
hereafter
Will say that we were madmen.'
Holy Father,
I beg permission to retire from
here.

JULIUS.

Go; and my benediction be upon
you.

SCENE III.—POPE JULIUS *and
the CARDINALS.*

JULIUS.

My Cardinals, this Michael Angelo
Must not be dealt with as a com-
mon mason.
He comes of noble blood, and for
his crest ²⁴⁰
Bears two bull's horns: and he has
given us proof
That he can toss with them. From
this day forth

Unto the end of time, let no man
utter
The name of Baccio Bigio in my
presence.
All great achievements are the
natural fruits
Of a great character. As trees
bear not
Their fruits of the same size and
quality,
But each one in its kind with equal
ease,
So are great deeds as natural to
great men
As mean things are to small ones.
By his work 250
We know the master. Let us not
perplex him.

III

BINDO ALTOVITI

*A street in Rome. BINDO ALTO-
VITI, standing at the door of
his house. MICHAEL ANGELO,
passing.*

BINDO.

Good-morning, Messer Michael
Angelo!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Good-morning, Messer Bindo Al-
toviti!

BINDO.

What brings you forth so early?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The same reason
That keeps you standing sentinel
at your door,—
The air of this delicious summer
morning.
What news have you from Flor-
ence?

BINDO.

Nothing new;

The same old tale of violence and
wrong.
Since the disastrous day at Monte
Murlo,
When in procession, through San
Gallo's gate, 260
Bareheaded, clothed in rags, on
sorry steeds,
Philippo Strozzi and the good Va-
lori
Amid the shouts of an ungrateful
people
Were led as prisoners down the
streets of Florence,
Hope is no more, and liberty no
more.
Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns
supreme.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Florence is dead: her houses are
but tombs;
Silence and solitude are in her
streets.

BINDO.

Ah yes; and often I repeat the
words
You wrote upon your statue of the
Night, 270
There in the Sacristy of San Lo-
renzo:
'Grateful to me is sleep; to be of
stone
More grateful, while the wrong
and shame endure;
To see not, feel not, is a benedic-
tion;
Therefore awake me not; oh, speak
in whispers.'

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah, Messer Bindo, the calami-
ties,
The fallen fortunes, and the deso-
lation
Of Florence are to me a tragedy
Deeper than words, and darker
than despair.
I, who have worshipped freedom
from my cradle, 280

Have loved her with the passion of
a lover,
And clothed her with all lovely
attributes
That the imagination can con-
ceive,
Or the heart conjure up, now see
her dead,
And trodden in the dust beneath
the feet
Of an adventurer! It is a grief
Too great for me to bear in my old
age.

BINDO.

I say no news from Florence: I
am wrong,
For Benvenuto writes that he is
coming
To be my guest in Rome.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Those are good tidings.
He hath been many years away
from us. 291

BINDO.

Pray you, come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I have not time to stay,
And yet I will. I see from here
your house
Is filled with works of art. That
bust in bronze
Is of yourself. Tell me, who is the
master
That works in such an admirable
way,
And with such power and feeling?

BINDO.

Benvenuto.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ah? Benvenuto? 'T is a master-
piece!
It pleases me as much, and even
more,
Than the antiques about it; and
yet they 300

Are of the best one sees. But you
have placed it
By far too high. The light comes
from below,
And injures the expression. Were
these windows
Above and not beneath it, then in-
deed
It would maintain its own among
these works
Of the old masters, noble as they
are.
I will go in and study it more
closely.
I always prophesied that Benve-
nuto,
With all his follies and fantastic
ways,
Would show his genius in some
work of art 310
That would amaze the world, and
be a challenge
Unto all other artists of his time.
[*They go in.*]

IV

IN THE COLISEUM

MICHAEL ANGELO and TOMASO
DE' CAVALIERI.

CAVALIERI.

What do you here alone, Messer
Michele?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I come to learn.

CAVALIERI.

You are already master,
And teach all other men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nay, I know nothing;
Not even my own ignorance, as
some
Philosopher hath said. I am a
school-boy
Who hath not learned his lesson,
and who stands

Ashamed and silent in the awful
presence
Of the great master of anti-
quity 320
Who built these walls cyclopean.

CAVALIERI.

Gaudentius

His name was, I remember. His
reward
Was to be thrown alive to the wild
beasts
Here where we now are stand-
ing.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Idle tales.

CAVALIERI.

But you are greater than Gauden-
tius was,
And your work nobler.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Silence, I beseech you.

CAVALIERI.

Tradition says that fifteen thou-
sand men
Were toiling for ten years inces-
santly
Upon this amphitheatre.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Behold

How wonderful it is! The queen
of flowers, 330
The marble rose of Rome! Its
petals torn
By wind and rain of thrice five
hundred years;
Its mossy sheath half rent away,
and sold
To ornament our palaces and
churches,
Or to be trodden under feet of
man
Upon the Tiber's bank; yet what
remains
Still opening its fair bosom to the
sun,

And to the constellations that at
night
Hang poised above it like a swarm
of bees.

CAVALIERI.

The rose of Rome, but not of Para-
dise; 340
Not the white rose our Tuscan
poet saw,
With saints for petals. When this
rose was perfect
Its hundred thousand petals were
not saints,
But senators in their Thessalian
caps,
And all the roaring populace of
Rome;
And even an Empress and the
Vestal Virgins,
Who came to see the gladiators
die,
Could not give sweetness to a rose
like this.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I spake not of its uses, but its
beauty.

CAVALIERI.

The sand beneath our feet is satu-
rate 350
With blood of martyrs; and these
rifted stones
Are awful witnesses against a peo-
ple
Whose pleasure was the pain of
dying men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Tomaso Cavalieri, on my word,
You should have been a preacher,
not a painter!
Think you that I approve such
cruelties,
Because I marvel at the archi-
tects
Who built these walls, and curved
these noble arches?
Oh, I am put to shame, when I
consider

How mean our work is, when compared with theirs ! 360

Look at these walls about us and above us !

They have been shaken by earthquakes, have been made

A fortress, and been battered by long sieges ;

The iron clamps, that held the stones together,

Have been wrenched from them ; but they stand erect

And firm, as if they had been hewn and hollowed

Out of the solid rock, and were a part

Of the foundations of the world itself.

CAVALIERI.

Your work, I say again, is nobler work,

In so far as its end and aim are nobler ; 370

And this is but a ruin, like the rest.

Its vaulted passages are made the caverns

Of robbers, and are haunted by the ghosts

Of murdered men.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A thousand wild flowers bloom From every chink, and the birds build their nests

Among the ruined arches, and suggest

New thoughts of beauty to the architect.

Now let us climb the broken stairs that lead

Into the corridors above, and study The marvel and the mystery of that art 380

In which I am a pupil, not a master.

All things must have an end ; the world itself

Must have an end, as in a dream I saw it.

There came a great hand out of heaven, and touched

The earth, and stopped it in its course. The seas

Leaped, a vast cataract, into the abyss ;

The forests and the fields slid off, and floated

Like wooded islands in the air. The dead

Were hurled forth from their sepulchres ; the living

Were mingled with them, and themselves were dead, — 390

All being dead ; and the fair, shining cities

Dropped out like jewels from a broken crown.

Naught but the core of the great globe remained,

A skeleton of stone. And over it The wrack of matter drifted like a cloud,

And then recoiled upon itself, and fell

Back on the empty world, that with the weight

Reeled, staggered, righted, and then headlong plunged

Into the darkness, as a ship, when struck

By a great sea, throws off the waves at first 400

On either side, then settles and goes down

Into the dark abyss, with her dead crew.

CAVALIERI.

But the earth does not move.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Who knows ? who knows ? There are great truths that pitch their shining tents

Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen

In the gray dawn, they will be manifest

When the light widens into perfect
day.
A certain man, Copernicus by
name,
Sometime professor here in Rome,
has whispered
It is the earth, and not the sun,
that moves. ⁴¹⁰
What I beheld was only in a
dream,
Yet dreams sometimes anticipate
events,
Being unsubstantial images of
things
As yet unseen.

V

MACELLO DE' CORVI

MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO
CELLINI.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So, Benvenuto, you return once
more
To the Eternal City. 'T is the cen-
tre
To which all gravitates. One finds
no rest
Elsewhere than here. There may
be other cities
That please us for a while, but
Rome alone
Completely satisfies. It becomes
to all ⁴²⁰
A second native land by predilec-
tion,
And not by accident of birth alone.

BENVENUTO.

I am but just arrived, and am now
lodging
With Bindo Altoviti. I have been
To kiss the feet of our most Holy
Father,
And now am come in haste to kiss
the hands
Of my miraculous Master.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And to find him
Grown very old.

BENVENUTO.

You know that precious stones
Never grow old.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Half sunk beneath the horizon,
And yet not gone. Twelve years
are a long while. ⁴³⁰
Tell me of France.

BENVENUTO.

It were too long a tale
To tell you all. Suffice in brief to
say
The King received me well, and
loved me well;
Gave me the annual pension that
before me
Our Leonardo had, nor more nor
less,
And for my residence the Tour de
Nesle,
Upon the river-side.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A princely lodging.

BENVENUTO.

What in return I did now matters
not,
For there are other things, of
greater moment,
I wish to speak of. First of all,
the letter ⁴⁴⁰
You wrote me, not long since,
about my bust
Of Bindo Altoviti, here in Rome.
You said,
'My Benvenuto, I for many years
Have known you as the greatest
of all goldsmiths,
And now I know you as no less a
sculptor.'
Ah, generous Master! How shall
I e'er thank you
For such kind language?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

By believing it.
I saw the bust at Messer Bindo's
house,
And thought it worthy of the au-
cient masters,
And said so. That is all.

BENVENUTO.

It is too much ;
And I should stand abashed here
in your presence, ⁴⁵
Had I done nothing worthier of
your praise
Than Bindo's bust.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What have you done that's better ?

BENVENUTO.

When I left Rome for Paris, you
remember
I promised you that if I went a
goldsmith
I would return a sculptor. I have
kept
The promise I then made.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Dear Benvenuto,
I recognized the latent genius in
you,
But feared your vices.

BENVENUTO.

I have turned them all
To virtues. My impatient, way-
ward nature, ⁴⁶
That made me quick in quarrel,
now has served me
Where meekness could not, and
where patience could not,
As you shall hear now. I have
cast in bronze
A statue of Perseus, holding thus
aloft
In his left hand the head of the
Medusa,
And in his right the sword that
severed it ;

His right foot planted on the life-
less corse ;
His face superb and pitiful, with
eyes
Down-looking on the victim of his
vengeance.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I see it as it should be.

BENVENUTO.

As it will be
When it is placed upon the Ducal
Square, ⁴⁷
Half-way between your David and
the Judith
Of Donatello.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rival of them both !

BENVENUTO.

But ah, what infinite trouble have
I had
With Bandinello, and that stupid
beast,
The major-domo of Duke Cosimo,
Francesco Ricci, and their
wretched agent
Gorini, who came crawling round
about me
Like a black spider, with his whin-
ing voice
That sounded like the buzz of a
mosquito ! ⁴⁸
Oh, I have wept in utter despera-
tion,
And wished a thousand times I
had not left
My Tour de Nesle, nor e'er re-
turned to Florence,
Nor thought of Perseus. What
malignant falsehoods
They told the Grand Duke, to im-
pede my work,
And make me desperate !

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The nimble lie
Is like the second-hand upon a
clock ;

We see it fly, while the hour-hand
of truth
Seems to stand still, and yet it
moves unseen,
And wins at last, for the clock will
not strike 490
Till it has reached the goal.

BENVENUTO.

My obstinacy
Stood me in stead, and helped me
to o'ercome
The hindrances that envy and ill-
will
Put in my way.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

When anything is done
People see not the patient doing
of it,
Nor think how great would be the
loss to man
If it had not been done. As in a
building
Stone rests on stone, and wanting
the foundation
All would be wanting, so in human
life
Each action rests on the foregone
event, 500
That made it possible, but is for-
gotten
And buried in the earth.

BENVENUTO.

Even Bandinello,
Who never yet spake well of any-
thing,
Speaks well of this; and yet he
told the Duke
That, though I cast small figures
well enough,
I never could cast this.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But you have done it,
And proved Ser Bandinello a false
prophet.
That is the wisest way.

BENVENUTO.

And ah, that casting!

What a wild scene it was, as late
at night,
A night of wind and rain, we
heaped the furnace 510
With pine of Serristori, till the
flames
Caught in the rafters over us, and
threatened
To send the burning roof upon our
heads;
And from the garden side the wind
and rain
Poured in upon us, and half
quenched our fires.
I was beside myself with despera-
tion.
A shudder came upon me, then a
fever;
I thought that I was dying, and
was forced
To leave the work-shop, and to
throw myself
Upon my bed, as one who has no
hope. 520
And as I lay there, a deformed old
man
Appeared before me, and with dis-
mal voice,
Like one who doth exhort a crimi-
nal
Led forth to death, exclaimed,
'Poor Benvenuto,
Thy work is spoiled! There is no
remedy!'
Then with a cry so loud it might
have reached
The heaven of fire, I bounded to
my feet,
And rushed back to my workmen.
They all stood
Bewildered and desponding; and
I looked
Into the furnace, and beheld the
mass 530
Half molten only, and in my de-
spair
I fed the fire with oak, whose terri-
ble heat
Soon made the sluggish metal
shine and sparkle.
Then followed a bright flash, and
an explosion,

As if a thunderbolt had fallen
among us.
The covering of the furnace had
been rent
Asunder, and the bronze was flow-
ing over ;
So that I straightway opened all
the sluices
To fill the mould. The metal ran
like lava,
Sluggish and heavy; and I sent
my workmen 540
To ransack the whole house, and
bring together
My pewter plates and pans, two
hundred of them,
And cast them one by one into the
furnace
To liquefy the mass, and in a mo-
ment
The mould was filled! I fell upon
my knees
And thanked the Lord; and then
we ate and drank
And went to bed, all hearty and
contented.
It was two hours before the break
of day.
My fever was quite gone.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A strange adventure,
That could have happened to no
man alive 550
But you, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO.

As my workmen said
To major-domo Ricci afterward
When he inquired of them:
'T was not a man,
But an express great devil.'

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And the statue?

BENVENUTO.

Perfect in every part, save the
right foot
Of Perseus, as I had foretold the
Duke.

There was just bronze enough to
fill the mould;
Not a drop over, not a drop too
little.
I looked upon it as a miracle
Wrought by the hand of God.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

And now I see
How you have turned your vices
into virtues. 561

BENVENUTO.

But wherefore do I prate of this?
I came
To speak of other things. Duke
Cosimo
Through me invites you to return
to Florence,
And offers you great honors, even
to make you
One of the Forty-Eight, his Sena-
tors.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

His Senators! That is enough.
Since Florence
Was changed by Clement Seventh
from a Republic
Into a Dukedom, I no longer wish
To be a Florentine. That dream
is ended. 570
The Grand Duke Cosimo now
reigns supreme;
All liberty is dead. Ah, woe is me!
I hoped to see my country rise to
heights
Of happiness and freedom yet un-
reached
By other nations, but the climbing
wave
Pauses, lets go its hold, and slides
again
Back to the common level, with a
hoarse
Death-rattle in its throat. I am
too old
To hope for better days. I will
stay here
And die in Rome. The very weeds,
that grow 580

Among the broken fragments of
her ruins,
Are sweeter to me than the garden
flowers
Of other cities; and the desolate
ring
Of the Campagna round about her
walls
Fairer than all the villas that en-
circle
The towns of Tuscany.

BENVENUTO.

But your old friends!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

All dead by violence. Baccio Va-
lori
Has been beheaded; Guicciardini
poisoned;
Philippo Strozzi strangled in his
prison.
Is Florence then a place for hon-
est men ⁵⁹⁰
To flourish in? What is there to
prevent
My sharing the same fate?

BENVENUTO.

Why, this: if all
Your friends are dead, so are your
enemies.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Is Aretino dead?

BENVENUTO.

He lives in Venice,
And not in Florence.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is the same to me.
This wretched mountebank, whom
flatterers
Call the Divine, as if to make the
word
Unpleasant in the mouths of those
who speak it
And in the ears of those who hear
it, sends me
A letter written for the public eye,

And with such subtle and infernal
malice, ⁶⁰¹
I wonder at his wickedness. 'T is
he
Is the express great devil, and not
you.
Some years ago he told me how to
paint
The scenes of the Last Judgment.

BENVENUTO.

I remember.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Well, now he writes to me that, as
a Christian,
He is ashamed of the unbounded
freedom
With which I represent it.

BENVENUTO.

Hypocrite!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

He says I show mankind that I
am wanting
In piety and religion, in proportion
As I profess perfection in my art.
Profess perfection? Why, 't is
only men ⁶¹²
Like Bugiardini who are satisfied
With what they do. I never am
content,
But always see the labor of my
hand
Fall short of my conception.

BENVENUTO.

I perceive
The malice of this creature. He
would taint you
With heresy, and in a time like
this!
'T is infamous!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I represent the angels
Without their heavenly glory, and
the saints ⁶²⁰
Without a trace of earthly mod-
esty.

BENVENUTO.

Incredible audacity!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The heathen

Veiled their Diana with some
drapery,And when they represented Venus
nakedThey made her by her modest at-
titudeAppear half clothed. But I, who
am a Christian,

Do so subordinate belief to art

That I have made the very viola-
tionOf modesty in martyrs and in vir-
ginsA spectacle at which all men
would gaze 630With half-averted eyes even in a
brothel.

BENVENUTO.

He is at home there, and he ought
to knowWhat men avert their eyes from in
such places;From the Last Judgment chiefly, I
imagine.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

But divine Providence will never
leaveThe boldness of my marvellous
work unpunished;And the more marvellous it is, the
more'T is sure to prove the ruin of my
fame!And finally, if in this composition
I had pursued the instructions
that he gave me 640Concerning heaven and hell and
paradise,In that same letter, known to all
the world,Nature would not be forced, as
she is now,To feel ashamed that she invested
meWith such great talent; that I
stand myself

A very idol in the world of art.

He taunts me also with the Mau-
soleumOf Julius, still unfinished, for the
reasonThat men persuaded the inane old
man

It was of evil augury to build

His tomb while he was living; and
he speaks 651Of heaps of gold this Pope be-
queathed to me,And calls it robbery; — that is
what he says.

What prompted such a letter?

BENVENUTO.

Vanity.

He is a clever writer, and he likes
To draw his pen, and flourish it in
the faceOf every honest man, as swords-
men doTheir rapiers on occasion, but to
showHow skilfully they do it. Had
you followedThe advice he gave, or even
thanked him for it, 660You would have seen another style
of fence.'T is but his wounded vanity, and
the wishTo see his name in print. So give
it notA moment's thought; it will soon
be forgotten.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I will not think of it, but let it
passFor a rude speech thrown at me
in the street,

As boys threw stones at Dante.

BENVENUTO.

And what answer

Shall I take back to Grand Duke
Cosimo?

He does not ask your labor or your
service ;
Only your presence in the city of
Florence, 670
With such advice upon his work in
hand
As he may ask, and you may
choose to give.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

You have my answer. Nothing he
can offer
Shall tempt me to leave Rome. My
work is here,
And only here, the building of St.
Peter's.
What other things I hitherto have
done
Have fallen from me, are no longer
mine ;
I have passed on beyond them, and
have left them
As milestones on the way. What
lies before me,
That is still mine, and while it is
unfinished 680
No one shall draw me from it, or
persuade me,
By promises of ease, or wealth,
or honor,
Till I behold the finished dome up-
rise
Complete, as now I see it in my
thought.

BENVENUTO.

And will you paint no more ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

No more.

BENVENUTO.

'T is well.

Sculpture is more divine, and more
like Nature,
That fashions all her works in
high relief,
And that is sculpture. This vast
ball, the Earth,
Was moulded out of clay, and
baked in fire ;

Men, women, and all animals that
breathe 690
Are statues and not paintings.
Even the plants,
The flowers, the fruits, the
grasses, were first sculp-
tured,
And colored later. Painting is a
lie,
A shadow merely.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Truly, as you say,
Sculpture is more than painting.
It is greater
To raise the dead to life than to
create
Phantoms that seem to live. The
most majestic
Of the three sister arts is that
which builds ;
The eldest of them all, to whom
the others
Are but the handmaids and the
servitors, 700
Being but imitation, not crea-
tion.
Henceforth I dedicate myself to
her.

BENVENUTO.

And no more from the marble hew
those forms
That fill us all with wonder ?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Many statues
Will there be room for in my
work. Their station
Already is assigned them in my
mind.
But things move slowly. There
are hindrances,
Want of material, want of means,
delays
And interruptions, endless inter-
ference
Of Cardinal Commissioners, and
disputes 710
And jealousies of artists, that an-
noy me.

But I will persevere until the
work
Is wholly finished, or till I sink
down
Surprised by Death, that unex-
pected guest,
Who waits for no man's leisure,
but steps in,
Unasked and unannounced, to put
a stop
To all our occupations and de-
signs.
And then perhaps I may go back
to Florence;
This is my answer to Duke Co-
simo.

VI

MICHAEL ANGELO'S STUDIO

MICHAEL ANGELO *and* URBINO.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *pausing in his
work.*

Urbino, thou and I are both old
men. 720

My strength begins to fail me.

URBINO.

Eccellenza,
That is impossible. Do I not see
you

Attack the marble blocks with the
same fury

As twenty years ago?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

'T is an old, old habit.
I must have learned it early from
my nurse

At Setignano, the stone-mason's
wife;

For the first sounds I heard were
of the chisel

Chipping away the stone.

URBINO.

At every stroke
You strike fire with your chisel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Aye, because
The marble is too hard.

URBINO.

It is a block
That Topolino sent you from Car-
rara. 730

He is a judge of marble.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I remember.
With it he sent me something of
his making, —

A Mercury, with long body and
short legs,

As if by any possibility

A messenger of the gods could
have short legs.

It was no more like Mercury than
you are,

But rather like those little plaster
figures

That peddlers hawk about the
villages

As images of saints. But luck-
ily 740

For Topolino, there are many peo-
ple

Who see no difference between
what is best

And what is only good, or not even
good;

So that poor artists stand in their
esteem

On the same level with the best,
or higher.

URBINO.

How Eccellenza laughed!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Poor Topolino!
All men are not born artists, nor
will labor

Ever make them artists.

URBINO.

No, no more
Than Emperors, or Popes, or Car-
dinals.

One must be chosen for it. I have
 been 75^o
 Your color-grinder six and twenty
 years,
 And am not yet an artist.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Some have eyes
 That see not; but in every block
 of marble
 I see a statue,—see it as dis-
 tinctly
 As if it stood before me shaped
 and perfect
 In attitude and action. I have
 only
 To hew away the stone walls that
 imprison
 The lovely apparition, and reveal
 it
 To other eyes as mine already see
 it.
 But I grow old and weak. What
 wilt thou do 76^o
 When I am dead, Urbino?

URBINO.

Eccellenza,
 I must then serve another master.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Never!
 Bitter is servitude at best. Al-
 ready
 So many years hast thou been
 serving me;
 But rather as a friend than as a
 servant.
 We have grown old together.
 Dost thou think
 So meanly of this Michael Ange-
 lo
 As to imagine he would let thee
 serve,
 When he is free from service?
 Take this purse,
 Two thousand crowns in gold.

URBINO.

Two thousand crowns!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ay, it will make thee rich. Thou
 shalt not die 77ⁱ
 A beggar in a hospital.

URBINO.

Oh, Master!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

I cannot have them with me on
 the journey
 That I am undertaking. The last
 garment
 That men will make for me will
 have no pockets.

URBINO, *kissing the hand of*
 MICHAEL ANGELO.

My generous master!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Hush!

URBINO.

My Providence!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Not a word more. Go now to bed,
 old man.
 Thou hast served Michael Angelo.
 Remember,
 Henceforward thou shalt serve no
 other master.

VII

THE OAKS OF MONTE LUCA

MICHAEL ANGELO, *alone in the*
woods.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How still it is among these an-
 cient oaks! 78^o
 Surges and undulations of the air
 Uplift the leafy boughs, and let
 them fall
 With scarce a sound. Such sylvan
 quietudes

Become old age. These huge cen-
 tennial oaks,
 That may have heard in infancy
 the trumpets
 Of Barbarossa's cavalry, deride
 Man's brief existence, that with all
 his strength
 He cannot stretch beyond the
 hundredth year.
 This little acorn, turbaned like the
 Turk,
 Which with my foot I spurn, may
 be an oak 790
 Hereafter, feeding with its bitter
 mast
 The fierce wild-boar, and tossing
 in its arms
 The cradled nests of birds, when
 all the men
 That now inhabit this vast uni-
 verse,
 They and their children, and their
 children's children,
 Shall be but dust and mould, and
 nothing more.
 Through openings in the trees I
 see below me
 The valley of Clitumnus, with its
 farms
 And snow-white oxen grazing in
 the shade
 Of the tall poplars on the river's
 brink. 800
 O Nature, gentle mother, tender
 nurse!
 I, who have never loved thee as I
 ought,
 But wasted all my years immured
 in cities,
 And breathed the stifling atmo-
 sphere of streets,
 Now come to thee for refuge.
 Here is peace.
 Yonder I see the little hermitages
 Dotting the mountain side with
 points of light,
 And here St. Julian's convent, like
 a nest
 Of curlews, clinging to some windy
 cliff.
 Beyond the broad, illimitable plain

Down sinks the sun, red as Apollo's
 quoit, 811
 That, by the envious Zephyr blown
 aside,
 Struck Hyacinthus dead, and
 stained the earth
 With his young blood, that blos-
 somed into flowers.
 And now, instead of these fair dei-
 ties,
 Dread demons haunt the earth;
 hermits inhabit
 The leafy homes of sylvan Hama-
 dryads;
 And jovial friars, rotund and ru-
 bicund,
 Replace the old Silenus with his
 ass.
 Here underneath these venerable
 oaks, 820
 Wrinkled and brown and gnarled
 like them with age,
 A brother of the monastery sits,
 Lost in his meditations. What
 may be
 The questions that perplex, the
 hopes that cheer him?—
 Good-evening, holy father.

MONK.

God be with you.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Pardon a stranger if he interrupt
 Your meditations.

MONK.

It was but a dream. —
 The old, old dream, that never will
 come true;
 The dream that all my life I have
 been dreaming,
 And yet is still a dream.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

All men have dreams.
 I have had mine; but none of them
 came true; 831
 They were but vanity. Sometimes
 I think

The happiness of man lies in pursuing,
 Not in possessing; for the things possessed
 Lose half their value. Tell me of
 your dream.

MONK.

The yearning of my heart, my sole desire,
 That like the sheaf of Joseph stands upright,
 While all the others bend and bow to it;
 The passion that torments me, and that breathes
 New meaning into the dead forms of prayer, ⁸⁴⁰
 Is that with mortal eyes I may behold
 The Eternal City.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Rome?

MONK.

There is but one;
 The rest are merely names. I think of it
 As the Celestial City, paved with gold,
 And sentinelled with angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Would it were.
 I have just fled from it. It is beleaguered
 By Spanish troops, led by the Duke of Alva.

MONK.

But still for me 't is the Celestial City,
 And I would see it once before I die.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Each one must bear his cross.

MONK.

Were it a cross

That had been laid upon me, I could bear it, ⁸⁵¹
 Or fall with it. It is a crucifix;
 I am nailed hand and foot, and I am dying!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What would you see in Rome?

MONK.

His Holiness.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Him that was once the Cardinal Caraffa?
 You would but see a man of four-score years,
 With sunken eyes, burning like carbuncles,
 Who sits at table with his friends for hours,
 Cursing the Spaniards as a race of Jews
 And miscreant Moors. And with what soldiery ⁸⁶⁰
 Think you he now defends the Eternal City?

MONK.

With legions of bright angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

So he calls them;
 And yet in fact these bright angelic legions
 Are only German Lutherans.

MONK, *crossing himself.*

Heaven protect us!

MICHAEL ANGELO.

What further would you see?

MONK.

The Cardinals,
 Going in their gilt coaches to High Mass.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Men do not go to Paradise in coaches.

MONK.

The catacombs, the convents, and
the churches ;
The ceremonies of the Holy Week
In all their pomp, or, at the
Epiphany, 870
The feast of the Santissimo Bam-
bino
At Ara Cœli. But I shall not see
them.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

These pompous ceremonies of the
Church
Are but an empty show to him who
knows
The actors in them. Stay here in
your convent,
For he who goes to Rome may see
too much.
What would you further ?

MONK.

I would see the painting
Of the Last Judgment in the Sis-
tine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The smoke of incense and of altar
candles
Has blackened it already.

MONK.

Woe is me !

Then I would hear Allegri's Mis-
erere, 880
Sung by the Papal choir.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

A dismal dirge !

I am an old, old man, and I have
lived
In Rome for thirty years and more,
and know
The jarring of the wheels of that
great world,
Its jealousies, its discords, and its
strife.
Therefore I say to you, remain
content
Here in your convent, here among
your woods,

Where only there is peace. Go not
to Rome.

There was of old a monk of Wit-
tenberg

Who went to Rome ; you may have
heard of him ; 890

His name was Luther ; and you
know what followed.

[*The convent bell rings.*]

MONK, *rising.*

It is the convent bell ; it rings for
vespers.

Let us go in ; we both will pray
for peace.

VIII

THE DEAD CHRIST

MICHAEL ANGELO'S *Studio.*
MICHAEL ANGELO *with a light,*
working upon the Dead Christ.
Midnight.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

O Death, why is it I cannot por-
tray

Thy form and features ? Do I
stand too near thee ?

Or dost thou hold my hand, and
draw me back,

As being thy disciple, not thy
master ?

Let him who knows not what old
age is like

Have patience till it comes, and
he will know.

I once had skill to fashion Life and
Death 900

And Sleep, which is the counter-
feit of Death ;

And I remember what Giovanni
Strozzi

Wrote underneath my statue of
the Night

In San Lorenzo, ah, so long ago !
Grateful to me is sleep ! More

grateful now
Than it was then ; for all my friends
are dead ;

And she is dead, the noblest of
them all.

I saw her face, when the great
sculptor Death,

Whom men should call Divine, had
at a blow

Stricken her into marble; and I
kissed 910

Her cold white hand. What was
it held me back

From kissing her fair forehead,
and those lips,

Those dead, dumb lips? Grateful
to me is sleep!

Enter GIORGIO VASARI.

GIORGIO.

Good-evening, or good-morning, for
I know not

Which of the two it is.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

How came you in?

GIORGIO.

Why, by the door, as all men do.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Ascanio
Must have forgotten to bolt it.

GIORGIO.

Probably.

Am I a spirit, or so like a spirit,
That I could slip through bolted
door or window?

As I was passing down the street,
I saw 920

A glimmer of light, and heard the
well-known chink

Of chisel upon marble. So I en-
tered,

To see what keeps you from your
bed so late.

MICHAEL ANGELO, *coming for-
ward with the lamp.*

You have been revelling with your
boon companions,

Giorgio Vasari, and you come to me
At an untimely hour.

GIORGIO.

The Pope hath sent me.
His Holiness desires to see again

The drawing you once showed him
of the dome

Of the Basilica.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

We will look for it.

GIORGIO.

What is the marble group that
glimmers there 930

Behind you?

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Nothing, and yet everything,—
As one may take it. It is my own
tomb

That I am building.

GIORGIO.

Do not hide it from me.
By our long friendship and the love

I bear you,
Refuse me not!

MICHAEL ANGELO, *letting fall the
lamp.*

Life hath become to me
An empty theatre,— its lights ex-
tinguished,

The music silent, and the actors
gone;

And I alone sit musing on the
scenes

That once have been. I am so old
that Death

Oft plucks me by the cloak, to
come with him; 940

And some day, like this lamp, shall
I fall down,

And my last spark of life will be
extinguished.

Ah me! ah me! what darkness of
despair!

So near to death, and yet so far
from God.

TRANSLATIONS

PRELUDE

*As treasures that men seek,
Deep buried in sea-sands,
Vanish if they but speak,
And elude their eager hands,—*

*So ye escape and slip,
O songs, and fade away,
When the word is on my lip
To interpret what ye say.*

*Were it not better, then,
To let the treasures rest
Hid from the eyes of men
Locked in their iron chest?*

*I have but marked the place,
But half the secret told,
That, following this slight trace,
Others may find the gold.*

FROM THE SPANISH

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE

OH 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 10
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 20
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. 30

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, 40
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 50

Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot
astray

From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
We reach the goal
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul. 60

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

Yes, the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears 71
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 comes to all; 81
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? 90

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 out-
ward 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, 100

The landmarks of that race sub-
lime

Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the
dust,

Shall rise no more;
Others, by guilt and crime, main-
tain

The scutcheon, that, without a
stain,

Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of
pride,

With what untimely speed they
glide, 110

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. 120

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 131
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; 141
And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad ca-
reer,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age im-
part,
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, 150

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, 160
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 170
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. 180

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 em-
prise,
In battle done ?

Tourney and joust, that charmed
the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous pano-
ply,
And nodding plume,
What were they but a pageant
scene ? 190
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 ar-
dent flame,
Low at their feet ?

Where is the song of Trouba-
dour ?
Where are the lute and gay tam-
bour 200
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 dis-
played
Such power and pride ;
Oh, in what winning smiles ar-
rayed,
The world its various pleasures
laid
His throne beside ! 210

But oh, how false and full of guile
That world, which wore so soft a
smile
But to betray !

She, that had been his friend be-
fore,
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, 220
Chambers with ample treasures
fraught
Of wealth untold ;

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

His brother, too, whose factious
zeal
Usurped the sceptre of Castile, 230
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 ! 240

Spain's haughty Constable, the true
And gallant Master, whom we
knew

Most loved of all ;
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall !

The countless treasures of his
 care,
 His villages and villas fair,
 His mighty power,
 What were they all but grief and
 shame, 250
 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 be-
 hest,
 Their underlings;

What was their prosperous es-
 tate,
 When high exalted and elate 260
 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 con-
 cealed
 In the dark grave! 270

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

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten
 nigh,
 Pennon and standard flaunting
 high,

And flag displayed;
 High battlements intrenched
 around, 280
 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 290
 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. 300

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, 310
 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, 320
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! 330

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 341
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, 350
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. 360

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

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave;
And there the warrior's hand did gain 370
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if of old his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
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 380
'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. 390

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

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power ;
But, by fierce battle and block-
ade, 400
Soon his own banner was dis-
played
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 410
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, 420

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 ; 430
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, 440
'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. 450

' 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, 460
 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, 470
 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 sov-
 ereign will
 That we shall die. 480

' 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, 490
 And not for merits of my own,
 Oh, 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, 500
 Its glorious rest!
 And, though the warrior's sun has
 set,
 Its light shall linger round us yet,
 Bright, radiant, blest.

SONNETS

I

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

(EL BUEN PASTOR.)

BY LOPE DE VEGA

SHEPHERD! who with thine amo-
 rous, sylvan song
 Hast broken the slumber that
 encompassed me,
 Who mad'st thy crook from the
 accursed tree,
 On which thy powerful arms
 were stretched so long!
 Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing
 fountains;
 For thou my shepherd, guard,
 and guide shalt be;
 I will obey thy voice, and wait
 to see
 Thy feet all beautiful upon the
 mountains.
 Hear, Shepherd! thou who for thy
 flock art dying,
 Oh, wash away these scarlet
 sins, for thou
 Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's
 vow.
 Oh, 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!

II

TO-MORROW

(MAÑANA.)

BY LOPE DE VEGA

LORD, what am I, that, with un-
 ceasing care,
 Thou didst seek after me, that
 thou didst wait,
 Wet with unhealthy dews, be-
 fore my gate,
 And pass the gloomy nights of
 winter there?
 Oh, strange delusion, that I did
 not greet
 Thy blest approach! and oh, 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, oh! how often to that voice
 of sorrow,
 'To-morrow we will open,' I re-
 plied,
 And when the morrow came
 I answered still, 'To-mor-
 row.'

III

THE NATIVE LAND

(EL PATRIO CIELO.)

BY 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 ethe-
 real essence,
 Gasping no longer for life's fee-
 ble 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 perfec-
 tions I adore
 Direct, and the sure promise
 cheers the way,
 That, whither love aspires, there
 shall my dwelling be.

IV

THE IMAGE OF GOD

(LA IMÁGEN DE DIOS.)

BY FRANCISCO DE ALDANA

O LORD! who 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! oh 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.

V

THE BROOK

(Á UN ARROYUELO.)

ANONYMOUS

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 cu-
 rious 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!

ANCIENT SPANISH BAL-
LADS

I

RIO VERDE, Rio Verde!
 Many a corpse is bathed in thee,
 Both of Moors and eke of Chris-
 tians,
 Slain with swords most cruelly.

And thy pure and crystal waters
 Dappled are with crimson gore;
 For between the Moors and Chris-
 tians
 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

'King Alfonso the Eighth, having ex-
 hausted his treasury in war, wishes to
 lay a tax of five farthings upon each
 of the Castilian hidalgos, in order to
 defray the expenses of a journey from
 Burgos to Cuenca. This proposition of
 the king was met with disdain by the
 noblemen who had been assembled on
 the occasion.'

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

'One of the finest of the historic bal-
 lads is that which describes Bernardo's
 march to Roncesvalles. He sallies
 forth "with three thousand Leonese
 and more," to protect the glory and
 freedom of his native land. From all
 sides, the peasantry of the land flock
 to the hero's standard.'

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, for-
 sooth,
 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 pow-
 er
 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!'

VIDA DE SAN MILLAN

BY GONZALO DE BERCEO

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 to heaven they turned their eyes, and fixed their thoughts on
 high;
 And there two figures 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 Saint John;
 And he that held the crucifix, and wore the monkish hood,
 Was the holy San Millan of Cogolla's neighborhood.

SAN MIGUEL, THE CONVENT

(SAN MIGUEL DE LA TUMBA)

BY GONZALO DE BERCEO

SAN MIGUEL DE LA 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 blasting
 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.

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 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!

SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-
MARK

(LETRILLA QUE LLEVABA POR REGISTRO
EN SU BREVIARIO)

BY SANTA TERESA DE AVILA

LET nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth:
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.

FROM THE CANCIONEROS

I

EYES SO TRISTFUL, EYES SO
TRISTFUL

(OJOS TRISTES, OJOS TRISTES)

BY DIEGO DE SALDAÑA

EYES so tristful, eyes so tristful,
Heart so full of care and cumber,

I was lapped in rest and slumber,
Ye have made me wakeful, wistful!
In this life of labor endless
Who shall comfort my distresses?
Querulous my soul and friendless
In its sorrow shuns caresses.
Ye have made me, ye have made
me

Querulous of you, that care not,
Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not
Say to what ye have betrayed me.

II

SOME DAY, SOME DAY

(ALGUNA VEZ)

BY CRISTÓBAL DE GASTILLEJO

SOME day, some day,
O troubled breast,
Shalt thou find rest.
If Love in thee
To grief give birth,
Six feet of earth
Can more than he;
There calm and free
And unoppressed
Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained
In life at last,
When life is passed,
Shall all be gained;
And no more pained,
No more distressed,
Shalt thou find rest.

III

COME, O DEATH, SO SILENT
FLYING

(VEN, MUERTE TAN ESCONDIDA)

BY EL COMMENDADOR ESCRIVA

COME, O Death, so silent flying
That unheard thy coming be,
Lest the sweet delight of dying
Bring life back again to me.
For thy sure approach perceiving,

In my constancy and pain
 I new life should win again,
 Thinking that I am not living.
 So to me, unconscious lying,
 All unknown thy coming be,
 Lest the sweet delight of dying
 Bring life back again to me.
 Unto him who finds thee hateful,
 Death, thou art inhuman pain;
 But to me, who dying gain,
 Life is but a task ungrateful.
 Come, then, with my wish complying,
 All unheard thy coming be,
 Lest the sweet delight of dying
 Bring life back again to me.

IV

GLOVE OF BLACK IN WHITE
HAND BARE

GLOVE of black in white hand
 bare,
 And about her forehead pale
 Wound a thin, transparent veil,
 That doth not conceal her hair;
 Sovereign attitude and air,
 Cheek and neck alike displayed,
 With coquettish charms arrayed,
 Laughing eyes and fugitive; —
 This is killing men that live,
 'T is not mourning for the dead.

FROM THE SWEDISH AND DANISH

PASSAGES FROM FRITHIOF'S SAGA

BY ESAIAS TEGNÉR

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 summits, but down the slope of the hillsides
 Flourished 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-horned reindeers
 Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets.

But in the valleys widely around, there fed on the greensward
 Herds with shining hides and udders that longed for the milk-pail. 9
 'Mid these scattered, now here and now there, were numberless flocks of
 Sheep with fleeces white, as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds,
 Flock-wise spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in spring-
 time.

Couriers two times twelve, all mettlesome, fast fettered storm-winds,
 Stamping stood in the line of stalls, and tugged at their fodder.
 Knotted with red were their manes, and their hoofs all white with steel
 shoes.

Th' 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.
 Thorough 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 20
 Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree;
 Odin with lordly look, and Frey 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),
 Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness.
 Oft, when the moon through the cloud-rack flew, related the old man
 Wonders from distant lands he had seen, and cruises of Vikings
 Far away on the Baltic, and Sea of the West, and the White Sea.
 Hushed sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the gray-
 beard's

Lips, as a bee on the rose; but the Scald was thinking of Brage, 30
 Where, with his silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is seated
 Under the leafy beech, and tells a tradition by Mimer's
 Ever-murmuring wave, himself a living tradition.
 Midway the floor (with thatch was it strewn) burned ever the fire-
 flame

Glad on its stone-built hearth; and thorough the wide-mouthed
 smoke-flue

Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great hall.
 Round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order
 Breastplate and helmet together, 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 were resplen-
 dent, 40

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 she cast down her eyes and blushed; in the shield her reflection
 Blushed, too, 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 outspake;
 'He who 's afraid may go round the lake.' 50

Threatening and dark looked the stranger round,
 His steel shoes with haste on his feet he bound.

The sledge-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.

60

He carves many runes 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 away,
And, with hoods upon their eyelids, scream the falcons for their prey. 70

See, the Queen of the chase advances! Frithiof, gaze not at 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.

Gaze not at her eyes' blue heaven, gaze not at her golden hair!
Oh beware! her waist is slender, full her bosom is, beware!
Look not at the rose and lily on her cheek that shifting play,
List not to the voice beloved, whispering like the wind of May.

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. 80
All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear their cavern homes,
But, with spear outstretched before her, after them the Valkyr 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 alarm,
On his shield, or as an infant sleeps upon its mother's arm.

As he slumbers, hark! there sings a coal-black bird upon the bough;
'Hasten, Frithiof, slay the old man, end 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.' 90

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!
Whatsoever 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. 100

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 Niffelhem;
 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. 110
 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,
 'Tis mournful to hear 120
 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.'

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

BY ESAIAS TEGNÉR

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

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 10

Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron
Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection.
Even the dial, that stood on a mound among the departed,
(There full a hundred years had it stood,) was embellished with
blossoms.

Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet,
Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children,
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes,
While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.
Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season 20
When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism.
Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust
was

Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches.
There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavil-
ions

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, had on it a necklace of wind-flowers. 30
But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Horberg,
Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels
Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy leaf-work.
Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling,
And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was assembled
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the organ,
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast from off him his mantle, 40
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 Wallfn, of David's harp in the North-land
Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its mighty pinions
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,
And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.
Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.

Father he hight and he was in the parish ; a Christianly plainness
 Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.
 Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel 50
 Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur
 Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sun-
 beam.

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. 60

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
 Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.
 Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,
 Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.
 Then, when all was finished, the Teacher reëntered the chancel,
 Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their
 places,

Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming.
 But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies,
 Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens, —
 Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pave-
 ment. 70

Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the begin-
 ning

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 unpolluted.
 Each time the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Re-
 deemer,

Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.
 Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,
 And to the children explained the holy, the 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. 80

E'en as the green-growing bud unfolds when Springtide approaches,
 Leaf by leaf puts forth, 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 the well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar ;— and straightway trans-
 figured
 (So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.

Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment 90

Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward descending.

Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts that to him were transparent
Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.

So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he questioned.

' This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered,
This is moreover the faith 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
Downward rains from the heaven;— to-day on the threshold of childhood 100

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, oh 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 110
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 uprightness?
Will ye promise me this before God and man?' — With a clear 120
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 lightnings therein, and he spake 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 household, — forgiving in turn and chastising,
 That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us. 130
 Blest are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon virtue
 Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is descended.
 Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the doctrine,
 Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the cross for.
 Oh, as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum
 Downward, and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,
 Oh, how soon will ye come, — too soon! — and long to turn back-
 ward

Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined, where Judgment
 Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,
 Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven, 140
 Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven!
 Seventy years have I lived already; the Father eternal
 Gave me gladness and care; but the loveliest hours of existence,
 When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known
 them,

Known them all again; — they were my childhood's acquaintance.
 Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,
 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 sleep-
 ing. 150

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; oh do not reject her,
 For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the heavens.
 Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly flieth 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 flame ever upward.
 Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions, 160
 Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the
 flowerets,

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 worship;
 Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty
 Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,
 Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the graveyard,
 Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sorrowing children
 Turns He ne'er from his door, but He heals and helps and consoles
 them.

Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us, 170
 Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune
 Kneels before the Eternal's throne; and with hands interfolded,
 'Traises 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 pendent on naught, when the world He created.
 Earth declareth his might, and the firmament utters his glory.
 Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven, 180
 Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of midnight, millen-
 niums

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. 190

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 its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out of heaven.
 Quench, oh 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 veil of the temple, dividing
 Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising 200
 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 affection;
 Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing;
 Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.
 Lovest thou God as thou 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? 210
 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 called Forgiveness!
 Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns on his tem-
 ples?

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 220
 Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.
 This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.
 Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but Love among mortals
 Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting,
 Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.
 Hope, — so is called upon earth his recompense, — Hope, the befriend-
 ing,

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 beneath it
 Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows!
 Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise, 230
 Having naught else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,
 Him, who has given us more; for to us has Hope been transfigured,
 Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is living assurance.
 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 Hebrew's,
 For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation
 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, 240
 Fears not the winged crowd, in the midst of them all is her home-
 stead.

Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous
 Even as day does the sun: the Right from the Good is an offspring,
 Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than
 Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate Springtide.
 Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and bear witness
 Not what they seemed, — but what they were only. Blessed is he
 who

Hears their confession secure; they are mute upon earth until death's
 hand

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 250
 More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading
 Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affection,
 Places the ransomed child, new born, fore the face of its father.
 Sounds of his coming already I hear, — see dimly his pinions,
 Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them! I fear not be-
 fore 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, 260

Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.
You, in like manner, 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 everlasting,
Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my prayer to thy hea-
ven!

Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these, 270
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 salva-
tion,

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 glad-
ness,

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, 280
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 wonder-
ful brightness.

'On the next Sunday, who knows! perhaps I shall rest in the grave-
yard!

Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,
Bow down his head to the earth; why delay I? the hour is accom-
plished.

Warm is the heart;—I will! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven.
What I began accomplish I now; what failing therein is 291
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 symbol it is, of Atonement a token,
Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgres-
sions

Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'T was in the begin-
ning

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.

300

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.
Sin is brought forth 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 re-
splendent,

310

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 take this day her visible token.

Tokens are dead if the things live not. The light everlasting
Unto the blind 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

320

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 supplica-
tions,

330

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.
Oh, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday,
Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard
Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan
to shiver.

But in the children (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a
Tremor of holy rapture along through their ice-cold members.
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and
above it

340

Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; they saw there

Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.
Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold
clouds
Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and
their faces,

Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he
Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full of blessings.
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

35^a

KING CHRISTIAN

(KONG CHRISTIAN STOD VED HØIEN MAST)

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK

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 Chris-
tian

The stroke ?'

Nils Juel gave heed to the tem-
pest'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 Torden-
skiol',

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 despise,
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 ELECTED KNIGHT

(DEN UDKAARNE RIDDER)

This strange and somewhat mystical
ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's
Danske Viser fra Middelalderen. 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. H. W. L.

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' honor !'

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

CHILDHOOD

(DA JEG VAR LILLE)

BY JENS IMMANUEL BAGGESEN

THERE was a time when I was
very small,
When my whole frame was but
an ell in height ;
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do
fall,
And therefore I recall it with de-
light.

I sported in my tender mother's
arms,
And rode a-horseback on best
father's knee ;
Alike were sorrows, passions and
alarms,
And gold, and Greek, and love,
unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far
 less in size,
 Likewise it seemed to me less
 wicked far ;
 Like points in heaven, I saw the
 stars arise,
 And longed for wings that I
 might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island
 fade,
 And thought, 'Oh, were I on
 that island there,
 I could find out of what the moon
 is made,
 Find out how large it is, how
 round, how fair !'

Wondering, I saw God's sun,
 through western skies,
 Sink in the ocean's golden lap at
 night,
 And yet upon the morrow early rise,
 And paint the eastern heaven
 with crimson light ;

And thought of God, the gracious
 Heavenly Father,
 Who made me, and that lovely
 sun on high,
 And all those pearls of heaven
 thick-strung together,
 Dropped, clustering, from his
 hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young
 lips did say
 The prayer my pious mother
 taught to me :
 O gentle God ! oh, let me strive
 alway
 Still to be wise, and good, and
 follow thee !'

So prayed I for my father and my
 mother,
 And for my sister, and for all the
 town ;
 The king I knew not, and the beg-
 gar-brother,
 Who, bent with age, went, sigh-
 ing, up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of
 boyhood perished,
 And all the gladness, all the
 peace I knew !
 Now have I but their memory,
 fondly cherished ;—
 God ! may I never lose that too !

FROM THE GERMAN

THE HAPPIEST LAND

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 con-
tend, —
There lies the happiest land!'

THE WAVE

(DIE WELLE)

BY CHRISTOPH AUGUST 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

BY ERNST STOCKMANN

How they so softly rest,
All they the holy ones,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down-sinking!

And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies!

And by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber!

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP

(SCHIFF UND VOGEL)

BY WILHELM 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 main-
mast 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?

(WOHIN?)

BY WILHELM MÜLLER

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

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

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

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

What do I say of a murmur?
That can no murmur be;

'Tis the water-nymphs, that are
singing
Their 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!

(HÜT DU DICH!)

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

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

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

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

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

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

(DAS SCHLOSS AM MEERE)

BY JOHANN LUDWIG 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 down-
 ward
 To the mirrored wave below;

And fain it would soar upward
 In the evening's crimson glow.'

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

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

'The winds and the waves of ocean,
 They rested quietly,
 But I heard on the gale a sound of
 wail,
 And tears came to mine eye.'

'And sawest thou on the turrets
 The King and his royal bride?
 And the wave of their crimson
 mantles?
 And the golden crown of pride?'

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

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

THE BLACK KNIGHT

(DER SCHWARZE RITTER)

BY JOHANN LUDWIG 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;

In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers,
Before the monarch's stalwart
son.

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

When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black
with mists,
And the castle 'gan to rock;
At the first blow,
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 dis-
traught,
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:
'Oh, 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

(LIED: INS STILLE LAND)

BY JOHANN GAUDENZ VON
SALIS-SEEWIS

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, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morn-
ing-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!

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL

(DAS GLÜCK VON EDENHALL)

BY JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord
 Bids sound the festal trumpet's
 call;

He rises at the banquet board,
 And cries, 'mid the drunken re-
 vellers all,
 'Now bring me the Luck of Eden-
 hall!'

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 Eden-
 hall.

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 Eden-
 hall!*

'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
 night,
 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 Eden-
 hall!

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

On the morrow the butler grope
 alone,
 The graybeard in the desert hall,
 He seeks his Lord's burnt skele-
 ton,

He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Eden-
hall.

'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 Eden-
hall!'

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR

(DER JUNGGESELL)

BY GUSTAV PFIZER

A YOUTH, light-hearted and con-
tent,
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 won-
drous 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.

THE HEMLOCK TREE

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 exam-
ple!

So long as summer laughs she
sings,
But in the autumn spreads her
wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale,
thou tak'st for thine exam-
ple!

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

(ANKE VON THARAU)

BY 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, how-
ever it blow.

Oppression and sickness, and sor-
row, 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,
Whate'er 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

(DAS STEINBILD AM DOME)

BY 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 fledg-
lings,
Flowers and weeds of every
kind.

And so stands he calm and child-
like,
High in wind and tempest wild ;
Oh, 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 CROSS-
BILL

(DER KREUZSCHNABEL, No. 3)

BY JULIUS MOSEN

ON the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids
calm,
Feels, but scarcely feels, a trem-
bling
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 tir-
ing,
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 mild-
ness:
'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 cross-
bill ;
Covered all with blood so clear
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to
hear.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS

BY 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 hea-
ven,
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

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
Extant are; but still the doubt
is, where Christianity may
be.

THE RESTLESS HEART

A mill-stone 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 al-
ways are combined;
Often in a wooden house a golden
room we find.

RETRIBUTION

Though the mills of God grind
slowly, yet they grind ex-
ceeding small;
Though with patience he stands
waiting, with exactness
grinds he all.

TRUTH

When by night the frogs are croak-
ing, kindle but a torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are si-
lent! Thus Truth silences
the liar.

RHYMES

If perhaps these rhymes of mine
should sound not well in
strangers' ears,
They have only to bethink them
that it happens so with
theirs;
For so long as words, like mor-
tals, call a fatherland their
own,
They will be most highly valued
where they are best and long-
est known.

SILENT LOVE

Who love would seek,
Let him love evermore
And seldom speak;
For in love's domain
Silence must reign;
Or it brings the heart
Smart
And pain.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD

(SELIG SIND, DIE IN DEM HERRN
STERBEN)

BY SIMON DACH

OH, how blest are ye whose toils
are ended!

Who, through death, have unto
God ascended!

Ye have arisen
From the cares which keep us still
in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,
Still oppressed with sorrow and
misgiving;

Our undertakings
Are but toils, and troubles, and
heart-breakings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your cham-
bers sleeping,

Quiet, and set free from all our
weeping;

No cross nor trial
Hinders your enjoyments with
denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears
for ever;

Ye have that for which we still
endeavor.

To you are chanted
Songs which yet no mortal ear
have haunted.

Ah! who would not, then, depart
with gladness,

To inherit heaven for earthly sad-
ness?

Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in an-
guish?

Come, O Christ, and loose the
chains that bind us!

Lead us forth, and cast this world
behind us!

With thee, the Anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest ap-
pointed.

WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONGS

(WANDRERS NACHTLIED AND EIN
GLEICHES)

BY JOHANN WOLFGANG VON
GOETHE

I

THOU that from the heavens art,
Every pain and sorrow stillest,
And the doubly wretched heart
Doubly with refreshment fillest,
I am weary with contending!
Why this rapture and unrest?
Peace descending
Come, ah, come into my breast!

II

O'er all the hill-tops
Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are asleep in the trees:
Wait; soon like these
Thou too shalt rest.

REMORSE

(MUT AND UNMUT)

BY AUGUST VON PLATEN

How I started up in the night, in
the night,

Drawn on without rest or re-
prieve!

The streets, with their watchmen,
were lost to my sight,

As I wandered so light

In the night, in the night,

Through the gate with the arch
mediæval.

The mill-brook rushed from the
rocky height,

I leaned o'er the bridge in my
yearning;

Deep under me watched I the
waves in their flight,

As they glided so light
 In the night, in the night,
 Yet backward not one was return-
 ing.

O'erhead were revolving, so count-
 less and bright,
 The stars in melodious exist-
 ence;
 And with them the moon, more
 serenely bedight;
 They sparkled so light
 In the night, in the night,
 Through the magical, measureless
 distance.

And upward I gazed in the night,
 in the night,
 And again on the waves in their
 fleeting;
 Ah woe! thou hast wasted thy
 days in delight,
 Now silence thou light,
 In the night, in the night,
 The remorse in thy heart that is
 beating.

FORSAKEN

SOMETHING the heart must have
 to cherish,
 Must love and joy and sorrow
 learn,
 Something with passion clasp, or
 perish,
 And in itself to ashes burn.

So to this child my heart is clinging,
 And its frank eyes, with look
 intense,
 Me from a world of sin are bring-
 ing
 Back to a world of innocence.

Disdain must thou endure forever;
 Strong may thy heart in danger
 be!
 Thou shalt not fail! but ah, be
 never
 False as thy father was to me.

Never will I forsake thee, faithless,
 And thou thy mother ne'er for-
 sake,
 Until her lips are white and breath-
 less,
 Until in death her eyes shall
 break.

ALLAH

BY SIEGFRIED AUGUST MAHL-
 MANN

ALLAH gives light in darkness,
 Allah gives rest in pain,
 Cheeks that are white with weep-
 ing
 Allah paints red again.

The flowers and the blossoms
 wither,
 Years vanish with flying feet;
 But my heart will live on forever,
 That here in sadness beat.

Gladly to Allah's dwelling
 Yonder would I take flight;
 There will the darkness vanish,
 There will my eyes have sight.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

THE GRAVE

FOR thee was a house built
 Ere thou wast 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.

BEOWULF'S EXPEDITION TO
 HEORT

THUS then, much care-worn,
 The son of Healfden
 Sorrowed evermore,
 Nor might the prudent hero
 His woes avert.
 The war was too hard,
 Too loath and longsome,
 That on the people came,
 Dire wrath and grim,
 Of night-woes the worst. 10
 This from home heard
 Higelac's Thane,
 Good among the Goths,
 Grendel's deeds.
 He was of mankind
 In might the strongest,

At that day
 Of this life,
 Noble and stalwart.
 He bade him a sea-ship, 20
 A goodly one, prepare.
 Quoth he, the war-king,
 Over the swan's road,
 Seek he would
 The mighty monarch,
 Since he wanted men.
 For him that journey
 His prudent fellows
 Straight made ready,
 Those that loved him. 30
 They excited their souls,
 The omen they beheld.
 Had the good-man
 Of the Gothic people
 Champions chosen,
 Of those that keenest
 He might find,
 Some fifteen men.
 The sea-wood sought he.
 The warrior showed, 40
 Sea-crafty man!
 The land-marks,
 And first went forth.
 The ship was on the waves,
 Boat under the cliffs.
 The barons ready
 To the prow mounted.
 The streams they whirled
 The sea against the sands.
 The chieftains bore 50
 On the naked breast
 Bright ornaments,
 War-gear, Goth-like.
 The men shoved off,
 Men on their willing way,
 The bounden wood.
 Then went over the sea-waves,
 Hurried by the wind,
 The ship with foamy neck,
 Most like a sea-fowl, 60
 Till about one hour
 Of the second day
 The curved prow
 Had passed onward
 So that the sailors
 The land saw,
 The shore-cliffs shining,

Mountains steep,
And broad sea-noses.
Then was the sea-sailing 70
Of the Earl at an end.

Then up speedily
The Weather people
On the land went,
The sea-bark moored,
Their mail-sarks shook,
Their war-weeds.
God thanked they,
That to them the sea-journey 80
Easy had been.

Then from the wall beheld
The warden of the Scyldings,
He who the sea-cliffs
Had in his keeping,
Bear o'er the balks
The bright shields,
The war-weapons speedily.
Him the doubt disturbed
In his mind's thought,
What these men might be. 90

Went then to the shore,
On his steed riding
The Thane of Hrothgar.
Before the host he shook
His warden's-staff in hand,
In measured words demanded:

'What men are ye
War-gear wearing,
Host in harness,
Who thus the brown keel 100
Over the water-street
Leading come
Hither over the sea?

I these boundaries
As shore-warden hold,
That in the Land of the Danes
Nothing loathsome
With a ship-crew
Scathe us might. . . .
Ne'er saw I mightier 110
Earl upon earth
Than is your own,
Hero in harness.
Not seldom this warrior
Is in weapons distinguished;
Never his beauty belies him,
His peerless countenance!
Now would I fain

Your origin know,
Ere ye forth 120
As false spies
Into the Land of the Danes
Farther fare.
Now, ye dwellers afar-off!
Ye sailors of the sea!
Listen to my
One-fold thought.
Quickest is best
To make known
Whence your coming may be.'

THE SOUL'S COMPLAINT AGAINST THE BODY

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

MUCH it behoveth
Each one of mortals,
That he his soul's journey
In himself ponder,
How deep it may be.
When Death cometh,
The bonds he breaketh
By which were united
The soul and the body.

Long it is thenceforth
Ere the soul taketh
From God himself
Its woe or its weal;
As in the world erst,
Even in its earth-vessel,
It wrought before.

The soul shall come
Wailing with loud voice,
After a sennight,
The soul, to find
The body
That it erst dwelt in;—
Three hundred winters,
Unless ere that worketh
The Eternal Lord,
The Almighty God,
The end of the world.

Crieth then, so care-worn,
With cold utterance,

And speaketh grimly,
The ghost to the dust :
'Dry dust! thou dreary one!
How little didst thou labor for me!
In the foulness of earth
Thou all wearest away
Like to the loam!
Little didst thou think
How thy soul's journey
Would be thereafter,
When from the body
It should be led forth.'

FROM THE FRENCH

SONG

FROM THE PARADISE OF LOVE

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!
Then cease, Love, to torment me so;
But rather than all thoughts fore-
 go
 Of the fair
 With flaxen hair,
Give me back her frowns again.
Hark! hark!
Pretty lark!
Little heedest thou my pain!

SONG

AND whither goest thou, gentle
 sigh,
 Breathed so softly in my ear?
Say, dost thou bear his fate se-
 vere
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?

THE RETURN OF SPRING

(RENOUVEAU)

BY CHARLES D'ORLEANS

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.

SPRING

BY CHARLES D'ORLEANS

GENTLE Spring! in sunshine clad,
 Well dost thou thy power dis-
 play!

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 cower 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

(VERSLETS À MON PREMIER NÉ)

BY CLOTILDE DE SURVILLE

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 mo-
 ther's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little
 friend,

Soft sleep shall come, that com-
 eth not to me!

I watch to see thee, nourish thee,
 defend;

'Tis sweet to watch for thee,
 alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits
 upon his brow;

His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor
 dreams of harm.

Wore not his cheek the apple's
 ruddy glow,

Would you not say he slept on
 Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with
 affright!

Awake, and chase this fatal
 thought! Unclose

Thine eye but for one moment on
 the light!

Even at the price of thine, give
 me repose!

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

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP TURPIN

FROM THE CHANSON DE RO-
 LAND

THE Archbishop, whom God loved
 in high degree,
 Beheld his wounds all bleeding
 fresh and free;
 And then his cheek more ghastly
 grew and wan,
 And a faint shudder through his
 members ran.
 Upon the battle-field his knee was
 bent;
 Brave Roland saw, and to his suc-
 cor went,
 Straightway his helmet from his
 brow unlaced,
 And tore the shining hauberk from
 his breast.
 Then raising in his arms the man
 of God,
 Gently he laid him on the verdant
 sod.
 'Rest, Sire,' he cried, — for rest thy
 suffering needs.'
 The priest replied, 'Think but of
 warlike deeds!
 The field is ours; well may we
 boast this strife!
 But death steals on, — there is no
 hope of life;
 In paradise, where Almoners live
 again,
 There are our couches spread,
 there shall we rest from pain.'
 Sore Roland grieved; nor marvel
 I, alas!

That thrice he swooned upon the
 thick green grass.
 When he revived, with a loud
 voice cried he,
 'O Heavenly Father! Holy Saint
 Marie!
 Why lingers death to lay me in my
 grave!
 Beloved France! how have the
 good and brave
 Been torn from thee, and left thee
 weak and poor!'
 Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-
 love, came o'er
 His spirit, and he whispered soft
 and slow,
 'My gentle friend! — what parting
 full of woe!
 Never so true a liegeman shalt
 thou see; —
 Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison
 on thee!
 Christ, who did save from realms
 of woe beneath,
 The Hebrew Prophets from the
 second death.'

Then to the Paladins, whom well
 he knew,
 He went, and one by one unaided
 drew
 To Turpin's side, well skilled in
 ghostly lore; —
 No heart had he to smile, but,
 weeping sore,
 He blessed them in God's name,
 with faith that he
 Would soon vouchsafe to them a
 glad eternity.

The Archbishop, then, on whom
 God's benison rest,
 Exhausted, bowed his head upon
 his breast;
 His mouth was full of dust and
 clotted gore,
 And many a wound his swollen
 visage bore.
 Slow beats his heart, his panting
 bosom heaves.

Death comes apace, — no hope of
cure relieves.

Towards heaven he raised his dy-
ing hands and prayed

That God, who for our sins was
mortal made,

Born of the Virgin, scorned and
crucified,

In paradise would place him by
his side.

Then Turpin died in service of
Charlon,

In battle great and eke great ori-
son ;—

'Gainst Pagan host always strong
champion ;

God grant to him his holy benison.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL CUILLÈ

BY JACQUES 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 grow-
ing white,

This is the song one might
perceive

On a Wednesday morn of St. Jo-
seph'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 at-
tending,

Seemed from the clouds de-
scending ;

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
had sent

For their delight and our encour-
agement.

Together blending, 20
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, 30*

*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, 40

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, 50
 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 es-
 capes and cries:
 'Those who catch me
 Married verily
 This year shall be!' 59

And all pursue with eager haste,
 And all attain what they pursue,
 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 si-
 lent 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? 70
 Oh no! for a maiden frail, I
 trow,
 Never bore so lofty a brow!
 What lovers! they give not a sin-
 gle 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, 80
 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 en-
 snared;
 For them the altar was pre-
 pared;
 But alas! the summer's blight,
 The dread disease that none
 can stay,
 The pestilence that walks by
 night, 90
 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, erelong 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 Marga-
 ret. 99

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 ap-
 pears,
 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, 110
 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 can-
 nons bright
 Aimed at the bridegroom in
 waistcoat blue,
 Who, like a statue, stands in
 view; 120
 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 maid-
 ens fair
 Saw from each eye escape a
 swollen tear; 130
 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, 140
 So fair a bride shall leave her
 home!
 Should blossom and bloom with
 garlands gay,
 So fair a bride shall pass to-
 day!*

II

And by suffering worn and weary,
 But beautiful as some fair angel
 yet,
 Thus lamented Margaret,
 In her cottage lone and dreary:—
 'He has arrived! arrived at
 last!
 Yet Jane has named him not these
 three days past;
 Arrived! yet keeps aloof so
 far! 150
 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
 Forever night! forever night!
 When he is gone 't is dark! my
 soul is sad! 160
 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! 170
 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! 180
 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 dis-
 guise,
 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 it set,
 And poor, confiding Margaret
 Rises, with outstretched arms, but
 sightless eyes; 190
 '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
 sent
 To tell her secret unto me!
 Oh, speak! who may the
 bridegroom be?
 'My sister, 't is Baptiste, thy
 friend!'
 A cry the blind girl gave, but no-
 thing said; 200
 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! 210

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 home-
spun 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 Mar-
garet;

Whom the vision, with aspect
black as jet,

Mastered again; and its hand
of ice 220

Held her heart crushed, as in a vice!
'Paul, be not sad! 'T is a holi-
day;

To-morrow put on thy dou-
blet gay!

But leave me now for awhile
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; 230

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 Whit-
suntide.

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 say-
est thou? 240

It must seem long to him; — me-
thinks I see him now!'

Jane, shuddering, her hand
doth press:

'Thy love I cannot all ap-
prove;

We must not trust too much to
happiness; —

Go, pray to God, that thou mayest
love him less!'

'The more I pray, the more I
love!

It is no sin, for God is on my
side!'

It was enough; and Jane no more
replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred
and cold;

But to deceive the beldame
old 250

She takes a sweet, contented
air;

Speak of foul weather or of
fair,

At every word the maiden
smiles!

Thus the beguiler she be-
guiles;

So that, departing at the evening's
close,

She says, 'She may be saved;
she nothing knows!'

Poor Jane, the cunning sor-
ceress !
Now that thou wouldst, thou art
no prophetess !
This morning, in the fulness of thy
heart,
Thou wast so, far beyond thine
art! 260

III

Now rings the bell, nine times re-
verberating,
And the white daybreak, stealing
up the sky,
Sees in two cottages two maidens
waiting,
How differently !

Queen of a day, by flatterers ca-
ressed,
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, 270
Has neither crown nor flow-
er'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, 280

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, 289
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 au-
tumn gales, 300
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 fa-
ther said,

The night we watched beside his
bed,

“O daughter, I am weak and
low; 310

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, 320

‘What wouldst thou do, my daugh-
ter?’ — and she started,

And quick recoiled, aghast,
faint-hearted;

But Paul, impatient, urges ever-
more

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, 330

No more restrained, no more
afraid,

She walks, as for a feast ar-
rayed,

And in the ancient chapel’s som-
bre 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, 340

And with it brings the village
throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal
gay,

For lo! Baptiste on this trium-
phant 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, 350

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, 360
As holy water be my blood for
thee!'

And calmly in the air a knife sus-
pended!

Doubtless her guardian angel near
attended,

For anguish did its work so
well,

That, ere the fatal stroke de-
scended,

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; 370

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!

CONSOLATION

TO M. DUPERRIER, GENTLEMAN
OF AIX IN PROVENCE, ON THE
DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER

BY FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBE

WILL then, Duperrier, thy sorrow
be eternal?

And shall the sad discourse
Whispered within thy heart, by
tenderness paternal,
Only augment its force?

Thy daughter's mournful fate, into
the tomb descending
By death's frequented ways,
Has it become to thee a labyrinth
never ending,
Where thy lost reason strays?

I know the charms that made her
youth a benediction:
Nor should I be content,
As a censorious friend, to solace
thine affliction
By her disparagement.

But she was of the world, which
fairest things exposes
To fates the most forlorn;
A rose, she too hath lived as long
as live the roses,
The space of one brief morn.

Death has his rigorous laws, un-
paralleled, unfeeling;
All prayers to him are vain;
Cruel, he stops his ears, and, deaf
to our appealing,
He leaves us to complain.

The poor man in his hut, with only
thatch for cover,
Unto these laws must bend;
The sentinel that guards the bar-
riers of the Louvre
Cannot our kings defend.

To murmur against death, in petu-
lant defiance,
Is never for the best;
To will what God doth will, that
is the only science
That gives us any rest.

TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU

BY FRANÇOIS DE MALHERBE

THOU mighty Prince of Church
and State,
Richelieu! until the hour of death,
Whatever road man chooses, Fate
Still holds him subject to her
breath.

Spun of all silks, our days and
nights
Have sorrows woven with de-
lights;

And of this intermingled shade
Our various destiny appears,
Even as one sees the course of
years
Of summers and of winters made.

Sometimes the soft, deceitful hours
Let us enjoy the halcyon wave;
Sometimes impending peril lowers
Beyond the seaman's skill to save.
The Wisdom, infinitely wise,
That gives to human destinies
Their foreordained necessity,
Has made no law more fixed be-
low,

Than the alternate ebb and flow
Of Fortune and Adversity.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD

(L'ANGE ET L'ENFANT; ELÉGIE À UNE
MÈRE)

BY JEAN REBOUL, THE BAKER
OF NISMES

AN angel with a radiant face,
Above a cradle bent to look,

Seemed his own image there to
trace,
As in the waters of a brook.

'Dear child! who me resemblest
so,'
It whispered, 'come, oh come
with me!
Happy together let us go,
The earth unworthy is of thee!

'Here none to perfect bliss attain;
The soul in pleasure suffering
lies;
Joy hath an undertone of pain,
And even the happiest hours
their sighs.

'Fear doth at every portal knock;
Never a day serene and pure
From the o'ershadowing tempest's
shock
Hath made the morrow's dawn
secure.

'What, then, shall sorrows and
shall fears
Come to disturb so pure a brow?
And with the bitterness of tears
These eyes of azure troubled
grow?

'Ah no! into the fields of space,
Away shalt thou escape with
me;
And Providence will grant thee
grace
Of all the days that were to be.

'Let no one in thy dwelling cower,
In sombre vestments draped and
veiled;
But let them welcome thy last
hour,
As thy first moments once they
hailed.

'Without a cloud be there each
brow;
There let the grave no shadow
cast;

When one is pure as thou art
now,
The fairest day is still the last.'

And waving wide his wings of
white,
The angel, at these words, had
sped
Towards the eternal realms of
light!—
Poor mother! see, thy son is
dead!

ON THE TERRACE OF THE
AIGALADES

BY JOSEPH MÉRY

FROM this high portal, where up-
springs
The rose to touch our hands in
play,
We at a glance behold three
things,—
The Sea, the Town, and the High-
way.

And the Sea says: My shipwrecks
fear;
I drown my best friends in the
deep;
And those who braved my tem-
pests, here
Among my sea-weeds lie asleep!

The Town says: I am filled and
fraught
With tumult and with smoke and
care;
My days with toil are over-
wrought,
And in my nights I gasp for air.

The Highway says: My wheel-
tracks guide
To the pale climates of the North;
Where my last milestone stands
abide
The people to their death gone
forth.

Here in the shade this life of ours,
Full of delicious air, glides by
Amid a multitude of flowers
As countless as the stars on high ;

These red-tiled roofs, this fruitful
soil,
Bathed with an azure all divine,
Where springs the tree that gives
us oil,
The grape that giveth us the wine ;

Beneath these mountains stripped
of trees,
Whose tops with flowers are covered
o'er,
Where springtime of the Hesperides
Begins, but endeth nevermore ;

Under these leafy vaults and
walls,
That unto gentle sleep persuade ;
This rainbow of the waterfalls,
Of mingled mist and sunshine
made ;

Upon these shores, where all invites,
We live our languid life apart ;
This air is that of life's delights,
The festival of sense and heart ;

This limpid space of time prolong,
Forget to-morrow in to-day,
And leave unto the passing throng
The Sea, the Town, and the Highway.

TO MY BROOKLET

(À MON RUISSEAU)

BY JEAN FRANÇOIS DUCIS

THOU brooklet, all unknown to
song,
Hid in the covert of the wood !
Ah, yes, like thee I fear the throng,
Like thee I love the solitude.

O brooklet, let my sorrows past
Lie all forgotten in their graves,
Till in my thoughts remain at last
Only thy peace, thy flowers, thy
waves.

The lily by thy margin waits ;—
The nightingale, the marguerite ;
In shadow here he meditates
His nest, his love, his music
sweet.

Near thee the self-collected soul
Knows naught of error or of
crime ;
Thy waters, murmuring as they
roll,
Transform his musings into
rhyme.

Ah, when, on bright autumnal
eves,
Pursuing still thy course, shall I
List the soft shudder of the leaves,
And hear the lapwing's plaintive
cry ?

BARRÉGES

BY LEFRANC DE POMPIGNAN

I LEAVE you, ye cold mountain
chains,
Dwelling of warriors stark and
froe !
You, may these eyes behold no
more,
Save on the horizon of our plains.

Vanish, ye frightful, gloomy views !
Ye rocks that mount up to the
clouds !
Of skies, enwrapped in misty
shrouds,
Impracticable avenues !

Ye torrents, that with might and
main
Break pathways through the
rocky walls,

With your terrific waterfalls
Fatigue no more my weary brain!

Arise, ye landscapes full of charms,
Arise, ye pictures of delight!
Ye brooks, that water in your
flight
The flowers and harvests of our
farms!

You I perceive, ye meadows green,
Where the Garonne the lowland
fills,
Not far from that long chain of
hills,
With intermingled vales between.

You wreath of smoke, that mounts
so high,
Methinks from my own hearth
must come;
With speed, to that beloved
home,
Fly, ye too lazy coursers, fly!

And bear me thither, where the
soul
In quiet may itself possess,
Where all things soothe the
mind's distress,
Where all things teach me and
console.

WILL EVER THE DEAR DAYS
COME BACK AGAIN?

WILL ever the dear days come
back again,
Those days of June, when lilacs
were in bloom,
And bluebirds sang their sonnets
in the gloom
Of leaves that roofed them in
from sun or rain?
I know not; but a presence will
remain
Forever and forever in this room,
Formless, diffused in air; like a
perfume,—
A phantom of the heart, and not
the brain.

Delicious days! when every spoken
word

Was like a footfall nearer and
more near,
And a mysterious knocking at
the gate
Of the heart's secret places, and we
heard
In the sweet tumult of delight
and fear
A voice that whispered, 'Open, I
cannot wait!'

AT LA CHAUDEAU

BY XAVIER MARMIER

AT La Chaudeau,— 't is long since
then:

I was young,—my years twice
ten;
All things smiled on the happy
boy,
Dreams of love and songs of joy,
Azure of heaven and wave below,
At La Chaudeau.

To La Chaudeau I come back
old:
My head is gray, my blood is cold;
Seeking along the meadow ooze,
Seeking beside the river Seymouse,
The days of my spring-time of long
ago
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau nor heart nor
brain
Ever grows old with grief and
pain;
A sweet remembrance keeps off
age;
A tender friendship doth still as-
suage
The burden of sorrow that one
may know
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, had fate decreed
To limit the wandering life I lead,

Peradventure I still, forsooth,
Should have preserved my fresh
green youth
Under the shadows the hill-tops
throw
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, live on, my
friends,
Happy to be where God intends;
And sometimes, by the evening
fire,
Think of him whose sole desire
Is again to sit in the old châ-
teau
At La Chaudeau.

A QUIET LIFE

LET him who will, by force or
fraud innate,
Of courtly grandeurs gain the
slippery height;
I, leaving not the home of my
delight,
Far from the world and noise
will meditate.
Then, without pomps or perils of
the great,
I shall behold the day succeed
the night;
Behold the alternate seasons
take their flight,
And in serene repose old age
await.
And so, whenever Death shall
come to close
The happy moments that my
days compose,
I, full of years, shall die, obscure,
alone!
How wretched is the man, with
honors crowned,
Who, having not the one thing
needful found,
Dies, known to all, but to him-
self unknown.

THE WINE OF JURANÇON

BY CHARLES CORAN

LITTLE sweet wine of Jurançon,
You are dear to my memory still!
With mine host and his merry
song,
Under the rose-tree I drank my
fill.

Twenty years after, passing that
way,
Under the trellis I found again
Mine host, still sitting there *au
frais*,
And singing still the same re-
frain.

The Jurançon, so fresh and bold,
Treats me as one it used to
know;
Souvenirs of the days of old
Already from the bottle flow.

With glass in hand our glances
met;
We pledge, we drink. How sour
it is!

Never Argenteuil piquette
Was to my palate sour as this!

And yet the vintage was good, in
sooth;
The self-same juice, the self-same
cask!

It was you, O gayety of my youth,
That failed in the autumnal
flask!

FRIAR LUBIN

(LE FRÈRE LUBIN)

BY CLEMENT MAROT

To gallop off to town post-haste,
So oft, the times I cannot tell;
To do vile deed, nor feel dis-
graced,—

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.

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 woo and win some 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
 through it,
 Friar Lubin cannot do it.

RONDEL

BY JEAN FROISSART

LOVE, love, what wilt thou with
 this heart of mine?

Naught 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?

Naught 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?

Naught see I permanent or sure
 in thee!

MY SECRET

BY FÉLIX ARVERS

MY soul its secret has, my life too
 has its mystery,

A love eternal in a moment's space
 conceived;

Hopeless the evil is, I have not
 told its history,

And she who was the cause nor
 knew it nor believed.

Alas! I shall have passed close by
 her unperceived,

Forever at her side, and yet for-
 ever lonely,

I shall unto the end have made
 life's journey, only

Daring to ask for naught, and hav-
 ing naught received.

For her, though God has made her
 gentle and endearing,

She will go on her way distraught
 and without hearing

These murmurings of love that
 round her steps ascend,

Piously faithful still unto her aus-
 tere duty,

Will say, when she shall read these
 lines full of her beauty,

'Who can this woman be?' and
 will not comprehend.

FROM THE ITALIAN

THE CELESTIAL PILOT

PURGATORIO II. 13-51.

AND now, behold! as at the ap-
 proach of morning,

Through the gross vapors, Mars
grows fiery red
Down in the west upon the ocean
floor,
Appeared to me,— may I again be-
hold it!
A light along the sea, so swiftly
coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is
equalled.
And when therefrom I had with-
drawn a little
Mine eyes, that I might question
my conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown
and larger.
Thereafter, on all sides of it, ap-
peared
I knew not what of white, and
underneath,
Little by little, there came forth
another.
My master yet had uttered not a
word,
While the first whiteness into
wings unfolded;
But, when he clearly recognized
the pilot,
He cried aloud: 'Quick, quick, and
bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold
up thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see
such officers!
See, how he scorns all human argu-
ments,
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 glori-
ous 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 de Ægypto!*'
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 PARA- DISE

PURGATORIO XXVIII.

1-33.

LONGING already to search in and
round
The heavenly forest, dense and
living-green,
Which tempered to the eyes 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,
 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 further course cut off a river,
 Which, tow'rd's 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

PURGATORIO XXX. 13-33, 85-99,
 XXXI. 13-21.

EVEN as the Blessed, at the final summons,
 Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave,
 Wearing again the garments of the flesh,
 So, upon that celestial chariot,
 A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,
 Ministers and messengers of life eternal.
 They all were saying, '*Benedictus qui venit,*'
 And scattering flowers above and round about,
 '*Manibus o date lilia plenis.*'
 Oft have I seen, at the approach of day,
 The orient sky all stained with roseate hues,
 And the other heaven with light serene adorned,
 And the sun's face uprising, overshadowed,
 So that, by temperate influence of vapors,
 The eye sustained his aspect for long while;
 Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,
 Which from those hands angelic were thrown up,
 And 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 Sclavonian winds,

And then, dissolving, filters
 through itself,
 Whene'er the land, that loses
 shadow, breathes,
 Like as a taper melts before a
 fire,
 Even such I was, without a sigh or
 tear,
 Before the song of those who
 chime forever
 After the chiming of the eternal
 spheres ;
 But, when I heard in those sweet
 melodies
 Compassion for me, more than
 had they said,
 'Oh 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.

TO ITALY

BY VINCENZO DA FILICAJA

ITALY! Italy! thou who 'rt
 doomed to wear

The fatal gift of beauty, and
 possess
 The dower funest of infinite
 wretchedness
 Written upon thy forehead by
 despair ;
 Ah! would that thou wert stronger,
 or less fair,
 That they might fear thee more,
 or love thee less,
 Who in the splendor of thy love-
 liness
 Seem wasting, yet to mortal com-
 bat dare!
 Then from the Alps I should not
 see descending
 Such torrents of armed men, nor
 Gallic horde
 Drinking the wave of Po, dis-
 tained with gore,
 Nor should I see thee girded with
 a sword
 Not thine, and with the stran-
 ger's arm contending,
 Victor or vanquished, slave for-
 evermore.

SEVEN SONNETS AND A
CANZONE

The following translations are from
 the poems of Michael Angelo as revised
 by his nephew, Michael Angelo the
 Younger, and were made before the
 publication of the original text by
 Guasti.

I

THE ARTIST

NOTHING the greatest artist can
 conceive
 That every marble block doth
 not confine
 Within itself; and only its de-
 sign
 The hand that follows intellect
 can achieve.
 The ill I flee, the good that I be-
 lieve,
 In thee, fair lady, lofty and di-
 vine,

Thus hidden lie; and so that
 death be mine,
 Art, of desired success, doth me
 bereave.
 Love is not guilty, then, nor thy
 fair face,
 Nor fortune, cruelty, nor great
 disdain,
 Of my disgrace, nor chance nor
 destiny,
 If in thy heart both death and
 love find place
 At the same time, and if my
 humble brain,
 Burning, can nothing draw but
 death from thee.

II

FIRE

NOT without fire can any work-
 man mould
 The iron to his preconceived de-
 sign,
 Nor can the artist without fire
 refine
 And purify from all its dross the
 gold;
 Nor can revive the phoenix, we are
 told,
 Except by fire. Hence, if such
 death be mine,
 I hope to rise again with the
 divine,
 Whom death augments, and time
 cannot make old.
 O sweet, sweet death! O fortu-
 nate fire that burns
 Within me still to renovate my
 days,
 Though I am almost numbered
 with the dead!
 If by its nature unto heaven re-
 turns
 This element, me, kindled in its
 blaze,
 Will it bear upward when my
 life is fled.

III

YOUTH AND AGE

OH give me back the days when
 loose and free
 To my blind passion were the
 curb and rein,
 Oh give me back the angelic
 face again,
 With which all virtue buried
 seems to be!
 Oh give my panting footsteps back
 to me,
 That are in age so slow and
 fraught with pain,
 And fire and moisture in the
 heart and brain,
 If thou wouldst have me burn
 and weep for thee!
 If it be true thou livest alone,
 Amor,
 On the sweet-bitter tears of hu-
 man hearts,
 In an old man thou canst not
 wake desire;
 Souls that have almost reached
 the other shore
 Of a diviner love should feel the
 darts,
 And be as tinder to a holier
 fire.

IV

OLD AGE

THE course of my long life hath
 reached at last,
 In fragile bark o'er a tempestu-
 ous sea,
 The common harbor, where
 must rendered be
 Account of all the actions of the
 past.
 The impassioned phantasy, that,
 vague and vast,
 Made art an idol and a king to
 me,

Was an illusion, and but vanity
 Were the desires that lured me
 and harassed.
 The dreams of love, that were so
 sweet of yore,
 What are they now, when two
 deaths may be mine, —
 One sure, and one forecasting its
 alarms?
 Painting and sculpture satisfy no
 more
 The soul now turning to the
 Love Divine,
 That oped, to embrace us, on
 the cross its arms.

V

TO VITTORIA COLONNA

LADY, how can it chance — yet
 this we see
 In long experience — that will
 longer last
 A living image carved from
 quarries vast
 Than its own maker, who dies
 presently?
 Cause yieldeth to effect if this so
 be,
 And even Nature is by Art sur-
 passed;
 This know I, who to Art have
 given the past,
 But see that Time is breaking
 faith with me.
 Perhaps on both of us long life
 can I
 Either in color or in stone be-
 stow,
 By now portraying each in look
 and mien;
 So that a thousand years after we
 die,
 How fair thou wast, and I how
 full of woe,
 And wherefore I so loved thee,
 may be seen.

VI

TO VITTORIA COLONNA

WHEN the prime mover of my
 many sighs
 Heaven took through death from
 out her earthly place,
 Nature, that never made so fair
 a face,
 Remained ashamed, and tears
 were in all eyes.
 O fate, unheeding my impassioned
 cries!
 O hopes fallacious! O thou spirit
 of grace,
 Where art thou now? Earth
 holds in its embrace
 Thy lovely limbs, thy holy
 thoughts the skies.
 Vainly did cruel death attempt to
 stay
 The rumor of thy virtuous re-
 nown,
 That Lethe's waters could not
 wash away!
 A thousand leaves, since he hath
 stricken thee down,
 Speak of thee, nor to thee could
 Heaven convey,
 Except through death, a refuge
 and a crown.

VII

DANTE

WHAT should be said of him can-
 not be said;
 By too great splendor i
 name attended;
 To blame is easier those
 him offended,
 Than reach the faintest g.
 round him shed.
 This man descended to the doomed
 and dead
 For our instruction; then to God
 ascended;
 Heaven opened wide to him its
 portals splendid,

Who from his country's, closed
against him, fled.

Ungrateful land! To its own preju-
dice

Nurse of his fortunes; and this
showeth well

That the most perfect most of
grief shall see.

Among a thousand proofs let one
suffice,

That as his exile hath no paral-
lel,

Ne'er walked the earth a greater
man than he.

VIII

CANZONE

AH me! ah me! when thinking of
the years,

The vanished years, alas, I do
not find

Among them all one day that
was my own!

Fallacious hopes, desires of the
unknown,

Lamenting, loving, burning, and
in tears,

(For human passions all have
stirred my mind,)

Have held me, now I feel and
know, confined

Both from the true and good still
far away.

I perish day by day;

The sunshine fails, the shadows
grow more dreary,

And I am near to fall, infirm and
weary.

THE NATURE OF LOVE

BY GUIDO GUINIZELLI

To noble heart Love doth for shel-
ter 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 flames 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.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE

SONG

BY GIL VICENTE

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.

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.

FROM EASTERN SOURCES

THE FUGITIVE

A TARTAR SONG

I

'HE is gone to the desert land!
I can see the shining mane
Of his horse on the distant plain,
As he rides with his Kossak band!

'Come back, rebellious one!
Let thy proud heart relent;
Come back to my tall, white tent,
Come back, my only son!

'Thy hand in freedom shall
Cast thy hawks, when morning
breaks,

On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
On the lakes of Karajal.

'I will give thee leave to stray
And pasture thy hunting steeds
In the long grass and the reeds
Of the meadows of Karaday.

'I will give thee my coat of mail,
Of softest leather made,
With choicest steel inlaid;
Will not all this prevail?'

II

'This hand no longer shall
Cast my hawks, when morning
breaks,

On the swans of the Seven Lakes,
On the lakes of Karajal.

'I will no longer stray
And pasture my hunting steeds
In the long grass and the reeds
Of the meadows of Karaday.

'Though thou give me thy coat of
mail,

Of softest leather made,
With choicest steel inlaid,
All this cannot prevail.

'What right hast thou, O Khan,
To me, who am mine own,
Who am slave to God alone,
And not to any man?

'God will appoint the day
When I again shall be
By the blue, shallow sea,
Where the steel-bright sturgeons
play.

'God, who doth care for me,
In the barren wilderness,
On unknown hills, no less
Will my companion be.

'When I wander lonely and lost
In the wind; when I watch at
night
Like a hungry wolf, and am white
And covered with hoar-frost;

'Yea, wheresoever I be,
In the yellow desert sands,
In mountains or unknown lands,
Allah will care for me!'

III

Then Sobra, the old, old man,—
Three hundred and sixty years
Had he lived in this land of tears,
Bowed down and said, 'O Khan!

'If you bid me, I will speak.
There 's no sap in dry grass,
No marrow in dry bones! Alas,
The mind of old men is weak!

'I am old, I am very old:
I have seen the primeval man,
I have seen the great Genghis
Khan,
Arrayed in his robes of gold.

'What I say to you is the truth;
And I say to you, O Khan,
Pursue not the star-white man,
Pursue not the beautiful youth.

'Him the Almighty made,
And brought him forth of the
light

At the verge and end of the night,
When men on the mountain
prayed.

'He was born at the break of day,
When abroad the angels walk;
He hath listened to their talk,
And he knoweth what they say.

'Gifted with Allah's grace,
Like the moon of Ramazan
When it shines in the skies, O
Khan,
Is the light of his beautiful face.

'When first on earth he trod,
The first words that he said
Were these, as he stood and
prayed,
"There is no God but God!"

'And he shall be king of men,
For Allah hath heard his prayer,
And the Archangel in the air,
Gabriel, hath said, Amen!'

THE SIEGE OF KAZAN

BLACK are the moors before Ka-
zan,
And their stagnant waters smell
of blood:
I said in my heart, with horse and
man,
I will swim across this shallow
flood.

Under the feet of Argamack,
Like new moons were the shoes
he bare,
Silken trappings hung on his back,
In a talisman on his neck, a
prayer.

My warriors, thought I, are follow-
ing me;
But when I looked behind, alas!
Not one of all the band could I see,
All had sunk in the black mo-
rass!

Where are our shallow fords? and
where

The power of Kazan with its
fourfold gates?
From the prison windows our
maidens fair
Talk of us still through the iron
grates.

We cannot hear them; for horse
and man

Lie buried deep in the dark
abyss!

Ah! the black day hath come down
on Kazan!

Ah! was ever a grief like this?

THE BOY AND THE BROOK

DOWN from yon distant mountain
height

The brooklet flows through the
village street;

A boy comes forth to wash his
hands,

Washing, yes, washing, there he
stands,

In the water cool and sweet.

Brook, from what mountain dost
thou come?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I come from yon mountain high
and cold

Where lieth the new snow on the
old,

And melts in the summer heat.

Brook, to what river dost thou
go?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the river there below
Where in bunches the violets
grow,

And sun and shadow meet.

Brook, to what garden dost thou
go?

O my brooklet cool and sweet!

I go to the garden in the vale
Where all night long the nightin-
gale
Her love-song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou
go?
O my brooklet cool and sweet!
I go to the fountain at whose
brink
The maid that loves thee comes to
drink,
And whenever she looks therein,
I rise to meet her, and kiss her
chin,
And my joy is then complete.

TO THE STORK

WELCOME, O Stork! that dost
wing
Thy flight from the far-away!
Thou hast brought us the signs of
Spring,
Thou hast made our sad hearts
gay.

Descend, O Stork! descend
Upon our roof to rest;

In our ash-tree, O my friend,
My darling, make thy nest.

To thee, O Stork, I complain,
O Stork, to thee I impart
The thousand sorrows, the pain
And aching of my heart.

When thou away didst go,
Away from this tree of ours,
The withering winds did blow,
And dried up all the flowers.

Dark grew the brilliant sky,
Cloudy and dark and drear;
They were breaking the snow on
high,
And winter was drawing near.

From Varaca's rocky wall,
From the rock of Varaca un-
rolled,
The snow came and covered all,
And the green meadow was cold.

O Stork, our garden with snow
Was hidden away and lost,
And the rose-trees that in it grow
Were withered by snow and
frost.

FROM THE LATIN

VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE

MELIBŒUS.

TITYRUS, thou in the shade of a spreading beech tree reclining
Meditatest, with slender pipe, the Muse of the woodlands.
We our country's bounds and pleasant pastures relinquish,
We our country fly; thou, Tityrus, stretched in the shadow,
Teachest the woods to resound with the name of the fair Amaryllis.

TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, a god for us this leisure created,
For he will be unto me a god forever; his altar
Oftentimes shall imbue a tender lamb from our sheepfolds.
He, my heifers to wander at large, and myself, as thou seest,
On my rustic reed to play what I will, hath permitted.

MELIBŒUS.

Truly I envy not, I marvel rather ; on all sides
 In all the fields is such trouble. Behold, my goats I am driving,
 Heartsick, further away ; this one scarce, Tityrus, lead I ;
 For having here yeaned twins just now among the dense hazels,
 Hope of the flock, ah me ! on the naked flint she hath left them.
 Often this evil to me, if my mind had not been insensate,
 Oak trees stricken by heaven predicted, as now I remember ;
 Often the sinister crow from the hollow ilex predicted.
 Nevertheless, who this god may be, O Tityrus, tell me.

TITYRUS.

O Melibœus, the city that they call Rome, I imagined, 20
 Foolish I ! to be like this of ours, where often we shepherds
 Wonted are to drive down of our ewes the delicate offspring.
 Thus whelps like unto dogs had I known, and kids to their mothers,
 Thus to compare great things with small had I been accustomed.
 But this among other cities its head as far hath exalted
 As the cypresses do among the lissome viburnums.

MELIBŒUS.

And what so great occasion of seeing Rome hath possessed thee ?

TITYRUS.

Liberty, which, though late, looked upon me in my inertness,
 After the time when my beard fell whiter from me in shaving,
 Yet she looked upon me, and came to me after a long while, 30
 Since Amaryllis possesses and Galatea hath left me.
 For I will even confess that while Galatea possessed me
 Neither care of my flock nor hope of liberty was there.
 Though from my wattled folds there went forth many a victim,
 And the unctuous cheese was pressed for the city ungrateful,
 Never did my right hand return home heavy with money.

MELIBŒUS.

I have wondered why sad thou invokedst the gods, Amaryllis,
 And for whom thou didst suffer the apples to hang on the branches !
 Tityrus hence was absent ! Thee, Tityrus, even the pine trees,
 Thee the very fountains, the very cospes were calling. 40

TITYRUS.

What could I do ? No power had I to escape from my bondage,
 Nor had I power elsewhere to recognize gods so propitious.
 Here I beheld that youth, to whom each year, Melibœus,
 During twice six days ascends the smoke of our altars.
 Here first gave he response to me soliciting favor :
 ' Feed as before your heifers, ye boys, and yoke up your bullocks.'

MELIBŒUS.

Fortunate old man ! So then thy fields will be left thee,
 And large enough for thee, though naked stone and the marish

All thy pasture-lands with the dreggy rush may encompass.
 No unaccustomed food thy gravid ewes shall endanger, 50
 Nor of the neighboring flock the dire contagion infect them.
 Fortunate old man! Here among familiar rivers,
 And these sacred founts, shalt thou take the shadowy coolness.
 On this side, a hedge along the neighboring cross-road,
 Where Hyblæan bees ever feed on the flower of the willow,
 Often with gentle susurrus to fall asleep shall persuade thee.
 Yonder, beneath the high rock, the pruner shall sing to the breezes,
 Nor meanwhile shall thy heart's delight, the hoarse wood-pigeons,
 Nor the turtle-dove cease to mourn from aerial elm trees.

TITYRUS.

Therefore the agile stags shall sooner feed in the ether, 60
 And the billows leave the fishes bare on the sea-shore,
 Sooner, the border-lands of both overpassed, shall the exiled
 Parthian drink of the Soane, or the German drink of the Tigris,
 Than the face of him shall glide away from my bosom!

MELIBŒUS.

But we hence shall go, a part to the thirsty Africs,
 Part to Scythia come, and the rapid Cretan Oaxes,
 And to the Britons from all the universe utterly Sundered.
 Ah, shall I ever, a long time hence, the bounds of my country
 And the roof of my lowly cottage covered with greensward 69
 Seeing, with wonder behold, — my kingdoms, a handful of wheat-ears!
 Shall an impious soldier possess these lands newly cultured,
 And these fields of corn a barbarian? Lo, whither discord
 Us wretched people hath brought! for whom our fields we have planted!
 Graft, Melibœus, thy pear trees now, put in order thy vineyards.
 Go, my goats, go hence, my flocks so happy aforetime.
 Never again henceforth outstretched in my verdurous cavern
 Shall I behold you afar from the bushy precipice hanging.
 Songs no more shall I sing: not with me, ye goats, as your shepherd,
 Shall ye browse on the bitter willow or blooming laburnum.

TITYRUS.

Nevertheless, this night together with me canst thou rest thee 80
 Here on the verdant leaves; for us there are mellowing apples,
 Chestnuts soft to the touch, and clouted cream in abundance;
 And the high roofs now of the villages smoke in the distance,
 And from the lofty mountains are falling larger the shadows.

OVID IN EXILE

AT TOMIS, IN BESSARABIA, NEAR THE MOUTHS OF THE DANUBE

TRISTIA, BOOK III., ELEGY X.

SHOULD any one there in Rome remember Ovid the exile,
 And, without me, my name still in the city survive;

Tell him that under stars which never set in the ocean
I am existing still, here in a barbarous land.

Fierce Sarmatians encompass me round, and the Bessi and Getæ;
Names how unworthy to be sung by a genius like mine!

Yet when the air is warm, intervening Ister defends us:
He, as he flows, repels inroads of war with his waves.

But when the dismal winter reveals its hideous aspect,
When all the earth becomes white with a marble-like frost; 10

And when Boreas is loosed, and the snow hurled under Arcturus,
Then these nations, in sooth, shudder and shiver with cold.

Deep lies the snow, and neither the sun nor the rain can dissolve it;
Boreas hardens it still, makes it forever remain.

Hence, ere the first has melted away, another succeeds it.
And two years it is wont, in many places, to lie.

And so great is the power of the Northwind awakened, it levels
Lofty towers with the ground, roofs uplifted bears off.

Wrapped in skins, and with trousers sewed, they contend with the
weather,
And their faces alone of the whole body are seen. 20

Often their tresses, when shaken, with pendent icicles tinkle,
And their whitened beards shine with the gathering frost.

Wines consolidate stand, preserving the form of the vessels;
No more draughts of wine, — pieces presented they drink.

Why should I tell you how all the rivers are frozen and solid,
And from out of the lake frangible water is dug?

Ister, — no narrower stream than the river that bears the papyrus, —
Which through its many mouths mingles its waves with the deep;

Ister, with hardening winds, congeals its cerulean waters,
Under a roof of ice winding its way to the sea. 30

There where ships have sailed, men go on foot; and the billows,
Solid made by the frost, hoof-beats of horses indent.

Over unwonted bridges, with water gliding beneath them,
The Sarmatian steers drag their barbarian carts.

Scarcely shall I be believed; yet when naught is gained by a falsehood,
Absolute credence then should to a witness be given.

I have beheld the vast Black Sea of ice all compacted,
And a slippery crust pressing its motionless tides.

'T is not enough to have seen, I have trodden this indurate ocean;
Dry shod passed my foot over its uppermost wave. 40

If thou hadst had of old such a sea as this is, Leander!
Then thy death had not been charged as a crime to the Strait.

Nor can the curvèd dolphins uplift themselves from the water;
All their struggles to rise merciless winter prevents;

And though Boreas sound with roar of wings in commotion,
In the blockaded gulf never a wave will there be;

And the ships will stand hemmed in by the frost, as in marble,
Nor will the oar have power through the stiff waters to cleave.

Fast-bound in the ice have I seen the fishes adhering,
Yet notwithstanding this some of them still were alive. 50

Hence, if the savage strength of omnipotent Boreas freezes
Whether the salt-sea wave, whether the reflux stream, —

Straightway, — the Ister made level by arid blasts of the North-wind, —
Comes the barbaric foe borne on his swift-footed steed;

Foe, that powerful made by his steed and his far-flying arrows,
All the neighboring land void of inhabitants makes.

Some take flight, and none being left to defend their possessions,
Unprotected, their goods pillage and plunder become;

Cattle and creaking carts, the little wealth of the country,
And what riches beside indigent peasants possess. 60

Some as captives are driven along, their hands bound behind them,
Looking backward in vain toward their Lares and lands.

Others, transfixed with barbèd arrows, in agony perish.
For the swift arrow-heads all have in poison been dipped.

What they cannot carry or lead away they demolish,
And the hostile flames burn up the innocent cots.

Even when there is peace, the fear of war is impending;
None, with the ploughshare pressed, furrows the soil any more.

Either this region sees, or fears a foe that it sees not,
And the sluggish land slumbers in utter neglect. 70

No sweet grape lies hidden here in the shade of its vine-leaves,
No fermenting must fills and o'erflows the deep vats.

Apples the region denies; nor would Acontius have found here
Aught upon which to write words for his mistress to read.

Naked and barren plains without leaves or trees we behold here,—
Places, alas! unto which no happy man would repair.

Since then this mighty orb lies open so wide upon all sides,
Has this region been found only my prison to be?

TRISTIA, BOOK III., ELEGY XII.

Now the zephyrs diminish the cold, and the year being ended,
Winter Mæotian seems longer than ever before; 8c

And the Ram that bore unsafely the burden of Helle,
Now makes the hours of the day equal with those of the night.

Now the boys and the laughing girls the violet gather,
Which the fields bring forth, nobody sowing the seed.

Now the meadows are blooming with flowers of various colors,
And with untaught throats carol the garrulous birds.

Now the swallow, to shun the crime of her merciless mother,
Under the rafters builds cradles and dear little homes;

And the blade that lay hid, covered up in the furrows of Ceres,
Now from the tepid ground raises its delicate head. 90

Where there is ever a vine, the bud shoots forth from the tendrils,
But from the Getic shore distant afar is the vine!

Where there is ever a tree, on the tree the branches are swelling,
But from the Getic land distant afar is the tree!

Now it is holiday there in Rome, and to games in due order
Give place the windy wars of the vociferous bar.

Now they are riding the horses; with light arms now they are playing,
Now with the ball, and now round rolls the swift-flying hoop:

Now, when the young athlete with flowing oil is anointed,
He in the Virgin's Fount bathes, overwearied, his limbs. 100

Thrives the stage; and applause, with voices at variance, thunders,
And the Theatres three for the three Forums resound.

Four times happy is he, and times without number is happy,
Who the city of Rome, uninterdicted, enjoys.

But all I see is the snow in the vernal sunshine dissolving,
And the waters no more delved from the indurate lake.

Nor is the sea now frozen, nor as before o'er the Ister
Comes the Sarmatian boor driving his stridulous cart.

Hitherward, nevertheless, some keels already are steering,
And on this Pontic shore alien vessels will be.

110

Eagerly shall I run to the sailor, and, having saluted,
Who he may be, I shall ask; wherefore and whence he hath come.

Strange indeed will it be, if he come not from regions adjacent,
And incautious unless ploughing the neighboring sea.

Rarely a mariner over the deep from Italy passes,
Rarely he comes to these shores, wholly of harbors devoid.

Whether he knoweth Greek, or whether in Latin he speaketh,
Surely on this account he the more welcome will be.

Also perchance from the mouth of the Strait and the waters Propon-
tic,
Unto the steady South-wind, some one is spreading his sails.

120

Whosoever he is, the news he can faithfully tell me,
Which may become a part and an approach to the truth.

He, I pray, may be able to tell me the triumphs of Cæsar,
Which he has heard of, and vows paid to the Latian Jove;

And that thy sorrowful head, Germania, thou, the rebellious,
Under the feet, at last, of the Great Captain hast laid.

Whoso shall tell me these things, that not to have seen will afflict me,
Forthwith unto my house welcomed as guest shall he be.

Woe is me! Is the house of Ovid in Scythian lands now?
And doth punishment now give me its place for a home?

130

Grant, ye gods, that Cæsar make this not my house and my homestead,
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