

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(From the PUBLISHER'S NOTE: "The present Household Edition of Mr. Longfellow's Poetical Writings . . . contains all his original verse that he wished to preserve, and all his translations except the Divina Commedia. The poems are printed as nearly as possible in chronological order . . . Boston, Autumn, 1902." Houghton Mifflin Company.)

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VOICES OF THE NIGHT

<Greek poem here—Euripides.>

PRELUDE.

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

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

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

A slumberous sound, a sound that brings The feelings of a
dream, As of innumerable wings, As, when a bell no longer
swings, Faint the hollow murmur rings O'er meadow, lake, and
stream.

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

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

And, loving still these quaint old themes, Even in the city's throng I
feel the freshness of the streams, That, crossed by shades and

sunny gleams, Water the green land of dreams, The holy land of song.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

heavens below.

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

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

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

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

[Greek quotation]

I heard the trailing garments of the Night Sweep through her
marble halls! I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light From the
celestial walls!

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

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

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

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

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

fair, The best-beloved Night!

A PSALM OF LIFE. WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

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

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

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to
act, that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting, And our hearts, though stout and
brave, Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to
the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of Life, Be not
like dumb, driven cattle! Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant! Let the dead Past bury its
dead! Act,—act in the living Present! Heart within, and God
o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives
sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands
of time;—

Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A
forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still
achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

the first watch of the night To the red planet Mars.

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

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

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

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

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

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

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

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

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

And with them the Being Beauteous, Who unto my youth was
given, More than all things else to love me, And is now a saint in
heaven.

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

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

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

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

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

dreaming, Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

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

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

Not alone in meadows and green alleys, On the mountain-top, and
by the brink Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys, Where the
slaves of nature stoop to drink;

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

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

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

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

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

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

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

White as a sea-fog, landward bound, The spectral camp was

seen, And, with a sorrowful, deep sound, The river flowed
between.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And when the solemn and deep churchbell 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 friars, Tell their beads in drops of
rain, And patter their doleful prayers; But their prayers are all in
vain, All in vain!

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

Then comes the summer-like day, Bids the old man rejoice! His
joy! his last! O, the 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 forest Sweep the red leaves
away! Would, the sins that thou abhorrest, O Soul! could thus
decay, And be swept away! For there shall come a mightier
blast, There shall be a darker day;

And the stars, from heaven down-cast Like red leaves be swept
away! Kyrie, eleyson! Christe, eleyson!

EARLIER POEMS

AN APRIL DAY

When the warm sun, that brings Seed-time and harvest, has
returned 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 trembling shadows
throw, And the fair trees look over, side by side, And see
themselves below.

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

AUTUMN

With what a glory comes and goes the year! The buds of spring,

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

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

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

WOODS IN WINTER.

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

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

Where, twisted round the barren oak, The summer vine in beauty

clung, And summer winds the stillness broke, The crystal icicle is hung.

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

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

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

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

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS

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

I heard the distant waters dash, I saw the current whirl and
flash, And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach, The woods were
bending with a silent reach. Then o'er the vale, with gentle
swell, The music of the village bell Came sweetly to the echo-giving
hills; And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills, Was ringing
to the merry shout, That faint and far the glen sent out, Where,
answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke, Through thick-leaved
branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset With sorrows, that thou wouldst
forget, If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep Thy heart from

fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills! No
tears Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY

There is a quiet spirit in these woods, That dwells where'er the
gentle south-wind blows; Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the
glade, The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air, The leaves
above their sunny palms outspread. With what a tender and
impassioned voice It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought, When
the fast ushering star of morning comes O'er-riding the gray hills
with golden scarf; Or when the cowed and dusky-sandaled Eve, In
mourning weeds, from out the western gate, Departs with silent
pace! That spirit moves In the green valley, where the silver
brook, From its full laver, pours the white cascade; And, babbling
low amid the tangled woods, Slips down through moss-grown stones
with endless laughter. And frequent, on the everlasting hills, Its feet
go forth, when it doth wrap itself In all the dark embroidery of the
storm, And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid The silent
majesty of these deep woods, Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts
from earth, As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air Their tops
the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards Have ever loved the calm
and quiet shades. For them there was an eloquent voice in all The
sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun, The flowers, the leaves, the
river on its way, Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle
winds, The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun Aslant the
wooded slope, at evening, goes, Groves, through whose broken roof
the sky looks in, Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale, The
distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees, In many a lazy syllable,
repeating Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill The world; and, in these
wayward days of youth, My busy fancy oft embodies it, As a bright
image of the light and beauty That dwell in nature; of the heavenly
forms We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues That stain the
wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds When the sun sets. Within her
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, front the morning's dewy flowers, it
comes Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy To have it round us,
and her silver voice Is the rich music of a summer bird, Heard in the
still night, with its passionate cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK

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

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

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

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

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

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

Stripped of his proud and martial dress, 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 deaths frost, Like
fiery tongues at Pentecost!

Glimmer, as funeral lamps, Amid the chills and damps Of the vast
plain where Death encamps!

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

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

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

woe From the heart's chamber.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Bright in her father's hall Shields gleamed upon the wall, Loud sang the minstrels all, Chanting his glory; When of old Hildebrand I asked his daughter's hand, Mute did the minstrels stand To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed, Loud then the champion

laughed, And as the wind-gusts waft The sea-foam brightly, So
the loud laugh of scorn, Out of those lips unshorn, From the deep
drinking-horn Blew the foam lightly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"There lived we many years; Time dried the maiden's tears She
had forgot her fears, She was a mother. Death closed her mild
blue eyes, Under that tower she lies; Ne'er shall the sun arise On
such another!

"Still grew my bosom then. Still as a stagnant fen! Hateful to me
were men, The sunlight hateful! In the vast forest here, Clad in

my warlike gear, Fell I upon my spear, O, death was grateful!

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

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

drifting mast.

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

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

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

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

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

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

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

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

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

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing, Onward through life he
goes; Each morning sees some task begin, Each evening sees it

close Something attempted, something done, Has earned a
night's repose.

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

ENDYMION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY

No hay pajaros en los nidos de antano.

Spanish Proverb

The sun is bright,—the air is clear, The darting swallows soar and sing.
And from the stately elms I hear The bluebird prophesying Spring.

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

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

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

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme, Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime, For 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 mouldering wall, But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

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

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

GOD'S-ACRE.

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

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

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

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

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

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

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

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

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

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

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

Not for this alone I love thee, Nor because thy waves of blue From

celestial seas above thee Take their own celestial hue.

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

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

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

'T is for this, thou Silent River! That my spirit leans to thee; Thou
hast been a generous giver, Take this idle song from me.

BLIND BARTIMEUS

Blind Bartimeus at the gates Of Jericho in darkness waits; He hears
the crowd;—he hears a breath Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!" And
calls, in tones of agony, <Greek here>

The thronging multitudes increase; Blind Bartimeus, hold thy
peace! But still, above the noisy crowd, The beggar's cry is shrill
and loud; Until they say, "He calleth thee!" <Greek here>

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands The crowd, "What wilt thou at
my hands?" And he replies, "O give me light! Rabbi, restore the
blind man's sight. And Jesus answers, '<Greek here>' <Greek
here>!

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see, In darkness and in misery, Recall
those mighty Voices Three, <Greek here>! <Greek here>! <Greek
here>!

THE GOBLET OF LIFE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O suffering, sad humanity! O ye afflicted one; who lie Steeped to
the lips in misery, Longing, and yet afraid to die, Patient, though
sorely tried!

I pledge you in this cup of grief, Where floats the fennel's bitter

leaf! The Battle of our Life is brief The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief, Then sleep we side by side.

MAIDENHOOD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hearest thou voices on the shore, That our ears perceive no more, Deafened by the cataract's roar?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXCELSIOR

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

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

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

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

"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.

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

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING

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

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

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

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

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

THE SLAVE'S DREAM

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

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

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

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

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

At night he heard the lion roar, And the hyena scream, And the
river-horse, as he crushed the reeds Beside some hidden
stream; And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums, Through the
triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues, Shouted of liberty; And the
Blast of the Desert cried aloud, With a voice so wild and free, That
he started in his sleep and smiled At their tempestuous glee.

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

THE GOOD PART

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY

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

Her soul, like the transparent air That robes the hills
above, Though not of earth, encircles there All things with arms of

love.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP

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

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

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

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

All things above were bright and fair, All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there, And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of Liberty!

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

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE WITNESSES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE QUADROON GIRL

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And on her lips there played a smile As holy, meek, and faint, As

lights in some cathedral aisle The features of a saint.

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

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

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

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

THE WARNING

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

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

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

THE SPANISH STUDENT

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

VICTORIAN HYPOLITO Students of Alcala.

THE COUNT OF LARA DON CARLOS Gentlemen of Madrid.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO. A CARDINAL. BELTRAN CRUZADO Count of the Gypsies. BARTOLOME ROMAN A young Gypsy. THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA. PEDRO CRESPO Alcalde. PANCHO Alguacil. FRANCISCO Lara's Servant. CHISPA Victorian's Servant. BALTASAR Innkeeper. PRECIOSA A Gypsy Girl. ANGELICA A poor Girl. MARTINA The Padre Cura's Niece. DOLORES Preciosa's Maid. Gypsies, Musicians, etc.

ACT I.

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

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

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

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

Don C. What was the play?

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

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

Lara. And never better. Every footstep fell As lightly as a sunbeam

on the water. I think the girl extremely beautiful.

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

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

Don C. Why do you ask?

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

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

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

Don C. You forget She is a Gypsy girl.

Lara. And therefore won The easier.

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

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

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

Lara. Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

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

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

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

Lara. Yes; persuade me.

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

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

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

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

(Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.)

Well, Francisco, What speed with Preciosa?

Fran. None, my lord. She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you She is not to be purchased by your gold.

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

Fran. Yes, my lord; I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

Lara. What was he doing there?

Fran. I saw him buy A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

Lara. Was there another like it?

Fran. One so like it I could not choose between them.

Lara. It is well. To-morrow morning bring that ring to me. Do not forget. Now light me to my bed. [Exeunt.

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

Chispa. Abernuncio Satanas! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a 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 then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (To the musicians.) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the 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. Geronimo Gil, at your service.

Chispa. Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Geronimo, 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 Cordova? 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 Alcala. 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 attired And garmented in beauty as to-night! What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

Prec. Am I not always fair?

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

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

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

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

Vict. Thou comest between me and those books too often! I see thy face in everything I see! The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks, The canticles are changed to sarabands, And with the leaned 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 mayst dance before them! Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe The fire of youth into these gray old men! 'T will be thy proudest conquest!

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

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 Cordova, 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 acting here. I did not speak To any one that day. But from that day Bartolome grew hateful unto me.

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

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

Vict. That was the first sound in the song of love! Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound. Hands of invisible spirits touch the

strings Of that mysterious instrument, the soul, And play the prelude of our fate. We hear The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

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

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

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

Vict. Thou little 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! 'T is midnight and serene!

Vict. Hear'st thou that cry?

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

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

Prec. Pray, do not go!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(He descends by the balcony.)

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

Vict. (from the garden). Safe as my love for thee! But art thou safe? Others can climb a balcony by moonlight As well as I. Pray shut thy window close; I am jealous of the perfumed air of night That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

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

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

Prec. Make not thy voyage long.

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

Prec. Good night!

Watchman (at a distance). Ave Maria Purissima!

Scene IV. — An inn on the road to Alcala. BALTASAR asleep on a bench. Enter CHISPA.

Chispa. And here we are, halfway to Alcala, between cocks and midnight. Body o' me! what an inn this is! The lights out, and the landlord asleep. Hola! 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?

Chispo. 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 Vino Tinto of La Mancha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

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

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

Bal. Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa. And more noise than nuts.

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

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

Bal. Why does he go so often to Madrid?

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

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

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

Vict. (without). Chispa!

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

Vict. Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

Chispa. Ea! Senor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and

bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper tomorrow. [Exeunt.]

**SCENE V. — VICTORIAN'S chambers at Alcala.
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 from every sin.

(Enter VICTORIAN.)

Vict. Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

Hyp. What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

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

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

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

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

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

Hyp. Thou meanest Preciosa.

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

Hyp. I know it.

Vict. And I'm in love.

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

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

Hyp. Alas! alas! I see thou art in love. Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak. It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard His mass, his olla, and his Dona 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 Bartolome, If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy Who danced with her at Cordova.

Vict. They quarrelled, And so the matter ended.

Hyp. But in truth Thou wilt not marry her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hyp. And wouldst thou venture?

Vict. Ay, indeed I would!

Hyp. Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected How much lies

hidden in that one word, NOW?

Vict. Yes; all the awful mystery of Life! I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito, That could we, by some spell of magic, change The world and its inhabitants to stone, In the same attitudes they now are in, What fearful glances downward might we cast Into the hollow chasms of human life! What groups should we behold about the death-bed, Putting to shame the group of Niobe! What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells! What stony tears in those congealed eyes! What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks! What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows! What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling! What lovers with their marble lips together!

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

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

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

(Clock strikes three.)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time Knocks at the golden portals of the day! And so, once more, good night! We'll speak more largely Of Preciosa when we meet again. Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep, Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass, In all her loveliness. Good night! [Exit.

Vict. Good night! But not to bed; for I must read awhile.

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

Must read, or sit in revery and watch The changing color of the

waves that break Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind! Visions of Fame! that once did visit me, Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye? O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone, Juices of those immortal plants that bloom Upon Olympus, making us immortal? Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans, At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away, And make the mind prolific in its fancies! I have the wish, but want the will, to act! Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words Have come to light from the swift river of Time, Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed, Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore? From the barred visor of Antiquity Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth, As from a mirror! All the means of action— The shapeless masses, the materials— Lie everywhere about us. What we need Is the celestial fire to change the flint Into transparent crystal, bright and clear. That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits At evening in his smoky cot, and draws With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall. The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel, And begs a shelter from the inclement night. He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand, And, by the magic of his touch at once Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine, And, in the eyes of the astonished clown, It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed, Rude popular traditions and old tales Shine as immortal poems, at the touch Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering bard, Who had but a night's lodging for his pains. But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame, Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart Rises the bright ideal of these dreams, As from some woodland fount a spirit rises And sinks again into its silent deeps, Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe! 'T is this ideal that the soul of man, Like the enamored knight beside the fountain, Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream; Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters, Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore, But from its silent deeps no spirit rises! Yet I, born under a propitious star, Have found the bright ideal of my dreams. Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel, Here, as I sit at midnight and alone, Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel The pressure of her head! God's benison Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes, Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

(Gradually sinks asleep.)

ACT II.

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

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

Ang. The Count of Lara.

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

Ang. You know him, then!

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

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

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

Ang. Angelica.

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

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

Prec. Thank me by following it.

Ang. Indeed I will.

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

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

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

(Gives her a purse.)

Take this. Would it were more.

Ang. I thank you, lady.

Prec. No thanks. To-morrow come to me again. I dance to-night,—perhaps for the last time. But what I gain, I promise shall be yours, If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

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

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

Ang. Both Heaven and you.

Prec. Farewell. Remember that you come again tomorrow.

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 dancing dress, And my most precious jewels! Make me look Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

Cruz. Ave Maria!

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

Cruz. Thyself,—my child.

Prec. What is thy will with me?

Cruz. Gold! gold!

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

Cruz. The gold of the Busne,—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 Busne! 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 Cales!

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

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

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

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

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

SCENE II — A room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace. The

ARCHBISHOP and a CARDINAL seated.

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

Card. Know and approve.

Arch. And 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 interdict them.

(Enter a Servant)

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

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

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

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

Prec. (kneeling before the ARCHBISHOP). I have obeyed the order of your Grace. If I intrude upon your better hours, I proffer this excuse, and here beseech Your holy benediction.

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

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

Prec. Thus I am called.

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

Prec. Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Cales.

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

Card. Dost thou remember Thy earlier days?

Prec. Yes; by the Darro's side My childhood passed. I can remember still The river, and the mountains capped with snow The village, 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 CARDINAL look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)

SCENE III. — The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading

to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening, DON CARLOS and HYPOLITO meeting.

Don C. Hola! good evening, Don Hypolito.

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

Don. C. Command me always.

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

Don C. I do; But what of that?

Hyp. I am that wretched man.

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

Hyp. And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.

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 Madrilena; 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 Alcala?

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 cannot be hidden.

(Enter VICTORIAN in front.)

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

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. Hola! 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 mi!

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.

Vid. No, I am not jealous.

Hyp. Thou shouldst be.

Vict. Why?

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

Vict. Marry, is that all? Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos. Thou sayest I should be jealous?

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

Vict. Indeed! Then he will have his labor for his pains.

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

Vict. How's this, Don Carlos?

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

Vict. Death and damnation! I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth, And throw it to my dog! But no, no, no! This cannot be. You

jest, indeed you jest. Trifle with me no more. For otherwise We are no longer friends. And so, fare well! [Exit.]

Hyp. Now what a coil is here! The Avenging Child Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death, And the 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 Almagivas, 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 barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage Scattered them in their flight, do they take root, And grow in silence, and in silence perish. Who hears the falling of the forest leaf? Or who takes note of every flower that dies? Heigho! I wish Victorian would come. Dolores!

(Turns to lay down her boot and perceives the COUNT.)

Ha!

Lara. Senora, pardon me.

Prec. How's this? Dolores!

Lara. Pardon me—

Prec. Dolores!

Lara. Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting. If I have been too bold—

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

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

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

Lara. Be calm; I will not harm you.

Prec. Because you dare not.

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

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

Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to tell you What strange reports are current here in town. For my own self, I do not credit them; But there are many who, not knowing you, Will lend a readier ear.

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

Lara. Malicious tongues Are ever busy with your name.

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

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

Prec. How mean you?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(VICTORIAN enters behind.)

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

Lara. O sweet angel!

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

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

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

passion, your unchaste desires, And bids you look into your heart, and see How you do wrong that better nature in you, And grieve your soul with sin.

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

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

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

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

Lara. Are you the master here?

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

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

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

Lara. You cannot come too soon! [Exit.

Prec. Victorian! O, we have been betrayed!

Vict. Ha! ha! betrayed! 'T is I have been betrayed, not we!—not we!

Prec. Dost thou imagine—

Vict. I imagine nothing; I see how 't is thou whilest the time away When I am gone!

Prec. O speak not in that tone! It wounds me deeply.

Vict. 'T was not meant to flatter.

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

me!

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

Prec. I did not heed his words.

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

Prec. Hadst thou heard all—

Vict. I heard enough.

Prec. Be not so angry with me.

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

Prec. If thou wilt let me speak—

Vict. Nay, say no more. I know too much already. Thou art false! I do not like these Gypsy marriages! Where is the ring I gave thee?

Prec. In my casket.

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

Prec. I call the Heavens to witness—

Vict. Nay, nay, nay! Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips! They are forsworn!

Prec. Victorian! dear Victorian!

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

(He casts her from him and rushes out.)

Prec. And this from thee!

(Scene closes.)

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

Lara. There's nothing in this world so sweet as love, And next to love the sweetest thing is hate! I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged. A silly girl to play the prude with me! The fire that I have kindled—

(Enter FRANCISCO.)

Well, Francisco, What tidings from Don Juan?

Fran. Good, my lord; He will be present.

Lara. And the Duke of Lermos?

Fran. Was not at home.

Lara. How with the rest?

Fran. I've found The men you wanted. They will all be there, And at the given signal raise a whirlwind Of such discordant noises, that the dance Must cease for lack of music.

Lara. Bravely done. Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa, What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and sword. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. — A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.

Vict. O shame! O shame! Why do I walk abroad By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me, And voices, and familiar sights and sounds Cry, "Hide thyself!" O what a thin partition Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness! Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows, Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face Expresses some suspicion of my shame, And in derision

seems to smile at me!

Hyp. Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

Vict. And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong, We may be over-hasty in condemning! The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

Hyp. And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

Vid. 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 FRNANCISCO)

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 an 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? O, pluck out These awful
doubts, that goad me into madness! Let me know all! all! all!

Lara. You shall know all. Here is my page, who was the
messenger Between us. Question him. Was it not so, Francisco?

Fran. Ay, my lord.

Lara. If 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 BARTOLOME.

Cruz. And so, Bartolome, 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 Busne lover.

Cruz. That is nothing.

Bart. I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busne 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! O nevermore 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 BARTOLOME.**

Cruz. This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder, is her house. The window in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

Bart. Why not?

Cruz. Because she is not at home.

Bart. No matter; we can wait. But how is this? The gate is bolted. (Sound of guitars and voices in a neighboring street.) Hark! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade! Hark!

SONG.

Good night! Good night, beloved! I come to watch o'er thee! To be
near thee,—to be near thee, Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning, Thy lips are crimson
flowers! Good night! Good night beloved, While I count the weary
hours.

Cruz. They are not coming this way.

Bart. Wait, they begin again.

SONG (coming nearer).

Ah! thou moon that shinest Argent-clear above! All night long
enlighten My sweet lady-love! Moon that shinest, All night long
enlighten!

Bart. Woe be to him, if he comes this way!

Cruz. Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

SONG (dying away).

The nuns in the cloister Sang to each other; For so many

sisters Is there not one brother! Ay, for the partridge, mother! The cat has run away with the partridge! Puss! puss! puss!

Bart. Follow that! follow that! Come with me. Puss! puss!

(Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the COUNT OF LARA and gentlemen, with FRANCISCO.)

Lara. The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco, And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over. Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns. Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(Exeunt. Re-enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOME.)

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

(They climb the wall.)

SCENE XI. — PRECIOSA'S bedchamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an armchair, 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 castanets. Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps! They glare upon me like an evil eye. I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me! They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! save me!

(She wakes.)

How late is it, Dolores?

Dol. It is midnight.

Prec. We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

(She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.)

Voice. Muera!

Another Voice. O villains! villains!

Lara. So! have at you!

Voice. Take that!

Lara. O, I am wounded!

Dol. (shutting the window). Jesu Maria!

ACT III.

SCENE I. — A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.

SONG.

Ah, Love! Perjured, false, treacherous Love! Enemy Of all

that mankind may not rue! Most untrue To him who keeps most
faith with thee. Woe is me! The falcon has the eyes of the
dove. Ah, Love! Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle, Is ever weaving into
life's dull warp Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes
Arcadian; Hanging our gloomy prison-house about With tapestries,
that make its walls dilate In never-ending vistas of delight.

Hyp. Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures, Thou hast run
thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (continued).

Thy deceits Give us clearly to comprehend, Whither tend All
thy pleasures, all thy sweets! They are cheats, Thorns below
and flowers above. Ah, Love! Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

Hyp. It suits thy case.

Vict. Indeed, I think it does. What wise man wrote it?

Hyp. Lopez Maldonado.

Vict. In truth, a pretty song.

Hyp. With much truth in it. I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in
earnest Try to forget this lady of thy love.

Vict. I will forget her! All dear recollections Pressed in my heart, like
flowers within a book, Shall be torn out, and scattered to the
winds! I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter, When she shall learn
how heartless is the world, A voice within her will repeat my
name, And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!" O, would I
were a soldier, not a scholar, That the loud march, the deafening
beat of drums, The shattering blast of the brass-throated
trumpet, The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm, And a swift
death, might make me deaf forever To the upbraidings of this foolish
heart!

Hyp. Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more! To conquer love,
one need but will to conquer.

Vict. Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain I throw into Oblivion's sea the
sword That pierces me; for, like Excalibar, With gemmed and
flashing hilt, it will not sink. There rises from below a hand that grasp
it, And waves it in the air; and wailing voices Are heard along the
shore.

Hyp. And yet at last Down sank Excalibar to rise no more. This is
not well. In truth, it vexes me. Instead of whistling to the steeds of
Time, To make them jog on merrily with life's burden, Like a dead
weight thou hangest on the wheels. Thou art too young, too full of
lusty health To talk of dying.

Vict. Yet I fain would die! To go through life, unloving and
unloved; To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul We cannot still;
that longing, that wild impulse, And struggle after something we
have not And cannot have; the effort to be strong And, like the
Spartan boy, to smile, and smile, While secret wounds do bleed
beneath our cloaks All this the dead feel not,—the dead
alone! Would I were with them!

Hyp. We shall all be soon.

Vict. It cannot be too soon; for I am weary Of the bewildering
masquerade of Life, Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as
strangers; Where whispers overheard betray false hearts; And
through the mazes of the crowd we chase Some form of loveliness,
that smiles, and beckons, And cheats us with fair words, only to
leave us A mockery and a jest; maddened,—confused,— Not
knowing friend from foe.

Hyp. Why seek to know? Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy
youth! Take each fair mask for what it gives itself, Nor strive to look
beneath it.

Vict. I confess, That were the wiser part. But Hope no
longer Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man, Much like a poor
and shipwrecked mariner, Who, struggling to climb up into the
boat, Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off, And sinks

again into the weltering sea, Helpless and hopeless!

Hyp. Yet thou shalt not perish. The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation. Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

(Sound of a village belt in the distance.)

Vict. Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry! A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide Over the red roofs of the cottages, And bids the laboring hind a-field, the shepherd, Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer, And all the crowd in village streets, stand still, And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin!

Hyp. Amen! amen! Not half a league from hence The village lies.

Vict. This path will lead us to it, Over the wheat-fields, where the shadows sail Across the running sea, now green, now blue, And, like an idle mariner on the main, Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. — Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter PANCHO, followed by PEDRO CRESPO.

Pancho. Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy thieves! Make room for the Alcalde and for me!

Pedro C. Keep silence all! I have an edict here From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain, Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands, Which I shall publish in the market-place. Open your ears and listen!

(Enter the PADRE CURA at the door of his cottage.)

Padre Cura, Good day! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

Padre C. Good day, and God be with you! Pray, what is it?

Pedro C. An act of banishment against the Gypsies!

(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)

Pancho. Silence!

Padre C. (reads). "I hereby order and command, That the Egyptian an Chaldean strangers, Known by the name of Gypsies, shall henceforth Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds And beggars; and if, after seventy days, Any be found within our kingdom's bounds, They shall receive a hundred lashes each; The second time, shall have their ears cut off; The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them, Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King." Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized! You hear the law! Obey and disappear!

Pancho. And if in seventy days you are not gone, Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent. PANCHO follows.)

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

Pedro C. I thank you heartily.

(They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURAS door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows.)

A very righteous judgment, as you say. Now tell me, Padre Cura,— you know all things, How came these Gypsies into Spain?

Padre C. Why, look you; They came with Hercules from Palestine, And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde, As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus, And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says, There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor Is not a Christian, so 't is with the Gypsies. They never marry, never go to mass, Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent, Nor see the

inside of a church,—nor—nor—

Pedro C. Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all! No matter for the other ninety-five. They should be burnt, I see it plain enough, They should be bunt.

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.)

Padre C. And pray, whom have we here?

Pedro C. More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants!

Hyp. Good evening, gentlemen! Is this Guadarrama?

Padre C. Yes, Guadarrama, and good evening to you.

Hyp. We seek the Padre Cura of the village; And, judging from your dress and reverend mien, You must be he.

Padre C. I am. Pray, what's your pleasure?

Hyp. We are poor students, traveling in vacation. You know this mark?

(Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.

Padre C. (joyfully). Ay, know it, and have worn it.

Pedro C. (aside). Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of vagrants! And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant. [Exit.

Padre C. Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

Hyp. Padre Cura, Front the first moment I beheld your face, I said within myself, "This is the man!" There is a certain something in your looks, A certain scholar-like and studious something,— You understand,—which cannot be mistaken; Which marks you as a very learned man, In fine, as one of us.

Vict. (aside). What impudence!

Hyp. As we approached, I said to my companion, "That is the Padre Cura; mark my words!" Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I, "Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench, Must be the sacristan."

Padre C. Ah! said you so? Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!

Hyp. Indeed! you much astonish me! His air Was not so full of dignity and grace As an alcalde's should be.

Padre C. That is true. He's out of humor with some vagrant Gypsies, Who have their camp here in the neighborhood. There's nothing so undignified as anger.

Hyp. The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness, If, from his well-known hospitality, We crave a lodging for the night.

Padre C. I pray you! You do me honor! I am but too happy To have such guests beneath my humble roof. It is not often that I have occasion To speak with scholars; and *Emollit mores, Nec sinit esse feros*, Cicero says.

Hyp. 'T is Ovid, is it not?

Padre C. No, Cicero.

Hyp. Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar. Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid! But hang me if it is not! (Aside.)

Padre C. Pass this way. He was a very great man, was Cicero! Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. — A room in the PADRE CURA'S house. Enter the PADRE and HYPOLITO.

Padre C. So then, Senor, you come from Alcala. I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hyp. And left behind an honored name, no doubt. How may I call

your Grace?

Padre C. Geronimo De Santillana, at your Honor's service.

Hyp. Descended from the Marquis Santillana? From the distinguished poet?

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

Hyp. Why, they were the same. Let me embrace you! O some lucky star Has brought me hither! Yet once more!—once more! Your name is ever green in Alcala, And our professor, when we are unruly, Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas! It was not so in Santillana's time!"

Padre C. I did not think my name remembered there.

Hyp. More than remembered; it is idolized.

Padre C. Of what professor speak you?

Hyp. Timoneda.

Padre C. I don't remember any Timoneda.

Hyp. A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

Padre C. Indeed, I have. O, those were pleasant days, Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like! I had not buried then so many hopes! I had not buried then so many friends! I've turned my back on what was then before me; And the bright faces of my young companions Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more. Do you remember Cueva?

Hyp. Cueva? Cueva?

Padre C. Fool that I am! He was before your time. You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

Hyp. I should not like to try my strength with you.

Padre C. Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry. Martina! ho! Martina! 'T is my niece.

(Enter MARTINA.)

Hyp. You may be proud of such a niece as that. I wish I had a niece. Emollit 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-Penas Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself. Pray you. Senor, excuse me. [Exit.]

Hyp. Hist! Martina! One word with you. Bless me I 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. O, I know more than that, What a soft, little hand! And then they said, A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall And rich, should come one day to marry you, And you should be a lady. Was it not! He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.)

Vict. The muleteer has come.

Hyp. So soon?

Vict. I found him Sitting at supper by the tavern door, And, from a pitcher that he held aloft His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.

Hyp. What news from Court?

Vict. He brought this letter only.

(Reads.)

O cursed perfidy! Why did I let That lying tongue deceive me!
Preciosa, Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

Hyp. What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale, And thy hand tremble?

Vict. O, most infamous! The Count of Lara is a 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 succeeding, He swore to be revenged; and set on foot A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded. She has been hissed and hooted from the stage, Her reputation stained by slanderous lies Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar, She roams a wanderer over God's green earth Housing with Gypsies!

Hyp. To renew again The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana. Redit et Virgo!

Vict. Dear Hypolito, How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart! I will go seek for her; and with my tears Wash out the wrong I've done her!

Hyp. O beware! Act not that folly o'er again.

Vict. Ay, folly, Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt, I will confess my weakness,—I still love her! Still fondly love her!

(Enter the PADRE CURA.)

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 Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

(Enter DON CARLOS)

Don C. Are not the horses ready yet?

Chispa. I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses! (He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.)

Mosq. Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

Chispa. Health and pistareens! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's the news?

Mosq. You cannot have fresh horses; because there are none.

Chispa. Cachiporra! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

Mosq. No; she has a beard.

Chispa. Go to! go to!

Mosq. Are you from Madrid?

Chispa. Yes; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

Mosq. What's the news at Court?

Chispa. Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(Strikes him round the legs.)

Mosq. Oh! oh! You hurt me!

Don C. Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (Gives money to MOSQUITO.) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?

Mosq. Yes; and they are still in the neighborhood.

Don C. And where?

Mosq. Across the fields yonder, in the woods near 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 O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?
O how from their fury shall I flee?

First Gypsy (playing). Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier, And thus his ditty ran; God
send the Gypsy lassie here, And not the Gypsy man.

First Gypsy (playing). There you are in your morocco!

Second Gypsy. One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gypsy. Have at you, Chirelin.

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!

(BARTOLOME rushes in.)

Bart. Ho! Preciosa!

Prec. O Bartolome! Thou here?

Bart. Lo! I am here.

Prec. Whence comest thou?

Bart. From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra, From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst, And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold. Come I for thee, my lamb.

Prec. O touch me not! The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands! The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul! Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here Thou art in danger! They have set a price Upon thy head!

Bart. Ay, and I've wandered long Among the mountains; and for many days Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd's. The wind and rain have been my sole companions. I shouted to them from the rocks thy name, And the loud echo sent it back to me, Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee, And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

Prec. Betray thee? I betray thee?

Bart. Preciosa! I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death! Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm! Fly with me!

Prec. Speak of that no more. I cannot. I'm thine no longer.

Bart. O, recall the time When we were children! how we played together, How we grew up together; how we plighted Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood! Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come. I'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf! Fulfil thy promise.

Prec. 'T was my father's promise. Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee, Nor promised thee my hand!

Bart. False tongue of woman! And heart more false!

Prec. Nay, listen unto me. I will speak frankly. I have never loved

thee; I cannot love thee. This is not my fault, It is my destiny. Thou art a man Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me, A feeble girl, who have not long to live, Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife, Better than I, and fairer; and let not Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee. Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion, I never sought thy love; never did aught To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee, And most of all I pity thy wild heart, That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood, Beware, beware of that.

Bart. For thy dear sake I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

Prec. Then take this farewell, and depart in peace. Thou must not linger here.

Bart. Come, come with me.

Prec. Hark! I hear footsteps.

Bart. I entreat thee, come!

Prec. Away! It is in vain.

Bart. Wilt thou not come?

Prec. Never!

Bart. Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee! Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die. [Exit.

Prec. All holy angels keep me in this hour! Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me! Mother of God, the glorified, protect me! Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me! Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die? To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow, To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness, All ignominy, suffering, and despair, And be at rest forever! O dull heart, Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat, Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.)

Vict. 'T is she! Behold, how beautiful she stands Under the tent-like trees!

Hyp. A woodland nymph!

Vict. I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

Hyp. Be wary. Do not betray thyself too soon.

Vict. (disguising his voice). Hist! Gypsy!

Prec. (aside, with emotion). That voice! that voice from heaven! O speak again! Who is it calls?

Vict. A friend.

Prec. (aside). 'T is he! 'T is he! I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer, And sent me this protector! Now be strong, Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here. False friend or true?

Vict. A true friend to the true; Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

Prec. Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire. Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

Vict. (putting a piece of gold into her hand). There is the cross.

Prec. Is 't silver?

Vict. No, 't is gold.

Prec. There's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you, And for yourself alone.

Vict. Fie! the old story! Tell me a better fortune for my money; Not this old woman's tale!

Prec. You are passionate; And this same passionate humor in your blood Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now; The line of life is crossed by many marks. Shame! shame! O you have wronged the maid who loved you! How could you do it?

Vict. I never loved a maid; For she I loved was then a maid no more.

Prec. How know you that?

Vict. A little bird in the air Whispered the secret.

Prec. There, take back your gold! Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand! There is no blessing in its charity! Make her your wife, for you have been abused; And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

Vict. (aside). How like an angel's speaks the tongue of woman, When pleading in another's cause her own! That is a pretty ring upon your finger. Pray give it me. (Tries to take the ring.)

Prec. No; never from my hand Shall that be taken!

Vict. Why, 't is but a ring. I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it, Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

Prec. Why would you have this ring?

Vict. A traveller's fancy, A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it As a memento of the Gypsy camp In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid. Pray, let me have the ring.

Prec. No, never! never! I will not part with it, even when I die; But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus, That it may not fall from them. 'T is a token Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

Vict. How? dead?

Prec. Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead. He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring. I will rise with it from my grave hereafter, To prove to him that I was never false.

Vict. (aside). Be still, my swelling heart! one moment, still! Why, 't is the folly of a love-sick girl. Come, give it me, or I will say 't is mine, And that you stole it.

Prec. O, you will not dare To utter such a 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 dearest Preciosa. Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Prec. Hadst thou not come—

Vict. I pray thee, do not chide me!

Prec. I should have perished here among these Gypsies.

Vict. Forgive me, sweet! for what I made thee suffer. Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy, Thou being absent? O, believe it not! Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept, For thinking of the wrong I did to thee Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

Prec. I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee, I had forgiven thee.

Vict. I'm the veriest fool That walks the earth, to have believed thee false. It was the Count of Lara—

Prec. That bad man Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard—

Vict. I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on! Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy; For every tone, like some sweet incantation, Calls up the buried past to plead for me. Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart, Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(They walk aside.)

Hyp. All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets, All passionate love scenes in the best romances, All chaste embraces on the public stage, All soft adventures, which the liberal stars Have winked at, as the natural course of things, Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student, And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa!

Prec. Senor Hypolito! I kiss your hand. Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

Hyp. Not to-night; For, should you treat me as you did Victorian, And send me back to marry maids forlorn, My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

Chispa (within). What ho! the Gypsies, ho! Beltran Cruzado! Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.

Vict. What now Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

Chispa. Ay, robbed and murdered; and good evening to you, My worthy masters.

Vict. Speak; what brings thee here?

CHISPA (to PRECIOSA). Good news from Court; good news! Beltran Cruzado, The Count of the Cales, 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 gentlemen?

Chispa. As the old song says, His body is in Segovia, His soul is in Madrid,

Prec. Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream, Let me sleep on, and do

not wake me yet! Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived! Say that I do not dream! I am awake; This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian, And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak! Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

Vict. It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream, A blissful certainty, a vision bright Of that rare happiness, which even on earth Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou rich, As thou wast ever beautiful and good; And I am now the beggar.

Prec. (giving him her hand). I have still A hand to give.

Chispa (aside). And I have two to take. I've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven gives almonds To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to crack, I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?

Vict. What more of this strange story?

Chispa. Nothing more. Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde, The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag, Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed; And probably they'll hang her for the crime, To make the celebration more complete.

Vict. No; let it be a day of general joy; Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late. Now let us join Don Carlos.

Hyp. So farewell, The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades, Sung under ladies' windows in the night, And all that makes vacation beautiful! To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcala, 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. Ola! good man!

Shep. Ola!

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, jaleo! Ay, ay, jaleo! Ay, jaleo! They cross our track.

(Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA, on horseback, attended
by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA, on foot,
and armed.)

Vict. This is the highest point. Here let us rest. See, Preciosa, see
how all about us Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty
mountains Receive the benediction of the sun! O glorious sight!

Prec. Most beautiful indeed!

Hyp. Most wonderful!

Vict. And in the vale below, Where yonder steeples flash like lifted
halberds, San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries, Sends up a
salutation to the morn, As if an army smote their brazen
shields, And shouted victory!

Prec. And which way lies Segovia?

Vict. At a great distance yonder. Dost thou not see it?

Prec. No. I do not see it.

Vict. The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge. There, yonder!

Hyp. 'T is a notable old town, Boasting an ancient Roman
aqueduct, And an Alcazar, builded by the Moors, Wherein, you may

remember, poor Gil Blas Was fed on Pan del Rey. O, many a time Out of its grated windows have I looked Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma, That, like a serpent through the valley creeping, Glides at its foot.

Prec. O yes! I see it now, Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes, So faint it is. And all my thoughts sail thither, Freight with prayers and hopes, and forward urged Against all stress of accident, as in The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains, And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea! (She weeps.)

Vict. O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear unmoved Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate! But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee Melts thee to tears! O, let thy weary heart Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more, Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted And filled with my affection.

Prec. Stay no longer! My father waits. Methinks I see him there, Now looking from the window, and now watching Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street, And saying, "Hark! she comes!" O father! father!

(They descend the pass. CHISPA remains behind.)

Chispa. I have a father, too, but he is a dead one. Alas and alack-a-day. Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I was, through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking; and always as merry as a thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald that you can see my brains; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite! [Exit.

(A pause. Then enter BARTOLOME 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. BARTOLOME falls).

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES CARILLON

In the ancient town of Bruges, In the quaint old Flemish city, As the evening shades descended, Low and loud and sweetly blended, Low at times and loud at times, And changing like a poet's rhymes, Rang the beautiful wild chimes From the Belfry in the market Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor Calmly answering their sweet anger, When the wrangling bells had ended, Slowly struck the clock eleven, And, from out the silent heaven, Silence on the town descended. Silence, silence everywhere, On the earth and in the air, Save that footsteps here and there Of some burgher home returning, By the street lamps faintly burning, For a moment woke the echoes Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers Still I heard those magic numbers, As they loud proclaimed the flight And stolen marches of the night; Till their chimes in sweet collision Mingled with each wandering vision, Mingled with the fortune-telling Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies, Which amid the waste expanses Of the silent land of trances Have their solitary dwelling; All else seemed asleep in Bruges, In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes Are the poet's airy rhymes, All his rhymes and roundelays, His conceits, and songs, and ditties, From the belfry of his brain, Scattered downward, though in vain, On the roofs and stones of cities! For by night the drowsy ear Under its curtains cannot hear, And by day men go their

ways, Hearing the music as they pass, But deeming it no more,
alas! Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight, Lodging at some humble inn In
the narrow lanes of life, When the dusk and hush of night Shut out
the incessant din Of daylight and its toil and strife, May listen with a
calm delight To the poet's melodies, Till he hears, or dreams he
hears, Intermingled with the song, Thoughts that he has cherished
long; Hears amid the chime and singing The bells of his own village
ringing, And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes Wet with most
delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-
Ble, Listening with a wild delight To the chimes that, through the
night Bang 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 rebuild'd, 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 armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold, Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the light 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 fluttering leaves That on the window lay.

Long was the good man's sermon, Yet it seemed not so to
me; For he spake of Ruth the beautiful, And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered, Yet it seemed not so to me; For
in my heart I prayed with him, And still I thought of thee.

But now, alas! the place seems changed; Thou art no longer
here: Part of the sunshine of the scene With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart, Like pine-trees dark
and high, Subdue the light of noon, and breathe A low and
ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past, As when the sun,
concealed Behind some cloud that near us hangs Shines on a
distant field.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling, Like a huge organ, rise
the burnished arms; But front their silent pipes no anthem
pealing Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary, When the death-
angel touches those swift keys What loud lament and dismal
Miserere Will mingle with their awful symphonies

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus, The cries of agony, the
endless groan, Which, through the ages that have gone before
us, In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer, Through Cimbric
forest roars the Norseman's song, And loud, amid the universal
clamor, O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace Wheels out his battle-
bell with dreadful din, And Aztec priests upon their teocallis Beat
the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village; The shout that
every prayer for mercy drowns; The soldiers' revels in the midst of
pillage; The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder, The rattling

musketry, the clashing blade; And ever and anon, in tones of
thunder, The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises, With such accursed
instruments as these, Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly
voices, And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror, Were half the
wealth, bestowed on camps and courts, Given to redeem the human
mind from error, There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred! And every nation,
that should lift again Its hand against a brother, on its
forehead Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations, The echoing
sounds grow fainter and then cease; And like a bell, with solemn,
sweet vibrations, I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals The blast of War's
great organ shakes the skies! But beautiful as songs of the
immortals, The holy melodies of love arise.

NUREMBERG

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands Rise
the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and
song, Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round
them throng:

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and
bold, Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth
rhyme, That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every
clime.

In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron
hand, Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's

hand;

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

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

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

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

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

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart, Lived and labored Albrecht Durer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand, Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies; Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair, That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes, Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild, Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme, And

the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor, And a
garland in the window, and his face above the door;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song, As
the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and
care, Quaffing ale from pewter tankard; 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 Durer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler-
bard.

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

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

THE NORMAN BARON Dans les moments de la vie ou la reflexion
devient plus calme et plus profonde, ou l'interet et l'avarice parlent
moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique,
de maladie, et de peril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posseder
des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agreable a Dieu, qui avait cree
tous les hommes a son image.—THIERRY, Conquete de l'Angleterre.

In his chamber, weak and dying, Was the Norman baron
lying; Loud, without, the tempest thundered And the castle-
turret shook,

In this fight was Death the gainer, Spite of vassal and retainer, And
the lands his sires had plundered, Written in the Doomsday
Book.

By his bed a monk was seated, Who in humble voice
repeated Many a prayer and pater-noster, From the missal on
his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing, Sounds of bells came faintly
stealing, Bells, that from the neighboring kloster Rang for the
Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal Held, that night their Christmas
wassail; Many a carol, old and saintly, Sang the minstrels and
the waits;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen Sang to slaves the songs of
freemen, That the storm was heard but faintly, Knocking at the
castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted Reached the chamber terror-
haunted, Where the monk, with accents holy, Whispered at the
baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened, As he paused awhile and
listened, And the dying baron slowly Turned his weary head to
hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger Born and cradled in a
manger! King, like David, priest, like Aaron, Christ is born to set
us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted Figures on the casement
painted, And exclaimed the shuddering baron, "Miserere,
Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition He beheld, with clearer
vision, Through all outward show and fashion, Justice, the
Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished, Falsehood and deceit were

banished, Reason spake more loud than passion, And the truth
wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner, Every serf born to his manor, All those
wronged and wretched creatures, By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal He recorded their dismissal, Death
relaxed his iron features, And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered Since in death the baron
slumbered By the convent's sculptured portal, Mingling with the
common dust:

But the good deed, through the ages Living in historic
pages, Brighter grows and gleams immortal, Unconsumed by
moth or rust

RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain! After the dust and heat, In the broad and
fiery street, In the narrow lane, How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs, Like the tramp of hoofs How it
gushes and struggles out From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane It pours and pours; And swift and
wide, With a muddy tide, Like a river down the gutter roars The
rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks At the twisted brooks; He can
feel the cool Breath of each little pool; His fevered brain Grows
calm again, And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school Come the boys, With more than their
wonted noise And commotion; And down the wet streets Sail their
mimic fleets, Till the treacherous pool Ingulfs them in its
whirling And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side, Where far and wide, Like a leopard's
tawny and spotted hide, Stretches the plain, To the dry grass and
the drier grain How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land The toilsome and patient oxen stand; Lifting the yoke encumbered head, With their dilated nostrils spread, They silently inhale The clover-scented gale, And the vapors that arise From the well-watered and smoking soil. For this rest in the furrow after toil Their large and lustrous eyes Seem to thank the Lord, More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand, From under the sheltering trees, The farmer sees His pastures, and his fields of grain, As they bend their tops To the numberless beating drops Of the incessant rain. He counts it as no sin That he sees therein Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these, The Poet sees! He can behold Aquarius old Walking the fenceless fields of air; And from each ample fold Of the clouds about him rolled Scattering everywhere The showery rain, As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold Things manifold That have not yet been wholly told,— Have not been wholly sung nor said. For his thought, that never stops, Follows the water-drops Down to the graves of the dead, Down through chasms and gulfs profound, To the dreary fountain-head Of lakes and rivers under ground; And sees them, when the rain is done, On the bridge of colors seven Climbing up once more to heaven, Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer, With vision clear, Sees forms appear and disappear, In the perpetual round of strange, Mysterious change From birth to death, from death to birth, From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth; Till glimpses more sublime Of things, unseen before, Unto his wondering eyes reveal The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel Turning forevermore In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

TO A CHILD

Dear child! how radiant on thy mother's knee, With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles, Thou gazest at the painted tiles, Whose figures grace, With many a grotesque form and face. The ancient chimney of thy nursery! The lady with the gay macaw, The dancing

girl, the grave bashaw With bearded lip and chin; And, leaning idly
o'er his gate, Beneath the imperial fan of state, The Chinese
mandarin.

With what a look of proud command Thou shakest in thy little
hand The coral rattle with its silver bells, Making a merry
tune! Thousands of years in Indian seas That coral grew, by slow
degrees, Until some deadly and wild monsoon Dashed it on
Coromandel's sand! Those silver bells Reposed of yore, As
shapeless ore, Far down in the deep-sunken wells Of darksome
mines, In some obscure and sunless place, Beneath huge
Chimborazo's base, Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines And thus for
thee, O little child, Through many a danger and escape, The tall
ships passed the stormy cape; For thee in foreign lands
remote, Beneath a burning, tropic clime, The Indian peasant,
chasing the wild goat, Himself as swift and wild, In falling, clutched
the frail arbute, The fibres of whose shallow root, Uplifted from the
soil, betrayed The silver veins beneath it laid, The buried treasures
of the miser, Time.

But, lo! thy door is left ajar! Thou hearest footsteps from afar! And,
at the sound, Thou turnest round With quick and questioning
eyes, Like one, who, in a foreign land, Beholds on every
hand Some source of wonder and surprise! And, restlessly,
impatiently, Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free, The four walls of
thy nursery Are now like prison walls to thee. No more thy mother's
smiles, No more the painted tiles, Delight thee, nor the playthings
on the floor, That won thy little, beating heart before; Thou
strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls Thy pattering footstep falls. The
sound of thy merry voice Makes the old walls Jubilant, and they
rejoice With the joy of thy young heart, O'er the light of whose
gladness No shadows of sadness From the sombre background of
memory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls, One whom memory oft
recalls, The Father of his Country, dwelt. And yonder meadows
broad and damp The fires of the besieging camp Encircled with a
burning belt. Up and down these echoing stairs, Heavy with the

weight of cares, Sounded his majestic tread; Yes, within this very room Sat he in those hours of gloom, Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee? Out, out! into the open air! Thy only dream is liberty, Thou carest little how or where. I see thee eager at thy play, Now shouting to the apples on the tree, With cheeks as round and red as they; And now among the yellow stalks, Among the flowering shrubs and plants, As restless as the bee. Along the garden walks, The tracks of thy small carriage-wheels I trace; And see at every turn how they efface Whole villages of sand-roofed tents, That rise like golden domes Above the cavernous and secret homes Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants. Ah, cruel little Tamerlane, Who, with thy dreadful reign, Dost persecute and overwhelm These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm! What! tired already! with those suppliant looks, And voice more beautiful than a poet's books, Or murmuring sound of water as it flows. Thou comest back to parley with repose; This rustic seat in the old apple-tree, With its o'erhanging golden canopy Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues, And shining with the argent light of dews, Shall for a season be our place of rest. Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest, From which the laughing birds have taken wing, By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing. Dream-like the waters of the river gleam; A sailless vessel drops adown the stream, And like it, to a sea as wide and deep, Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child! O new-born denizen Of life's great city! on thy head The glory of the morn is shed, Like a celestial benison! Here at the portal thou dost stand, And with thy little hand Thou openest the mysterious gate Into the future's undiscovered land. I see its valves expand, As at the touch of Fate! Into those realms of love and hate, Into that darkness blank and drear, By some prophetic feeling taught, I launch the bold, adventurous thought, Freight with hope and fear; As upon subterranean streams, In caverns unexplored and dark, Men sometimes launch a fragile bark, Laden with flickering fire, And watch its swift-receding beams, Until at length they disappear, And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope Dare I to cast thy horoscope! Like

the new moon thy life appears; A little strip of silver light, And widening outward into night The shadowy disk of future years; And yet upon its outer rim, A luminous circle, faint and dim, And scarcely visible to us here, Rounds and completes the perfect sphere; A prophecy and intimation, A pale and feeble adumbration, Of the great world of light, that lies Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught, Should be to wet the dusty soil With the hot tears and sweat of toil,— To struggle with imperious thought, Until the overburdened brain, Weary with labor, faint with pain, Like a jarred pendulum, retain Only its motion, not its power,— Remember, in that perilous hour, When most afflicted and oppressed, From labor there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate On thy advancing steps await Still let it ever be thy pride To linger by the laborer's side; With words of sympathy or song To cheer the dreary march along Of the great army of the poor, O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor. Nor to thyself the task shall be Without reward; for thou shalt learn The wisdom early to discern True beauty in utility; As great Pythagoras of yore, Standing beside the blacksmith's door, And hearing the hammers, as they smote The anvils with a different note, Stole from the varying tones, that hung Vibrant on every iron tongue, The secret of the sounding wire. And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough! I will not play the Seer; I will no longer strive to ope The mystic volume, where appear The herald Hope, forerunning Fear, And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope. Thy destiny remains untold; For, like Aceses' shaft of old, The swift thought kindles as it flies, And burns to ashes in the skies.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION

I saw, as in a dream sublime, The balance in the hand of Time. O'er East and West its beam impended; And day, with all its hours of light, Was slowly sinking out of sight, While, opposite, the scale of night Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of eld, In that bright vision I beheld Greater and

deeper mysteries. I saw, with its celestial keys, Its chords of air, its frets of fire, The Samian's great Aeolian lyre, Rising through all its sevenfold bars, From earth unto the fixed stars. And through the dewy atmosphere, Not only could I see, but hear, Its wondrous and harmonious strings, In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere, From Dian's circle light and near, Onward to vaster and wider rings. Where, chanting through his beard of snows, Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes, And down the sunless realms of space Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch This music sounded like a march, And with its chorus seemed to be Preluding some great tragedy. Sirius was rising in the east; And, slow ascending one by one, The kindling constellations shone. Begirt with many a blazing star, Stood the great giant Algebar, Orion, hunter of the beast! His sword hung gleaming by his side, And, on his arm, the lion's hide Scattered across the midnight air The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint; And beautiful as some fair saint, Serenely moving on her way In hours of trial and dismay. As if she heard the voice of God, Unharm'd with naked feet she trod Upon the hot and burning stars, As on the glowing coals and bars, That were to prove her strength, and try Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace, And triumph in her sweet, pale face, She reached the station of Orion. Aghast he stood in strange alarm! And suddenly from his outstretched arm Down fell the red skin of the lion Into the river at his feet. His mighty club no longer beat The forehead of the bull; but he Reeled as of yore beside the sea, When, blinded by Oenopion, He sought the blacksmith at his forge, And, climbing up the mountain gorge, Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead, An angel with a trumpet said, "Forevermore, forevermore, The reign of violence is o'er!" And, like an instrument that flings Its music on another's strings, The trumpet of the angel cast Upon the heavenly lyre its blast, And on from sphere to sphere the words Re-echoed down

the burning chords,— "Forevermore, forevermore, The reign of violence is o'er!"

THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight, As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city, Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection In the waters under me, Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance Of that lovely night in June, The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long, black rafters The wavering shadows lay, And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them, Rose the belated tide,
And, streaming into the moonlight, The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing Among the wooden piers, A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh, how often, In the days that had gone by, I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, 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 restless, And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me, It is buried in the sea; And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean Comes the thought of

other years.

And I think how many thousands Of care-encumbered men, Each bearing his burden of sorrow, Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession Still passing to and fro, The young heart hot and restless, And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever, As long as the river flows, As long as the heart has passions, As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection And its shadows shall appear, As the symbol of love in heaven, And its wavering image here.

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD

Gloomy and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omahas; Gloomy and dark as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken! Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints. What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints?

How canst thou walk 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 pavements, Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too, Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division!

Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash! There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches. There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses! There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elkhorn, Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omaha Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of

the Blackfeet!

Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts? Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth, Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the 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 daybreak Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-race; It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches! Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of the east-wind, Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams!

SONGS

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness Falls from the wings of
Night, As a feather is wafted downward From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village Gleam through the rain and the
mist, And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me That my soul
cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing, That is not akin to pain, And
resembles sorrow only As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem, Some simple and heartfelt
lay, That shall soothe this restless feeling, And banish the
thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards
sublime, Whose distant footsteps echo Through the corridors of
Time.

For, like strains of martial music, Their mighty thoughts

suggest Life's endless toil and endeavor; And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet, Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer, Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor, And nights devoid of ease, Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet The restless pulse of care, And come like the benediction That follows after prayer.

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, 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.

Yet dost thou recall Days departed, half-forgotten, When in dreamy
youth I wandered By the Baltic,—

When I paused to hear The old ballad of King Christian Shouted
from suburban taverns In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards, Who in solitary chambers, And with hearts by
passion wasted, Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes Where thy songs of love and friendship Made
the gloomy Northern winter Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald, In his bleak, ancestral Iceland, Chanted
staves of these old ballads To the Vikings.

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

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

Peasants in the field, Sailors on the roaring ocean, Students,
tradesmen, pale mechanics, All have sung them.

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

And, as swallows build In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys, So
thy twittering songs shall nestle In my bosom,—

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

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID

Vogelweid the Minnesinger, When he left this world of ours, Laid
his body in the cloister, Under Wurtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures, Gave them all with this
behest: They should feed the birds at noontide Daily on his place
of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels I have learned the art of
song; Let me now repay the lessons They have taught so well and
long."

Thus the bard of love departed; And, fulfilling his desire, On his
tomb the birds were feasted By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret, In foul weather and in fair, Day
by day, in vaster numbers, Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches Overshadowed all the
place, On the pavement, on the tombstone, On the poet's
sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window, On the lintel of each
door, They renewed the War of Wartburg, Which the bard had
fought before.

There they sang their merry carols, Sang their lauds on every
side; And the name their voices uttered Was the name of
Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot Murmured, "Why this waste of
food? Be it changed to loaves henceforward For our tasting
brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret, From the walls and woodland
nests, When the minster bells rang noontide, Gathered the
unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant, Clamorous round the Gothic
spire, Screamed the feathered Minnesingers For the children of
the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions On the cloister's funeral
stones, And tradition only tells us Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral, By sweet echoes multiplied, Still
the birds repeat the legend, And the name of Vogelweid.

DRINKING SONG

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER

Come, old friend! sit down and listen! From the pitcher, placed
between us, How the waters laugh and glisten In the head of old
Silenus!

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken, Led by his inebriate Satyrs; On his
breast his head is sunken, Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow; Ivy crowns that brow
supernal As the forehead of Apollo, And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes, Bearing cymbals, flutes, and
thyrses, Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's Vineyards, sing
delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations, Bloodless victories, and the
farmer Bore, as trophies and oblations, Vines for banners,
ploughs for armor.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigor, Much this mystic throng
expresses: Bacchus was the type of vigor, And Silenus of
excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels, Of a faith long since

forsaken; Now the Satyrs, changed to devils, Frighten mortals
wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains Point the rods of fortune-
tellers; Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,— Not in flasks, and
casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons And huge tankards filled with
Rhenish, From that fiery blood of dragons Never would his own
replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted Bacchus in the Tuscan
valleys, Never drank the wine he vaunted In his dithyrambic
sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher Wreathed about with classic
fables; Ne'er Falernian threw a richer Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen As it passes thus between
us, How its wavelets laugh and glisten In the head of old Silenus!

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

L'eternite est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse
ces deux mots seulement dans le silence des tombeaux: "Toujours!
jamais! Jamais! toujours!"—JACQUES BRIDAINE.

Somewhat back from the village street Stands the old-fashioned
country-seat. Across its antique portico Tall poplar-trees their
shadows throw; And from its station in the hall An ancient timepiece
says to all,— "Forever—never! Never—forever!"

Half-way up the stairs it stands, And points and beckons with its
hands From its case of massive oak, Like a monk, who, under his
cloak, Crosses himself, and sighs, alas! With sorrowful voice to all
who pass,— "Forever—never! Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light; But in the silent dead of
night, Distinct as a passing footstep's fall, It echoes along the
vacant hall, Along the ceiling, along the floor, And seems to say, at
each chamber-door,— "Forever—never! Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth, Through days of death and
days of birth, Through every swift vicissitude Of changeful time,
unchanged it has stood, And as if, like God, it all things saw, It
calmly repeats those words of awe,— "Forever—
never! Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be Free-hearted Hospitality; His great fires
up the chimney roared; The stranger feasted at his board; But, like
the skeleton at the feast, That warning timepiece never ceased,—
"Forever—never! Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played, There youths and maidens
dreaming strayed; O precious hours! O golden prime, And
affluence of love and time! Even as a Miser counts his gold, Those
hours the ancient timepiece told,— "Forever—
never! Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white, The bride came forth on her
wedding night; There, in that silent room below, The dead lay in his
shroud of snow; And in the hush that followed the prayer, Was
heard the old clock on the stair,— "Forever—
never! Never—forever!"

All are scattered now and fled, Some are married, some are
dead; And when I ask, with throbs of pain. "Ah! when shall they all
meet again?" As in the days long since gone by, The ancient
timepiece makes reply,— "Forever—never! Never—
forever!"

Never here, forever there, Where all parting, pain, and care, And
death, and time shall disappear,— Forever there, but never
here! The horologe of Eternity Sayeth this incessantly,—
"Forever—never! Never—forever!"

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For, so
swiftly it flew, the sight Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For
who has sight so keen and strong, That it can follow the flight of

song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak I found the arrow, still unbroke; And the song, from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend.

SONNETS

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 accomplish 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 autumnal blast The cataract of Death far thundering 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 Hesperus! My morning and my evening star of love! My best and gentlest lady! even thus, As that fair planet in the sky above, Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night, And from thy darkened window fades the light.

AUTUMN

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain, With banners, by great gales incessant fanned, Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand, And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain! Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne, Upon thy bridge of gold; thy

royal hand Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land, Blessing
the farms through all thy vast domain! Thy shield is the red harvest
moon, suspended So long beneath the heaven's o'er-hanging
eaves; Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended; Like
flames upon an altar shine the sheaves; And, following thee, in thy
ovation splendid, Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden
leaves!

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, 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-Pre.

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

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pre 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 northward Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic Looked on the happy valley, but 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 Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors Mingled their sound 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, 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 their 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-Pre, Dwelt on his goodly acres: and with him, directing his household, Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village. Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters; Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes; White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves. Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers. Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside, Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses! Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows. When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide Flagon of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden, Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop 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. 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 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 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-Pre Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household. Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal, Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion; Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment! Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended, And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps, Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron; Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village, Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music. But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome; 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, Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song. But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed, Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith. There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything, Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders. Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice, Warm by the forge within they watched

the laboring bellows, And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes, Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel. Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle, Down the hillside hounding, they glided away o'er the meadow. Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters, Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings; Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow! Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children. He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning, Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action. She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman. "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sunshine Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance, Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer, And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters. Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound, Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands, Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel. All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement. Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian bunters asserted Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes. Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season, Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints! Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood. Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended. Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards, Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons, All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him; While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow, Bright with the sheen of the dew,

each glittering tree of the forest Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness. Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead. Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other, And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of 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 seaside, Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog, Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct, Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly Waving his 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 fetlocks, While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles, Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson, Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms. Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended. Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard, Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness; Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors, Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him, Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic, 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, 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 songs 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. "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:— "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 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 children." "Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith, Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:— "Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Sejour, nor Port Royal. Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts, Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of tomorrow. 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 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. Rene 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 Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal. Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick. Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive, Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English. Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion, Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike. He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children; For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest, And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses, And of the white Letiche, the ghost of a child who

unchristened Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children; And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable, And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell, And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes, With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village. Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith, Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand, "Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village, And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand." Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public,— "Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser; 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 wherefore? Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!" But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,— "Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me, When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal." This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them. "Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember, Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand, And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people. Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance, Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them. But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted; Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household. She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold, Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice. As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended, Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left

hand Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the 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, Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pre; 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, 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 manoeuver, 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 mist of the meadows. Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway Rose the 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. 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 marriage, Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife. Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean. Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber! Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard, Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow. Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight 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, As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pre. 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, 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; 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 waistcoats. Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers. Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle, Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and Le Carillon de Dunkerque, And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music. Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the 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 Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat. Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard, Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest. Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and 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 spoke from the steps of the altar, Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission. "You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's

orders. Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness, Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous. Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch; Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people! Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's pleasure!" As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer, Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his 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. Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith, As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows. Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,— "Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance! Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!" More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention, Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar. Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people; Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes. "What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has seized you? Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you, Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another! Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations? Have you so soon forgotten all

lessons of love and forgiveness? This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred? Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you! See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion! Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!' Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us, Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'" Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak, While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar. Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest and the people responded, Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated, Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children. Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending, Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows. Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table; There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with 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,— 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 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 untasted, empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror. Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber. In the dead of the night she heard the 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 told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created! Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven; soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse. Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession, came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women, driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore, pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings, ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland. Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen, while in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants. 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. Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their
homes and their country, Sing as they go, and in singing forget they
are weary and wayworn, So with songs on their lips the Acadian
peasants descended Down from the church to the shore, amid their
wives and their daughters. Foremost the young men came; and,
raising together their voices, Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the
Catholic Missions:— "Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible
fountain! Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and
patience!" Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that
stood by the wayside Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in
the sunshine above them 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. Team then filled her
eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him, Clasped she his hands, and
laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,— "Gabriel! be of good
cheer! for if we love one another Nothing, in truth, can harm us,
whatever mischances may happen!" Smiling she spake these words;
then suddenly 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 Left on the land, extending their arms, with
wildest entreaties. So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel
carried, While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her
father. Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the
twilight Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent
ocean Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-
beach Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-

weed. Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons, Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle, All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them, Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers. Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean, Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors. Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their 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 milkmaid. Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded, Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled, Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest. Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered, Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children. Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish, Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering, Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore. Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father, And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man, Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion, E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken. Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him, Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light. "Benedicite!" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion. More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a 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 Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals. Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-

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

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

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them; And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion, Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed. Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror. Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom. Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber; And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her. Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her, Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion. Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape, Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the

faces around her, And like the day of doom it seemed to her
wavering senses. Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the
people,— "Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier
season Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our
exile, Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the
churchyard." Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste
by the sea-side, Having the glare of the burning village for funeral
torches, But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-
Pre. 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. '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-
Pre, When on the falling tide the freighted vessels
departed, Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into
exile. Exile without an end, and without an example in story. Far
asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed; Scattered were
they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast Strikes
aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of
Newfoundland. Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from
city to city, From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern
savannas,— From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where
the Father of Waters Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them
down to the ocean, Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones
of the mammoth. Friends they sought and homes; and many,
despairing, heart-broken, Asked of the earth but a grave, and no
longer a friend nor a fireside. Written their history stands on tablets
of stone in the churchyards. Long among them was seen a maiden
who waited and wandered, Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently
suffering all things. Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her

extended, Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "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; "O yes! we have seen him.
He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana." Then would they say,
"Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer? Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel?
others Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
Thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of 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 heaven!" Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited. Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean, But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not?" Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless 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.

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. 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, Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant

gardens, Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots. They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer, Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron, Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward. They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine, Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters, Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction. Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals. Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons Home to their roasts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset, Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter. Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water, Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches, Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin. Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them; And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,— Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed. As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies, Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa, So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil, Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it. But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight. It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom. Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her, And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

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

was the silence. Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight, Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs, Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers, 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. 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, 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, ever nearer, among the numberless islands, Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water, Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers. Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver. At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn. Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written. Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless, Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow. Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island, But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of

palmettos, So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows, All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers, Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden. Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie. After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance, As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician! Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders. Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition? Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?" Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy! Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning." But 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 Teche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin. There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom, There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold. Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees; Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest. They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey. Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape; Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together. Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver, Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water. Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness. Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her. Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers, Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water, Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music, That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed

silent to listen. Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes. Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation; Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision, As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches. With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion, Slowly they entered the Teche, where it flows through the green Opelousas, And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland, Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;— Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted, Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide, Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms, Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together. Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported, Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda, Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it. At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden, Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol, Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals. Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow, And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose. In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie, Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending. Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics, Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the

prairie, Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups, Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin. Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master. Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape. Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening. Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean. Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie, And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance. Then, as the 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. 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, "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, 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. 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 cidevant blacksmith, All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor; Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate, And of the prairie; 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, Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight. Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion. Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco, Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:—

"Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been friendless and homeless, Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one! Here no hungry winter congeals our

blood like the rivers; Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer. Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water. All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer. Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies; Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses. After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests, No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads, Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle." Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils, While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the table, So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded, Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils. But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:— "Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever! For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate, Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!" Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda. It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters, Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the Herdsman. Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors: Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers, Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other, Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together. But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle, Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted, All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music, Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman Sat, conversing together of past and present and future; While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden. Beautiful was

the night. Behind the black wall of the forest, Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight, Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit. Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian. Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews, Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longing; 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 Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers. Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens, Shone on the eyes of man who had ceased to marvel and 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! 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 note 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 With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal. "Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold; "See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine, And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming." "Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended Down to the river's brink, where the

boatmen already were waiting. Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness, Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them, Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert. Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded, Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river, Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate Country; Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes, Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord, That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions, Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits. Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway, Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon, Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee. Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river 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, 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 marauders; Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers; And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert, Climbs down their

dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side, And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven, Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains, Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and 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, When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes. And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary, Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow. She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people, From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches, 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, 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, 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 Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom, That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight, Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden, Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest, And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people. Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress. Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose, Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland. With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers. Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret, Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror, As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow. It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a 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, "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 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. 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. "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 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 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 Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom. Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests, Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River, And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence, Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission. When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches, She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests, Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

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

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters, Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle, Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded. There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty, And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest, As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested. There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile, Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country. There old Rene Leblanc had died; and when he departed, Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants. Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city, Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger; And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers, For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country, Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters. So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor, Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining, Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps. As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us, Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets, So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her, Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance. Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image, Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him, Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence. Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not. Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured; He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent; Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others, This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her. So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices, Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma. Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour. Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city, Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight, Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected. Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the

watchman repeated Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city, High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper. Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and 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. 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 woodlands; Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye always have with you." Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor, Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles, Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance. Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial, Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent, Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse. Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden; And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them, That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty. Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east-wind, Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church, While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco. Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit; Something within her said, "At length

thy trials are ended"; And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of 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. 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; But, as he lay in the in morning light, his face for a moment Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood; So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying. Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever, As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals, That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over. Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness, Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking. Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations, Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like, "Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence. Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood; Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them, Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow, As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision. Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids, Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside. Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered Died on his lips, and

their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken. Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him, Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom. Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into 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, 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. 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 Spice from
the printed leaves or pictured faces!

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold, With eye of sense, your
outward form and semblance; Therefore to me ye never will grow
old, But live forever young in my remembrance.

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away! Your gentle voices
will flow on forever, When life grows bare and tarnished with
decay, As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends, Being oftentimes
of different tongues and nations, But the endeavor for the selfsame
ends, With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk, Saddened, and mostly
silent, with emotion; Not interrupting with intrusive talk The grand,
majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest, At your warm fireside,

when the lamps are lighted, To have my place reserved among the
rest, Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited!

BY THE SEASIDE

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

"Build me straight, O worthy Master! Stanch and strong, a goodly
vessel, That shall laugh at all disaster, And with wave and
whirlwind wrestle!"

The merchant's word Delighted the Master heard; For his heart was
in his work, and the heart Giveth grace unto every Art.

A quiet smile played round his lips, As the eddies and dimples of the
tide Play round the bows of ships, That steadily at anchor
ride. And with a voice that was full of glee, He answered, "Erelong
we will launch A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch, As ever
weathered a wintry sea!" And first with nicest skill and art, Perfect
and finished in every part, A little model the Master wrought, Which
should be to the larger plan What the child is to the man, Its
counterpart in miniature; That with a hand more swift and sure The
greater labor might be brought To answer to his inward
thought. And as he labored, his mind ran o'er The various ships
that were built of yore, And above them all, and strangest of
all Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall, Whose picture was
hanging on the wall, With bows and stern raised high in air, And
balconies hanging here and there, And signal lanterns and flags
afloat, And eight round towers, like those that frown From some old
castle, looking down Upon the drawbridge and the moat. And he
said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis, Shall be of another form than
this!" It was of another form, indeed; Built for freight, and yet for
speed, A beautiful and gallant craft; Broad in the beam, that the
stress of the blast, Pressing down upon sail and mast, Might not
the sharp bows overwhelm; Broad in the beam, but sloping aft With
graceful curve and slow degrees, That she might be docile to the
helm, And that the currents of parted seas, Closing behind, with
mighty force, Might aid and not impede her course.

In the ship-yard stood the Master, With the model of the

vessel, That should laugh at all disaster, And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground, Lay the timber piled around; Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak, And scattered here and there, with these, The knarred and crooked cedar knees; Brought from regions far away, From Pascagoula's sunny bay, And the banks of the roaring Roanoke! Ah! what a wondrous thing it is To note how many wheels of toil One thought, one word, can set in motion! There's not a ship that sails the ocean, But every climate, every soil, Must bring its tribute, great or small, And help to build the wooden wall!

The sun was rising o'er the sea, And long the level shadows lay, As if they, too, the beams would be Of some great, airy argosy. Framed and launched in a single day. That silent architect, the sun, Had hewn and laid them every one, Ere the work of man was yet begun. Beside the Master, when he spoke, A youth, against an anchor leaning, Listened, to catch his slightest meaning. Only the long waves, as they broke In ripples on the pebbly beach, Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth, The old man and the fiery youth! The old man, in whose busy brain Many a ship that sailed the main Was modelled o'er and o'er again;— The fiery youth, who was to be the heir of his dexterity, The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand, When he had built and launched from land What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship! Lay square the blocks upon the slip, And follow well this plan of mine. Choose the timbers with greatest care; Of all that is unsound beware; For only what is sound and strong to this vessel shall belong. Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine Here together shall combine. A goodly frame, and a goodly fame, And the UNION be her name! For the day that gives her to the sea Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word Enraptured the young man heard; And as he turned his face aside, With a look of joy and a thrill of pride, Standing before Her father's door, He saw the form of his

promised bride. The sun shone on her golden hair, And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair, With the breath of morn and the soft sea air. Like a beauteous barge was she, Still at rest on the sandy beach, Just beyond the billow's reach; But he Was the restless, seething, stormy sea! Ah, how skilful grows the hand That obeyeth Love's command! It is the heart, and not the brain, That to the highest doth attain, And he who followeth Love's behest Far excelleth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun Was the noble task begun And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds Were heard the intermingled sounds Of axes and of mallets, plied With vigorous arms on every side; Plied so deftly and so well, That, ere the shadows of evening fell, The keel of oak for a noble ship, Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong Was lying ready, and stretched along The blocks, well placed upon the slip. Happy, thrice happy, every one Who sees his labor well begun, And not perplexed and multiplied, By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er, The young man at the Master's door Sat with the maiden calm and still. And within the porch, a little more Removed beyond the evening chill, The father sat, and told them tales Of wrecks in the great September gales, Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main, And ships that never came back again, The chance and change of a sailor's life, Want and plenty, rest and strife, His roving fancy, like the wind, That nothing can stay and nothing can bind, And the magic charm of foreign lands, With shadows of palms, and shining sands, Where the tumbling surf, O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar, Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar, As he lies alone and asleep on the turf. And the trembling maiden held her breath At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea, With all its terror and mystery, The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death, That divides and yet unites mankind! And whenever the old man paused, a gleam From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illumine The silent group in the twilight gloom, And thoughtful faces, as in a dream; And for a moment one might mark What had been hidden by the dark, That the head of the maiden lay at rest, Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew, With timbers fashioned strong and

true, Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee, Till, framed with perfect symmetry, A skeleton ship rose up to view! And around the bows and along the side The heavy hammers and mallets plied, Till after many a week, at length, Wonderful for form and strength, Sublime in its enormous bulk, Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk! And around it columns of smoke, up-wreathing. Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething Caldron, that glowed, And overflowed With the black tar, heated for the sheathing. And amid the clamors Of clattering hammers, He who listened heard now and then The song of the Master and his men:—

"Build me straight, O worthy Master. Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel, That shall laugh at all disaster, And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

With oaken brace and copper band, Lay the rudder on the sand, That, like a thought, should have control Over the movement of the whole; And near it the anchor, whose giant hand Would reach down and grapple with the land, And immovable and fast Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast! And at the bows an image stood, By a cunning artist carved in wood, With robes of white, that far behind Seemed to be fluttering in the wind. It was not shaped in a classic mould, Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old, Or Naiad rising from the water, But modelled from the Master's daughter! On many a dreary and misty night, 'T will be seen by the rays of the signal light, Speeding along through the rain and the dark, Like a ghost in its snow-white sark, The pilot of some phantom bark, Guiding the vessel, in its flight, By a path none other knows aright! Behold, at last, Each tall and tapering mast Is swung into its place; Shrouds and stays Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago, In the deer-haunted forests of Maine, When upon mountain and plain Lay the snow, They fell,—those lordly pines! Those grand, majestic pines! 'Mid shouts and cheers The jaded steers, Panting beneath the goad, Dragged down the weary, winding road Those captive kings so straight and tall, To be shorn of their streaming hair, And, naked and bare, To feel the stress and the strain Of the wind and the reeling main, Whose roar Would remind them forevermore Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere The slender, graceful spars Poise aloft in the air,
And at the mast-head, White, blue, and red, A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless, In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled, 'T will be as a friendly hand Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length Has come the bridal day Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched! With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay, Slowly, in all his splendors dight, The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old, Centuries old, Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro, Up and down the sands of gold. His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide, With ceaseless flow, His beard of snow Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride. There she stands, With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay, In honor of her marriage day, Her snow-white signals fluttering,
blending, Round her like a veil descending, Ready to be The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride Is standing by her lover's side. Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds, Broken by many a sunny fleck, Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said, The service read, The joyous bridegroom bows his head;
And in tear's the good old Master Shakes the brown hand of his son, Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak, And ever faster Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor— The shepherd of that wandering flock, That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold, Leaping ever from rock to rock— Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer, But tedious to the bridegroom's ear. He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart, All its pleasures and its griefs, All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow With such resistless undertow, And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course. Therefore he spake, and thus said he:— "Like unto ships

far off at sea, Outward or homeward bound, are we. Before,
behind, and all around, Floats and swings the horizon's
bound, Seems at its 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 motion, Now touching the very skies, Now sinking into the
depths of ocean. Ah! if our souls but poise and swing Like the
compass in its brazen ring, Ever level and ever true To the toil and
the task we have to do, We shall sail securely, and safely
reach The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach The sights we
see, and the sounds we hear, Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master, With a gesture of command, Waved his
hand; And at the word, Loud and sudden there was heard, All
around them and below, The sound of hammers, blow on
blow, Knocking away the shores and spurs. And see! she
stirs! She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel The thrill of life
along her keel, And, spurning with her foot the ground, With one
exulting, joyous bound, She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd There rose a shout, prolonged
and loud, That to the ocean seemed to say, "Take her, O
bridegroom, old and gray, Take her to thy protecting arms, With all
her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair She lies within those arms, that
press Her form with many a soft caress Of tenderness and watchful
care! Sail forth into the sea, O ship! Through wind and wave, right
onward steer! The moistened eye, the trembling lip, Are not the
signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life, O gentle, loving, trusting wife, And
safe from all adversity Upon the bosom of that sea Thy comings
and thy goings be! For gentleness and love and trust Prevail o'er
angry wave and gust; And in the wreck of noble lives Something
immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, O UNION, strong and
great! Humanity with all its fears, With all the hopes of future

years, Is hanging breathless on thy fate! We know what Master laid thy keel, What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel, Who made each mast, and sail, and rope, What anvils rang, what hammers beat, In what a forge and what a heat Were shaped the anchors of thy hope! Fear not each sudden sound and shock, 'T is of the wave and not the rock; 'T is but the flapping of the sail, And not a rent made by the gale! In spite of rock and tempest'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 fastness, In its vastness, Floats some fragment of a song:

Front the far-off isles enchanted, Heaven has planted With the golden fruit of Truth; From the flashing surf, whose vision Gleams Elysian In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor That forever Wrestle with the tides of Fate From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered, Tempest-shattered, Floating waste and desolate;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting On the shifting Currents of the
restless heart; Till at length in books recorded, They, like
hoarded Household words, no more depart.

CHRYSAOR

Just above yon sandy bar, As the day grows fainter and
dimmer, Lonely and lovely, a single star Lights the air with a dusky
glimmer

Into the ocean faint and far Falls the trail of its golden
splendor, And the gleam of that single star Is ever refulgent, soft,
and tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea, Showed thus glorious and thus
emulous, Leaving the arms of Callirrhoe, Forever tender, soft, and
tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far Trailed the gleam of his falchion
brightly; Is it a God, or is it a star That, entranced, I gaze on
nightly!

THE SECRET OF THE SEA

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me As I gaze upon the sea! All
the old romantic legends, All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of 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 helmsman Chant a song so wild and
clear, That the sailing sea-bird slowly Poised upon the mast to
hear,

Till his soul was full of longing, And he cried, with impulse strong,—
"Helmsman! for the love of heaven, Teach me, too, that
wondrous song!"

"Wouldst thou,"—so the helmsman answered, "Learn the secret of
the sea? Only those who brave its dangers Comprehend its
mystery!"

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

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

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 casement, Tell to that little child?

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

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the first watch of the night, Without a signal's sound, Out of the
sea, mysteriously, The fleet of Death rose all around.

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

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

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

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 splendor in the glare!

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

Like the great giant Christopher it stands Upon the brink of the
tempestuous wave, Wading far out among the rocks and
sands, The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return, Bending and bowing
o'er the billowy swells, And ever joyful, as they see it burn, They
wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails Gleam for a
moment only in the blaze, And eager faces, as the light
unveils, Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child, On his first voyage, he saw
it fade and sink; And when, returning from adventures wild, He
saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same Year after year, through
all the silent night Burns on forevermore that quenchless
flame, Shines on that inextinguishable light!

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

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

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din Of wings and winds

and solitary cries, Blinded and maddened by the light
within, Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

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

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

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD

DEVEREUX FARM, NEAR MARBLEHEAD

We sat within the farm-house old, Whose windows, looking o'er the
bay, Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold, An easy entrance,
night and day.

Not far away we saw the port, The strange, old-fashioned, silent
town, The lighthouse, the dismantled fort, The wooden houses,
quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night, Descending, filled the little
room; Our faces faded from the sight, Our voices only broke the
gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene, Of what we once had
thought and said, Of what had been, and might have been, And
who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends, When first they feel, with
secret pain, Their lives thenceforth have separate ends, And
never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart, That words are powerless to
express, And leave it still unsaid in part, Or say it in too great
excess.

The very tones in which we spake Had something strange, I could
but mark; The leaves of memory seemed to make A mournful

rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips, As suddenly, from out the
fire Built of the wreck of stranded ships, The flames would leap
and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed, We thought of wrecks
upon the main, Of ships dismasted, that were hailed And sent no
answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames, The ocean, roaring up the
beach, The gusty blast, the bickering flames, All mingled vaguely
in our speech.

Until they made themselves a part Of fancies floating through the
brain, The long-lost ventures of the heart, That send no answers
back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned! They were indeed too
much akin, The drift-wood fire without that burned, The thoughts
that burned and glowed within.

BY THE FIRESIDE

RESIGNATION

There is no flock, however watched and tended, But one dead
lamb is there! There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended, But has
one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying, And mournings for the
dead; The heart of Rachel, for her children crying, Will not be
comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions Not from the ground
arise, But oftentimes celestial benedictions Assume this dark
disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors; Amid these earthly
damps What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers May be
heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition; This life of mortal
breath Is but a suburb of the life elysian, Whose portal we call
Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,— But gone unto that
school Where she no longer needs our poor protection, And Christ
himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion, By guardian angels
led, Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution, She lives,
whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing In those bright realms of
air; Year after year, her tender steps pursuing, Behold her grown
more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken The bond which
nature gives, Thinking that our remembrance, though
unspoken, May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her; For when with raptures
wild In our embraces we again enfold her, She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion, Clothed with celestial
grace; And beautiful with all the soul's expansion Shall we behold
her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion And anguish long
suppressed, The swelling heart heaves moaning like the
ocean, That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling We may not wholly
stay; By silence sanctifying, not concealing, The grief that must
have way.

THE BUILDERS

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

Nothing useless is, or low; Each thing in its place is best; And

what seems but idle show Strengthens and supports the rest.

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

Truly shape and fashion these; Leave no yawning gaps
between; Think not, because no man sees, Such things will
remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art, Builders wrought with greatest care Each
minute and unseen part; For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well, Both the unseen and the seen; Make
the house, where Gods may dwell, Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete, Standing in these walls of
Time, Broken stairways, where the feet Stumble as they seek to
climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure, With a firm and ample
base; And ascending and secure Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain To those turrets, where the eye Sees
the world as one vast plain, And one boundless reach of sky.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS

A handful of red sand, from the hot clime Of Arab deserts
brought, Within this glass becomes the spy of Time, The minister
of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been About those deserts
blown! How many strange vicissitudes has seen, How many
histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite Trampled and passed it
o'er, When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight His favorite son
they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare, Crushed it beneath
their tread; Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air Scattered it

as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth Held close in her
caress, Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith Illumed the
wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms Pacing the Dead Sea
beach, And singing slow their old Armenian psalms In half-
articulate speech;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate With westward steps
depart; Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate, And resolute in
heart!

These have passed over it, or may have passed! Now in this
crystal tower Imprisoned by some curious hand at last, It counts
the passing hour,

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand; Before my dreamy
eye Stretches the desert with its shifting sand, Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast, This little golden
thread Dilates into a column high and vast, A form of fear and
dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun, Across the boundless
plain, The column and its broader shadow run, Till thought
pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again Shut out the lurid
sun, Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain; The half-hour's sand is
run!

THE OPEN WINDOW

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

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

The large Newfoundland house-dog Was standing by the door; He
looked for his little playmates, Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens, They played not in the
hall; But shadow, and silence, and sadness Were hanging over
all.

The birds sang in the branches, With sweet, familiar tone; But the
voices of the children Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me, He could not understand Why
closer in mine, ah! closer, I pressed his warm, soft hand!

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN

Witlaf, a king of the Saxons, Ere yet his last he breathed, To the
merry monks of Croyland His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their revels, And drank from the golden
bowl, They might remember the donor, And breathe a prayer for
his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas, And bade the goblet pass; In their
beards the red wine glistened Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf, They drank to Christ the
Lord, And to each of the Twelve Apostles, Who had preached his
holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs Of the dismal days of
yore, And as soon as the horn was empty They remembered one
Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit Like the murmur of many
bees, The legend of good Saint Guthlac, And Saint Basil's
homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent, From their prison in the
tower, Guthlac and Bartholomaeus, Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney, And the Abbot bowed his

head, And the flamelets flapped and flickered, But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers He clutched the golden bowl, In which, like a pearl dissolving, Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels The jovial monks forbore, For they cried, "Fill high the goblet! We must drink to one Saint more!"

GASPAR BECERRA

By his evening fire the artist Pondered o'er his secret shame; Baffled, weary, and disheartened, Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'T was an image of the Virgin That had tasked his utmost skill; But, alas! his fair ideal Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island Had the precious wood been brought Day and night the anxious master At his toil untiring wrought;

Till, discouraged and desponding, Sat he now in shadows deep, And the day's humiliation Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, "Rise, O master! From the burning brand of oak Shape the thought that stirs within thee!" And the startled artist woke,—

Woke, and from the smoking embers Seized and quenched the glowing wood; And therefrom he carved an image, And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet! Take this lesson to thy heart: That is best which lieth nearest; Shape from that thy work of art.

PEGASUS IN POUND

Once into a quiet village, Without haste and without heed, In the golden prime of morning, Strayed the poet's winged steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
And, like living coals, the apples Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing From its belfry gaunt and grim;
'T was the daily call to labor, Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape, In its gleaming vapor veiled;
Not the less he breathed the odors That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common, By the school-boys he was found;
And the wise men, in their wisdom, Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier, Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people, Rich and poor, and young and old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous Winged steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening Fell, with vapors cold and dim;
But it brought no food nor shelter, Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant, Looked he through the wooden bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape, Saw the tranquil, patient stars;

Till at length the bell at midnight Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighboring farm-yard Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended, Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions, To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village Woke to all its toil and care, Lo!
the strange steed had departed, And they knew not when nor

where.

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

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

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!

Hoeder, 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 trembled as she read, Interpreting by tones the
wondrous pages Of the great poet who foreruns the
ages, Anticipating all that shall be said! O happy Reader! having
for thy text The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have
caught The rarest essence of all human thought! O happy Poet!
by no critic 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 Gethsemane Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest! Like the beloved John To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast, And thus to journey on!

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA <Notes from HIAWATHA follow>

INTRODUCTION

Should you ask me, whence these stories? Whence these legends and traditions, With the odors of the forest With the dew and damp of meadows, With the curling smoke of wigwams, With the rushing of great rivers, With their frequent repetitions, And their wild reverberations As of thunder in the mountains? I should answer, I should tell you, "From the forests and the prairies, From the great lakes of the Northland, From the land of the Ojibways, From the 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, The musician, the sweet singer." Should you ask where Nawadaha Found these songs so wild and wayward, Found these legends and traditions, I should answer, I should tell you, "In the bird's-nests of the forest, In the lodges of the beaver, In the hoof-prints of the bison, In the eyry of the eagle! "All the wild-fowl sang them to him, In the moorlands and the fen-lands, In the melancholy marshes; 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 follow. "In the vale of Tawasentha, In the green and silent valley, By the pleasant water-courses, Dwelt the singer Nawadaha. Round about the Indian village Spread the meadows and the corn-fields, And beyond them stood the forest, Stood the groves of singing pine-trees, Green in Summer, white in Winter, Ever sighing, ever singing. "And the pleasant water-courses, You could trace them through the valley, By the rushing in the Spring-time, By the alders in the Summer, By the white fog in the Autumn, By the black line in the Winter; And beside them dwelt the singer, In the vale of Tawasentha, In the green and silent valley. "There he sang of Hiawatha, Sang the Song of Hiawatha, Sang his wondrous birth and being, How he prayed and how he fasted, How he lived, and toiled, and suffered, That the tribes of men might prosper, That he might advance his people!" Ye who love the haunts of Nature, Love the sunshine of the meadow, Love the shadow of the forest, Love the wind among the branches, And the rain-shower and the snow-storm, 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, That like voices from afar off Call to us to pause and listen, Speak in tones so plain and childlike, 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 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 strengthened;— Listen to this simple story, To this Song of Hiawatha! Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles Through the green lanes of the country, Where the tangled barberry-bushes Hang their tufts of crimson berries Over stone walls gray with mosses, Pause by some neglected graveyard, For a while to muse, and ponder On a half-effaced inscription, Written with little skill of song-craft, Homely phrases, but each letter Full of hope and yet of heart-break, Full of all the tender pathos Of the 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 downward Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet. And the
Spirit, stooping earthward, 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
fragment, Moulded it into a pipe-head, Shaped and fashioned it
with figures; From the margin of the river Took a long reed for a
pipe-stem, With its dark green leaves upon it; Filled the pipe with
bark of willow, With the bark of the red willow; Breathed upon the
neighboring forest, Made its great boughs chafe together, Till in
flame they burst and kindled; And erect upon the mountains, Gitche
Manito, the mighty, Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe, As a
signal to the nations. And the smoke rose slowly, slowly, Through
the tranquil air of morning, First a single line of darkness, Then a
denser, bluer vapor, Then a snow-white cloud unfolding, Like the
tree-tops of the forest, Ever rising, rising, rising, Till it touched the
top of heaven, Till it broke against the heaven, 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 nations Said: "Behold it, the
Pukwana! By the signal of the Peace-Pipe, 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 Mohawks, Came the
Choctaws and Camanches, Came the Shoshonies and
Blackfeet, Came the Pawnees and Omahas, Came the Mandans
and Dacotahs, Came the Hurons and Ojibways, All the warriors

drawn together By the signal of the Peace-Pipe, To the Mountains of the Prairie, To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry. And they stood there on the meadow, With their weapons and their war-gear, Painted like the leaves of Autumn, Painted like the sky of morning, Wildly glaring at each other; In their faces stern defiance, In their hearts the feuds of ages, The hereditary hatred, The ancestral thirst of vengeance. Gitche Manito, the mighty, The creator of the nations, Looked upon them with compassion, With paternal love and pity; Looked upon their wrath and wrangling But as quarrels among children, But as feuds and fights of children! Over them he stretched his right hand, To subdue their stubborn natures, To allay their thirst and fever, By the shadow of his right hand; Spake to them with voice majestic As the sound of far-off waters, Falling into deep abysses, Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:— "O my children! 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, 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 bloodshed, Weary of your prayers for vengeance, Of your wranglings and dissensions; All your strength is in your union, All your danger is in discord; Therefore be at peace henceforward, And as brothers live together. "I will send a Prophet to you, A Deliverer of the nations, Who shall guide you and shall teach you, Who shall toil and suffer with you. If you listen to his counsels, You will multiply and prosper; If his warnings pass unheeded, You will fade away and perish! "Bathe now in the stream before you, Wash the war-paint from your faces, Wash the blood-stains from your fingers, Bury your war-clubs and your weapons, Break the red stone from this quarry, Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes, Take the reeds that grow beside you, Deck them with your brightest feathers, Smoke the calumet together, And as brothers live henceforward!" Then upon the ground the warriors 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 footprints 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 warriors, Clean and washed from all their war-paint; On the banks their clubs they buried, Buried all their warlike weapons. Gitche Manito, the mighty, The Great Spirit, the creator, Smiled upon his helpless children! And in silence all the warriors Broke the red stone of the quarry, Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes, Broke the long reeds by the river, Decked them with their brightest feathers, And departed each one homeward, While the Master of Life, ascending, Through the opening of cloud-curtains, Through the doorways of the heaven, Vanished from before their faces, In the smoke that rolled around him, The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

II

The Four Winds

"Honor be to Mudjekeewis!" Cried the warriors, cried the old men, When he came in triumph homeward 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 Wampum From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa, From the Great Bear of the mountains, From the terror of the nations, As he lay asleep and 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 Mudjekeewis, 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 Mudjekeewis. Then he swung aloft his war-club, Shouted loud and long his war-cry, Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa In the middle of the forehead, Right between the eyes he smote him. With the heavy blow bewildered, Rose the Great Bear of the mountains; But his knees beneath him trembled, And he whimpered like a woman, As he reeled and staggered forward, As he sat upon his haunches; And the mighty Mudjekeewis, Standing fearlessly before

him, 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 whimper Like a miserable woman! Bear! you know our tribes are hostile, Long have been at war together; Now you find that we are strongest, You go sneaking in the forest, You go hiding in the mountains! Had you conquered me in battle Not a groan would I have uttered; But you, Bear! sit here and whimper, 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, Broke his skull, as ice is broken When one goes to fish in Winter. Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa, He the Great Bear of the mountains, He the terror of the nations. "Honor be to Mudjekeewis!" With a shout exclaimed the people, "Honor be to Mudjekeewis! Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind, And hereafter and forever Shall he hold supreme dominion Over all the winds of heaven. Call him no more 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, 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. 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 earthward, While the village still was sleeping, And the fog lay on the river, Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise, He beheld a maiden walking All alone upon a meadow, Gathering water-flags and rushes By a river in the meadow. Every morning, gazing earthward, Still the first thing he beheld there 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 caresses, Wooed her with his smile of sunshine, With his flattering words he wooed

her, With his sighing and his singing, Gentlest whispers in the
branches, Softest music, sweetest odors, Till he drew her to his
bosom, Folded in his robes of crimson, Till into a star he changed
her, 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, 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-flake, Sifting, hissing through the forest, Froze the ponds,
the lakes, the rivers, Drove the loon and sea-gull southward, Drove
the cormorant and curlew To their nests of 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
icebergs, And his hair, with snow besprinkled, Streamed behind
him like a river, Like a black and wintry river, As he howled and
hurried southward, Over frozen lakes and moorlands. There
among the reeds and rushes Found he Shingebis, the
diver, Trailing strings of fish behind him, O'er the frozen fens and
moorlands, Lingering still among the moorlands, Though his tribe
had long departed To the land of Shawondasee. Cried the fierce
Kabibonokka, "Who is this that dares to brave me? 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 wailing, Heaped the snow in drifts about
it, 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 firewood, One for each moon of the winter, And for food the
fishes served him. By his blazing fire he sat there, Warm and
merry, eating, laughing, Singing, "O Kabibonokka, You are but my
fellow-mortal!" Then Kabibonokka entered, And though Shingebis,
the diver, Felt his presence by the coldness, Felt his icy breath
upon him, Still he did not cease his singing, Still he did not leave
his laughing, Only turned the log a little, Only made the fire burn
brighter, Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue. From
Kabibonokka's forehead, From his snow-besprinkled

tresses, Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy, Making dints upon the ashes, As along the eaves of lodges, As from drooping boughs of hemlock, Drips the melting snow in spring-time, Making hollows in the snow-drifts. Till at last he rose defeated, Could not bear the heat and laughter, Could not bear the merry singing, But rushed headlong through the door-way, Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts, Stamped upon the lakes and rivers, Made the snow upon them harder, Made the ice upon them thicker, Challenged Shingebis, the diver, To come forth and wrestle with him, To come forth and wrestle naked On the frozen fens and moorlands. Forth went Shingebis, the diver, Wrestled all night with the 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 backward, And retreated, baffled, beaten, To the kingdom of Wabasso, To the land of the White Rabbit, Hearing still the gusty laughter, Hearing Shingebis, the diver, Singing, "O Kabibonokka, You are but my fellow-mortal!" Shawondasee, fat and lazy, Had his dwelling far to southward, In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine, In the never-ending Summer. He it was who sent the wood-birds, Sent the robin, the Opechee, Sent the bluebird, the Owaissa, Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow, Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward, Sent the melons and tobacco, And the grapes in purple clusters. From his pipe the smoke ascending Filled the sky with haze and vapor, Filled the air with dreamy softness, Gave a twinkle to the water, Touched the rugged hills with smoothness, Brought the tender Indian Summer 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, Saw a tall and slender maiden All alone upon a prairie; Brightest green were all her garments, And her hair was like the sunshine. Day by day he gazed upon her, Day by day he sighed with passion, Day by day his heart within him Grew more hot with love and longing For the maid with yellow tresses. But he was too fat and lazy To bestir himself and woo her; Yes, too indolent and easy To pursue her and persuade her; So he only gazed upon her, Only sat and sighed with passion For the maiden of the prairie. Till one morning, looking northward, He beheld her yellow tresses Changed and covered o'er with whiteness, Covered

as with whitest snow-flakes. "Ah! my brother from the North-land, From the kingdom of Wabasso, From the land of the White Rabbit! You have stolen the maiden from me, You have laid your hand upon her, You have wooed and won my maiden, With your stories of the North-land!" Thus the wretched Shawondasee Breathed into the air his sorrow; And the South-Wind o'er the prairie Wandered warm with sighs of passion, With the sighs of Shawondasee, Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes, Full of thistle-down the prairie, And the maid with hair like sunshine Vanished from his sight forever; Never more did Shawondasee See the maid with yellow tresses! Poor, deluded Shawondasee! 'T was no woman that you gazed at, 'T was no maiden that you sighed for, 'T was the prairie dandelion That through all the dreamy Summer You had gazed at with such longing, You had sighed for with such passion, And had puffed away forever, Blown into the air with sighing. Ah! deluded Shawondasee! Thus the Four Winds were divided; Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis Had their stations in the heavens, At the corners of the heavens; For himself the West-Wind only Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

III

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

Downward through the evening twilight, In the days that are forgotten, In the unremembered ages, From the full moon fell Nokomis, Fell the beautiful Nokomis, She a wife, but not a mother. She was sporting with her women, Swinging in a swing of grape-vines, When her rival, the rejected, Full of jealousy and hatred, 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 people; "From the sky a star is falling!" There among the ferns and mosses, There among the prairie lilies, On the Muskoday, the meadow, In the moonlight and the starlight, Fair Nokomis bore a daughter. And she called her name Wenonah, As the first-born of her daughters. And the daughter of Nokomis Grew up like the prairie lilies, Grew a tall and slender maiden, With the beauty of the moonlight, With the beauty

of the starlight. And Nokomis warned her often, Saying oft, and oft repeating, "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 wisdom, And the West-Wind came at evening, Walking lightly o'er the prairie, Whispering to the leaves and blossoms, Bending low the flowers and grasses, Found the beautiful Wenonah, Lying there among the lilies, Wooed her with his words of sweetness, Wooed her with his soft caresses, Till she bore a son in sorrow, Bore a son of love and sorrow. Thus was born my Hiawatha, Thus was born the child of wonder; But the daughter of Nokomis, Hiawatha's gentle mother, In her anguish died deserted By the West-Wind, false and faithless, By the heartless Mudjekeewis. For her daughter long and loudly Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis; "Oh that I were dead!" she murmured, "Oh that I were dead, as thou art! No more work, and no more weeping, 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; 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!" Lulled him into slumber, singing, "Ewa-yea! my little owlet! Who is this, that lights the wigwam? With his great eyes lights the wigwam? 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, 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 shadows, Running straight across the heavens, Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows. At the door on summer evenings Sat the little Hiawatha; Heard the whispering of the pine-trees, Heard the lapping of the water, Sounds of music, words of wonder; 'Minne-wawa!" said the Pine-trees, Mudway-aushka!" said the water. Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee, Flitting

through the dusk of evening, With the twinkle of its candle Lighting
up the brakes and bushes, And he sang the song of children, Sang
the song Nokomis taught him: "Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly, Little,
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, Nokomis?" And the good Nokomis
answered: "Once a warrior, very angry, Seized his grandmother,
and threw her Up into the sky at midnight; Right against the moon
he threw her; 'T is her body that you see there." Saw the rainbow
in the heaven, In the eastern sky, the rainbow, Whispered, "What is
that, Nokomis?" And the good Nokomis answered: "'T is the
heaven of flowers you see there; All the wild-flowers of the
forest, All the lilies of the prairie, When on earth they fade and
perish, Blossom in that heaven above us." When he heard the
owls at midnight, Hooting, laughing in the forest, "What is that?" he
cried in terror, "What is that," he said, "Nokomis?" And the good
Nokomis answered: "That is but the owl and owlet, Talking in their
native language, Talking, scolding at each other." Then the little
Hiawatha Learned of every bird its language, Learned their names
and all their secrets, How they built their nests in Summer, Where
they hid themselves in Winter, Talked with them whene'er he met
them, Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens." Of all beasts he
learned the language, Learned their names and all their
secrets, How the beavers built their lodges, Where the squirrels hid
their acorns, How the reindeer ran so swiftly, Why the rabbit was so
timid, Talked with them whene'er he met them, Called them
"Hiawatha's Brothers." Then Iagoo, the great boaster, He the
marvellous story-teller, He the traveller and the talker, He the friend
of old Nokomis, Made a bow for Hiawatha; From a branch of ash
he made it, From an oak-bough made the arrows, Tipped with flint,
and winged with feathers, And the cord he made of deer-
skin. Then he said to Hiawatha: "Go, my son, into the
forest, Where the red deer herd together, Kill for us a famous
roebuck, Kill for us a deer with antlers!" Forth into the forest
straightway All alone walked Hiawatha Proudly, with his bow and
arrows; And the birds sang round him, o'er him, "Do not shoot us,
Hiawatha!" Sang the robin, the Opechee, Sang the bluebird, the
Owaissa, "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!" Up the oak-tree, close

beside him, Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo, In and out among the branches, Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree, Laughed, and said between his laughing, "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!" And the rabbit from his pathway Leaped aside, and at a distance Sat erect upon his haunches, Half in fear and half in frolic, 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 fastened, 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, Saw two eyes look from the thicket, Saw two nostrils point to windward, And a deer came down the pathway, Flecked with leafy light and shadow. And his heart within him fluttered, Trembled like the leaves above him, Like the birch-leaf palpitated, As the deer came down the pathway. Then, upon one knee uprising, Hiawatha aimed an arrow; Scarce a twig moved with his motion, Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled, But the wary roebuck started, Stamped with all his hoofs together, 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 forest, By the ford across the river; Beat his timid heart no longer, But the heart of Hiawatha Throbbled and shouted and exulted, As he bore the red deer homeward, And lagoo and Nokomis Hailed his coming with applauses. From the red deer's hide Nokomis Made a cloak for Hiawatha, From the red deer's flesh Nokomis 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-taysee!

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 pastimes, In all manly arts and labors. Swift of foot was Hiawatha; He could shoot an arrow from him, And run forward with such fleetness, That the arrow fell behind him! Strong of arm was Hiawatha; He could shoot ten arrows upward, Shoot them with such strength and swiftness, That the

tenth had left the bow-string Ere the first to earth had fallen! He had 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, 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; 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 leggings, Richly wrought with quills and wampum; On his head his eagle-feathers, Round his waist his belt of wampum, In his hand his bow of ash-wood, Strung with sinews of the reindeer; In his quiver oaken arrows, Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers; With his mittens, Minjekahwun, With his moccasins enchanted. Warning said the old Nokomis, "Go not forth, O Hiawatha! 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, Hot and close the air around him, Filled with smoke and fiery vapors, As of burning woods and prairies, For his heart was hot within him, Like a living coal his heart was. So he journeyed westward, westward, Left the fleetest deer behind him, Left the antelope and bison; Crossed the rushing Esconaba, Crossed the mighty Mississippi, Passed the Mountains of the Prairie, Passed the land of Crows and Foxes, Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet, Came unto the Rocky Mountains, To the kingdom of the West-Wind, Where upon the gusty summits Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis, Ruler of the winds of heaven. Filled with awe was Hiawatha At the aspect of his father. On the air about him wildly Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses, Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses, 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, Saw the beauty of Wenonah From the grave rise up

before him. "Welcome!" said he, "Hiawatha, To the kingdom of the West-Wind! Long have I been waiting for you! Youth is lovely, age is lonely, Youth is fiery, age is frosty; You bring back the days departed, You bring back my youth of passion, And the beautiful Wenonah!" Many days they talked together, Questioned, listened, waited, answered; Much the mighty Mudjekeewis Boasted of his ancient prowess, Of his perilous adventures, His indomitable courage, His invulnerable body. Patiently sat Hiawatha, Listening to his father's boasting; With a smile he sat and listened, Uttered neither threat nor menace, 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 boasting, Answered, saying, "There is nothing, Nothing but the black rock yonder, 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?" But the wary Hiawatha Paused awhile, as if uncertain, Held his peace, as if resolving, And then answered, "There is nothing, 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, "Kago! kago! do not touch it!" "Ah, kaween!" said Mudjekeewis, "No indeed, I will not touch it!" Then they talked of other matters; 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, 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 footsteps; You confess it! you confess it!" And the mighty Mudjekeewis 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 fragments, Hurling 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, 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 mountains; From his eyry screamed the eagle, The Keneu, the great war-eagle, Sat upon the crags around them, Wheeling flapped his wings above them. Like a tall tree in the tempest Bent and lashed the giant bulrush; And in masses huge and heavy Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek; Till the earth shook with the tumult And confusion of the battle, And the air was full of shoutings, And the thunder of the mountains, Starting, answered, "Baim-wawa!" Back retreated Mudjekeewis, Rushing westward o'er the mountains, Stumbling westward down the mountains, Three whole days retreated fighting, Still pursued by Hiawatha To the doorways of the West-Wind, To the portals of the Sunset, To the earth's remotest border, Where into the empty spaces Sinks the sun, as a flamingo Drops into her nest at nightfall, In the melancholy marshes. "Hold!" at length cried Mudjekeewis, "Hold, my son, my Hiawatha! '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 courage; Now receive the prize of valor! "Go back to your home and people, Live among them, toil among them, Cleanse the earth from all that harms it, Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers, Slay all monsters and magicians, All the Wendigoes, the giants, All the serpents, the Kenabeeks, As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa, Slew the Great Bear of the mountains. "And at last when Death draws near you, 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, Keewaydin, 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 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
vengeance, From his heart the burning fever. Only once his pace
he slackened, Only once he paused or halted, Paused to purchase
heads of arrows 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 sandstone, 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 sunshine, Eyes that
smiled and frowned alternate, Feet as rapid as the river, 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? 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 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 sunset, 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, 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 wandered; Saw the deer start from the thicket, Saw the rabbit in his burrow, Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming, 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, desponding, "Must our lives depend on these things?" On the next day of his fasting 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 Bemahgut, Trailing o'er the alder-branches, Filling all the air with fragrance! "Master of Life!" he cried, desponding, "Must our lives depend on these things?" On the third day of his fasting By the lake he sat and pondered, By the still, transparent water; Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping, Scattering drops like beads of wampum, Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa, Like a sunbeam in the water, Saw the pike, the Maskenozha, And the herring, Okahahwis, And the Shawgashee, the crawfish! "Master of Life!" he cried, desponding, "Must our lives depend on these things?" On the fourth day of his fasting In his lodge he lay exhausted; From his couch of leaves and branches Gazing with half-open eyelids, Full of shadowy dreams and visions, On the dizzy, swimming landscape, On the gleaming of the water, On the splendor of the sunset. And he saw a youth approaching, Dressed in garments green and yellow, Coming through the purple twilight, Through the splendor of the sunset; Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead, And his hair was soft and golden. Standing at the open doorway, Long he looked at Hiawatha, Looked with pity and compassion On his wasted form and features, And, in accents like the sighing Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops, Said he, "O my Hiawatha! All your prayers are heard in heaven, For you pray not like the others; Not for greater skill in hunting, Not for greater craft in fishing, Not for triumph in the battle, Nor renown among the warriors, But for profit of the people, For advantage of the nations. "From the Master of Life descending, I, the friend of man, Mondamin, Come to warn you and instruct you, How by struggle and by labor You shall gain what you have prayed for. Rise up from your bed of branches, Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!" Faint

with famine, Hiawatha Started from his bed of branches, From the twilight of his wigwam Forth into the flush of sunset Came, and wrestled with Mondamin; At his touch he felt new courage Throbbing in his brain and bosom, Felt new life and hope and vigor Run through every nerve and fibre. So they wrestled there together In the glory of the sunset, And the more they strove and struggled, Stronger still grew Hiawatha; Till the darkness fell around them, And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, From her nest among the pine-trees, Gave a cry of lamentation, Gave a scream of pain and famine. "T is enough!" then said Mondamin, Smiling upon Hiawatha, "But tomorrow, when the sun sets, I will come again to try you." And he vanished, and was seen not; Whether sinking as the rain sinks, Whether rising as the mists rise, Hiawatha saw not, knew not, Only saw that he had vanished, Leaving him alone and fainting, With the misty lake below him, And the reeling stars above him. On the morrow and the next day, When the sun through heaven descending, Like a red and burning cinder From the hearth of the Great Spirit, Fell into the western waters, Came Mondamin for the trial, For the strife with Hiawatha; Came as silent as the dew comes, From the empty air appearing, Into empty air returning, Taking shape when earth it touches, But invisible to all men In its coming and its going. Thrice they wrestled there together In the glory of the sunset, Till the darkness fell around them, Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, From her nest among the pine-trees, Uttered her loud cry of famine, And Mondamin paused to listen. Tall and beautiful he stood there, In his garments green and yellow; To and fro his plumes above him, Waved and nodded with his breathing, And the sweat of the encounter Stood like drops of dew upon him. And he cried, "O Hiawatha! Bravely have you wrestled with me, Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me, And the Master of Life, who sees us, He will give to you the triumph!" 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 Soft and loose and light above me. "Let no hand disturb my slumber, Let no weed nor worm molest me, Let not Kahgahgee, the raven, Come to 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, But he heard the Wawonaissa, Heard the whippoorwill complaining, 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 slumber Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers: Peacefully slept Hiawatha. On the morrow came Nokomis, On the seventh day of his fasting, Came with food for Hiawatha, Came imploring and bewailing, Lest his hunger should o'ercome him, Lest his fasting should be fatal. But he tasted not, and touched not, Only said to her, "Nokomis, Wait until the sun is setting, Till the darkness falls around us, Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, Crying from the desolate marshes, Tells us that the day is ended." Homeward weeping went Nokomis, Sorrowing for her Hiawatha, Fearing lest his strength should fail him, Lest his fasting should be fatal. He meanwhile sat weary waiting For the coming of Mondamin, Till the shadows, pointing eastward, Lengthened over field and forest, Till the sun dropped from the heaven, Floating on the waters westward, As a red leaf in the Autumn Falls and floats upon the water, Falls and sinks into its bosom. And behold! the young Mondamin, With his soft and shining tresses, With his garments green and yellow, With his long and glossy plumage, Stood and beckoned at the doorway. And as one in slumber walking, Pale and haggard, but 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, 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; 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; And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, From the melancholy moorlands, Gave a cry of lamentation, Gave a cry of

pain and anguish! Homeward then went Hiawatha To the lodge of old Nokomis, And the seven days of his fasting Were accomplished and completed. But the place was not forgotten Where he wrestled with Mondamin; Nor forgotten nor neglected Was the grave where lay Mondamin, Sleeping in the rain and sunshine, Where his scattered plumes and garments Faded in the rain and sunshine. Day by day did Hiawatha Go to 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, Kahgahgee, the king of ravens. Till at length a small green feather From the earth shot slowly upward, Then another and another, And before the Summer ended Stood the maize in all its beauty, With its shining robes about it, And its long, soft, yellow tresses; And in rapture Hiawatha Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin! Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!" Then he called to old Nokomis And 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, 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, Kwasind. Straight between them ran the pathway, Never grew the grass upon it; Singing birds, that utter falsehoods, Story-tellers, mischief-makers, Found no eager ear to listen, Could not breed ill-will between them, For they kept each other's counsel, Spake with naked hearts together, Pondering much and much contriving How the tribes of men might prosper. Most beloved by Hiawatha Was the gentle Chibiabos, He the best of all musicians, 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 listened; All the warriors gathered round him, All the women came to hear him; Now he stirred their souls to passion, Now he melted them to pity. From the hollow reeds he fashioned Flutes so musical and mellow, That the brook, the Sebowisha, Ceased to murmur in the woodland, 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, Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos, Teach my waves to flow in music, Softly as your words in singing!" Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa, Envious, said, "O Chibiabos, Teach me tones as wild and wayward, Teach me songs as full of frenzy!" Yes, the robin, the Opechee, Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos, Teach me tones as sweet and tender, Teach me songs as full of gladness!" And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa, Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos, Teach me tones as melancholy, Teach me songs as full of sadness!" All the many sounds of nature Borrowed sweetness from his singing; All the hearts of men were softened By the pathos of his music; For he sang of peace and freedom, Sang of beauty, love, and longing; Sang of death, and life 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, And the magic of his singing. Dear, too, unto Hiawatha Was the very strong man, Kwasind, 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 children, Never fished and never hunted, Not like other children was he; But they saw that much he fasted, Much his Manito entreated, Much besought his Guardian Spirit. "Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother, "In my work you never help me! In the Summer you are roaming Idly in the fields and forests; In the Winter you are cowering O'er the firebrands in the wigwam! In the coldest days of Winter I must break the ice for fishing; With my nets you never help me! At the door my nets are hanging, Dripping, freezing with the water; Go and wring them, Yenadzize! Go and dry them in the sunshine!" Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind Rose, but made

no angry answer; From the lodge went forth in silence, Took the nets, that hung together, Dripping, freezing at the doorway; Like a wisp of straw he wrung them, Like a wisp of straw he broke them, Could not wring them without breaking, Such the strength was in his fingers. "Lazy Kwasind!" said his father, "In the hunt you never help me; Every bow you touch is broken, Snapped asunder every arrow; Yet come with me to the forest, You shall bring the hunting homeward." Down a narrow pass they wandered, Where a brooklet led them onward, Where the trail of deer and bison Marked the soft mud on the margin, Till they found all further passage Shut against them, barred securely By the trunks of trees uprooted, Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise, And forbidding further passage. "We must go back," said the old man, "O'er these logs we cannot clamber; Not a woodchuck could get through them, Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!" And straightway his pipe he lighted, And sat down to smoke and ponder. But before his pipe was finished, Lo! the path was cleared before him; All the trunks had Kwasind lifted, To the right hand, to the left hand, Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows, Hurling 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 together!" Lazy Kwasind made no answer, To their challenge made no answer, Only rose, and slowly turning, Seized the huge rock in his fingers, Tore it from its deep foundation, 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, 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, Followed him among the islands, Stayed so long beneath the water, That his terrified companions Cried, "Alas! good-bye 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, 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 on the river, Like a yellow leaf in Autumn, Like a yellow water-lily! "Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-tree! 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 Taquamenaw, When the birds were singing gayly, In the Moon of Leaves were singing, And the sun, from sleep awaking, Started up and said, "Behold me! Gheezis, 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; 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, Went a murmur of resistance; But it whispered, bending downward, "Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!" Down he hewed the boughs of cedar, Shaped them straightway to a framework, Like two bows he formed and shaped them, Like two bended bows together. "Give me of your roots, O Tamarack! Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-tree! My canoe to bind together, So to bind the ends together That the water may not enter, That the river may not wet me!" And the Larch, with all its fibres, Shivered in the air of morning, Touched his forehead with its tassels, Slid, 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, 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 sombre, Sobbed through all its robes of darkness, Rattled like a shore with pebbles, Answered wailing, answered weeping, "Take my balm, O Hiawatha!" And he took the tears of balsam, Took the resin of the Fir-tree, Smear'd therewith each seam and fissure, Made each crevice safe from water. "Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog! All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog! I will make a necklace of them, Make a girdle for my beauty, And two stars to deck her bosom!" From a hollow tree the Hedgehog With his sleepy eyes looked at him, Shot his shining quills, like arrows, Saying with a drowsy murmur, Through the tangle of his whiskers, "Take my quills, O Hiawatha!" From the ground the quills he gathered, All the little shining arrows, Stained them red and blue and yellow, With the juice of roots and berries; Into his canoe he wrought them, Round its waist a shining girdle, Round its bows a gleaming necklace, On its breast two stars resplendent. Thus the Birch Canoe was builded In the valley, by the river, In the bosom of the forest; And the forest's life was in it, All its mystery and its magic, All the lightness of the birch-tree, All the toughness of the cedar, All the larch's supple sinews; And it floated on the river Like a yellow leaf in Autumn, Like a yellow water-lily. Paddles none had Hiawatha, Paddles none he had or needed, For his thoughts as paddles served him, And his wishes served to guide him; Swift or slow at will he glided, Veered to right or left at pleasure. Then he called aloud to Kwasind, To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind, Saying, "Help me clear this river Of its sunken logs and sand-bars." Straight into the river Kwasind Plunged as if he were an otter, Dived as if he were a beaver, Stood up to his waist in water, To his arm-pits in the river, Swam and scouted 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, 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 mountains, To the waters of Pauwating, To the bay of Taquamenaw.

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 Nahma, Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes, In his birch canoe exulting All alone went Hiawatha. Through the clear, transparent water He could see the fishes swimming Far down in the depths below him; See the yellow perch, the Sahwa, Like a sunbeam in the water, See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish, Like a spider on the bottom, On the white and sandy bottom. At the stern sat Hiawatha, With his fishing-line of cedar; In his plumes the breeze of morning Played as in the hemlock branches; 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 winnowed, With his tail he swept the sand-floor. There he lay in all his armor; On each side a shield to guard him, Plates of bone upon his forehead, Down his sides and back and shoulders Plates of bone with spines projecting Painted was he with his war-paints, Stripes of yellow, red, and azure, Spots of brown and spots of sable; And he lay there on the bottom, Fanning with his fins of purple, As above him Hiawatha In his birch canoe came sailing, With his fishing-line of cedar. "Take my bait," cried Hiawatha, Down into the depths beneath him, "Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma! Come up from below the water, Let us see which is the stronger!" And he dropped his line of cedar Through the clear, transparent water, Waited vainly for an answer, Long sat waiting for an answer, And repeating loud and louder, "Take my bait, O King of Fishes!" Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma, Fanning slowly in the water, Looking up at Hiawatha, Listening to his call and clamor, His unnecessary tumult, Till he wearied of the shouting; And he said to the Kenozha, To the pike, the Maskenozha, "Take the bait of this rude fellow, Break the line of Hiawatha!" In his fingers Hiawatha Felt

the loose line jerk and tighten; As he drew it in, it tugged so That the birch canoe stood endwise, Like a birch log in the water, With the squirrel, Adjidaumo, Perched and frisking on the summit. Full of scorn was Hiawatha When he saw the fish rise upward, Saw the pike, the Maskenozha, Coming nearer, nearer to him, And he shouted through the water, "Esa! esa! shame upon you! You are but the pike, Kenozha, You are not the fish I wanted, You are not the King of Fishes!" 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 crimson, "Take the bait of this great boaster, Break the line of Hiawatha!" Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming, Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish, Seized the line of Hiawatha, Swung with all his weight upon it, Made a whirlpool in the water, Whirled the birch canoe in circles, Round and round in gurgling eddies, Till the circles in the water Reached the far-off sandy beaches, Till the water-flags and rushes Nodded on the distant margins. But when Hiawatha saw him Slowly rising through the water, Lifting up his disk 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, Heard his challenge of defiance, The unnecessary tumult, Ringing far across the water. From the white sand of the bottom Up he rose with angry gesture, Quivering in each nerve and fibre, Clashing all his plates of armor, Gleaming bright with all his war-paint; In his wrath he darted upward, Flashing leaped into the sunshine, Opened his great jaws, and swallowed 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 rapids, 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, 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, Forth he might be hurled and perish. And the squirrel,

Adjidaumo, Frisked and chatted 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, And the name which now he gives you; For hereafter and forever Boys shall call you Adjidaumo, Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!" And again the sturgeon, Nahma, Gasped and quivered in the water, Then was still, and drifted landward Till he grated on the pebbles, Till the listening Hiawatha Heard him grate upon the margin, Felt him strand upon the pebbles, Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes, Lay there dead upon the margin. Then he heard a clang and flapping, 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, Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering, Gazing at him through the opening, Heard them saying to each other, "'T is our brother, Hiawatha!" And he shouted from below them, Cried exulting from the 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, Set me free from this dark prison, And henceforward and forever Men shall speak of your achievements, Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers!" And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls Toiled with beak and claws together, Made the rifts and openings wider In the mighty ribs of Nahma, And from peril and from prison, From the body of the sturgeon, From the peril of the water, They released my Hiawatha. He was standing near his wigwam, On the margin of the water, And he called to old Nokomis, Called and beckoned to Nokomis, Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma, Lying lifeless on the pebbles, With the sea-gulls feeding on him. "I have slain the Mishe-Nahma, Slain the King of Fishes!" said he; "Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him, Yes, my friends 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 feasting, Till they homeward fly, at sunset, To their nests among the marshes; Then bring all your pots and kettles, 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 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 banquet. Three whole days and nights alternate 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, As war-parties, when retreating, Burn the prairies on their war-trail; And the moon, the Night-sun, eastward, Suddenly starting from his ambush, Followed fast those bloody footprints, 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, 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! "He it was who slew my father, By his wicked wiles and cunning, When he from the moon descended, 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! "Take your bow, O Hiawatha, Take your arrows, jasper-headed, Take your war-club, Puggawaugun, 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 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 sailing; 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!" Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting, 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 serpents, The Kenabeek, the great serpents, Lying huge upon the water, 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, With their fiery breath made answer: "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 serpents; Every twanging of the bow-string Was a war-cry and a death-cry, Every whizzing of an arrow Was a death-song of Kenabeek. Weltering in the bloody water, Dead lay all the fiery serpents, And among them Hiawatha Harmless sailed, and cried exulting: "Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling! Onward to the black pitch-water!" Then he took the oil of Nahma, And the bows and sides anointed, Smear'd them well with oil, that swiftly He might pass the black pitch-water. All night long he sailed upon it, Sailed upon that sluggish water, Covered with its mould of ages, Black with rotting water-rushes, Rank with flags and leaves of lilies, Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal, Lighted by the shimmering moonlight, And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined, Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled, In their weary night-encampments. All the air was white with moonlight, All the water black with shadow, And around him the Suggema, The mosquito, sang his war-song, And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee, Waved their torches to mislead him; And the bull-frog, the Dahinda, Thrust his head into the moonlight, Fixed his yellow eyes upon him, Sobbed and sank beneath the surface; And

anon a thousand whistles, Answered over all the 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 Megissogwon, Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather, Till the level moon stared at him, In his face stared pale and haggard, Till the sun was hot behind him, Till it burned upon his shoulders, And before him on the upland He could see the Shining Wigwam Of the 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, And with one great bound of triumph Leaped across the water-lilies, Leaped through tangled flags and rushes, And upon the beach beyond them Dry-shod landed Hiawatha. Straight he took his bow of ash-tree, On the sand one end he rested, With his knee he pressed the middle, Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter, Took an arrow, jasper-headed, Shot it at the Shining Wigwam, Sent it singing as a herald, As a 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 shoulder, Dark and terrible in aspect, Clad from head to foot in wampum, Armed with all his warlike weapons, Painted like the sky of morning, Streaked with crimson, blue, and yellow, Crested with great eagle-feathers, Streaming upward, streaming outward. "Well I know you, Hiawatha!" Cried he in a voice of thunder, In a tone of loud derision. "Hasten back, O Shaugodaya! 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, 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 wampum, Harmless fell the blows he dealt it With his mittens, Minjekahwun, Harmless fell the heavy war-club; It could dash the rocks asunder, But it could not break the meshes Of that magic shirt of wampum. Till at sunset Hiawatha, Leaning on his bow of ash-tree, Wounded, weary, and desponding, With his mighty war-

club broken, With his mittens torn and tattered, And three useless arrows only, 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, 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 forward, Plunging like a wounded bison, 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 sorest, And the mighty Megissogwon Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk, Saw the eyes of Death glare at him, Heard his voice call in the darkness; At the feet of Hiawatha Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather, Lay the mightiest of Magicians. Then the grateful Hiawatha Called the Mama, the woodpecker, From his perch among the branches Of the melancholy pine-tree, And, in honor of his service, Stained with blood the tuft of feathers On the little head of Mama; Even to this day he wears it, Wears the tuft of crimson feathers, As a symbol of his service. Then he stripped the shirt of wampum From the back of Megissogwon, As a trophy of the battle, As a signal of his conquest. On the shore he left the body, Half on land and half in water, In the sand his feet were buried, And his face was in the water. And above him, wheeled and clamored The Keneu, the great war-eagle, Sailing round in narrower circles, Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer. From the wigwam Hiawatha Bore the wealth of Megissogwon, All his wealth of skins and wampum, Furs of bison and of beaver, Furs of sable and of ermine, Wampum belts and strings and pouches, Quivers wrought with beads of wampum, Filled with arrows, silver-headed. Homeward then he sailed exulting, Homeward through the black pitch-water, Homeward through the weltering serpents, With the trophies of the battle, With a shout and 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, 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, 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 feelings, Listless, longing, hoping, fearing, Dreaming still of Minnehaha, 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 westward, For a stranger, whom we know not! Like a fire upon the hearth-stone Is a neighbor's homely daughter, Like the starlight or the moonlight Is the handsomest of strangers!" Thus dissuading spake Nokomis, And my Hiawatha answered Only this: "Dear old Nokomis, Very pleasant is the firelight, But I like the starlight better, Better do I like the moonlight!" Gravely then said old Nokomis: "Bring not here an idle maiden, Bring not here a useless woman, Hands unskilful, feet unwilling; Bring a wife with nimble fingers, Heart and hand that move together, Feet that run on willing errands!" Smiling answered Hiawatha: "In the land of the Dacotahs Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter, Minnehaha, Laughing Water, Handsomest of all the women. I will bring her to your wigwam, She shall run upon your errands, Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight, Be the sunlight of my people!" Still dissuading said Nokomis: "Bring not to my lodge a stranger From the land of

the Dacotahs! Very fierce are the Dacotahs, Often is there war between us, There are feuds yet unforgotten, Wounds that ache and still may open!" Laughing answered Hiawatha: "For that reason, if no other, Would I wed the fair Dacotah, That our tribes might be united, That old feuds might be forgotten, And old wounds be healed forever!" Thus departed Hiawatha To the land of the Dacotahs, To the land of handsome women; Striding over moor and meadow, Through interminable forests, Through uninterrupted silence. With his moccasins of magic, At each stride a mile he measured; Yet the way seemed long before him, And his heart outran his footsteps; And he journeyed without resting, Till he heard the cataract's laughter, Heard the Falls of Minnehaha Calling to him through the silence. "Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured, "Pleasant is the voice that calls me!" On the outskirts of the forests, 'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine, Herds of fallow deer were feeding, 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 shoulder, And sped forward without pausing. At the doorway of his wigwam Sat the ancient Arrow-maker, In the land of the Dacotahs, Making arrow-heads of jasper, Arrow-heads of chalcedony. At his side, in all her beauty, Sat the lovely Minnehaha, Sat his daughter, Laughing Water, Plaiting mats of flags and rushes Of the past the old man's thoughts were, And the maiden's of the future. He was thinking, as he sat there, Of the days when with such arrows He had struck the deer and bison, On the Muskoday, the meadow; Shot the wild goose, flying southward On the wing, the clamorous Wawa; Thinking of the great war-parties, How they came to buy his arrows, Could not fight without his arrows. Ah, no more such noble warriors Could be found on earth as they were! Now the men were all like women, Only used their tongues for weapons! She was thinking of a hunter, From another tribe and country, Young and tall and very handsome, Who one morning, in the Spring-time, Came to buy her father's arrows, Sat and rested in the wigwam, Lingered long about the doorway, Looking back as he departed. She had heard her father praise him, Praise his courage and his wisdom; Would 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, Heard a rustling in the

branches, And with glowing cheek and forehead, With the deer upon his shoulders, Suddenly from out the woodlands Hiawatha stood before 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!' At the feet of Laughing Water Hiawatha laid his burden, Threw the red deer from his shoulders; And the maiden looked up at him, Looked up from her mat of rushes, Said with gentle look and accent, "You are welcome, Hiawatha!" Very spacious was the wigwam, Made of deer-skins dressed and whitened, With the Gods of the Dacotahs Drawn and painted on its curtains, And so tall the doorway, hardly Hiawatha stooped to enter, Hardly touched his eagle-feathers As he entered at the doorway. Then uprose the Laughing Water, From the ground fair Minnehaha, Laid aside her mat unfinished, Brought forth food and set before them, Water brought them from the brooklet, Gave them food in earthen vessels, Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood, Listened while the guest was speaking, Listened while her father answered, But not once 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, Who had nursed him in his childhood, As he told of his companions, Chibiabos, the musician, And the very strong man, Kwasind, And of happiness and plenty In the land of the Ojibways, In the pleasant land and peaceful. "After many years of warfare, Many years of strife and bloodshed, There is peace between the Ojibways 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 answered, Smoked a little while in silence, Looked at Hiawatha proudly, Fondly looked at Laughing Water, And made answer very gravely: "Yes, if Minnehaha wishes; Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!" And the lovely Laughing Water Seemed more lovely as she stood there, Neither willing nor reluctant, As she went to Hiawatha, Softly took the seat beside him, While she said, and blushed to say it, "I will follow you, my husband!" This was Hiawatha's 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 Water; Hand in hand they went together, Through the woodland and the meadow, Left the old man standing lonely At the doorway of his wigwam, Heard the Falls of Minnehaha Calling to them from the distance, Crying to them from afar off, "Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!" And the ancient Arrow-maker Turned again unto his labor, Sat down by his sunny doorway, Murmuring to himself, and saying: "Thus it is our daughters leave us, Those we love, and those who love us! Just when they have learned to help us, When we are old and lean upon them, Comes a youth with flaunting feathers, With his flute of reeds, a stranger Wanders piping through the village, Beckons to the fairest maiden, And she follows where he leads her, Leaving all things for the stranger!" Pleasant was the journey homeward, Through interminable forests, Over meadow, over mountain, Over river, hill, and hollow. Short it seemed to Hiawatha, Though they journeyed very slowly, Though his pace he checked and slackened To the steps of Laughing Water. Over wide and rushing rivers In his arms he bore the maiden; Light he thought her as a feather, As the plume upon his head-gear; Cleared the tangled pathway for her, Bent aside the swaying branches, Made at night a lodge of branches, And a bed with boughs of hemlock, And a fire before the doorway With the dry cones of the pine-tree. All the travelling 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, Peering, peeping from his burrow, Sat erect upon his haunches, Watched with curious eyes the lovers. Pleasant was the journey homeward! All the birds sang loud and sweetly Songs of happiness and heart's-ease; Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa, "Happy are you, Hiawatha, Having such a wife to love you!" Sang the robin, the Opechee, "Happy are you, Laughing Water, Having such a noble husband!" From the sky the sun benignant Looked upon them through the branches, Saying to them, "O my children, Love is sunshine, hate is shadow, Life is checkered shade and sunshine, Rule by love, O Hiawatha!" From the sky the moon looked at them, Filled the lodge with mystic splendors, Whispered to them, "O my children, Day is restless, night is quiet, Man

imperious, woman feeble; Half is mine, although I follow; Rule by
patience, Laughing Water!" Thus it was they journeyed
homeward; Thus it was that Hiawatha To the lodge of old
Nokomis Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight, Brought the
sunshine of his people, Minnehaha, Laughing Water, Handsomest
of all the women In the land of the Dacotahs, In the land of
handsome women.

XI

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis, How the handsome
Yenadzize Danced at Hiawatha's wedding; How the gentle
Chibiabos, He the sweetest of musicians, Sang his songs of love
and longing; How Iagoo, the great boaster, He the marvellous
story-teller, Told his tales of strange adventure, That the feast
might be more joyous, That the time might pass more gayly, And
the guests be more contented. Sumptuous was the feast
Nokomis Made at Hiawatha's wedding; All the bowls were made of
bass-wood, White and polished very smoothly, All the spoons of
horn of bison, Black and polished very smoothly. She had sent
through all the village Messengers with wands of willow, As a sign
of invitation, As a token of the feasting; And the wedding guests
assembled, Clad in all their richest raiment, Robes of fur and belts
of wampum, Splendid with their paint and plumage, Beautiful with
beads and tassels. First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma, And the
pike, the Maskenozha, Caught and cooked by old Nokomis; 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 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 smoking With tobacco from the South-land, Mixed with bark of
the red willow, And with herbs and leaves of fragrance. Then she
said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis, Dance for us your merry dances, Dance
the Beggar's Dance to please us, That the feast may be more
joyous, That the time may pass more gayly, And our guests be

more contented!" Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis, He the idle 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, 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 Counters, 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, Little cared he for their insults, For the women and the maidens Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis. He was dressed in shirt of doeskin, White and soft, and fringed with ermine, All inwrought with beads of wampum; He was dressed in deer-skin leggings, Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine, And in moccasins of buck-skin, Thick with quills and beads embroidered. On his head were plumes of swan's down, On his heels were tails of foxes, In one hand a fan of feathers, And a pipe was in the other. Barred with streaks of red and yellow, Streaks of blue and bright vermilion, Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis. From his forehead fell his tresses, Smooth, and parted like a woman's, Shining bright with oil, and plaited, Hung with braids of scented grasses, As among the guests assembled, To the sound of flutes and singing, To the sound of drums and voices, Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis, And began his mystic dances. First he danced a solemn measure, Very slow in step and gesture, In and out among the pine-trees, Through the shadows and the sunshine, Treading softly like a panther. Then more swiftly and still swifter, Whirling, spinning round in circles, Leaping o'er the guests assembled, Eddying round and round the wigwam, 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, 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, And, returning, sat down laughing There among the guests assembled, 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 longing, That the feast may be more joyous, That the time may pass more gayly, And our guests be more contented!" And the gentle Chibiabos Sang in accents sweet and tender, Sang in tones of deep emotion, Songs of love and songs of longing; Looking still at Hiawatha, Looking at fair Laughing Water, Sang he softly, sang in this wise: "Onaway! Awake, beloved! 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 Of the wild-flowers in the morning, As their fragrance is at evening, In the Moon when leaves are falling. "Does not all the blood within me Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee, As the springs to meet the sunshine, In the Moon when nights are brightest? "Onaway! my heart sings to thee, Sings with joy when thou art near me, As the sighing, singing branches In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries! "When thou art not pleased, beloved, Then my heart is sad and darkened, As the shining river darkens When the clouds drop shadows on it! "When thou smilest, my beloved, Then my troubled heart is brightened, As in sunshine gleam the ripples That the cold wind makes in rivers. "Smiles the earth, and smile the waters, Smile the cloudless skies above us, But I lose the way of smiling When thou art no longer near me! "I myself, myself! behold me! Blood of my beating heart, behold me! Oh awake, awake, beloved! Onaway! awake, beloved!" Thus the gentle Chibiabos Sang his song of love and longing; And Iagoo, the great boaster, He the marvellous storyteller, He the friend of old Nokomis, Jealous of the sweet musician, Jealous of the applause they gave him, Saw in all the eyes around him, Saw in all their looks and gestures, That the wedding guests assembled Longed to hear his pleasant stories, His immeasurable falsehoods. Very boastful was Iagoo; Never heard he an adventure 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, 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 lagoo, As this marvellous story-teller! Thus his name became a by-word And a jest among the people; And whene'er a boastful hunter Praised his own address too highly, Or a warrior, home returning, Talked too much of his achievements, All his hearers cried, "lagoo! Here's lagoo come among us!" He it was who carved the cradle Of the little Hiawatha, Carved its framework out of linden, Bound it strong with reindeer sinews; He it was who taught him later How to make his bows and arrows, How to make the bows of ash-tree, And the arrows of the oak-tree. So among the guests assembled At my Hiawatha's wedding Sat lagoo, old and ugly, Sat the marvellous story-teller. And they said, "O good lagoo, Tell us now a tale of wonder, Tell us of some strange adventure, That the feast may be more joyous, That the time may pass more gayly, And our guests be more contented!" And lagoo answered straightway, "You shall hear a tale of wonder, You shall hear the strange adventures Of Osseo, the Magician, From the Evening Star descending."

XII

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR

Can it be the sun descending O'er the level plain of water? Or the Red Swan floating, flying, Wounded by the magic arrow, Staining all the waves with crimson, With the crimson of its life-blood, Filling all the air with splendor, With the splendor of its plumage? Yes; it is the sun descending, Sinking down into the water; All the sky is stained with purple, All the water flushed with crimson! No; it is the Red Swan floating, Diving down beneath the water; To the sky its wings are lifted, With its blood the waves are reddened! Over it the Star of Evening Melts and trembles through the purple, Hangs suspended in the twilight. No; it is a bead of wampum On the robes of the Great Spirit As he passes through the twilight, Walks in silence through the heavens. This with joy beheld lagoo 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 remembered, Ages nearer the beginning, When the heavens were closer to us, And the Gods

were more familiar, In the North-land lived a hunter, With ten young and comely daughters, Tall and lithe as wands of willow; Only Oweenee, the youngest, She the wilful and the wayward, She the silent, dreamy maiden, Was the fairest of the sisters. "All these women married warriors, Married brave and haughty husbands; Only Oweenee, the youngest, Laughed and flouted all her lovers, All her young and handsome suitors, And then married old Osseo, Old Osseo, poor and ugly, Broken with age and weak with coughing, Always coughing like a squirrel. "Ah, but beautiful within him Was the spirit of Osseo, From the Evening Star descended, Star of Evening, Star of Woman, Star of tenderness and passion! All its fire was in 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 wampum, Handsome men with paint and feathers. Pointed at her in derision, Followed her with jest and laughter. But she said: 'I care not for you, Care not for your belts of wampum, Care not for your paint and feathers, Care not for your jests and laughter; I am happy with Osseo!' "Once to some great feast invited, Through the damp and dusk of evening, Walked together the ten sisters, Walked together with their husbands; Slowly followed old Osseo, With fair 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; 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 falling!' And they laughed till all the forest Rang with their unseemly laughter. "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, 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 transfigured. Changed into a weak old woman, With a staff she

tottered onward, Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly! And the sisters and their husbands Laughed until the echoing forest Rang with their unseemly laughter. "But Osseo turned not from her, Walked with slower step beside her, Took her hand, as brown and withered As an oak-leaf is in Winter, Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha, Soothed her with soft words of kindness, Till they reached the lodge of feasting, Till they sat down in the wigwam, Sacred to the Star of Evening, To the tender Star of Woman. "Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming, 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; 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 whisper, 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! 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 glisten 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 blackbirds; 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 snowflake falls on snow-flake, As a leaf drops on a river, As the thistledown 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 silver, And the birds with glistening feathers, 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 Changed your sisters and their husbands; Changed them thus because they mocked you In the figure of the old man, In that aspect sad and wrinkled, Could not see your heart of passion, Could not see your youth immortal; Only Oweenee, the faithful, Saw your naked heart and loved you. "'In the lodge that glimmers yonder, In the little star that twinkles 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 Evening Dwelt Osseo with his father; Many years, in song and flutter, At the doorway of the wigwam, Hung the cage with rods of silver, And fair 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 prospered, And Osseo, to delight him, Made him little bows and arrows, Opened the great cage of silver, And let loose his aunts

and uncles, All those birds with glossy feathers, For his little son to shoot at. "Round and round they wheeled and darted, Filled the Evening Star with music, With their songs of joy and freedom Filled the Evening Star with splendor, With the fluttering of their plumage; Till the boy, the little hunter, Bent his bow and shot an arrow, Shot a swift and fatal arrow, And a bird, with shining feathers, At his feet fell wounded sorely. "But, O wondrous transformation! 'T was 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, On the sacred Star of Evening, Broken was the spell of magic, Powerless was the strange enchantment, And the youth, the fearless bowman, Suddenly felt himself descending, Held by unseen hands, but sinking Downward through the empty spaces, Downward through the clouds and vapors, Till he rested on an island, On an island, green and grassy, Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water. "After him he saw descending All the birds with shining feathers, Fluttering, falling, wafted downward, Like the painted leaves of Autumn; And the lodge with poles of silver, With its roof like wings of beetles, Like the shining shards of beetles, By the winds of heaven uplifted, Slowly sank upon the island, Bringing back the good Osseo, Bringing Oweenee, the faithful. "Then the birds, again transfigured, Reassumed the shape of mortals, Took their shape, but not their stature; They remained as Little People, Like the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies, And on pleasant nights of Summer, When the Evening Star was shining, Hand in hand they danced together On the island's craggy headlands, On the sand-beach low and level. "Still their glittering lodge is seen there, On the tranquil Summer evenings, And upon the shore the fisher Sometimes hears their happy voices, Sees them dancing in the starlight!" When the story was completed, When the wondrous tale was ended, Looking round upon his listeners, Solemnly lagoo 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 applauding, And they whispered to each other: "Does he mean himself, I wonder? And are we the aunts and uncles?" Then again sang Chibiabos, Sang a song of love and longing, In those accents sweet and tender, In those tones of pensive sadness, Sang a maiden's lamentation For

her lover, her Algonquin. "When I think of my beloved, Ah me! think of my beloved, When my heart is thinking of him, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin! "Ah me! when I parted from him, Round my neck he hung the wampum, As a pledge, the snow-white wampum, O my sweetheart, my Algonquin! "I will go with you, he whispered, Ah me! to 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 standing, 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, 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. 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 Stood the maize-fields, green and shining, Waved the green plumes of Mondamin, Waved his soft and sunny tresses, Filling all the land with plenty. 'T was the women who in Spring-time Planted the broad fields and fruitful, Buried in the earth Mondamin; 'T was the women who in Autumn Stripped the yellow husks of

harvest, Stripped the garments from Mondamin, Even as Hiawatha taught them. Once, when all the maize was planted, Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful, Spoke and said to Minnehaha, To his wife, the Laughing Water: "You shall bless to-night the cornfields, Draw a magic circle round them, To protect them from destruction, Blast of mildew, blight of insect, Wagemin, the thief of cornfields, Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear! "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, Round the borders of the cornfields, 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, 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 cornfields Sat the hungry crows and ravens, Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, With his band of black marauders. And they laughed at Hiawatha, Till the tree-tops shook with laughter, With their melancholy laughter, At the words of Hiawatha. "Hear him!" said they; "hear the Wise Man, Hear the plots of Hiawatha!" When the noiseless night descended Broad and dark o'er field and forest, When the mournful Wawonaissa Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks, 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 cornfields, Drew the sacred, magic circle Of her footprints round the cornfields. No one but the Midnight only Saw her beauty in the darkness, No one but the Wawonaissa 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, 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!" But the wary Hiawatha, Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful, Had o'erheard the scornful laughter When they mocked him from the tree-tops. "Kaw!" he said, "my friends the ravens! Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens! I will teach you all a lesson That shall not be soon forgotten!" He had risen before the daybreak, He had spread o'er all the cornfields Snares to catch the black marauders, And was lying now in ambush In the neighboring grove of pine-trees, Waiting for the crows and blackbirds, Waiting for the jays 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. And with all their craft and cunning, All their skill in wiles of warfare, They perceived no danger near them, Till their claws became entangled, Till they found themselves imprisoned In the snares of Hiawatha. From his place of ambush came he, Striding terrible among them, And so awful was his aspect That the bravest quailed with terror. Without mercy he destroyed them Right and left, by tens and twenties, And their wretched, lifeless bodies Hung aloft on poles for 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. 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, 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! Summer passed, and Shawondasee Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape, From the South-land sent his ardor, Wafted kisses warm and tender; And the maize-field grew and ripened, Till it stood in all the splendor Of its garments green and yellow, Of its tassels and its plumage, And the maize-ears full and

shining Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure. Then Nokomis, the old woman, Spake, and said to Minnehaha: "'T is the Moon when leaves are falling; All the wild-rice has been gathered, And the maize is ripe and ready; Let us gather in the harvest, Let us wrestle with Mondamin, Strip him of his plumes and tassels, Of his garments green and yellow!" And the merry Laughing Water Went rejoicing from the wigwam, With Nokomis, old and wrinkled, And they called the women round them, Called the young men and the maidens, To the harvest of the cornfields, To the husking of the maize-ear. On the border of the forest, Underneath the fragrant pine-trees, Sat the old men and the warriors Smoking in the pleasant shadow. In uninterrupted silence Looked they at the gamesome labor Of the young men and the women; Listened to their noisy talking, To their laughter and their singing, Heard them chattering like the magpies, Heard them laughing like the blue-jays, Heard them singing like the robins. And whene'er some lucky maiden Found a red ear in the husking, Found a maize-ear red as blood is, "Nushka!" cried they all together, "Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart, You shall have a handsome husband!" "Ugh!" the old men all responded From their seats beneath the pine-trees. And whene'er a youth or maiden Found a crooked ear in husking, Found a maize-ear in the husking Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen, Then they laughed and sang together, Crept and limped about the cornfields, Mimicked in their gait and gestures 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, Screamed and quivered in his anger, And from all the neighboring tree-tops Cawed and croaked the black marauders. "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 perish! 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! "Great men die and are forgotten, 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 fathers Are no signs, no figures painted; Who are in those graves we know not, 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; 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 colors, Took his paints of different colors, 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 suggested. 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, 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; 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 daytime, 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, And for rain and cloudy weather Waving lines descending from it. Footprints pointing towards a wigwam Were a sign of invitation, Were a sign of guests assembling; Bloody hands with palms uplifted Were a symbol of destruction, Were a hostile sign and symbol. All these things did Hiawatha Show unto his wondering people, And interpreted their meaning, And he said:

"Behold, your grave-posts Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol, Go and paint them all with figures; Each one with its household symbol, With its own ancestral Totem; So that those who follow after May distinguish them and know them." And they painted on the grave-posts On the graves yet unforgotten, Each his own ancestral Totem, Each the symbol of his household; Figures of the Bear and Reindeer, Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver, Each inverted as a token That the owner was departed, That the chief who bore the symbol Lay beneath in dust and ashes. And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets, The Wabenos, the Magicians, And the Medicine-men, the Medas, Painted upon bark and deer-skin Figures for the songs they chanted, For each song a separate symbol, Figures mystical and awful, Figures strange and brightly colored; And each figure had its meaning, Each some magic song suggested. The Great Spirit, the Creator, Flashing light through all the heaven; The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek, With his bloody crest erected, Creeping, looking into heaven; In the sky the sun, that listens, And the moon eclipsed and dying; Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk, And the cormorant, bird of magic; Headless men, that walk the heavens, Bodies lying pierced with arrows, Bloody hands of death uplifted, Flags on graves, and great war-captains Grasping both the earth and heaven! Such as these the shapes they painted On the birch-bark and the deer-skin; Songs of war and songs of hunting, Songs of medicine and of magic, All were written in these figures, For each figure had its meaning, Each its separate song recorded. Nor forgotten was the Love-Song, The most subtle of all 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." 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, 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, Were upon some far-off
island, Such the spell I cast upon you, Such the magic power of
passion, I could straightway draw you to me!" Then the figure of
the maiden Sleeping, and the lover near her, Whispering to her in
her slumbers, Saying, "Though you were far from me In the land of
Sleep and Silence, Still the voice of love would reach you!" And
the last of all the figures Was a heart within a circle, Drawn within a
magic circle; And the image had this meaning: "Naked lies your
heart before me, To your naked heart I whisper!" Thus it was that
Hiawatha, In his wisdom, taught the people All the mysteries of
painting, All the art of Picture-Writing, On the smooth bark of the
birch-tree, On the white skin of the reindeer, On the grave-posts of
the village.

XV

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION

In those days the Evil Spirits, All the Manitos of mischief, Fearing
Hiawatha's wisdom, And his love for 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, "O my
brother! do not leave me, Lest the Evil Spirits harm
you!" Chibiabos, young and heedless, Laughing shook his coal-
black tresses, Answered ever sweet and childlike, "Do not fear for
me, O brother! Harm and evil come not near me!" Once when
Peboan, the Winter, Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water, When the
snow-flakes, whirling downward, Hissed among the withered oak-
leaves, Changed the pine-trees into wigwams, Covered all the
earth with silence,— Armed with arrows, shod with snow-
shoes, Heeding not his brother's warning, Fearing not the Evil
Spirits, Forth to hunt the deer with antlers All alone went
Chibiabos. Right across the Big-Sea-Water Sprang with speed the
deer before him. With the wind and snow he followed, O'er the
treacherous ice he followed, Wild with all the fierce commotion And
the rapture of the hunting. But beneath, the Evil Spirits Lay in
ambush, waiting for him, Broke the treacherous ice beneath
him, Dragged him downward to the bottom, Buried in the sand his

body. Unktahee, the god of water, He the god of the
Dacotahs, Drowned him in the deep abysses Of the lake of Gitche
Gumee. From the headlands Hiawatha Sent forth such a wail of
anguish, Such a fearful lamentation, That the bison paused to
listen, And the wolves howled from the prairies, And the thunder in
the distance Starting answered "Baim-wawa!" Then his face with
black he painted, With his robe his head he covered, In his wigwam
sat lamenting, Seven long weeks he sat lamenting, Uttering still this
moan of sorrow:— "He is dead, the sweet musician! He the
sweetest of all singers! He has gone from us forever, He has
moved a little nearer To the Master of all music, To the Master of all
singing! O my brother, Chibiabos!" And the melancholy 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 lamenting. Came the
Spring, and all the forest Looked in vain for Chibiabos; Sighed the
rivulet, Sebowisha, Sighed the rushes in the meadow. From the
tree-tops sang the bluebird, 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
singer!" And at night through all the forest Went the whippoorwill
complaining, 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 Prophets, Came to visit
Hiawatha; 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; 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 spearmint, And
Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow, Roots of power, and herbs of
healing; 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, 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!" "Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus, "Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus. "I myself, myself! the prophet! When I speak the wigwam trembles, Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror, Hands unseen begin to shake it! When I walk, the sky I tread on Bends and makes a noise beneath me! I can blow you strong, my brother! Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!" "Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus, "Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus. Then they shook their medicine-pouches 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 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 Gumee Summoned Hiawatha's brother. And so mighty was the magic Of that cry and invocation, That he heard it as he lay there Underneath the Big-Sea-Water; From the sand he rose and listened, Heard the music and the singing, Came, obedient to the summons, To the doorway of the wigwam, But to enter they forbade him. Through a chink a coal they gave him, Through the door a burning fire-brand; Ruler in the Land of Spirits, Ruler o'er the dead, they made him, Telling him a fire to kindle For all those that died thereafter, Camp-fires for their night encampments On their solitary journey To the kingdom of Ponemah, To the land of the Hereafter. From the village of his childhood, From the homes of those who knew him, Passing silent through the forest, Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways, 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 footstep. Four whole days he journeyed onward Down the pathway of the dead men; On the dead-man's strawberry feasted, Crossed the melancholy river, On

the swinging log he crossed it, Came unto the Lake of Silver, In the Stone Canoe was carried To the Islands of the Blessed, To the land of ghosts and shadows. On that journey, moving slowly, Many weary spirits saw he, Panting under heavy burdens, Laden with war-clubs, bows and arrows, Robes of fur, and pots and kettles, And with food that friends had given For that solitary journey. "Ay! why do the living," said they, "Lay such heavy burdens on us! Better were it to go naked, Better were it to go fasting, Than to bear such heavy burdens On our long and weary journey!" Forth then issued Hiawatha, Wandered eastward, wandered westward, Teaching men the use of simples And the antidotes for poisons, And the cure of all diseases. Thus was first made known to mortals All the mystery of Medamin, All the sacred art of healing.

XVI

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis, He, the handsome Yenadizze, Whom the people called the Storm-Fool, Vexed the village with disturbance; You shall hear of all his mischief, And his flight from Hiawatha, And his wondrous transmigrations, And the end of his adventures. On the shores of Gitche Gumee, On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo, By the shining Big-Sea-Water Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis. It was he who in his frenzy Whirled these drifting sands together, 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 lagoo, 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, 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, Made him ready for the encounter, Bent his knees down, like a squirrel, Drew his arms back, like a cricket. "Once he leaped," said old Iago, "Once he leaped, and lo! above him Bent the sky, as ice in rivers When the waters rise beneath it; Twice he leaped, and lo! above him Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers When the freshet is at highest! Thrice he leaped, and lo! above him Broke the shattered sky asunder, And he disappeared within it, And Ojegg, 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 Iago's stories, Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom. Here is something to amuse you, Better than this endless talking." Then from out his pouch of wolf-skin Forth he drew, with solemn manner, All the game of Bowl and Counters, 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, One great war-club, Pugamaugun, And one slender fish, the Keego, Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks, And three Sheshebwug or ducklings. 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, Shook and jostled them together, Threw them on the ground before him, Thus exclaiming and explaining: "Red side up are all the pieces, And one great Kenabeek standing On the bright side of a brass piece, On a burnished 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, Still exclaiming and explaining: "White are both the great Kenabeeks, White the Ininewug, the wedge-men, Red are all the other pieces; Five tens and 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 meanings: Twenty curious eyes stared at him, Full of eagerness stared at him. "Many games," said old Iago, "Many games of skill and hazard Have I seen in different nations, Have I played in different countries. He who plays with old Iago Must have very nimble fingers; Though you think yourself so skilful, I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis, I can even give you lessons In your game of Bowl and Counters!" So they sat and played together, All the old men and the young men, Played for dresses, weapons,

wampum, Played till midnight, played till morning, Played until the Yenadizze, Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis, Of their treasures had despoiled them, Of the best of all their dresses, Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine, Belts of wampum, crests of feathers, Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches. Twenty eyes glared wildly at him, Like the eyes of wolves glared at him. Said the lucky 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. I will venture all these winnings, All these garments heaped about me, All this wampum, all these feathers, On a single throw will venture All against the young man yonder!" 'T was a youth of sixteen summers, '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, 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. Red were both the great Kenabeeks, Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men, Red the Sheshebwug, the ducklings, Black the four brass Ozawabeeks, White alone the fish, the Keego; Only five the pieces counted! Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis Shook the bowl and threw the pieces; Lightly in the air he tossed them, And they fell about him scattered; 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 wigwam, 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 ermine, Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons. "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 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

streamlets, As he wandered through the village, 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 wigwam, 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 doorway, Hopping, singing, fluttering, feeding, And aloft upon the ridge-pole Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens, Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming, 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, 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 wigwam Left its lifeless body hanging, As an insult to its master, As a taunt to Hiawatha. With a stealthy step he entered, Round the lodge in wild disorder Threw the household things about him, Piled together in confusion Bowls of wood and earthen kettles, Robes of buffalo and beaver, Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine, As an insult to Nokomis, As a taunt to Minnehaha. Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis, Whistling, singing through the forest, Whistling gayly to the squirrels, Who from hollow boughs above him Dropped their acorn-shells upon him, Singing gayly to the wood birds, Who from out the leafy darkness Answered with a song as merry. Then he climbed the rocky headlands, Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee, Perched himself upon their summit, Waiting full of mirth and mischief The return of Hiawatha. Stretched upon his back he lay there; Far below him plashed the waters, Plashed and washed the dreamy waters; Far above him swam the heavens, Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens; Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled Hiawatha's mountain chickens, Flock-wise swept and wheeled about him, Almost brushed him with their pinions. And he killed them as he lay there, Slaughtered them by tens and twenties, Threw their bodies down the headland, 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, 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 hornet. "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, To the headlands where he rested; But they found not Pau-Puk-Keewis, Only in the trampled grasses, In the whortleberry-bushes, Found the couch where he had rested, Found the impress of his body. From the lowlands far beneath them, From the Muskoday, the meadow, Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning backward, Made a gesture of defiance, Made a gesture of derision; And aloud cried Hiawatha, From the summit of the mountains: "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, Through bush, and brake, and forest, Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis; 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. 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 question, At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis. On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis, O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet, Flowed the bright and silvery water, And he spake 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 answer: "Let me first consult the others, Let me ask the other beavers." Down he sank into the water, Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks, Down among the leaves and branches, Brown and matted at the bottom. On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis, O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet, Spouted through the chinks below him, Dashed upon the stones beneath him, Spread serene and calm before him, And the sunshine and the shadows Fell in flecks and gleams upon him, Fell in little shining patches, Through the waving, rustling branches. From the bottom rose the beavers, Silently above the surface Rose one head and then another, Till the pond seemed full of beavers, Full of black and shining faces. To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis Spake entreating, said in this wise: "Very pleasant is your dwelling, O my friends! and safe from danger; Can you not, with all your cunning, All your wisdom and contrivance, Change me, too, into a beaver?" "Yes!" replied Ahmeek, the beaver, He the King of all the beavers, "Let yourself slide down among us, Down into the tranquil water." Down into the pond among them Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis; Black became his shirt of deer-skin, Black his moccasins and leggings, In a broad black tail behind him Spread his fox-tails and his fringes; He was changed into a beaver. "Make me large," said Pau-Puk-Keewis, "Make me large and make me larger, 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, Hoards of food against the winter, Piles and heaps against the famine; Found the lodge with arching doorway, Leading into spacious chambers. Here they made him large and larger, Made him largest of the beavers, Ten times larger than the others. "You shall be our ruler," said they; "Chief and King of all the beavers." But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis Sat in state among the beavers, When there came a voice of warning From the watchman at his station In the water-flats 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. 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 doorway; He was puffed with pride and feeding, He was swollen like a bladder. Through the roof looked Hiawatha, Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis Vain are all your craft and cunning, 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. 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, When the wintry wind is blowing; Till it drew itself together, Till it rose up from the body, Till it took the form and features Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis Vanishing 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 Of the pine-trees of the forest; Toward the squares of white beyond it, Toward an opening in the forest. Like a wind it rushed and panted, Bending all the boughs before it, And behind it, as the rain comes, Came the steps of Hiawatha. To a lake with many islands Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis, Where among the water-lilies Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing; Through the tufts of rushes floating, 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 sunshine. "Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-Puk-Keewis, "Pishnekuh! my brothers!" said he, "Change me to a brant with plumage, With a shining neck and feathers, Make me large, and make me larger, Ten times larger than the others." Straightway to a brant they changed him, With two huge and dusky pinions, With a bosom smooth and rounded, With a bill like two great paddles, Made him larger than the others, Ten times larger than the largest, Just as, shouting from the forest, On the shore stood Hiawatha. Up they rose with cry and clamor, With a whir 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 downward, Take good heed and look not downward, Lest some strange mischance should happen, Lest some great mishap befall you!" Fast and far they fled to northward, Fast and far through mist and sunshine, Fed among the moors and fen-lands, Slept among the reeds and rushes. On the morrow as they journeyed, 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, Rose a clamor from beneath them, From the lodges of a village, From the people miles beneath them. For the people of the village Saw the flock of brant with wonder, Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis Flapping far up in the ether, Broader than two doorway curtains. Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting, Knew the voice of Hiawatha, Knew the outcry of lagoo, 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 downward! All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis Struggle to regain his balance! Whirling round and round and downward, He beheld in turn the village 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 laughter; 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 pinions. 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!" 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, Changed himself into a serpent, Gliding out through root and rubbish. With his right hand Hiawatha Smote amain the hollow oak-tree, Rent it into shreds and splinters, 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, Sped away in gust and whirlwind, On the shores of Gitche Gumee, Westward by the Big-Sea-Water, Came unto the

rocky headlands, To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone, Looking
over lake and landscape. And the Old Man of the Mountain, 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, With his
mittens, Minjekahwun, Smote great caverns in the
sandstone, Cried aloud in tones of thunder, "Open! I am
Hiawatha!" But the Old Man of the Mountain Opened not, and
made no answer From the silent crags of sandstone, From the
gloomy rock abysses. Then he raised his hands to heaven, Called
imploing 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 Mountains; And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis Heard the
footsteps of the thunder, Saw the red eyes of the lightning, Was
afraid, and crouched and trembled. Then Waywassimo, the
lightning, Smote the doorways of the caverns, With his war-club
smote the doorways, Smote the jutting crags of sandstone, And the
thunder, Annemeekee, Shouted down into the caverns, Saying,
"Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis!" And the crags fell, and 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, 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, 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 snow-flakes Whirl in eddies round the lodges, 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 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 mushrooms, 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 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; 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, The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret, Knew the only way to kill him. So they gathered cones together, Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree, Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree, In the woods by Taquamenaw, Brought them to the river's margin, Heaped them in great piles together, Where the red rocks from the margin Jutting overhang the river. There they lay in wait for Kwasind, The malicious Little People. 'T was an afternoon in Summer; Very hot and still the air was, Very smooth the gliding river, Motionless the sleeping shadows: Insects glistened in the sunshine, Insects skated on the water, Filled the drowsy air with buzzing, With a far resounding war-cry. Down the river came the Strong Man, In his birch canoe came 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, His invisible attendants, Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin; 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 murmur As of waves upon a sea-shore, As of far-off tumbling waters, As of winds among the pine-trees; And he felt upon his forehead Blows of little airy war-clubs, Wielded by the slumbrous legions Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin, As of some one breathing on him. At the first blow of their war-clubs, Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind; At the second blow they smote him, Motionless his paddle rested; At the third, before his vision Reeled the landscape into darkness, Very sound asleep was 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 headlands, Underneath the war encampment Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies. There they stood, all armed and waiting, Hurlled the pine-cones down upon him, Struck him on his brawny shoulders, On his crown defenceless struck him. "Death to Kwasind!" was the sudden War-cry of the Little People. And he sideways swayed and tumbled, Sideways fell into the river, Plunged beneath the sluggish water Headlong, as an otter plunges; And the birch canoe, abandoned, Drifted empty down the river, Bottom upward swerved and drifted: Nothing more was seen of Kwasind. But the memory of the Strong Man Lingered long among the people, And whenever through the forest Raged and roared the wintry tempest, And the branches, tossed and troubled, Creaked and groaned and split asunder, "Kwasind!" cried they; "that is Kwasind! He is gathering in his fire-wood!"

IX

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. 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, Breathing on the lakes and rivers, Into stone had
changed their waters. 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 women, Pounded maize,
or dressed the deer-skin; And the young men played together On
the ice the noisy ball-play, On the plain the dance of snow-
shoes. One dark evening, after sundown, In her wigwam Laughing
Water Sat with old Nokomis, waiting For the steps of
Hiawatha Homeward from the hunt returning. On their faces
gleamed the firelight, Painting them with streaks of crimson, In the
eyes of old Nokomis Glimmered like the watery moonlight, In the
eyes of Laughing Water Glistened like the sun in water; And behind
them crouched their shadows In the corners of the wigwam, And
the smoke in wreaths above them Climbed and crowded through the
smoke-flue. Then the curtain of the doorway From without was
slowly lifted; Brighter glowed the fire a moment, And a moment
swerved the smoke-wreath, As two women entered softly, Passed
the doorway uninvited, 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 village; Very pale and haggard were they, As
they sat there sad and silent, Trembling, cowering with the
shadows. 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 garments, 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
burden; 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 Minnehaha?" But he questioned not the strangers, Only spake to bid them welcome To his lodge, his food, his fireside. When the evening meal was ready, And the deer had been divided, Both the pallid guests, the strangers, Springing from among the shadows, Seized upon the choicest portions, Seized the white fat of the roebuck, Set apart for Laughing Water, For the wife of Hiawatha; Without asking, without thanking, 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 features; Only Minnehaha softly Whispered, saying, "They are famished; Let them do what best delights them; Let them eat, for they are famished." Many a daylight dawned and darkened, Many a night shook off the daylight As the pine 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 burning, 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 corner, Came the pallid guests, the strangers, 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, 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 burning, By the glimmering, flickering firelight Heard a sighing, oft repeated, Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow. From his couch rose Hiawatha, From his shaggy hides of bison, Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain, Saw the pallid guests, the shadows, 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, Wronged or grieved you by unkindness, Failed in hospitable duties?" Then

the shadows ceased from weeping, Ceased from sobbing and lamenting, 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 Hither have we come to try you, Hither have we come to warn you. "Cries of grief and lamentation Reach us in the Blessed Islands; Cries of anguish from the living, Calling back their friends departed, Sadden us with useless sorrow. Therefore have we come to try you; No one knows us, no one heeds us. We are but a burden to you, And we see that the departed 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 wampum, Not such weight of pots and kettles, For the spirits faint beneath them. Only give them food to carry, Only give them fire to light them. "Four days is the spirit's journey To the land of ghosts and shadows, Four its lonely night encampments; Four times must their fires be lighted. Therefore, when the dead are buried, Let a fire, as night approaches, Four times on the grave be kindled, That the soul upon its journey May 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 patience, By the insult of our presence, By the outrage of our actions. We have found you great and noble. Fail not in the greater trial, Faint not in the harder struggle." When they ceased, a sudden darkness Fell and filled the silent wigwam. 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, For a moment saw the starlight; But he saw the ghosts no longer, Saw no more the wandering spirits 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 landscape, Fell

the covering snow, and drifted Through the forest, round the village. Hardly from his buried wigwam Could the hunter force a passage; With his mittens and his snow-shoes Vainly walked he through the forest, Sought for bird or beast and found none, Saw no track of deer or rabbit, In the snow beheld no footprints, In the ghastly, gleaming forest Fell, and could not rise from weakness, Perished there from cold and hunger. Oh the famine and the fever! Oh the wasting of the famine! Oh the blasting of the fever! Oh the wailing of the children! Oh the anguish of the women! All the earth was sick and famished; Hungry was the air around them, Hungry was the sky above them, And the hungry stars in heaven Like the eyes of wolves glared at them! Into Hiawatha's wigwam Came two other guests, as silent As the ghosts were, and as gloomy, Waited not to be invited Did not parley at the doorway Sat there without word of welcome In the seat of Laughing Water; Looked with haggard eyes and hollow At the face of Laughing Water. And the foremost said: "Behold me! I am Famine, Bukadawin!" And the other said: "Behold me! I am Fever, Ahkosewin!" And the lovely Minnehaha Shuddered as they looked upon her, Shuddered at the words they uttered, 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 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 On his snow-shoes strode he forward. "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 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, 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, With the Famine and the Fever, She was lying, the Beloved, She, the dying Minnehaha. "Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing, Hear a roaring and a rushing, Hear the Falls of Minnehaha Calling to me from a distance!" "No, my child!" said old Nokomis, "'T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!" "Look!" she said; "I see my father Standing lonely at his doorway, Beckoning to me from his wigwam In the land of the Dacotahs!" "No, my child!" said old Nokomis. "'T is the smoke, that waves and beckons!" "Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk Glare upon me in the darkness, I can feel his icy fingers Clasp mine amid the darkness! Hiawatha! Hiawatha!" And the desolate Hiawatha, Far away amid the forest, Miles away among the mountains, Heard that sudden cry of anguish, Heard the voice of Minnehaha Calling to him in the darkness, "Hiawatha! Hiawatha!" Over snow-fields waste and pathless, Under snow-encumbered branches, Homeward hurried Hiawatha, Empty-handed, heavy-hearted, Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing: "Wahonowin! Wahonowin! Would that I had perished for you, Would that I were dead as you are! Wahonowin! Wahonowin!" And he rushed into the wigwam, Saw the old Nokomis slowly Rocking to and fro and moaning, Saw his lovely Minnehaha Lying dead and cold before him, And his bursting heart within him Uttered such a cry of anguish, That the forest moaned and shuddered, That the very stars in heaven Shook and trembled with his anguish. Then he sat down, still and speechless, On the bed of Minnehaha, At the feet of Laughing Water, At those willing feet, that never More would lightly run to meet him, Never more would lightly follow. With both hands his face he covered, Seven long days and nights he sat there, As if in a swoon he sat there, Speechless, motionless, unconscious Of the daylight or the darkness. Then they buried Minnehaha; In the snow a grave they made her In the forest deep and darksome Underneath the moaning hemlocks; Clothed her in her richest garments Wrapped her in her robes of ermine, Covered her with snow, like ermine; Thus they buried Minnehaha. And at night a fire was lighted, On her grave four times was kindled, For her soul upon its journey To the Islands of the Blessed. From his doorway Hiawatha Saw it burning in the forest, Lighting up the gloomy

hemlocks; From his sleepless bed uprising, From the bed of Minnehaha, Stood and watched it at the doorway, That it might not be extinguished, Might not leave her in the darkness. "Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha! Farewell, O my Laughing Water! All my heart is buried with you, All my thoughts go onward with you! Come not back again to labor, Come not back again to suffer, Where the Famine and the Fever Wear the heart and waste the body. Soon my task will be completed, Soon your footsteps I shall follow To the Islands of the Blessed, To the Kingdom of Ponemah, To the Land of the Hereafter!"

XXI

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT

In his lodge beside a river, Close beside a frozen river, Sat an old 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 trembled, Folded in his Waubewyon, In his tattered white-skin-wrapper, Hearing nothing but the tempest As it roared along the forest, 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, On his lips a smile of beauty, Filling all the lodge with sunshine, In his hand a bunch of blossoms Filling all the lodge with sweetness. "Ah, my son!" exclaimed the old man, "Happy are my eyes to see you. Sit here on the mat beside me, Sit here by the dying embers, Let us pass the night together, Tell me of your strange adventures, Of the lands where you have travelled; I will tell you of my prowess, Of my many deeds of wonder." From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe, Very old and 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, And began to speak in this wise: "When I blow my breath about me, When I breathe upon the landscape, 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 landscape, Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows, Singing, onward rush the rivers!" "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. And where'er my footsteps wander, All the wild beasts of the forest Hide themselves in holes and caverns, And the earth becomes as flintstone!" "When I shake my flowing ringlets," Said the young man, softly laughing, "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, Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow, Sing the bluebird and the robin, And where'er my footsteps wander, All the meadows wave with blossoms, All the woodlands ring with music, All the trees are dark with foliage!" While they spake, the night departed: From the distant realms of Wabun, From his shining lodge of silver, Like a warrior robed and painted, Came the sun, and said, "Behold me Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!" Then the old man's tongue was speechless And the air grew warm and pleasant, And upon the wigwam sweetly Sang the bluebird and the robin, And the stream began to murmur, And a scent of growing grasses Through the lodge was gently wafted. And Segwun, the youthful stranger, More distinctly in the daylight Saw the icy face before him; It was Peboan, the Winter! From his eyes the tears were flowing, As from melting lakes the streamlets, And his body shrunk and dwindled As the shouting sun ascended, Till into the air it faded, Till into the ground it vanished, And the young man saw before him, On the hearth-stone of the wigwam, Where the fire had smoked and smouldered, Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time, Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time, Saw the 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 splendor, All its birds and all its blossoms, All its flowers and leaves and grasses. Sailing on the wind to northward, Flying in great flocks, like arrows, Like huge arrows shot through heaven, Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee, Speaking almost as a man speaks; And in long lines waving, bending Like a bow-string snapped asunder, Came the white goose, Waw-be-wawa; And in

pairs, or singly flying, 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 Cooed the pigeon, the Omemee; And the sorrowing Hiawatha, Speechless in his infinite sorrow, Heard their voices calling to him, Went forth from his gloomy doorway, Stood and gazed into the heaven, Gazed upon the earth and waters. From his wanderings far to eastward, From the regions of the morning, From the shining land of Wabun, Homeward now returned Iago, The great traveller, the great boaster, Full of new and strange adventures, Marvels many and many wonders. And the people of the village Listened to him as he told them Of his marvellous adventures, Laughing answered him in this wise: "Ugh! it is indeed Iago! No one else beholds such wonders!" He had seen, he said, a water Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water, Broader than the Gitche Gumee, Bitter so that none could drink it! At each other looked the warriors, Looked the women at each other, Smiled, and said, "It cannot be so!" Kaw!" they said, it cannot be so!" O'er it, said he, o'er this water Came a great canoe with pinions, A canoe with wings came flying, Bigger than a grove of pine-trees, Taller than the tallest tree-tops! And the old men and the women Looked and tittered at each other; "Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe it!" From 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 Iago; "Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!" In it, said he, came a people, In the great canoe with pinions Came, he said, a hundred warriors; Painted white were all their faces And with hair their chins were covered! And the warriors and the women Laughed and shouted in derision, Like the ravens on the tree-tops, Like the crows upon the hemlocks. "Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tell us! Do not think that we believe them!" Only Hiawatha laughed not, But he gravely spake and answered To their jeering and their jesting: "True is all Iago 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 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 message. Wheresoe'er they move, before them Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo, Swarms the bee, the honey-maker; Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them Springs a flower unknown among us, Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom. "Let us welcome, then, the strangers, Hail them as our friends and brothers, And the heart's right hand of friendship Give them when they come to see us. Gitche Manito, the Mighty, Said this to me in my vision. "I beheld, too, in that vision All the secrets of the future, 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, striving, Speaking many tongues, yet feeling But one heart-beat in their bosoms. In the woodlands rang their axes, Smoked their towns in all the valleys, Over all the lakes and rivers Rushed their great canoes of thunder. "Then a darker, drearier vision Passed before me, vague and cloud-like; I beheld our nation scattered, All forgetful of my counsels, Weakened, warring with each other; Saw the remnants of our people Sweeping westward, wild and woful, Like the cloud-rack of a tempest, Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"

XXII

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

By the shore of Gitche Gumee, By the shining Big-Sea-Water, At the doorway of his wigwam, In the pleasant Summer morning, Hiawatha stood and waited. All the air was full of freshness, All the earth was bright and joyous, And before him, through the sunshine, Westward toward the neighboring forest Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo, Passed the bees, the honey-makers, Burning, singing in the sunshine. Bright above him shone the heavens, Level spread the lake before him; From its bosom leaped the sturgeon, Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine; On its margin the great forest Stood reflected in the water, Every tree-top had its shadow, Motionless beneath the water. 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, Both the palms spread out against it, And

between the parted fingers Fell the sunshine on his
features, Flecked with light his naked shoulders, As it falls and
flecks an oak-tree Through the rifted leaves and branches. O'er
the water floating, flying, Something in the hazy
distance, Something in the mists of morning, Loomed and lifted
from the water, 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, flashing, From its glossy
neck and feathers? It was neither goose nor diver, Neither pelican
nor heron, O'er the water floating, flying, Through the shining mist
of morning, But a birch canoe with paddles, Rising, sinking on the
water, Dripping, flashing in the sunshine; And within it came a
people From the distant land of Wabun, From the farthest realms of
morning Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet, He the Priest of
Prayer, the Pale-face, With his guides and his companions. 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, Landed on the sandy margin. Then the joyous
Hiawatha Cried aloud and spake in this wise: "Beautiful is the sun,
O strangers, When you come so far to see us! All our town in
peace awaits you, All our doors stand open for you; You shall enter
all our wigwams, For the heart's right hand we give you. "Never
bloomed the earth so gayly, Never shone the sun so brightly, As to-
day they shine and blossom When you come so far to see
us! Never was our lake so tranquil, Nor so free from rocks, and
sand-bars; For your 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 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, 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, 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, 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, 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 labored; How the Jews, the tribe accursed, Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him; How he rose from where they laid him, Walked again with his disciples, And ascended into heaven. And the chiefs made answer, saying: "We have listened to your message, We have heard your words of wisdom, We will think on what you tell us. It is well for us, O brothers, That you come so far to see us!" Then they rose up and departed Each one homeward to his wigwam, To the young men and the women Told the story of the strangers Whom the Master of Life had sent them From the shining land of Wabun. Heavy with the heat and silence Grew the afternoon of Summer; With a drowsy sound the forest Whispered round the sultry wigwam, With a sound of sleep the water Rippled on the beach below it; From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena; And the guests of Hiawatha, Weary with the heat of Summer, Slumbered in the sultry wigwam. Slowly o'er the simmering landscape Fell the evening's dusk and coolness, And the long and level sunbeams Shot their spears into the forest, Breaking through its shields of shadow, Rushed into each secret ambush, Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow; Still the guests of Hiawatha Slumbered in the silent wigwam. From his place rose Hiawatha, Bade farewell to old Nokomis, Spake in whispers, spake in this wise, Did not wake the guests, that slumbered. "I am going, O Nokomis, On a long and distant journey, To the portals of the Sunset. To the regions of the home-wind, Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin. But these guests I leave

behind me, In your watch and ward I leave them; See that never harm comes near them, See that never fear molests them, Never danger nor suspicion, Never want of food or shelter, In the lodge of Hiawatha!" Forth into the village went he, Bade farewell to all the warriors, Bade farewell to all the young men, Spake persuading, spake in this wise: "I am going, O my people, On a long and distant journey; Many moons and many winters Will have come, and will have vanished, Ere I come again to see you. But my 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 From the land of light and morning!" On the shore stood Hiawatha, Turned and waved his hand at parting; On the clear and luminous water Launched his birch canoe for sailing, From the pebbles of the margin Shoved it forth into the water; Whispered to it, "Westward! westward!" And with speed it darted forward. And the evening sun descending Set the clouds on fire with redness, Burned the broad sky, like a prairie, Left upon the level water One long track and trail of splendor, Down whose stream, as down a river, Westward, westward Hiawatha Sailed into the fiery sunset, Sailed into the purple vapors, Sailed into the dusk of evening: And the people from the margin Watched him floating, rising, sinking, Till the birch canoe seemed lifted High into that sea of splendor, Till it sank into the vapors Like the new moon slowly, slowly Sinking in the purple distance. And they said, "Farewell forever!" Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!" And the forests, dark and lonely, Moved through all their depths of darkness, Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!" And the waves upon the margin Rising, rippling on the pebbles, Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!" And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, From her haunts among the fen-lands, Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!" Thus departed Hiawatha, Hiawatha the Beloved, In the glory of the sunset, In the purple mists of evening, To the regions of the home-wind, Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin, To the Islands of the Blessed, To the Kingdom of Ponemah, To the Land of the Hereafter!

NOTES THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers,

forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace.

He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenawagon, and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algonic Researches*, Vol. I. p. 134; and in his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States*, Part III. p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians.

The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

VOCABULARY

Adjidau'mo, the red squirrel. Ahdeek', the reindeer. Ahkose'win, fever. Ahmeek', the beaver. Algon'quin, Ojibway. Annemee'kee, the thunder. Apuk'wa, a bulrush. Baim-wa'wa, the sound of the thunder. Bemah'gut, the grapevine. Be'na, the pheasant. Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior. Bukada'win, famine. Chemaun', a birch canoe. Chetowaik', the plover. Chibia'bos, a musician; friend of Hiawatha; ruler in the Land of Spirits. Dahin'da, the bull frog. Dush-kwo-ne'she or Kwo-ne'she, the dragon fly. Esa, shame upon you. Ewa-yea', lullaby. Ghee'zis, the sun. Gitche Gu'mee, The Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior. Gitche Man'ito, the Great Spirit, the Master of Life. Gushkewau', the darkness. Hiawa'tha, the Wise Man, the Teacher, son of Mudjekeewis, the WestWind and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis. Ia'goo, a great boaster and storyteller. Inin'ewug, men, or pawns in the Game of the Bowl. Ishkoodah', fire, a comet. Jee'bi, a ghost, a spirit. Joss'akeed, a prophet. Kabibonok'ka, the North-Wind. Kagh, the hedge-hog. Ka'go, do not. Kahgahgee', the raven. Kaw, no. Kaween', no indeed. Kayoshk', the sea-gull. Kee'go, a

fish. Keeway'din, the Northwest wind, the Home-wind. Kena'beek, a serpent. Keneu', the great war-eagle. Keno'zha, the pickerel. Ko'ko-ko'ho, the owl. Kuntasoo', the Game of Plumstones. Kwa'sind, the Strong Man. Kwo-ne'she, or Dush-kwo-ne'she, the dragon-fly. Mahnahbe'zee, the swan. Mahng, the loon. Mahn-go-tay'see, loon-hearted, brave. Mahnomo'nee, wild rice. Ma'ma, the woodpecker. Maskeno'zha, the pike. Me'da, a medicine-man. Meenah'ga, the blueberry. Megissog'won, the great Pearl-Feather, a magician, and the Manito of Wealth. Meshinau'wa, a pipe-bearer. Minjekah'wun, Hiawatha's mittens. Minneha'ha, Laughing Water; wife of Hiawatha; a water-fall in a stream running into the Mississippi between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony. Minne-wa'wa, a pleasant sound, as of the wind in the trees. Mishe-Mo'kwa, the Great Bear. Mishe-Nah'ma, the Great Sturgeon. Miskodeed', the Spring-Beauty, the Claytonia Virginica. Monda'min, Indian corn. Moon of Bright Nights, April. Moon of Leaves, May. Moon of Strawberries, June. Moon of the Falling Leaves, September. Moon of Snow-shoes, November. Mudjekee'wis, the West-Wind; father of Hiawatha. Mudway-aush'ka, sound of waves on a shore. Mushkoda'sa, the grouse. Nah'ma, the sturgeon. Nah'ma-wusk, spearmint. Na'gow Wudj'oo, the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior. Nee-ba-naw'-baigs, water-spirits. Nenemoo'sha, sweetheart. Nepah'win, sleep. Noko'mis, a grandmother, mother of Wenonah. No'sa, my father. Nush'ka, look! look! Odah'min, the strawberry. Okahah'wis, the fresh-water herring. Ome'me, the pigeon. Ona'gon, a bowl. Onaway', awake. Ope'chee, the robin. Osse'o, Son of the Evening Star. Owais'sa, the bluebird. Oweenee', wife of Osseo. Ozawa'beek, a round piece of brass or copper in the Game of the Bowl. Pah-puk-kee'na, the grasshopper. Pau'guk, death. Pau-Puk-Kee'wis, the handsome Yenadizze, the son of Storm Fool. Pauwa'ting, Saut Sainte Marie. Pe'boan, Winter. Pem'ican, meat of the deer or buffalo dried and pounded. Pezhekee', the bison. Pishnekuh', the brant. Pone'mah, hereafter. Pugasaing', Game of the Bowl. Puggawau'gun, a war-club. Puk-Wudj'ies, little wild men of the woods; pygmies. Sah-sah-je'wun, rapids. Sah'wa, the perch. Segwun', Spring. Sha'da, the pelican. Shahbo'min, the gooseberry. Shah-shah, long ago. Shaugoda'ya, a coward. Shawgashee', the craw-fish. Shawonda'see, the South-

Wind. Shaw-shaw, the swallow. Shesh'ebwug, ducks; pieces in the Game of the Bowl. Shin'gebis, the diver, or grebe. Showain' neme'shin, pity me. Shuh-shuh'gah, the blue heron. Soan-ge-ta'ha, strong-hearted. Subbeka'she, the spider. Sugge'me, the mosquito. To'tem, family coat-of-arms. Ugh, yes. Ugudwash', the sun-fish. Unktahee', the God of Water. Wabas'so, the rabbit, the North. Wabe'no, a magician, a juggler. Wabe'no-wusk, yarrow. Wa'bun, the East-Wind. Wa'bun An'nung, the Star of the East, the Morning Star. Wahono'win, a cry of lamentation. Wah-wah-tay'see, the fire-fly. Wam'pum, beads of shell. Waubewy'on, a white skin wrapper. Wa'wa, the wild goose. Waw'beek, a rock. Waw-be-wa'wa, the white goose. Wawonais'sa, the whippoorwill. Way-muk-kwa'na, the caterpillar. Wen'digoes, giants. Weno'nah, Hiawatha's mother, daughter of Nokomis. Yenadiz'ze, an idler and gambler; an Indian dandy.

In the Vale of Tawasentha.

This valley, now called Norman's Kill; is in Albany County, New York.

On the Mountains of the Prairie.

Mr. Catlin, in his Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and

Condition of the North American Indians, Vol. II p. 160, gives an interesting account of the Coteau des Prairies, and the Red Pipestone Quarry. He says:—

"Here (according to their traditions) happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the continent; which has visited every warrior, and passed through its reddened stem the irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here, also, the peace-breathing calumet was born, and fringed with the eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and soothed the fury of the relentless savage.

"The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and, standing on the precipice of the red pipe- stone rock, broke from its wall a piece, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the North, the South, the

East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red,—that it was their flesh,—that they must use it for their pipes of peace,—that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet (Tso-mec-cos-tee aud Tso-me-cos-te-won-dee), answering to the invocations of the high-priests or medicine-men, who consult them when they are visitors to this sacred place."

Hark you, Bear! you are a coward.

This anecdote is from Heckewelder. In his account of the Indian Nations, he describes an Indian hunter as addressing a bear in nearly these words. "I was present," he says, "at the delivery of this curious invective; when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought that poor animal could understand what he said to it. 'O,' said he in answer, 'the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how ashamed he looked while I was upbraiding him?'"—*Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, Vol. I. p. 240.*

Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!

Heckewelder, in a letter published in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, Vol. IV. p. 260*, speaks of this tradition as prevalent among the Mohicans and Delawares.

"Their reports," he says, "run thus: that among all animals that had been formerly in this country, this was the most ferocious; that it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied; all over (except a spot of hair on its back of a white color) naked."

"The history of this animal used to be a subject of conversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a hunting. I have also heard them say to their children when crying: 'Hush! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you,'"

Where the Falls of Minnehaha, etc.

"The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The Falls of St. Anthony are familiar to travellers, and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the 'Little Falls,' forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians called them Mine-hah-hah, or 'laughing waters.'" — MRS. EASTMAN'S Dacotah, or Legends of the Sioux, Introd., p. ii.

Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo.

A description of the Grand Sable, or great sand-dunes of Lake Superior, is given in Foster and Whitney's Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District, Part II. p. 131.

"The Grand Sable possesses a scenic interest little inferior to that of the Pictured Rocks. The explorer passes abruptly from a coast of consolidated sand to one of loose materials; and although in the one case the cliffs are less precipitous, yet in the other they attain a higher altitude. He sees before him a long reach of coast, resembling a vast sand-bank, more than three hundred and fifty feet in height, without a trace of vegetation. Ascending to the top, rounded hillocks of blown sand are observed, with occasional clumps of trees standing out like oases in the desert."

Onaway! Awake, beloved!

The original of this song may be found in Littell's Living Age, Vol. XXV. p. 45.

On the Red Swan floating, flying.

The fanciful tradition of the Red Swan may be found in Schoolcraft's Algonic Researches, Vol. II. p. 9. Three brothers were hunting on a wager to see who would bring home the first game.

"They were to shoot no other animal," so the legend says, "but such as each was in the habit of killing. They set out different ways: Odjibwa, the youngest, had not gone far before he saw a bear, an animal he was not to kill, by the agreement. He followed him close, and drove an arrow through him, which brought him to the ground. Although contrary to the bet, he immediately commenced skinning him, when suddenly something red tinged all the air around him. He

rubbed his eyes, thinking he was perhaps deceived; but without effect, for the red hue continued. At length he heard a strange noise at a distance. It first appeared like a human voice, but after following the sound for some distance, he reached the shores of a lake, and soon saw the object he was looking for. At a distance out in the lake sat a most beautiful Red Swan, whose plumage glittered in the sun, and who would now and then make the same noise he had heard. He was within long bow-shot, and, pulling the arrow from the bowstring up to his ear, took deliberate aim and shot. The arrow took no effect; and he shot and shot again till his quiver was empty. Still the swan remained, moving round and round, stretching its long neck and dipping its bill into the water, as if heedless of the arrows shot at it. Odjibwa ran home, and got all his own and his brother's arrows and shot them all away. He then stood and gazed at the beautiful bird. While standing, he remembered his brother's saying that in their deceased father's medicine-sack were three magic arrows. Off he started, his anxiety to kill the swan overcoming all scruples. At any other time, he would have deemed it sacrilege to open his father's medicine-sack; but now he hastily seized the three arrows and ran back, leaving the other contents of the sack scattered over the lodge. The swan was still there. He shot the first arrow with great precision, and came very near to it. The second came still closer; as he took the last arrow, he felt his arm firmer, and, drawing it up with vigor, saw it pass through the neck of the swan a little above the breast. Still it did not prevent the bird from flying off, which it did, however, at first slowly, flapping its wings and rising gradually into the air and then flying off toward the sinking of the sun." — pp.10-12.

When I think of my beloved.

The original of this song may be found in Oneota, p. 15.

Sing the mysteries of Mondamin. The Indians hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration.

"They esteem it so important and divine a grain," says Schoolcraft, "that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Odjibwa-Algonquins, who call it Mon-da-min, that is, the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full

tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, or coming to manhood.

"It is well known that corn-planting and corn-gathering, at least among all the still uncolonized tribes, are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labor is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equivalent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labor of the other sex, in providing meats, and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies, and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honor her husband's hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge guests." — Oneota, p. 82.

Thus the fields shall be more fruitful.

"A singular proof of this belief, in both sexes, of the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman on the vegetable and in sect creation, is found in an ancient custom, which was related to me, respecting corn-planting. It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or overclouded evening to perform a secret circuit, sans habillement, around the field. For this purpose she slipped out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely disrobed. Then, taking her matchecota, or principal garment, in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to insure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed they could not creep over the charmed line." — Oneota, p. 83.

With his prisoner-string he bound him.

"These cords," says Mr. Tanner "are made of the bark of the elm-tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. . . . The leader of a war party commonly carries several fastened about his waist, and if, in the course of the fight, any one of his young men take a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief, to be tied, and the

latter is responsible for his safe keeping." — Narrative of Captivity and Adventures, p. 412.

Wagemin, the thief of cornfields, Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear.

"If one of the young female huskers finds a red ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be crooked, and tapering to a point, no matter what color, the whole circle is set in a roar, and wagemin is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the cornfield. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot. Had the chisel of Praxiteles been employed to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry group the idea of a pilferer of their favorite mondamin. . . .

"The literal meaning of the term is, a mass, or crooked ear of grain; but the ear of corn so called is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in a cornfield. It is in this manner that a single word or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful parent of many ideas. And we can thus perceive why it is that the word wagemin is alone competent to excite merriment in the husking circle.

"This term is taken as the basis of the cereal chorus, or corn song, as sung by the Northern Algonquin tribes. It is coupled with the phrase Paimosaid,—a permutative form of the Indian substantive, made from the verb pim-o-sa, to walk. Its literal meaning is, he who walks, or the walker; but the ideas conveyed by it are, he who walks by night to pilfer corn. It offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the preceding term." — Oneota, p. 254.

Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.

This Game of the Bowl is the principal game of hazard among the Northern tribes of Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft gives a particular account of it in Oneota, p. 85. "This game," he says, "is very fascinating to some portions of the Indians. They stake at it their ornaments, weapons, clothing, canoes, horses, everything in fact they possess; and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children and even to forfeit their own liberty. Of such desperate stakes I have seen no examples, nor do I think the game itself in common use. It is

rather confined to certain persons, who hold the relative rank of gamblers in Indian society,—men who are not noted as hunters or warriors, or steady providers for their families. Among these are persons who bear the term of *lena-dizze-wug*, that is, wanderers about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed with the popular games of amusement, by which skill and dexterity are acquired. I have generally found the chiefs and graver men of the tribes, who encouraged the young men to play ball, and are sure to be present at the customary sports, to witness, and sanction, and applaud them, speak lightly and disparagingly of this game of hazard. Yet it cannot be denied that some of the chiefs, distinguished in war and the chase, at the West, can be referred to as lending their example to its fascinating power."

See also his history, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes, Part II, p. 72.

To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone.

The reader will find a long description of the Pictured Rocks in Foster and Whitney's Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District, Part II. p. 124. From this I make the following extract:—

"The Pictured Rocks may be described, in general terms, as a series of sandstone bluffs extending along the shore of Lake Superior for about five miles, and rising, in most places, vertically from the water, without any beach at the base, to a height varying from fifty to nearly two hundred feet. Were they simply a line of cliffs, they might not, so far as relates to height or extent, be worthy of a rank among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky strata, washed by the waves of the great lake, would not, under any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the voyager, coasting along their base in his frail canoe, they would, at all times, be an object of dread; the recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast, affording, for miles, no place of refuge,—the lowering sky, the rising wind,—all these would excite his apprehension, and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are, first, the curious

manner in which the cliffs have been excavated and worn away by the action of the lake, which, for centuries, has dashed an ocean-like surf against their base; and, second, the equally curious manner in which large portions of the surface have been colored by bands of brilliant hues.

"It is from the latter circumstance that the name, by which these cliffs are known to the American traveller, is derived; while that applied to them by the French voyageurs ('Les Portails') is derived from the former, and by far the most striking peculiarity.

"The term Pictured Rocks has been in use for a great length of time; but when it was first applied, we have been unable to discover. It would seem that the first travellers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colors on the surface than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs themselves have been worn. . . .

"Our voyageurs had many legends to relate of the pranks of the Menni-bojou in these caverns, and, in answer to our inquiries, seemed disposed to fabricate stories, without end, of the achievements of this Indian deity."

Toward the Sun his hands were lifted.

In this manner, and with such salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinois. See his Voyages et Decouvertes, Section V.

<END HIAWATHA NOTES>

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 matchlock. 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.

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 breastplate, 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." 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, Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and

pillage, And, like Caesar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!" This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment. Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued: "Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose, Steady, straight-forward, and strong, with irresistible logic, Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen. Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians; Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better,— Let them come if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow, Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or 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: "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 Caesar, 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. 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 Caesar. After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards, Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Caesar! 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 Caesar! Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village, 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 captains, Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns; Then to widen the ranks, and give

more room for their weapons; So he won the day, the battle of something-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, Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret, Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla! Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover, Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket, Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth: "When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you. Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!" Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters, Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention: "Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen, Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish." Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and 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. Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla. She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming, Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying, Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever There were angels on earth, as there are angels in 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. 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, 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, 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 friendship!" Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship is sacred; What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you!" So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler, Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III

THE LOVER'S ERRAND

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand, Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest, Into the

tranquil woods, where blue-birds 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, 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 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 shallow, Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming
around him, Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful
sweetness, Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in
their 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 May-flower 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, Sailless, sombre
and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind; Saw the new-
built house and people at work in a meadow; Heard, as he drew
near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla Singing the 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, 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 home-spun 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; 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 living, It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth for ever!"

So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel and the singing Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold, Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome, Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage; For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning." Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden, Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer, Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter, After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village, Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that 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, 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 England,— They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden; Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet, Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together, And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet 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; 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 Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,— Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases, But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy; Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly. Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder, Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless; Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence: "If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me, Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me? If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!" Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter, Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,— Had no time for such things;—such things! the words 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? 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. When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it. Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me, Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me, Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla, Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding; Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders, How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction, How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth; He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in 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, 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 over-running 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; 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 exultation, "Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic! Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass, Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottos and gardens of ocean! Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning 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 contending; 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?" Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet: "It hath displeased the Lord!"—and he thought of David's transgression, 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 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, 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 darkness,— Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter!"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution, Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight, Through the 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 Caesar, Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders. "Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanor, Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue. "Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us; But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city. 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. All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion, Even 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, betrayed me! One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler; Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor? Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship! You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother; You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred and secret,— You too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter! Brutus was Caesar'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 parley, Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron, Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed. Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance. Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness, Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult, Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood, Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who 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, 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 rattle-snake glittered, Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge of warfare, Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance. This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating What were an answer befitting the hostile 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, "What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses? Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils? Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon!" Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth, Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language: "Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles; Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with!" But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain, 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, 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; 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, 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, 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, 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 swearing. Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence; Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake him; Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!" Then he extinguished the light, and threw 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; All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions; But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him,— Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the 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, Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a door-step 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. He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish, Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas, Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him. But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing. Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention, Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient, That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose, As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction. Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instincts! Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments, Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine! "Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him, Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness, Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong. "Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me, Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning 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! 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 footsteps. Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence Hover around her for ever, protecting, supporting her weakness; Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing, So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important, Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather, Walked about on the sands; and the people crowded around him Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful

remembrance. Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller, Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel, Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry, Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow, Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel! Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims. O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the Mayflower! No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor. Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind, Blowing steady and strong; and the 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; 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-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard; Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of escaping. Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian, Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other, Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished. So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a little, Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine, Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

VI

PRISCILLA

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, 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, 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: "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 Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful, 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, 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."

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. 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, 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,— 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 much 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, 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; He who was used to success, and to easy victories always, Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden, Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted! Ah! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armor!

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly. What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness, Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens? 'T was but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others! What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless; Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!" Thus he 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 the warriors, horrid with war-paint, Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together; Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men, Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate and sabre and musket, Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing, Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present; Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred. Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in stature, Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan; One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat. Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum, Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle. Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty. "Welcome, English!" they said,—these words they had learned from the traders Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries. Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish, Through his guide and interpreter Hobomok, friend 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: "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; 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 petted the knife that hung at his
bosom, Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he
muttered, "By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak
not! This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy
us! He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of
Indians Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the
forest, Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-
strings, Drawing 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, 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, Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man. Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth: "Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature,— Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!"

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish. When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth, And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress, All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage. Only Priscilla averted her face from this spectre of terror, Thanking God in her heart that she had not 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. 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 Miles 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, 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 annoyance, Raghorn, the snow-white steer, that had fallen to Alden's allotment In the division of cattle, might ruminant in the night-time Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla, Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy, Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship. Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling; Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden; Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,— How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always, How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil, How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness, How she layeth her hand to the spindle and 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, Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment; You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner." Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter; the spindle Uttered an angry snarl,

and the thread snapped short in her fingers; While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued: "You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of Helvetia; She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton, Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain, Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle. She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb. So shall it 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 childhood, Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner!" Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden, Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest, Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning, Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the 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. 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.

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 Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered Once and for ever 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, Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla, Pressing her close to his heart, as for ever 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, 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 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 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 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 benediction, Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth! Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me! I have been angry and hurt,—too long have I cherished the feeling; I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended. Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish, Sensitive, swift to 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. 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 sun-burnt face of their Captain, Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and crowded about him, Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom, Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other, Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered, He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment, Than come again to a wedding to which he

had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway, Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning. Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine, 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 departure, Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying, Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted. Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder, Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla, Brought out his snow-white steer, 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 noonday; Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant. Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others, Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband, Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her 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 splendors, Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended, Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree, Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eshcol. Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages, Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac, Old and yet ever new, and simple and

beautiful always, Love immortal and young in the endless
succession of lovers, So through the Plymouth woods passed
onward the bridal procession.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

FLIGHT THE FIRST

. . come i gru van cantando lor lai, Facendo in aer di se lunga riga. —
DANTE

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

Black shadows fall From the lindens tall, That lift aloft their massive
wall Against the southern sky;

And from the realms Of the shadowy elms A tide-like darkness
overwhelms The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair, And everywhere A warm, soft vapor fills the
air, And distant sounds seem near,

And above, in the light Of the star-lit night, Swift birds of passage
wing their flight Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat Of their pinions fleet, As from the land of snow and
sleet They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry Of their voices high Falling dreamily through the
sky, But their forms I cannot see.

O, say not so! Those sounds that flow In murmurs of delight and
woe Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs Of the poet's songs, Murmurs of pleasures,
and pains, and wrongs, The sound of winged words.

This is the cry Of souls, that high On toiling, beating pinions,
fly, Seeking a warmer clime,

From their distant flight Through realms of light It falls into our world
of night, With the murmuring sound of rhyme.

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 suggestions.

Beautiful is the tradition Of that flight through heavenly
portals, The old classic superstition Of the theft and the
transmission Of the fire of the Immortals!

First the deed of noble daring, Born of heavenward
aspiration, Then the fire with mortals sharing, Then the vulture,—
the despairing Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer; Only those
are crowned and sainted Who with grief have been
acquainted, Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations, In their triumph and their yearning, 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 sailing O'er life's barren crags the vulture?

Such a fate as this was Dante's, By defeat and exile
maddened; Thus were Milton and Cervantes, Nature's priests and
Corybantes, By affliction touched and saddened.

But the glories so transcendent That around their memories
cluster, And, on all their steps attendant, Make their darkened lives
resplendent With such gleams of inward lustre!

All the melodies mysterious, Through the dreary darkness
chanted; Thoughts in attitudes imperious, Voices soft, and deep,

and serious, Words that whispered, songs that haunted!

All the soul in rapt suspension, All the quivering,
palpitating Chords of life in utmost tension, With the fervor of
invention, With the rapture of creating!

Ah, Prometheus! heaven-scaling! In such hours of exultation Even
the faintest heart, unquailing, Might behold the vulture
sailing Round the cloudy crags Caucasian!

Though to all there is not given Strength for such sublime
endeavor, Thus to scale the walls of heaven, And to leaven with
fiery leaven All the hearts of men for ever;

Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted Honor and believe the
presage, Hold aloft their torches lighted, Gleaming through the
realms benighted, As they onward bear the message!

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
bosoms! Spectral gleam their snow-white dresses, And from loose
dishevelled tresses Fall the hyacinthine blossoms!

O my songs! whose winsome measures Filled my heart with secret
rapture! Children of my golden leisures! Must even your delights
and pleasures Fade and perish with the capture?

Fair they seemed, those songs sonorous, When they came to me
unbidden; Voices single, and in chorus, Like the wild birds singing
o'er us In the dark of branches hidden.

Disenchantment! Disillusion! Must each noble aspiration Come at last to this conclusion, Jarring discord, wild confusion, Lassitude, renunciation?

Not with steeper fall nor faster, From the sun's serene dominions, Not through brighter realms nor vaster, In swift ruin and disaster, Icarus fell with shattered pinions!

Sweet Pandora! dear Pandora! Why did mighty Jove create thee Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora, Beautiful as young Aurora, If to win thee is to hate thee?

No, not hate thee! for this feeling Of unrest and long resistance Is but passionate appealing, A prophetic whisper stealing O'er the chords of our existence.

Him whom thou dost once enamour, Thou, beloved, never leavest; In life's discord, strife, and clamor, Still he feels thy spell of glamour; Him of Hope thou ne'er bereavest.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted, Struggling souls by thee are strengthened, Clouds of fear asunder rifted, Truth from falsehood cleansed and sifted, Lives, like days in summer, lengthened!

Therefore art thou ever clearer, 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 ST. AUGUSTINE

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said, That of our vices we can frame A ladder, if we will but tread Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things, each day's events, That with the hour begin and end, Our pleasures and our discontents, Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design, That makes another's virtues
less; The revel of the ruddy wine, And all occasions of excess;

The longing for ignoble things; The strife for triumph more than
truth; The hardening of the heart, that brings Irreverence for the
dreams of youth;

All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds, That have their root in thoughts of
ill; Whatever hinders or impedes The action of the nobler will;—

All these must first be trampled down Beneath our feet, if we would
gain In the bright fields of 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 desert
airs, When nearer seen, and better known, Are but gigantic flights
of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear Their solid bastions to the
skies, Are crossed by pathways, that appear As we to higher
levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept Were not attained by
sudden flight, But they, while their companions slept, Were toiling
upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore With shoulders bent and
downcast eyes, We may discern—unseen before— A path to
higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past, As wholly wasted, wholly vain, If,
rising on its wrecks, at last To something nobler we attain.

THE PHANTOM SHIP

In Mather's Magnalia Christi, Of the old colonial time, May be
found in prose the legend That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven, And the keen and frosty airs, That filled her sails at parting, Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure"— Thus prayed the old divine— "To bury our friends in the ocean, Take them, for they are thine!"

But Master Lamberton muttered, And under his breath said he, "This ship is so crank and walty I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from England, When the winter months were gone, Brought no tidings of this vessel Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying That the Lord would let them hear What in his greater wisdom He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered:— It was in the month of June, An hour before the 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 canvas, Right against the wind that blew, Until the eye could distinguish The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts, Hanging tangled in the shrouds, And her sails were loosened and lifted, And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging, Fell slowly, one by one, And the hulk dilated and vanished, As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this marvel Each said unto his friend, That this was the mould of their vessel, And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village Gave thanks to God in prayer, That, to quiet their troubled spirits, He had sent this Ship of Air.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS

A mist was driving down the British Channel, 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 rippling 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 couchant 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 morning 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 has 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 dissemble, 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'erhead; Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated 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 door-way, 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 cannot 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 equipoise By opposite attractions and
desires; The struggle of the instinct that enjoys, And the more
noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar Of earthly wants and
aspirations high, Come from the influence of an unseen 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 short-comings and despairs, In your own
secret sins and terrors!

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST

Once the Emperor Charles of Spain, With his swarthy, grave
commanders, I forget in what campaign, Long besieged, in mud
and rain, Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp, In great boots of Spanish
leather, Striding with a measured tramp, These Hidalgos, dull and
damp, Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.

Thus as to and fro they went, Over upland and through

hollow, Giving their impatience vent, Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest, they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest, Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane, or tail, or 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, 'Tis the wife
of some deserter!"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft, Through the camp was spread
the rumor, And the soldiers, as they quaffed Flemish beer at dinner,
laughed At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So unharmed and unafraid Sat the swallow still and brooded, Till
the constant cannonade Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent, Struck its tents as if
disbanding, Only not the Emperor's tent, For he ordered, ere he
went, Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone, Loosely flapping, torn and tattered, Till
the brood was fledged and flown, Singing o'er those walls of
stone Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

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 amaranth, as with
flame, And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way; Then said I, with deep fear
and doubt oppressed, "Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou
betray The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

And he who wore the crown of asphodels, Descending, at my door
began to knock, And my soul sank within me, as in 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 threefold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest, And listened, for I
thought I heard God's voice; And, knowing whatsoe'er 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 Hebrews in their graves, Close by the street of this fair seaport town, Silent beside the never-silent waves, At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's breath, While underneath such leafy tents they keep The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown, That pave with level flags their burial-place, Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange, Of foreign accent, and of different climes; 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 never more shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue, No Psalms of David now the silence break, No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain, And not neglected; for a
hand unseen, Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain, Still 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 unleavened bread And bitter herbs of
exile and its fears, The wasting famine of the heart they fed, And
slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry That rang from town to town,
from street to street; At every gate the accursed Mordecai Was
mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation 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 continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast Of patriarchs and of
prophets rose sublime, And all the great traditions of the
Past They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus for ever with reverted look The mystic volume of the world
they read, Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book, Till life
became a Legend of the Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall be no more! The groaning earth
in travail and in pain Brings forth its races, but does not
restore, And the dead nations never rise again.

OLIVER BASSELIN

In the Valley of the Vire Still is seen an ancient mill, With its
gables quaint and queer, And beneath the window-sill, On the
stone, These words alone: "Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep, Ruined stands the old
Chateau; 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
Agincourt, Watched and waited, spur on heel; But the poet sang
for sport Songs that rang Another clang, Songs that lowlier
hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray, Sat the monks in lonely cells, Paced
the cloisters, knelt to pray, And the poet heard their bells; But
his rhymes Found other chimes, Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold, Gone are all the knights and
squires, Gone the abbot stern and cold, And the brotherhood of

friars; Not a name Remains to fame, From those
mouldering days of old!

But the poet's memory here Of the landscape makes a part; Like
the river, swift and clear, Flows his song through many a
heart; Haunting still That ancient mill, In the Valley of the
Vire.

VICTOR GALBRAITH

Under the walls of Monterey At daybreak the bugles began to
play, Victor Galbraith! In the mist of the morning damp and
gray, These were the words they seemed to say: "Come forth
to thy death, Victor Galbraith!"

Forth he came, with a martial tread; Firm was his step, 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
musketry, Victor Galbraith! And he said, with a steady voice
and eye, "Take good aim; I am ready to die!" Thus challenges
death Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight and red, Six leaden balls on
their errand sped; Victor Galbraith Falls to the ground, but he is
not dead; His name was not stamped on those balls of
lead, And they only 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; "O kill me, and put me out of my pain!" In his agony
prayeth Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of flame, And the bugler has
died a death of shame, Victor Galbraith! His soul has gone back
to whence it came, And no one answers to the name, When the
Sergeant saith, "Victor Galbraith!"

Under the walls of Monterey By night a bugle is heard to

play, Victor Galbraith! Through the mist of the valley damp and
gray The 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 Hesperides Of all my boyish dreams. And the burden
of that old song, It murmurs and whispers still: "A boy's will is
the wind's will, And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips, And the sea-tides
tossing free; And Spanish sailors with bearded lips, And the beauty
and mystery of the ships, And the magic of the sea. And the
voice of that wayward song Is singing and saying still: "A boy's
will is the wind's will, And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore, And the fort upon the
hill; The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar, The drum-beat repeated
o'er and o'er, And the bugle wild and shrill. And the music of
that old song Throbs in my memory still: "A boy's will is the
wind's will, And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away, How it thundered 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 mournful song Goes through me with a thrill: "A boy's will is
the wind's will, And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves, The shadows of Deering's
Woods; And the friendships old and the early loves Come back with
a sabbath sound, as of doves In quiet neighborhoods. And the

verse of that sweet old song, It flutters and murmurs still: "A
boy's will is the wind's will, And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart Across the
schoolboy'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 concealed; And an angler by a
brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze, Wrecks that float o'er unknown
seas, Anchors dragged through faithless sand; Sea-fog drifting
overhead, And, with 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 flickering fire-light; Here and there the
lamps of evening glimmer, Social watch-fires Answering one
another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing, And like Ariel in the
cloven pine-tree For its freedom Groans and sighs the air
imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated, Seeing ruined cities in the
ashes, Asking sadly Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers, Building castles fair,
with stately stairways, Asking blindly Of the Future what it
cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted In whose scenes appear two
actors only, Wife and husband, And above them God the sole
spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort, Wives and children,
with fair, thoughtful faces, Waiting, watching For a well-known
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, For ever 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 Atlantic, To rack our brains With the fever pains, That
have driven the Old World frantic.

To the sewers and sinks With all such drinks, And after them
tumble the mixer; For a poison malign Is such Borgia
wine, Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring Is the wine I sing, And to praise it, one
needs but name it; For Catawba wine Has need of no
sign, No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine, This greeting of mine, The winds
and the birds shall deliver To the Queen of the West, In her
garlands dressed, On the banks of the Beautiful River.

SANTA FILOMENA

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought, Whene'er is spoken a noble
thought, Our hearts, in glad surprise, To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls Into our inmost being rolls, And
lifts us unawares Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds Thus help us in our daily
needs, And by their overflow Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read Of the great army of the
dead, The trenches cold and damp, The starved and frozen
camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain, In dreary hospitals of
pain, The cheerless corridors, The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery A lady with a lamp I see Pass through
the glimmering gloom, And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss, The speechless sufferer turns to
kiss Her shadow, as it falls Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be Opened and then closed
suddenly, The vision came and went, The light shone and was
spent.

On England's annals, through the long 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

Othere, the old sea-captain, Who dwelt in Helgoland, To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth, Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth, Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately, Like a boy's his eye appeared; His hair was yellow as hay, But threads of a silvery gray Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere, His cheek had the color of oak; With a kind of laugh in his speech, Like the sea-tide on a beach, As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons, Had a book upon his knees, And wrote down the wondrous tale Of him who was first to sail Into the Arctic seas.

"So far I live to the northward, No man lives north of me; To the east are wild mountain-chains; And beyond them meres and plains; To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward, From the harbor of Skeringes-hale, If you only sailed by day, With a fair wind all the way, More than a month would you sail.

"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;—

"Of Iceland and of Greenland, And the stormy Hebrides, And the
undiscovered deep;— 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.

"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
southward through the haze I saw the sullen blaze Of the red
midnight sun.

"And then uprose before me, Upon the water's edge, The huge
and haggard shape Of that unknown North Cape, Whose form is
like a 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.

"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.

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.

"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!"

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.

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 swallows 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 behind us Worse than the dark
before.

What the leaves are to the forest, With light and air for food, Ere
their sweet and tender juices Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children; Through them it feels the glow Of a
brighter and sunnier climate Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children! And whisper in my ear What the birds
and the winds are singing In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings, And the wisdom of our
books, When compared with your caresses, And the gladness of
your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads That ever were sung or said; For
ye are living poems, And all the rest are dead.

SANDALPHON

Have you read in the Talmud of old, In the Legends the 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 unnumbered, By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered Alone
in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire Chant only one hymn, and
expire With the song's irresistible stress; Expire in their rapture
and wonder, As harp-strings are broken asunder By music they
throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng, Unmoved by the rush of the
song, With eyes unimpassioned and slow, Among the dead
angels, the deathless Sandalphon stands listening breathless To
sounds that ascend from below;—

From the spirits on earth that adore, From the souls that entreat and
implore In the fervor and passion of prayer; From the hearts that
are broken with losses, And weary with dragging the crosses Too
heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands, And they change into
flowers in his hands, Into garlands of purple and red; And beneath
the great arch of the portal, Through the streets of the City
Immortal Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,— A fable, a phantom, a show, Of the
ancient Rabbinical lore; Yet the old mediaeval 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
forbidden, The golden pomegranates of Eden, To quiet its fever
and pain.

FLIGHT THE SECOND

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Between the dark and the daylight, When the night is beginning to

lower, Comes a pause in the day's occupations, That is known as
the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me The patter of little feet, The sound
of a door that is opened, And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight, Descending the broad hall
stair, Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra, And Edith with golden
hair.

A whisper, and then a silence: Yet I know by their merry
eyes They are plotting and planning together To take me by
surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway, A sudden raid from the hall! By
three doors left unguarded They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret O'er the arms and back of my chair; If
I try to escape, they surround me; They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses, Their arms about me
entwine, Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen In his Mouse-Tower on
the Rhine!

Do you think, o blue-eyed banditti, Because you have 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 dungeon In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever, Yes, forever and a day, Till the
walls shall crumble to ruin, And 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

suppressed, Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away Are watching with eager eyes; They talk together and say, "To-morrow, perhaps to-day, Euceladus 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 uprose A little feather of snow-white smoke, And we knew that the iron ship of our foes Was steadily steering its course To try the force Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs, Silent and sullen, the floating fort; Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns, And leaps the terrible death, With fiery breath, From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight Defiance back in a full broadside! As hail rebounds from a roof of slate, Rebounds our heavier hail From each iron scale Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries, In his arrogant old plantation strain. "Never!" our gallant Morris replies; "It is better to sink than to yield!" And the whole air pealed With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black, She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp! Down went the Cumberland all a 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 mainmast head. Lord, how beautiful was Thy day! Every waft of the air Was a whisper of prayer, Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas 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 garments shaken, Over the woodlands brown and bare, Over the harvest-fields forsaken, Silent, and soft, and slow Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take Suddenly shape in some divine expression, Even as the troubled heart doth make In the white countenance confession, The troubled sky reveals The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air, Slowly in silent syllables recorded; This is the secret of despair, Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded, Now whispered and revealed To wood and field.

A DAY OF SUNSHINE

O gift of God! O perfect day: Whereon shall no man work, but play; Whereon it is enough for me, Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain, Through every nerve, through every vein, I feel the electric thrill, the touch Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees Playing celestial symphonies; I see
the branches downward bent, Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high The splendid scenery of the
sky, Where though 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 begin, Am weary,
thinking of your road!

O little hands! that, weak or strong, Have still to serve or rule so
long, Have still so long to give or ask; I, who so much with book
and pen Have toiled among my fellow-men, Am weary, thinking of
your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat With such impatient, feverish
heat, Such limitless and strong desires; 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, 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; But
noon and night, the panting teams Stop under the great oaks, that
throw Tangles of light and shade below, On roofs and doors and
window-sills. Across the road the barns display Their lines of stalls,
their mows of hay, Through the wide doors the breezes blow, The
wattled cocks strut to and fro, And, half effaced by rain and
shine, The Red Horse prances on the sign. Round this old-
fashioned, quaint abode Deep silence reigned, save when a
gust Went rushing down the county road, And skeletons of leaves,
and dust, A moment quickened by its breath, Shuddered and
danced their dance of death, And through the ancient oaks
o'erhead Mysterious voices moaned and fled.

But from the parlor of the inn A pleasant murmur smote the
ear, Like water rushing through a weir: Oft interrupted by the
din Of laughter and of loud applause, And, in each intervening
pause, The music of a violin. The fire-light, shedding over all The
splendor of its ruddy glow, Filled the whole parlor large and low; It
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 The
Landlord's coat-of-arms again; And, flashing on the window-
pane, Emblazoned with its light and shade The jovial rhymes, that
still remain, Writ near a century ago, By the great Major
Molineaux, Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.

Before the blazing fire of wood Erect the rapt musician stood; And
ever and anon he bent His head upon his instrument, And seemed
to listen, till he caught Confessions of its secret thought,— The joy,
the triumph, the lament, The exultation and the pain; Then, by the
magic of his art, He soothed the throbbings of its heart, And lulled it
into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease There sat a group of friends,
entranced With the delicious melodies Who from the far-off noisy
town Had 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, 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, 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." 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; A man of such a genial mood The heart of all things he embraced, And yet of such fastidious taste, He never found the best too good. Books were his passion and delight, And in his upper room at home Stood many a rare and sumptuous tome, In vellum bound, with gold bedight, Great volumes garmented in white, Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome. He loved the twilight that surrounds The border-land of old romance; Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance, And banner waves, and trumpet sounds, And ladies ride with hawk on wrist, And mighty warriors sweep along, Magnified by the purple mist, The dusk of centuries and of song. The chronicles of Charlemagne, Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthure, Mingled together in his brain With tales of Flores and Blanchefleur, 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, 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 His beard, a good palm's length
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 Fiesole's green hills and vales Remembered for Boccaccio's
sake. Much too of music was his thought; The melodies and
measures fraught With sunshine and the open air, Of vineyards
and the singing sea Of his beloved Sicily; And much it pleased him
to peruse The songs of the Sicilian muse,— Bucolic songs by Meli
sung In the familiar peasant tongue, That made men say, "Behold!
once more The pitying gods to earth restore 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
Levant. Like an old Patriarch he appeared, Abraham or Isaac, or at
least Some later Prophet or High-Priest; With lustrous eyes, and
olive skin, And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin, The tumbling
cataract of his beard. His garments 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 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 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, 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 research To build the Universal Church, Lofty as in the
love of God, And ample as the wants of man.

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse 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. 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; 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 Stromkarl sang, the cataract
hurled Its headlong waters from the height; 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 blowing, Old ballads, and
wild melodies Through mist and darkness pouring forth, Like
Elivagar's river flowing Out of the glaciers of the North.

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 Tyrolian 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; And in its hollow chamber, thus, The maker from whose hands
it came Had written his unrivalled name,— "Antonius Stradivarius."

And when he played, the atmosphere 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, 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 By birds of passage in their flight, From the remotest distance
heard.

Then silence followed; then began A clamor for the Landlord's
tale,— The story promised them of old, They said, but always left
untold; And he, although a bashful man, And all his courage
seemed to fail, Finding excuse of no avail, Yielded; and thus the
story ran.

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 Charlestown shore, Just as the moon rose over the bay, Where
swinging wide at her moorings lay The Somerset, British man-of-
war; A phantom ship, with each mast and spar Across the moon
like a prison bar, And a huge black hulk, that was magnified By its
own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street, Wanders and watches with eager ears, Till in the silence around him he hears The 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.

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.

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 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, Now gazed at the landscape far and near, Then, impetuous, stamped the earth, And turned and tightened his saddle-girth; But mostly he watched with eager search The belfry-tower of the Old North Church, As it rose above the graves on the hill, Lonely and spectral and sombre and still. And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height A glimmer, and then a gleam of light! He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns, But 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 fearless and fleet: That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light, The fate of a nation was

riding that night; And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight, Kindled the land into flame with its heat. He has left the village and mounted the steep, And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep, Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides; And under the alders, that skirt its edge, Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge, Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock When he crossed the bridge into Medford town. He heard the crowing of the cock, And the barking of the farmer's dog, And felt the damp of the river fog, That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock, When he galloped into Lexington. He saw the 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.

It was two by the village clock, When he came to the bridge in Concord town. He heard the bleating of the flock, And the twitter of birds among the trees, And felt the breath of the morning breeze Blowing over the meadows brown. And one was safe and asleep in his bed Who at the bridge would be first to fall, Who that day would be lying dead, Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read, How the British Regulars fired and fled,— How the farmers gave them ball for ball, From behind each fence and farm-yard wall, Chasing the red-coats down the lane, Then crossing the fields to emerge again Under the trees at the turn of the road, And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere; And so through the night went his cry of alarm To every Middlesex village and farm,— A cry of defiance and not of fear, A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door, And a word that shall echo forevermore! For, borne on the night-wind of the Past, Through all our history, to the last, In the hour of darkness and peril and need, The people will waken and listen to hear The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed, And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

INTERLUDE.

The Landlord ended thus his tale, Then rising took down from its nail
The sword that hung there, dim with dust And cleaving to its
sheath with rust, And said, "This sword was in the fight." The Poet
seized it, and exclaimed, "It is the sword of a good knight, Though
homespun was his coat-of-mail; What matter if it be not
named Joyeuse, 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 everywhere, 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 surprise To see Sir
William's plumed head Brought to a level with the rest, And made
the subject of a jest. And this perceiving, to appease The
Landlord's wrath, the others' fears, The Student said, with careless
ease, "The ladies and the cavaliers, The arms, the loves, the
courtesies, The deeds of high emprise, I sing! Thus Ariosto says, in
words That have the stately stride and ring Of armed knights and
clashing swords. Now listen to the tale I bring 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 delight. Beside him, motionless, the drowsy bird Dreamed of the chase, and in his slumber heard The sudden, scythe-like sweep of wings, that dare The headlong plunge thro' eddying 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 trellises, 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 aeolian
harp through gusty doors Of some old ruin its wild music pours.

"Who is thy mother, my fair boy?" he said, His hand laid softly on
that shining head. "Monna Giovanna. Will you let me stay A little
while, and with your falcon play? We live there, just beyond your
garden wall, In the great house behind the poplars tall."

So he spake on; and Federigo heard As from afar each softly
uttered word, And drifted onward through the golden gleams And
shadows of the misty sea of dreams, As mariners becalmed through
vapors drift, And feel the sea beneath them 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 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'ergrown, And fountains palpitating in the heat, And all Val
d'Arno stretched beneath its feet. Here in seclusion, as a widow
may, The lovely lady whiled the hours away, Pacing in sable robes
the statued hall, Herself the 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. 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 wondered he Who might the master of the falcon
be, Until that happy morning, when he found Master and falcon in
the cottage ground.

And now a shadow and a terror fell On the great house, as if a

passing-bell Tolled from the tower, and filled each spacious 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 importunate cry, "Give me," he answered, with imploring tone, "Ser Federigo's falcon for my own!" No answer could the astonished mother make; How could she ask, 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. 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. 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 auroral blush, Her young heart singing louder than the thrush. So walked, that morn, through mingled light and shade, Each by the other's presence lovelier made, Monna Giovanna and her bosom friend, Intent upon their errand and its end.

They found Ser Federigo at his toil, Like banished Adam, delving in the soil; And when he looked and these fair women spied, The garden suddenly was glorified; His long-lost Eden was restored again, And the strange river winding through the plain No longer was the Arno to his eyes, But the Euphrates watering Paradise!

Monna Giovanna raised her stately head, And with fair words of salutation said: "Ser Federigo, we come here as friends, Hoping in this to make some poor amends For past unkindness. I who ne'er before Would even cross the threshold of your door, 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."

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; 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. 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; 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, 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, 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, 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, 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 tuned her
eyes away, Grieving that he such sacrifice should make, And kill
his falcon for a woman's sake, Yet feeling in her heart a woman's
pride, That nothing she could ask for was denied; Then took her
leave, and passed out at the gate With footstep slow and soul
disconsolate.

Three days went by, and lo! a passing-bell Tolloed from the little
chapel in the dell; Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and
said, Breathing a prayer, "Alas! her child is dead!" Three months
went by; and lo! a merrier chime Rang from the chapel bells at

Christmas time; The cottage was deserted, and no more Ser
Federigo sat beside its door, But now, with servitors to do his
will, In the grand villa, half-way up the hill, Sat at the Christmas
feast, and at his side Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride, Never so
beautiful, so kind, so fair, Enthroned once more in the old rustic
chair, High-perched upon the back of which there stood The image
of a falcon carved in wood, And underneath the inscription, with
date, "All things come round to him who will but wait."

INTERLUDE

Soon as the story reached its end, One, over eager to
commend, Crowned it with injudicious praise; And then the voice of
blame found vent, And fanned the embers of dissent Into a
somewhat lively blaze.

The Theologian shook his head; "These old Italian tales," he
said, "From the much-praised Decameron down Through all the
rabble of the rest, Are either trifling, dull, or lewd; The gossip of a
neighborhood In some remote provincial town, A scandalous
chronicle at best! They seem to me a stagnant fen, Grown rank
with rushes and with reeds, Where a white lily, now and
then, Blooms in the midst of noxious weeds And deadly nightshade
on its banks."

To this the Student straight replied, "For the white lily, many
thanks! One should not say, with too much pride, Fountain, I will
not drink of thee! Nor were it grateful to forget, That from these
reservoirs and tanks Even imperial Shakespeare drew His Moor of
Venice, and the Jew, And Romeo and Juliet, And many a famous
comedy."

Then a long pause; till some one said, "An Angel is flying
overhead!" At these words spake the Spanish Jew, And murmured
with an inward breath: "God grant, if what you say be true, It may
not be the Angel of Death!" And then another pause; and
then, Stroking his beard, he said again: "This brings back to my
memory A story in the Talmud told, That book of gems, that book of
gold, Of wonders many and manifold, A tale that often comes to
me, And fills my heart, and haunts my brain, And never wearies 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 living eyes First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and look." Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book, And rising, and uplifting his gray head, "Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said, "Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way." The angel smiled and hastened to obey, Then led him forth to the Celestial Town, And set him on the wall, whence, gazing down, Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes, Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword, And through the streets there swept a sudden breath Of something there unknown, which men call death. Meanwhile the Angel stayed without and cried, "Come back!" To which the Rabbi's voice replied, "No! in the name of God, whom I adore, I swear that hence I will depart no more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy One, See what the son of Levi here hath done! The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence, And in Thy name refuses to go hence!" The Lord replied, "My Angels, be not wroth; Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath? Let him remain; for he with mortal eye Shall look upon my face and yet not die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death Heard the great voice, and said, with 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 He heard the awful mandate of the Lord Resounding through the air, "Give back the sword!"

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer; Then said he to the dreadful Angel, "Swear, No human eye shall look on it again; But when thou takest away the souls of men, Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword, Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord." The Angel took the sword again, and swore, And walks on earth unseen forevermore.

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 Allemaine, Apparell'd in magnificent attire, With retinue of many a knight and squire, On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat And heard the priests chant the Magnificat, And as he listened, o'er and

o'er again Repeated, like a burden or refrain, He caught the words,
"Deposuit potentes De sede, et exaltavit humiles"; And slowly lifting
up his kingly head He to a learned clerk beside him said, "What
mean these words?" The clerk made answer meet, "He has put
down the mighty from their seat, And has exalted them of low
degree." 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!" And leaning back, he yawned and fell
asleep, Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night; The church was empty, and
there was no light, Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and
faint, Lighted a little space before some saint. He started from his
seat and gazed around, But saw no living thing and heard no
sound. He groped towards the door, but it was locked; He cried
aloud, and listened, and then knocked, And uttered awful
threatenings and complaints, And imprecations upon men and
saints. The sounds re-echoed from the roof and walls As if dead
priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without The tumult of the
knocking and the shout, And thinking thieves were in the house of
prayer, Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?" Half choked
with rage, King Robert fiercely said, "Open: 'tis I, the King! Art thou
afraid?" 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
Allemaine, Despoiled of his magnificent attire, Bareheaded,
breathless, and besprent 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, Until at last he reached the banquet-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 disguise, Though none the hidden Angel recognize.

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; The Angel answered, with unruffled brow, "Nay, not the
King, but the King's Jester, thou Henceforth shall wear the bells and
scalped 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
before, And as they opened wide the folding door, His heart failed,
for he heard, with strange alarms, The boisterous laughter of the
men-at-arms, And all the 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 beside his bed, Around him
rose the bare, discolored walls, Close by, the steeds were champing
in their stalls, 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 returned again To Sicily the old
Saturnian reign; Under the Angel's governance benign 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, Sullen and silent and disconsolate. Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear, With look bewildered and a vacant stare, Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn, By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn, His only friend the ape, his only food What others left,—he still was unsubdued. And when the Angel met him on his way, And half in earnest, half in jest, would say Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel, "Art thou the King?" the passion of his woe Burst from him in resistless overflow, 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 Allemaine, Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane By letter summoned them forthwith to come On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome. The Angel with great joy received his guests, And gave them presents of embroidered vests, And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined, And rings and jewels of the rarest kind. Then he departed with them o'er the sea Into the lovely land of Italy, Whose loveliness was more resplendent made By the mere passing of that cavalcade, With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur. And lo! among the menials, in mock state, Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait, His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind, The solemn ape demurely perched behind, King Robert rode, making huge merriment In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square, Giving his benediction and embrace, Fervent, and full of apostolic grace. While with congratulations and with prayers He entertained the Angel unawares, Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd, Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud, "I am the King! Look, and behold in me Robert, your brother, King of Sicily! This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes, Is an impostor in a king's disguise. Do you not know me? does no voice within Answer my cry, and say we are akin?" The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien, Gazed at the

Angel's countenance serene; The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport To keep a mad man for thy Fool at court!" And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by, And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky; The presence of the Angel, with its light, Before the 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 before, And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor, He heard the rushing garments of the Lord Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more Valmond returning to the Danube's shore, Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again The land was made resplendent with his train, Flashing along the towns of Italy Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea. And when once more within Palermo's wall, And, seated on the throne in his great hall, He heard the Angelus from convent towers, As if the better world conversed with ours, He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher, And with a gesture bade the rest retire; And when they were alone, the Angel said, "Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head, King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast, And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best! My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence, And in some cloister's school of penitence, Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven, Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven!"

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face A holy light illumined all the place, And through the open window, loud and clear, They heard the monks chant in the chapel near, Above the stir and tumult of the street: "He has put down the mighty from their seat, And has exalted them of low degree!" And through the chant a second melody Rose like the throbbing of a single string: "I am an Angel, and thou art the King!"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne, Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone! But all apparelled as in days of old, With ermined

mantle and with cloth of gold; And when his courtiers came, they found him there Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in, silent prayer.

INTERLUDE

And then the blue-eyed Norseman told A Saga of the days of old. "There is," said he, "a wondrous book Of Legends in the old Norse tongue, Of the dead kings of Norroway,— Legends that once were told or sung In many a smoky fireside nook Of Iceland, in the ancient day, By wandering Saga-man or Scald; Heimskringla is the volume called; And he who looks may find therein The story that I now begin."

And in each 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 interlace, And keep the loosened stones in place.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF

I

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

I am the God Thor, I am the War God, I am the Thunderer! Here in my Northland, My fastness and fortress, Reign I forever!

Here amid icebergs Rule I the nations; This is my hammer, Mjolner 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, 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!

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, Gauntlet or Gospel, Here I defy thee!

II

KING OLAF'S RETURN

And King Olaf heard the cry, Saw the red light in the sky, Laid his
hand upon his sword, As he leaned upon the railing, And his ships
went sailing, sailing Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed; And the red light glanced and
gleamed On the armor that he wore; And he shouted, as the
rifled 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,
sailing, Listening to the wild wind's wailing, And the dashing of the
foam.

To his thoughts the sacred name Of his mother Astrid came, And
the tale she oft had told Of her flight by secret passes Through the
mountains and morasses, To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded back Of Queen Gunhild's wrath
and wrack, And a hurried flight by sea; Of grim Vikings, and the
rapture Of the sea-fight, and the capture, And the life of slavery.

How a stranger watched his face In the 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, Chief of all her men-at-arms; Till vague whispers, and mysterious, Reached King Valdemar, the imperious, Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas, Westward to the Hebrides, And to Scilly's rocky shore; And the hermit's cavern dismal, Christ's great name and rites baptismal in the ocean's rush and roar.

All these thoughts of love and strife Glimmered through his lurid life, As the stars' intenser light Through the red flames 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, 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.

On the ship-rails he could stand, Wield his sword with either hand, And at once two javelins throw; At all feasts where ale was strongest Sat the merry monarch longest, First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen One so beautiful of mien, One so royal in attire, When in arms completely furnished, Harness gold-inlaid and burnished, Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own, When upon the night-wind blown Passed that cry along the shore; And he answered, while the rifted Streamers o'er him shook and shifted, "I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

III

THORA OF RIMOL

"Thora of Rimol! hide me! hide me! Danger and shame and death betide me! For Olaf the King is hunting me down Through field and forest, through thorp and town!" Thus cried Jarl Hakon To Thora, the fairest of women.

Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear thee Neither shall shame nor death come near thee! But the hiding-place wherein thou must lie Is the cave underneath the swine in the sty." Thus to Jarl Hakon Said Thora, the fairest of women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall Karker Crouched in the cave, than a dungeon darker, As Olaf came riding, with men in mail, Through the forest roads into Orkadale, Demanding Jarl Hakon Of Thora, the fairest of women.

"Rich and honored shall be whoever The head of Hakon Jarl shall dissever!" Hakon heard him, and Karker the slave, Through the breathing-holes of the darksome cave. Alone in her chamber Wept Thora, the fairest of women.

Said Karker, the crafty, "I will not slay thee! For all the king's gold I will never betray thee!" "Then why dost thou turn so pale, O churl, And then again black as the earth?" said the Earl. More pale and more faithful Was Thora, the fairest of women.

From a dream in the night the 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." 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 women.

At Nidarholm the priests are all singing, Two ghastly heads on the

gibbet are swinging; One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his thrall's, And
the people are shouting from windows and walls; While alone in
her chamber Swoons Thora, the fairest of women.

IV

QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

Queen Sigrid the Haughty sat proud and aloft In her chamber, that
looked over meadow and croft. Heart's dearest, Why dost thou
sorrow so?

The floor with tassels of fir was besprent, Filling the room with their
fragrant scent.

She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun shine, The air of summer
was sweeter than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the bright river lay Between her own
kingdom and Norrway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her hand, The sword would be
sheathed, the river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around her knee, Working bright figures in
tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient rune Of Brynhilda's love and the
wrath of Gudrun.

And through it, and round it, and over it all Sounded incessant the
waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of gold, From the door of Lade's
Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding gift, But her thoughts as arrows
were keen and swift.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths twain, Who smiled, as they
handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty way, Said, "Why do you smile,
my goldsmiths, say?"

And they answered: "O Queen! if the truth must be told, The ring is
of copper, and not of gold!"

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead and cheek, She only
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.

But she smiled with contempt as she answered: "O King, Will you
swear it, as Odin once swore, on the ring?"

And the King: "O speak not of Odin to me, The wife of King Olaf a
Christian must be."

Looking straight at the King, with her level brows, She said, "I keep
true to my faith and my vows."

Then the face of King Olaf was darkened with gloom, He rose in his
anger and strode through the room.

"Why, then, should I care to have thee?" he said,— "A faded old
woman, a heathenish jade!"

His zeal was stronger than fear or love, And he struck the Queen in
the face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger he fled, And the wooden
stairway shook with his tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under her breath, "This insult, King
Olaf, shall be thy death!" Heart's dearest, Why dost thou

sorrow so?

V

THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS

Now from all King Olaf's farms His men-at-arms Gathered on the
Eve of Easter; To his house at Angvalds-ness Fast they
press, Drinking with the royal feaster.

Loudly through the wide-flung door Came the roar Of the sea
upon the Skerry; And its thunder loud and near Reached the
ear, Mingling with their voices merry.

"Hark!" said Olaf to his Scald, Halfred the Bald, "Listen to that
song, and learn it! Half my kingdom would I give, As I live, If by
such songs you would earn it!

"For of all the runes and rhymes Of all times, Best I like the
ocean's dirges, When the old harper heaves and rocks, His
hoary locks Flowing and flashing in the surges!"

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," Says the
drowsy monarch, yawning, And retires; each laughing
guest Applauds the jest; Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Facing up and down the yard, King Olaf's guard Saw the sea-
mist slowly creeping O'er the sands, and up the hill, Gathering
still Round the house where they were sleeping.

It was not the fog he saw, Nor misty flaw, That above the
landscape brooded; It was Eyvind 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 Olaf the King, As he
helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapors dun The Easter sun Streamed with one
broad track of splendor! in their real forms appeared The
warlocks weird, Awful as the Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared, They groped and stared Round
about with steps unsteady; From his window Olaf gazed, And,
amazed, "Who are these strange people?" said he.

"Eyvind 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.

From the gates they sallied forth, South and north, Scoured the
island coast around them, Seizing all the warlock band, Foot and
hand On the Skerry's rocks they bound them.

And at eve the king again Called his train, And, with all the
candles burning, Silent sat and heard once more The sullen
roar Of the ocean tides returning.

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," 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 Fogelsang.

The door swung wide, with creak and din; A blast of cold night-air
came in, And on the threshold shivering stood A one-eyed guest,
with cloak and hood. Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King exclaimed, "O graybeard pale! Come warm thee with this cup of ale." The foaming draught the old man quaffed, The noisy guests looked on and laughed. Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then spake the King: "Be not afraid; Sit here by me." The guest obeyed, And, seated at the table, told Tales of the sea, and Sagas old. Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er, The King demanded yet one more; Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said, "'T is late, O King, and time for bed." Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King retired; the stranger guest Followed and entered with the rest; The lights were out, the pages gone, But still the garrulous guest spake on. Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

As one who from a volume reads, He spake of heroes and their deeds, Of lands and cities he had seen, And stormy gulfs that tossed between. Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then from his lips in music rolled The Havamal of Odin old, With sounds mysterious as the roar Of billows on a distant shore. Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

"Do we not learn from runes and rhymes Made by the gods in elder times, And do not still the great Scalds teach That silence better is than speech?" Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Smiling at this, the King replied, "Thy lore is by thy tongue belied; For never was I so enthralled Either by Saga-man or Scald," Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

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 Fogelsang.

They found the doors securely barred, They found the watch-dog in the yard, There was no footprint in the grass, And none had seen the stranger pass. Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

King Olaf crossed himself and said: "I know that Odin the Great is dead; Sure is the triumph of our Faith, The one-eyed stranger was his wraith." Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

VII

IRON-BEARD

Olaf the King, one summer morn, Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,
Sending his signal through the land of Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at Mere Gathered the farmers far and near,
With their war weapons ready to confront him.

Ploughing under the morning star, Old Iron-Beard in Yriar
Heard the summons, chuckling with a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his brow, Unharnessed his horses from the plough,
And clattering came on horseback to King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the churls; Little he cared for king or 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.

He loved his horses and his herds, The smell of the earth, and the song of birds,
His well-filled barns, his brook with its water-cresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his frame; His beard, from which he took his name,
Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymer the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared, The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,
On horseback, in an attitude defiant.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud, Out of the middle of the

crowd, That tossed about him like a stormy ocean:

"Such sacrifices shalt thou bring; To Odin and to Thor, O King,
As other kings have done in their devotion!"

King Olaf answered: "I command This land to be a Christian land;
Here is my Bishop who the folk baptizes!

"But if you ask me to restore Your sacrifices, stained with gore,
Then will I offer human sacrifices!

"Not slaves and peasants shall they be, But men of note and high degree,
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of Gryting!"

Then to their Temple strode he in, And loud behind him heard the din
Of his men-at-arms and the peasants fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in wood, The image of great Odin stood,
And other gods, with Thor supreme among them.

King Olaf smote them with the blade Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,
And downward shattered to the pavement flung them.

At the same moment rose without, From the contending crowd, a shout,
A mingled sound of triumph and of wailing.

And there upon the trampled plain The farmer iron-Beard lay slain,
Midway between the assailed and the assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway spoke. "Choose ye between two things, my folk,
To be baptized or given up to slaughter!"

And seeing their leader stark and dead, The people with a murmur said,
"O King, baptize us with thy holy water";

So all the Drontheim land became A Christian land in name and fame,
In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun;
And thus in peace ended the Drontheim 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.

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 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 thy
head? Wherefore standest thou so white In pale moonlight?"

"'T is the bodkin that I wear 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 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
Chrysostome, From the Fathers he could quote, He had even
been at Rome, A learned clerk, A man of mark, Was this
Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest,

He was quarrelsome and loud, And impatient of
control, Boisterous in the market crowd, Boisterous at the wassail-
bowl, Everywhere Would drink and swear, Swaggering
Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest

In his house this malcontent Could the King no longer bear, So to
Iceland he was sent To convert the heathen there, And
away One summer day Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books Pored the people day and
night, But he did not like their looks, Nor the songs they used to
write. "All this rhyme Is waste of time!" 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, 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.

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 scrawled On poor Thangbrand,
Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that; And what vexed him most of
all Was a figure in shovel hat, Drawn in charcoal on the
wall; With words that go Sprawling below, "This is
Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did, Then he smote them might and

main, Thorvald Veile and Veterlid Lay there in the alehouse
slain. "To-day we are gold, To-morrow mould!" 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; 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 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, 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 lord of the wind and the sea; And
whichever way he sails, He has ever favoring gales, 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.

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 AT SALTEN FIORD

Loud the angry wind was wailing As King Olaf's ships came
sailing Northward out of Drontheim haven 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 Swept the reeling vessels
sideways, As the leaves are swept through sluices, When the
flood-gates open wide.

"'T is the warlock! 't is the demon Raud!" cried Sigurd to the
seamen; "But the Lord is not affrighted By the witchcraft of his
foes."

To the ship's bow he ascended, By his choristers attended, Round
him were the tapers lighted, And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd, In his robes, as one
transfigured, And the Crucifix he planted High amid the rain and
mist.

Then with holy water sprinkled All the ship; the mass-bells
tinkled; Loud the monks around him chanted, Loud he read the
Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted, On each side the water parted; Down
a path like silver molten Steadily rowed King Olaf's ships;

Steadily burned all night the tapers, And the White Christ through

the vapors Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten, As through
John's Apocalypse,—

Till at last they reached Raud's dwelling On the little isle of
Gelling; Not a guard was at the doorway, Not a glimmer of light
was seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded, Lay the dragon-ship he
builded; 'T was the grandest ship in Norway, With its crest and
scales of green.

Up the stairway, softly creeping, To the loft where Raud was
sleeping, With their fists they burst asunder Bolt and bar that
held the door.

Drunken with sleep and ale they found him, Dragged him from his
bed and bound him, While he stared with stupid wonder, At the
look and garb they wore.

Then King Olaf said: "O Sea-King! Little time have we for
speaking, Choose between the good and evil; Be baptized, or
thou shalt die!

But in scorn the heathen scoffer Answered: "I disdain thine
offer; Neither fear I God nor Devil; Thee and thy Gospel I defy!"

Then between his jaws distended, When his frantic struggles
ended, Through King Olaf's horn an adder, Touched by fire, they
forced to glide.

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow, As he gnawed through bone and
marrow; But without a groan or shudder, Raud the Strong
blaspheming died.

Then baptized they all that region, Swarthy Lap and fair
Norwegian, Far as swims the salmon, leaping, Up the streams of
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, 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, With his
bearded Berserks hale And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts He held with Bishops and
Priests, And his horn filled up to the brim; But the ale was never
too strong, Nor the Saga-man's tale too long, For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign He made of the cross divine, As he
drank, and muttered his prayers; But the Berserks evermore Made
the sign of the Hammer of Thor Over theirs.

The gleams of the fire-light dance Upon helmet and hauberk and
lance, And laugh in the eyes of the King; And he cries to Halfred
the Scald, Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald, "Sing!"

"Sing me a song divine, With a sword in every line, And this shall
be thy reward." And he loosened the belt at his waist, And in front
of the singer placed His sword.

"Quern-biter of Hakon the Good, Wherewith at a stroke he
hewed The millstone through and through, And Foot-breadth of
Thoralf the Strong, Were neither so broad nor so long, Nor so
true."

Then the Scald took his harp and sang, And loud though 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 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 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!"

Then over the waste of snows The noonday sun
uprose, Through the driving mists revealed, Like the lifting of the
Host, By incense-clouds almost Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast And shadowy cross was cast From the
hilt of the lifted sword, And in foaming cups of ale The Berserks
drank "Was-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, 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 hammered Mallet huge and heavy

axe; Workmen laughed and sang and clamored; Whirred the
wheels, that into rigging Spun the shining flax!

All this tumult heard the master,— It was music to his ear; Fancy
whispered all the faster, "Men shall hear of Thorberg
Skafting For a hundred year!"

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 wafting, From his homestead words
of woe To his farm went Thorberg Skafting, Oft repeating to his
workmen, Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning Came the master back by night To his
ship-yard longing, yearning, Hurried he, and did not leave it Till
the morning's light.

"Come and see my ship, my darling" On the morrow said the
King; "Finished now from keel to carling; Never yet was seen in
Norway Such a wondrous thing!"

In the ship-yard, idly talking, At the ship the workmen
stared: Some one, all their labor balking, Down her sides had cut
deep gashes, Not a plank was spared!

"Death be to the evil-doer!" With an oath King Olaf spoke; "But
rewards to his pursuer And with wrath his face grew redder Than
his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smiling, Answered thus the angry
King: "Cease blaspheming and reviling, Olaf, it was Thorberg
Skafting Who has done this thing!"

Then he chipped and smoothed the planking, Till the King,
delighted, swore, With much lauding and much

thanking, "Handsome is now my Dragon Than she was before!"

Seventy 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; 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, 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 forecastle man was Ulf the Red, Like a wolf's was his shaggy
head, His teeth as large and white; His beard, of gray and russet
blended, Round as a swallow's nest descended; As standard-
bearer he defended Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place, Like the King in garb and
face, So gallant and so hale; Every cabin-boy and
varlet Wondered at his cloak of scarlet; Like a river, frozen and
star-lit, Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark, Stood Thrand Rame of
Thelemark, A figure gaunt and grand; On his hairy arm
imprinted Was an anchor, azure-tinted; Like Thor's hammer, huge
and dinted Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare To the winds his golden hair, By the
mainmast stood; Graceful was his form, and slender, And his eyes
were deep and tender As a woman's, in the splendor Of her

maidenhood.

In the fore-hold 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.

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! 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!

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, 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 report She has come to King Olaf's court, And the town is all in dismay. Hoist up your sails of

silk, And flee away from each other.

It is whispered King Olaf has seen, Has talked with the beautiful
Queen; And they wonder how it will end; For surely, if here she
remain, It is war with King Svend the Dane, And King Burislaf the
Vend! Hoist up your sails of silk, And flee away from each
other.

O, greatest wonder of all! It is published in hamlet and hall, It roars
like a flame that is fanned! The King—yes, Olaf the King— Has
wedded her with his ring, And Thyri is Queen in the land! Hoist
up your sails of silk, And flee away from each other.

XVI

QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS

Northward over Drontheim, Flew the clamorous sea-gulls, Sang the
lark and linnet From the meadows green;

Weeping in her chamber, Lonely and unhappy, Sat the Drottning
Thyri, Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows Streamed the pleasant sunshine, On the roof
above her Softly cooed the dove;

But the sound she heard not, Nor the sunshine heeded, For the
thoughts of Thyri Were not thoughts of love,

Then King Olaf entered, Beautiful as morning, Like the sun at
Easter Shone his happy face;

In his hand he carried 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 With a gracious gesture, And with words
as pleasant As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them, And her jewelled fingers Through the
green leaves glistened Like the dews of morn;

But she cast them from her, Haughty and indignant, On the floor
she threw them With a look of scorn.

"Richer presents," said she, "Gave King Harald Gormson To the
Queen, my mother, Than such worthless weeds;

"When he ravaged Norway, Laying waste the kingdom, Seizing
scatt and treasure For her royal needs.

"But thou darest not venture Through the Sound to Vendland, My
domains to rescue From King Burislaf;

"Lest King Svend of Denmark, Forked Beard, my brother, Scatter
all thy vessels As the wind the chaff."

Then up sprang King Olaf, Like a reindeer bounding, With an oath
he answered Thus the luckless Queen:

"Never yet did Olaf Fear King Svend of Denmark; This right hand
shall hale him By his forked chin!"

Then he left the chamber, Thundering through the doorway, Loud
his steps resounded Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult, Through the streets of Drontheim Strode
he red and wrathful, With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered, Summoned all his forces, Making his war
levy In the region round;

Down the coast of Norway, Like a flock of sea-gulls, Sailed the fleet
of Olaf Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless, Steered he the Long Serpent, Strained
the creaking cordage, Bent each boom and gaff;

Till in Venland landing, The domains of Thyri He redeemed and
rescued From King Burislaf.

Then said Olaf, laughing, "Not ten yoke of oxen Have the power to draw us Like a woman's hair!

"Now will I confess it, Better things are jewels Than angelica stalks are For a Queen to wear."

XVII

KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEAR

Loudly the sailors cheered Svend of the Forked Beard, As with his fleet he steered 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, 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 Under her frontlet.

Of 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, 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 In aid of Denmark; Erie 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, 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, 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 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, The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played, The anchors are weighed, Like moths in
the distance The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead The harbor lies dead, As a corse on the sea-
shore, Whose spirit has fled!

On that fatal day, The histories say, Seventy vessels Sailed out of
the bay.

But soon scattered wide O'er the billows they ride, While Sigvald
and Olaf Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl: "Follow me! I your pilot will be, For I know all the
channels Where flows the deep sea!"

So into the strait Where his foes lie in wait, Gallant King Olaf Sails
to his fate!

Then the sea-fog veils The ships and their sails; Queen Sigrid the
Haughty, Thy vengeance prevails!

XIX

KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS

"Strike the sails!" King Olaf said; "Never shall men of mine take
flight; Never away from battle I fled, Never away from my
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, On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns sang Over the level floor of the
flood; All the sails came down with a clang, And there in the mist
overhead The sun hung red As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet Three together the ships were
lashed, So that neither should turn and retreat; In the midst, but in
front of the rest The burnished crest Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck, With bow of ash and arrows of
oak, His gilded shield was without a fleck, His helmet inlaid with
gold, And in many a fold Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red Watched the lashing of the ships; "If
the Serpent lie so far ahead, We shall have hard work of it
here, Said he with a sneer On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string, "Have I a coward on board?" said
he. "Shoot it another way, O King!" Sullenly answered Ulf, The
old sea-wolf; "You have need of me!"

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes, Sweeping down with his
fifty rowers; To the right, the Swedish king with his thanes; And on
board of the Iron Beard Earl Eric steered To the left with his 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: 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, 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, 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 Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman, As the arrow passed, Said Earl Eric, "Shoot that bowman Standing by the mast." Sooner than the word was spoken Flew the yeoman's shaft; Einar's bow in twain was broken, Einar only laughed.

"What was that?" said Olaf, standing On the quarter-deck. "Something heard I like the stranding Of a shattered wreck." Einar then, the arrow taking From the loosened string, Answered, "That was Norway breaking From thy hand, O King!"

"Thou art but a poor diviner," Straightway Olaf said; "Take my bow, and swifter, Einar, Let thy shafts be sped." Of his bows the

fairest choosing, Reached he from above; Einar saw the blood-
drops oozing Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow; At the first assay, O'er its head
he drew the arrow, Flung the bow away; Said, with hot and angry
temper Flushing in his cheek, "Olaf! for so great a Kamper 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 flowing, Bright his armor gleamed; Like Saint Michael
overthrowing Lucifer he seemed.

XXI

KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK

All day has the battle raged, All day have the ships engaged, But
not yet is assuaged The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red, The arrows of death are 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, 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, 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, Till it falls, with the sails

overcast, Like a snow-covered pine in the vast Dim forests of
Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then, He rushes aft with his men, As a hunter
into the den Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

"Remember Jarl Hakon!" he cries; When lo! on his wondering
eyes, Two kingly figures arise, Two Olaf's 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 Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats, And
cry, from their hairy throats, "See! it is Olaf the King!"

While far on the opposite side Floats another shield on the
tide, Like a jewel set in the wide Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale, How the King stripped off his
mail, Like leaves of the brown sea-kale, As he swam beneath the
main;

But the young grew old and gray, And never, by night or by day, In
his kingdom of 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 The Virgin
and Mother.

She heard in the silence The voice of one speaking, Without in the
darkness, In gusts of the night-wind Now louder, now nearer, Now
lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger It seemed as she listened, Of some one

who answered, Beseeching, imploring, A cry from afar off She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John, The beloved disciple, Who wandered and waited The Master's appearance. Alone in the darkness, Unsheltered and friendless.

"It is accepted The angry defiance The challenge of battle! It is accepted, But not with the weapons Of war that thou wieldest!

"Cross against corselet, Love against hatred, Peace-cry for war-cry! Patience is powerful; He that o'ercometh Hath power o'er the nations!

"As torrents in summer, Half dried in their channels, Suddenly rise, though the Sky is still cloudless, For rain has been falling Far off at their fountains;

So hearts that are fainting Grow full to o'erflowing, And they that behold it Marvel, and know not That God at their fountains Far off has been raining!

"Stronger than steel Is the sword of the Spirit; Swifter than arrows The light of the truth is, Greater than anger Is love, and subdueth!

"Thou art a phantom, A shape of the sea-mist, A shape of the brumal Rain, and the darkness Fearful and formless; Day dawns and thou art not!

"The dawn is not distant, Nor is the night starless; Love is eternal! God is still God, and His faith shall not fail us Christ is eternal!"

INTERLUDE

A strain of music closed the tale, A low, monotonous, funeral wail, That with its cadence, wild and sweet, Made the long Saga more complete.

"Thank God," the Theologian said, "The reign of violence is dead, Or dying surely from the world; While Love triumphant reigns instead, And in a brighter sky o'erhead His blessed banners are unfurled. And most of all thank God for this: The war and waste of clashing creeds Now end in words, and not in deeds, And no one suffers loss, or bleeds, For thoughts that men call heresies.

"I stand without here in the porch, I hear the bell's melodious din, I hear the organ peal within, I hear the prayer, with words that 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 Trend? 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; 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 threshold crossed; And when he chanced the passing Host
to meet, He knelt and prayed devoutly in the street; Oft he
confessed; and with each mutinous thought, As with wild beasts at
Ephesus, he fought. In deep contrition scourged himself in
Lent, Walked in 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, Or in the
crowd with lighted taper stand, When Jews were burned, or
banished from the land. Then stirred within him a tumultuous
joy; The demon whose delight is to destroy Shook him, and
shouted with a trumpet tone, Kill! kill! and let the Lord find out his
own!"

And now, in that old castle in the wood, His daughters, in the dawn
of womanhood, Returning from their convent school, had
made Resplendent with their bloom the forest shade, Reminding
him of their dead mother's face, When first she came into that

gloomy place,— A memory in his heart as dim and sweet As
moonlight in a solitary street, Where the same rays, that lift the sea,
are thrown Lovely but powerless upon walls of stone. These two
fair daughters of a mother dead Were all the dream had left him as it
fled. A joy at first, and then a growing care, As if a voice within him
cried, "Beware A vague presentiment of impending doom, Like
ghostly footsteps in a vacant room, Haunted him day and night; a
formless fear That death to some one of his house was near, With
dark 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 became; With velvet slippers, noiseless on the
floors, He glided softly through half-open doors; Now in the room,
and now upon the stair, He stood beside them ere they were
aware; He listened in the passage when they talked, He watched
them from the casement when they walked, He saw the gypsy haunt
the river's side, He saw the monk among the cork-trees glide; And,
tortured by the mystery and the doubt Of some dark secret, past his
finding out, Baffled he paused; then reassured again Pursued the
flying phantom of his brain. He watched them even when they knelt
in church; And then, descending lower in his search, Questioned
the servants, and with eager eyes Listened incredulous to their
replies; The gypsy? none had seen her in the wood! The monk? a
mendicant in search of food!

At length the awful revelation came, Crushing at once his pride of
birth and name; The hopes his yearning bosom forward cast, And
the ancestral glories of the vast, All fell together, crumbling in
disgrace, A turret rent from battlement to base. His daughters
talking in the dead of night In their own chamber, and without 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 pitying sky, Repeating one dread
word, till bush and tree Caught it, and shuddering answered,
"Heresy!"

Wrapped in his cloak, his hat drawn o'er his face, Now hurrying
forward, now with lingering pace, He walked all night the 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 undertone, "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, 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 daughters to their
doom. When questioned, with brief answers they replied, Nor when
accused evaded or denied; Expostulations, passionate appeals, All
that the human heart most fears or feels, In vain the Priest with
earnest voice essayed; In vain the father threatened, wept, and
prayed; Until at last he said, with haughty mien, "The Holy Office,
then, must intervene!"

And now the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, With all the fifty horsemen of
his train, His awful name resounding, like the blast Of funeral
trumpets, as he onward passed, Came to Valladolid, and there
began To harry the rich Jews with fire and ban. To him the Hidalgo
went, and at the gate Demanded audience on affairs of state, And
in a secret chamber stood before A venerable graybeard of
fourscore, Dressed in the hood and habit of a friar; Out of his eyes
flashed a consuming fire, And in his hand the mystic horn he
held, Which poison and all noxious charms dispelled. He heard in
silence the Hidalgo's tale, Then answered in a voice that made him
quail: "Son of the Church! when Abraham of old To sacrifice his
only son was told, He did not pause to parley nor protest But
hastened to obey the Lord's behest. In him it was accounted
righteousness; The Holy Church expects of thee no less!"

A sacred frenzy seized the father's brain, And Mercy from that hour
implored in vain. Ah! 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, Arraigned, condemned, and sentenced to the flame, The
secret torture and the public shame.

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once more The Hidalgo went, more
eager than before, And said: "When Abraham offered up his
son, He clave the wood wherewith it might be done. By his example
taught, let me too bring Wood from the forest for my offering!" And
the deep voice, without a pause, replied: "Son of the Church! by faith

now justified, Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou wilt; The Church absolves thy conscience from all guilt!"

Then this most wretched father went his way Into the woods, that round his castle lay, Where once his daughters in their childhood played With their young mother in the sun and shade. Now all 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. With his own hands he lopped the boughs and bound Fagots, that crackled with foreboding sound, And on his mules, caparisoned and gay With bells and tassels, sent them on their way.

Then with his mind on one dark purpose bent, Again to the Inquisitor he went, And said: "Behold, the fagots I have brought, And now, lest my atonement be as naught, Grant me one more request, one last desire,— With my own hand to light the funeral fire!" And Torquemada answered from his seat, "Son of the Church! Thine offering is complete; Her servants through all ages shall not cease To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace!"

Upon the market-place, builded of stone The scaffold rose, whereon Death claimed his own. At the four corners, in stern attitude, Four statues of the Hebrew Prophets stood, Gazing with calm indifference in their eyes Upon this place of human sacrifice, Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd, With clamor of voices 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, And, to the statues of the Prophets bound, The victims stood, with fagots piled around. Then all the air a blast of trumpets shook, And louder 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? O pitiless earth! why open no abyss To bury in its chasm a crime like this?

That night a mingled column of fire and smoke From the dark thickets of the forest broke, And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away, Made all the fields and 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, 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, Like a burnt tower upon a blackened 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 distressed; Upon his memory thronged and pressed The persecution of his race, Their wrongs and sufferings and disgrace; His head was sunk upon his breast, And from his eyes alternate came Flashes of wrath and tears of shame.

The student first the silence broke, As one who long has lain in wait With purpose to retaliate, And thus he dealt the avenging stroke. "In such a company as this, A tale so tragic seems amiss, That by its terrible control O'ermasters and drags down the soul Into a fathomless abyss. The Italian Tales that you disdain, 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 Caedmon calls the Blitheheart King; When on the boughs the purple buds expand, The banners of the vanguard of the Spring, And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap, And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud, Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee; 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 passage sailed, Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed The village with the cheers of all their fleet; Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed Like foreign sailors, landed in the street Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth, In fabulous day; 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; 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 garden beds And cornfields, and beheld without dismay The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds; The

skeleton that waited at their feast, Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

Then from his house, a temple painted white, With fluted columns, and a roof of red, The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight! Slowly descending, with majestic tread, Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right, Down the long street he walked, as one who 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; 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, And all absorbed in reveries profound Of fair Almira in the upper class, Who was, as in a sonnet he had said, As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door, In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow; A suit of 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!" And to perpetuate his great renown 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 Squirt presided, dignified and tall, His air impressive and his reasoning 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.

When they had ended, from his place apart, Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong, And, trembling like a steed before the start, Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng; Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart To speak out what was in

him, clear and strong, Alike regardless of their smile or frown, And quite determined not to be laughed down.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers, From his Republic banished without pity The Poets; in this little town of yours, You put to death, by means of a Committee, The ballad-singers and the Troubadours, The street-musicians of the heavenly city, The birds, who make sweet music for us all In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"The thrush that carols at the dawn of day From the green steeples of the piny wood; The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay, Jargoning like a foreigner at his food; The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray, Flooding with melody the neighborhood; Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore! for the gain Of a scant handful more or less of wheat, Or rye, or barley, or some other grain, Scratched up at random by industrious feet, Searching for worm or weevil after rain! Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet As are the songs these uninvited guests, Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

"Do you ne'er think what wondrous 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!

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove, How jubilant the happy birds renew Their old, melodious madrigals of love! And when you think of this, remember too 'T is always morning somewhere, and above The awakening continent; from shore to shore, Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds! Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams As in an idiot's brain remembered words Hang empty '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
grasshopper Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play? Is this more
pleasant to you than the whir Of meadow-lark, and her sweet
roundelay, Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take Your nooning in
the shade of bush and brake?

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know, They are the
winged wardens of your farms, Who from the cornfields drive the
insidious foe, And from your harvests keep a hundred
harms; Even the blackest of them all, the crow, Renders good
service as your man-at-arms, Crushing the beetle in his coat of
mail, And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness, And mercy to the weak,
and reverence For Life, which, in its weakness or excess, Is still a
gleam of God's omnipotence, Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is
no less The selfsame light, although averted hence, When by your
laws, your actions, and your speech, You contradict the very things I
teach?"

With this he closed; and through the audience went A murmur, like
the rustle of dead leaves; The farmers laughed and nodded, and
some bent Their yellow heads together like their sheaves; Men
have no faith in fine-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, 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 began; O'er fields and orchards, and
o'er woodland crests, The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran. Dead

fell the birds, with blood-stains on their breasts, Or wounded crept
away from sight of man, While the young died of famine in their
nests; A slaughter to be told in groans, not words, The very St.
Bartholomew of Birds!

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead; The days were
like hot coals; the very ground Was burned to ashes; in the orchards
fed Myriads of caterpillars, and around The cultivated fields and
garden beds Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found No
foe to check their march, till they had made The land a desert
without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town, Because, like
Herod, it had ruthlessly Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees
spun down The canker-worms upon the passers-by, Upon each
woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown, Who shook them off with just a
little cry They were the terror of each favorite walk, The endless
theme of all the village talk.

The farmers grew impatient but a few Confessed their error, and
would not complain, For after all, the best thing one can do When
it is raining, is to let it rain. Then they repealed the law, although
they knew It would not call the dead to life again; As school-boys,
finding their mistake too late, Draw a wet sponge across the
accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came Without the light of his
majestic look, The wonder of the falling tongues of flame, The
illuminated pages of his Doom's-Day book. A few lost leaves blushed
crimson with their shame, And drowned themselves despairing in
the brook, While the wild wind went moaning
everywhere, Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen, A sight that never
yet by bard was sung, As great a wonder as it would have been If
some dumb animal had found a tongue! A wagon, overarched with
evergreen, Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung, All full
of singing birds, came down the street, Filling the air with music wild
and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought, By order of

the town, with anxious quest, And, loosened from their wicker
prisons, sought In woods and fields the places they loved
best, Singing loud canticles, which many thought Were satires to
the authorities addressed, While others, listening in green lanes,
averred Such lovely music never had been heard!

But blither still and louder carolled they Upon the morrow, for they
seemed to know It was the fair Almira's wedding-day, And
everywhere, around, above, below, When the Preceptor bore his
bride away, Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow, And a new
heaven bent over a new earth Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

FINALE

The hour was late; the fire burned low, The Landlord's eyes were
closed in sleep, And near the story's end a deep Sonorous sound
at times was heard, As when the distant bagpipes blow. At this all
laughed; the Landlord stirred, As one awaking from a swoon, 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 window-
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 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, Was strutting with a martial stride, As if upon his thigh he wore The famous broadsword of the Squire, And said, "Behold me, and admire!"

Only the Poet seemed to hear, In drowse or dream, more near and near Across the border-land of sleep The blowing of a blithesome horn, That laughed the dismal day to scorn; A splash of hoofs and rush of wheels Through sand and mire like stranding 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, 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; 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 perfume Of damask roses in full bloom, Making a garden of the room.

The breakfast ended, each pursued The promptings of his various mood; Beside the fire in silence smoked The taciturn, impassive Jew, Lost in a pleasant reverie; While, by his gravity provoked, His portrait the Sicilian drew, And wrote beneath it "Edrehi, At the Red Horse in Sudbury."

By far the busiest of them all, The Theologian in the hall Was feeding robins in a cage,— Two corpulent and lazy birds, Vagrants and pilferers at best, If one might trust the hostler's words, Chief

instrument of their arrest; Two poets of the Golden Age, Heirs of a boundless heritage Of fields and orchards, east and west, And sunshine of long summer days, Though outlawed now and dispossessed!— Such was the Theologian's phrase.

Meanwhile the Student held discourse With the Musician, on the source Of all the legendary lore Among the nations, scattered wide Like silt and seaweed by the force And fluctuation of the tide; The tale repeated o'er and o'er, With change of place and change of name, Disguised, transformed, and yet the same We've heard a hundred times before.

The Poet at the window mused, And saw, as in a dream confused, The countenance of the Sun, discrowned, And haggard with a pale despair, And saw the cloud-rack trail and drift Before it, and the trees uplift Their leafless branches, and the air Filled with the arrows of the rain, And heard amid the mist below, Like voices of distress and pain, That haunt the thoughts of men insane, The fateful cawings of the crow.

Then down the road, with mud besprent, And drenched with rain from head to hoof, The rain-drops dripping from his mane And tail as from a pent-house roof, A jaded horse, his head down bent, Passed slowly, limping as he went.

The young Sicilian—who had grown Impatient longer to abide A prisoner, greatly mortified To see completely overthrown His plans for angling in the brook, And, 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— Now paced the room with rapid stride, And, pausing at the Poet's side, Looked forth, and saw the wretched steed, And said: "Alas for human greed, That with cold hand and 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."

All gave assent; all wished to hear, Not without many a jest and jeer, The story of a spavined steed; And even the Student with the rest Put in his pleasant little jest Out of Malherbe, that Pegasus Is but a horse that with all speed Bears poets to the hospital; While

the Sicilian, self-possessed, After a moment's interval Began his simple story thus.

THE SICILIAN'S TALE

THE BELL OF ATRI

At Atri in Abruzzo, a small town Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown, One of those little places that have run Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun, And then sat down to rest, as if to say, "I climb no farther upward, come what may,"— The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame, So many monarchs since have borne the name, Had a great bell hung in the market-place Beneath a roof, projecting some small space, By way of shelter from the sun and rain. Then rode he through the streets with all his 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. Suffice it that, as all things must decay, The hempen rope at length was worn away, Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand, Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand, Till one, who 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, 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 garden-grounds, Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all, To starve and shiver in a naked stall, And day by day sat brooding in his chair, Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said: "What is the use or need To keep at my own cost this lazy steed, Eating his head off in my stables here, When rents are low and provender is dear? Let him go feed upon the public ways; I want him only for the holidays." So the old steed was turned into the heat Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street; And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn, Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry 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 And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace Went panting forth into the market-place, Where the great bell upon its cross-beam 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, beneath its shade, No shape of human form of woman born, But a poor steed dejected and forlorn, Who with uplifted head and eager eye Was 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 distressed, And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd Had rolled together like a summer cloud, And told the story of the wretched beast In five-and-twenty different ways at least, With much gesticulation and appeal To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal. The Knight was called and questioned; in reply Did not confess the fact, did not deny; Treated the matter as a pleasant jest, And set 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: "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. 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 an 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: 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 Edrehi! 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'ergrown 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 Kandahar, Rode the great captain
Alau.

The Khan from his palace-window gazed, And saw in the thronging
street beneath, In the light of the setting sun, that blazed Through
the clouds of dust by the caravan raised, The flash of harness and
jewelled sheath, And the shining scymitars 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; His body is dust o'er the desert blown.

"A mile outside of Baldacca's gate I left my forces to lie in wait, Concealed by forests and hillocks of sand, And forward dashed with a handful of men, To lure the old tiger from his den Into the ambush I had planned. Ere we reached the town the alarm was spread, For we heard the sound of gongs from within; And with clash of cymbals and warlike din The gates swung wide; and we turned and fled; And the garrison sallied forth and pursued, With the gray old Kalif at their head, And above them the banner of Mohammed: So we snared them all, and the town was subdued.

"As in at the gate we rode, behold, A tower that is called the Tower of Gold! For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth, Heaped and hoarded and piled on high, Like sacks of wheat in a granary; And thither the miser crept by stealth To feel of the gold that gave him health, And to gaze and gloat with his hungry eye On jewels that gleamed like a glow-worm's spark, Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

"I said to the Kalif: 'Thou art old, 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 To spring into shining blades of swords, And keep thine honor sweet and clear. These grains of gold are not grains of wheat; These bars of silver thou canst not eat; These jewels and pearls and precious stones Cannot cure the aches in thy bones, Nor keep the feet of Death one hour From climbing the stairways of thy tower!'

"Then into his dungeon I locked the drone, And left him to feed there all alone In the honey-cells of his golden hive: Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan Was heard from those massive walls of stone, Nor again was the Kalif seen alive!

"When at last we unlocked the door, We found him dead upon the floor; The rings had dropped from his withered hands, His teeth

were like bones in the desert sands: Still clutching his treasure he had died; And as he lay there, he appeared A statue of gold with a silver beard, His arms outstretched as if crucified."

This is the story, strange and true, That the great captain Alau Told to his brother the Tartar Khan, When he rode that day into Kambalu By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

INTERLUDE

"I thought before your tale began," The Student murmured, "we should have Some legend written by Judah 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 Ispahan 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 below,— On shadowy forests filled with game, And the blue river winding slow Through meadows, where the hedges grow That give this little town its name.

It happened in the good old times, While yet the Master-singers

filled The noisy workshop and the guild With various melodies and rhymes, That here in Hagenau there dwelt A cobbler,—one who loved debate, And, arguing from a postulate, Would say what others only felt; A man of forecast and of thrift, And of a shrewd and careful mind In this world's business, but inclined Somewhat to let the next world drift.

Hans Sachs with vast delight he read, And 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, 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; The only music to her ear Was that which to the Church belongs, 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 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 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, 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.

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.

The cobbler slowly tuned his last, And, wagging his sagacious head,
Unto his kneeling housewife said: "'Tis the monk Tetzal. 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, 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, Received, with a melodious sound,
The coin that purchased Paradise.

Then from the pulpit overhead, Tetzal 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 unrevealed
And unrepented, are forgiven! Count but the gain, count not the loss
Your gold and silver are but dross, And yet they pave the way to heaven.
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.
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 Slipped into the capacious

chest A golden florin; then withdrew, Hiding the paper in her breast; And homeward through the darkness 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, 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! 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, 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 complained, That as this woman had been dead A week or more, and no mass said, It was rank heresy, or at least Contempt of Church; thus said the Priest; And straight the cobbler was arraigned.

He came, confiding in his cause, But rather doubtful of the laws. The Justice from his elbow-chair Gave him a look that seemed to say: "Thou standest before a Magistrate, Therefore do not prevaricate!" Then asked him in a business way, Kindly but cold: "Is thy wife dead?" The cobbler meekly bowed his head; "She is," came struggling from his throat 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!" The cobbler without pause replied: "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 increased; At times his shaggy brows he raised, Now wondering at the cobbler gazed, Now archly at the angry Priest. "From all excesses, sins, and crimes Thou hast committed in past times Thee I absolve! And furthermore, Purified from all earthly taints, To the communion of the Saints And to the sacraments restore! All stains of weakness, and all trace Of shame and censure I efface; Remit the pains thou shouldst endure, And make thee innocent and pure, So that in dying, unto 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 Tetzal, his own hand. At all tribunals in the land In evidence it may be used; Therefore acquitted is the accused." Then to the cobbler turned: "My friend, Pray tell me, didst thou ever read Reynard the Fox?"—"O yes, indeed!"—"I thought so. Don't forget the end."

INTERLUDE

"What was the end? I am ashamed Not to remember Reynard's fate; I have not read the book of late; Was he not hanged?" the Poet said. The Student gravely shook his head, And answered: "You exaggerate. There was a tournament proclaimed, And Reynard fought with 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

"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."

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
Chimneys Three, That are marked down in the chart.

"I have sailed right over the spot," he said "With a good stiff breeze

behind, When the sea was blue, and the sky was clear,— You can follow my course by these pinholes here,— And never a rock could find."

And then he swore a dreadful oath, He swore by the Kingdoms Three, That, should he meet the Carmilhan, He would run her down, although he ran Right into Eternity!

All this, while passing to and fro, The cabin-boy had heard; He lingered at the door to hear, And drank in all with greedy ear, And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad, But of a roving mind. "O, it must be like heaven," thought he, "Those far-off foreign lands to see, And fortune seek and find!"

But in the fo'castle, when he heard The mariners blaspheme, He thought of home, he thought of God, And his mother under the churchyard sod, And wished it were a dream.

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;

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."

They shook the captain by the hand, "Goodluck! goodluck!" 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.

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.

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 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.

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.

Unseen behind them sank the sun, But flushed each snowy peak
A little while with rosy light That faded slowly from the sight
As blushes from the cheek.

Black grew the sky,—all black, all black; The clouds were everywhere; There was a feeling of suspense In nature, a mysterious sense Of terror in the air.

And all on board the Valdemar Was still as still could be; Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled, As ever and anon she rolled, And lurched into the sea.

The captain up and down the deck Went striding to and fro; Now watched the compass at the wheel, Now lifted up his hand to feel Which way the wind might blow.

And now he looked up at the sails, And now upon the deep; In every fibre of his frame He felt the storm before it came, He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells! and suddenly abaft, With a great rush of rain, Making the ocean white with spume, In darkness like the day of doom, On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud, And rent the sky in two; A jagged flame, a single jet Of white fire, like a bayonet That pierced the eyeballs through.

Then all around was dark again, And blacker than before; But in that single flash of light He had beheld a fearful sight, And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the Dead, The ghostly Carmilhan! Her masts were stripped, her yards were bare, And on her bowsprit, poised in air, Sat the Klaboterman.

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck Or clambering up the shrouds; The boatswain's whistle, the captain's hail, Were like the piping of the gale, And thunder in the clouds.

And close behind the Carmilhan There rose up from the sea, As from a foundered ship of stone, Three bare and splintered masts alone: They were the Chimneys Three.

And onward dashed the Valdemar And leaped into the dark; A

denser mist, a colder blast, A little shudder, and she had passed Right through the Phantom Bark.

She 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.

And they all knew their doom was sealed; They knew that death was near; Some prayed who never prayed before, And some they wept, and some they swore, And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock, And louder than wind or sea A cry burst from the crew on deck, As she dashed and crashed, a hopeless wreck, Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed, the light To streak the east began; The cabin-boy, picked up at sea, Survived the wreck, and only he, To tell of the Carmilhan.

INTERLUDE

When the long murmur of applause That greeted the Musician's lay Had slowly buzzed itself away, And the long talk of Spectre Ships That followed died upon their lips And came unto a natural pause, "These tales you tell are one and all Of the Old World," the Poet said, "Flowers gathered from a crumbling wall, Dead leaves that rustle as they fall; Let me present you in their stead Something of our New England earth, A tale which, though of no great worth, Has still this merit, that it yields A certain freshness of the fields, A sweetness as of home-made bread."

The Student answered: "Be discreet; For if the flour be fresh and sound, And if the bread be light and sweet, Who careth in what mill 't was 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 let 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 furbelows, 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, 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!

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.

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: "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 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-cornered hat, A crimson velvet coat, head high in air, Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair, And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees, Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease. 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 looking 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, Baronial and colonial in its style; Gables and dormer-windows everywhere, And stacks of chimneys rising high in air,— Pandaeon pipes, on which all winds that blew Made mournful music the whole winter through. Within, unwonted splendors met the eye, Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry; Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of logs; Doors opening into darkness unawares, Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs; 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 ever room; For though not given to weakness, he could feel The pain of wounds, that ache because they heal.

The years came and the years went,—seven in all, And passed in

cloud and sunshine o'er the Hall; The dawns their splendor through
its chambers shed, The sunsets flushed its western windows
red; The snow was on its 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: By day, by night, the silver crescent
grew, Though hidden by clouds, her light still shining through; A
maid of all work, whether coarse or fine, A servant who made
service seem divine! Through her each room was fair to look
upon; The mirrors glistened, and the brasses shone, The very
knocker on the outer door, If she but passed, was brighter than
before.

And now the ceaseless turning of the mill Of Time, that never for an
hour stands still, Ground out the Governor's sixtieth birthday, And
powdered his brown hair with silver-gray. The robin, the forerunner
of the spring, The bluebird with his jocund carolling, The restless
swallows building in the eaves, The golden buttercups, the grass,
the leaves, The lilacs tossing in the winds of May, All welcomed this
majestic holiday! He gave a splendid banquet served on
plate, Such as became the Governor of the State, Who represented
England and the King, And was magnificent in everything. 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; 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 servant's ear, Who disappeared and presently there
stood Within the room, in perfect womanhood, A maiden, modest
and yet self-possessed, Youthful and beautiful, and simply
dressed. Can this be Martha Hilton? It must be! Yes, Martha Hilton,
and no other she! Dowered with the beauty of her twenty

years, How ladylike, how queenlike she appears; The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by Is Dian now in all her majesty! Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there, Until the Governor, rising from his chair, Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down, And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown: "This is my birthday: it shall likewise be My wedding-day; and you shall marry me!"

The listening guests were greatly mystified, None more so than the rector, who replied: "Marry you? Yes, that were a pleasant task, Your Excellency; but to whom? I ask." The Governor answered: "To this lady here" And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near. She came and stood, all blushes, at his side. The rector paused. The impatient Governor cried: "This is the lady; do you hesitate? Then I command you as Chief Magistrate." The rector read the service loud and clear: "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here," And so on to the end. At his command On the fourth finger of her fair left hand The Governor placed the ring; and that was all: Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall!

INTERLUDE.

Well pleased the audience heard the tale. The Theologian said: "Indeed, To praise you there is little need; One almost hears the farmers 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

"Hads't 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 contrition 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.

Suddenly, as if it lightened, An unwonted splendor brightened All within him and without him In that narrow cell of stone; And he saw the Blessed Vision Of our Lord, with light Elysian Like a vesture wrapped about him, Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain, Not in agonies of pain, Not with bleeding hands and feet, Did the Monk his Master see; But as in the village street, In the house or harvest-field, 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. 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 corridor With persistent iteration He had never heard before. It was now the appointed hour When alike in shine or shower, Winter's cold or summer's heat, To the convent portals came All the blind and halt and lame, All the beggars of the street, For their daily dole of food Dealt them by the brotherhood; And their 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, Till the Vision passed away? Should he slight his radiant guest, Slight this visitant celestial, For a crowd of ragged, bestial Beggars at the convent gate? Would the Vision there remain? Would the Vision come again? Then a voice within his breast Whispered, audible and clear As if to the outward ear: "Do thy duty; that is best; Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started, And with longing look intent On the Blessed Vision bent, Slowly from his cell departed, Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting, Looking through the iron grating, With that terror in the eye That is only seen in those Who amid their wants and woes 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 knew not why, Like the gate of Paradise Seemed the convent sate to rise, Like a sacrament divine Seemed to them the bread and wine. In his heart the Monk was praying, Thinking of the homeless poor, What they suffer and endure; What we see not, what we see; And the inward voice was saying: "Whatsoever thing thou doest To the least of mine and lowest, That thou doest unto me!"

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 loathing.

Thus his conscience put the question, Full of troublesome suggestion, As at length, with hurried pace, Towards his cell he turned his face, And beheld the convent bright With a supernatural 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, 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 heaven. Where is the Landlord? Bring him here; Let the
Lost Pleiad reappear."

Thus the Sicilian cried, and went Forthwith to seek his missing
star, But did not find him in the bar, A place that landlords most
frequent, Nor yet beside the kitchen fire, Nor up the stairs, nor in
the hall; It was in vain to ask or call, There were no tidings of the
Squire.

So he came back with downcast head, Exclaiming: "Well, our
bashful host Hath surely given up the ghost. Another proverb says
the dead Can tell no 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 chateau in the
Pyrenees, 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 chateau, The birds are silent and unseen, The leaves lie
dead in the ravine, And the Pyrenees are white with snow.

His father, lonely, old, and gray, Sits by the fireside day by
day, Thinking ever one thought of care; Through the southern
windows, narrow and tall, The sun shines into the ancient hall, And
makes a glory round his hair. The house-dog, stretched beneath his
chair, Groans in his sleep as if in pain Then wakes, and yawns, and
sleeps again, So silent is it everywhere,— So silent you can hear
the mouse Run and rummage along the beams Behind the
wainscot of the wall; And the old man rouses from his dreams, And
wanders restless through the house, As if he heard strange voices
call.

His footsteps echo along the floor Of a distant passage, and pause
awhile; He is standing by an open door Looking long, with a sad,
sweet smile, Into the room of his absent son. There is the bed on
which he lay, There are the pictures bright and gay, Horses and
hounds and sun-lit seas; There are his powder-flask and gun, And
his hunting-knives in shape of a fan; The chair by the window where
he sat, With the clouded tiger-skin for a mat, Looking out on the
Pyrenees, Looking out on Mount Marbore And the Seven Valleys of
Lavedan. Ah me! he turns away and sighs; There is a mist before
his eyes.

At night whatever the weather be, Wind or rain or starry
heaven, Just as the clock is striking seven, Those who look from
the windows see The village Curate, with lantern and maid, Come
through the gateway from the park And cross the courtyard damp
and dark,— A ring of light in a ring of shade.

And now at the old man's side he stands, His voice is cheery, his
heart expands, He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze Of the fire of
fagots, about old days, And Cardinal Mazarin and the Fronde, And
the Cardinal's nieces fair and fond, And what they did, and what they
said, When they heard his Eminence was dead.

And after a pause the old man says, His mind still coming back again To the one sad thought that haunts his brain, "Are there any tidings from over sea? Ah, why has that wild boy gone from me?" And the Curate answers, looking down, Harmless 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 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 below, And across the courtyard, into the dark Of the winding pathway in the park, Curate and lantern disappear, And darkness reigns in the old chateau.

The ship has come back from over sea, She has been signalled from below, And into the harbor of Bordeaux She sails with her gallant company. But among them is nowhere seen The brave young Baron of St. Castine; He hath tarried behind, I ween, In the beautiful land of Acadie!

And the father paces to and fro Through the chambers of the old chateau, Waiting, waiting to hear the hum Of wheels on the road that runs below, Of servants hurrying here and there, The voice in the courtyard, the step on the stair, Waiting for some one who doth not come! But letters there are, which the old man reads To the Curate, when he comes at night Word by word, as an acolyte Repeats his prayers and tells his beads; Letters full of the rolling sea, Full of a young man's joy to be Abroad in the world, alone and free; Full of adventures and wonderful scenes Of hunting the deer through forests vast In the royal grant of Pierre du Gast; Of nights in the tents of the 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 smiling says: "Ah yes, dear friend! in our young days We should have liked to hunt the deer All day amid those forest scenes, And to sleep in the tents of the 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 begins to blow." Then a gleam of distrust and vague surmise Shines in the father's gentle eyes, As

fire-light on a window-pane Glimmers and vanishes again; But
naught he answers; he only sighs, And for a moment bows his
head; Then, as their custom is, they play Their little gain of
lansquenet, And another day is with the dead.

Another day, and many a day And many a week and month
depart, When a fatal letter wings its way Across the sea, like a bird
of prey, And strikes and tears the old man's heart. Lo! the young
Baron of St. Castine, 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, 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 despair. Dying, yes, dying! His latest breath Of parley at
the door of death Is a blessing on his wayward son. Lower and
lower on his breast Sinks his gray head; he is at rest; No longer he
waits for any one;

For many a year the old chateau 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, 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 That at last the Baron of St. Castine Is coming home with his
Indian queen, Is coming without a week's delay; And all the house
must be swept and clean, And all things set in good array! And the
solemn porter shakes his head; And the answer he makes is:
"Lackaday! We will see, as the blind man said!"

Alert since first the day began, The cock upon the village
church 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 Oleron, 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; 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 chateau 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, Most eager and alive of all To welcome the Baron and Baroness; But his mind is full of vague distress, For he hath read in Jesuit books Of those children of the wilderness, And now, good, simple man! he looks To see a painted savage stride Into the room, with shoulders bare, And eagle feathers in her hair, And around her a robe of panther's hide.

Instead, he beholds with secret shame A form of beauty undefined, A loveliness with out 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.

Beneath the shadow of her hair The gold-bronze color of the skin Seems lighted by a fire within, As when a burst of sunlight shines Beneath a sombre grove of pines,— A dusky splendor in the air. The two small hands, that now are pressed In his, seem made to be caressed, They lie so warm and soft and still, Like birds half hidden in a nest, Trustful, and innocent of ill. And ah! he cannot believe his ears When her melodious voice he hears Speaking his native Gascon tongue; The words she utters seem to be Part of some poem of 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!"

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 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 bath 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. 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, 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 you mysterious mountain-side Pursuest thy wandering way alone, 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; 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 possessed, The cloud
encampment on the hill Broke up, and fluttering flag and
tent Vanished into the firmament, And down the valley fled
again 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 advanced 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, 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, As one who says a
silent grace?"

The Jew replied, with solemn air, "I said the Manichaeon's prayer. It
was his faith,—perhaps is mine,— That life in all its forms is
one, And that its secret conduits run Unseen, but in unbroken
line, From the great fountain-head divine Through man and beast,
through grain and grass. Howe'er we struggle, strive, and cry, From
death there can be no escape, And no escape from life,
alas Because we cannot die, but pass From one into another
shape: It is but into life we die.

"Therefore the Manichaeon 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: '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 brother; I only have thee, hold thee, break thee!'"

"That birds have souls I can concede," The poet cried, with glowing
cheeks; "The flocks that from their beds of reed Uprising north or
southward fly, And flying write upon the sky 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 flowers: Thus much I grant, but nothing more.
The rusty hinges of a door Are not alive because they creak;
This chimney, with its dreary roar, These rattling windows, do not speak!"
"To me they speak," the Jew replied; "And in the sounds that sink and soar,
I hear the voices of a tide That breaks upon an unknown shore!"

Here the Sicilian interfered: "That was your dream, then, as you dozed
A moment since, with eyes half-closed, And murmured something in your beard."

The 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, 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;
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!
O king, that hast dominion o'er the wind, Bid it arise and bear me hence to Ind."

The king gazed upward at the cloudless sky, Whispered a word, and

raised his hand on high, And lo! the signet-ring of chrysoprase On his uplifted finger seemed to blaze With hidden fire, and rushing from the west There came a mighty wind, and seized the guest And lifted him from earth, and on they passed, His shining garments streaming in the blast, A silken banner o'er the walls upreared, 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 Among that host?" And Olger answered: "No."

And still the innumerable multitude flowed onward and increased, until 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, 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 And Desiderio could no more endure The light of day, nor yet encounter death, But sobbed aloud and said: "Let us go down And hide us in the bosom of the earth, Far from the sight and anger of a foe So terrible as this!" And Olger said: "When you behold the harvests in the fields Shaking with fear, the Po and the Ticino Lashing the city walls with iron waves, Then may you know that Charlemagne is come. And even as he 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, In his right hand his sword invincible. The horse he rode on had the strength of iron, And color of iron. All who went before him Beside him and behind him, his

whole host, Were armed with iron, and their hearts within
them Were stronger than the armor that they wore. The fields and
all the roads were filled with iron, And points of iron glistened in the
sun And shed a terror through the city streets.

This at a single glance Olger the Dane Saw from the tower, and
turning to the King Exclaimed in haste: "Behold! this is the man You
looked for with such eagerness!" and then Fell as one dead at
Desiderio's feet.

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 Hephaestus made in days of
yore, Who stalked about the Cretan shore, And saw the ships
appear and pass, And threw stones at the Argonauts, 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 tenors 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, As 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 Lauresheim Gives as the gossip of his time, In mediaeval 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 befit, 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'er-head, 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 lore and reverence in his look, Or hear the cloister and the court repeat The measured footfalls of his sandaled feet, Or watch him with the pupils of his school, Gentle of speech, but absolute of rule.

Among them, always earliest in his place. Was Eginhard, a youth of Frankish race, Whose face was bright with flashes that forerun The 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, Surely some demon must possess the lad, Who showed more wit than ever schoolboy had, And learned his Trivium thus without the rod; But Alcuin said it was the grace of God.

Thus he grew up, in Logic point-device, Perfect in Grammar, and in Rhetoric nice; Science of Numbers, Geometric art, And lore of Stars, and Music knew by heart; A Minnesinger, long before the times Of those who sang their love in Suabian rhymes.

The Emperor, when he heard this good report Of Eginhard much buzzed about the court, Said to himself, "This stripling seems to be Purposely sent into the world for me; He shall become my scribe, and shall be schooled In all the arts whereby the world is ruled." Thus did the gentle Eginhard attain To honor in the court of Charlemagne; Became the sovereign's favorite, his right hand, So that his fame was great in all the land, And all men loved him for his modest grace And comeliness of figure and of face. An inmate of the palace, yet recluse, A man of books, yet sacred from abuse Among the armed knights with spur on heel, The tramp of horses and the clang of steel; And as the Emperor promised he was schooled In all the arts by which the world is ruled. But the one art supreme, whose law is fate, The Emperor never dreamed of till too late.

Home from her convent to the palace came The lovely Princess Emma, whose sweet name, Whispered by seneschal or sung by bard, Had often touched the soul of Eginhard. He saw her from his window, as in state She came, by knights attended through the gate; He saw her at the banquet of that day, Fresh as the morn, and beautiful as May; He saw her in the garden, as she strayed Among the flowers of summer with her maid, And said to him, "O Eginhard, disclose The meaning and the mystery of the rose"; And trembling he made answer: "In good sooth, Its mystery is love, its meaning youth!"

How can I tell the signals and the signs By which one heart another heart divines? How can I tell the many thousand ways By which it keeps the secret it betrays?

O mystery of love! O strange romance! Among the Peers and
Paladins of France, Shining in steel, and 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 Danae of old; For
poets cherish many a strange conceit, And love transmutes all
nature by its heat.

No more the garden lessons, nor the dark And hurried meetings in
the twilight park; But now the 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 desire,— 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 crowing cock, The Alectryon of the
farmyard and the flock, Sang his aubade with lusty voice and
clear, To tell the sleeping world that dawn was near. And then they
parted; but at parting, lo! They saw the palace courtyard white with
snow, And, placid as a 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
little knew What woman's wit, when put to proof, can do!

That night the Emperor, sleepless with the cares And troubles that
attend on state affairs, Had risen before the dawn, and 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,—

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 morning broke, Till the stars
faded, and the moon went down, And o'er the towers and steeples
of the town Came the gray daylight; then the sun, who took The
empire of the world with sovereign look, Suffusing with a soft and
golden glow All the dead landscape in its shroud of snow, Touching
with flame the tapering chapel spires, Windows and roofs, and
smoke of household fires, And kindling park and palace as he
came; The stork's nest on the chimney seemed in flame. And thus
he stood till Eginhard appeared, Demure and modest with his
comely beard And flowing flaxen tresses, come to ask, As was his
wont, the day's appointed task.

The Emperor looked upon him with a smile, And gently said: "My
son, wait yet awhile; 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.

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 sentence is not mine; Life is the gift of
God, and is divine; Nor from these palace walls shall one
depart Who carries such a secret in his heart; 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, 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 sovereign, and thy zeal Pleads to me with importunate appeal, 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'er-came The conscious terror and the blush of shame. 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 Lauresheim.

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 all owed 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 nightfall to Hannah the housemaid, As in the farm-house kitchen, that served for kitchen and parlor, By the window she sat with her work, and looked on a landscape White as the great white sheet that Peter saw in his vision, By the four corners let down and descending out of the heavens. Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the meadows. Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Delaware flowing Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful river.

Then with a smile on her lips made answer Hannah the housemaid: "Beautiful winter! yea, the winter is beautiful, surely, If one could only walk like a fly with one's feet on the ceiling. But the great Delaware River is not like the Thames, as we saw it Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe Street in the Borough, Crowded with masts and sails of vessels coming and going; Here there is nothing but pines, with patches of snow on their branches. There is snow in the air, and see! it is falling already; All the roads will be blocked, and I pity Joseph to-morrow, Breaking his way through the drifts, with his 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 good Lord sayeth; he is it Giveth snow like wool, like ashes scatters the hoar-frost." So she folded her work and laid it away in her basket.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had closed and fastened the shutters, Spread the cloth, and lighted the lamp on the table, and placed there Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown rye loaf, and the butter Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand with a holder, Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and simmering kettle, Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the earthen 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."

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 frugal: "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."

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth answered: "All I have is the Lord's, not mine to give or withhold it; I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of his people Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his service. His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I make them Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given. Therefore my excellent father first built this house in the clearing; Though he came not himself, I came; for the Lord was my guidance, Leading me here for this service. We must not grudge, then, to others Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from our table."

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the penitent

housemaid; And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter and softer: "Dost thou remember, Hannah, the great May-Meeting in London, When I was still a child, how we sat in the silent assembly, Waiting upon the Lord in patient and passive submission? No one spake, till at length a young man, a stranger, John 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, 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 housemaid, "It is Joseph come back, and I wonder what stranger is with him?"

Down from its nail she took and lighted the great tin lantern Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the top of a lighthouse, And went forth to receive the coming guest at the doorway, Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and shadow Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the horses, And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigantic. Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house with the stranger. Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks aglow with the night air; And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and, going to meet him, As if an unseen power had announced and preceded his presence, And he had come as one whose coming had long been expected, Quietly gave him her hand, and said, "Thou art welcome, John Estaugh." And the stranger replied, with staid and quiet behavior, "Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth? After so many Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful thing that I find thee. Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here to thy threshold. For as I journeyed along, and pondered alone and in silence On his ways, that are past finding out, I saw in 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, 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 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, Rung it up on its nail, and all sat down to their supper; For underneath that roof was no distinction of persons, But one family only, one heart, one hearth and one household.

When the supper was ended they drew their chairs to the fireplace, Spacious, open-hearted, profuse of flame and of firewood, Lord of forests unfelled, and not a gleaner of fagots, Spreading its arms to embrace with inexhaustible bounty All who fled from the cold, exultant, laughing at winter! Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in clearing the table, Coming and going, and hustling 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, 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 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 heavens, Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen breaking a pathway Through the drifts of snow; the horses already were harnessed, And John Estaugh was standing and taking leave at the threshold, Saying that he should return at the Meeting in May; while above them Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of the attic, Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing 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 Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and songless. Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music, Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal.

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that slowly Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims Men and women, wending their way to the Quarterly Meeting In the neighboring town;

and with them came riding John Estaugh. At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and the honey Brought from the hives, that stood by the sunny wall of the garden; Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued their journey, And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah the housemaid. But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and leaning Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estaugh "Tarry awhile behind, for I have something to tell thee, Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others; Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth." And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together. It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest; It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning!

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance, As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded: "I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee; I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh."

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised by the words she had spoken, "Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit; Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness, Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning. But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me. When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the labor completed He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for his guidance."

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit, "So is it 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, 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 housemaid Diligent early and late, and rosy with washing and scouring, Still as of old disparaged the eminent merits of Joseph, And was at times reprov'd for her light and frothy behavior, For her shy looks, and her careless words, and her evil surmisings, Being pressed down somewhat like a cart with sheaves overladen, As she would sometimes say to Joseph, quoting the Scriptures.

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea, and departing Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and precious, Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to him in its sweetness Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house with its odor. O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting! O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy! But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering footsteps, And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless, certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the gift that was offered, Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's affection. And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the Silent Assembly, Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a little, Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things. Such were the marriage-rites of John and Elizabeth Estaugh.

And not otherwise Joseph, the honest, the diligent servant, Sped in his bashful wooing with homely Hannah the housemaid; For when he asked her the question, she answered, "Nay"; and then added "But thee may make believe, and see what will come of it, Joseph."

INTERLUDE

"A pleasant and a winsome tale," The Student said, "though somewhat pale And quiet in its coloring, As if it caught its tone and air From the gray suits that Quakers wear; Yet worthy of some German bard, Hebel, or Voss, or Eberhard, Who love of humble themes to sing, In humble verse; but no more true Than was the tale I told to you."

The Theologian made reply, And with some warmth, "That I deny; '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 nightingale; A tale that cannot boast, forsooth, A single rag or shred of truth; That does not leave the mind in doubt As to the 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 Franciscan friars Wended their weary way with footsteps slow Back to their convent, whose white walls and spires Gleamed on the hillside like a patch of snow; Covered with dust they were, and torn by briars, And bore like sumpter-mules upon their backs The badge of poverty, their beggar's sacks.

The first was Brother Anthony, a spare And silent man, with pallid cheeks and thin, Much given to vigils, penance, fasting, prayer, Solemn and gray, and worn with discipline, As if his body but white ashes were, Heaped on the living coals that glowed within; A simple monk, like many of his day, Whose instinct was to listen and obey.

A different man was Brother Timothy, Of larger mould and of a coarser paste; A rubicund and stalwart monk was he, Broad in the shoulders, broader in the waist, Who often filled the dull refectory With noise by which the convent was disgraced, But to the mass-book gave but little heed, By reason he had never learned to read.

Now, as they passed the 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 neighborhood His owner was, who, looking for supplies Of fagots, deeper in the wood had strayed, Leaving his beast to ponder in the shade.

As soon as Brother Timothy espied The patient animal, he said: "Good-lack! Thus for our needs doth Providence provide; We'll lay our wallets on the creature's back." This being done, he leisurely untied From head and neck the halter of the jack, And put it round his own, and to the tree Stood tethered fast as if the ass were he.

And, bursting forth into a merry laugh, He cried to Brother Anthony: "Away! And drive the ass before you with your staff; And when you reach the convent you may say You left me at a farm, half tired and half Ill with a fever, for a night and day, And that the farmer lent this ass to bear Our wallets, that are heavy with good fare."

Now Brother Anthony, who knew the pranks Of Brother Timothy, would not persuade Or reason with him on his quirks and cranks, But, being obedient, silently obeyed; And, smiting with his staff the ass's flanks, Drove him before him over hill and glade, Safe with his provend to the convent gate, Leaving poor Brother Timothy to his fate.

Then Gilbert, laden with fagots for his fire, Forth issued from the

wood, and stood aghast To see the ponderous body of the
friar Standing where he had left his donkey last. Trembling he
stood, and dared not venture nigher, But stared, and gaped, and
crossed himself full fast; For, being credulous and of little wit, He
thought it was some demon from the pit.

While speechless and bewildered thus he gazed, And dropped his
load of fagots on the ground, Quoth Brother Timothy: "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; But set me free, and hear the piteous story Of
Brother Timothy of Casal-Maggiore.

"I am a sinful man, although you see I wear the consecrated cowl
and 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 otherwise escape, Than by this
penance, dieting on grass, And being worked and beaten as an ass.

"Think of the ignominy I endured; Think of the miserable life I
led, The toil and blows to which I was inured, My wretched lodging
in a windy shed, My scanty fare so grudgingly procured, The
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 Before the friar upon his bended
knees, And with a suppliant voice implored 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
white-washed walls, The cottage stood; and near the humming
hives Made murmurs as of far-off waterfalls; A place where those
who love secluded lives Might live content, and, free from noise
and brawls, Like Claudian's Old Man of Verona here Measure by
fruits the slow-revolving year.

And, coming to this cottage of content They found his children, and
the 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; All welcomed the Franciscan, with a sense
Of sacred awe and humble reverence.

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 wonder in their eyes;
You should have heard them cry, "Alas! alas! Have heard their lamentations
and their sighs! For all believed the story, and began To see a saint
in this afflicted man.

Forthwith there was prepared a grand repast, To satisfy the craving
of the friar After so rigid and prolonged a fast; The bustling
housewife stirred the kitchen fire; Then her two barnyard fowls, her
best and last, Were put to death, at her express 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; 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 without surcease, And told his merry
tales with jovial glee That never flagged, but rather did
increase, And laughed aloud as if insane were he, And wagged
his red beard, matted like a fleece, And cast such glances at Dame
Cicely That Gilbert now grew angry with his guest, And thus in
words his rising wrath expressed.

"Good father," said he, "easily we see How 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 temptation is but slight, And
shows the dreadful peril you are in Of a relapse into your deadly sin.

"To-morrow morning, with the rising sun, Go back unto your
convent, nor refrain From fasting and from scourging, for you
run Great danger to become an ass again, Since monkish flesh

and asinine are one; Therefore be wise, nor longer here remain, Unless you wish the scourge should be applied By other hands, that will not spare your hide."

When this the monk had heard, his color fled And then returned, like lightning in the air, Till he was all one blush from foot to head, And even the bald spot in his 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, 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 farewell.

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; Uprose the sun above the Apennine, And all the misty valleys at its feet Were full of the delirious song of birds, Voices of men, and bells, and low of herds.

All this to Brother Timothy was naught; He did not care for scenery, nor here His busy fancy found the thing it sought; But when he saw the convent walls appear, And smoke from kitchen chimneys upward caught And whirled aloft into the atmosphere, He quickened his slow footsteps, like a beast That scents the stable a league off at least.

And as he entered though 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 alleviate The daily labors of the brotherhood, The owner, being a man of means and thrift, Bestowed him on the convent as a gift.

And thereupon the Prior for many days Revolved this serious matter in his mind, And turned it over many different ways, Hoping that some safe issue he might find; But stood in fear of what the

world would say, If he accepted presents of this kind, Employing
beasts of burden for the packs, That lazy monks should carry on
their backs.

Then, to avoid all scandal of the sort, And stop the mouth of cavil,
he decreed That he would cut the tedious matter short, And sell
the ass with all convenient speed, Thus saving the expense of his
support, And hoarding something for a time of need. So he
despatched him to the neighboring Fair, And freed himself from
cumber and from care.

It happened now by chance, as some might say, Others perhaps
would call it destiny, Gilbert was at the Fair; and heard a
bray, And nearer came, and saw that it was he, And whispered in
his ear, "Ah, 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; Do not deny it; for you are the same Franciscan friar, and
Timothy by name."

The ass, though now the secret had come out, Was obstinate, and
shook his head again; Until a crowd was gathered round about To
hear this dialogue between the twain; And raised their voices in a
noisy shout When Gilbert tried to make the matter plain, And
flouted him and mocked him all day long With laughter and with jibes
and scraps of song.

"If this be Brother Timothy," they cried, "Buy him, and feed him on
the tenderest grass; Thou canst not do too much for one so
tried As to be twice transformed into an ass." So simple Gilbert
bought him, and untied His halter, and o'er mountain and
morass He led him homeward, talking as he went Of good behavior
and a mind content.

The children saw them coming, and advanced, Shouting with joy,
and hung about his neck,— Not Gilbert's, but the ass's,—round him

danced, And 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." 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 "When simple kindness is misunderstood A little flagellation may do good."

His many vices need not here be told; Among them was a habit that he had Of flinging up his heels at young and old, Breaking his halter, running off like mad O'er pasture-lands and meadow, wood and wold, And other misdemeanors quite as bad; But worst of all was breaking from his shed At night, and ravaging the cabbage-bed.

So Brother Timothy went back once more To his old life of labor and distress; Was beaten worse than he had been before. And now, instead of comfort and caress, Came labors manifold and trials sore; And as his toils increased his food grew less, Until at last the great consoler, Death, Ended his many sufferings with his breath.

Great was the lamentation when he died; And mainly that he died impenitent; Dame Cicely bewailed, the children cried, The old man still remembered the event In the French war, and Gilbert magnified His many virtues, as he came and went, And said: "Heaven pardon Brother Timothy, And keep us from the sin of gluttony."

INTERLUDE

"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 thus elude our search once more."

Thus saying, from his lips he blew A little cloud of perfumed breath, And then, as if it were a 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 Of that mighty Othman host, With his routed Turks, takes flight From the battle fought and lost On the day of Pentecost; Leaving behind him dead The army of Amurath, The vanguard as it led, The rearguard as it fled, Mown down in the bloody swath Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for Hospodars, Nor for Baron or Voivode, As on through the night he rode And gazed at the fateful stars, That were shining overhead But smote his steed with his staff, And smiled to himself, and said; "This is the time to laugh."

In the middle of the night, In a halt of the hurrying flight, There came a Scribe of the King Wearing his signet ring, And said in a

voice severe: "This is the first dark blot On thy name, George
Castriot! Alas why 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 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 misdeed 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! 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: "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, 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, 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 scimeter-stroke, When no one
else was near; And the Scribe sank to the ground, As a stone,

pushed from the brink Of a black pool, might sink With a sob and disappear; And no one saw the deed; And in the stillness around No sound was heard but the sound Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed, As forward he sprang with a bound.

Then onward he rode and afar, With scarce three hundred men, Through river and forest and fen, O'er the mountains of Argentar; And his heart was merry within, When he crossed the river Drin, And saw in the gleam of the morn The White Castle Ak-Hissar, The city Croia called, The city moated and walled, The city where he was born,— And above it the morning star.

Then his trumpeters in the van On their silver bugles blew, And in crowds about him ran Albanian and Turkoman, That the sound together drew. And he feasted with his friends, And when they were warm with wine, He said: "O friends of mine, Behold what fortune sends, And what the fates design! King Amurath commands That my father's wide domain, This city and all its lands, Shall be given to me again."

Then to the Castle White He rode in regal state, And entered in at the gate In all his arms bedight, And gave to the Pasha Who ruled in Croia The writing of the King, Sealed with his signet ring. And the Pasha bowed his head, And after a silence said: "Allah is just and great! I yield to the will divine, The city and lands are thine; Who shall contend with fate?"

Anon from the castle walls The crescent banner falls, And the crowd beholds instead, Like a portent in the sky, Iskander's banner fly, The Black Eagle with double head; And a shout ascends on high, For men's souls are 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 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, 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 he 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 emprise, 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 sometimes smiled While singing it, to see arise The look of wonder in my eyes, And feel my heart with tenor beat. This simple ballad I retain Clearly imprinted on my brain, And as a tale will now repeat"

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

THE MOTHER'S GHOST

Svend Dyring he rideth adown the glade; I myself was young!
There he hath wooed him so winsome a maid; Fair words gladden so many a heart.

Together were they for seven years, And together children six were theirs.

Then came Death abroad through the land, And blighted the beautiful lily-wand.

Svend Dyring he rideth adown the glade, And again hath he wooed him another maid,

He hath wooed him a maid and brought home a bride, But she was bitter and full of pride.

When she came driving into the yard, There stood the six children weeping so hard.

There stood the small children with sorrowful heart; From before her feet 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."

She took from them the great waxlight; "Now ye shall lie in the dark at night."

In the evening late they cried with cold; The mother heard it under the mould.

The woman heard it the earth below: "To my little children I must go."

She 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; Longer thou shalt not there remain!"

She girded up her sorrowful bones, And rifted the walls and the marble stones.

As through the village she flitted by, The watch-dogs howled 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?"

"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.

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.

"I left behind me quilts of blue; My children lie on the straw ye strew.

"I left behind me the great waxlight; My children lie in the dark at night.

"If I come again unto your hall, As cruel a fate shall you befall!

"Now crows the cock with feathers red; Back to the earth must all the dead.

"Now crows the cock with feathers swart; The gates of heaven fly wide apart.

"Now crows the cock with feathers white; I can abide no longer to-night."

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs wail, They gave the children bread and ale.

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs bay, They feared lest the dead were on their way.

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs bark; I myself was young! They feared the dead out there in the dark. Fair words gladden so many a heart.

INTERLUDE

Touched by the pathos of these rhymes, The Theologian said: "All praise Be to the ballads of old times And to the bards of simple ways, Who walked with Nature hand in hand, Whose country was their Holy Land, Whose singing robes were homespun brown From looms of their own native town, Which they were not ashamed to wear, And not of silk or sendal gay, Nor decked with 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 demur And many vain apologies, Plucking up heart, began to tell The Rhyme of one Sir Christopher.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE

THE RHYME OF SIR CHRISTOPHER

It was Sir Christopher Gardiner, Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, From Merry England over the sea, Who stepped upon this continent As if his august presence lent A glory to the colony.

You should have seen him in the street Of the little Boston of Winthrop's time, His rapier dangling at his feet Doublet and hose and boots complete, Prince Rupert hat with ostrich plume, Gloves that exhaled a faint perfume, Luxuriant curls and air sublime, And superior manners now obsolete!

He had a way of saying things That made one think of courts and kings, And lords and ladies of high degree; So that not having been at court Seemed something very little short Of treason or 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 retreat.

But a double life was the life he led, And, while professing to be in search Of a godly course, and willing, he said, Nay, anxious to join the Puritan church, He made of all this but small account, And passed his idle hours instead With 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 log's; but in front of the door A modest flower-bed thickly sown With sweet alyssum and columbine Made those who saw it at once divine The touch of some other hand than his own. And first it was whispered, and then it was known, That he in secret was harboring there 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 everywhere.

But worse than this was the vague surmise, Though none could vouch for it or aver, That the Knight of the Holy Sepulchre Was only

a Papist in disguise; And the more to imbitter their bitter lives, And the more to trouble the public mind, Came letters from England, from two other wives, Whom he had carelessly left behind; Both of them letters of such a kind As made the governor hold his breath; The one imploring him straight to send The husband home, that he might amend; The other asking his instant death, As the only way to make an end.

The wary governor deemed it right, When all this wickedness was revealed, To send his warrant signed and sealed, And take the body of the knight. Armed with this mighty instrument, The marshal, mounting his gallant steed, Rode forth from town at the top of his speed, And followed by all his bailiffs bold, As if on high achievement bent, To storm some castle or stronghold, Challenge the warders on the wall, And seize in his ancestral hall A robber-
baron grim and old.

But when though all the dust and heat He came to Sir Christopher's country-seat, No knight he found, nor warder there, But the little lady with golden hair, Who was gathering in the bright sunshine The sweet alyssum and columbine; While gallant Sir Christopher, all so gay, Being forewarned, through the postern gate Of his castle wall had tripped away, And was keeping a little holiday In the forests, that bounded his estate.

Then as a trusty squire and true The marshal searched the castle through, Not crediting what the lady said; Searched from cellar to garret in vain, And, finding no knight, came out again And arrested the golden damsel instead, And bore her in triumph into the town, While from her eyes the tears rolled down On the sweet alyssum and columbine, That she held in her fingers white and fine.

The governor's heart was moved to see So fair a creature caught within The snares of Satan and of sin, And 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 mystery.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher wandered away Through pathless woods
for a month and a day, Shooting pigeons, and sleeping at
night With the noble savage, who took delight In his feathered hat
and his velvet vest, His gun and his rapier and the rest. But as soon
as the noble savage heard That a bounty was offered for this gay
bird, He wanted to slay him out of hand, And bring in his beautiful
scalp for a show, Like the glossy head of a kite or crow, Until he
was made to understand They wanted the bird alive, not
dead; Then he followed him whithersoever he fled, Through forest
and field, and hunted him down, And brought him prisoner into the
town.

Alas! it was a rueful sight, To see this melancholy knight In such a
dismal and hapless case; His hat deformed by stain and dent, His
plumage broken, his doublet rent, His beard and flowing locks
forlorn, 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 highflown, In which he endeavored to make
clear That colonial laws were too severe When applied to a gallant
cavalier, A gentleman born, and so well known, And accustomed to
move in a higher sphere.

All this the Puritan governor heard, And 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 before The sunshine reached the withered sward
Beneath the oaks, whose branches hoar Murmured: "Farewell forevermore."

"Farewell!" the portly Landlord cried; "Farewell!" the parting guests
replied, But little thought that nevermore Their feet would pass that
threshold o'er; That nevermore together there Would they assemble, free from care,
To hear the oaks' mysterious roar, And breathe the wholesome country air.

Where are they now? What lands and skies Paint pictures in their friendly eyes?
What hope deludes, what promise cheers, What pleasant voices fill their ears?
Two are beyond the salt sea waves, And three already in their graves.
Perchance the living still may look Into the pages of this book, And see the days of long

ago Floating and fleeting to and fro, As in the well-remembered
brook They saw the inverted landscape gleam, And their own faces
like a dream Look up upon them from below.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE

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 flame.

Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasance, Thou dost not toil
nor spin, But makest glad and radiant with thy presence The
meadow and the lin.

The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner, And round thee
throng and run The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor, The
outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant, And tilts against the
field, And down the listed sunbeam rides resplendent With steel-
blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest, Who, armed with golden
rod And winged with the celestial azure, bearest The message of
some God.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities Hauntest the
sylvan streams, Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties That
come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river Linger to kiss thy
feet! O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever The world
more fair and sweet.

PALINGENESIS

I lay upon the headland-height, and listened To the incessant
sobbing of the sea In caverns under me, And watched the
waves, that tossed and fled and glistened, Until the rolling meadows
of amethyst Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started; For round about me all
the sunny capes Seemed peopled with the shapes Of those
whom I had known in days departed, Apparelled in the loveliness
which gleams On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory Faded away, and the
disconsolate shore Stood lonely as before; And the wild-roses of
the promontory Around me shuddered in the wind, and
shed Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers Of all things their
primordial form exists, And cunning alchemists Could re-create
the rose with all its members From its own ashes, but without the
bloom, Without the lost perfume.

Ah me! what wonder-working, occult science Can from the ashes in
our hearts once more The rose of youth restore? What craft of
alchemy can bid defiance To time and change, and for a single
hour Renew this phantom-flower?

"O, give me back," I cried, "the vanished splendors, The breath of
morn, and the exultant strife, When the swift stream of
life Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders The pond, with
all its lilies, for the leap Into the unknown deep!"

And the sea answered, with a lamentation, Like some old prophet
wailing, and it said, "Alas! thy youth is dead! It breathes no more,
its heart has no pulsation; In the dark places with the dead of
old It lies forever cold!"

Then said I, "From its consecrated cerements I will not drag this
sacred dust again, Only to give me pain; But, still remembering
all the lost endearments, Go on my way, like one who looks
before, And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plantations Bright with autumnal

foliage and the glow Of sunsets burning low; Beneath what
midnight skies, whose constellations Light up the spacious avenues
between This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses, What households,
though not alien, yet not mine, What bowers of rest divine; To
what temptations in lone wildernesses, What famine of the heart,
what pain and loss, The bearing of what cross!

I do not know; nor will I vainly question Those pages of the mystic
book which hold The story still untold, But without rash
conjecture or suggestion Turn its last leaves in reverence and good
heed, Until "The End" I read.

THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD

Burn, O evening hearth, and waken Pleasant visions, as of
old! Though the house by winds be shaken, Safe I keep this room
of gold!

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy Builds her castles in the air, Luring me
by necromancy Up the never-ending stair!

But, instead, she builds me bridges Over many a dark
ravine, Where beneath the gusty ridges Cataracts dash and roar
unseen.

And I cross them, little heeding Blast of wind or torrent's roar, As I
follow the receding Footsteps that have gone before.

Naught avails the imploring gesture, Naught avails the cry of
pain! When I touch the flying 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 blending With the rush of waters
near.

Well I know what there lies hidden, Every tower and town and
farm, And again the land forbidden Reassumes its vanished
charm.

Well I know the secret places, And the nests in hedge and tree; At
what doors are friendly faces, In what hearts are thoughts of me.

Through the mist and darkness sinking, Blown by wind and beaten
by shower, Down I fling the thought I'm thinking, Down I toss this
Alpine flower.

HAWTHORNE

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 Aladdin's tower Unfinished must
remain!

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day Their old, familiar carols
play, And wild and sweet The words repeat Of peace on
earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come, The belfries of all
Christendom Had rolled along The unbroken song Of peace
on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way, The world revolved from night to
day, A voice, a chime, A chant sublime Of peace on earth,
good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth The 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 finger, Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune Learned in some forgotten
June From a school-boy at his play, When they both were young
together, Heart of youth and summer weather Making all their
holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark! How above there in the dark, In
the midnight and the snow, Ever wilder, fiercer, grander, Like the
trumpets of Iskander, All the noisy chimneys blow!

Every quivering tongue of flame Seems to murmur some great
name, Seems to say to me, "Aspire!" But the night-wind answers,
"Hollow Are the visions that you follow, Into darkness sinks your
fire!"

Then the flicker of the blaze Gleams on volumes of old
days, Written by masters of the art, Loud through whose majestic
pages Rolls the melody of ages, Throb the harp-strings of the
heart.

And again the tongues of flame Start exulting and exclaim: "These
are prophets, bards, and seers; In the horoscope of nations, Like
ascendant constellations, They control the coming years."

But the night-wind cries: "Despair! Those who walk with feet of
air Leave no long-enduring marks; At God's forges
incandescent Mighty hammers beat incessant, These are but the
flying sparks.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought; Books are sepulchres of
thought; The dead laurels of the dead 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 wandering cattle homeward Follow each other at your call, O Bells of Lynn!

The distant lighthouse hears, and with his flaming signal Answers you, passing the watchword on, O Bells of Lynn!

And down the darkening coast run the tumultuous surges, And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn!

Till from the shuddering sea, with your wild incantations, Ye summon up the spectral moon, O Bells of Lynn!

And startled at the sight like the weird woman of Endor, Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn!

KILLED AT THE FORD.

He is dead, the beautiful youth, The heart of honor, the tongue of truth, He, the life and light of us all, Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-call, Whom all eyes followed with one consent, The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word, Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along, Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford, Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song: "Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball Came out of a wood, and the voice was still;
Something I heard in the darkness 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 distant North, Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off town, For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbors wondered that she should die.

GIOTTO'S TOWER

How many lives, made beautiful and sweet By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint On unknown errands of the Paraclete,
Wanting the reverence of unshodden feet, 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 desire,— The builder's perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone, But wanting still the glory of the spire.

TO-MORROW

'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,
unknown guest, Who cries to me: "Remember Barmecide, And
tremble to be happy with the rest." And I make answer: "I am
satisfied; I dare not ask; I know not what is best; God hath
already said what shall betide."

DIVINA COMMEDIA

I

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door A laborer, pausing in the
dust and heat, Lay down his burden, and with reverent
feet Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor Kneel to repeat his
paternoster o'er; Far off the noises of the world retreat; The loud
vociferations of the street Become an undistinguishable roar. So,
as I enter here from day to day, And leave my burden at this
minster gate, Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray, The
tumult of the time disconsolate To inarticulate murmurs dies
away, While the eternal ages watch and wait.

II

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers! This crowd of
statues, in whose folded sleeves Birds build their nests; while
canopied with leaves Parvis and portal bloom like trellised
bowers, And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers! But 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 medieval
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 height; 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 remembered dream And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

V

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows 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
Apennines, Forerunner of the day that is to be! The voices of the
city and the sea, The voices of the mountains and the
pines, Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines Are footpaths for the
thought of Italy! Thy fame is blown abroad from all the
heights, Through all the nations, and a sound is heard, 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.

NOEL.

ENVOYE A M. AGASSIZ, LA VEILLE DE NOEL 1864, AVEC UN PANIER DE VINS DIVERS

L'Academie en respect, Nonobstant l'incorrection A la faveur du
sujet, Ture-lure, N'y fera point de rature; Noel! ture-lure-
lure. — Gui Barozai

Quand les astres de Noel Brillaient, palpitaient au ciel, Six gaillards,
et chacun ivre, Chantaient gaiment dans le givre, "Bons
amis, Allons donc chez Agassiz!"

Ces illustres Pelerins D'Outre-Mer adroits et fins, Se donnant des
airs de pretre, A l'envi se vantaient d'etre "Bons amis, De Jean
Rudolphe Agassiz!"

Oeil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur, Sans reproche et sans
pudeur, Dans son patois de Bourgogne, Bredouillait comme un
ivrogne, "Bons amis, J'ai danse chez Agassiz!"

Verzenay le Champenois, Bon Francais, point New-Yorquois, Mais
des environs d'Avize, Fredonne a mainte reprise, "Bons
amis, J'ai chante chez Agassiz!"

A cote marchait un vieux Hidalgo, mais non mousseux; Dans le
temps de Charlemagne Fut son pere Grand d'Espagne! "Bons
amis, J'ai dine chez Agassiz!"

Derriere eux un Bordelais, Gascon, s'il en fut jamais, Parfume de
poesie Riait, chantait, plein de vie, "Bons amis, J'ai soupe chez

Agassiz!"

Avec ce beau cadet roux, Bras dessus et bras dessous, Mine
altiere et couleur terne, Vint le Sire de Sauterne; "Bons
amis, J'ai couche chez Agassiz!"

Mais le dernier de ces preux, Etait un pauvre Chartreux, Qui disait,
d'un ton robuste, "Benedictions sur le Juste! Bons
amis, Benissons Pere Agassiz!"

Ils arrivent trois a trois, Montent l'escalier de bois Clopin-clopant!
quel gendarme Peut permettre ce vacarme, Bons amis, A la
porte d'Agassiz!

"Ouvrer 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; Epargnez 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 nigh an day, The melody soundeth on.

As the weary traveller sees In desert or prairie vast, Blue lakes,
overhung with trees, That a pleasant shadow cast;

Fair towns with turrets high, And shining roofs of gold, That vanish
as he draws nigh, Like mists together rolled,—

So I wander and wander along, And forever before me
gleams The shining city of song, In the beautiful land of dreams.

But when I would enter the gate Of that golden atmosphere, It is
gone, and I wander and wait For the vision to reappear.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER

Each heart has its haunted chamber, Where the silent moonlight
falls! On the floor are mysterious footsteps, There are whispers
along the walls!

And mine at times is haunted By phantoms of the Past As
motionless as shadows By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window, That is not seen by day, For as soon
as the dawn approaches It vanishes away.

It sits there in the moonlight Itself as pale and still, And points with
its airy finger Across the window-sill.

Without before the window, There stands a gloomy pine, Whose
boughs wave upward and downward As wave these thoughts of
mine.

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 overarching The silent river of
death?

THE MEETING

After so long an absence At last we meet again: Does the meeting
give us pleasure, Or does it give us pain?

The tree of life has been shaken, And 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 thinking Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their fortunes, And of what they did and
said, Till the dead alone seem living, And the living alone seem
dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish Between the ghosts and the
guests; And a mist and shadow of sadness Steals over our
merriest jests.

VOX POPULI

When Mazarvan 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 imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee, An eager listener unto stories
told At the Round Table of the nursery, Of heroes and adventures
manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build; There will be other

steeds for thee to ride; There will be other legends, and all
filled With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair, Rising and reaching
upward to the skies; Listen to voices in the upper air, Nor lose thy
simple faith in mysteries.

CHANGED

From the outskirts of the town Where of old the mile-stone
stood. 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 estranged By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea, Bright as ever shines the sun, But
alas! they seem to me Not the sun that used to be, Not the tides
that used to run.

THE CHALLENGE

I have a vague remembrance Of a story, that is told In some
ancient Spanish legend Or chronicle of old.

It was when brave King Sanchez Was before Zamora slain, And
his great besieging army Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordonez 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 mired 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 HEPHAESTUS

HEPHAESTUS (standing before the statue of Pandora.) Not fashioned out of gold, like Hera's throne, Nor forged of iron like the thunderbolts Of Zeus omnipotent, or other works Wrought by my hands at Lemnos or Olympus, But moulded in soft clay, that unresisting Yields itself to the touch, this lovely form Before me stands, perfect in every part. Not Aphrodite's self appeared more fair, When first upwafted by caressing winds She came to high Olympus, and the gods Paid 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, Hephaestus?

HEPHAESTUS. It is finished!

THE VOICE. Not finished till I breathe the breath of life Into her nostrils, and she moves and speaks.

HEPHAESTUS. Will she become immortal like ourselves?

THE VOICE. The form that thou hast fashioned out of clay Is of the earth and mortal; but the spirit, The life, the exhalation of my breath, Is of diviner essence and immortal. The gods shall shower on her their benefactions, She shall possess all gifts: the gift of song, The gift of eloquence, the gift of beauty, The fascination and the nameless charm That shall lead all men captive.

HEPHAESTUS. Wherefore? wherefore?

(A wind shakes the house.)

I hear the rushing of a mighty wind Through all the halls and chambers of my house! Her parted lips inhale it, and her bosom Heaves with the inspiration. As a reed Beside a river in the rippling current Bends to and fro, she bows or lifts her head. She gazes round about as if amazed; She is alive; she breathes, but yet she speaks not!

(PANDORA descends from the pedestal.)

CHORUS OF THE GRACES

AGLAIA. In the workshop of Hephaestus What is this I
see? Have the Gods to four increased us Who were only
three? Beautiful in form and feature, Lovely as the day, Can
there be so fair a creature Formed of common clay?

THALIA. O sweet, pale face! O lovely eyes of azure, Clear as the
waters of a brook that run Limpid and laughing in the summer
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 Who moveth as if motion
were a pleasure! By what name shall I call thee? Nymph or
Muse, Callirrhoe or Urania? Some sweet name Whose every
syllable is a caress Would best befit thee; but I cannot
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 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 winged sandals from my
feet, Than I again must clasp them, and depart Upon some foolish
errand. But to-day The errand is not foolish. Never yet With greater
joy did I obey the summons That sends me earthward. I will fly so
swiftly That my caduceus in the whistling air Shall make a sound
like the Pandaeon pipes, Cheating the shepherds; for to-day I
go, Commissioned by high-thundering Zeus, to lead A maiden to
Prometheus, in his tower, And by my cunning arguments persuade
him To marry her. What mischief lies concealed In this design I

know not; but I know Who thinks of marrying hath already
taken One step upon the road to penitence. Such embassies
delight me. Forth I launch On the sustaining air, nor fear to fall Like
Icarus, nor swerve aside like him Who drove amiss Hyperion's fiery
steeds. I sink, I fly! The yielding element Folds itself round about
me like an arm, And holds me as a mother holds her child.

III

TOWER OF PROMETHEUS ON MOUNT CAUCASUS

PROMETHEUS. I hear the trumpet of Alectryon Proclaim the dawn.
The stars begin to fade, And all the heavens are full of
prophecies And evil auguries. Blood-red last night I saw great
Kronos rise; the crescent moon Sank through the mist, as if it were
the scythe His parricidal hand had flung far down The western
steeps. O ye Immortal Gods, What evil are ye plotting and
contriving?

(HERMES and PANDORA at the threshold.)

PANDORA. I cannot cross the threshold. An unseen And 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 control you, As they do us, and
so far we are equals!

PANDORA. Motionless, passionless, companionless, He sits there
muttering in his beard. His voice Is like a river flowing underground!

HERMES. Prometheus, hail!

PROMETHEUS. Who calls me?

HERMES. It is I. Dost thou not know me?

PROMETHEUS. By thy winged cap And winged 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 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, woman?

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 reward Hath been the rock and vulture.

HERMES. But the Gods At last relent and pardon.

PROMETHEUS. They relent not; They pardon not; they are implacable, Revengeful, unforgiving!

HERMES. As a pledge Of reconciliation they have sent to

thee This divine being, to be thy companion, And bring into thy melancholy house The sunshine and the fragrance of her youth.

PROMETHEUS. I need them not. I have within myself All that my heart desires; the ideal beauty Which the creative faculty of mind Fashions and follows in a thousand shapes More lovely than the real. My own thoughts Are my companions; my designs and labors And aspirations are my only friends.

HERMES. Decide not rashly. The decision made Can never be recalled. The Gods implore not, Plead not, solicit not; they only offer Choice and occasion, which once being passed Return no more. Dost thou accept the gift?

PROMETHEUS. No gift of theirs, in whatsoever shape It comes to me, with whatsoever charm To fascinate my sense, will I receive. Leave me.

PANDORA. Let us go hence. I will not stay.

HERMES. We leave thee to thy vacant dreams, and all The silence and the solitude of thought, The endless bitterness of unbelief, The loneliness of existence without love.

CHORUS OF THE FATES

CLOTHO. How the Titan, the defiant, The self-centred, self-reliant, Wrapped in visions and illusions, Robs himself of life's best gifts! Till by all the storm-winds shaken, By the blast of fate o'ertaken, Hopeless, helpless, and forsaken, In the 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 In the tasks to be completed, He, by toil and self-denial, To the highest shall attain.

ATROPOS. Tempt no more the noble schemer; Bear unto some idle dreamer This new toy and fascination, This new dalliance and delight! To the garden where reposes Epimetheus crowned with

roses, To the door that never closes Upon pleasure and temptation, Bring this vision of the night!

IV

THE AIR

HERMES (returning to Olympus.) As lonely as the tower that he inhabits, As firm and cold as are the crags about him, Prometheus stands. The thunderbolts of Zeus Alone can move him; but the tender heart Of Epimetheus, burning at white heat, Hammers and flames like all his brother's forges! Now as an arrow from Hyperion's bow, My errand done, I fly, I float, I soar Into the air, returning to Olympus. O joy of motion! O delight to cleave The infinite realms of space, the liquid ether, Through the warm sunshine and the cooling cloud, Myself as light as sunbeam or as cloud! With one touch of my swift and winged 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 Is a celestial melody, and thy form Self-poised as if it floated on the air!

PANDORA. No Goddess am I, nor of heavenly birth, But a mere woman fashioned out of clay And mortal as the rest.

EPIMETHEUS. Thy face is fair; There is a wonder in thine azure eyes That fascinates me. Thy whole presence seems A soft desire, a breathing thought of love. Say, would thy star like Merope's grow dim If thou shouldst wed beneath thee?

PANDORA. Ask me not; I cannot answer thee. I only know The Gods have sent me hither.

EPIMETHEUS. I believe, And thus believing am most fortunate. It was not Hermes led thee here, but Eros, And swifter than his arrows

were thine eyes In wounding me. There was no moment's space Between my seeing thee and loving thee. O, what a telltale face thou hast! Again I see the wonder in thy tender eyes.

PANDORA. They do but answer to the love in thine, Yet secretly I wonder thou shouldst love me. Thou knowest me not.

EPIMETHEUS. 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 Belong to thee.

PANDORA. Here let me stay forever! There is a spell upon me.

EPIMETHEUS. Thou thyself Art the enchantress, and I feel thy power Envelop me, and wrap my soul and sense In an Elysian dream.

PANDORA, O, let me stay. How beautiful are all things round about me, Multiplied by the mirrors on the walls! What treasures hast thou here! Yon oaken chest, Carven with figures and embossed with gold, Is wonderful to look upon! What choice And precious things dost thou keep hidden in it?

EPIMETHEUS. I know not. '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 mysterious place. The

garden walks are pleasant at this hour; The nightingales among the sheltering boughs Of populous and many-nested trees Shall teach me how to woo thee, and shall tell me By what resistless charms or incantations They won their mates.

PANDORA. Thou dost not need a teacher.

(They go out.)

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES. What the Immortals Confide to thy keeping, Tell unto no man; Waking or sleeping, Closed be thy portals To friend as to foeman.

Silence conceals it; 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, 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 The pangs that afflict him, With motion unceasing The wheel of Ixion Shall torture its victim!

VI

IN THE GARDEN

EPIMETHEUS. Yon snow-white cloud that sails sublime in ether Is but the sovereign Zeus, who like a swan Flies to fair-ankled Leda!

PANDORA. Or perchance Ixion's cloud, the shadowy shape of Hera, That bore the Centaurs.

EPIMETHEUS. The divine and human.

CHORUS OF BIRDS. Gently swaying to and fro, Rocked by all the winds that blow, Bright with sunshine from above Dark with shadow

from below, Beak to beak and breast to breast In the cradle of their nest, Lie the fledglings of our love.

ECHO. Love! love!

EPIMETHEUS. Hark! listen! Hear how sweetly overhead The feathered flute-players pipe their songs of love, And echo answers, love and only love.

CHORUS OF BIRDS. Every flutter of the wing, Every note of song we sing, Every murmur, every tone, Is of love and love alone.

ECHO. Love alone!

EPIMETHEUS. Who would not love, if loving she might be Changed like Callisto to a star in heaven?

PANDORA. Ah, who would love, if loving she might be Like Semele consumed and burnt to ashes?

EPIMETHEUS. Whence knowest thou these stories?

PANDORA. Hermes taught me; He told me all the history of the Gods.

CHORUS OF REEDS. Evermore a sound shall be In the reeds of Arcady, Evermore a low lament Of unrest and discontent, As the story is retold Of the nymph so coy and cold, Who with frightened feet outran The pursuing steps of Pan.

EPIMETHEUS. The pipe of Pan out of these reeds is made, And when he plays upon it to the shepherds They pity him, so mournful is the sound. Be thou not coy and cold as Syrinx was.

PANDORA. Nor thou as Pan be rude and mannerless.

PROMETHEUS (without). Ho! Epimetheus!

EPIMETHEUS. 'T is my brother's voice; A sound unwelcome and inopportune As was the 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, 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. Thou harborest in thy house a dangerous guest.

EPIMETHEUS. Whom the Gods love they honor with such guests.

PROMETHEUS. Whom the Gods would destroy they first make mad.

EPIMETHEUS. Shall I refuse the gifts they send to me?

PROMETHEUS. Reject all gifts that come from higher powers.

EPIMETHEUS. Such gifts as this are not to be rejected.

PROMETHEUS. Make not thyself the slave of any woman.

EPIMETHEUS. Make not thyself the judge of any man.

PROMETHEUS. I judge thee not; for thou art more than man; Thou art descended from 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 Caucasus: See there my forges in the roaring caverns, Beneficent to man, and taste the joy That springs from labor. Read with me the stars, And learn the virtues that lie hidden in plants, And all things that are useful.

EPIMETHEUS. O my brother! I am not as thou art. Thou dost inherit Our father's strength, and I our mother's weakness: The softness of the Oceanides, The yielding nature that cannot resist.

PROMETHEUS. Because thou wilt not.

EPIMETHEUS. Nay; because I cannot.

PROMETHEUS. Assert thyself; rise up to thy full height; Shake from thy soul these dreams effeminate, These passions born of indolence and ease. Resolve, and thou art free. But breathe the air Of mountains, and their unapproachable summits Will lift thee to the level of themselves.

EPIMETHEUS. The roar of forests and of waterfalls, The rushing of a mighty wind, with loud And undistinguishable voices calling, Are in my ear!

PROMETHEUS. O, listen and obey.

EPIMETHEUS. Thou leadest me as a child, I follow thee.

(They go out.)

CHORUS OF OREADES. Centuries old are the mountains; Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted 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, Cloud and the shadow of cloud, Pass and repass by the gates Of their inaccessible fastness; Ever unmoved they stand, Solemn, eternal, and proud,

VOICES OF THE WATERS. Flooded by rain and snow In their inexhaustible sources, Swollen by affluent streams Hurrying

onward and hurled Headlong over the crags, The impetuous water-
courses, Rush and roar and plunge Down to the nethermost world.

Say, have the solid rocks Into streams of silver been
melted, Flowing over the plains, Spreading to lakes in the
fields? Or have the mountains, the giants, The ice-helmed, the
forest-belted, Scattered their arms abroad; Flung in the meadows
their shields?

VOICES OF THE WINDS. High on their turreted cliffs That bolts of
thunder have shattered, Storm-winds 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, 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 FOREST. Guarding the mountains
around Majestic the forests are standing, Bright are their crested
helms, Dark is their armor of leaves; 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, 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.

These are the Voices Three, That speak of endless
endeavor, Speak of endurance and strength, Triumph and fulness
of fame, Sounding about the world, An inspiration forever, Stirring

the hearts of men, Shaping their end and their aim.

VII

THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS

PANDORA. Left to myself I wander as I will, And as my fancy leads me, through this house, Nor could I ask a dwelling more complete Were I indeed the Goddess that he deems me. No mansion of Olympus, framed to be The habitation of the Immortal Gods, Can be more beautiful. And this is mine And more than this, the love wherewith he crowns me. As if impelled by powers invisible And irresistible, my steps return Unto this spacious hall. All corridors And passages lead hither, and all doors But open into 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 By twice a hundred incorporeal eyes.

(She walks to the other side of the hall.)

My feet are weary, wandering to and fro, My eyes with seeing and my heart with waiting. I will lie here and rest till he returns, Who is my 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!

Set all the silent sentinels To bar and guard the Ivory Gate, And keep the evil dreams of fate And falsehood and infernal hate Imprisoned in their cells.

But open wide the Gate of Horn, Whence, beautiful as planets, rise The dreams of truth, with starry eyes, And all the wondrous prophecies And visions of the morn.

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE IVORY GATE. Ye sentinels of sleep, It is in vain ye keep Your drowsy watch before the Ivory Gate; Though closed the portal seems, The airy feet of dreams Ye cannot thus in walls incarcerate.

We phantoms are and dreams Born by Tartarean streams, As ministers of the infernal powers; O son of Erebus 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, 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!" I am alone. These faces in the mirrors Are but the shadows and phantoms of myself; They cannot help nor hinder. No one sees me, Save the all-seeing Gods, who, knowing good And knowing evil, have created me Such as I am, and filled me with desire Of knowing good and evil like themselves.

(She approaches the chest.)

I hesitate no longer. Weal or woe, Or life or death, the moment shall decide.

(She lifts the lid. A dense mist rises from the chest, and fills the room. PANDORA falls senseless on the floor. Storm without.)

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE GATE OF HORN. Yes, the moment shall decide! It already hath decided; And the secret once confided To the keeping of the Titan Now is flying far and wide, Whispered, told on every side, To disquiet and to frighten.

Fever of the heart and brain, Sorrow, pestilence, and pain, Moans of anguish, maniac laughter, All the evils that hereafter Shall afflict

and vex mankind, All into the air have risen From the chambers of their prison; Only Hope remains behind.

VIII

IN THE GARDEN

EPIMETHEUS. The storm is past, but it hath left behind it Ruin and desolation. All the walks Are strewn with shattered boughs; the birds are silent; The flowers, downtrodden by the wind, lie dead; The swollen rivulet sobs with secret pain, The melancholy reeds whisper together As if some dreadful deed had been committed They dare not name, and all the air is heavy With an unspoken sorrow! Premonitions, Foreshadowings of some terrible disaster Oppress my heart. Ye Gods, avert the omen!

PANDORA (coming from the house). O Epimetheus, I no longer dare To lift mine eyes to thine, nor hear thy voice, Being no longer worthy of thy love.

EPIMETHEUS. What hast thou done?

PANDORA. Forgive me not, but kill me.

EPIMETHEUS. What hast thou done?

PANDORA. I pray for death, not pardon.

EPIMETHEUS. What hast thou done?

PANDORA. I dare not speak of it.

EPIMETHEUS. Thy pallor and thy silence terrify me!

PANDORA. I have brought wrath and ruin on thy house! My heart hath braved the oracle that guarded The fatal secret from us, and my hand Lifted the lid of the mysterious chest!

EPIMETHEUS. Then all is lost! I am indeed undone.

PANDORA. I pray for punishment, and not for pardon.

EPIMETHEUS. Mine is the fault not thine. On me shall fall The vengeance of the Gods, for I betrayed Their secret when, in evil hour, I said It was a secret; when, in evil hour, I left thee here alone to this temptation. Why did I leave thee?

PANDORA. Why didst thou return? 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 My love will have a sense of pity in it, Making it less a worship than before.

PANDORA. Pity me not; pity is degradation. Love me and kill me.

EPIMETHEUS. Beautiful Pandora! Thou art a Goddess still!

PANDORA. I am a woman; And the insurgent demon in my nature, That made me brave the oracle, revolts At pity and compassion. Let me die; What else remains for me?

EPIMETHEUS. Youth, hope, and love: To build a new life on a ruined life, To make the future fairer than the past, And make the past appear a troubled dream. Even now in passing through the garden walks Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest Ruined and full of rain; and over me Beheld the uncomplaining birds already Busy in building a new habitation.

PANDORA. Auspicious omen!

EPIMETHEUS. May the Eumenides Put out their torches and behold us not, And fling away their whips of scorpions And touch us not.

PANDORA. Me let them punish. Only through punishment of our evil deeds, Only through suffering, are we reconciled To the immortal Gods and to ourselves.

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES. Never shall souls like

these Escape the Eumenides, The daughters dark of Acheron
and Night! Unquenched our torches glare, Our scourges in the
air Send forth prophetic sounds before they smite.

Never by lapse of time The soul defaced by crime Into its
former self returns again; For every guilty deed Holds in itself
the seed Of retribution and undying pain.

Never shall be the loss Restored, till Helios Hath purified them
with his heavenly fires; Then what was lost is won, And the new
life begun, Kindled with nobler 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, And rolled on its harmonious way Into the
boundless realms of space!

So said the guests in speech and song, As in the chimney, burning
bright, We hung the iron crane to-night, And merry was the feast
and long.

II

And now I sit and muse on what may be, And in my vision see, or
seem to see, Through floating vapors interfused with light, Shapes
indeterminate, that gleam and fade, As shadows passing into
deeper shade Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall, As spread the table round and
small; Upon the polished silver shine The evening lamps, but, more
divine, The light of love shines over all; Of love, that says not mine

and thine, But ours, for ours is thine and mine.

They want no guests, to come between Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea, And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside; 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, In part transfigured, through the open
door Appears the selfsame scene.

Seated, I see the two again, But not alone; they entertain A little
angel unaware, With face as round as is the moon; A royal guest
with flaxen hair, Who, throned upon his lofty chair, Drums on the
table with his spoon, Then drops it careless on the floor, To grasp
at things unseen before.

Are these celestial manners? these The ways that win, the arts that
please? Ah yes; consider well the guest, And whatsoe'er he does
seems best; He ruleth by the right divine Of helplessness, so lately
born In purple chambers of the morn, As sovereign over thee and
thine. He speaketh not; and yet there lies A conversation in his
eyes; The golden silence of the Greek, The 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, 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 firs, Then sees it not, for boughs that intervene Or as we
see the moon sometimes revealed Through drifting clouds, and then
again concealed, So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table now; The king, deposed and older

grown, No longer occupies the throne,— The crown is on his
sister's brow; A Princess from the Fairy Isles, The very pattern girl
of girls. All covered and 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 Are looking, dreamy with delight; 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, Again the drifting
vapors intervene, 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 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 Seeking adventures, or
pursues, Through cities, and through solitudes Frequented by the
lyric Muse, The phantom with the beckoning 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 remain, And dark and
dead when ye are lost!

VI

The meadow-brook, that seemeth to stand still, Quickens its current
as it nears the mill; And so the stream of Time that lingereth In
level places, and so dull appears, Runs with a swifter current as it
nears The gloomy mills of Death.

And now, like the magician's scroll, That in the owner's keeping
shrinks With every wish he speaks or thinks, Till the last wish
consumes the whole, The table dwindles, and again I see the two
alone remain. The crown of stars is broken in parts; Its jewels,
brighter than the day, Have one by one been stolen away To shine
in other homes and hearts. One is a wanderer now afar In Ceylon
or in Zanzibar, Or sunny regions of Cathay; And one is in the
boisterous camp Mid clink of arms and horses' tramp, And battle's
terrible array. I see the patient mother read, With aching heart, of
wrecks that float Disabled on those seas remote, Or of some great
heroic deed On battle-fields 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 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, 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. On the round table in the
hall Another Ariadne's Crown Out of the sky hath fallen
down; More than one Monarch of the Moon Is drumming with his
silver spoon; The light of love shines over all.

O fortunate, O happy day! The people sing, the people say. The
ancient bridegroom and the bride, Smiling contented and
serene Upon the blithe, bewildering scene, Behold, well pleased,
on every side Their forms and features multiplied, As the reflection
of a light Between two burnished mirrors gleams, Or lamps upon a
bridge at night Stretch on and on before the 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 senescimus annis, Et fugiunt freno non remorante dies.—OVID, *Fastorum*, Lib. vi.

"O Caesar, we who are about to die Salute you!" was the gladiators' cry In the arena, standing face to face With death and with the Roman populace.

O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves of pine, That once were mine and are no longer mine,— Thou river, widening through the meadows green To the vast sea, so near and yet unseen,— Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose And vanished,—we who are about to die Salute you; earth and air and sea and sky, And the Imperial Sun that scatters down His sovereign splendors upon grove and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear! We are forgotten; and in your 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 front these walls, Ye heed not; we are only as the blast, A moment heard, and then forever past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze; They answer us—alas! what have I said? What greetings come there from the voiceless dead? What salutation, welcome, or reply? What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie? They are no longer here; they all are gone Into the land of shadows,—all save one. Honor and reverence, and the good repute That follows faithful service as its fruit, Be unto him, whom living we salute.

The great Italian poet, when he made His dreadful journey to the realms of shade, Met there the old instructor of his youth, And cried in tones of pity and of ruth: "O, never from the memory of my heart Your dear, paternal image shall depart, Who while on earth, ere yet by death surprised, Taught me how mortals are

immortalized; How grateful am I for that patient care All my life long my language shall declare."

To-day we make the poet's words our own And utter them in plaintive undertone; Nor to the living only be they said, But to the other living called the dead, Whose dear, paternal images appear Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in sunshine here; Whose simple lives, complete and without flaw, Were part and parcel of great Nature's law; Who said not to their Lord, as if afraid "Here is thy talent in a napkin laid," But labored in their sphere, as men who live In the 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, 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, 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 Scaean gate Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state With the old men, too old and weak to fight, Chirping like grasshoppers in their delight To see the embattled hosts, with spear and shield, Of Trojans and Achaians in the field; So from the snowy summits of our years We see you in the plain, as each appears, And question of you; asking, "Who is he That towers above the others? Which may be Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus, Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus?"

Let him not boast who puts his armor on 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
hesitate.

Write on your doors the saying wise and old, "Be bold! be bold!" and
everywhere—"Be bold; Be not too bold!" Yet better the
excess Than the defect; better the more than less; Better like
Hector in the field to die, Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly,

And now, my classmates; ye remaining few That number not the half
of those we knew, Ye, against whose familiar names not yet The
fatal asterisk of death is set, Ye I salute! The horologe of
Time Strikes the half-century with a solemn chime, And summons
us together once again, The joy of meeting not unmixed with pain.

Where are the others? Voices from the deep Caverns of darkness
answer me: "They sleep!" 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 Through the pale dusk of the impending 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, 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 noiseless
tread, As from a house where some one lieth dead. I cannot go;—I
pause;—I hesitate; My feet reluctant linger at the gate; As one who
struggles in a troubled dream 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 intervene, 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, 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!

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 thundercloud Are reassured if some one reads aloud A tale of wonder, with enchantment fraught, Or wild adventure, that diverts their thought, Let me endeavor with a tale to chase The gathering shadows of the time and place, And banish what we all too deeply feel Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal.

In mediaeval Rome, I know not where, There stood an image with its arm in air, And on its lifted finger, shining clear, A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!" Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed The meaning that these words but half expressed, Until a learned clerk, who at noonday With downcast eyes was passing on his way, 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 spacious hall, Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall; And opposite in threatening attitude With bow and shaft a brazen statue stood. Upon its forehead, like a coronet, Were these mysterious words of menace set: "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, 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, 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 overhead;— Stark on the door the luckless clerk lay dead!

The writer of this legend then records Its ghostly application in these words: 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, 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 Wrote his grand Oedipus, 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 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 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, 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 failing light; Something remains for us to do or
dare; Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear; Not Oedipus
Coloneus, or Greek Ode, Or tales of pilgrims that one morning
rode Out of the gateway of the Tabard inn, But other something,
would we but begin; For age is opportunity no less Than youth
itself, though in another dress, And as the evening twilight fades
away The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

A BOOK OF SONNETS

THREE FRIENDS OF MINE

I

When I remember them, those friends of mine, Who are no longer
here, the noble three, Who half my life were more than friends to
me, And whose discourse was like a generous wine, I most of all
remember the divine Something, that shone in them, and made us
see The archetypal man, and what might be The amplitude of
Nature's first design. In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their
hands; I cannot find them. Nothing now is left But a majestic
memory. They meanwhile Wander together in Elysian

lands, Perchance remembering me, who am bereft Of their dear presence, and, remembering, smile.

II

In Attica thy birthplace should have been, Or the Ionian Isles, or where the seas Encircle in their arms the Cyclades, So wholly Greek wast thou in thy serene And childlike joy of life, O Philhellene! 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 historic breath; Thou sawest Poseidon in the purple sea, And in the sunset Jason's fleece of gold! O, 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 distracted sea Piteously calling and lamenting thee, And waiting restless at thy cottage door. The rocks, the sea-weed on the ocean floor, The willows in the meadow, and the free Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me; Then why shouldst thou be dead, and come no more? Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men Are busy with their trivial affairs, Having and holding? Why, when thou 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 accustomed place, Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace And say good night, for now the western skies Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise Like 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 meadows 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
sunshine 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 linnet, and from every page Rise odors of ploughed field or
flowery mead.

SHAKESPEARE

A vision as of crowded city streets, With human life in endless
overflow; Thunder of 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 Maeonides! 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 meed 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 serene And
quiet nights, when all the heavens were fair. Not this I see, nor yet
the ancient fable Of Phaeton's wild course, that 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 rising tide Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep; A voice out of the silence of the deep, A sound mysteriously multiplied As of a cataract from the mountain's side, Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep. So comes to us at times, from the unknown And inaccessible 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 unrolled, The falling mantle of the Prophet seems. From the dim headlands many a lighthouse 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 defenceless land The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar. All thought and feeling and desire, I said, Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song Have ebbed from me forever! Suddenly o'er 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

children? What would be Their fate, who now are looking up to
me For help and furtherance? Their lives, I said, Would be a
volume wherein I have read But the first chapters, and no longer
see To read the rest of their dear history, So full of beauty and so
full of dread. Be comforted; the world is very old, And generations
pass, as they have passed, A troop of shadows moving with the
sun; Thousands of times has the old tale been told; The world
belongs to those who come the last, They will find hope and
strength as we have done.

A NAMELESS GRAVE

"A soldier of the Union mustered out," Is the inscription on an
unknown grave At Newport News, beside the salt-sea
wave, Nameless and dateless; sentinel or scout Shot down in
skirmish, or disastrous rout Of battle, when the loud artillery
drave Its iron wedges through the ranks of brave And doomed
battalions, storming the redoubt. Thou unknown hero sleeping by
the sea In thy forgotten grave! with secret shame I feel my
pulses beat, my forehead burn, When I remember thou hast given
for me All that thou hadst, thy life, thy very name, And I can give
thee nothing in return.

SLEEP

Lull me to sleep, ye winds, whose fitful sound Seems from some
faint Aeolian harp-string caught; Seal up the hundred wakeful eyes
of thought As Hermes with his lyre in sleep profound The hundred
wakeful eyes of Argus bound; For I am weary, and am
overwrought With too much toil, with too much care
distraught, And with the iron crown of anguish crowned. Lay thy
soft hand upon my brow and cheek, O peaceful Sleep! until from
pain released I breathe again uninterrupted breath! Ah, with what
subtile 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 behold Its
glistening scales. Twice hath it overthrown My kindred and
companions. Me alone It moveth not, but is by me controlled, I
can remember when the Medici Were driven from Florence; longer
still ago The final wars of Ghibelline and Guelf. Florence adorns
me with her jewelry; And when I think that Michael Angelo Hath
leaned on me, I glory in myself.

IL PONTE VECCHIO DI FIRENZE

Gaddi mi fece; il Ponte Vecchio sono; Cinquecent' anni gia sull'
Arno pianto Il piede, come il suo Michele Santo Pianto 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' abbandono. Io mi rammento
quando fur cacciati I Medici; pur quando Ghibellino E Guelfo
fecer pace mi rammento. Fiorenza i suoi gioielli m' ha prestati; 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 comforted By promises of others
in their stead, Which, though more splendid, may not please him
more; So Nature deals with us, and takes away Our playthings
one by one, and by the hand Leads us to rest so gently, that we
go Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay, Being too full of sleep
to understand How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN

Here lies the gentle humorist, who died In the bright Indian
Summer of his fame! A simple stone, with but a date and
name, Marks his secluded resting-place beside The river that he
loved and glorified. Here in the autumn of his days he came, But
the dry leaves of life were all 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 atmosphere.

ELIOT'S OAK

Thou ancient oak! whose myriad leaves are loud With sounds of
unintelligible speech, Sounds as of surges on a shingly
beach, Or multitudinous murmurs of a crowd; With some
mysterious gift of tongues endowed, Thou speakest a different
dialect to each; To me a language that no man can teach, Of a
lost race, long vanished like a cloud. For underneath thy shade, in
days remote, Seated like Abraham at eventide Beneath the oaks
of Mamre, the unknown Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote His
Bible in a language that hath died And is forgotten, save by thee
alone.

THE DESCENT OF THE MUSES

Nine sisters, beautiful in form and face, Came from their convent
on the shining heights Of Pierus, the mountain of delights, To
dwell among the people at its base. Then seemed the world to
change. All time and space, Splendor of cloudless days and starry
nights, And men and manners, and all sounds and sights, Had a
new meaning, a diviner grace. Proud were these sisters, but were
not too proud To teach in schools of little country towns Science
and song, and all the arts that please; So that while housewives
span, and farmers ploughed, Their comely daughters, clad in
homespun gowns, Learned the sweet songs of the Pierides.

VENICE

White swan of cities, slumbering in thy nest So wonderfully built
among the reeds Of the lagoon, that fences thee and feeds, As
sayeth thy old historian and thy guest! White water-lily, cradled and
caressed By ocean streams, and from the silt and weeds Lifting
thy golden filaments and seeds, Thy sun-illumined spires, thy
crown and crest! White phantom city, whose untrodden
streets Are rivers, and whose pavements are the

shifting Shadows of palaces and strips of sky; I wait to see thee
vanish like the fleets Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud
uplifting In air their unsubstantial masonry.

THE POETS

O ye dead Poets, who are living still Immortal in your verse, though
life be fled, And ye, O living Poets, who are dead Though ye are
living, if neglect can kill, Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill, With
drops of anguish falling fast and red 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 divinely 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
scholastic feet, Were all his world; but in this calm retreat For
him the Teacher's chair became a throne. With fond affection
memory loves to dwell On the old days, when his example
made A pastime of the toil of tongue and pen; And now, amid the
groves he loved so well That naught could lure him from their
grateful shade, He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for God hath said,
Amen!

THE HARVEST MOON

It is the Harvest Moon! On gilded vanes And roofs of villages, on
woodland crests And their aerial neighborhoods of
nests Deserted, on the curtained window-panes Of rooms where
children sleep, on country lanes And harvest-fields, its mystic
splendor rests! Gone are the birds that were our summer

guests, With the last sheaves return the laboring wains! All things
are symbols: the external shows Of Nature have their image in the
mind, As flowers and fruits and falling of the leaves; The song-
birds leave us at the summer's close, Only the empty nests are left
behind, And pipings of the quail among the sheaves.

TO THE RIVER RHONE

Thou Royal River, born of sun and shower In chambers purple with
the Alpine glow, Wrapped in the spotless ermine of the
snow And rocked by tempests!—at the appointed hour Forth, like
a steel-clad horseman from a tower, With clang and clink of
harness dost thou go To meet thy vassal torrents, that
below Rush to receive thee and obey thy power. And now thou
movest in triumphal march, A king among the rivers! On thy
way A hundred towns await and welcome thee; Bridges uplift for
thee the stately arch, Vineyards encircle thee with garlands
gay, And fleets attend thy progress to the sea!

THE THREE SILENCES OF MOLINOS

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Three Silences there are: the first of speech, The second of desire,
the third of thought; This is the lore a Spanish monk,
distraught With dreams and visions, was the first to teach. These
Silences, commingling each with each, Made up the perfect
Silence, that he sought And prayed for, and wherein at times he
caught Mysterious sounds from realms beyond our reach. O thou,
whose daily life anticipates The life to come, and in whose thought
and word The spiritual world preponderates. Hermit of Amesbury!
thou too hast heard Voices and melodies from beyond the
gates, And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!

THE TWO RIVERS

I

Slowly the hour-hand of the clock moves round; So slowly that no
human eye hath power To see it move! Slowly in shine or

shower The painted ship above it, homeward bound, Sails, but
seems motionless, as if aground; Yet both arrive at last; and in his
tower The slumberous watchman wakes and strikes the hour, A
mellow, measured, melancholy sound. Midnight! the outpost of
advancing day! The frontier town and citadel of night! The
watershed of Time, from which the streams Of Yesterday and To-
morrow take their way, One to the land of promise and of
light, One to the land of darkness and of dreams!

II

O River of Yesterday, with current swift Through chasms
descending, and soon lost to sight, I do not care to follow in 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, unfamiliar fields, Fragrant with flowers and musical
with song; Still follow, follow; sure to meet the sun, And confident,
that what the future yields Will be the right, unless myself be
wrong.

III

Yet not in vain, O River of Yesterday, Through chasms of darkness
to the deep descending, I heard thee sobbing in the rain, and
blending Thy voice with other voices far away. I called to thee,
and yet thou wouldst not stay, But turbulent, and with thyself
contending, And torrent-like thy force on pebbles spending, Thou
wouldst not listen to a poet's lay. Thoughts, like a loud and sudden
rush of wings, Regrets and recollections of things past, With
hints and prophecies of things to be, And inspirations, which, could
they be things, And stay with us, and we could hold them
fast, Were our good angels,—these I owe to thee.

IV

And thou, O River of To-morrow, flowing Between thy narrow
adamantine walls, But beautiful, and white with waterfalls, And
wreaths of mist, like hands the pathway showing; I hear the trumpets

of the morning blowing, I hear thy mighty voice, that calls and
calls, And see, as Ossian saw in Morven'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 hemisphere, 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 centred 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 if thy stones memorial laid; Then I
remember one of whom was said In the world's darkest hour,
"Behold thy son!" And see him living still, and wandering on And
waiting for the advent long delayed. Not only tongues of the apostles
teach Lessons of love and light, but these expanding And
sheltering boughs with all their leaves implore, And say in language
clear as human speech, "The peace of God, that passeth
understanding, Be and abide with you forevermore!"

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 tarries
long; We hear the sound thereof, but no man knoweth From
whence it comes, so sudden and swift and strong, Nor whither in
its wayward course it goeth.

WOODSTOCK PARK

Here in a little rustic hermitage Alfred the Saxon King, Alfred the
Great, Postponed the cares of king-craft to translate The
Consolations of the Roman sage. Here Geoffrey Chaucer in his ripe
old age Wrote the unrivalled Tales, which soon or late The
venturous hand that strives to imitate Vanquished must fall on the
unfinished page. Two kings were they, who ruled by right
divine, And both supreme; one in the realm of Truth, One in the
realm of Fiction and of Song. What prince hereditary of their
line, Uprising in the strength and flush of youth, Their glory shall
inherit and prolong?

THE FOUR PRINCESSES AT WILNA

A PHOTOGRAPH

Sweet faces, that from pictured casements lean As from a castle
window, looking down On some gay pageant passing through a
town, Yourselves the fairest figures in the scene; With what a
gentle grace, with what serene Unconsciousness ye wear the triple
crown Of youth and beauty and the fair renown Of a great name,
that ne'er hath tarnished been! From your soft eyes, so innocent and
sweet, Four spirits, sweet and innocent as they, Gaze on the
world below, the sky above; Hark! there is some one singing in the
street; "Faith, Hope, and Love! these three," he seems to
say; "These three; and greatest of the three is Love."

HOLIDAYS

The holiest of all holidays are those Kept by ourselves in silence
and apart; The secret anniversaries of the heart, When the full
river of feeling overflows;— The happy days unclouded to their

close; The sudden joys that out of darkness start As flames from
ashes; swift desires that dart Like swallows singing down each
wind that blows! White as the gleam of a receding sail, White as a
cloud that floats and fades in air, White as the whitest lily on a
stream, These tender memories are;—a Fairy Tale Of some
enchanted land we know not where, But lovely as a landscape in a
dream.

WAPENTAKE

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Poet! I come to touch thy lance with mine; Not as a knight, who on
the listed field Of tourney touched his adversary's shield In token
of defiance, but in sign Of homage to the mastery, which is
thine, In English song; nor will I keep concealed, And voiceless
as a rivulet frost-congealed, My admiration for thy verse
divine. Not of the howling dervishes of song, Who craze the brain
with their delirious dance, Art thou, O sweet historian of the
heart! Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong, To thee our love
and our allegiance, For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

THE BROKEN OAR Once upon Iceland's solitary strand A poet
wandered with his book and pen, Seeking some final word, some
sweet Amen, Wherewith to close the volume in his hand. The
billows rolled and plunged upon the sand, The circling sea-gulls
swept beyond his ken, And from the parting cloud-rack now and
then Flashed the red sunset over sea and land. Then by the
billows at his feet was tossed A broken oar; and carved thereon he
read, "Oft was I weary, when I toiled at thee"; And like a man, who
findeth what was lost, He wrote the words, then lifted up his
head, And flung his useless pen into the sea.

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 benedict. There is a mountain in the distant West That,
sun-defying, in its deep ravines 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'erhead, 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 mediaeval towns

are white on all The hillsides, and where every mountain's crest Is
an Etrurian or a Roman wall.

There is Alagna, where Pope Boniface Was dragged with
contumely from his throne; Sciarra Colonna, was that day's
disgrace The Pontiff's only, or in part thine own?

There is Ceprano, where a renegade 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 Volscian town, Where Juvenal was born,
whose lurid light Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown Of
splendor seen o'er cities in the night.

Doubled the splendor is, that in its streets The Angelic Doctor as a
school-boy played, And dreamed perhaps the dreams, that he
repeats In ponderous folios for scholastics made.

And there, uplifted, like a passing cloud That pauses on a mountain
summit high, Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud And
venerable walls against the sky.

Well I remember how on foot I climbed The stony pathway leading
to its gate; Above, the convent bells for vespers chimed, Below,
the darkening town grew desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and dark, The court-yard with its
well, the terrace wide, From which, far down, the valley like a
park Veiled in the evening mists, was dim descried.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands Caressed the mountain-
tops; the vales between Darkened; the river in the
meadowlands Sheathed itself as a sword, and was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a sleep, So full of rest it seemed;
each passing tread Was a reverberation from the deep Recesses
of the ages that are dead.

For, more than thirteen centuries ago, Benedict fleeing from the
gates of Rome, A youth disgusted with its vice and woe, Sought in

these mountain solitudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and his Rule Of prayer and work,
and counted work as prayer; The pen became a clarion, and his
school Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.

What though Boccaccio, in his reckless way, Mocking the lazy
brotherhood, deplores The illuminated manuscripts, that lay Torn
and neglected on the dusty floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child Of fancy and of fiction at the
best! This the urbane librarian said, and smiled Incredulous, as at
some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these, with one young friar I sat conversing
late into the night, Till in its cavernous chimney the woodfire Had
burnt its heart out like an anchorite.

And then translated, in my convent cell, Myself yet not myself, in
dreams I lay, And, as a monk who hears the matin bell, Started
from sleep; already it was day.

From the high window I beheld the scene On which Saint Benedict
so oft had gazed,— The mountains and the valley in the sheen Of
the bright sun,—and stood as one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing; The woodlands glistened
with their jewelled crowns; Far off the mellow bells began to
ring For matins in the half-awakened towns.

The conflict of the Present and the Past, The ideal and the actual in
our life, As on a field of battle held me fast, Where this world and
the next world were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep awoke, I saw the iron horses of the
steam Toss to the morning air their plumes of smoke, And woke,
as one awaketh from a dream.

AMALFI

Sweet the memory is to me Of a land beyond the sea, Where the

waves and mountains meet, Where, amid her mulberry-trees Sits
Amalfi in the heat, Bathing ever her white feet In the tideless
summer seas.

In the middle of the town, From its fountains in the hills, Tumbling
through the narrow gorge, 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, 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; 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, 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, 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!

This is an enchanted land! Round the headlands far away Sweeps
the blue Salernian bay With its sickle of white sand: Further still and
furthest On the dim discovered coast Paestum with its ruins
lies, And its roses all in bloom Seem to tinge the fatal skies Of that

lonely land of doom.

On his terrace, high in air, Nothing 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 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, Comes this memory of delight, Comes this vision unto me Of a long-lost Paradise In the land beyond the sea.

THE SERMON OF ST. FRANCIS

Up soared the lark into the air, A shaft of song, a winged prayer, As if a soul, released from pain, Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard; it was to him An emblem of the 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 darksome wood Came flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," St. Francis said, "Ye come to me and ask for bread, But not with bread alone to-day Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds, With manna of celestial words; Not mine, though mine they seem to be, Not mine, though they be spoken through me.

"O, doubly are ye bound to praise The great Creator in your lays; He giveth you your plumes of down, Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly And breathe a purer air on

high, And careth for you everywhere, Who for yourselves so little care!"

With flutter of swift wings and songs Together rose the feathered throngs, And singing scattered far apart; Deep peace was in St. Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood His homily had understood; He only knew that to one ear The meaning of his words was clear.

BELISARIUS

I am poor and old and blind; The sun burns me, and the wind Blows through the city gate And covers me with dust From the wheels of the august Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased The Persians o'er wild and waste, 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"

KERAMOS

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; Far
some must follow, and some command, Though all are made of
clay!

Thus sang the Potter at his task Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-
tree, While o'er his features, like a mask, The 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— For it was
magical to me— I stood in silence and apart, And wondered more
and more to see That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay Rise up to
meet the master's hand, And now contract and now expand, And
even his slightest touch obey; While ever in a thoughtful mood He
sang his ditty, and at times Whistled a tune between the
rhymes, As a melodious interlude.

Turn, turn, my wheel! All things must change To something new, to
something strange; Nothing that is can pause or stay; The moon
will wax, the moon will wane, The mist and cloud will turn to
rain, The rain to mist and cloud again, To-morrow be to-day.

Thus still the Potter sang, and still, By some unconscious act of
will, The melody and even the words Were intermingled with my
thought As bits of colored thread are caught And woven into nests
of birds. And thus to regions far remote, Beyond the ocean's vast
expanse, This wizard in the motley coat Transported me on wings
of song, And by the northern shores of France Bore me with
restless speed along. What land is this that seems to be A mingling
of the land and sea? This land of sluices, dikes, and dunes? This
water-net, that tessellates The landscape? this unending maze Of

gardens, through whose latticed gates The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze; Where in long summer afternoons The sunshine, softened by the haze, Comes streaming down as through a screen; Where over fields and pastures green The painted ships float high in air, And over all and everywhere The sails of 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 displayed; The pride, the market-place, the crown And centre of the Potter's trade. See! every house and room is bright With glimmers of reflected light From plates that on the dresser shine; Flagons to foam with Flemish beer, Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine, And pilgrim flasks with 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; 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 wilt soon be leaf, What now is leaf will soon decay; The wind blows east, the wind blows west; The blue eyes in the robin's nest Will soon have wings and beak and breast, And flutter and fly away.

Now southward through the air I glide, The song my only pursuivant, And see across the landscape wide The blue Charente, upon whose tide The belfries and the spires of Saintes Ripple and rock from side to side, As, when an earthquake rends its walls, A crumbling city reels and falls.

Who is it in the suburbs here, This Potter, working with such cheer, In this mean house, this mean attire, His manly features bronzed with fire, Whose figulines and rustic wares Scarce find him bread from day to day? This madman, as the people say, Who breaks his tables and his chairs To feed his furnace fires, nor cares Who goes unfed if they are fed, Nor who may live if they are dead? This alchemist with hollow cheeks And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks, By mingled earths and ores combined With potency of fire, to find Some new enamel, hard and bright, His

dream, his passion, his delight?

O Palissy! within thy breast Burned the hot fever of unrest; Thine was the prophets vision, thine The exultation, the divine Insanity of noble minds, That never falters nor abates, But labors and endures and waits, Till all that it foresees it finds, Or what it cannot find creates!

Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar A touch can make, a touch can mar; And shall it to the Potter say, What makest thou. Thou hast no hand? As men who think to understand A world by their Creator planned, Who wiser is than they.

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,— A spot, a dot upon the chart, Whose little towns, red-roofed with tile, Are ruby-lusted with the light Of blazing furnaces by night, And crowned by day with wreaths of smoke. Then eastward, wafted in my flight On my enchanter's magic cloak, I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea Into the land of Italy, And o'er the windy Apennines, Mantled and musical with pines.

The palaces, the princely halls, The doors of houses and the walls Of churches and of belfry towers, Cloister and castle, street and mart, Are garlanded and gay with flowers That blossom in the fields of art. Here Gubbio's workshops gleam and glow With brilliant, iridescent dyes, The dazzling whiteness of the snow, The cobalt blue of summer skies; And vase and scutcheon, cup and plate, In perfect finish emulate Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

Forth from Urbino's gate there came A youth with the angelic name Of Raphael, in form and face Himself angelic, and divine In arts of color and design. From him Francesco Xanto caught Something of his transcendent grace, And into fictile fabrics wrought Suggestions of the master's thought. Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines With madre-perl and golden lines Of arabesques, and interweaves His birds and fruits and flowers and leaves About some landscape, shaded brown, With olive tints on rock and town. Behold this cup within whose bowl, Upon a ground of

deepest blue With yellow-lustred 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 earrings all ablaze With golden lustre o'er the glaze, A woman's portrait; on the scroll, Cana, the Beautiful! A name Forgotten save for such brief fame As this memorial can bestow,— A gift some lover long ago Gave with his heart to this fair dame.

A nobler title to renown Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town, Seated beside the Arno's stream; For Lucca della Robbia there Created forms so wondrous fair, They made thy sovereignty supreme. These choristers with lips of stone, Whose music is not heard, but seen, Still chant, as from their organ-screen, Their Maker's praise; nor these alone, But the more fragile forms of clay, Hardly less beautiful than they, These 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.

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, Made perfect by the furnace heat; All earthly passions and desires Burnt out by purgatorial fires; Seeming to say, "Our years are fleet, And to the weary death is sweet."

But the most wonderful of all The ornaments on tomb or wall That grace the fair Ausonian shores Are those the faithful earth restores, Near some Apulian town concealed, In vineyard or in harvest field,— Vases and urns and bas-reliefs, Memorials of forgotten griefs, Or records of heroic deeds Of demigods and mighty chiefs: Figures that almost move and speak, And, buried amid mould and weeds, Still in their attitudes attest The presence of the graceful Greek,— Achilles in his armor dressed, Alcides with the Cretan bull, And Aphrodite with her boy, Or lovely Helena of Troy, Still living and still beautiful.

Turn, turn, my wheel! 'T is nature's plan The child should grow into the man, The man grow wrinkled, old, and gray; In youth the heart

exults and sings, The pulses leap, the feet have wings; In age the cricket chirps, and brings The harvest home of day.

And now the winds that southward blow, And cool the hot Sicilian isle, Bear me away. I see below The long line of the Libyan Nile, Flooding and feeding the parched land With annual ebb and overflow, A fallen palm whose branches lie Beneath the Abyssinian sky, Whose roots are in Egyptian sands, On either bank huge water-wheels, Belted with jars and dripping weeds, Send forth their 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 minaret, Is Cairo, in whose gay bazaars The dreaming traveller first inhales The perfume of Arabian gales, And sees the fabulous earthen jars, Huge as were those wherein the maid Morgiana found the Forty Thieves Concealed in midnight ambuscade; And seeing, more than half believes The fascinating tales that run Through all the Thousand Nights and One, 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 veiled; The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx; Bracelets with blue enamelled links; The Scarabee in emerald mailed, Or spreading wide his funeral wings; Lamps that perchance their night-watch kept O'er Cleopatra while she slept,— All plundered from the tombs of kings.

Turn, turn, my wheel! The human race, Of every tongue, of every place, Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay, All that inhabit this great earth, Whatever be their rank or worth, Are kindred and allied by birth, And made of the same clay.

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay, O'er 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 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 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 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, 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, 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, And on the hillside I can see The villages of Imari, Whose thronged and flaming workshops 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, 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 overhead, The counterfeit and counterpart Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature; yes, Her darling child, in whom we trace The features of the mother's face, Her aspect and her attitude, All her majestic loveliness Chastened and softened and subdued Into a more attractive grace, And with a human sense imbued. He is the greatest artist, then, Whether of pencil or of pen, Who follows Nature. Never man, As artist or as artisan, Pursuing his own fantasies, Can touch the human heart, or please, Or satisfy our nobler needs, As he who sets his willing feet In Nature's footprints, light and fleet, And follows fearless where she leads.

Thus mused I on that morn in May, Wrapped in my visions like the Seer, Whose eyes behold not what is near, But only what is far away, When, suddenly sounding peal on peal, The church-bell from the neighboring town Proclaimed the welcome hour of noon. The Potter heard, and stopped his wheel, His apron on the grass threw down, Whistled his quiet little tune, Not overloud nor overlong, And ended thus his simple song:

Stop, stop, my wheel! Too soon, too soon The noon will be the afternoon, Too soon to-day be yesterday; Behind us in our path we cast The broken potsherds of the past, And all are ground to dust a 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 Elmwood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass To your roosts in the
haunts of the exiled thrushes, Sing him the song of the green
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 discern, And
cannot interpret the words you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight Of wings that uplift and winds
that uphold you, The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight Through
the drift of the floating mists that infold you.

Of the landscape lying so far below, With its towns and rivers and
desert places; And the splendor of light above, and the glow Of
the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours, Or of Minnesingers in old
black-letter, Sound in his ears more sweet than yours, And if
yours are not sweeter and wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate, Where the boughs of the
stately elms are meeting, Some one hath lingered to
meditate, And send him unseen this friendly greeting;

That many another hath done the same, Though not by a sound
was the silence broken; The surest pledge of a deathless name Is
the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

A DUTCH PICTURE

Simon Danz has come home again, From cruising about with his
buccaneers; He has singed the beard of the King of Spain, And
carried away the Dean of Jaen And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles, And weathercocks
flying aloft in air, There are silver tankards of antique
styles, Plunder of convent and castle, and piles Of carpets rich
and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town, Overlooking the sluggish
stream, With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown, The old sea-
captain, hale and brown, Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks Whenever he thinks of the King
of Spain, And the listed tulips look like Turks, And the silent
gardener as he works Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost Verge of the landscape 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 begin, He sits and smokes by the blazing
brands, And old seafaring men come in, Goat-bearded, gray, and
with double chin, And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine Of the flickering fire of the
winter night; Figures in color and design Like those by Rembrandt
of the Rhine, Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or won, And their talk is ever and
ever the same, While they drink the red wine of Tarragon, From the
cellars of some Spanish Don, Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides He paces his parlor to and
fro; He is like a ship that at anchor rides, And swings with the rising
and falling tides, And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near, Sound of the wind and sound of
the sea, Are calling and whispering in his ear, "Simon Danz! Why
stayest thou here? Come forth and follow me!"

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again For one more cruise
with his buccaneers, To singe the beard of the King of Spain, And
capture another Dean of Jaen And sell him in Algiers.

CASTLES IN SPAIN

How much of my young heart, O Spain, Went out to thee in days of
yore! What dreams romantic filled my brain, And summoned back
to life again The Paladins of Charlemagne The Cid Campeador!

And shapes more shadowy than these, In the dim twilight half
revealed; Phoenician galleys on the seas, The Roman camps like
hives of bees, The Goth uplifting from his knees Pelayo on his
shield.

It was these memories perchance, From annals of remotest
eld, That lent the colors of romance To every trivial
circumstance, And changed the form and countenance Of all that I
beheld.

Old towns, whose history lies hid In monkish chronicle or
rhyme, 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;

White crosses in the mountain pass, Mules gay with tassels, the
loud din Of muleteers, the tethered ass That crops the dusty
wayside grass, And cavaliers with spurs of brass Alighting at the
inn;

White hamlets hidden in fields of wheat, White cities slumbering by
the sea, White sunshine flooding square and street, Dark mountain-
ranges, at whose feet The river-beds are dry with heat,— All was
a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe O'er the enchanted landscape
reigned; A terror in the atmosphere As if King Philip listened
near, Or Torquemada, the austere, His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies Dispelled the sadness and the

gloom; There Cadiz by the seaside lies, And Seville's orange-orchards rise, Making the land a paradise Of beauty and of bloom.

There Cordova is hidden among The palm, the olive, and the vine; Gem of the South, by poets sung, And in whose Mosque Ahmanzor hung As lamps the bells that once had rung At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme, The star of stars, the cynosure, The artist's and the poet's theme, The young man's vision, the old man's dream,— Granada by its winding stream, The city of the Moor!

And there the Alhambra still recalls Aladdin's palace of delight; Allah il Allah! through its halls Whispers the fountain as it falls, The Darro darts beneath its walls, The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with snow, And cold with blasts that bite and freeze; But in the happy vale below The orange and pomegranate grow, And wafts of air toss to and fro The blossoming almond-trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil, The fascination and allure Of the sweet landscape chains the will; The traveller lingers on the hill, His parted lips are breathing still The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown With flower's that hide the rents of time, Stands now the Past that I have known, Castles in Spain, not built of stone But of white summer clouds, and blown Into this little mist of rhyme!

VITTORIA COLONNA.

VITTORIA COLONNA, on the death of her husband, the Marchese di Pescara, retired to her castle at Ischia (Inarime), and there wrote the Ode upon his death, which gained her the title of Divine.

Once more, once more, Inarime, I see thy purple hills!—once more I hear the billows of the bay Wash the white pebbles on thy shore.

High o'er the sea-surge and the sands, Like a great galleon
wrecked and cast Ashore by storms, thy castle stands, A
mouldering landmark of the Past.

Upon its terrace-walk I see A phantom gliding to and fro; It is
Colonna,—it is she Who lived and loved so long ago.

Pescara's beautiful young wife, The type of perfect
womanhood, Whose life was love, the life of life, That time and
change and death withstood.

For death, that breaks the marriage band In others, only closer
pressed The wedding-ring upon her hand And closer locked and
barred her breast.

She knew the life-long martyrdom, The weariness, the endless
pain Of waiting for some one to come Who nevermore would
come again.

The shadows of the chestnut-trees, The odor of the orange
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 unseen, exist,

Inarime! Inarime! 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
Yellowstone Roar down their mountain path, By their fires the
Sioux Chiefs Muttered their woes and griefs And the menace of

their wrath.

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face, "Revenge upon all the race Of
the White Chief with yellow hair!" And the mountains dark and
high From their crags re-echoed the cry Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide By woodland and riverside The
Indian village stood; All was silent as a dream, Save the rushing a
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 Lisette, Thou goest to wed the Orge's tide.

Maincourt, and lordly Dampierre, See and salute thee on thy
way, And, with a blessing and a prayer, Ring the sweet bells of St.
Forget.

The valley of Chevreuse in vain Would hold thee in its fond
embrace; Thou glidest from its arms again And 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 head's delight.

O lovely river of Yvette! O darling stream! on balanced wings The wood-birds sang the chansonnette That here a wandering poet sings.

THE EMPEROR'S GLOVE

"Combien faudrait-il de peaux d'Espagne pour faire un gant de cette grandeur?" A play upon the words gant, a glove, and Gand, the French for Ghent.

On St. Baron's tower, commanding Half of Flanders, his domain,
Charles the Emperor once was standing, While beneath him on the landing
Stood Duke Alva and his train.

Like a print in books of fables, Or a model made for show, With its pointed 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 together
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, Did his
bidding night and day. Now, through regions all unknown, He was
wandering, lost, alone, Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends, Sheer the precipice descends, Loud
the torrent roars unseen; Thirty feet from side to side Yawns the
chasm; on air must ride He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit, At the precipice's foot, Reyhan the
Arab of Orfah Halted with his hundred men, Shouting upward from
the glen, "La Illah illa Allah!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed Kyrat's forehead, neck, and
breast; Kissed him upon both his eyes; Sang to him in his wild
way, As upon the topmost spray Sings a bird before it flies.

"O my Kyrat, O my steed, Round and slender as a reed, Carry me
this peril through! Satin 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, Tender are thine eyes and true; All thy hoofs like ivory
shine, Polished bright; O, life of mine, Leap, and rescue
Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet, Drew together his four white
feet, Paused a moment on the verge, Measured with his eye the
space, And into the air's embrace Leaped as leaps the ocean
surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand Bears a swimmer safe to land, Kyrat
safe his rider bore; Rattling down the deep abyss Fragments of the

precipice Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasselled cap of red Trembled not upon his
head, Careless sat he and upright; Neither hand nor bridle
shook, Nor his head 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 Lives there not so brave a man As this Robber
Kurroglou!"

HAROUN AL RASCHID

One day, Haroun Al Raschid read A book wherein the poet said:—

"Where are the kings, and where the rest Of those who once the
world possessed?

"They're gone with all their pomp and show, They're gone the way
that thou shalt go.

"O thou who chooseth for thy share The world, and what the world
calls fair,

"Take all that it can give or lend, But know that death is at the end!"

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head: Tears fell upon the page he
read.

KING TRISANKU

Viswamitra the Magician, By his spells and incantations, Up to
Indra's realms elysian Raised Trisanku, king of nations.

Indra and the gods offended Hurl'd him downward, and
descending In the air he hung suspended, With these equal

powers contending.

Thus by aspirations lifted, By misgivings downward driven, Human hearts are tossed and drifted Midway between earth and heaven.

A WRAITH IN THE MIST

"Sir, I should build me a fortification, if I came to live here." —
BOSWELL'S Johnson.

On the green little isle of Inchkenneth, Who is it that walks by the shore,
So gay with his Highland blue bonnet, So brave with his targe and claymore?

His form is the form of a giant, But his face wears an aspect of pain;
Can this be the Laird of Inchkenneth? Can this be Sir Allan McLean?

Ah, no! It is only the Rambler, The Idler, who lives in Bolt Court,
And who says, were he Laird of Inchkenneth, He would wall himself round with a fort.

THE THREE KINGS

Three Kings came riding from far away, Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar;
Three Wise Men out of the East were they, And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large, and clear, That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere, And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows, Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West, Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on

breast And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest, With the
people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar, "Good people, I pray you,
tell us the news; For we in the East have seen his star, And have
ridden fast, and have ridden far, To find and worship the King of
the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain; We know of no king
but Herod the Great!" They thought the Wise Men were men
insane, As they spurred their horses across the plain, Like riders
in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem, Herod the Great, who had
heard this thing, Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them; And
said, "Go down unto Bethlehem, And bring me tidings of this new
king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still, The only one in the
gray of morn Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will, Right
over Bethlehem on the hill, The city of David where Christ was
born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard, Through
the silent street, till their horses turned And 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 divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth Sat watching beside his place of
rest, Watching the even flow of his breath, For the joy of life and the
terror of death Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet: The gold was their tribute to a
King, The frankincense, with its odor sweet, Was for the Priest, the
Paraclete, The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head, And sat as still as

a statue of stone; Her heart was troubled yet
comforted, Remembering what the Angel had said Of an endless
reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate, With a clatter of hoofs in
proud array; But they went not back to Herod the Great, For they
knew his malice and feared his hate, And returned to their homes
by another way.

SONG

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest; Home-keeping hearts are
happiest, For those that wander they know not where Are full of
trouble and full of care; To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed, They wander east, they
wander west, And are 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? O, 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, darling; 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 that
land of dreams, That land of fiction and of truth, The lost Atlantis of
our youth!

Whither, oh, whither? Are not these The tempest-haunted
Hebrides, Where sea gulls scream, and breakers roar, And wreck
and sea-weed line the shore?

Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle! Here in thy harbors for a while We lower
our sails; a while we rest From the 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 CAMBRIDGE

Who presented to me on my Seventy-second Birth-day, February 27,
1879, this Chair, made from the Wood of the Village Blacksmith's
Chestnut Tree.

Am I a king, that I should call my own This splendid ebon
throne? Or by what reason, or what right divine, Can I proclaim
it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song It may to me belong; Only
because the spreading chestnut tree Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime, When in the summer-time The
affluent foliage of its branches made A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street, Its blossoms
white and sweet Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive, And
murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout, Tossed its great
arms about, The shining chestnuts, bursting from the
sheath, Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare, Shaped as a
stately chair, Have by my hearthstone found a home at last, And
whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride Repel the ocean
tide, But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme Roll back the tide of
Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees, The blossoms and the
bees, And hear the children's voices shout and call, And the
brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow, I hear the bellows blow, And
the shrill hammers on the anvil beat The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me This day a
jubilee, And to my more than three-score years and ten Brought
back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind, And in it are
enshrined The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought The
giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could Give life to this
dead wood, And make these branches, leafless now so
long, Blossom again in song.

JUGURTHA

How cold are thy baths, Apollo! Cried the African monarch, the
splendid, As down to his death in the hollow Dark dungeons of
Rome he descended, Uncrowned, unthroned, unattended; How
cold are thy baths, Apollo!

How cold are thy baths, Apollo! Cried the Poet, unknown,
unbefriended, As the vision, that lured him to follow, With the mist
and the darkness blended, And the dream of his life was
ended; How cold are thy baths, Apollo!

THE IRON PEN

Made from a fetter of Bonnivard, the Prisoner of Chillon; the handle of
wood from the Frigate Constitution, and bound with a circlet of gold,
inset with three precious stones from Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine.

I thought this Pen would arise From the casket where it lies— Of
itself would arise and write My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the pines, I dreamed these gems from
the mines Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine Would glimmer as
thoughts in the lines;

That this iron link from the chain Of Bonnivard might retain Some
verse of the Poet who sang Of the prisoner and his pain;

That this wood from the frigate's mast Might write me a rhyme at
last, As it used to write on the sky The song of the sea and the
blast.

But motionless as I wait, Like a Bishop lying in state Lies the Pen,
with its mitre of gold, And its jewels inviolate.

Then must I speak, and say That the light of that summer day In
the garden under the pines Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there, Caressed by the fragrant air, With
the shadow on your face, And the sunshine on your hair.

I shall hear the sweet low tone Of a voice before
unknown, Saying, "This is from me to you— From me, and to you
alone."

And in words not idle and vain I shall answer and thank you
again For the gift, and the grace of the gift, O beautiful Helen of
Maine!

And forever this gift will be As a blessing from you to me, As a
drop of the dew of your youth On the leaves of an aged tree.

ROBERT BURNS

I see amid the fields of Ayr A ploughman, who, in foul and
fair, Sings at his task So clear, we know not if it is The
laverock's song we hear, or his, Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields A more ethereal harvest
yields Than sheaves of grain; Songs flush with Purple bloom
the rye, The 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 illumines The darkness of lone cottage
rooms; He feels the force, The treacherous undertow and
stress Of wayward passions, and no less The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate, His voice is harsh, but not with
hate; The brushwood, hung Above the tavern door, lets fall Its
bitter leaf, its drop of gall Upon his tongue.

But still the music of his song Rises o'er all elate and strong; Its
master-chords Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood, Its discords
but an interlude Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave Unfinished what he might
achieve! Yet better sure Is this, than wandering up and
down An old man in a country town, Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land As an immortal youth; his
hand Guides every plough; He sits beside each 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 mist 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
Ausonian shores.

Now they have vanished away, have disappeared in the
ocean; Sunk are the towers of the town into the depths of the
sea! AU 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 RADNOR

What an image of peace and rest Is this little church among its
graves! All is so quiet; the troubled breast, The wounded spirit, the
heart oppressed, Here may find the repose it craves.

See, how the ivy climbs and expands Over this humble
hermitage, And seems to caress with its little hands The rough,
gray stones, as a child that stands 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 farther longing and farther search.

Here would I stay, and let the world With its distant thunder roar
and roll; Storms do not rend the sail that is 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
disgrace Of weakness; We shall be sifted till the strength Of

self-conceit be changed at length To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed will ache; The reddening scars
remain, and make Confession; Lost innocence returns no
more; We are not what we were before Transgression.

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 WEATHERCOCK

MAIDEN O weathercock on the village spire, With your golden
feathers all on fire, Tell me, what can you see from your
perch Above there over the tower of the church?

WEATHERCOCK. I can see the roofs and the streets below, And
the people moving to and fro, And beyond, without either roof or
street, The great salt sea, and the fisherman's fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in Beyond the headlands and harbor of
Lynn, And a young man standing on the deck, With a silken
kerchief round his neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips, And now he is kissing his finger-
tips, And now he is lifting and waving his hand And blowing the
kisses toward the land.

MAIDEN. Ah, that is the ship from over the sea, That is bringing my
lover back to me, Bringing my lover so fond and true, Who does not
change with the wind like you.

WEATHERCOCK. If I change with all the winds that blow, It is only
because they made me so, And people would think it wondrous
strange, If I, a Weathercock, should not change.

O pretty Maiden, so fine and fair, With your dreamy eyes and your
golden hair, When you and your lover meet to-day You will thank
me for looking some other way.

THE WINDMILL

Behold! a giant am I! 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 below, And
whichever way it may blow I meet it face to face, As a brave man
meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive My master, the miller,
stands And feeds me with his hands; For he knows who makes
him thrive, Who makes him lord of lands.

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 in the darkness
calls and 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 arabesque of vines; No organ but the wind here sighs
and moans, No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones. No marble
bishop on his tomb reclines. Enter! the pavement, carpeted with
leaves, Gives back a softened echo to thy tread! Listen! the choir
is singing; all the birds, In leafy galleries beneath the eaves, Are
singing! listen, ere the sound be fled, And learn there may be
worship with out words.

THE BURIAL OF THE POET

RICHARD HENRY DANA

In the old churchyard of his native town, And in the ancestral tomb
beside the wall, We laid him in the sleep that comes to all, And
left him to his rest and his renown. The snow was falling, as if
Heaven dropped down White flowers of Paradise to strew his
pall;— The dead around him seemed to wake, and call His
name, as worthy of so white a crown. And now the moon is shining
on the scene, And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er With
shadows cruciform of leafless trees, As once the winding-sheet of
Saladin With chapters of the Koran; but, ah! more Mysterious
and triumphant signs are these.

NIGHT

Into the darkness and the hush of night Slowly the landscape sinks,
and fades away, And with it fade the phantoms of the day, The
ghosts of men and things, that haunt the light, The crowd, the
clamor, the pursuit, the flight, The unprofitable splendor and
display, The agitations, and the cares that prey Upon our hearts,
all vanish out of sight. The better life begins; the world no
more Molests us; all its records we erase From the dull common-
place book of our lives, That like a palimpsest is written o'er With
trivial incidents of time and place, And lo! the ideal, hidden
beneath, revives.

L'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 belongs To the vast unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays He sings; and their fame Is his, and not his; and the praise And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day, And haunt him by night, And he listens, and needs must obey, When the Angel says: "Write!"

IN THE HARBOR

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 portals 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 purified, By me the souls of men washed white
again; E'en the unlovely tombs of those who died Without a dirge,
I cleanse from every stain.

MARCH

I Martius am! Once first, and now the third! To lead the Year was
my appointed place; A mortal dispossessed me by a word, And
set there Janus with the double face. Hence I make war on all the
human race; I shake the cities with my hurricanes; I flood the
rivers and their banks efface, And drown the farms and hamlets
with my rains.

APRIL

I open wide the portals of the Spring To welcome the procession of
the flowers, With their gay banners, and the birds that sing Their
song of songs from their aerial towers. I soften with my sunshine
and my showers The heart of earth; with thoughts of love I
glide Into the hearts of men; and with the Hours Upon the Bull with
wreathed horns I ride.

MAY

Hark! The sea-faring wild-fowl loud proclaim My coming, and the swarming of the bees. These are my heralds, and behold! my name Is written in blossoms on the hawthorn-trees. I tell the mariner when to sail the seas; I waft o'er all the land from far away The breath and bloom of the Hesperides, My birthplace. I am 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 music to my ear; I am the mother of all dear delights; 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 heritage.

SEPTEMBER

I bear the Scales, where hang in equipoise The night and day; and when unto my lips I put my trumpet, with its stress and noise Fly the white clouds like tattered sails of ships; The tree-tops lash the air

with sounding whips; Southward the clamorous sea-fowl wing their flight; The hedges are all red with haws and hips, The Hunter's Moon reigns empress of the night.

OCTOBER

My ornaments are fruits; my garments leaves, Woven like cloth of gold, and crimson dyed; I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves, O'er orchards and o'er vineyards I preside. Though on the frigid Scorpion I ride, The dreamy air is full, and overflows With tender memories of the summer-tide, And mingled voices of the doves and crows.

NOVEMBER

The Centaur, Sagittarius, am I, Born of Ixion's and the cloud's embrace; With sounding hoofs across the earth I fly, A steed Thessalian with a human face. Sharp winds the arrows are with which I chase The leaves, half dead already with affright; I shroud myself in gloom; and to the race Of mortals bring nor comfort nor delight.

DECEMBER

Riding upon the Goat, with snow-white hair, I come, the last of all. This crown of mine Is of the holly; in my hand I bear The thyrsus, tipped with fragrant cones of pine. I celebrate the birth of the Divine, And the return of the Saturnian reign;— My songs are carols sung at every shrine, Proclaiming "Peace on earth, good will to men."

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 MADISON

Four limpid lakes,—four Naiades Or sylvan deities are these, In flowing robes of azure dressed; Four lovely handmaids, that uphold Their shining mirrors, rimmed with gold, To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the sun Drink of these waters as they run Their swift diurnal round on high; By night the constellations glow Far down the hollow deeps below, And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light, Fair town, arrayed in robes of white, How visionary ye appear! All like a floating landscape 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, triumphant Death, I call for aid, and no one answereth; I am alone with thee, who conquerest all; Yet me thy threatening form doth not appall, For thou art but a phantom and a wraith. Wounded and weak, sword broken at the hilt, With armor shattered, and without a shield, I stand 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 revealed, As if this phantom, full of

pain, Were by the crumbling walls concealed, And at the windows
seen again.

Until at last, serene and proud In all the splendor of her light, She
walks the terraces of cloud, Supreme as Empress of the Night.

I look, but recognize no more Objects familiar to my view; The
very pathway to my door Is an enchanted avenue.

All things are changed. One mass of shade, The elm-trees drop
their curtains down; By palace, park, and colonnade I walk as in a
foreign town.

The very ground beneath my feet Is clothed with a diviner
air; White marble paves the silent street And glimmers in the
empty square.

Illusion! Underneath there lies The common life of every day; Only
the spirit glorifies With its own tints the sober gray.

In vain we look, in vain uplift Our eyes to heaven, if we are
blind, We see but what we have the gift Of seeing; what we bring
we find.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

[A FRAGMENT.]

I

What is this I read in history, Full of marvel, full of mystery, Difficult
to understand? Is it fiction, is it truth? Children in the flower of
youth, Heart in heart, and hand in hand, Ignorant of what helps or
harms, Without armor, without arms, Journeying to the Holy Land!

Who shall answer or divine? Never since the world was made Such
a wonderful crusade Started forth for Palestine. Never while the
world shall last Will it reproduce the past; Never will it see
again Such an army, such a band, Over mountain, over
main, Journeying to the Holy Land.

Like a shower of blossoms blown From the parent trees 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,
By their prowess, to achieve, They the children, could and must?

Little thought the Hermit, preaching Holy Wars to knight and baron,
That the words dropped in his teaching, His entreaty, his beseeching,
Would by children's hands be gleaned, And the staff on which he leaned
Blossom like the rod of Aaron.

As a summer wind upheaves The innumerable leaves In the bosom
of a wood,— Not 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 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, 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.

From the gates, that summer day, Clad in robes of hoden 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, "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 Flowed the homeward river; ever More and more its whitening current
Broke and scattered into spray, Till the calmly-flowing river
Changed into a mountain torrent, Rushing from its glacier green
Down through chasm and black ravine. Like a phoenix in its nest,
Burned the red sun in the West, Sinking in an ashen cloud;
In the East, above the crest Of the sea-like mountain chain,
Like a phoenix from its shroud, Came the red sun back again.

Now around them, white with snow, Closed the mountain peaks.
Below, Headlong from the precipice Down into the dark abyss,
Plunged the cataract, white with foam; And it said, or seemed to say:
"Oh return, 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!"

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. Voices, echoes far and near,
Roar of winds and waters blending, Mists uprising, clouds impending,
Filled them with a sense of fear, Formless, nameless, never ending.

.....

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 refluent 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 freedom; Little it dreams of the mill hid in the valley
below; Glad with the joy of existence, the child goes singing
and laughing, Little dreaming what toils lie in the future concealed.

IX

As the ink from our pen, so flow our thoughts and our feelings
When we begin to write, however sluggish before.

X

Like the Kingdom of Heaven, the Fountain of Youth is within us; If
we seek it elsewhere, old shall we grow in the search.

XI

If you would hit the mark, you must aim a little above it; Every
arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.

XII

Wisely the Hebrews admit no Present tense in their
language; While we are speaking the word, it is already the Past.

XIII

In the twilight of age all things seem strange and phantasmal, As
between daylight and dark 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,—O breathe
on me!"

And the Sea said, "Lo, I breathe! but my breath To some will be life,
to others death!"

As to Prometheus, bringing ease In pain, come the Oceanides,

So to the City, hot with the flame Of the pitiless sun, the east wind
came.

It came from the heaving breast of the deep, Silent as dreams are,
and sudden as sleep.

Life-giving, death-giving, which will it be; O breath of the merciful,
merciless Sea?

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'erspread, Nothing is
legible but the name alone. And is it so with them? After long
years, Do they remember me in the same way, And is the
memory pleasant as to me? I fear to ask; yet wherefore are my
fears? Pleasures, like flowers, may wither and decay, And yet
the root perennial may be.

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.—IAMBLICUS.

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? Nothing
left but an inscription Graven on stones and rings. Where are
Helios and Hephaestus, 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; In oblivion sunk forever, As when o'er the land Blows a
storm-wind, in the river Sinks the scattered sand.

Something unsubstantial, ghostly, Seems this Theurgist, In deep
meditation mostly Wrapped, as in a mist. Vague, phantasmal,
and unreal To our thought he seems, Walking in a world
ideal, In a land of dreams.

Was he one, or many, merging Name and fame in one, Like a
stream, to which, converging Many streamlets run? Till, with
gathered power proceeding, Ampler sweep it takes, Downward
the sweet waters leading From unnumbered lakes.

By the Nile I see him wandering, Pausing now and then, On the
mystic union pondering Between gods and men; Half believing,
wholly feeling, With supreme delight, How the gods, themselves
concealing, Lift men to their height.

Or in Thebes, the hundred-gated, In the thoroughfare Breathing,
as if consecrated, A diviner air; And amid discordant
noises, In the jostling throng, Hearing far, celestial voices Of
Olympian song.

Who shall call his dreams fallacious? Who has searched or
sought All the unexplored and spacious Universe of
thought? Who, in his own skill confiding, Shall with rule and
line Mark the 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, If amid the crumbling
ages Still their name survives!

Thine, O priest of Egypt, lately Found I in the vast, Weed-
encumbered sombre, stately, Grave-yard of the Past; And a
presence moved before me On that gloomy shore, As a waft of
wind, that o'er me Breathed, and was no more.

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."

These words the poet heard in Paradise, Uttered by one who,
bravely dying here, In the true faith was living in that
sphere Where the celestial cross of sacrifice Spread its protecting
arms athwart the skies; And set thereon, like jewels crystal
clear, The souls magnanimous, that knew not fear, Flashed their
effulgence on his dazzled eyes. Ah me! how dark the discipline of
pain, Were not the suffering followed by the sense Of infinite rest
and infinite release! This is our consolation; and again A great
soul cries to us in our suspense, "I came from martyrdom unto this
peace!"

MY BOOKS

Sadly as some old mediaeval 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 mountains seek, O
stranger from the city? Is it perhaps some foolish freak Of thine, to
put the words I speak Into a plaintive ditty?

TRAVELLER Yes; I would learn of thee thy song, With all its
flowing number; 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
waterfall Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills, A toilsome life I
follow; Compelled to carry from the hills These logs to the impatient
mills Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms The rudeness of my
labors; Daily I water with these arms The cattle of a hundred
farms, And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may, When, full of rage and
trouble, I burst my banks of sand and clay, And sweep their
wooden bridge away, Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme, As of thine own creating. Thou
seest the day is past its prime; I can no longer waste my
time; The mills are tired of waiting.

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 music
as they went Sailing in search of some new continent, With all
sail set, and steady winds and strong? Perhaps there lives some
dreamy boy, untaught In schools, some graduate of the field or
street, Who shall become a master of the art, An admiral sailing
the high seas of thought, Fearless and first and steering with his
fleet For lands not yet laid down in any chart.

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 before, And started to your feet At
the cannon's sudden roar, Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death No sound your slumber breaks; Here is
no fevered breath, No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace, Untrampled lies the sod; The shouts of

battle cease, It is the Truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep! The thoughts of men shall be As
sentinels to keep Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green We deck with fragrant flowers; Yours
has the suffering been, The memory shall be ours.

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 complaints; And round about us there The white
doves filled the air, Like the white souls of the saints.

"The saints! Ah, have they grown Forgetful of their own? Are they
asleep, or dead, That open to the sky Their ruined Missions
lie, No longer tenanted?"

"Oh, bring us back once more The vanished days of yore, When
the world with faith was filled; Bring back the fervid zeal, The hearts
of fire and steel, The hands that believe and build.

"Then from our tower again We will send over land and main Our
voices of command, Like exiled kings who return To their thrones,
and the people learn That the Priest is lord of the land!"

O Bells of San Blas in vain Ye call back the Past again; The Past

is deaf to your prayer! Out of the shadows of night The world rolls into light; It is daybreak everywhere.

FRAGMENTS

October 22, 1838.

Neglected record of a mind neglected, Unto what "lets and stops" art thou subjected! The day with all its toils and occupations, 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 water-courses, Full with your ministration of delight! 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 passage, 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 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, Was the humble deed of thine, And the meekness of thy demeanor!

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 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, 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

heretofore; The age in which they live Will not forgive The
splendor of the everlasting light, 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 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 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! Yon silver gleam Is the Euphrates'
stream. Let us descend Into the city splendid, Into the City of
Gold!

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 nations, 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; 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, 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, 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 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 trouble, 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!

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 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, 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!

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 Baptizest thou?

JOHN. I indeed baptize you with water Unto repentance; but
He, 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, 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 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 hollow 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.

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 Than sensual desires! Ah,
could I, by some sudden aberration, Lend 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.

Reveal thyself by royal act and gesture Descending with the bright
triumphant host Of all the hithermost 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, 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 perdition! 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, Across the headlong torrents, I have brought Thy footsteps, swift as thought; And from the highest of these precipices, 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 Asphalt Lake On its white pebbles break, And the vast desert, silent, sand-invested, These kingdoms all are mine, and thine shall be, 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 Miniatrant, 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, 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; 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.

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, 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 behind 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.

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 lace 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 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 That looketh forth as the morning?

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 darkness, And hear a cry of agony, that shall echo Forever and forever through the world!

ARCHITRICLINUS. Give us more wine. These goblets are all empty.

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 vineyards, Let us see if the vine flourish, 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 Essenians, 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 BRIDEGROOM. 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, 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, All these make up the sum of human life; A dream within a dream, a wind at night Howling across the desert in despair, Seeking for something lost it cannot 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.

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 ambassadors of flowers, From neighboring gardens and from fields unseen, Come laden with odors unto thee, my Queen!

THE MUSICIANS. Awake, O north-wind, 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-illuminated corn, As if through parted seas, the pathway runs, And crowned with sunshine as the Prince of Peace Walks the beloved Master, leading us, As Moses led our fathers in old times Out of the land of bondage! We have found Him of whom Moses and the Prophets wrote, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph.

NATHANAEL. Can any good come out of Nazareth? Can this be the Messiah?

PHILIP. Come and see.

NATHANAEL. The summer sun grows hot: I am anhungered. How cheerily the Sabbath-breaking 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! 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 marriage 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 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 heavens unclosed, The angels
of God ascending and descending Upon the Son of Man!

PHARISEES, passing. Hail, Rabbi!

CHRISTUS. Hail!

PHARISEES. Behold how thy disciples do a thing Which is not
lawful on the Sabbath-day, And thou forbiddest them not!

CHRISTUS. Have ye not read What David did when
he anhungered 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
Sabbath-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! And had ye known the meaning of the words, I will
have mercy and not sacrifice, The guiltless ye would not condemn.
The Sabbath Was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.

Passes on with the disciples.

PHARISEES. This is, alas! some poor demoniac Wandering about
the fields, and uttering His unintelligible blasphemies Among the
common people, who receive As prophecies the words they
comprehend not! Deluded folk! The incomprehensible 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 Synagogue. 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! 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 repair 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 the robe of righteousness!

A PRIEST. He speaks the Prophet's words; but with an air As if himself had been foreshadowed 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! Thou shalt be called no longer the Forsaken, Nor any more thy land the Desolate. 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! 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, When for three years and more the heavens were shut, And a
great famine was throughout 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 then in the land Of Israel, in
the time of Eliseus The Prophet, and yet none of them was
cleansed, Save Naaman the Syrian!

A PRIEST. Say no more! Thou comest here into our
Synagogue And speakest to the Elders and the Priests, As if the
very mantle of Elijah Had fallen upon thee! Are 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, That make a little sound, and then are dust!

A PHARISEE. A carpenter's apprentice! a mechanic, 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 And taken nothing, when the
Master 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 Philip, come
from Nazareth. He hath been with the Master. Tell us, Philip, 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 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 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 corruption. 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 The mist of darkness is reserved forever.

PHILIP. Behold, he cometh. There is one man with him I am
amazed to see!

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 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
continents! And we shall drink the wine of Paradise 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! 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, 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 Decapolis; 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; 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 compassion on thee!

A SWINEHERD, running. The herds! the herd! 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 To Dionysus at the vintage-time. Therefore we prize our herds of swine, and count them Not as unclean, but as things consecrate 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!

VIII

TALITHA CUMI

JAIRUS at the feet of CHRISTUS. O Master! I entreat thee! I implore 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 garments; 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 garment's hem, 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 MOURNERS. 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 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 front 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 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 landing-place Under the oleanders, and the people Came up from it, and passed beneath 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, And overflowed me with an atmosphere Of light and love. As one entranced 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, departed from me!

This morning, when the first gleam of the dawn Made Lebanon a glory in the air, And all below was darkness, I beheld An angel, or a spirit glorified, With wind-tossed garments walking on the lake. The face I could not see, but I distinguished 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! 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 And spikenard of Arabian farms, the spirits Of aromatic herbs, ethereal natures 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 pilgrimage, 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!

X

THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE PHARISEE

A 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, saying: We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced 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, gliding in So silently behind him?

SIMON. It is Mary, Who dwelleth in the Tower of Magdala.

THE GUEST. See, how she kneels there weeping, 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!

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, 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!

THE SECOND PASSOVER.

I

BEFORE THE GATES OF MACHAERUS

MANAHEM. Welcome, O wilderness, and welcome, 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 receive 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 Prophet's arrow 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 Of torches on Mount Olivet, announcing The rising of the Moon of Passover. Like a great cross it seems, on which suspended, With head bowed down in agony, I see A human figure! Hide, O merciful heaven, The awful apparition from my sight!

And thou, Machaerus, lifting high and black Thy dreadful walls against the rising moon, Haunted by demons and by apparitions, Lilith, and Jezerhara, and Bedargon, How grim thou showest in the uncertain light, A palace and a prison, where King Herod Feasts with Herodias, while the Baptist John Fasts, and consumes his unavailing life! And in thy court-yard grows the untithed rue, Huge as the olives of Gethsemane, 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 That burrows in thy walls, contriving 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.

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 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.

MANAHEM. Yea, for I said to thee: It shall be well with thee if thou love justice And clemency towards thy fellow-men. Hast thou done this, O King?

HEROD. Go, ask my people.

MANAHEM. 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?

MANAHEM. Thou shalt reign twenty, Nay, thirty years. I cannot name the end.

HEROD. Thirty? I thank thee, good Essenian! This is my birthday, and a happier one Was never mine. We hold a banquet here. See, yonder are Herodias and her daughter.

MANAHEM, aside. 'T is 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?

MANAHEM. Yea, I know him; Who knows him not?

HEROD. Know, then, this John the Baptist Said that it was not lawful I should marry 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 Essenians Are wiser, or more wary, are they not?

MANAHEM. The Essenians do not marry.

HEROD. Thou hast given My words a meaning foreign to my thought.

MANAHEM. 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 OP 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! 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!

MANAHEM. Bid me depart, O King!

HEROD. Good Manahem, Give me thy hand. I love
the Essenians. 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 MACHAERUS

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, 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! White Angel of the Moon, Onafiel! be my guide Out of
this hateful place Of sin and death, nor hide In you 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 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!

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 red Lights the window with its glow; And a white mass as of snow Is hurled into the abyss 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 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 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 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. 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 miracles Thou dost perform, except the Lord be with him. Thou art a Prophet, sent here to proclaim The Kingdom of the Lord. Behold in me 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, 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 Ahelion derive our bodies; 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 comprehend.

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? 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 heavenly? 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 overtaken, until he deems 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 wilderness, So must the Son of Man be lifted up; That whosoever shall believe in Him 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 reproveth me, Because I come by night to question him!

CHRISTUS. For every one that doeth evil deeds Hateth the light, nor cometh to the light Lest he should be reproved.

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, 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 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.

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 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 calleth thee!

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! 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! Adonai! Who art thyself a Father, pardon me If for a moment I have thee postponed To the affections and the thoughts of earth, 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 grasshoppers 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 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, For here is Ebal; here is Gerizim, The mountain where our father Abraham Went up to offer Isaac; here the tomb Of Joseph,—for they brought his bones 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 derision 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 living water.

SAMARITAN WOMAN. Sir, thou hast naught to draw with, and the

well Is deep! Whence hast thou living water? Say, art thou greater than our father Jacob, Which gave this well to us, and drank thereof Himself, and all his children and his cattle?

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.

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 readest 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 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 worship Him. God is a spirit; and they that worship 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 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, 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 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 CAESAREA 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 risen 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 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 no man that I am the Christ. For I must go up to Jerusalem, And suffer many things, and be rejected 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 himself, 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. For wherein shall a man be profited 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, 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 envelops us And all the mountains in a luminous shadow! 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 speaketh 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 beheld, And it hath vanished into the unseen.

CHRISTUS, coming down from the mountain. I charge ye, tell the vision unto no one, Till the Son of Man is risen from the dead!

PETER, aside. Again He speaks of it! What can it mean, This rising from the dead?

JAMES. Why say the Scribe! 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 mountain's foot, A crowd of people; coming, going, thronging Round the disciples, that we left behind us, Seeming impatient, that we stay so long.

PETER. It is some blind man, or some paralytic That waits the Master's coming to be healed.

JAMES. I see a boy, who struggles and demeans him As if an unclean spirit tormented him!

A CERTAIN MAN, running forward. 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 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 perverse! 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 wallows,
foaming! 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. 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
reason was it 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 Pharisee, The other a Publican. And the Pharisee Stood and prayed thus within himself: 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 Publican, Standing afar off, would not lift so much 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 That followed Elisha, mucking 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 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, 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 The kingdom of God!

JOHN.

Ah, who then can be saved?

CHRISTUS. With men this is indeed impossible, But unto God all things are possible!

PETER. Behold, we have left all, and followed 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, 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, doubting heart, Incapable of endurance or great thoughts, Striving for something that it cannot reach, Baffled and disappointed, wounded, hungry; And only when I hear thee am I happy, 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 satisfied. Thy presence is enough. I ask no more. 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!

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 thyself. I went and washed, and I received my sight.

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 Sabbath day!

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 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, 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 Synagogue 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, 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 worshipper, 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 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 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 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 street; 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 Abriman, the spirit of the dark, 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 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 cinnamon!

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 Psalmist David; 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 Sheha, and
Semiramis, And Sara of seven husbands, and Jezebel, And other
women of the like allurements; And now thou art Minerva, the first
Aeon, The Mother of Angels!

HELEN. And the concubine Of Simon the Magician! Is it
honor For one who has been all these noble dames, To tramp
about the dirty villages And cities of Samaria with a juggler? 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 Comforter!

HELEN. Illusions! Thou deceiver, self-deceived! 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 into a deep sleep.

SIMON. Go, see it in thy dreams, fair unbeliever! And leave me unto mine, if they be dreams, That take such shapes before me, that I see them; These effable and ineffable impressions 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 The images of unapparent things, And the impression of vague characters And visions most divine appear in ether. So speak the Oracles; then wherefore fatal? I take this orange-bough, with its five leaves, Each equidistant on the upright stem; And I project them on a plane below, In the circumference of a circle drawn About a centre where the stem is planted, And each still equidistant from the other, 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 Pentangle, A charm against all witchcraft, and a sign, Which on the banner of Antiochus Drove back the fierce barbarians of the North, Demons esteemed, and gave the Syrian King The sacred name of Soter, or of Savior. 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 reveal Their secret unto me, and to restore These precious things to the Samaritans. A mist is rising from the plain below me, And as I look, the vapors shape themselves Into strange figures, as if unawares My lips had breathed the Tetragrammaton, And from their graves, o'er all the battlefields Of Armageddon, the long-buried captains Had started, with their

thousands, and ten thousands, And rushed together to renew their wars, 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 Saracen, Who followed the bright star, but home returned For fear of Herod by another way. O shining worlds above me! in what deep Recesses of your realms of mystery Lies hidden now that star? and where are they That brought the gifts of frankincense 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? 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, [Greek text]!

The thronging multitudes increase: Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace! But still, above the noisy crowd, The beggar's cry is shrill and loud; Until they say, he calleth thee! [Greek text]!

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, [Greek text]!

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see, In darkness and in misery, Recall those mighty voices three, [Greek text]! [Greek text]! [Greek text]!

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. 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; 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 darling! 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 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! 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 Bethany Out of his grave, and raised him from the dead! 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 care-worn countenance! What sweetness, what compassion! 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! 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 whosoever Gains a good name gains something 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, spoken first To Moses on the Mount, and handed down From mouth to mouth, in one unbroken sound And sequence of divine authority, The voice of God resounding through the ages.

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, 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 upraised face Intent and eager, and I often wonder 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 unknown And he 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 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 phylacteries, 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 Galilean, 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 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!

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 The outside of the cup and of the platter, But they within are full of all excess!

GAMALIEL. Patience of God! canst thou endure 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 indeed appear Beautiful outwardly, but are within Filled full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness!

GAMALIEL. Am I awake? Is this Jerusalem? 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 sepulchres 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 yourselves, That ye are children of them that killed the Prophets! Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers. 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 dialectician, My little Saul of Tarsus, the tent-maker, 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 children, as a

hen Gathereth her chickens underneath 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!

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.

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 shepherd! 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 sifteth wheat! 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 I say 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 without a purse, Or scrip, or shoes, did ye lack anything?

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 himself hath borne The sin of many, and made intercession 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.

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 joyful 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,— 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 coming hither.

JAMES. Outside the garden wall the path divides; 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 answer thee! It is for sorrow that our eyes are heavy.— Behold, the torches now encompass us.

JAMES. They do but go about the garden wall, Seeking for some one, or for something lost.

They sleep again.

CHRISTUS, as before. If this cup may not pass away from me, 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 Iscariot!

He smites the servant of the High-Priest with his sword.

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 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 certain 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 miracles.

CAIAPHAS. I am informed that he is a mechanic; A carpenter's son; a Galilean peasant, Keeping disreputable company.

PHARISEES. The people say that here in Bethany He hath raised up a certain Lazarus, 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 Galilee, And preach in country towns, I should not heed him. But when he comes up to Jerusalem Riding in triumph, as I am informed, And drives the money-changers from the Temple, 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 predecessor, On whom be peace! would have dealt presently With such a demagogue. I shall no less. The man must die. Do ye consider not It is expedient that one man should die, Not the whole nation perish? What is death? It differeth from sleep but in duration. 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 Maccabaeus, Will nothing but complete annihilation Comfort and satisfy thee?

CAIAPHAS. While ye are talking And plotting, and contriving how to take him, 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?

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 One of this man's also disciples?

PETER. I am not.

DAMSEL. Now surely thou art also one of them; Thou art a Galilean, and thy speech Betrayeth 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.

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, 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 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 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?

CAIAPHAS. 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 from Caesarea to their winter-quarters Here in Jerusalem, with the effigies Of Caesar 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 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 rebelled As if they had been herds of unwashed 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.

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 Caesar Than I have with the patriarch Abraham! 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 saving him, A prudent and sagacious policy For Roman Governors in the Provinces.

Incomprehensible, fanatic people! Ye have a God, who seemeth like yourselves 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 everywhere 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, 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. 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, 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, And he liketh not the sound.

What think ye, would he care For a Jew slain here or there, Or a

plundered caravan? But Caesar!—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! 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 flight,

I might have fled with the rest, But my dagger was in the breast Of
a Roman equerry, 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; I shall not be with you long.

VIII

ECCE HOMO

PILATE, on the tessellated pavement 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 Passover; That one condemned to death shall be
released. Whom will ye, then, that I release to you? 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 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 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 demigods 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? 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 Caesar's friend. For whosoever Maketh himself a King, speaks against Caesar.

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 Caesar!

PILATE. Take him, then, Take him, ye cruel and bloodthirsty priests, 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, 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? 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, 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 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 pardon, pardon!

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 mortal pain Glean white against the supernatural darkness; 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 dishonored head! Those hands that healed the sick now pierced with nails, Those feet that wandered homeless 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 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 descend 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.

CHRISTUS. This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

MANAHEN. 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 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, Nazarene!

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 will now come to save him!

CHRISTUS. I thirst.

A SOLDIER. Give him the wormwood!

CHRISTUS, with a loud cry, bowing his head. It is finished!

XI

THE TWO MARIES

MARY MAGDALENE. We have risen early, yet the sun O'ertakes us ere we reach the sepulchre, 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, 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 crucified. 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 Galilee, 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, weeping. 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?

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

NATHANIEL, 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 separate place.

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.

PETER. They seem to me like silent sepulchres 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.

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 perfect 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.

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 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 remaineth ever Self-confident and boastful as before. 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 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 girdedst 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

SIMON ZELOTES. The communion of Saints; the forgiveness 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 almost The trumpets of some heavenly host, Setting its watch upon our walls! Where it listeth, there it bloweth; We hear the sound, but no man knoweth Whence it cometh or whither it goeth, And thus it is with the Holy Ghost. 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 hereafter be!

This convent, on the rocky crest Of the Calabrian hills, to me A Patmos is wherein I rest; While round about me like a sea The white mists roll, and overflow 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, 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 Gods 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, And walked through many a village street That once had echoed to his feet. There first I heard the great command, 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, 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 volumes three, The Apocalypse, the Harmony Of the Sacred Scriptures, new and old, 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 leaven 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 The truth appears, and must be told; All sacred mysteries are threefold; 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 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 hailstorms beat; In earthquake and in flood and flame, 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 Covenant Was peace on earth, good-will to man; With Him the reign of Law began. He was the Wisdom and the Word, And sent his Angels Ministrant, Unterrified and undeterred, 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 unspent Shine through the darkness of our days, 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! 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 delights, Its passions, struggles, and despairs, For contemplation and for prayers In cloister-cells of coenobites.

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. 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, 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! 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 Angels 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 pavement, 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 Autumn, Swept away before the blast!

VOICES. Oh, we cannot! The Archangel Michael flames from every window, 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 mantles, 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 hamlet, 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
aolian strings, Faints with the burden that it brings! 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 attended, Which seemed to darken and
decay When ye arose and went away!

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; 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 remain; The rest we cannot reinstate; Ourselves we can not re-create; Nor set our souls to the same key Of the remembered harmony!

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.

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 overhead, You should not hear my feeble tread.

PRINCE HENRY. What may your wish or purpose be?

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 proceeding, 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 casement 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 dismayed me. And I hastened hither, though late in the night, 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 lagoon, 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 restore you?

PRINCE HENRY. None whatever!

LUCIFER. The dead are dead, And their oracles dumb, when questioned Of the new diseases that human life 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 appliance 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 Salern Send me back word they can discern No cure for a malady like this, 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!"

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 recommend, As the matter admits of no delay, My wonderful Catholicon, Of very subtile and magical powers!

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 ne, of what school are you?

LUCIFER. Both of the Old and of the New! The school of Hermes Trismegistus, Who uttered his oracles sublime Before the Olympiads, in the dew Of the early dusk and dawn of time, The reign of dateless old Hephaestus! 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, 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, discovered The secret that so long had hovered
Upon the misty verge of Truth, The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,
Called Alcohol, in the Arab speech! 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
Have baffled and eluded me, Unseen the grand result remains!

LUCIFER, showing a flask. Behold it here! this little flask Contains
the wonderful quintessence, The perfect flower and efflorescence,
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, 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 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 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 aeolian harp hovers in the air.

ANGEL. Woe! woe! eternal woe! Not only the whispered prayer 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, 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 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 between the ebb and the flow! It is but the rest of the wind between 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! 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! 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! Why entreat me, why upbraid me, When the steadfast tongues of truth And the flattering hopes of youth Have all deceived me and betrayed 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, Who illumines life with dreaming! Brave physician! Rare physician! Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission!

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! 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. 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 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, 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!

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, 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, 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 undaunted, "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 hearing a wallet, and a bell, Whose sound should be a perpetual knell To keep all travellers away.

WALTER. Oh, horrible fate! Outcast, rejected, As one with pestilence infected!

HUBERT. Then was the family tomb unsealed, 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 despair,— "O Hoheneck! O Hoheneck!"

WALTER. Still in my soul that cry goes on,— 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. 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 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. 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 divine!

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 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 margent, And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent! Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and still As when the vanguard of the Roman 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, 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, 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 Benedicites; And from the ground Rose an odor sweet and fragrant Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant Vines that wandered, Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered 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, 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. 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 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 His pathway 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.

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,
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; 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,
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 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 edified. And there they found,
Just as the old monk said, That on a certain day and date,
One hundred years before, 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 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 angel
That brought the immortal roses To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber.

ELSIE. But these will fade.

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 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, 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, "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, As a
birth-mark on the forehead When a hand suddenly Is raised 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. 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, 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, "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! I Come, for my Father calls. Thou art my elected bride!" And the Sultan's daughter 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, 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 dimmer? I cannot disentangle this skein, Nor wind it rightly upon the reel. Elsie!

GOTTLIER, starting. The stopping of thy wheel Has awakened me out of a pleasant 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?

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 Ridinghood.

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 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! 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!

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! 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!

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!

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. 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 unsteady She will hardly be able to creep upstairs.

URSULA. Goodnight, 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 docile and mild!

GOTTLIEB. She is like all girls.

URSULA. Ah no, forsooth! Unlike all I have ever seen. 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.

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, yearning, With my lamp well trimmed and burning!

Interceding With these bleeding Wounds upon thy hands and side, For all who have lived and erred Thou hast suffered, thou hast died, Scourged, and mocked, and crucified, 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 leadest, Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest, Die, if dying I may give 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 Rodenstein, 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! 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 distressed, 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, 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; 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 before. 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, 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 illumined!

URSULA. My child! my child! thou must not die!

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!

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 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, 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! 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. 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 before!

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, 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 hears with doubt and fear. Whether it be a dark temptation Of the Evil One, or God's inspiration, We in our blindness cannot say. We must think upon it, and pray; For evil and good it both resembles. 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!

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 confessional.

THE PARISH PRIEST, from within. Go, sin no more! Thy penance o'er, A new and better life begin! God maketh thee forever free From the dominion of thy sin! Go, sin no more! He will restore The peace that filled thy heart before, 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! 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 offsprings of my ministry? What wrong repressed, what right maintained, What struggle passed, what victory 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, And sink discouraged into night! For thine own purpose,
thou hast sent The strife and the discouragement!

A pause.

Why stayest thou, Prince of Hoheneck? 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, 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, 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 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! 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, 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 edification As if a great Bible, bound in lead, Had fallen, and struck them on the head; And I ought to remember that sensation! Here stands the holy-water stoup! Holy-water it may be to many, But to me, the veriest Liquor Gehennae! 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 institution, I will add my little contribution!

He puts in money.

Underneath this mouldering tomb, With statue of stone, and scutcheon of brass, Slumbers a great lord of the village. All his life was riot and pillage, But at length, to escape the threatened doom Of the everlasting penal fire, He died in the dress of a mendicant 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.

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 beaded knees Of one or two pious centuries, Stands the village confessional! Within it, as an honored guest, I will sit down awhile and rest!

Seats himself in the confessional.

Here sits the priest; and faint and low, Like the sighing of an evening breeze, Comes through these painted lattices The ceaseless sound of human woe; Here, while her bosom aches and throbs With deep and agonizing sobs, That half are passion, half contrition, The luckless daughter of perdition 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, 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 sedately, 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 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 pestilential season. To-day, I come for another reason; To foster and ripen an evil thought In a heart that is almost to madness 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.

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 Vanished forever from thy mind?

PRINCE HENRY. By the same madness still made blind, By the same passion still possessed, 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, And meadows of grass, and fields of rain, 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 Salem!

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 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, 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 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! 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, 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! 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; 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 foal or fair, Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere A record, written by fingers ghostly, As a blessing or a curse, and mostly 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 manifest!

LUCIFER. In ancient records it is stated That, whenever an evil deed is done, Another devil is created To scourge and torment the offending 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 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 rotten, And so given over to the Devil!

PRINCE HENRY. But this deed, is it good or evil? Have I thine absolution free 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!

THE ANGEL, with the aeolian 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, All things else are but false pretences. 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 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 required. 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, 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!

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!

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 dissuade me 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
approach 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 Might stoop to pick them up!

ELSIE. Will you not promise?

PRINCE HENRY. If ever we depart upon this journey, 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 the
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 equipoise A breath disturbs the balance; and that scale In
which we throw our hearts preponderates, 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! 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! 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! 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, proposes 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 funeral 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 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 OP THE DEAD, at a distance. Wake! wake! 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 ascending, Lights its dim aisles
and paths unknown! 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 armed knight, Still as a statue
and as white, Sits on his steed, and the moonbeams quiver 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 Is not a stranger to mine ear. Thou art Walter of the
Vogelweid!

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 Dragging my body to Salem, 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! 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! 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 towards 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; 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, 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 Perchance together we may make; Wilt thou not do it for my sake?

PRINCE HENRY. A sick man's pace would but impede Thine eager and impatient speed. Besides, my pathway leads me round To Hirsehau, 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, Whilst on your dreams, like dismal 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, 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!

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 Christendom 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 towers. All hearts are glad; and free from care 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 shadow; 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. 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. 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, 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. 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; 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. 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, 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 cordage three, Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity Of Morals, and Symbols, and History; 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 interpretation, Upward, the Vision and Mystery!

And now, my hearers, to make an end, 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 have the grace to attend. Christ bring us at last to his felicity! 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 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 wonderful! 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 confessionals. They must be for the rich. I should not like To tell my sins in such a church as this. 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 architect Built his great heart into these sculptured stones, 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 Four Angels blowing upon marble trumpets, And over them the blessed Christ, surrounded By his attendant ministers, upholding 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

western portal Resplendent with a thousand gorgeous colors, The perfect flower of Gothic loveliness!

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 trumpet, Clad like the Angel Gabriel, proclaims The Mystery that will now be represented.

THE NATIVITY

A MIRACLE-PLAY

INTROITUS

PRAECO. Come, good people, all and each, Come and listen to our speech! In your presence here I stand, 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, Nor let the souls that were betrayed 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, 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 damned 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.

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; 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, 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!

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, 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 When God Almighty's 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!

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, 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
hear upon my hands the gift Of heavenly Prudence here!

URIEL. I am the Minister of Mars, The strongest star among the
stars! 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!

A sudden light shines from the windows of the stable in the village
below.

IV. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST

The stable of the Inn. The VIRGIN and CHILD. Three Gypsy
Kings, GASPAS, MELCHIOR, and BELSHAZZAR, shall come in.

GASPAS. 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 Jerusalem! Though humbly born
in Bethlehem, 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 Christendom! O'er all the
earth thy kingdom come! From distant Trebizond to Rome Thy
name shall men adore! 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; 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, leading 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 Litanies 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.

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, 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.

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 crucified, 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 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 armed band The little children slay; The babe just born in Bethlehem Will surely slaughtered be with them, Nor live another day!

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 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! 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 ASTAROTH 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 overflowed Its banks, and o'er the meadow road Is spreading far and wide!

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! 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 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; 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 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!

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, 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?

JESUS. Aleph.

RABBI. What next? Do not stop yet! Go on with all the alphabet. Come, Aleph, Beth; dost thou forget? 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, 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 paralyzed.

IX. CROWNED WITH FLOWERS

JESUS sitting among his playmates, 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.

Here a traveller shall go by, and the boys shall lay hold of his garments and say:

BOYS. Come hither I 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 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!

He touches the wound, and the boy begins to cry.

Cease to lament! I can foresee 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 accord, By way of benison and reward, The sight of a holy Martyr's bones!

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 aeolian 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 betide, 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 creaking wain Hangs his head in the lazy heat, while onward the
horses toil and strain.

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.

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 ringing 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.

They pass on.

THE CONVENT OF HIRSCHAU IN THE BLACK FOREST.

The Convent cellar. FRIAR CLAUS comes in with a light and a basket of empty flagons.

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 content That we have got through with the tedious Lent! Fasting is all very well for those Who have to contend with invisible foes; 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 brotherhood, 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, With the latent power and love of truth, And with virtues fervent and manifold.

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 discontent At being so long in darkness pent, And fain would burst from its sombre tun To bask on the hillside in the sun; As in the bosom of us poor friars, The tumult of half-subdued desires 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.

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 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, At Hochheim on the Main, And at Wurzburg 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, Wurzburg 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.

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, 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! 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! 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, 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, 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 Huffelsheim. A jolly old toper! who at a pull Could drink a postilion's jack-boot full, 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. 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 mystery!

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, 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 vision 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 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 yonder, 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, 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 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 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! 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, 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; 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. 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 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, 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, 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, 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 smiting it, But as a harper lays his open
palm Upon his harp to deaden its vibrations, 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, "Make room for me!" Ony 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 Scriptorium Is famous among all; your manuscripts 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 With clenched and convulsive fingers, 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, 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 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 behind The o'ertaking steps of his pursuer. 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, 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. 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 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 subdued; The hand of God, and not in vain, Has touched us with the fire of pain. Let us kneel down and side by side 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 freres, You'll disturb the Abbot at his prayers.

FRIAR PAUL sings. O! quam placens in colore! O! quam
fragrans in odore! O! quam sapidum in ore! Dulce linguae
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!

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 degree!

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?

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 content!

CHORUS OF MONKS. Funde vinum, funde! Tanquam sint
fluminis undae, Nec quaeras unde, 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 tangled 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, 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.

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; 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, 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 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 affright 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 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!

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 thoroughly 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 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 so the fair Heloise.

ALL, drinking and shouting. Heloise! Heloise!

The Chapel-bell tolls.

LUCIFER, starting. What is that bell for! Are you such asses As to keep up the fashion of midnight masses?

FRIAR CUTHBERT. It is only a poor unfortunate brother, Who is gifted with most miraculous 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 monks who are lying awake May murmur some kind of prayer for his sake, And adapted to his peculiar weakness!

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 Rhuy.

LUCIFER. Well, it finally came to pass That, half in fun and half in malice, 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 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 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, And punish him soundly, once for all.

FRIAR CUTHBERT. As Saint 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 whatsoever. Quick! for I see his face again Glaring in at the window-pane; Now! now! and do not spare your blows.

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 betray me!

FRIAR SIEBALD. Mercy! mercy!

FRIAR PAUL, shouting and beating.

Rumpas bellorum lorum Vim confer amorum Morum
verorum rorum Tu plena polorum!

LUCIFER. Who stands in the doorway yonder, Stretching out his trembling hand, Just as Abelard used to stand, The flash of his keen, black eyes Forerunning the thunder?

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 carouse? Is this a tavern and drinking-house? 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 With the scourge upon your shoulders bare; Nothing atones for such a sin But the blood that follows the discipline. 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!

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. 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!

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 mystery! I am the Lady Irmingard, 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, 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, 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, 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, Under the blossoms in the gloom, I
heard it utter my own name With protestations and wild
prayers; And it rang through me, and became 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 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 wandering bard Shall win thy hand, O Irmgard! For which
Prince Henry of Hoheneck 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 That follows with such dread certainty "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 shadowy steeds, 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 Paused, and waited for us to follow, And seemed impatient, and afraid That our tardy flight should be betrayed 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; 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, And another came, and swept behind, 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 overhead, 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; 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 narrow and tall; 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 midnight 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. And when I heard the convent door Behind me close, to open 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.

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, 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 unholy! But in this sacred, calm retreat, We are all well
and safely shielded 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 yearning; Our hearts are lamps
forever burning, With a steady and unwavering flame, Pointing
upward, forever the same, Steadily upward toward the heaven!

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. 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 LUCERNE

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?

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 turbulent 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, To different sounds in different
measures moving; Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes 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 orisons She might have heard in heaven the angels singing!

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, 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 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 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 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 village 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, Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

They pass on.

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE crossing 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!

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 overthrown. He toppled crags from the precipice, And whatsoever 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 boulder Marked with the imprint of his shoulder; As he was bearing it up this way, A peasant, passing, cried, "Herr Je! 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, 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, Threw across it a loaf of bread, Which a hungry dog sprang after; And the rocks re-echoed 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 majestic presence 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! Nothing 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!

PRINCE HENRY. Thou art St. Catherine, and invisible 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 open Their snowy lips, and speak unto each other, In the primeval language, lost to man.

ELSIE. What land is this that spreads itself 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, 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 vespers!

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 roadside trees, And, our tired horses in a group assembling, Inhale long draughts of this delicious breeze. Our fleeter steeds have distanced our attendants; 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 overhanging branches Fan thy hot sides and comfort thee with shade!

ELSIE. What a delightful landscape spreads before us, Marked with a whitewashed cottage here and there! And, in luxuriant garlands drooping o'er us, 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 uncovered feet.

PILGRIMS, chanting the Hymn of St. Hildebert. Me receptet Sion illa, Sion David, urbs tranquilla, Cujus faber auctor lucis, Cujus portae lignum crucis, Cujus claves lingua Petri, Cujus cives semper laeti, Cujus muri lapis vivus, Cujus custos rex festivus!

LUCIFER, as a Friar in the procession. Here am I, too, in the pious band, In the garb of a barefooted Carmelite 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, And chant with a most particular zest The Latin hymns, which I understand 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 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 passing 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! 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 merriment, 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, Chanting their wonderful puff and paff, And, to make up for not understanding 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 hac urbe, lux solennis, Ver aeternum, pax perennis; In hac odor implens caelos, In hac 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 Strasburg 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 Orders Gray, His own stout legs! He, too, was in the play, Both as King Herod and Ben Israel. 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. 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. 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. Fare well, Prince; I cannot stay to argue and convince.

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, Penitent, and yet not daring unattended 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 nothing more Than this example of all womanhood, 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 coelestis, urbs beata, Supra petram collocata, Urbs in portu satis tuto De longinquo te saluto, Te saluto, te suspiro, 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 distance! Silent, majestic, and slow, The white ships haunt it to and fro, With all their ghostly sails unfurled, As phantoms from another world Haunt the dim confines of existence! But ah! how few can comprehend 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, 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, But thou hast the power to end it! The sea is silent, the sea is discreet, 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 suggestions, 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; A plunge, a
bubble an 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 listen To the music of the sea. They gather, and gather, and
gather, Until they crowd the sky, And listen, in breathless
silence, 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 The mournful voice sings
on, And the snow-white choirs still answer Christe eleison!

PRINCE HENRY. Angel of God! thy finer sense perceives Celestial
and perpetual harmonies! 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. But I hear
discord only and despair, 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
weathercock! 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!

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 In
shapeless masses, like the walls Of a burnt city. Broad and red The
flashes 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 warning, As Lucifer, son of the morning, Fell from the
battlements of heaven!

IL PADRONE. I must entreat you, friends, below! 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
St. Elmo's stars, 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 Antonio!

Do you see that Livornese felucca, That vessel to the windward
yonder, Running with her gunwale under? I was looking when the
wind o'ertook her, 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
Algerines, 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, 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 o'ertake 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 Antonio!

VI

THE SCHOOL OF SALERNO

A travelling Scholastic affixing his Theses to the gate of the College.

SCHOLASTIC. There, that is my gauntlet, my banner, my shield, Hung up as a challenge to all the field! One hundred and twenty-five propositions, Which I will maintain with the sword of the tongue Against all disputants, old and young. Let us see if doctors or dialecticians Will dare to dispute my definitions, 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, 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 Scottish 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 fundamental, That nothing with God can be accidental; 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 respiration Of the Spirit of God, who, in breathing, hereafter Will inhale it into his bosom again, So that nothing but God alone will remain. And therein he contradicteth himself; For he opens the whole discussion by stating, That God can only exist in creating. That question I think I have laid on the shelf!

He goes out. Two Doctors come in disputing, and followed by pupils.

DOCTOR SERAFINO. I, with the Doctor Seraphic, maintain, That a word which is only conceived in the brain Is a type of eternal Generation; The spoken word is the Incarnation.

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

resistance; Universals have no real existence!

DOCTOR CHERUBINO. Your words are but idle and empty chatter; Ideas are eternally joined to matter!

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 Salerno?

SECOND SCHOLAR. To tell the truth, I arrived so lately, 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; 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, 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 Devoted wholly to medicine, With lectures on surgical 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 Platearius; And a volume universally known 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, Will 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. 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. 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! 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 Au odor volcanic, that rather mends it, And the building's have an aspect lugubrious, That inspires a feeling of awe and terror 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 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. When, where, and wherefore Lucifer fell, And whether he now is chained in hell." I think I can answer that question 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, 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 Beautiful 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 exhales Before it begins to wither and harden! I cannot breathe such an atmosphere! 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 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 Angelo?

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.

LUCIFER. It is a very grave and solemn business! We must nor 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 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 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 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. 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. And in your life let my remembrance 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.

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 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,— 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 mercy of God, Lest the dead there
under the sod, In the land of strangers, should be lonely! 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, 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. 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 business 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?

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!

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. 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, 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 hearest it He will hear it. Our child who was dead again is living!

FORESTER. I did not tell you she was dead; 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! 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, 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 overheard The prayers, that, without sound or word, Our hearts in secrecy have said! Oh, bring me to her; for mine eyes 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. 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 threescore, With a wife and children that
caress 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 evening.

The sound of bells heard from a distance.

PRINCE HENRY. We are alone. The wedding guests Ride down
the hill, with plumes and cloaks, 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 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, 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.

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. Beneath the calm, blue waters of thine eyes, Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies, And, undisturbed by this world's breath, 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 remembrance, Of what thou wearest within unseen, O my Fastrada, O my queen! Behold! the hill-trips all aglow With purple and with amethyst; While the whole valley deep below 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.

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. Why dost thou lift

those tender eyes With so much sorrow and surprise? 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, 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 ASCENDING

THE 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 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 weakness Are like the
yielding, but irresistible air! Upon the pages Of the sealed volume
that I bear, The deed divine 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, 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 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, Who by repentance hath
escaped the dreadful sentence, 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 brightening With sullen heat, As a
storm-cloud lurid with lightning. 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 distance, As if
the sheeted Lightning retreated. 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, 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 laughed 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, 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

everywhere 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 followed me fast, And the howling demons of despair 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.

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 endure, For he knoweth their meaning 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 Prophet's art; Among the gifts that God hath sent, One of the most magnificent! It calms the agitated heart; Temptations, evil thoughts, and all The passions that disturb the soul, Are quelled by its divine control, As the evil spirit fled from Saul, And his distemper was allayed, When David took his harp and 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, howe'er Fierce he may appear, He can harm us not, 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 overcome A spirit powerful as he! He summons forth the Pope of Rome With all his diabolic crew, His shorn and shaven retinue Of priests and children of the dark; Kill! kill! they cry, the Heresiarch, Who rouseth up all Christendom Against us; and at one fell blow Seeks the whole Church to overthrow! Not yet; my hour is not yet come.

Yesterday in an idle mood, Hunting with others in the wood, I did not pass the hours in vain, For 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 mountain chain,— In the very heart of this, I found A mystery of grief and pain. It was an image of the power Of Satan, hunting the world about, With his nets and traps and well-trained dogs, His bishops and priests and theologues, 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 javelins 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 heat your breasts, 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, Goods, honors, child and wife, Lot these pass away, Little gain have they; The Kingdom still remaineth!

Yea, it remaineth forevermore, However Satan may rage and roar, Though often be 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, 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 Tetzl, Hawking about his hollow wares Like a huckster at village fairs, And those mischievous fellows, Wetzl, Campanus, Carlstadt, Martin Cellarius, And all the busy, multifarious 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 below A Momus, making his mock and mow, At Papist and at Protestant, 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 Melanethon! thou alone Faithful among the faithless known, Thee I hail, and only thee! Behold the record of us three! 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,

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; 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 PERSONAE.

JOHN ENDICOTT Governor. JOHN ENDICOTT His son. RICHARD BELLINGHAM Deputy Governor. JOHN NORTON Minister of the Gospel. EDWARD BUTTER Treasurer. WALTER

MERRY Tithing-man. NICHOLAS UPSALL An old citizen. SAMUEL COLE Landlord of the Three Mariners.

SIMON KEMPTHORN RALPH GOLDSMITH Sea-Captains.

WENLOCK CHRISTISON EDITH, his daughter EDWARD WHARTON Quakers 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 palimpsest; And bring to light, upon the blotted 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, rebuild'd in the painted scene, And let our curious eyes behold once more The pointed gable and the pent-house door, 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 Revisit your familiar haunts again,— The scenes of triumph, and the scenes of pain And leave the footprints of your bleeding feet Once more upon the pavement of the street!

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? Why drag again into the light of day The errors of an age long passed away?" I answer: "For the lessons 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, Lest we condemn, and yet ourselves partake, And persecute the dead for conscience' 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 language, strong and bold; He only asks of you to do the like; To hear hint 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 contributions. JOHN NORTON in the pulpit. GOVERNOR ENDICOTT in a canopied seat, attended by four halberdiers. The congregation 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 hourglass on the pulpit). I heard a great voice from the temple saying Unto the Seven Angels, Go your ways; 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 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 without, 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 apparition, As arguing and portending some enlargement Of the mysterious Power of Darkness!

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, 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!

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 testimony!

NORTON. What testimony?

EDITH. That of the Holy Spirit, Which, as your Calvin says, surpasseth reason.

NORTON. The laborer is worthy of his hire.

EDITH. Yet our great Master did not teach for hire, And the Apostles without purse or scrip Went forth to do his work. Behold 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 testimony.

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? 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 following 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 commands Are they fulfilling the divine decree! The will of man is but an instrument Disposed and predetermined to its action According unto the decree of God, Being as much subordinate thereto 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, pleasant things, Are manifestations of the wrath divine, Signs of God's controversy with New England. These emissaries of the Evil One, These servants and ambassadors of Satan, Are but commissioned executioners Of God's vindictive and deserved displeasure. We must receive them as the Roman Bishop Once received Attila, saying, I rejoice You have come safe, whom I esteem to be The scourge of God, sent to chastise his people. This very heresy, perchance, may serve The purposes of God to some good end. With you I leave it; but do not neglect The holy tactics of the civil sword.

ENDICOTT. And what more can be done?

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, 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, 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 yourself from meeting.

UPSALL. Yea, I have chosen rather to worship 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, seeing the pigeons Feed in the street and fly about the roofs.

MERRY. You have been in the street with other intent Than going to and from the Meeting-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 afternoon More in the shape of devils than of angels. The women screamed and fainted; and the boys Made such an uproar in the gallery 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!

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, WHARTON, and other Quakers seated at a table. UPSALL seated near them, Several books on the table.

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. 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; 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: "What ever 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,— 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 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 desiring To lay our hands upon the unseen door! 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 entertain 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. Nothing prevents you. 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 MARSHAL, 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. Master Upsall, You are again discovered harboring here These ranters and disturbers of the peace. 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 ringing 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 sacrifice!"

Opens the window and looks out.

The sun is up already; and my heart Sickness and sinks within me when I think How many tragedies will be enacted 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 sunless 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 intercede For these poor people, and perhaps 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 invented 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 Windward Islands.

COLE. The town was in a tumult.

KEMPTHORN. And for what?

COLE. Your Quakers were arrested.

KEMPTHORN. How my Quakers?

COLE. These you brought in your vessel from Barbadoes. They made an uproar in the Meeting-house Yesterday, and they're now in prison for it. I owe you little thanks for bringing 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, Am corporal in the Great Artillery. 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 respectable. Lord Leigh said he could be as quiet here 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 Parson 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! 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 furthermore Infallibly assisted by the Spirit To write and utter blasphemous opinions, Despising Government and the order of God In Church and Commonwealth, and speaking evil Of Dignities, reproaching and reviling 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 premises, And to prevent like mischief as is wrought By their means in our land, doth hereby order, That whatsoever master or commander Of any ship, bark, pink, or catch shall bring To any roadstead, harbor, creek, or cove Within this Jurisdiction any Quakers, Or other blasphemous Heretics, shall pay Unto the Treasurer of the Commonwealth One hundred pounds, and for default 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?

KEMPTHORN. I pray you, Cole, lend me a hundred pounds!

MARSHAL (reads). "If any one within this Jurisdiction 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!

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 enacted, If any Quaker or Quakers shall presume To come henceforth into this Jurisdiction, 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. And for the repetition of the offence 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, Ere thou avenge the blood of Thine Elect?

MERRY. Silence, there, silence! Do not break the peace!

MARSHAL (reads). "Every inhabitant of this Jurisdiction Who shall defend the horrible opinions Of Quakers, by denying due respect To equals and superiors, and withdrawing From Church Assemblies, and thereby approving The abusive and destructive practices Of this accursed sect, in opposition To all the orthodox received opinions 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 Unto this town and people, I beseech you, O Magistrates, take heed, lest ye be found As fighters against God!

JOHN ENDICOTT (taking UPSALL'S hand). Upsall, I thank you For speaking words such as some younger man, I, or another, should have said before 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
sedition! I never thought that any good would come Of this young
popinjay, with his long hair And his great boots, fit only for the
Russians Or barbarous Indians, as his father 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 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.

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 letter 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.

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, 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 Magistrates; You may be whipped for that.

KEMPTHORN. Then mum's the word.

Exeunt MERRY and KEMPTHORN.

COLE. There's mischief brewing! Sure, there's mischief brewing. I feel like Master Josselyn when he found 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 Governor's house, Enter GOVERNOR

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 Denounce and vilipend them as unjust, And cruel, wicked, and
abominable.

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 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 parley With the delusions and deceits of Satan. At once, forever, must they be crushed out, Or all the land will reek with heresy! Pray, have you any children?

MERRY. No, not any.

ENDICOTT. Thank God for that. He has delivered 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 arranges his papers.

The hour has come; and I am eager now To sit in judgment on these Heretics.

A knock.

Come in. Who is it? (Not looking 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.

ENDICOTT. It is of them I wished 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 mother's face, And in your voice detect some tone of hers, All anger vanishes, and I remember 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!

JOHN ENDICOTT. Oh, let the memory of my noble mother Plead with you to be mild and merciful! For mercy more becomes a Magistrate 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, thoughtless of his danger, Until he sees the air so full of light That it is dark; and blindly staggering onward, Lost and bewildered, he sits down to rest; 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 unbelief"?

ENDICOTT. In the same way we trifle with our doubts, Whose shining shapes are like the stars descending; Until at last, bewildered and dismayed, Blinded by that which seemed to give us light, We sink to sleep, and find that it is death,

Rising.

Death to the soul through all eternity! Alas that I should see you growing up To man's estate, and in the admonition 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 think and act As those who go before us. Had you done so, You would not now be here.

ENDICOTT. Have you forgotten 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 yourself, Thus stirring up sedition in the streets, And making me a byword and a jest?

JOHN ENDICOTT. Words of an inexperienced youth like me Were powerless if the acts of older men Were not before them. 'T is 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 submission, 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. 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! [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 Barbadoes, 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
propagate Their heresies and errors; bringing with them And
spreading sundry books here, which contain Their doctrines most
corrupt and blasphemous, And contrary to the truth professed
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.

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; And loved 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, 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 hooks into my face.

ENDICOTT. You, Edward Wharton, On pain of death, depart this Jurisdiction 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 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 offence.

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 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. 'Tis 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, 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 reproach 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
Written Word, To be the rule of life.

ENDICOTT. And you deny That the Lord's Day is
holy.

EDITH. Every day Is the Lords 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 affrighting 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 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 burning fire Shut up within me and consuming me, And I

was very weary with forbearing; 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, 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, 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 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 the air, And, as it fell upon me, you had said, Take heed it hurt thee not! God's will he done!

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 stablisheth 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 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 ancient years And the honor of his gray head, I stand before you; Like him disdainng all hypocrisy, 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 rebellion.

CHRISTISON. I come not in among you in rebellion, But in obedience to the Lord of heaven. Not in contempt to any Magistrate, 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 cannot 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, And ye have run your race. Then will his wrath Descend upon you to the uttermost! 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 freeborn, Appeal unto the laws of mine own nation!

ENDICOTT. There's no appeal to England from this Court! 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 ere long; 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, 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. 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 execution, 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! 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 forevermore!

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, 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 barbarous laws Shall be to ashes burned, and blown away.

JOHN ENDICOTT. Scourged in three towns! It is incredible Such things can be! I feel the blood within me 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 Magistrate. He is a man both loving and severe; 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 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 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? 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.

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!

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 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!

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, 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.

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, because they put him Into his own. He was the first man in them.

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 pounds 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! Here comes a heavy-laden merchant-man With the lee clews eased off and running free Before the wind. A solid man of Boston. A comfortable man, with dividends, 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 bow-line,—
Deacon Giles Firmin the apothecary, A pious 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? 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.

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; 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 despatches. 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.

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?

GOLDSMITH. Just slip your hawser on some cloudy night; Sheer
off, and pay it with the topsail, 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 gaping crowd! And she a child. Oh, pitiful!
pitiful! 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 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 vindictive wrath! O roses in 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! 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 embrace thee And hold thee. In thy dungeon and thy death I will be with thee, and will comfort 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, lovelier, dearer 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, 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!

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 sedition.

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 private room. Papers upon the
table.**

ENDICOTT and BELLINGHAM

ENDICOTT. There is a ship from England has come in, Bringing
despatches and much news from home, 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 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;" 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; 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. 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 liberty, Authority, respect for Magistrates, The peace and welfare of the Commonwealth. If all the knaves upon this continent 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! '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 rebellion.

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 And the respect of others. 'T is my doom, Yes, my death-warrant, but must be obeyed! Take it, and see that it is executed 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 ourselves. [Exit BELLINGHAM.

There's a dull pain keeps knocking at my heart, Dolefully saying, "Set thy house in order, For thou shalt surely die, and shalt not live! 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.

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?

NORTON. And what is this placard?

UPSALL. The Magistrates, To appease the people and prevent a tumult, Have put up these placards throughout the town, Declaring that the jailer shall be dealt with Impartially and sternly by the Court.

NORTON (tearing down the placard). 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, 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 triumphant army For tolerationists. And if an Angel 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, 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. Enter 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 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 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 submission, 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 pathways 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! you winding stream, that gropes its
way Through mist and shadow, doubling on itself, At length will
find, by the unerring law Of nature, what it seeks. O soul of
man, Groping through mist and shadow, and recoiling Back on
thyself, are, too, thy devious 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
sorrow! 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?

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 impatient 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 Into the wilderness, into the land That is not sown; and there I followed 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 Burroughs, having boldly Got access to the presence of the King, Told him there was a vein of innocent blood Opened in his dominions here, which threatened To overrun them all. The King replied. "But I will stop that vein!" and he forthwith Sent his Mandamus to our Magistrates, 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 cannot be shut up In prison wall, 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 tills 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 anyway! 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 topsail, Simon." 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 to the King's, whatever he may say And, as to ill opinions, that depends. 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.

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. So, 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.

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. But, as I said, I do not sail to-day.

BUTTER. Ah yes; you sail today.

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 return 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, 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-trumpet! 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!

Re-enter 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!"

BELLINGHAM. Can you not turn your thoughts a little while To public matters? There are papers 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, 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 afternoon, 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. 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, 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 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, outward bound.

ENDICOTT. O white, white, white! Would that my soul had wings 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, sinking, 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!

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 trouble, as if Death Had given him this memento of affection, And whispered in his ear, "Remember 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!

GILES COREY OF THE SALEM FARMS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

GILES COREY Farmer. JOHN HATHORNE Magistrate. COTTON MATHER Minister of the Gospel. 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 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; 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, incantations
dread, And shrouded apparitions of the dead.

Upon this simple folk "with fire and flame," Saith the old chronicle,
"the Devil came; Scattering 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 portentous things!"

Something of this our scene to-night will show; And ye who listen to
the Tale of Woe, 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 Salem 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 eye-bright, 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 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 Magistrates, With all the fear and reverence that attend them! For I can fill their bones with aches and pains, Can make them cough with asthma, shake with palsy, Can make their daughters see and talk with ghosts, Or fall into delirium and convulsions; 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 riding-whip in his hand.

MATHER. Methinks that I have come by paths unknown Into the land and atmosphere of Witches; For, meditating as I journeyed on, Lo! I have lost my way! If I remember 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 In which the Devil doth not interfere. 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.

Re-enter TITUBA.

What shape is this? What monstrous apparition, 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 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
renounced the Devil, And have become a penitent confessor, 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, If they
should see the Reverend Cotton Mather Ride into Salem with a
Witch behind 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 overtake 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 unfrequented woods.

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— 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 intermingled, 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 That come and go, and we perceive 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!" Multitudes in the Valley of Destruction! 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 before 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 invisible,— These spectral shapes that haunt our habitations,— The multiplied and manifold afflictions With which the aged and the dying saints Have their death prefaced and their age embittered,— 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, 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 Without the will of God, so not a Devil Can come down from the air without 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 informations, We must inquire what cause there is for this, But not receive the testimony borne 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? You reason, but you hesitate to act! Ah, reverend sir! believe me, in such cases The only safety is in acting promptly. 'T is not the part of wisdom to delay 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 meditation, 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 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 admonition 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 fearful shapes The Unclean Spirits haunt this neighborhood, 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 encountered! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — A room in WALCOT'S House. MARY WALCOT seated in an arm-chair. TITUBA 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 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 blooming
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,— 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 destroy The people they
dislike! That is the way Some one is wasting and consuming you.

MARY. You terrify me, Tituba! Oh, save me 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 cannot 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 incantations! 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!

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 phantoms,—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, 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! 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 To stab me with it! It is Goodwife Corey! Keep her away! Now she is coming at me! Oh, 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 When she rushed at you.

HATHORNE. Mark that, reverend sir!

MATHER. It is most marvellous, most inexplicable!

TITUBA. (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!

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 pearmain; 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. 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? 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 delusions, 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.

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 remember well My games of shovel-board at Bishop's tavern In the old merry days, and she so gay 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'll go and see it. Come; you shall ride behind me on the pillion.

MARTHA. Not I. You know I do not like such things. I wonder you should. I do not believe 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.

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, 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, 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 him A gale of good sound common-sense to blow The fog of these delusions from his brain!

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 Bareback; 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!

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 becoming 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 going. Enter GILES COREY.

COREY. A melancholy end! Who would have thought That Bridget Bishop e'er would come to this? Accused, convicted, and condemned 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?

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 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, 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 Ipswich 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. 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. Something has gone amiss with him today; 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?

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 vengeance on him For taking sides against me in the quarrel I had with that John Gloyd about his wages. 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 untruthful. 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 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 Such things bout 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 overlooked? 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, And watch the breath come out of their wide nostrils, And see their patient eyes. Somehow 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.

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.

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?" "Avaunt!" I cried: "Get thee behind me, Satan!" At which she laughed and left me. But a voice Was whispering in my ear continually: "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?

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. 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 continues kneeling.]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — GILES COREY'S kitchen. Morning. COREY and MARTHA sitting at the breakfast-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, 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 believe in them When they come false, I don't believe 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 condemned to death! 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 myself Another time, and keep my temper down! I do not like such dreams.—Remember, 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! 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 wickedness. [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 outward 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, We do but kill the body, not the soul. The Unclean Spirits that possessed them once Live still, to enter into other bodies. 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—
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 return From Denmark; how they sailed in sieves or riddles Unto North Berwick Kirk in Lothian, And, landing there, danced hand in hand, and sang, "Goodwife, go ye before! good wife, go ye! If ye'll not go before, goodwife, let me!" While Geilis Duncan played the Witches' Reel Upon a jews-harp.

HATHORNE. Then you know full well The English law, and that in England Witches, When lawfully convicted and attainted, 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 apparition 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 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 testimony 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 As may convince you that these sorcerers Are lawfully convicted and attainted. 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 Deacons 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?

MARTHA. 'T was only a surmise.

DEACON. We came to ask you, You being with us in church covenant, What part you have, if any, in these matters.

MARTHA. And I make answer, No part whatsoever. 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.

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 delusion.

DEACON. How can you say that it is a delusion, 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.

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 anyone In my own person. If the Devil takes My shape to hurt these children, or afflict them, 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 I much 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. 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 displeased And heavy at the words which Naboth spake, 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 answered, saying, I will not give my vineyard unto thee. And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, said, Dost thou not rule the realm of Israel? 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, 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, 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! 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 innocent people; Their enemy will find them out at last, The Prophet's voice will thunder, I have found thee! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. — Meadows on Ipswich River, COREY and his men mowing; COREY in advance.

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

supernatural. No man so old as he is has such strength. 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 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!

COREY (reverentially taking off his hat). God bless the food He hath provided 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!

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, Then he is one. But I think otherwise. 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 Afflicted 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, '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 horseshoe Nailed on his doorstep to keep off the Witches, And all the same his wife has gone to prison.

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, 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 a Quarter-master 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 Boston.

Enter HATHORNE and other Magistrates on horseback, followed by the Sheriff, constables, and attendants on foot. The Magistrates dismount, and enter 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. 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 Meeting-house. MATHER and the Magistrates seated in front of the pulpit. Before them a raised platform. MARTHA in chains. COREY near her. MARY WALCOT 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 Lady The King and Queen, here present, do accuse you Of having on the tenth of June last past, And divers other times before and after, Wickedly used and practised certain arts Called Witchcrafts, Sorceries, and Incantations, Against one Mary Walcot, single woman, Of Salem Village; by which wicked arts The aforesaid Mary Walcot was tormented, Tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, and wasted, Against the peace of our Sovereign Lord and Lady The King and Queen, as well as of the Statute Made 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 you In whatsoever is alleged against you. Why do you hurt this person?

MARTHA. I do not. I am not guilty of the charge against me.

MARY. Avoid, she-devil! You may torment me now! Avoid, avoid, Witch!

MARTHA. I am innocent. I never had to do with any Witchcraft Since 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.

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 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 assembly? Who told you of the clothes? Confess the truth.

MARTHA bites her lips, and is silent.

You bite your lips, but do not answer me!

MARY. Ah, she is biting me! Avoid, avoid!

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.

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. 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. 'T is the Familiar Spirit that attends her.

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?

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 husband's saddle To hinder him from coming to the sessions?

MARTHA. I thought it was a folly in a farmer 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 Martha Corey 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 witnesses 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 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 suspicion 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? 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, kneeling alone Upon the hearth?

COREY. Yes; I cannot deny it.

HATHORNE. Did you not say the Devil hindered 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 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 escape 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 hindered me 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 advocate! Here, Sheriff, take this woman back to

prison.

MARTHA. O Giles, this day you've sworn away my life!

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 remains silent.

HATHORNE. Do you refuse to plead?—'T were better for you 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 supernatural 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 wrestled with him. 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 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 refuse to answer, Then by the Statute you will be condemned 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 RICHARD GARDNER, looking round him.

GARDNER. Here stands the house as I remember 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 currant-bushes; The woods, the harvest-fields; and, far beyond, The pleasant landscape stretching to the sea. But everything is silent and deserted! No bleat of flocks, no bellowing of herds, No sound of flails, that should be beating now; 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.

GARDNER. What are you doing here?

TITUBA. I am gathering herbs,— Cinquefoil, and saxifrage, and pennyroyal.

GARDNER (looking at the herbs). This is not cinquefoil, it is deadly nightshade! This is not saxifrage, but hellebore! This is not pennyroyal, it is henbane! 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. 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 accused 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!" 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 pleasant farm, Living in quiet with his thrifty housewife, And envied him, and wished his fate were mine! And now I find him shipwrecked utterly, Drifting upon this sea of sorceries, 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 tormentors, 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 endure, Suffer me not in this last bitter hour 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 forsaken!

MARTHA, singing. By thine abounding grace, And mercies multiplied, I shall awake, and see thy face; 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 Richard 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. 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 drowning 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?—
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.

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

already, 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 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.

wander and wait, Still I must watch and pray, 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, 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 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, 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! 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, 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: Not he that repeateth
the name, But he that doeth the will!

JUDAS MACCABAEUS.

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 wonderful by me! I love thee, and I long to be once more Among the players and the dancing women Within thy gates, and bathe in the Orontes, Thy river and mine. O Jason, my High-Priest, For I have made thee so, and thou art mine, Hast thou seen Antioch the Beautiful?

JASON. Never, my Lord.

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, 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! 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, 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 common people. Now tell me, Jason, what these Hebrews call me When they converse together at their games.

JASON. Antiochus Epiphanes, my Lord; Antiochus the Illustrious.

ANTIOCHUS. O, not that; That is the public cry; I mean the name They give me when they talk among themselves, And think that no one listens; what is that?

JASON. Antiochus 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, 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 Samaria 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 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; JASON; THE SAMARITAN AMBASSADORS.

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. 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; Ye are all Israelites, ye are all Jews. When the Jews prosper, ye claim kindred with them; When the Jews suffer, ye are Medes and Persians: I know that in the days of Alexander Ye claimed exemption from the annual tribute In the 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 superstition, Were long accustomed to observe that day Which by the Israelites is called the Sabbath, And in a temple on Mount Gerizim Without a name, they offered sacrifice. Now we, who are Sidonians, beseech thee, Who art our benefactor and our savior, Not to confound us with these wicked Jews, But to give royal order and injunction To Apollonius in Samaria. Thy governor, and likewise to Nicanor, Thy procurator, no more to molest us; And let our nameless temple now be named The Temple of Jupiter Hellenius."

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 receive the name Of Jupiter Hellenius. Ye may go!

SCENE III. — ANTIOCHUS; JASON.

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 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 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 Maccabaeus Hath raised the standard of revolt against thee.

ANTIOCHUS. I will burn down their city, and will make it Waste as a wilderness. Its thoroughfares Shall be but furrows in a field of ashes. It shall be sown with salt as Sodom is! This hundred and fifty-third Olympiad Shall have a broad and blood-red sea 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 Citadel.

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 tormented 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, Who made the world, and made the heavens above us, Who formed the generation of mankind, And found out the beginning of all things, He gave you breath and life, and will again Of his own mercy, as ye now regard Not your own selves, but his eternal law. I do not murmur, nay, I thank thee, God, That I and mine have not been deemed unworthy To suffer for thy sake, and for thy law, And

for the many sins of Israel. Hark! I can hear within the sound of 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 Transgress the law and customs of our fathers.

THE MOTHER. It is the Voice of my first-born! O brave And noble boy! Thou hast the privilege Of dying first, as thou wast born the first.

THE SAME VOICE (within). God looketh on us, and hath comfort in us; As Moses in his song of old declared, He in his servants shall be comforted.

THE MOTHER. I knew thou wouldst not fail!—He speaks no more, He is beyond all pain!

ANTIOCHUS. (within). If thou eat not Thou shalt be tortured throughout all the members Of thy whole body. Wilt thou eat then?

SECOND VOICE. (within). No.

THE MOTHER. It is Adaiah'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 Adaiah, 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 Antiochus, 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. 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 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 So many Hebrew women, and hast hung Their murdered infants round their necks, slay me, For I too am a woman, and these boys Are mine. Make haste to slay us all, And hang my lifeless babes about my neck.

SIXTH VOICE (within). Think not, Antiochus, that takest in hand To strive against the God of Israel, Thou shalt escape unpunished, for his wrath Shall overtake thee and thy bloody house.

THE MOTHER. One more, my 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, 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? Ye murdered, bleeding, mutilated bodies That were my children once, and still are mine, I cannot watch o'er you as Rispah 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, 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, 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, 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 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!

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 merciful Unto our nation, and that thou by plagues Mysterious and by torments mayest confess That he alone is God.

ANTIOCHUS. Ye both shall perish By torments worse than any that your God, 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, heartless mother! Thy footsteps will not wake them, nor thy voice, Nor wilt thou hear, amid thy troubled dreams, Thy children crying for thee in the night!

THE MOTHER. O Death, that stretchest thy white hands to me, I fear them not, but press them to my lips, That are as white as thine; for I am Death, Nay, am the Mother of Death, seeing these sons All lying lifeless.—Kiss me, Sirion.

ACT III.

The Battle-field of Beth-horon.

SCENE I. — JUDAS MACCABAEUS 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, 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 lamentation; But one who bears his life upon his hand To lose it or to save it, as may best Serve the designs of Him who giveth life.

SCENE II — JUDAS MACCABAEUS; JEWISH FUGITIVES.

JUDAS. Who and what are ye, that with furtive steps Steal in among our tents?

FUGITIVES. O Maccabaeus, Outcasts are we, and fugitives as thou art, Jews of Jerusalem, that have escaped From the polluted city, and from death.

JUDAS. None can escape from death. Say that ye come To die for Israel, and ye are welcome. What tidings bring ye?

FUGITIVES. Tidings of despair. The Temple is laid waste; the precious vessels, Censers of gold, vials and veils and crowns, And golden ornaments, and hidden treasures, Have all been taken from it, and the Gentiles With revelling and with riot fill its courts, And 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 To crown a drunken god.

JUDAS. This too I know. But tell me of the Jews. How fare the Jews?

FUGITIVES. The coming of this mischief hath been sore And grievous to the people. All the land Is full of lamentation and of mourning. The Princes and the Elders weep and wail; The young men and the maidens are made feeble; The beauty of the women hath been changed.

JUDAS. And are there none to die for Israel? 'T is not enough to mourn. Breastplate 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 Mahala 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; 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 MACCABAEUS; NICANOR.

NICANOR. Hail, Judas Maccabaeus!

JUDAS. Hail!—Who art thou That comest here in this mysterious 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 silently Into my presence. Wherefore dost thou turn Thy face from me? A herald speaks his errand With forehead unabashed. Thou art a spy sent by Nicanor.

NICANOR. No disguise avails! Behold my face; I am Nicanor's self.

JUDAS. Thou art indeed Nicanor. I salute thee. What brings thee hither to this hostile camp Thus unattended?

NICANOR. Confidence in thee. Thou hast the nobler virtues of thy race, Without the failings that attend those virtues. Thou canst be strong, and yet not tyrannous, Canst righteous be and not intolerant. Let there be peace between us.

JUDAS. What is peace? Is it to bow in silence to our victors? Is it to see our cities sacked and pillaged, Our people slain, or sold as slaves, or fleeing At night-time by the blaze of burning towns; Jerusalem laid waste; the Holy Temple Polluted with strange gods? Are these things peace?

NICANOR. These are the dire necessities that wait On war, whose loud and bloody enginery 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 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 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 MACCABAEUS; CAPTAINS AND SOLDIERS.

JUDAS. The hour is come. Gather the host together For battle. Lo, with trumpets and with songs The army of Nicanor comes against us. 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 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, Maccabaeus?

JUDAS. Ay; when I fight the battles of the Lord, I fight them on his day, as on all others. Have ye forgotten certain fugitives That fled once to these hills, and hid themselves In caves? How their pursuers camped against them Upon the Seventh Day, and challenged them? 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. This done, in the like manner there appeared An old man, and exceeding glorious, With hoary hair, and of a wonderful 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, 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 Jerusalem, As we to-day will smite Nicanor's hosts And leave a memory of great deeds behind us.

CAPTAINS and SOLDIERS. The Help of God!

JUDAS. Be Elohim Yehovah! Lord, thou didst send thine Angel in the time Of 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 blaspheme!

ACT IV.

The outer Courts of the Temple at Jerusalem.

SCENE I. — JUDAS MACCABAEUS; CAPTAINS; JEWS.

JUDAS. Behold, our enemies are discomfited. Jerusalem is fallen; and our banners Float from her battlements, and o'er her gates Nicanor's severed head, a sign of terror, Blackens in wind

and sun.

CAPTAINS. O Maccabaeus, 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
memories Of other days.

JUDAS. Wait; it shall disappear And vanish as a cloud. First let us
cleanse The Sanctuary. See, it is become Waste like a wilderness.
Its golden gates Wrenched from their hinges and consumed by
fire; Shrubs growing in its courts as in a forest; Upon its altars
hideous and strange idols; And strewn about its pavement at my
feet Its Sacred Books, half burned and painted o'er With images of
heathen gods.

JEWS. Woe! woe! Our beauty and our glory are laid waste! The
Gentiles have profaned our holy places!

(Lamentation and alarm of trumpets.)

JUDAS. This sound of trumpets, and this lamentation, The heart-
cry of a people toward the heavens, Stir me to wrath and
vengeance. Go, my captains; I hold you back no longer. Batter
down The citadel of Antiochus, while here We sweep away his
altars and his gods.

SCENE II. — JUDAS MACCABAEUS; JASON; JEWS,

JEWS. Lurking among the ruins of the Temple, Deep in its inner
courts, we found this man, Clad as High-Priest.

JUDAS. I ask not who thou art. I know thy face, writ over with
deceit As are these tattered volumes of the Law With heathen
images. A priest of God Wast thou in other days, but thou art now A
priest of Satan. Traitor, thou art Jason.

JASON. I am thy prisoner, Judas Maccabaeus, And it would ill

become me to conceal My name or office.

JUDAS. Over yonder gate There hangs the head of one who was a Greek. What should prevent me now, thou man of sin, From hanging at its side the head of one Who born a Jew hath made himself a Greek?

JASON. Justice prevents thee.

JUDAS. Justice? Thou art stained With every crime against 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 woman, Or even to any little child, shown mercy?

JASON. I have but done what King Antiochus Commanded me.

JUDAS. True, thou hast been the weapon With which he struck; but hast been such a weapon, So flexible, so fitted to his hand, It tempted him to strike. So thou hast urged him To double wickedness, thine own and his. Where is this King? Is he in Antioch 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 horsemen seen Running in air, in cloth of gold, and armed With lances, like a band of soldiery; 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, Of my superior virtue, nor denied The weakness of my nature, that hath made me Subservient to the will of other men.

JUDAS. Upon this day, the five and twentieth day Of the month Caslan, was the Temple here Profaned by strangers,—by Antiochus And 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 services. There can be nothing clean where thou art present. The people put to death Callisthenes, 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, Nor sepulchre with thy fathers.—Get thee hence!

(Music. Procession of Priests and people, with citherns, harps, and cymbals. JUDAS MACCABAEUS 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 belief; For the new faith I cannot make mine own, 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 mysterious charm, What fascination is it chains my feet, And keeps me gazing like a curious child Into the holy places, where the priests Have raised their altar?—Striking stones together, They take fire out of them, and light the lamps In the great candlestick. They spread the veils, And set the loaves of showbread

on the table. The incense burns; the well-remembered odor Comes wafted unto me, and takes me back To other days. I see myself among them As I was then; and the old superstition Creeps over me again!—A childish fancy!— And hark! they sing with citherns and with cymbals, And all the people fall upon their faces, Praying and worshipping!—I will away Into the East, to meet Antiochus Upon his homeward journey, crowned with triumph. Alas! to-day I would give everything To see a friend's face, or to hear a voice That had the slightest tone of comfort in it!

ACT V.

The Mountains of 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 Persian horsemen Came like a mighty wind, the wind Khamaseen, And melted us away, and scattered us As if we were dead leaves, or desert 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. O, where are now The splendors of my court, my baths and banquets? 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 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 Antioch 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? 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 Prophet Who saw a little cloud rise from the sea Like a man's hand and soon the heaven was black With clouds and rain. Here, Philip, read; I cannot; I see that cloud. It makes the letters dim Before mine eyes.

PHILIP (reading). "To King Antiochus, The God, Epiphanes."

ANTIOCHUS. O mockery! Even Lysias laughs at me!—Go on, go on.

PHILIP (reading). "We pray thee hasten thy return. The realm Is falling from thee. Since thou hast gone from us The victories of Judas Maccabaeus Form all our annals. First he overthrew Thy forces at Beth-horon, and passed on, And took Jerusalem, the Holy City. And then Emmaus fell; and then Bethsura; Ephron and all the towns of Galaad, And Maccabaeus marched to Carnion."

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; 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 readiness 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 entreat 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? O the pain! Stab after stab. Thou hast no shield against This unseen weapon. God of Israel, Since all the other gods abandon me, Help me. I will release

the Holy City. Garnish with goodly gifts the Holy Temple. Thy people, whom I judged to be unworthy To be so much as buried, shall be equal Unto the citizens of Antioch. I will become a Jew, and will declare Through all the world that is inhabited The power of God!

PHILIP. He faints. It is like death. Bring here the royal litter. We will bear him In to 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 signet-ring, My crown and sceptre, and deliver them Unto my son, Antiochus Eupator; And unto the good Jews, my citizens, In all my towns, say that their dying monarch 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 potentate, King Death—Epiphanes—the Illustrious! [Dies.

MICHAEL ANGELO

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 disjointed stones, Which to this end I fashion as I must. Quickened are they that touch the Prophet's bones.

PART FIRST.

I.

PROLOGUE AT ISCHIA

The Castle Terrace. VITTORIA COLONNA, and JULIA GONZAGA.

VITTORIA. Will you then leave me, Julia, and so soon, To pace alone this terrace like a ghost?

JULIA. To-morrow, dearest.

VITTORIA. Do not say to-morrow. A whole month of to-morrows were too soon. You must not go. You are a part of me.

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 But yesterday how like and how unlike Have been, and are, our destinies. Your husband, The good Vespasian, an old man, who seemed A father to you rather than a husband, Died in your arms; but mine, in all the flower And promise of his youth, was taken from me As by a rushing wind. The breath of battle Breathed on him, and I saw his face no more, Save as in dreams it haunts me. As our love Was for these men, so is our sorrow for them. Yours a child's sorrow, smiling through its tears; But mine the grief of an impassioned woman, Who drank her life up in one draught of love.

JULIA. Behold this locket. This is the white hair Of my Vespasian. This is the flower-of-love, This amaranth, and beneath it the

device Non moritura. Thus my heart remains True to his memory;
and the ancient castle, Where we have lived together, where he
died, Is dear to me as Ischia is to you.

VITTORIA. I did not mean to chide you.

JULIA. Let your heart Find, if it can, some poor
apology For one who is too young, and feels too keenly The joy of
life, to give up all her days To sorrow for the dead. While I am
true To the remembrance of the man I loved And mourn for still, I
do not make a show Of all the grief I feel, nor live secluded And,
like Veronica da Gambara, Drape my whole house in mourning, and
drive forth In coach of sable drawn by sable horses, As if I were a
corpse. Ah, one to-day Is worth for me a thousand yesterdays.

VITTORIA. Dear Julia! Friendship has its jealousies As well as
love. Who waits for you at Fondi?

JULIA. A friend of mine and yours; a friend and friar. You have at
Naples your Fra Bernadino; And I at Fondi have my Fra
Bastiano, The famous artist, who has come from Rome To paint my
portrait. That is not a sin.

VITTORIA. 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? 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 here after, And must be dealt with first.

VITTORIA. But in what way?

JULIA. Let the soft wind that wafts to us the odor Of orange blossoms, let the laughing sea And the bright sunshine bathing all the world, Answer the question.

VITTORIA. And for whom is meant This portrait that you speak of?

JULIA. For my friend The Cardinal Ippolito.

VITTORIA. For him?

JULIA. Yes, for Ippolito the Magnificent. 'T is always flattering to a woman's pride To be admired by one whom all admire.

VITTORIA. Ah, Julia, she that makes herself a dove Is eaten by the hawk. Be on your guard, He is a Cardinal; and his adoration Should be elsewhere directed.

JULIA. You forget The horror of that night, when Barbarossa, The Moorish corsair, landed on our coast To seize me for the Sultan Soliman; How in the dead of night, when all were sleeping, He scaled the castle wall; how I escaped, And in my night-dress, mounting a swift steed, Fled to the mountains, and took refuge there Among the brigands. Then of all my friends The Cardinal Ippolito was first To come with his retainers to my rescue. Could I refuse the only boon he asked At such a time, my portrait?

VITTORIA. I have heard Strange stories of the splendors of his palace, And how, apparelled like a Spanish Prince, He rides through Rome with a long retinue Of Ethiopians and Numidians And Turks and Tartars, in fantastic dresses, Making a gallant show. Is this the way A Cardinal should live?

JULIA. He is so young; Hardly of age, or little more than that; Beautiful, generous, fond of arts and letters, A poet, a

musician, and a scholar; Master of many languages, and a player On many instruments. In Rome, his palace Is the asylum of all men distinguished In art or science, and all Florentines Escaping from the tyranny of his cousin, Duke Alessandro.

VITTORIA. I have seen his portrait, Painted by Titian. You have painted it In brighter colors.

JULIA. And my Cardinal, At Itri, in the courtyard of his palace, Keeps a tame lion!

VITTORIA. And so 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, For work is prayer, and consecrates his life To the sublime ideal of his art, Till art and life are one; a man who holds Such place in all men's thoughts, that when they speak Of great things done, or to be done, his name Is ever on their lips.

JULIA. You too can paint The portrait of your hero, and in colors Brighter than Titian's; I might warn you also Against the dangers that beset your path; But I forbear.

VITTORIA. If I were made of marble, Of Fior di Persico or Pavonazzo, He might admire me: being but flesh and blood, I am no more to him than other women; That is, am nothing.

JULIA. Does he ride through Rome Upon his little mule, as he was wont, With his slouched hat, and boots of Cordovan, As when I saw him last?

VITTORIA. Pray do not jest. I cannot couple with his noble name A trivial word! Look, how the setting sun Lights up Castel-a-mare and Sorrento, And changes Capri to a purple cloud! And there Vesuvius with its plume of smoke, And the great

city stretched upon the shore As in a dream!

JULIA. Parthenope the Siren!

VITTORIA. And 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 Treading the broken pavement of the Past, It is too sad. I will go in and rest, And make me ready for to-morrow's journey.

VITTORIA. I will go with you; for I would not lose One hour of your dear presence. '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 JUDGMENT

MICHAEL ANGELO's Studio. He is at work on the cartoon of the Last Judgment.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Why did the Pope and his ten Cardinals Come here to lay this heavy task upon me? Were not the paintings on the Sistine ceiling Enough for them? They saw the Hebrew leader Waiting, and clutching his tempestuous beard, But heeded not. The 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 Era Bastian, might have done it; But he is lost to art. The Papal Seals, Like leaden weights upon a dead man's eyes, Press down his lids; and so the burden falls On Michael Angelo, Chief Architect And Painter of the Apostolic Palace. That is the title they cajole me with, To make me do 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 recording angels, 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 imagination Wakes like a wind at midnight,
and the soul Trembles in all its leaves, it is a joy To be uplifted on
its wings, and listen To the prophetic voices in the air That call us
onward. Then the work we do Is a delight, and the obedient
hand Never grows weary. But how different is it En the
disconsolate, discouraged hours, When all the wisdom of the world
appears As trivial as the gossip of a nurse In a sick-room, and all
our work seems useless,

What is it guides my hand, what thoughts possess me, That I have
drawn her face among the angels, Where she will be hereafter? O
sweet dreams, That through the vacant chambers of my heart Walk
in the silence, as familiar phantoms Frequent an ancient house,
what will ye with me? '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 evening star? The sunrise or
the sunset of the heart? The hour when we look forth to the
unknown, And the advancing day consumes the shadows, Or that
when all the landscape of our lives Lies stretched behind us, and
familiar places Gleam in the distance, and sweet memories Rise
like a tender haze, and magnify The objects we behold, that soon
must vanish?

What matters it to me, whose countenance Is like the Laocoon's, full
of pain; whose forehead Is a ploughed harvest-field, where three-
score years Have sown in sorrow and have reaped in anguish; To
me, the artisan, to whom all women Have been as if they were not,
or at most A sudden rush of pigeons in the air, A flutter of wings, a
sound, and then a silence? I am too old for love; I am too old To
flatter and delude myself with visions Of never-ending friendship
with fair women, Imaginations, fantasies, illusions, In which the
things that cannot be take shape, And seem to be, and for the
moment are. [Convent bells ring.

Distant and near and low and loud the bells, Dominican,

Benedictine, and Franciscan, Jangle and wrangle in their airy towers, Discordant as the brotherhoods themselves In their dim cloisters. The descending sun Seems to caress the city that he loves, And crowns it with the aureole of a saint. I will go forth and breathe the air a while.

II.

SAN SILVESTRO

A Chapel in the Church of San Silvestra on Monte Cavallo.

VITTORIA COLONNA, CLAUDIO TOLOMMEI, and others.

VITTORIA. Here let us rest a while, 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!

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, Who still maintains that our Italian tongue Should be called Tuscan. But for that offence We will not

quarrel with him.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Eccellenza—

VITTORIA. Ser Claudio has banished Eccellenza And all such titles from the Tuscan tongue.

MESSER CLAUDIO. 'T is the abuse of them and not the use I deprecate.

MICHAEL ANGELO. The use or the abuse It matters not. Let them all go together, As empty phrases and frivolities, And common as gold-lace upon the collar Of an obsequious lackey.

VITTORIA. That may be, But something of politeness would go with them; We should lose something of the stately manners Of the old school.

MESSER CLAUDIO. Undoubtedly.

VITTORIA. But that Is not what occupies my thoughts at present, Nor why I sent for you, Messer Michele. It was to counsel me. His Holiness Has granted me permission, long desired, To build a convent in this neighborhood, Where the old tower is standing, from whose top Nero looked down upon the burning city.

MICHAEL ANGELO. It is an inspiration!

VITTORIA. I am doubtful How I shall build; how large to make the convent, And which way fronting.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Ah, to build, to build! That is the noblest art of all the arts. Painting and sculpture are but images, Are merely shadows cast by outward things On stone or canvas, having in themselves No separate existence. Architecture, Existing in itself, and not in seeming A something it is not, surpasses them As substance shadow. Long, long years ago, Standing one morning near the Baths of Titus, I saw the statue of Laocoon Rise from its grave of centuries, like a ghost 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 At the three Rhodian artists, by whose hands This miracle was wrought. Yet he beholds Far nobler works who looks upon the ruins Of temples in the Forum here in Rome. If God should give me power in my old age To build for Him a temple half as grand As those were in their glory, I should count My age more excellent than youth itself, And all that I have hitherto accomplished As only vanity.

VITTORIA. I understand you. Art is the gift of God, and must be used Unto His glory. That in art is highest Which aims at this. When St. Hilarion blessed The horses of Italicus, they won The race at Gaza, for his benediction O'erpowered all magic; and the people shouted That Christ had conquered Marnas. So that art Which bears the consecration and the seal Of holiness upon it will prevail Over all others. Those few words of yours Inspire me with new confidence to build. What think you? The old walls might serve, perhaps, Some purpose still. The tower can hold the bells.

MICHAEL ANGELO. If strong enough.

VITTORIA. If not, it can be strengthened.

MICHAEL ANGELO. I see no bar nor drawback to this building, And on our homeward way, if it shall please you, We may together view the 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 I use the ancient courtesies of speech. I am too old to change.

III.

CARDINAL IPPOLITO.

A richly furnished apartment in the Palace of CARDINAL IPPOLITO. Night.

JACOPO NARDI, an old man, alone.

NARDI. I am bewildered. These Numidian slaves, In strange attire; these endless ante-chambers; This lighted hall, with all its golden splendors, Pictures, and statues! Can this be the dwelling Of a disciple of that lowly Man Who had not where to lay his head? These statues Are not of Saints; nor is this a Madonna, This lovely face, that with such tender eyes Looks down upon me from the painted canvas. My heart begins to fail me. What can he Who lives in boundless luxury at Rome Care for the imperilled liberties of Florence, 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; And wander through the world without a friend, Sick, comfortless, distressed, unknown, uncared for.

Enter CARDINAL HIPPOLITO, in Spanish cloak and slouched hat.

IPPOLITO. I pray you pardon me that I have kept you Waiting so long alone.

NARDI. I wait to see The Cardinal.

IPPOLITO. I am the Cardinal. And you?

NARDI. Jacopo Nardi.

IPPOLITO. You are welcome I was expecting you. Filippo Strozzi Had told me of your coming.

NARDI. 'T was his son That brought me to your door.

IPPOLITO. Pray you, be seated. You seem astonished at the garb I wear, But at my time of life, and with my habits, The petticoats of a Cardinal would be— Troublesome; I could neither ride nor walk, Nor do a thousand things, if I were dressed Like an old dowager. It were putting wine Young as the young Astyanax into

goblets As old as 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 Of Titus Livius, the historian Of Rome, and model of all historians That shall come after him. It does you honor; But greater honor still the love you bear To Florence, our dear country, and whose annals I hope your hand will write, in happier days Than we now see.

NARDI. Your Eminence will pardon The lateness of the hour.

IPPOLITO. The hours I count not As a sun-dial; but am like a clock, That tells the time as well by night as day. So no excuse. I know what brings you here. You come to speak of Florence.

NARDI. And her woes.

IPPOLITO. The Duke, my cousin, the black Alessandro, Whose mother was a Moorish slave, that fed The sheep upon Lorenzo's farm, still lives And reigns.

NARDI. Alas, that such a scourge Should fall on such a city!

IPPOLITO. When he dies, The Wild Boar in the gardens of Lorenzo, The beast obscene, should be the monument Of this bad man.

NARDI. He walks the streets at night With revellers, insulting honest men. No house is sacred from his lusts. The convents Are turned by him to brothels, and the honor Of women and all ancient pious customs Are quite forgotten now. The offices Of the Priori and Gonfalonieri Have been abolished. All the magistrates Are now his creatures. Liberty is dead. The very memory of all honest living Is wiped away, and even our Tuscan tongue Corrupted to a Lombard dialect.

IPPOLITO. And worst of all his impious hand has broken The
Martinella,—our great battle bell, That, sounding through three
centuries, has led The Florentines to victory,—lest its voice Should
waken in their souls some memory Of far-off times of glory.

NARDI. What a change Ten little years have made!
We all remember Those better days, when Niccola Capponi, The
Gonfaloniere, from the windows Of the Old Palace, with the blast of
trumpets, Proclaimed to the inhabitants that Christ Was chosen
King of Florence; and already Christ is dethroned, and slain, and in
his stead Reigns Lucifer! Alas, alas, for Florence!

IPPOLITO. Lilies with lilies, said 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 His daughter Margaret to this shameless Duke. What
hope have we from such an Emperor?

IPPOLITO. Baccio Valori and Filippo Strozzi, Once the Duke's
friends and intimates are with us, And Cardinals Salvati and
Ridolfi. We shall soon see, then, as Valori says, Whether the Duke
can best spare honest men, Or honest men the Duke.

NARDI. We have determined To send ambassadors to
Spain, and lay Our griefs before the Emperor, though I fear More
than I hope.

IPPOLITO. The Emperor is busy With this new war
against the Algerines, And has no time to listen to complaints From
our ambassadors; nor will I trust them, But go myself. All is in
readiness For my departure, and to-morrow morning I shall go
down to Itri, where I meet Dante da Castiglione and some
others, Republicans and fugitives from Florence, And then take
ship at Gaeta, and go To join the Emperor in his new
crusade Against the Turk. I shall have time enough And opportunity
to plead our cause.

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

restore 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, For you have
need of rest. Good-night.

IPPOLITO. Good-night.

Enter FRA SEBASTIANO; Turkish attendants.

IPPOLITO. Fra Bastiano, how your portly presence Contrasts with
that of the spare Florentine Who has just left me!

FRA SEBASTIANO. As we passed each other, I saw that
he was weeping.

IPPOLITO. Poor old man!

FRA SEBASTIANO. Who is he?

IPPOLITO. Jacopo Nardi. A brave soul; One of the Fuoruseiti,
and the best And noblest of them all; but he has made me Sad with
his sadness. As I look on you My heart grows lighter. I behold a
man Who lives in an ideal world, apart From all the rude collisions
of our life, In a calm atmosphere.

FRA SEBASTIANO. Your Eminence Is surely jesting.
If you knew the life Of artists as I know it, you might think Far
otherwise.

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 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 Incarnatus, In lieu of Latin
words, the tenor sang With infinite tenderness, in plain Italian, A

I am gone, but not till I am gone,— Be careful about that,—take
Barbarossa To Messer Michael Angelo, the sculptor, Who lives
there at Macello dei Corvi, Near to the Capitol; and take
besides Some ten mule-loads of provender, and say Your master
sends them to him as a present.

FRA SEBASTIANO. A princely gift. Though Michael
Angelo Refuses presents from his Holiness, Yours he will not
refuse.

IPPOLITO. You think him like Thymoetes, 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, 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 brigands' camp With the red fire-light on their
swarthy faces. 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. Hassan, come hither; Bring me the Turkish scimitar that
hangs Beneath the picture yonder. Now unsheathe it. 'T is a
Damascus blade; you see the inscription In Arabic: La Allah illa

Fondi, And Lucrine oysters cradled in their shells: These, with red Fondi wine, the Caecu ban That Horace speaks of, under a hundred keys Kept safe, until the heir of Posthumus Shall stain the pavement with it, make a feast Fit for Lucullus, or Fra Bastian even; So we will go to supper, and be merry.

FRA SEBASTIANO. Beware! I Remember that Bolsena's eels And Vernage wine once killed a Pope of Rome!

IPPOLITO. 'T was a French Pope; and then so long ago; Who knows?—perhaps the story is not true.

IV.

BORGO DELLE VERGINE AT NAPLES

Room in the Palace of JULIA GONZAGA. Night.

JULIA GONZAGA, GIOVANNI VALDESSO.

JULIA. Do not go yet.

VALDESSO. The night is far advanced; I fear to stay too late, and weary you With these discussions.

JULIA. I have much to say. I speak to you, Valdesso, with that frankness Which is the greatest privilege of friendship.— Speak as I hardly would to my confessor, Such is my confidence in you.

VALDESSO. Dear Countess If loyalty to friendship be a claim Upon your confidence, then I may claim it.

JULIA. Then sit again, and listen unto things That nearer are to me than life itself.

VALDESSO. In all things I am happy to obey you, And happiest then when you command me most.

JULIA. Laying aside all useless rhetoric, That is superfluous between us two, I come at once unto the point and say, You know

my outward life, my rank and fortune; Countess of Fondi, Duchess of Trajetto, A widow rich and flattered, for whose hand In marriage princes ask, and ask it only To be rejected. All the world can offer Lies at my feet. If I remind you of it, It is not in the way of idle boasting, But only to the better understanding Of what comes after.

VALDESSO. God hath given you also Beauty and intellect; and the signal grace To lead a spotless life amid temptations, That others yield to.

JULIA. But the inward life,— That you know not; 't is known but to myself, 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 sometimes 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, 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 Of faith and hope and charity.

JULIA. I listen, But only as to music without meaning. It moves me for the moment, and I think How beautiful it is to be a saint, As dear Vittoria is; but I am weak And wayward, and I soon fall back again To my old ways, so very easily. There are too many week-days for one Sunday.

VALDESSO. Then take the Sunday with you through the week, And sweeten 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 palace, And not from a vocation that I feel For the monastic life, I now am living With Sister Caterina at the convent Of Santa Chiara, and I come here only On certain days, for my affairs, or visits Of ceremony, or to be with friends. For I confess, to live among my friends Is Paradise to me; my Purgatory Is living among people I dislike. And so I pass my life in these two worlds, This palace and the convent.

VALDESSO. It was then The fear of man, and not the love of God, That led you to this step. Why will you not Give all your heart to God?

JULIA. If God commands it, Wherefore hath He not made me capable Of doing for Him what I wish to do As easily as I could offer Him This jewel from my hand, this gown I wear, Or aught else that is mine?

VALDESSO. The hindrance lies In that original sin, by which all fell.

JULIA. Ah me, I cannot bring my troubled mind To wish well to that Adam, our first parent, Who by his sin lost Paradise for us, And brought such ills upon us.

VALDESSO. We ourselves, When we commit a sin, lose Paradise, As much as he did. Let us think of this, And how we may regain it.

JULIA. Teach me, then, To harmonize the discord of my life, And stop the painful jangle of these wires.

VALDESSO. That is a task impossible, until You tune your heart-strings to a higher key Than earthly melodies.

JULIA. How shall I do it? Point out to me the way of this perfection, And I will follow you; for you have made My soul enamored with it, and I cannot Rest satisfied until I find it out. But

lead me privately, so that the world Hear not my steps; I would not give occasion For talk among the people.

VALDESSO. Now at last I understand you fully. Then, what need Is there for us to beat about the bush? I know what you desire of me.

JULIA. What rudeness! If you already know it, why not tell me?

VALDESSO. Because I rather wait for you to ask it With your own lips.

JULIA. Do me the kindness, then, To speak without reserve; and with all frankness, If you divine the truth, will I confess it.

VALDESSO. I am content.

JULIA. Then speak.

VALDESSO. You would be free From the vexatious thoughts that come and go Through your imagination, and would have me Point out some royal road and lady-like Which you may walk in, and not wound your feet; You would attain to the divine perfection, And yet not turn your back upon the world; You would possess humility within, But not reveal it in your outward actions; You would have patience, but without the rude Occasions that require its exercise; You would despise the world, but in such fashion The world should not despise you in return; Would clothe the soul with all the Christian graces, Yet not despoil the body of its gauds; Would feed the soul with spiritual food, Yet not deprive the body of its feasts; Would seem angelic in the sight of God, Yet not too saint-like in the eyes of men; In short, would lead a holy Christian life In such a way that even your nearest friend Would not detect therein one circumstance To show a change from what it was before. Have I divined your secret?

JULIA. You have drawn The portrait of my inner self as truly As the most skilful painter ever painted A human face.

VALDESSO. This warrants me in saying You think you can
win heaven by compromise, And not by verdict.

JULIA You have often told me That a bad compromise
was better even Than a good verdict.

VALDESSO. Yes, in suits at law; Not in 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.

VALDESSO. I must proclaim the truth.

JULIA. Enthusiast! Why must you? You imperil
both yourself And friends by your imprudence. Pray, be
patient. You have occasion now to show that virtue Which you lay
stress upon. Let us return To our lost pathway. Show me by what
steps I shall walk in it. [Convent bells are heard.

VALDESSO. Hark! the convent bells Are ringing; it is
midnight; I must leave you. And yet I linger. Pardon me, dear
Countess, Since you to-night have made me your confessor, If I so
far may venture, I will warn you Upon one point.

JULIA. What is it? Speak, I pray you, For I have no
concealments in my conduct; All is as open as the light of
day. What is it you would warn me of?

VALDESSO. Your friendship With Cardinal Ippolito.

JULIA. What is there To cause suspicion or alarm in
that, More than in friendships that I entertain With you and others? I
ne'er sat with him Alone at night, as I am sitting now With you,
Valdesso.

VALDESSO. Pardon me; the portrait That Fra Bastiano
painted was for him. Is that quite prudent?

JULIA. That is the same question Vittoria put to me, when I last saw her. I make you the same answer. That was not A pledge of love, but of pure gratitude. Recall the adventure of that dreadful night When Barbarossa with two thousand Moors Landed upon the coast, and in the darkness Attacked my castle. Then, without delay, The Cardinal came hurrying down from Rome To rescue and protect me. Was it wrong That in an hour like that I did 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 Barbarossa, Steal in and seize the castle, not by storm But strategy. And now I take my leave.

JULIA. Farewell; but ere you go look forth and see How night hath hushed the clamor and the stir Of the tumultuous streets. The cloudless moon Roofs the whole city as with tiles of silver; The dim, mysterious sea in silence sleeps; And straight into the air Vesuvius lifts His plume of smoke. How beautiful it is! [Voices in the street.

GIOVAN ANDREA. Poisoned at Itri.

ANOTHER VOICE. Poisoned? Who is poisoned?

GIOVAN ANDREA. The Cardinal Ippolito, my master. Call it malaria. It was sudden. [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; 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.

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 Renee of France, the Duchess of Ferrara.

JULIA. Oh, tell me of the Duchess. I have heard Flaminio speak her praises with such warmth That I am eager to hear more of her And of her brilliant court.

VITTORIA. You shall hear all But first sit down and listen patiently While I confess myself.

JULIA. What deadly sin Have you committed?

VITTORIA. Not a sin; a folly I chid you once at Ischia, when you told me That brave Fra Bastian was to paint your portrait.

JULIA Well I remember it.

VITTORIA. Then chide me now, For I confess to something still more strange. Old as I am, I have at last consented To the entreaties and the supplications Of Michael Angelo—

JULIA To marry him?

VITTORIA. I pray you, do not jest with me! You now, 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 Worthy of both of you! [A knock.

VITTORIA. Hark! He is coming.

JULIA. And shall I go or stay?

VITTORIA. By all means, stay. The drawing will be better for your presence; You will enliven me.

JULIA. I shall not speak; The presence of great men doth take from me All power of speech. I only gaze at them In silent wonder, as if they were gods, Or the inhabitants of some other planet.

Enter MICHAEL ANGELO.

VITTORIA. Come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO. I fear my visit is ill-timed; I interrupt you.

VITTORIA. No; this is a friend Of yours as well as mine,—the Lady Julia, The Duchess of 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.

JULIA. When Michael Angelo condescends to flatter Or praise me,
I am proud, and not offended.

VITTORIA. Now this is gallantry enough for one; Show me a little.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Ah, my gracious lady, You know I
have not words to speak your praise. I think of you in silence. You
conceal Your manifold perfections from all eyes, And make yourself
more saint-like day by day. And day by day men worship you the
wore. But now your hour of martyrdom has come. You know why I
am here.

VITTORIA. Ah yes, I know it, And meet my fate with
fortitude. You find me Surrounded by the labors of your hands: The
Woman of Samaria at the Well, The Mater Dolorosa, and the
Christ Upon the Cross, beneath which you have written Those
memorable words of Alighieri, "Men have forgotten how much blood
it costs."

MICHAEL ANGELO. And now I come to add one labor more, If you
will call that labor which is pleasure, And only pleasure.

VITTORIA. How shall I be seated?

MICHAEL ANGELO, opening his portfolio.

Just as you are. The light falls well upon you.

VITTORIA. I am ashamed to steal the time from you That should be
given to the Sistine Chapel. How does that work go on?

MICHAEL ANGELO, drawing. But tardily. Old men
work slowly. Brain and hand alike Are dull and torpid. To die young
is best, And not to be remembered as old men Tottering about in
their decrepitude.

VITTORIA. My dear Maestro! have you, then, forgotten The story of
Sophocles in his old age?

MICHAEL ANGELO. What story is it?

VITTORIA. When his sons accused him, Before the
Areopagus, of dotage, For all defence, he read there to his
Judges The Tragedy of Oedipus Coloneus,— The work of his old
age.

MICHAEL ANGELO. 'T is an illusion A fabulous story,
that will lead old men Into a thousand follies and conceits.

VITTORIA. So you may show to cavilers your painting Of the Last
Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Now you and Lady Julia shall resume The
conversation that I interrupted.

VITTORIA. It was of no great import; nothing more Nor less than
my late visit to Ferrara, And what I saw there in the ducal
palace. Will it not interrupt you?

MICHAEL ANGELO. Not the least.

VITTORIA. Well, first, then, of Duke Ercole: a man Cold in his
manners, and reserved and silent, And yet magnificent in all his
ways; Not hospitable unto new ideas, But from state policy, and
certain reasons Concerning the investiture of the duchy, A partisan
of Rome, and consequently Intolerant of all the new opinions.

JULIA. I should not like the Duke. These silent men, Who only look
and listen, are like wells That have no water in them, deep and
empty. How could the daughter of a king of France Wed such a
duke?

MICHAEL ANGELO. The men that women marry And why
they marry them, will always be A marvel and a mystery to the
world.

VITTORIA. And then the Duchess,—how shall I describe her, Or
tell the merits of that happy nature, Which pleases most when least
it thinks of pleasing? Not beautiful, perhaps, in form and
feature, Yet with an inward beauty, that shines through Each look
and attitude and word and gesture; A kindly grace of manner and
behavior, A something in her presence and her ways That makes

her beautiful beyond the reach Of mere external beauty; and in heart So noble and devoted to the truth, And so in sympathy with all who strive After the higher life.

JULIA. She draws me to her As much as her Duke Ercole repels me.

VITTORIA. Then the devout and honorable women That grace her court, and make it good to be there; Francesca Bucyronia, the true-hearted, Lavinia della Rovere and the Orsini, The Magdalena and the Cherubina, And Anne de Parthenai, who sings so sweetly; All lovely women, full of noble thoughts And aspirations after noble things.

JULIA. Boccaccio would have envied you such dames.

VITTORIA. No; his Fiammettas and his Philomenas Are fitter company for Ser Giovanni; I fear he hardly would have comprehended The women that I speak of.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Yet he wrote The story of Griselda. That is something To set down in his favor.

VITTORIA. With these ladies Was a young girl, Olympia Morate, Daughter of Fulvio, the learned scholar, Famous in all the universities. A marvellous child, who at the spinning wheel, And in the daily round of household cares, Hath learned both Greek and Latin; and is now A favorite of the Duchess and companion Of Princess Anne. This beautiful young Sappho Sometimes recited to us Grecian odes That she had written, with a voice whose sadness Thrilled and o'ermastered me, and made me look Into the future time, and ask myself What destiny will be hers.

JULIA. A sad one, surely. Frost kills the flowers that blossom out of season; And these precocious intellects 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, Charles

d'Espeville of Geneva, whom the Duchess Doth much delight to talk with and to read, For he hath written a book of Institutes The Duchess greatly praises, though some call it The Koran of the heretics.

JULIA. And what poets Were there to sing you madrigals, and praise Olympia's eyes and Cherubina's tresses?

VITTORIA. No; for great Ariosto is no more. The voice that filled those halls with melody Has long been hushed in death.

JULIA. You should have made A pilgrimage unto the poet's tomb, And laid a wreath upon it, for the words He spake of you.

VITTORIA. And of yourself no less, And of our master, Michael Angelo.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Of me?

VITTORIA. Have you forgotten that he calls you Michael, less man than angel, and divine? You are ungrateful.

MICHAEL ANGELO. A mere play on words. That adjective he wanted for a rhyme, To match with Gian Bellino and Urbino.

VITTORIA. Bernardo Tasso is no longer there, Nor the gay troubadour of Gascony, Clement Marot, surnamed by flatterers The Prince of Poets and the Poet of Princes, Who, being looked upon with much disfavor By the Duke Ercole, has fled to Venice.

MICHAEL ANGELO. There let him stay with Pietro Aretino, The Scourge of Princes, also called Divine. The title is so common in our mouths, That even the Pifferari of Abruzzi, Who play their bag-pipes in the streets of Rome At the Epiphany, will bear it soon, And will deserve it better than some poets.

VITTORIA. What bee hath stung you?

MICHAEL ANGELO. One that makes no honey; One that comes buzzing in through every 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 Holiness Alighted from his mule! A fugitive From Cardinal Caraffa's hate, who hurls His thunders at the house of the Colonna, With endless bitterness!—Among the nuns In Santa Catarina's convent hidden, Herself in soul a nun! And now she chides me For my too frequent letters, that disturb Her meditations, and that hinder me And keep me from my work; now graciously She thanks me for the crucifix I sent her, And says that she will keep it: with one hand Inflicts a wound, and with the other heals it. [Reading.

"Profoundly I believed that God would grant you A supernatural faith to paint this Christ; I wished for that which I now see fulfilled So marvellously, exceeding all my wishes. Nor more could be desired, or even so much. And greatly I rejoice that you have made The angel on the right so beautiful; For the Archangel Michael will place you, You, Michael Angelo, on that new day Upon the Lord's right hand! And waiting that, How can I better serve you than to pray To this sweet Christ for you, and 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 Can live elsewhere; but he must pine for Rome, And must return to it. I, who am born And bred a Tuscan and a Florentine, Feel the attraction, and I linger here As if I were a

pebble in the pavement Trodden by priestly feet. This I
endure, Because I breathe in Rome an atmosphere Heavy with
odors of the laurel leaves That crowned great heroes of the sword
and pen, In ages past. I feel myself exalted 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 solitude, And ever was best
pleased when most alone, Now weary grow of my own
company. For the first time old age seems lonely to
me. [Opening the Divina Commedia. I turn for consolation to the
leaves Of the great master of our Tuscan tongue, Whose words,
like colored garnet-shirls 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 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, Closing upon him, never more to
open; But mingled with the sound are melodies Celestial from the
gates of paradise. He came, and he is gone. The people knew
not What manner of man was passing by their doors, Until he
passed no more; but in his vision He saw the torments and
beatitudes Of souls condemned or pardoned, and hath left Behind
him this sublime Apocalypse.

I strive in vain to draw here on the margin The face of Beatrice. It is
not hers, But the Colonna's. Each hath his ideal, The image of
some woman excellent, That is his guide. No Grecian art, nor
Roman, Hath yet revealed such loveliness as hers.

II

VITERBO

VITTORIA COLONNA at the convent window.

VITTORIA. Parting with friends is temporary death, As all death is.
We see no more their faces, Nor hear their voices, save in
memory; But messages of love give us assurance That we are not
forgotten. Who shall say That from the world of spirits comes no
greeting, No message of remembrance? It may be The thoughts
that visit us, we know not whence, Sudden as inspiration, are the
whispers Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us As friends, who
wait outside a prison wall, Through the barred windows speak to
those within. [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, 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. O gentle spirit, unto the third
circle Of heaven among the blessed souls ascended, Who, living in
the faith and dying for it, Have gone to their reward, I do not
sigh For thee as being dead, but for myself That I am still alive.
Turn those dear eyes, Once so benignant to me, upon mine, That
open to their tears such uncontrolled And such continual issue. Still
awhile Have patience; I will come to thee at last. A few more goings
in and out these doors, A few more chimings of these convent
bells, A few more prayers, a few more sighs and tears, And the
long agony of this life will end, And I shall be with thee. If I am
wanting To thy well-being, as thou art to mine, Have patience; I will
come to thee at last. Ye minds that loiter in these cloister
gardens, Or wander far above the city walls, Bear unto him this
message, that I ever Or speak or think of him, or weep for him.

By unseen hands uplifted in the light Of sunset, 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 Could thus be wafted unto thee, Francesco, A cloud of white, an
incorporeal spirit!

III

MICHAEL ANGELO AND BENVENUTO CELLINI

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 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 atmosphere, That all men feel, and no man can describe.

BENVENUTO. Malaria?

MICHAEL ANGELO. Yes, malaria of the mind, Out of this tomb of the majestic Past! The fever to accomplish some great work That will not let us sleep. I must go on Until I die.

BENVENUTO. Do you ne'er think of Florence?

MICHAEL ANGELO. Yes; whenever I think of anything beside my work, I think of Florence. I remember, too, The bitter days I passed among the quarries Of Seravezza and Pietrasanta; Road-building in the marshes; stupid people, And cold and rain incessant, and mad gusts Of mountain wind, like howling dervishes, That spun and whirled the eddying snow about them As

if it were a garment; aye, vexations And troubles of all kinds, that ended only In loss of time and money.

BENVENUTO. True; Maestro, But that was not in Florence. You should leave Such work to others. Sweeter memories Cluster about you, in the pleasant city Upon the Arno.

MICHAEL ANGELO. In my waking dreams I see the marvellous dome of Brunelleschi, Ghiberti's gates of bronze, and Giotto's tower; And Ghirlandajo's lovely Benci glides With folded hands amid my troubled thoughts, A splendid vision! Time rides with the old At a great pace. As travellers on swift steeds See the near landscape fly and flow behind them, While the remoter fields and dim horizons Go with them, and seem wheeling round to meet them, So in old age things near us slip away, And distant things go with us. Pleasantly Come back to me the days when, as a youth, I walked with Ghirlandajo in the gardens Of Medici, and saw the antique statues, The forms august of gods and godlike men, And the great world of art revealed itself To my young eyes. Then all that man hath done Seemed possible to me. Alas! how little Of all I dreamed of has my hand achieved!

BENVENUTO. Nay, let the Night and Morning, let Lorenzo And Julian in the Sacristy at Florence, Prophets and Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel, And the Last Judgment answer. Is it finished?

MICHAEL ANGELO. The work is nearly done. But this Last Judgment Has been the cause of more vexation to me Than it will be of honor. Ser Biagio, Master of ceremonies at the Papal court, A man punctilious and over nice, Calls it improper; says that those nude forms, Showing their nakedness in such shameless fashion, Are better suited to a common bagnio, Or wayside wine-shop, than a Papal Chapel. To punish him I painted him as Minos And leave him there as master of ceremonies In the Infernal Regions. What would you Have done to such a man?

BENVENUTO. I would have killed him. When any one insults me, if I can I kill him, kill him.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Oh, you gentlemen, Who dress in silks and velvets, and wear swords, Are ready with your weapon;

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; when suddenly, A misty figure, like an apparition, Rose
up above the fog, as if on horseback. At this I aimed my arquebus,
and fired. The figure vanished; and there rose a cry Out of the
darkness, long and fierce and loud, With imprecations in all
languages. It was the Constable of France, the Bourbon, That I had
slain.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Rome should be grateful to you.

BENVENUTO. But has not been; you shall hear presently. During
the siege I served as bombardier, There in St. Angelo. His
Holiness, One day, was walking with his Cardinals On the round
bastion, while I stood above Among my falconets. All thought and
feeling, All skill in art and all desire of fame, Were swallowed up in
the delightful music Of that artillery. I saw far off, Within the
enemy's trenches on the Prati, A Spanish cavalier in scarlet
cloak; And firing at him with due aim and range, I cut the gay
Hidalgo in two pieces. The eyes are dry that wept for him in
Spain. His Holiness, delighted beyond measure With such display
of gunnery, and amazed To see the man in scarlet cut in two, Gave
me his benediction, and absolved me From all the homicides I had
committed In service of the Apostolic Church, Or should commit
thereafter. From that day I have not held in very high esteem The
life of man.

MICHAEL ANGELO. And who absolved Pope Clement? Now let
us speak of Art.

BENVENUTO. Of what you will.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Say, have you seen our friend Fra Bastian
lately, Since by a turn of fortune he became 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 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. Benvenuto Have faith in nothing but in industry. Be at it
late and early; persevere, And work right on through censure and
applause, Or else abandon Art.

BENVENUTO. No man works harder Then I do. I am not
a moment idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO. And what have you to show me?

BENVENUTO. This gold ring, Made for his Holiness,—
my latest work, And I am proud of it. A single diamond Presented
by the Emperor to the Pope. Targhetta of Venice set and tinted it; I
have reset it, and retinted it Divinely, as you see. The jewellers Say
I've surpassed Targhetta.

MICHAEL ANGELO. 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. You can do greater things.

BENVENUTO. The God who made me Knows why he
made me what I am,—a goldsmith, A mere artificer.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Oh no; an artist Richly endowed
by nature, but who wraps His talent in a napkin, and consumes His
life in vanities.

BENVENUTO. Michael Angelo May say what
Benvenuto would not bear From any other man. He speaks the
truth. I know my life is wasted and consumed In vanities; but I have
better hours And higher aspirations than you think. Once, when a
prisoner at St. Angelo, Fasting and praying in the midnight
darkness, In a celestial vision I beheld A crucifix in the sun, of the
same substance As is the sun itself. And since that hour There is a
splendor round about my head, That may be seen at sunrise and at
sunset Above my shadow on the grass. And now I know that I am
in the grace of God, And none henceforth can harm me.

MICHAEL ANGELO. None but one,— None but
yourself, who are your greatest foe. He that respects himself is safe
from others; He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce.

BENVENUTO. I always wear one.

MICHAEL ANGELO. O incorrigible! At least, forget not
the celestial vision. Man must have something higher than
himself To think of.

BENVENUTO. That I know full well. Now listen. I have been sent
for into France, where grow The Lilies that illumine heaven and
earth, And carry in mine equipage the model Of a most marvellous
golden salt-cellar For the king's table; and here in my brain A statue
of Mars Armipotent for the fountain Of Fontainebleau, colossal,
wonderful. I go a goldsmith, to return a sculptor. And so farewell,
great Master. Think of me As one who, in the midst of all his
follies, Had also his ambition, and aspired To better things.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Do not forget the vision.

[Sitting down again to the Divina Commedia.]

Now in what circle of his poem sacred Would the great Florentine
have placed this man? Whether in 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 alkahest, Dissolve his better nature, he is not That despicable thing, a hypocrite; He doth not cloak his vices, nor deny them. Come back, my thoughts, from him to Paradise.

IV.

FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO

MICHAEL ANGELO; FRA SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO.

MICHAEL ANGELO, not turning round. Who is it?

FRA SEBASTIANO. Wait, for I am out of breath In climbing your steep stairs.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Ah, my Bastiano, If you went up and down as many stairs As I do still, and climbed as many ladders, It would be better for you. Pray sit down. Your idle and luxurious way of living Will one day take your breath away entirely. And you will never find it.

FRA SEBASTIANO. Well, what then? That would be better, in my apprehension, Than falling from a scaffold.

MICHAEL ANGELO. That was nothing It did not kill me; only lamed me slightly; I am quite well again.

FRA SEBASTIANO. But why, dear Master, Why do you live so high up in your house, When you could live below and have a garden, As I do?

MICHAEL ANGELO. From this window I can look On many gardens; o'er the city roofs See the Campagna and the Alban hills; And all are mine.

FRA SEBASTIANO. Can you sit down in them, On summer afternoons, and play the lute Or sing, or sleep the time away?

MICHAEL ANGELO. I never Sleep in the day-time; scarcely sleep at night. I have not time. Did you meet

Benvenuto As you came up the stair?

FRA SEBASTIANO. He ran against me On the first landing, going at full speed; Dressed like the Spanish 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'erleaps 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 formidable stairs. I have a friend, Francesco Berni, here, A very charming poet and companion, Who greatly honors you and all your doings, And you must sup with us.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Not I, indeed. I know too well what artists' suppers are. You must excuse me.

FRA SEBASTIANO. I will not excuse you. You need repose from your incessant work; Some recreation, some bright hours of pleasure.

MICHAEL ANGELO. To me, what you and other men call pleasure Is only pain. Work is my recreation, The play of faculty; a delight like that Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish In darting through the water,—nothing more. I cannot go. The Sibylline leaves of life Grow precious now, when only few remain. I cannot go.

FRA SEBASTIANO. Berni, perhaps, will read A canto of the Orlando Inamorato.

MICHAEL ANGELO. That is another reason for not going. If aught is tedious and intolerable, It is a poet reading his own verses,

FRA SEBASTIANO. Berni thinks somewhat better of your verses Than you of his. He says that you speak things, And other poets words. So, pray you, come.

MICHAEL ANGELO. If it were now the Improvisatore, Luigia 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 Of the Adventures of Gargantua, So full of strange conceits one roars with laughter At every page; a jovial boon-companion And lover of much wine. He too is coming.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Then you will not want me, who am not witty, And have no sense of mirth, and love not wine. I should be like a dead man at your banquet. Why should I seek this Frenchman, Rabelais? And wherefore go to hear Francesco Berni, When I have Dante Alighieri here. The greatest of all poets?

FRA SEBASTIANO. And the dullest; And only to be read in episodes. His day is past. Petrarca is our poet.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Petrarca is for women and for lovers And for those soft Abati, who delight To wander down long garden walks in summer, Tinkling their little sonnets all day long, As lap dogs do their bells.

FRA SEBASTIANO. I love Petrarca. How sweetly of his absent love he sings When journeying in the forest of Ardennes! "I seem to hear her, hearing the boughs and breezes And leaves and birds lamenting, and the waters Murmuring 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 Your office and yourself.

FRA SEBASTIANO. And you like this picture. And yet it is
in oil; which you detest.

MICHAEL ANGELO. When that barbarian Jan Van Eyck
discovered The use of oil in painting, he degraded His art into a
handicraft, and made it Sign-painting, merely, for a country inn Or
wayside wine-shop. 'T is an art for women, Or for such leisurely and
idle people As you, Fra Bastiano. Nature paints not In oils, but
frescoes the great dome of heaven With sunset; and the lovely
forms of clouds And flying vapors.

FRA SEBASTIANO. And how soon they fade! Behold yon
line of roofs and belfries painted Upon the golden background of the
sky, Like a Byzantine picture, or a portrait Of Cimabue. See how
hard the outline, Sharp-cut and clear, not rounded into shadow. Yet
that is nature.

MICHAEL ANGELO. She is always right. The picture
that approaches sculpture nearest Is the best picture.

FRA SEBASTIANO. Leonardo thinks The open air
too bright. We ought to paint As if the sun were shining through a
mist. 'T is easier done in oil than in distemper.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Do not revive again the old dispute; I have an
excellent memory for forgetting, But I still feel the hurt. Wounds are
not healed By the unbending of the bow that made them.

FRA SEBASTIANO. So say Petrarca and the ancient proverb.

MICHAEL ANGELO. But that is 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
received A basket of gold-pieces every morning, Which every night

was empty, left behind Hardly enough to pay his funeral.

FRA SEBASTIANO. I care for banquets, not for funerals, As did his Holiness. I have forbidden All tapers at my burial, and procession Of priests and friars and monks; and have 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; 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 Paradise. His wealth is scattered to the winds; his children Are long since dead; but those celestial gates Survive, and keep his name and memory green.

FRA SEBASTIANO. But why should I fatigue myself? I think That all things it is possible to paint Have been already painted; and if not, Why, there are painters in the world at present Who can accomplish more in two short months Than I could in two years; so it is well That some one is contented to do nothing, And leave the field to others.

MICHAEL ANGELO. O blasphemer! Not without reason do the people call you Sebastian del Piombo, for the lead Of all the Papal bulls is heavy upon you, And wraps you like a shroud.

FRA SEBASTIANO. Misericordia! Sharp is the vinegar of sweet wine, and sharp The words you speak, because the heart within you Is sweet unto the core.

MICHAEL ANGELO. How changed you are From the Sebastiano I once knew, When poor, laborious, emulous to excel, You strove in rivalry with Badassare And Raphael Sanzio.

FRA SEBASTIANO. Raphael is dead; He is but dust and ashes in his grave, While I am living and enjoying life, And so am victor. One live Pope is worth A dozen dead ones.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Raphael is not dead; He doth but sleep; for how can he be dead Who lives immortal in the hearts of

men? He only drank the precious wine of youth, The outbreak of the grapes, before the vintage Was trodden to bitterness by the feet of men. The gods have given him sleep. We never were Nor could be foes, although our followers, Who are distorted shadows of ourselves, Have striven to make us so; but each one worked Unconsciously upon the other's thought; Both giving and receiving. He perchance Caught strength from me, and I some greater sweetness And tenderness from his more gentle nature. I have but words of 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 dearest friends, That used to be so near, seem far away.

FRA SEBASTIANO. Then we must sup without you. We shall laugh At those who toil for fame, and make their lives A tedious martyrdom, that they may live A little longer in the mouths of men! And so, good-night.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Good-night, my Fra Bastiano.

[Returning to his work.

How will men speak of me when I am gone, When all this colorless, sad life is ended, And I am dust? They will remember only The wrinkled forehead, the marred countenance, The rudeness of my speech, and my rough manners, And never dream that underneath them all There was a woman's heart of tenderness. They will not know the secret of my life, Locked up in silence, or but vaguely hinted In uncouth rhymes, that may perchance survive Some little space in memories of men! Each one performs his life-work, and then leaves it; Those that come after him will estimate His influence on the age in which he lived.

V

PALAZZO BELVEDERE

TITIAN'S studio. A painting of Danae with a curtain before it. TITIAN, MICHAEL ANGELO, and GIORGIO VASARI.

MICHAEL ANGELO. So you have left at last your still lagoons, Your City of Silence floating in the sea, And come to us in Rome.

TITIAN. I come to learn, But I have come too late. I should have seen Rome in my youth, when all my mind was open To new impressions. Our Vasari here Leads me about, a blind man, groping darkly Among the marvels of the past. I touch them, But do not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO. There are things in Rome That one might walk bare-footed here from Venice But to see once, and then to die content.

TITIAN. I must confess that these majestic ruins Oppress me with their gloom. I feel as one Who in the twilight stumbles among tombs, And cannot read the inscriptions carved upon them.

MICHAEL ANGELO. I felt so once; but I have grown familiar With desolation, and it has become No more a pain to me, but a delight.

TITIAN. I could not live here. I must have the sea, And the sea-mist, with sunshine interwoven Like cloth of gold; must have beneath my windows The laughter of the waves, and at my door Their pattering footsteps, or I am not happy.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Then tell me of your city in the sea, Paved with red basalt of the Paduan hills. Tell me of art in Venice. Three great names, Giorgione, Titian, and the Tintoretto, Illustrate your Venetian school, and send A challenge to the world. The first is dead, But Tintoretto lives.

TITIAN. And paints with fires Sudden and splendid, as the lightning paints The cloudy vault of heaven.

GIORGIO. Does he still keep Above his door the

arrogant inscription That once was painted there,—"The color of Titian, With the design of Michael Angelo"?

TITIAN. Indeed, I know not. 'T was a foolish boast, And does no harm to any but himself. Perhaps he has grown wiser.

MICHAEL ANGELO. When you two Are gone, who is there that remains behind To seize the pencil falling from your fingers?

GIORGIO. Oh there are many hands upraised already To clutch at such a prize, which hardly wait For death to loose your grasp,—a hundred of them; Schiavone, Bonifazio, Campagnola, Moretto, and Moroni; who can count them, Or measure their ambition?

TITIAN. When we are gone The generation that comes after us Will have far other thoughts than ours. Our ruins Will serve to build their palaces or tombs. They will possess the world that we think ours, And fashion it far otherwise.

MICHAEL ANGELO. I hear Your son Orazio and your nephew Marco Mentioned with honor.

TITIAN. Ay, brave lads, brave lads. But time will show. There is a youth in Venice, One Paul Cagliari, called the Veronese, 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. 'T is but a fancy. Nature will provide Others to take our places. I rejoice 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.

MICHAEL ANGELO. And now, Maestro, pray unveil your picture Of

Danae, of which I hear such praise.

TITIAN, drawing back the curtain.

What think you?

MICHAEL ANGELO. That Acrisius did well 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.

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 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.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Wonderful! wonderful! The charm of color Fascinates me the more that in myself The gift is wanting. I

am not a painter.

GIORGIO. Messer Michele, all the arts are yours, Not one alone;
and therefore I may venture To put a question to you.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Well, speak on.

GIORGIO. Two nephews of the Cardinal Farnese Have made me
umpire in dispute between them Which is the greater of the sister
arts, Painting or sculpture. Solve for me the doubt.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Sculpture and painting have a common
goal, And 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 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 those rounded
limbs! How from the canvas they detach themselves, Till they
deceive the eye, and one would say, It is a statue with a screen
behind it!

TITIAN. Signori, pardon me; but all such questions Seem to me
idle.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Idle as the wind. And now,
Maestro, I will say once more How admirable I esteem your
work, And leave you, without further interruption.

TITIAN. Your friendly visit hath much honored me.

GIOROIO. Farewell.

MICHAEL ANGELO to GIORGIO, going out.

If the Venetian painters knew But half as much of drawing as
of color, They would indeed work miracles in art, And the world see
what it hath never seen.

VI

PALAZZO CESARINI

VITTORIA COLONNA, seated in an armchair; JULIA GONZAGA,
standing near her.

JULIA. It grieves me that I find you still so weak And suffering.

VITTORIA. No, not suffering; only dying. Death is the
chillness that precedes the dawn; We shudder for a moment, then
awake In the broad sunshine of the other life. I am a shadow,
merely, and these hands, These cheeks, these eyes, these tresses
that my husband Once thought so beautiful, and I was proud
of Because he thought them so, are faded quite,— All beauty gone
from them.

JULIA. Ah, no, not that. Paler you are, but not less
beautiful.

VITTORIA. Hand me the mirror. I would fain behold What change
comes o'er our features when we die. Thank you. And now sit down
beside me here How glad I am that you have come to-day, Above
all other days, and at the hour When most I need you!

JULIA. Do you ever need me?

VICTORIA.

Always, and most of all to-day and now. Do you remember, Julia,
when we walked, One afternoon, upon the castle terrace At Ischia,
on the day before you left me?

JULIA. Well I remember; but it seems to me Something unreal, that has never been,— Something that I have read of in a book, Or heard of some one else.

VITTORIA. Ten years and more Have passed since then; and many things have happened In those ten years, and many friends have died: Marco Flaminio, whom we all admired And loved as our Catullus; dear Valldesso, 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. Let me forget it; for my memory Serves me too often as an unkind friend, And I remember things I would forget, While I forget the things I would remember.

VITTORIA. Forgive me; I will speak of him no more, The good Fra Bernardino has departed, Has fled from Italy, and crossed the Alps, Fearing Caraffa's wrath, because he taught That He who made us all without our help Could also save us without aid of ours. Renee of France, the Duchess of Ferrara, That Lily of the Loire, is bowed by winds That blow from Rome; Olympia Morata Banished from court because of this new doctrine. Therefore be cautious. Keep your secret thought Locked in your breast.

JULIA. I will be very prudent But speak no more, I pray; it wearies you.

VITTORIA. Yes, I am very weary. Read to me.

JULIA. Most willingly. What shall I read?

VITTORIA. Petrarca's Triumph of Death. The book lies on the table; Beside the casket there. Read where you find The leaf turned down. '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

gradation goes, Keeping until the end its lustre bright. Not pale,
but whiter than the sheet of snows That without wind on some fair
hill-top lies, Her weary body seemed to find repose. Like a sweet
slumber in her lovely eyes, When now the spirit was no longer
there, Was what is dying called by the unwise. E'en Death itself in
her fair face seemed fair"—

Is it of Laura that he here is speaking?— She doth not answer, yet is
not asleep; Her eyes are full of light and fixed on something Above
her in the air. I can see naught Except the painted angels on the
ceiling. Vittoria! speak! What is it? Answer me!— She only smiles,
and stretches out her hands.

[The mirror falls and breaks.

VITTORIA. 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.

Enter MICHAEL ANGELO.

JULIA. Hush! make no noise.

MICHAEL ANGELO. How is she?

JULIA. Never better.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Then she is dead!

JULIA. Alas! yes, she is dead! Even death itself in her fair
face seems fair. How wonderful! The light upon her face Shines
from the windows of another world. Saint 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 before a model of St. Peter's.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Better than thou I cannot, Brunelleschi, 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 Upon his hand the model of a church, As German artists paint him; and what years, What weary years, must drag themselves along, Ere this be turned to stone! What hindrances Must block the way; what idle interferences Of Cardinals and Canons of St. Peter's, Who nothing know of art beyond the color Of cloaks and stockings, nor of any building Save that of their own fortunes! And what then? I must then the short-coming of my means Piece out by stepping forward, as the Spartan Was told to add a step to his short sword.

[A pause.

And is Fra Bastian dead? Is all that light Gone out, that sunshine darkened; all that music And merriment, that used to make our lives Less melancholy, swallowed up in silence Like madrigals sung in the street at night By passing revellers? It is strange indeed That he should die before me. 'T is against The laws of nature that the young should die, And the old live; unless it be that some Have long been dead who think themselves alive, Because not buried. Well, what matters it, Since now that greater light, that was my sun, Is set, and all is darkness, 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, 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.

II

VIGNA DI PAPA GIULIO

POPE JULIUS III. seated by the Fountain of Acqua Vergine, surrounded by Cardinals.

JULIUS. Tell me, why is it ye are discontent, You, Cardinals Salviati and Marcello, With Michael Angelo? What has he done, Or left undone, that ye are set against him? When one Pope dies, another is soon made; And I can make a dozen Cardinals, But cannot make one Michael Angelo.

CARDINAL SALVIATI. Your Holiness, we are not set against him; We but deplore his incapacity. He is too old.

JULIUS. You, Cardinal Salviati, Are an old man. Are you incapable? 'T is the old ox that draws the straightest furrow.

CARDINAL MARCELLO. Your Holiness remembers he was charged With the repairs upon St. Mary's bridge; Made 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? 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.

CARDINAL MARCELLO. He does not build; he but demolishes The labors of Bramante and San Gallo.

JULIUS. Only to build more grandly.

CARDINAL MARCELLO. But time passes: Year after year goes by, and yet the work Is not completed. Michael Angelo Is a great sculptor, but no architect. His plans are faulty.

JULIUS. I have seen his model, And have approved it. But here comes the artist. Beware of him. He may make Persians of you, To carry burdens on your backs forever.

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 these pleasant garden walks Are my delight, and if I have not asked Your aid in this, it is that I forbear To lay new burdens on you at an age When you need rest. Here I escape from Rome To be at peace. The tumult of the city Scarce reaches here.

MICHAEL ANGELO. How beautiful it is, And quiet almost as a hermitage!

JULIUS. We live as hermits here; and from these heights O'erlook all Rome and see the yellow Tiber Cleaving in twain the city, like a sword, As far below there as St. Mary's bridge. What think you of that bridge?

MICHAEL ANGELO. I would advise Your Holiness
not to cross it, or not often. It is not safe.

JULIUS. It was repaired of late.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Some morning you will look for it in vain; It will
be gone. The current of the river Is undermining it.

JULIUS. But you repaired it.

MICHAEL ANGELO. I strengthened all its piers, and paved its
road With travertine. He who came after me Removed the stone,
and sold it, and filled in The space with gravel.

JULIUS. Cardinal Salviati And Cardinal Marcello, do
you listen? This is your famous Nanni Baccio Bigio.

MICHAEL ANGELO, aside. There is some mystery here. These
Cardinals Stand lowering at me with unfriendly eyes.

JULIUS. Now let us come to what concerns us more Than bridge or
gardens. Some complaints are made Concerning the Three Chapels
in St. Peter's; Certain supposed defects or imperfections, You
doubtless can explain.

MICHAEL ANGELO. This is no longer The golden age
of art. Men have become Iconoclasts and critics. They delight not In
what an artist does, but set themselves To censure what they do not
comprehend. You will not see them bearing a Madonna Of
Cimabue to the church in triumph, But tearing down the statue of a
Pope To cast it into cannon. Who are they That bring complaints
against me?

JULIUS. Deputies Of the commissioners; and
they complain Of insufficient light in the Three Chapels.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Your Holiness, the insufficient light Is
somewhere else, and not in the Three Chapels. Who are the
deputies that make complaint?

JULIUS. The Cardinals Salviati and Marcello, Here present.

have men speak to me As if I were a mason, hired to build A garden wall, and paid on Saturdays 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, 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 Scriptures say Of the inevitable time, when those Who look out of the windows shall be darkened, And the almond-tree shall flourish?

JULIUS. That is in Ecclesiastes.

MICHAEL ANGELO. And the grasshopper Shall be a burden, and desire shall fail, Because man goeth unto his long home. Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all Is vanity.

JULIUS. Ah, were to do a thing As easy as to dream of doing it, We should not want for artists. But the men Who carry out in act their great designs Are few in number; ay, they may be counted Upon the fingers of this hand. Your place Is at St. Peter's.

MICHAEL ANGELO. I have had my dream, And cannot carry out my great conception, And put it into act.

JULIUS. Then who can do it? You would but leave it to some Baccio Bigio To mangle and deface.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Rather than that I will still bear

the burden on my shoulders A little longer. If your Holiness Will keep the world in order, and will leave The building of the church to me, the work Will go on better for it. Holy Father, If all the labors that I have endured, And shall endure, advantage not my soul, I am but losing time.

JULIUS, laying his hands on MICHAEL ANGELO'S shoulders. You will be gainer Both for your soul and body.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Not events Exasperate me, but the funest conclusions I draw from these events; the sure decline Of art, and all the meaning of that word: All that embellishes and sweetens life, And lifts it from the level of low cares Into the purer atmosphere of beauty; The faith in the Ideal; the inspiration That made the canons of the church of Seville Say, "Let us build, so that all men hereafter Will say that we were madmen." Holy Father, I beg permission to retire from here.

JULIUS. Go; and my benediction be upon you.

[Michael Angelo goes out.]

My Cardinals, this Michael Angelo Must not be dealt with as a common mason. He comes of noble blood, and for his crest Bear two bull's horns; and he has given us proof That he can toss with them. From this day forth Unto the end of time, let no man utter The name of Baccio Bigio in my presence. All great achievements are the natural fruits Of a great character. As trees bear not Their fruits of the same size and quality, But each one in its kind with equal ease, So are great deeds as natural to great men As mean things are to small ones. By his work We know the master. Let us not perplex him.

III

BINDO ALTOVITI

A street in Rome. BINDO ALTOVITI, standing at the door of his house.

MICHAEL ANGELO, passing.

BINDO. Good-morning, Messer Michael Angelo!

MICHAEL ANGELO. Good-morning, Messer Bindo Altoviti!

BINDO. What brings you forth so early?

MICHAEL ANGELO. The same reason That keeps you standing sentinel at your door,— The air of this delicious summer morning. What news have you from Florence?

BINDO. Nothing new; The same old tale of violence and wrong. Since the disastrous day at Monte Murlo, When in procession, through San Gallo's gate, Bareheaded, clothed in rags, on sorry steeds, Filippo Strozzi and the good Valori Were led as prisoners down the streets of Florence, Amid the shouts of an ungrateful people, Hope is no more, and liberty no more. Duke Cosimo, the tyrant, reigns supreme.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Florence is dead: her houses are but tombs; Silence and solitude are in her streets.

BINDO. Ah yes; and often I repeat the words You wrote upon your statue of the Night, There in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo: "Grateful to me is sleep; to be of stone More grateful, while the wrong and shame endure; To see not, feel not, is a benediction; Therefore awake me not; oh, speak in whispers."

MICHAEL ANGELO. Ah, Messer Bindo, the calamities, The fallen fortunes, and the desolation Of Florence are to me a tragedy Deeper than words, and darker than despair. I, who have worshipped freedom from my cradle, Have loved her with the passion of a lover, And clothed her with all lovely attributes That the imagination can conceive, Or the heart conjure up, now see her dead, And trodden in the dust beneath the feet Of an adventurer! It is a grief Too great for me to bear in my old age.

BINDO. I say no news from Florence: I am wrong, For Benvenuto writes that he is coming To be my guest in Rome.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Those are good tidings. He hath
been many years away from us.

BINDO. Pray you, come in.

MICHAEL ANGELO. I have not time to stay, And yet I will.
I see from here your house Is filled with works of art. That bust in
bronze Is of yourself. Tell me, who is the master That works in such
an admirable way, And with such power and feeling?

BINDO. Benvenuto.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Ah? Benvenuto? 'T is a masterpiece! It
pleases me as much, and even more, Than the antiques about it;
and yet they 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 indeed It
would maintain its own among these works Of the old masters,
noble as they are. I will go in and study it more closely. I always
prophesied that Benvenuto, With all his follies and fantastic
ways, Would show his genius in some work of art That would
amaze the world, and be a challenge Unto all other artists of his
time.

[They go in.

IV

IN THE COLISEUM

MICHAEL ANGELO and TOMASO DE CAVALIERI

CAVALIERI. What have you here alone, Messer Michele?

MICHAEL ANGELO. I come to learn.

CAVALIERI. You are already master, And teach all other
men.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Nay, I know nothing; Not even my
own ignorance, as some Philosopher hath said. I am a

schoolboy Who hath not learned his lesson, and who
stands Ashamed and silent in the awful presence Of the great
master of antiquity Who built these walls cyclopean.

CAVALIERI. Gaudentius His name was, I
remember. His reward Was to be thrown alive to the wild
beasts Here where we now are standing.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Idle tales.

CAVALIERI. But you are greater than Gaudentius was, And your
work nobler.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Silence, I beseech you.

CAVALIERI. Tradition says that fifteen thousand men Were toiling
for ten years incessantly Upon this amphitheatre.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Behold How wonderful it is!
The queen of flowers, The marble rose of Rome! Its petals torn By
wind and rain of thrice five hundred years; Its mossy sheath half rent
away, and sold To ornament our palaces and churches, Or to be
trodden under feet of man Upon the Tiber's bank; yet what
remains Still opening its fair bosom to the sun, And to the
constellations that at night Hang poised above it like a swarm of
bees.

CAVALIERI. The rose of Rome, but not of Paradise; Not the white
rose our Tuscan poet saw, With saints for petals. When this rose
was perfect Its hundred thousand petals were not Saints, But
senators in their Thessalian caps, And all the 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 saturate With blood of
martyrs; and these rifted stones Are awful witnesses against a
people Whose pleasure was the pain of dying men.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Tomaso Cavalieri, on my word, You should

have been a preacher, not a painter! Think you that I approve such cruelties, Because I marvel at the architects Who built these walls, and curved these noble arches? Oh, I am put to shame, when I consider How mean our work is, when compared with theirs! Look at these walls about us and above us! They have been shaken by earthquake; 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; And this is but a ruin, like the rest. Its vaulted passages are made the caverns Of robbers, and are haunted by the ghosts Of murdered men.

MICHAEL ANGELO. A thousand wild flowers bloom From every chink, and the birds build their nests Among the ruined arches, and suggest New thoughts of beauty to the architect, Now let us climb the broken stairs that lead Into the corridors above, and study The marvel and the mystery of that art In which I am a pupil, not a master. All things must have an end; the world itself Must have an end, as in a dream I saw it. There came a great hand out of heaven, and touched The earth, and stopped it in its course. The seas Leaped, a vast cataract, into the abyss; The forests and the fields slid off, and floated Like wooded islands in the air. The dead Were hurled forth from their sepulchres; the living Were mingled with them, and themselves were dead,— All being dead; and the fair, shining cities Dropped out like jewels from a broken crown. Naught but the core of the great globe remained, A skeleton of stone. And over it The 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 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 knowst? There are

great truths that pitch their shining tents Outside our walls, and though but dimly seen In the gray dawn, they will be manifest When the light widens into perfect day. A certain man, Copernicus by name, Sometime professor here in Rome, has whispered It is the earth, and not the sun, that moves. What I beheld was only in a dream, Yet dreams sometimes anticipate events, Being unsubstantial images of things As yet unseen.

V

MACELLO DE' CORVI

MICHAEL ANGELO, BENVENUTO CELLINI.

MICHAEL ANGELO. So, Benvenuto, you return once more To the Eternal City. 'T is the centre 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 A second native land by predilection, 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. 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 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 ancient masters, And said so. That is all.

BENVENUTO. It is too much; And I should stand abashed here in your presence, Had I done nothing worthier of your praise Than Bindo's bust.

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, wayward nature, That made me quick in quarrel, now has served me Where meekness could not, and where patience could not, As you shall hear now. I have cast in bronze A statue of Perseus, holding thus aloft In his left hand the head of the Medusa, And in his right the sword that severed it; His right foot planted on the lifeless corse; His face superb and pitiful, with eyes Down-looking on the victim of his vengeance.

MICHAEL ANGELO. I see it as it should be.

BENVENUTO. As it will be When it is placed upon the Ducal Square, Half-way between your David and the Judith Of Donatello.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Rival of them both!

BENVENUTO. But ah, what infinite trouble have I had With Bandinello, and that stupid beast, The major-domo of Duke Cosimo, Francesco Ricci, and their wretched agent Gorini, who came crawling round about me Like a black spider, with his whining voice That sounded like the buzz of a mosquito! Oh, I have wept in utter desperation, And wished a thousand times I had not left My Tour do Nesle, nor e'er returned to Florence, Or thought of Perseus. What malignant falsehoods They told the Grand Duke, to impede 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 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, That made it possible, but is forgotten And buried in the earth.

BENVENUTO. Even Bandinello, Who never yet spake well of anything, Speaks well of this; and yet he told the Duke That, though I cast small figures well enough, I never could cast this.

MICHAEL ANGELO. But you have done it, And proved Ser Bandinello a false prophet. That is the wisest way.

BENVENUTO. And ah, that casting What a wild scene it was, as late at night, A night of wind and rain, we heaped the furnace With pine of 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 desperation. A shudder came upon me, then a fever; I thought that I was dying, and was forced To leave the work-shop, and to throw

myself Upon my bed, as one who has no hope. And as I lay there, a deformed old man Appeared before me, and with dismal voice, Like one who doth exhort a criminal Led forth to death, exclaimed, "Poor Benvenuto, Thy work is spoiled! There is no remedy!" Then, with a cry so loud it might have reached The heaven of fire, I bounded to my feet, And rushed back to my workmen. They all stood Bewildered and desponding; and I looked Into the furnace, and beheld the mass Half molten only, and in my despair I fed the fire with oak, whose terrible heat Soon made the sluggish metal shine and sparkle. Then followed a bright flash, and an explosion, As if a thunderbolt had fallen among us. The covering of the furnace had been rent Asunder, and the bronze was flowing over; So that I straightway opened all the sluices To fill the mould. The metal ran like lava, Sluggish and heavy; and I sent my workmen To 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 moment The mould was filled! I fell upon my knees And thanked the Lord; and then we ate and drank And went to bed, all hearty and contented. It was two hours before the break of day. My fever was quite gone.

MICHAEL ANGELO. A strange adventure, That could have happened to no man alive But you, my Benvenuto.

BENVENUTO. As my workmen said To major-domo Ricci afterward, When he inquired of them: "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.

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 Senators.

MICHAEL ANGELO. His Senators! That is enough. Since Florence Was changed by Clement Seventh from a Republic Into a Dukedom, I no longer wish To be a Florentine. That dream is ended. The Grand Duke Cosimo now reigns supreme; All liberty is dead. Ah, woe is me! I hoped to see my country rise to heights Of happiness and freedom yet unreached By other nations, but the climbing wave Pauses, lets go its hold, and slides again Back to the common level, with a hoarse Death rattle in its throat. I am too old To hope for better days. I will stay here And die in Rome. The very weeds, that grow Among the broken fragments of her ruins, Are sweeter to me than the garden flowers Of other cities; and the desolate ring Of the Campagna round about her walls Fairer than all the villas that encircle The towns of Tuscany.

BENVENUTO. But your old friends!

MICHAEL ANGELO. All dead by violence. Baccio Valori Has been beheaded; Guicciardini poisoned; Filippo Strozzi strangled in his prison. Is Florence then a place for honest men To flourish in? What is there to prevent My sharing the same fate?

BENVENUTO. Why this: if all Your friends are dead, so are your enemies.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Is Aretino dead?

BENVENUTO. He lives in Venice, And not in Florence.

MICHAEL ANGELO. '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, 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 Like Bugiardini who are satisfied With what they do. I never am content, But always see the labors 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 Without a trace of earthly modesty.

BENVENUTO. Incredible audacity!

MICHAEL ANGELO. The heathen Veiled their Diana with some drapery, And when they represented Venus naked They made her by her modest attitude, Appear half clothed. But I, who am a Christian, Do so subordinate belief to art That I have made the very violation Of modesty in martyrs and in virgins A spectacle at which all men would gaze With half-averted eyes even in a brothel.

BENVENUTO. He is at home there, and he ought to know What men avert their eyes from in such places; From the Last Judgment chiefly, I imagine.

MICHAEL ANGELO. But divine Providence will never leave The boldness of my marvellous work unpunished; And the more marvellous it is, the more '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 Concerning heaven and hell and paradise, In that same letter, known to all the world, Nature would not be forced, as she is now, To feel ashamed that she invested me With such great talent; that I stand myself A very idol in the world of art. He taunts me also with the Mausoleum Of Julius, still unfinished, for the reason That men persuaded the inane old man It

was of evil augury to build His tomb while he was living; and he speaks Of heaps of gold this Pope bequeathed to me, And calls it robbery;—that is what he says. What prompted such a letter?

BENVENUTO. Vanity. He is a clever writer, and he likes To draw his pen, and flourish it in the face Of every honest man, as swordsmen do Their rapiers on occasion, but to show How skilfully they do it. Had you followed The advice he gave, or even thanked him for it, You would have seen another style of fence. 'T is but his wounded vanity, and the wish To see his name in print. So give it not A moment's thought; it soon will be forgotten.

MICHAEL ANGELO. I will not think of it, but let it pass For a rude speech thrown at me in the street, As boys 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, 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 No one shall draw me from it, or persuade me, By promises of ease, or wealth, or honor, Till I behold the finished dome uprising 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 Are statues, and not paintings. Even the plants, The flowers, the fruits, the grasses, were first sculptured, And colored later. Painting is a

lie, A shadow merely.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Truly, as you say, Sculpture is more than painting. It is greater To raise the dead to life than to create Phantoms that seem to live. The most majestic Of the three sister arts is that which builds; The eldest of them all, to whom the others Are but the hand-maids and the servitors, Being but imitation, not creation. Henceforth I dedicate myself to her.

BENVENUTO. And no more from the marble hew those forms That fill us all with wonder?

MICHAEL ANGELO. Many statues Will there be room for in my work. Their station Already is assigned them in my mind. But things move slowly. There are hindrances, Want of material, want of means, delays And interruptions, endless interference Of Cardinal Commissioners, and disputes And jealousies of artists, that annoy me. But twill persevere until the work Is wholly finished, or till I sink down Surprised by death, that unexpected guest, Who waits for no man's leisure, but steps in, Unasked and unannounced, to put a stop To all our occupations and designs. And then perhaps I may go back to Florence; This is my answer to Duke Cosimo.

VI

MICHAEL ANGELO'S STUDIO

MICHAEL ANGELO and URBINO.

MICHAEL ANGELO, pausing in his work. Urbino, thou and I are both old men. 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 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

at best. Already So many years hast thou been serving me; But rather as a friend than as a servant. We have grown old together. Dost thou think So meanly of this Michael Angelo As to imagine he would let thee serve, When he is free from service? Take this purse, Two thousand crowns in gold.

URBINO. Two thousand crowns!

MICHAEL ANGELO. Ay, it will make thee rich. Thou shalt not die 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 ancient oaks! Surges and undulations of the air Uplift the leafy boughs, and let them fall With scarce a sound. Such sylvan quietudes Become old age. These huge centennial oaks, That may have heard in infancy the trumpets Of Barbarossa's cavalry, deride Man's brief existence, that with all his strength He cannot stretch beyond the hundredth year. This little acorn, turbaned like the Turk, Which with

my foot I spurn, may be an oak Hereafter, feeding with its bitter
mast The fierce wild boar, and tossing in its arms The cradled nests
of birds, when all the men That now inhabit this vast universe, They
and their children, and their children's 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. O
Nature, gentle mother, tender nurse! I who have never loved thee as
I ought, But wasted all my years immured in cities, And breathed
the stifling atmosphere of streets, Now come to thee for refuge. Here
is peace. Yonder I see the little hermitages Dotting the mountain
side with points of light, And here St. Julian's convent, like a
nest Of curlews, clinging to some windy cliff. Beyond the broad,
illimitable plain Down sinks the sun, red as Apollo's quoit, That, by
the envious Zephyr blown aside, Struck Hyacinthus dead, and
stained the earth With his young blood, that blossomed into
flowers. And now, instead of these fair deities Dread demons haunt
the earth; hermits inhabit The leafy homes of sylvan
Hamadryads; And jovial friars, rotund and rubicund, Replace the
old Silenus with his ass.

Here underneath these venerable oaks, 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; 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 up right, While all the others bend and bow to it; The passion that torments me, and that breathes New meaning into the dead forms of prayer, Is that with mortal eyes I may behold The Eternal City.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Rome?

MONK. There is but one; The rest are merely names. I think of it As the Celestial City, paved with gold, And sentinelled with angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Would it were. I have just fled from it. It is beleaguered By Spanish troops, led by the Duke of Alva.

MONK. But still for me 't is the Celestial City, And I would see it once before I die.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Each one must bear his cross.

MONK. Were it a cross That had been laid upon me, I could bear it, Or fall with it. It is a crucifix; I am nailed hand and foot, and I am dying!

MICHAEL ANGELO. What would you see in Rome?

MONK. His Holiness.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Him that was once the Cardinal Caraffa? You would but see a man of fourscore years, With sunken eyes, burning like carbuncles, Who sits at table with his friends for hours, Cursing the Spaniards as a race of Jews And miscreant Moors. And with what soldiery Think you he now defends the Eternal City?

MONK. With legions of bright angels.

MICHAEL ANGELO. So he calls them; And yet in fact these bright angelic legions Are only German Lutherans.

MONK, crossing himself. Heaven protect us?

MICHAEL ANGELO. What further would you see?

MONK. The Cardinals, Going in their gilt coaches to High Mass.

MICHAEL ANGELO. Men do not go to Paradise in coaches.

MONK. The catacombs, the convents, and the churches; The ceremonies of the Holy Week In all their pomp, or, at the Epiphany, The Feast of the Santissima Bambino At Ara Coeli. But I shall not see them.

MICHAEL ANGELO. These pompous ceremonies of the Church Are but an empty show to him who knows The actors in them. Stay here in your convent, For he who goes to Rome may see too much. What would you further?

MONK. I would see the painting of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel.

MICHAEL ANGELO. The smoke of incense and of altar candles Has blackened it already.

MONK. Woe is me! Then I would hear Allegri's Miserere, Sung by the Papal choir.

MICHAEL ANGELO. A dismal dirge! I am an old, old man, and I have lived In Rome for thirty years and more, and know The jarring of the wheels of that great world, Its jealousies, its discords, and its strife. Therefore I say to you, remain content Here in your convent, here among your woods, Where only there is peace. Go not to Rome. There was of old a monk of Wittenberg Who went to Rome; you may have heard of him; His name was Luther; and you know what followed.

[The convent bell rings.

MONK, rising. It is the convent bell; it rings for vespers. Let us go in; we both will pray for peace.

VIII

THE DEAD CHRIST.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S studio. MICHAEL ANGELO, with a light, working upon the Dead Christ. Midnight.

MICHAEL ANGELO. O Death, why is it I cannot portray Thy form and features? Do I stand too near thee? Or dost thou hold my hand, and draw me back, As being thy disciple, not thy master? Let him who knows not what old age is like Have patience till it comes, and he will know. I once had skill to fashion Life and Death And Sleep, which is the counterfeit of Death; And I remember what Giovanni Strozzi Wrote underneath my statue of the Night In San Lorenzo, ah, so long ago!

Grateful to me is sleep! More grateful now Than it was then; for all my friends are dead; And she is dead, the noblest of them all. I saw her face, when the great sculptor Death, Whom men should call Divine, had at a blow Stricken her into marble; and I kissed Her cold white hand. What was it 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 A glimmer of light, and heard the well-known chink Of chisel upon marble. So I entered, To see what keeps you from your bed so late.

MICHAEL ANGELO, coming forward with the lamp. You have been

revelling with your boon companions, Giorgio Vasari, and you come to me At an untimely hour.

GIORGIO. The Pope hath sent me. His Holiness desires to see again The drawing you once showed him of the dome Of the Basilica.

MICHAEL ANGELO. We will look for it.

GIORGIO. What is the marble group that glimmers there Behind you?

MICHAEL ANGELO. Nothing, and yet everything,— As one may take it. It is my own tomb, That I am building.

GIORGIO. Do not hide it from me. By our long friendship and the love I bear you, Refuse me not!

MICHAEL ANGELO, letting fall the lamp. Life hath become to me An empty theatre,—its lights extinguished, The music silent, and the actors gone; And I alone sit musing on the scenes That once have been. I am so old that Death Oft plucks me by the cloak, to come with him And some day, like this lamp, shall I fall down, And my last spark of life will be extinguished. Ah me! ah me! what darkness of despair! So near to death, and yet so far from God!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found; Her swift revolving wheel

turns round, And they are gone! No rest the inconstant goddess
knows, But changing, and without repose, Still hurries on.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Little avails it now to know Of ages passed so long ago, Nor how
they rolled; Our theme shall be of yesterday, Which to oblivion

sweeps away, Like day's of old.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears, And ends in bitter doubts and

fears, Or dark despair; Midway so many toils appear, That he who lingers longest here Knows most of care.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He left no well-filled treasury, He heaped no pile of riches high, Nor massive plate; He fought the Moors, and, in their fall, City and

tower and castled wall Were his estate.

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

And if, of old, his halls displayed The honored and exalted
grade His worth had gained, So, in the dark, disastrous
hour, Brothers and bondsmen of his power His hand sustained.

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

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

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

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

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

And when so oft, for weal or woe, His life upon the fatal throw Had
been cast down; When he had served, with patriot zeal, Beneath
the banner of Castile, His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valor strong, That neither history nor
song Can count them all; Then, on Ocana's castled rock, Death at
his portal came to knock, With sudden call,

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare To leave this world of toil and
care With joyful mien; Let thy strong heart of steel this day Put on
its armor for the fray, The closing scene.

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

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

"A life of honor and of worth Has no eternity on earth, 'T is but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"O thou, that for our sins didst take A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth; Thou, that to thy divinity A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer here Torment, and agony, and

fear, So patiently; By thy redeeming grace alone, And not for merits of my own, O, pardon me!"

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

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

SONNETS

I

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

(EL BUEN PASTOR)

BY LOPE DE VEGA

Shepherd! who with thine amorous, sylvan song Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me, Who mad'st thy crook from the accursed tree, On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long! Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains; For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shalt be; I will obey thy voice, and wait to see Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains. Hear, Shepherd! thou who for thy flock art dying, O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow. O, wait! to thee my weary soul is crying, Wait for me! Yet why ask it, when I see, With feet nailed to the cross, thou 'rt waiting still for me!

II

TO-MORROW

(MANANA)

BY LOPE DE VEGA

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

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 ethereal
essence, Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath; But,
sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence With pitying eye
beholds, yet fears not, death. Beloved country! banished from thy
shore, A stranger in this prison-house of clay, The exiled spirit
weeps and sighs for thee! Heavenward the bright perfections I
adore Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way, That, whither
love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

IV

THE IMAGE OF GOD

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

V

THE BROOK

(A 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 curious
eye Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count! How,
without malice murmuring, glides thy current! O sweet simplicity of
days gone by! Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid
fount!

ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS.

In the chapter with this title in *Outre-Mer*, besides Illustrations from
Byron and Lockhart are the three following examples, contributed by
Mr. Longfellow.

I

Rio Verde, Rio Verde! Many a corpse is bathed in thee, Both of

Moors and eke of Christians, Slain with swords most cruelly.

And thy pure and crystal waters Dappled are with crimson
gore; For between the Moors and Christians Long has been the
fight and sore.

Dukes and Counts fell bleeding near thee, Lords of high renown
were slain, Perished many a brave hidalgo Of the noblemen of
Spain.

II

"King Alfonso the Eighth, having exhausted 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 ballads 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, forsooth, Subdued these seas and lands?
Shall he a bloodless victory have? No, not while we have hands.

"He shall learn that the gallant Leonese Can bravely fight and fall,
But that they know not how to yield; They are Castilians all.

"Was it for this the Roman power Of old was made to yield Unto Numantia's valiant hosts On many a bloody field?

"Shall the bold lions that have bathed Their paws in Libyan gore,
Crouch basely to a feebler foe, And dare the strife no more?

"Let the false king sell town and tower, But not his vassals free;
For to subdue the free-born soul No royal power hath he!"

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 front 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, 'tis 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 SALDANA

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 CRISTOBAL DE GASTILLOJO

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 TEGNER

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. '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 springtime. Coursers 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. Through the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak, Polished and white, as of steel; the columns twain of the High-seat Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree: Odin with lordly look, and 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 cloudrack 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 graybeard's Lips, as a bee on the rose; but the Scald was thinking of Brage, 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 resplendent, White

as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disk of silver. Ever and anon went a maid round the hoard, 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."

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.

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
always, And, with hoods upon their eyelids, scream the falcons for
their prey.

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. 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,"

Frithiof listens; hark! there sings a snow-white bird upon the
bough: "Though no human eye beholds thee, Odin's eye beholds

thee now. Coward! wilt thou murder sleep, and a defenceless old man slay! Whatsoe'er thou winn'st, thou canst not win a hero's fame this way."

Thus the two wood-birds did warble: Frithiof took his war-sword good, With a shudder hurled it from him, far into the gloomy wood. Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand, but on light, unfolded wings, Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding towards the sun, upsprings.

Straight the ancient king awakens. "Sweet has been my sleep," he said; "Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a brave man's blade. But where is thy sword, O stranger? Lightning's brother, where is he? Who thus parts you, who should never from each other parted be?"

"It avails not," Frithiof answered; "in the North are other swords: Sharp, O monarch! is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful words; Murky spirits dwell in steel blades, spirits from the 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. On the waste of the ocean There is my fatherland, there is my grave.

Go not to the strand, Ring, with thy bride, After the stars spread their light through the sky. Perhaps in the sand, Washed up by the tide, The bones of the outlawed Viking may lie.

Then, quoth the king, "'T is mournful to hear A man like a whimpering maiden cry. The death-song they sing Even now in mine ear, What avails it? He who is born must die."

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

BY ESAIAS TEGNER

Pentecost, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the bell 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 brooklet Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! with lips rosy-tinted Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest. Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbor Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection. Even the dial, that stood on a mound among the departed, (There full a hundred years had it stood,) was embellished with blossoms Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet, Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children, So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes, While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet. Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of heaven, Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism. Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust was Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches. There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood Budded once more anew, as 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. 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, So cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with one voice Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its mighty pinions Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven, And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor. Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher. Father he hight and he was in the parish; a Christianly plainness Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters. Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam. As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation) Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos, Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man: Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver. All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered. But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service, Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man. Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came, Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert. Then, when all was finished, the Teacher re-entered the chancel Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their places, Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming. But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies, Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens,— Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted. Each time the answer was

closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer, Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied. Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them. And to the children explained the holy, the 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. 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 transfigured (So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher. Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-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, lie 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 Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election, For she knows naught of compulsion, and only conviction desireth. This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence, Seed for the coming days; without revocation departeth Now from your lips the confession; Bethink ye, before ye make answer! Think not, O think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher. Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood. Enter not with a lie on Life's journey; the multitude hears you, Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy Standeth before your sight as a witness; the Judge everlasting Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in

waiting beside him Grave your confession in letters of fire upon tablets eternal. Thus, then,—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created? Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are united? Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise!) to cherish God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother? Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith by your living, Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to forgive, and to suffer, Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness? Will ye promise me this before God and man?"—With a clear voice Answered the young men Yes! and Yes! with lips softly-breathing Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the Teacher Clouds with the lightnings therein, and lie 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. 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 backward Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined, where Judgment Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother, Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was for given Life was a play and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven! Seventy years have I lived already; the Father eternal Gave rue 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;—the 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 sleeping. Calmly she gazes around in the
turmoil of men; in the desert Angels descend and minister unto her;
she herself knoweth Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows
faithful and humble, Follows so long as she may her friend; 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, Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more
freshly the flowerets, Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played
with the winged 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. Aid 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, Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful
Fortune Kneels before the Eternal's throne; and with hands
interfolded, Praises thankful and moved the only giver of
blessings. Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not
from Heaven? What has mankind forsooth, the poor! that it has not
received? Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs
adoring Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of him
who Hung his masonry pendent on naught, when the world be
created. Earth declareth his might, and the firmament utters his
glory. Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from
heaven, Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of
midnight, millenniums Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees
them, but counts them as nothing Who shall stand in his presence?
The wrath of the judge is terrific, Casting the insolent down at a
glance. When he speaks in his anger Hillocks skip like the kid, and
mountains leap like the roebuck. Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye
children? This awful avenger, Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was
not in the earthquake, Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the
whispering breezes. Love is the root of creation; God's essence;

worlds without number Lie in his bosom like children; he made them for this purpose only. Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed forth his spirit Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its Hand on 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 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 Readest thou not in his face thou 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 temples? Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers? Say, dost thou know him? Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example, Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings, Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly shepherd Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother. This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it. Love is the creature's welfare, with God; but Love among 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 befriending, 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, 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, Fears not the winged crowd, in the midst of them all is her homestead. Therefore love and believe; for works will follow spontaneous Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring, Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are no more than Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the 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 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 before him. Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and face to face standing Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by vapors; Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic, Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne all transfigured, Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an 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, hereafter! Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise, Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth shall ye heed not Earth is but dust and heaven is light; I have 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 heaven! Let me

hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these, Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them all like a father. May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation, Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word; again may they know me, Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them, Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness, Father, lo! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me!"

Weeping he spake in these words; and now at the beck of the old man Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure. Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly With him the children read; at the close, with tremulous accents, Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon them. Now should have ended his task for the day; the following Sunday Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper. Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid his Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward; while thoughts high and holy, Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful brightness. "On the next Sunday, who knows! perhaps I shall rest in the graveyard! Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely, Bow down his head to the earth; why delay I? the hour is accomplished, Warm is the heart;—I will! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven. What I began accomplish I now; what failing therein is I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father. Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven, Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement? What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often. Of the new covenant symbol it is, of Atonement a token, Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgressions Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'T was in the beginning Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in the Heart the Atonement. Infinite is the fall,—the Atonement infinite likewise. See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward, Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions, Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals. 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 resplendent. Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o'ercomes her. Downward to earth he came and, transfigured, thence reascended, Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still lives in the Spirit, Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement. Therefore with reverence 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 wee ping and praying; the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows Purified forth from the flames; in a word, mankind by Atonement Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's wine-cup. But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom, Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed body, And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he eateth and drinketh Death and doom! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father! Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement?" Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children, "Yes!" with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications, Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem: "O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions, Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have mercy upon us!" Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids, Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols. 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 church yard Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves 'gan to shiver But in the children (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a Tremor of holy rapture along through their ice-cold members. Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; they saw there Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer. Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold clouds Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of purple.

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

KING CHRISTIAN

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 Christian The stroke?"

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar, Now is the hour! He hoisted his blood-red flag once more, And smote upon the foe full sore, And shouted Loud, through the tempest's roar, "Now is the hour!" "Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly! Of Denmark's Juel who can defy The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent Thy murky sky! Then champions to thine arms were sent; Terror and Death glared where he went; From the waves was heard a wail, that rent Thy murky sky! From Denmark, thunders Tordenskiol', Let each to Heaven commend his soul, And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might! Dark-rolling wave! Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight Goes to meet danger with despite, Proudly as thou the tempest's might Dark-rolling wave! And amid pleasures and alarm; And war and victory, be thine arms My grave!

THE ELECTED KNIGHT

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

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 delight.

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
always 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 beggar-brother, Who,
bent with age, went, sighing, 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 heard with wine; "I
had rather live in Laplaud, Than that Swabian land of thine!

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

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

"There the tailor blows the flute, And the cobbler blows the
horn, And the miner blows the bugle, Over mountain gorge and
bourn." And then the landlord's daughter Up to
heaven raised her hand, And said, "Ye may no more contend,—
There lies the happiest land!"

THE WAVE

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 don-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

BY WILHELM MULLER

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

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

"I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence, With thy fluttering golden band?"— "I greet thee, little bird! To the wide sea I haste from the narrow land.

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

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

"I need not and seek not company, Bonny boat, I can sing all alone; For the mainmast tall too heavy am I, Bonny boat, I have

wings of my own.

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

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

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

WHITHER?

BY WILHELM MULLER

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 I Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur? That can no murmur be; 'T is the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

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

BEWARE!

(HUT 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

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

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

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

"The winds and the waves of ocean, They rested quietly, But I
heard on the gale a sound of wail, And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets The King and his royal
bride? And the wave of their crimson mantles? And the golden
crown of pride?"

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

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

THE BLACK KNIGHT

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 distraught, With mournful mind The ancient King reclined, Gazed at them in silent thought.

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

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

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

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND

BY JOHAN GAUDENZ VON SALISSEEWIS

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

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

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

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL

BY JOHAN 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
revellers all, "Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

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

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

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light: "This glass of flashing
crystal tall Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite; She wrote in it, If
this glass doth fall, Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR

BY GUSTAV PFIZER

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

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

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

The end lies ever in my thought; To a grave so cold and deep The
mother beautiful was brought; Then dropt the child asleep.

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

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

And when I see that lock of gold, Pale grows the evening-red; And

when the dark lock I behold, I wish that I were dead.

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 example! So
long as summer laughs she sings, But in the autumn spreads her
wings. The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy
falsehood! 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 falsehood!

ANNIE OF THARAW

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, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain Shall be to our true
love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall, The more the hail
beats, and the more the rains fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong, Through
crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone In a desolate land
where the sun is scarce known,—

Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows, Through ice,
and through iron, through armies of foes,

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun, The threads of our two lives
are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed, Whatever forbidden
thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand, Where there is not one
heart, and one mouth, and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife; Like a dog and a
cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love; Thou art my lambkin, my
chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen; I am king of the
household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest, That makes of us
twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell; While wrangling
soon changes a home to a hell.

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR

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 fledglings, Flowers and weeds
of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike, High in wind and tempest
wild; O, were I like him exalted, I would be like him, a child!

And my songs,—green leaves and blossoms,— To the doors of
heaven would hear, Calling even in storm and tempest, Round me
still these birds of air.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL

BY JULIUS MOSEN

On the cross the dying Saviour Heavenward lifts his eyelids
calm, Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling In his pierced and
bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken, Sees he how with zealous care At
the ruthless nail of iron A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring, With its beak it doth not
cease, From the cross 't would free the Saviour, Its Creator's Son
release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness: "Blest be thou of all the
good! Bear, as token of this moment, Marks of blood and holy
rood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill; Covered all with blood so
clear, In the groves of pine it singeth Songs, like legends, strange
to hear.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS

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 heaven; Yet greater is my heart, And
fairer than pearls and stars Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden, Come unto my great heart; My heart,
and the sea, and the heaven Are melting away with love!

POETIC APHORISMS

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU

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 millstone and the human heart are driven ever round; If they have
nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE

Whilom Love was like a tire, and warmth and comfort it
bespoke; But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the
smoke.

ART AND TACT

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined; Often in a
wooden house a golden room we find.

RETRIBUTION

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding
small; Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness
grinds he all.

TRUTH

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire, Ha!
how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth silences the liar.

RHYMES

If perhaps these rhymes of mine should sound not well in strangers'
ears, They have only to bethink them that it happens so with
theirs; For so long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland their
own, They will be most highly valued where they are best and
longest known.

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

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 chambers 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 sadness? Who here would languish Longer in bewailing and
in anguish?

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 appointed.

WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONGS

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

BY AUGUST VON PLATEN

How I started up in the night, in the night, Drawn on without rest or
reprieve! The streets, with their watchmen, were lost to my
sight, As I wandered so light In the night, in the night, Through
the gate with the arch mediaeval.

The mill-brook rushed from the rocky height, I leaned o'er the
bridge in my yearning; Deep under me watched I the waves in their
flight, As they glided so light In the night, in the night, Yet
backward not one was returning.

O'erhead were revolving, so countless and bright, The stars in
melodious existence; 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 bringing Back to a world of
innocence.

Disdain must thou endure forever; Strong may thy heart in danger
be! Thou shalt not fail! but ah, be never False as thy father was to
me.

Never will I forsake thee, faithless, And thou thy mother ne'er
forsake, Until her lips are white and breathless, Until in death her
eyes shall break.

ALLAH

BY SIEGFRIED AUGUST MAHLMANN

Allah gives light in darkness, Allah gives rest in pain, Cheeks that
are white with weeping Allah paints red again.

The flowers and the blossoms wither, Years vanish with flying
fleet; 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. 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, 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. 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, 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 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, 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 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 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 barks The bright shields, The war-weapons speedily. Him the doubt disturbed In his mind's thought, What these men might be. 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 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 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 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 forego 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 severe To Love's poor martyr
doomed to die? Come, tell me quickly,—do not lie; What secret
message bring'st thou here? And whither goest thou, gentle
sigh, Breathed so softly in my ear? May heaven conduct thee to
thy will And safely speed thee on thy way; This only I would
humbly pray,— Pierce deep,—but oh! forbear to kill. And whither
goest thou, gentle sigh, Breathed so softly in my ear?

THE RETURN OF SPRING

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 display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad, And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train, The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain;
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear, When thy merry step draws near.
Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old, Their beards of icicles and snow;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold, We must 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

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 mother's breast. Upon that tender

eye, my little friend, Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me! I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend; 'T is sweet to watch for thee, alone for thee! His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow; His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm. Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow, Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy! I tremble with affright! Awake, and chase this fatal thought! Unclose Thine eye but for one moment on the light! Even at the price of thine, give me repose! Sweet error! he but slept, I breathe again; Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile! O, when shall he, for whom I sigh in vain, Beside me watch to see thy waking smile?

DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP TURPIN

FROM THE CHANSON DE ROLAND

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 succor 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 dying 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 orison;— 'Gainst Pagan host alway strong champion; God grant to him His holy benison.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL CUILLE

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 Castel Cuille, When the apple, the plum, and the almond tree In the plain below were growing white, This is the song one might perceive On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve:

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom, So fair a bride shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay, So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending, Seemed from the clouds descending; When lo! a merry company Of rosy village girls,

clean as the eye, Each one with her attendant swain, Came to
the cliff, all singing the same strain; Resembling there, so near unto
the sky, Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven has sent For their
delight and our encouragement. Together blending, And
soon descending The narrow sweep Of the hillside
steep, They wind aslant Towards Saint Amant, Through
leafy alleys Of verdurous valleys With merry
sallies Singing their chant:

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom, So fair a bride
shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with garlands
gay, So fair a bride shall pass to-day!

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden, With garlands for the bridal
laden!

The sky was blue; without one cloud of gloom, The sun of March
was shining brightly, And to the air the freshening wind gave
lightly Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom, A rustic bridal, oh!
how sweet it is! To sounds of joyous melodies, That touch with
tenderness the trembling bosom, A band of maidens Gayly
frolicking, A band of youngsters Wildly
rollicking! Kissing, Caressing, With fingers
pressing, Till in the veriest Madness of mirth, as they
dance, They retreat and advance, Trying whose laugh shall be
loudest and merriest; While the bride, with roguish eyes, Sporting
with them, now escapes and cries: "Those who catch
me Married verily This year shall be!"

And all pursue with eager haste, And all attain what they
pursue, And touch her pretty apron fresh and new, And the linen
kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among These youthful
maidens fresh and fair, So joyous, with such laughing
air, Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue? And yet the
bride is fair and young! Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all, That
love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall? O no! for a maiden frail, I
trow, Never bore so lofty a brow! What lovers! they give not a

single caress! To see them so careless and cold to-day, These
are grand people, one would say. What ails Baptiste? what grief
doth him oppress?

It is, that half-way up the hill, In yon cottage, by whose
walls Stand the cart-house and the stalls, Dwelleth the blind
orphan still, Daughter of a veteran old; And you must know,
one year ago, That Margaret, the young and tender, Was the
village pride and splendor, And Baptiste her lover bold. Love,
the deceiver, them ensnared; For them the altar was
prepared; But alas! the summer's blight, The dread disease
that none can stay, The pestilence that walks by night, Took
the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was changed; Their peace was
gone, but not their love estranged. Wearied at home, ere long the
lover fled; Returned but three short days ago, The golden
chain they round him throw, He is enticed, and onward led To
marry Angela, and yet Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried, "Anna, Theresa, Mary,
Kate! Here comes the cripple Jane!" And by a fountain's side A
woman, bent and gray with years, Under the mulberry-trees
appears, And all towards her run, as fleet As had they wings
upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane, Is a soothsayer, wary and
kind. She telleth fortunes, and none complain. She promises one
a village swain, Another a happy wedding-day, And the bride a
lovely boy straightway. All comes to pass as she avers; She
never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer Wears a countenance
severe, And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white Her two
eyes flash like cannons bright Aimed at the bridegroom in
waistcoat blue, Who, like a statue, stands in view; Changing
color as well he might, When the beldame wrinkled and
gray Takes the young bride by the hand, And, with the tip of
her reedy wand Making the sign of the cross, doth say:—

"Thoughtless Angela, beware! Lest, when thou weddest this

false bridegroom, Thou diggest for thyself a tomb!" And she was
silent; and the maidens fair Saw from each eye escape a swollen
tear; But on a little streamlet silver-clear, What are two drops of
turbid rain? Saddened a moment, the bridal train Resumed the
dance and song again; The bridegroom only was pale with fear;—
 And down green alleys Of verdurous valleys, With
merry sallies, They sang the refrain:—

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom, So fair a bride
shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with garlands
gay, So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

II

And by suffering worn and weary, But beautiful as some fair angel
yet, Thus lamented Margaret, In her cottage lone and dreary;—

"He has arrived! arrived at last! Yet Jane has named him not
these three days past; Arrived! yet keeps aloof so far! And knows
that of my night he is the star! Knows that long months I wait alone,
benighted, And count the moments since he went away! Come!
keep the promise of that happier day, That I may keep the faith to
thee I plighted! What joy have I without thee? what delight? Grief
wastes my life, and makes it misery; Day for the others ever, but for
me Forever night! forever night! When he is gone 't is dark! my
soul is sad! I suffer! O my God! come, make me glad. When he is
near, no thoughts of day intrude; Day has blue heavens, but
Baptiste has blue eyes! Within them shines for me a heaven of
love, A heaven all happiness, like that above, No more of grief!
no more of lassitude! Earth I forget,—and heaven, and all
distresses, When seated by my side my hand he presses; But
when alone, remember all! Where is Baptiste? he hears not when I
call! A branch of ivy, dying on the ground, I need some bough to
twine around! In pity come! be to my suffering kind! True love, they
say, in grief doth more abound! What then—when one is blind?

"Who knows? perhaps I am forsaken! Ah! woe is me! then bear
me to my grave! O God! what thoughts within me waken! Away!
he will return! I do but rave! He will return! I need not fear! He
swore it by our Saviour dear; He could not come at his own

will; Is weary, or perhaps is ill! Perhaps his heart, in this
disguise, Prepares for me some sweet surprise! But some one
comes! Though blind, my heart can see! And that deceives me not! 't
is he! 't is he!"

And the door ajar is set, And poor, confiding Margaret Rises,
with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes; 'T is only Paul, her
brother, who thus cries:— "Angela the bride has passed! I saw
the wedding guests go by; Tell me, my sister, why were we not
asked? For all are there but you and I!"

"Angela married! and not send To tell her secret unto
me! O, speak! who may the bridegroom be?" "My sister, 't is
Baptiste, thy friend!"

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said; A milky whiteness spreads
upon her cheeks; An icy hand, as heavy as lead, Descending,
as her brother speaks, Upon her heart, that has ceased to
beat, Suspends awhile its life and heat. She stands beside the
boy, now sore distressed, A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again Brings her back to her sorrow
and pain.

"Hark! the joyous airs are ringing! Sister, dost thou hear them
singing? How merrily they laugh and jest! Would we were
bidden with the rest! I would don my hose of homespun
gray, And my doublet of linen striped and gay; Perhaps they
will come; for they do not wed Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is
said!"

"I know it!" answered Margaret; Whom the vision, with aspect
black as jet, Mastered again; and its hand of ice Held her heart
crushed, as in a vice! "Paul, be not sad! 'T is a holiday; To-
morrow put on thy doublet gay! But leave me now for a while
alone." Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul, And, as he
whistled along the hall, Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful heat! I am faint, and weary, and out
of breath! But thou art cold,—art chill as death; My little friend!
what ails thee, sweet?" "Nothing! I heard them singing home the

bride; And, as I listened to the song, I thought my turn would
come ere long, Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide. Thy cards
forsooth can never lie, To me such joy they prophesy, Thy skill
shall be vaunted far and wide When they behold him at my
side. And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou? It must seem long to
him;—methinks I see him now!" Jane, shuddering, her hand doth
press: "Thy love I cannot all approve; We must not trust too
much to happiness;— Go, pray to God, that thou mayst love him
less!" "The more I pray, the more I love! It is no sin, for God is on
my side!" It was enough; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold; But to deceive the
beldame old She takes a sweet, contented air; Speak of foul
weather or of fair, At every word the maiden smiles! Thus the
beguiler she beguiles; So that, departing at the evening's
close, She says, "She may be saved! she nothing knows!"

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress! Now that thou wouldst, thou art
no prophetess! This morning, in the fulness of thy heart, Thou
wast so, far beyond thine art!

III

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating, And the white
daybreak, stealing up the sky, Sees in two cottages two maidens
waiting, How differently!

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed, The one puts on her cross
and crown, Decks with a huge bouquet her breast, And
flaunting, fluttering up and down, Looks at herself, and cannot
rest, The other, blind, within her little room, Has neither crown
nor flower's perfume; But in their stead for something gropes
apart, That in a drawer's recess doth lie, And, 'neath her bodice
of bright scarlet dye, Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air, 'Mid kisses ringing, And
joyous singing, Forgets to say her morning prayer!

The other, with cold drops upon her brow, Joins her two hands,
and kneels upon the floor, And whispers, as her brother opes the

door, "O God! forgive me now!"

And then the orphan, young and blind, Conducted by her
brother's hand, Towards the church, through paths
unscanned, With tranquil air, her way doth wind. Odors of laurel,
making her faint and pale, Round her at times exhale, And in the
sky as yet no sunny ray, But brumal vapors gray.

Near that castle, fair to see, Crowded with sculptures old, in every
part, Marvels of nature and of art, And proud of its name of
high degree, A little chapel, almost bare At the base of the
rock, is builded there; All glorious that it lifts aloof, Above each
jealous cottage roof, Its sacred summit, swept by autumn
gales, And its blackened steeple high in air, Round which the
osprey screams and sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by!" Thus Margaret said. "Where are
we? we ascend!" "Yes; seest thou not our journey's
end? Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry? The hideous bird,
that brings ill luck, we know! Dost thou remember when our father
said, The night we watched beside his bed, 'O daughter, I am
weak and low; Take care of Paul; I feel that I am dying!' And thou,
and he, and I, all fell to crying? Then on the roof the osprey
screamed aloud; And here they brought our father in his
shroud. There is his grave; there stands the cross we set; Why dost
thou clasp me so, dear Margaret? Come in! The bride will be here
soon: Thou tremblest! O my God! thou art going to swoon!"

She could no more,—the blind girl, weak and weary! A voice
seemed crying from that grave so dreary, "What wouldst thou do, my
daughter?"—and she started, And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-
hearted; But Paul, impatient, urges evermore Her steps towards
the open door; And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy
maid Crushes the laurel near the house immortal, And with her
head, as Paul talks on again, Touches the crown of
filigrane Suspended from the low-arched portal, No more
restrained, no more afraid, She walks, as for a feast
arrayed, And in the ancient chapel's sombre night They both are
lost to sight.

At length the bell, With booming sound, Sends forth,
resounding round. Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the
dell. It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain; And yet the
guests delay not long, For soon arrives the bridal train, And
with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay, For lo! Baptiste on this
triumphant day, Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning, Thinks
only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis; To be a bride is all! The pretty
lisper Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper, "How
beautiful! how beautiful she is!".

But she must calm that giddy head, For already the Mass is
said; At the holy table stands the priest; The wedding ring is
blessed; Baptiste receives it; Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves
it, He must pronounce one word at least! 'T is spoken; and
sudden at the grooms-man's side "'T is he!" a well-known voice has
cried. And while the wedding guests all hold their breath, Opes the
confessional, and the blind girl, see! "Baptiste," she said, "since thou
hast wished my death, As holy water be my blood for thee!" And
calmly in the air a knife suspended! Doubtless her guardian angel
near attended, For anguish did its work so well, That, ere the
fatal stroke descended, Lifeless she fell!

At eve instead of bridal verse, The De Profundis filled the
air; Decked with flowers a simple hearse To the churchyard
forth they bear; Village girls in robes of snow Follow, weeping
as they go; Nowhere was a smile that day, No, ah no! for each
one seemed to say:—

"The road should mourn and be veiled in gloom, So fair a corpse
shall leave its home! Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-
away! So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

FROM THE NOEI BOURGUIGNON DE GUI BAROZAI

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 veils 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 FRANCOISE 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, unparalleled, 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 barriers of the
Louvre Cannot our kings defend.

To murmur against death, in petulant defiance, Is never for the
best; To will what God doth will, that is the only science That
gives us any rest.

TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU

BY FRANCOIS 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 delights; 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 below, Than the alternate ebb and flow Of Fortune and
Adversity.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD

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, O come
with me! Happy together let us go, The earth unworthy is of thee!

"Here none to perfect bliss attain; The soul in pleasure suffering
lies; Joy hath an undertone of pain, And even the happiest hours
their sighs.

"Fear doth at every portal knock; Never a day serene and
pure From the 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 MERY

From this high portal, where upsprings The rose to touch our hands
in play, We at a glance behold three things— The Sea, the Town,
and the Highway.

And the Sea says: My shipwrecks fear; I drown my best friends in
the deep; And those who braved icy tempests, here Among my
sea-weeds lie asleep!

The Town says: I am filled and fraught With tumult and with smoke
and care; My days with toil are overwrought, And in my nights I
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

BY JEAN FRANCOIS 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 Lisp the soft shudder of the leaves, And hear the lapwing's plaintive cry?

BARREGES

BY LEFRANC DE POMPIGNAN

I leave you, ye cold mountain chains, Dwelling of warriors stark and frore! You, may these eyes behold no more, Rave 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 foot-fall nearer and more near, And a
mysterious knocking at the gate Of the heart's secret places, and we
heard In the sweet tumult of delight and fear A voice that
whispered, "Open, I cannot wait!"

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.

At 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 assuage The burden of sorrow that one may know At La
Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, had fate decreed To limit the wandering life I
lead, Peradventure I still, forsooth, Should have preserved my fresh
green youth, Under the shadows the hill-tops throw At La
Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, live on, my friends, Happy to be where God
intends; And sometimes, by the evening fire, Think of him whose
sole desire Is again to sit in the old chateau At La Chaudeau.

A QUIET LIFE.

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 himself unknown.

THE WINE OF JURANCON

BY CHARLES CORAN

Little sweet wine of Jurancon, You are dear to my memory
still! With mine host and his merry song, Under the rose-tree I
drank my fill.

Twenty years after, passing that way, Under the trellis I found
again Mine host, still sitting there au frais, And singing still the
same refrain.

The Jurancon, 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

BY CLEMENT MAROT

To gallop off to town post-haste, So oft, the times I cannot tell; To
do vile deed, nor feel disgraced,— Friar Lubin will do it well. But a
sober life to lead, To honor virtue, and pursue it, That's a pious,
Christian deed,— Friar Lubin can not 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 FELIX 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 forever lonely, I shall unto the end have made life's journey, only Daring to ask for naught, and having 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 austere 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 approach of morning, Through the gross vapors, Mars grows fiery red Down in the west upon the ocean floor Appeared to me,—may I again behold it! A light along the sea, so swiftly coming, Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled. And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor, Again I saw it brighter grown and larger. Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared I knew not what of white, and underneath, Little by little, there came forth another. My master yet had uttered not a word, While the first whiteness into wings unfolded; But, when he clearly recognized the pilot, He cried aloud: "Quick, quick, and bow the knee! Behold the Angel of God! fold up thy hands! Henceforward shalt thou see such officers! See, how he scorns all human arguments, So that no oar he wants, nor other sail Than his own wings, between so distant shores! See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven, Fanning the air with the eternal pinions, That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!" And then, as nearer and more

near us came The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he
appeared, So that the eye could not sustain his presence, But
down I cast it; and he came to shore With a small vessel, gliding
swift and light, So that the water swallowed naught thereof. Upon
the stern stood the Celestial Pilot! Beatitude seemed written in his
face! And more than a hundred spirits sat within. "In exitu Israel
de Aegypto!" Thus sang they all together in one voice, With
whatso in that Psalm is after written. Then made he sign of holy rood
upon them, Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore, And he
departed swiftly as he came.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE

PURGATORIO XXVIII. 1-33.

Longing already to search in and round The heavenly forest, dense
and living-green, Which tempered to the eyes the newborn
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
Aeolus 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'rds 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
quicken'd, each one from his grave, Wearing again the garments
of the flesh, So, upon that celestial chariot, A hundred rose ad
vocem tanti senis, Ministers and messengers of life eternal. They
all were saying, "Benedictus qui venis," And scattering flowers
above and round about, "Manibus o date lilia plenis." Oft have I
seen, at the approach of day, The orient sky all stained with
roseate hues, And the other heaven with light serene
adorn'd, 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, "O wherefore, lady, dost thou thus
consume him?" The ice, that was about my heart congealed, To
air and water changed, and, in my anguish, Through lips and eyes
came gushing from my breast. Confusion and dismay,
together mingled, Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out of my
mouth, To understand it one had need of sight. Even as a cross-
bow breaks, when 't is discharged, Too tensely drawn the bow-
string and the bow, And with less force the arrow hits the mark; So
I gave way beneath this heavy burden, Gushing forth into bitter
tears and sighs, And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its passage.

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 loveliness Seem wasting, yet to mortal combat
dare! Then from the Alps I should not see descending Such
torrents of armed men, nor Gallic horde Drinking the wave of Po,
distained with gore, Nor should I see thee girded with a sword Not
thine, and with the stranger's arm contending, Victor or
vanquished, slave forever more.

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 design The hand that
follows intellect can achieve. The ill I flee, the good that I
believe, In thee, fair lady, lofty and divine, Thus hidden lie; and
so that death be mine Art, of desired success, doth me
bereave. Love is not guilty, then, nor thy fair face, Nor fortune,
cruelty, nor great disdain, Of my disgrace, nor chance, nor
destiny, If in thy heart both death and love find place At the same
time, and if my humble brain, Burning, can nothing draw but death
from thee.

II

FIRE

Not without fire can any workman mould The iron to his
preconceived design, Nor can the artist without fire refine And
purify from all its dross the gold; Nor can revive the 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 fortunate fire that burns Within
me still to renovate my days, Though I am almost numbered with
the dead! If by its nature unto heaven returns This element, me,
kindled in its blaze, Will it bear upward when my life is fled.

III

YOUTH AND AGE

Oh give me back the days when loose and free To my blind
passion were the curb and rein, Oh give me back the angelic face
again, With which all virtue buried seems to be! Oh give my
panting footsteps back to me, That are in age so slow and fraught
with pain, And fire and moisture in the heart and brain, If thou
wouldst have me burn and weep for thee! If it be true thou livest
alone, Amor, On the sweet-bitter tears of human hearts, In an old
man thou canst not wake desire; 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 tempestuous sea, The common harbor, where must rendered
be Account of all the actions of the past. The impassioned
phantasy, that, vague and vast, Made art an idol and a king to
me, Was an illusion, and but 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 at surpassed; This know I, who to
Art have given the past, But see that Time is breaking faith with
me. Perhaps on both of us long life can I Either in color or in stone
bestow, By now portraying each in look and mien; So that a
thousand years after we die, How fair thou wast, and I how full of
woe, And wherefore I so loved thee, may be seen.

VI

TO VITTORIA COLONNA

When the prime mover of my many sighs Heaven took through
death from out her earthly place, Nature, that never made so fair a
face, Remained ashamed, and tears were in all eyes. O fate,
unheeding my impassioned cries! O hopes fallacious! O thou spirit
of grace, Where art thou now? Earth holds in its embrace Thy
lovely limbs, thy holy thoughts the skies. Vainly did cruel death
attempt to stay The rumor of thy virtuous renown, That Lethe's
waters could not wash away! A thousand leaves, since he hath
stricken thee down, Speak of thee, nor to thee could Heaven
convey, Except through death, a refuge and a crown.

VII

DANTE

What should be said of him cannot be said; By too great splendor
is his name attended; To blame is easier those who him
offended, Than reach the faintest glory round him shed. This man
descended to the doomed and dead For our instruction; then to
God ascended; Heaven opened wide to him its portals
splendid, Who from his country's, closed against him,
fled. Ungrateful land! To its own prejudice Nurse of his fortunes;
and this showeth well, That the most perfect most of grief shall
see. Among a thousand proofs let one suffice, That as his exile
hath no parallel, Ne'er walked the earth a greater man than he.

VIII

CANZONE

Ah me! ah me! when thinking of the years, The vanished years, alas,
I do not find Among them all one day that was my own! Fallacious
hope; 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 fail, infirm and weary.

THE NATURE OF LOVE

BY GUIDO GUINIZELLI

To noble heart Love doth for shelter fly, As seeks the bird the
forest's leafy shade; Love was not felt till noble heart beat high, Nor
before love the noble heart was made. Soon as the sun's broad
flame Was formed, so soon the clear light filled the air; Yet was
not till he came: So love springs up in noble breasts, and
there Has its appointed space, As heat in the bright 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 Gengis Khan, Arrayed in his robes of gold.

"What I say to you is the truth; And I say to you, O Khan, Pursue
not the star-white man, Pursue not the beautiful youth.

"Him the Almighty made, And brought him forth of the light, At the
verge and end of the night, When men on the mountain prayed.

"He was born at the break of day, When abroad the angels
walk; He hath listened to their talk, And he 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 Kazan, And their stagnant waters smell
of blood: I said in my heart, with horse and man, I will swim across
this shallow flood.

Under the feet of Argamack, Like new moons were the shoes he
bare, Silken trappings hung on his back, In a talisman on his neck,
a prayer.

My warriors, thought I, are following me; But when I looked behind,
alas! Not one of all the band could I see, All had sunk in the black
morass!

Where are our shallow fords? and where The power 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
nightingale Her love-song doth repeat.

Brook, to what fountain dost thou go? O my brooklet cool and

sweet! I go to the fountain at whose brink The maid that loves thee comes to drink, And whenever she looks therein, I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin, And my joy is then complete.

TO THE STORK

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 unrolled, the snow came and covered all, And the green meadow was cold.

O Stork, our garden with snow Was hidden away and lost, Mid the rose-trees that in it grow Were withered by snow and frost.

FROM THE LATIN

VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE

MELIBOEUS. 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 Meliboeus, 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.

MELIBOEUS. 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 Meliboeus, the city that they call Rome, I imagined, Foolish!! 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.

MELIBOEUS. 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 front me in shaving,— Yet she looked upon me, and came to me after a long while, 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.

MELIBOEUS. 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 copses were calling.

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, Meliboeus, 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."

MELIBOEUS. 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, Nor of the neighboring flock the dire contagion inject 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 Hyblaeon 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 shalt 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, 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!

MELIBOEUS. But we hence shall go, a part to the thirsty Afries, 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 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, Meliboeus, thy pear-trees now, put in order thy vine-yards. 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 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 Getae; 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;

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 ha-s 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.

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.

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.

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 curved 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.

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.

Some as captives are driven along, their hands bound behind
them, Looking backward in vain toward their Lares and lands.

Others, transfixed with barbed arrows, in agony perish, For the
swift arrow-heads all have in poison been dipped.

What they cannot carry or lead away they demolish, And the
hostile flames burn up the innocent cots.

Even when there is peace, the fear of war is impending; None, with
the ploughshare pressed, furrows the soil any more.

Either this region sees, or fears a foe that it sees not, And the
sluggish land slumbers in utter neglect.

No sweet grape lies hidden here in the shade of its vine-leaves, No
fermenting must fills and 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 Maeotian seems longer than ever before;

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.

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, over-wearied, his limbs.

Thrives the stage; and applause, with voices at variance,
thunders, And the Theatres three for the three Forums resound.

Four times happy is he, and times without number is happy, Who
the city of Rome, uninterdicted, enjoys.

But all I see is the snow in the vernal sunshine dissolving, And the
waters no more delved from the indurate lake.

Nor is the sea now frozen, nor as before o'er the Ister Comes the
Sarmatian boor driving his stridulous cart.

Hitherward, nevertheless, some keels already are steering, And on
this Pontic shore alien vessels will be.

Eagerly shall I run to the sailor, and, having saluted, Who he may
be, I shall ask; wherefore and whence he hath come.

Strange indeed will it be, if he come not from regions adjacent, And
incautious unless ploughing the neighboring sea.

Rarely a mariner over the deep from Italy passes, Rarely he comes
to these shores, wholly of harbors devoid.

Whether he 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
Propontic, Unto the steady South-wind, some one is spreading his
sails.

Whosoever he is, the news he can faithfully tell me, Which may
become a part and an approach to the truth.

He, I pray, may be able to tell me the triumphs of Caesar, Which he
has heard of, and vows paid to the Latian Jove;

And that thy sorrowful head, Germania, thou, the rebellious, Under

the feet, at last, of the Great Captain hast laid.

Whoso shall tell me these things, that not to have seen will afflict
me, Forthwith unto my house welcomed as guest shall he be.

Woe is me! Is the house of Ovid in Scythian lands now? And doth
punishment now give me its place for a home?

Grant, ye gods, that Caesar make this not my house and my
homestead, But decree it to be only the inn of my pain.

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