









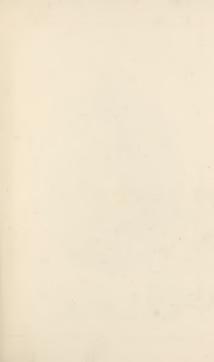


POEMS

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.









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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.



EDINBURGH: W. P. NIMMO, HAY, & MITCHELL (WILLIAM P. NIMMO AND CO.), 1884.



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LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.

EVANGELINE,

A TALE OF ACADIE.

Tims is the forcest primeral. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, Bearded vith moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight, Stand like. Druids of eld, with voices and and prophetic, Stand like harpers hoar, with beard that rest on their bosoma. Loud from its rocky caveras, the deep-roiced neighbouring cosan Speaks, and in accents disconsidas nawers the wall 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 huntaman?

Where is the thatch-roofed villags, the home of Acadian farmerag-Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of haven? Wasts are those pleasant farms, and the farmer for ever departed 1 Scattered like dust and laves, when the mighty blasts of October Scie them, and which them altofs, and aprixits them far of er the

Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré,

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

PART THE FIRST.

T.

Iv the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, Distant, scaladed, still, the itild village of Grand-Prof Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward, Griving the village its name, and prasture to flocks without number. Dike, that the hands of the farmers had raised with habour incessant, Babut out the turbulent tides; but at stated easons the flood-gates Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will ofer the meadows. Spreading aftar and unfenced ofer the plain; and away to the northused of the sea of the sea

Biomkion rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains Sos-fogs pitched their tents, and mints from their station descended. There, in the middle of its farms, repeased the Acadian village. Strongly built were the houses, with frames of cakina village. Strongly built were the houses, with frames of cakina village. Thatched were theroofs, 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 samet Liphted the village street, and glidad the vares on the chimneys, Matrons and makings at in mov-will its caps, and in kirtles Scarlet and blost and green, with distats spinning the golden in Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the moviers.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest; and the children Paused in their play to kits the hand he extended to bless them. Reverend he walked among them; and up rose matrons and maidens. Then came the labourers home from the field, and secenely the sunsakt bown to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the billry Solfly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village Columns of plas blue smole, like located of means assenting, find end blue smole, like located of means assenting, find quelt together in love theme simple Acadian farmers, Find quelt together in love theme simple Acadian farmers, find a blue strenge that the homes of passe and contentment was the rolgens with the tyrast, and any, the vice of republics. Neither useks had they to their doors, nor bare to their windows; But their dwallings were open as day and the hearts of the owners.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas, Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré, Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household, Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.

Stalwart and stately in form was the man of seventy winters; Hearty and 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 hereyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side, Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows. When in the harvest best abe how to be reapers at non-tide Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in acoth was the midem. Fairer was abe when, on Samday morn, while the bell from its turret Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priorit with his hyssop Sprinkles the congregation, and scattern blessings upon them, Down the long stret abe passed, with her chaptle of beads and her

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 brinchness--a more ethereal beauty--

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession, Honeward served hy the Wald of with Go'd benchletion upon her. When she had passed, it seemed like the cessing of exquaite music Firmly builded with raffers of each, the house of the farmer Kuby encircled with raffers of each, the house of the farmer Speximore grow by the door, with a woolkine wreathing around it. Ruckby excircled was the porch, with a swoolkine wreathing around it. Under the specemore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse, Such as the travellar sees in regions remote by the read-aide, Farther down, on the adore of the hull, was the well with its mos-

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-vard

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 lorkly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Feter.

Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one Far o'cr 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-l're

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 eves upon her, as the saint of his deenest 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 footstens. 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 honoured 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, Swithy they hurried away to the forge of fissil the blackmith. There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him Take in his lessherm lay the hoof of the hores as a playting, Nailing theshos in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheo lay like a firey make, colled round in a circle of cinders. Of onding with laytes, when without in the gathering darkness out of the sense of the smithy, through every cannary and out or the sense of the smithy. Through every cannary and

Warm by the forge within they watched the labouring 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 hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow. Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters, Seeking with eager eves 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.

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 hunters asserted Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes. Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season Called by the pions 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 cooks 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 vapours 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 iewels.

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 anow-white hide, and the riband that waved from her collar,

Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the sea-side Where was their favourite 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 odour.

Cheerily neighed the seeds, 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 blossoma.

Patiently stood the cown meanwhile, and yielded their udders Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular codence Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended. Lowing of cattle and paals of langhter were heard in the farm-yard, Echoed back by the barm. A non they sank into stillness; Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors, Rattled the worden 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 smokewreaths

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 bagping. Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together. As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases, Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar, So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, maldenly lifted, Soundad the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges. Benedict knew by the hob-nailed ahoes it was Basil the blacksmith, And by her beating heart Evengeline knew who was with him. "Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footstops paused on the threshold.

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 meantime Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people.' Then made answer the farmer :--- "Perhaps some friendlier purpose Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted. And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children." " Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith, Shaking his head, as in doubt : then, heaving a sigh, he continued :---Many already have fied to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts. Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow. Arms have been taken from us, and warlike 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 corn-fields, Safer within these neaceful dikes, besiezed by the ocean. Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon. Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow Fall on this house and hearth : for this is the night of the contract. Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them.

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonthy Rend Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and ink-horn. Shall we not, then, be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children i' A a part 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 divid on his lips the worthy notary entered.

III.

BENT like a labouring 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 bow 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 patie nt, and simple, and childlike. He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children: For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest. And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses, And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened Died, and was doomed to haunt uneven the chambers of .hildren

And how on Christmass are the ozen talked in the stable, And how the forew was cored by a spider shut up in a nutshall, And of the marvellous powers of four-layered clover and horesoices: With whatscore class was write in the lors of the village. Then uprose from his seat by the firstide Basil the blackmith, Knocked from his pipe the sakes, and slowly extending his right hund, "Rather Leblane," he exclaimed, "thou haw heard the talk in the

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

"hen with modest demeanour 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'sname!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith. "Mustwein all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore f 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 favourite tale, and he loved to repeat it When his neighbours 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

Refl-virth an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace That a neckbar of pards was loss; and ere long a sumpion Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household. She, after form of trial, condenned to die on the satifield, Patiently mot her doorn at the foot of the statue of Juritee. As therhe Fathers in heaven her innocent spirit assended, Lo 1 of the city a tempest rose; and the bolls of the thunder Smote the statues of bronne, and huride in wrath from its left hand Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance, into whose objective the clattering scales of the balance, into whose objective the nockbas of peak was invoron." Sillenced, but not corrinced, when the story was ended, the blocksmith Sould like a may who fain would peak, but findeth no language; All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his foot, ste the vapour





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

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-horn. Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties, Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle. Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed. And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin. Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver : And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom, Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare. Wining the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed : While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside. Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner. Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men Laughed at each lucky hit or unsuccessful manœuvre, Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure. Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows. Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven. Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the 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. 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. Silentshe passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber. Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-

Ample and high, on whose spacious shalves were carefully folded Linen and woolen struß, by the hand of Ernangeline woven. This was the precious dower abewould bring to her husband in marriago. Retter than flocks and herds, being profos of her skill as a housewire. Soon ahe extinguished the tamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight.

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 anow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber! Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchand.

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 monlight Flitted across the floor, and darkened the room for a moment. And as ahe 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 room: Ishmale wandered with Haar!

IV.

PLARASYNTIT rose next morn the sum on the village of Grand-Prix Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas, Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anobro. I kee shadow with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning Keeokked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning with a structury around, from the farma and the neighbouring hundred.

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 green. sward.

Group after group appeared, and joined or passed on the highway. Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labour were silenced. Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors

Sat in the cheerful and, and rejoiced and goasiped together. Every house was an inv, where all were velocimed 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 isoda among the guests of her father: Bright was her face with amiles, and words of velocime and gladnes Fall from her beautiful lines, and besed the ours as the gave.

Under the open sky, in the odcrous air of the orchard, Bending with golden fruit, was spread the facts of betrothal. There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary sealed; There good Bendict ask, and sturdy Baail the blackmith. Not far withdrawn from these, by the diduc-press and the betwien, with the system of basic study of the start of basic starts.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternstely played on his mow-white hir, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler. Glowed likes a living coal when the sales are blown from the sarborn Gally the old man sang to the without sound of the fiddle, and anon with his wooden shoes bust time to the music. And anon with his wooden shoes bust time to the music.

Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows; Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them. Fdirest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter I Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith I

So passed the morning away. And lo1 with a summons sonorous Sounded the bell from its tower and over the meadows a drum beat. Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchward.

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 clangour 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 snake from the steps of the altar Holding aloft in his hand, 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 kind ness. 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 houseroofs.

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 doorway. 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 stens 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 Snake 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 laboured 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 line still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them !' Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us. Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them !'" Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak; And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them !"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleanned from the altar, ferrent and deep was the voice of the priset, and the people responded, Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Are Maria Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated.

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

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides Wandreed, wailing, from house to house the women and children. Long at her father's door Frangeline stood, with her right hand Shidning her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending, Lighted the village strest with mysterious splendour, and rooted each Peasari's cottage with golden thatch, and emblanced its windows. Long within had been spread the smowthile doub on the table; There stood the wheaten local, and the housy fragmant with wild lowers; There stood the wheaten local, and the house fragmant with wild lowers; There stood the vince in the house fragmant with wild lowers; There stood the vince in the house fragmant with wild lowers;

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 scale a fragrance celestial assended,— Charity, meckness, love, and hop, and forgiveness, and paince i Then, all-forgetful of saff, she wandered into the villago, Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women, As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed, Urged by their household energy, and the warp fixe of their children. Valied the light of his frao, like the Prophet dascending from Sinal Sweetly ore the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, and the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered. All was idlent within; and in van at the door and the windows Stood also, and listened and looked, until, overcome by remotion, "Gabriell" with termulous 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 first on the hearth, on the beard stood the supper unbatted.

Empty and dreaw was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror. Solly choole there step on the stair and the floor of her chamber. In the dead of then rights the heard the whispering rain fall Loud on the whishered largers of the systamore-tree by the window. Keenly the lightning flucted; and the voice of the echoing thundler This har that go do was in has very, and governod the workh low created Them the remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of flavour: the unconstraint of the systamore treating and the second state of the other tree to the systam of the second state of the second st

γ,

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth any Cherrity called the cock to the aleeping mains of the farm-house. Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silest and mournful procession, Came from the neighbouring handlet and farms the Acadian women, Driving in ponterous wains their household goods to the seashney. Driving the procession of the theorem of the seashney. See they were obtained on the theorem of the seashney. Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oran.

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

Pilod 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 eame labouring down from the village. Eato in the afternoon, when the neum was next to his setting, Eatoning far o'er the fields eams the roll of drums from the churchyard fields and the churchyard the church of the setting.

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession

Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmera. Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country. Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and way-worn, So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their

Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices, Sang they with tremulous lips a chart of the Catholic Missions...-"Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain! Fill or heart this day with strength and submission and patience " Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wavelide.

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Halfway down to the abore Brangeline waited in allance, Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,---Calmiy and sadly waited, until the procession approached her, And she beheld the faces of Gabriel pals with emotion. Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagedly running to meet him, Chaped she his hands, and laid her bedd on his shoulder, and whis

perea :---

"Gabriel, be of good cheer I for if we love one another, Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!" Smiling alse spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her fahler. Saw alse alowy advancing. "Alse, how changed was his apoet! Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his boson. 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 turnult and stir of embarking. Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion Wires 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 sum went down, and the twilight Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean Fled away from the shore, and left a 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 waggons, Like to a gipsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,

All escape out 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,

Drugging adown the beach the ratiling 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 pastnerg Sweet was the moist still air with the odown of milk from their inders; Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmrard.

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 windowa.

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 eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortala. 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 Mono elimbs the crystal walls of heaven, and ofer the horizon Titan-like stretches its bundred hands upon mountain and meadow. Excling the rocks and the rivers, and pling puge shadow together. Broader and over broader it gleamed on the rocks of the village. Otamede un the sky and these are, and the sing the thick by in the roadstead. Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a matrix.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting.

Whiled 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 alond is their angular, "We shall behad in omore our homes in the village of Grand-Fré 1 Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards, Thinking the day had dawned; and anot the lowing of cattle Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted. Then roses around of dread, such as startles the alceping encampmonts Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraka, When the wild homes affirthed are seep by with the speed of the whiti-

wind,

Or the loud-bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river. Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses Broke through their folds and fences, and maily 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 in his bosom. Through the long night she lay in deen, 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 eves, 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 churchvard." Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side, Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches, But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré. And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow. Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation. Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges. Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean, With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward. Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking ; And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbour, Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

Marr a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré, When on the failling tidt the freighted vassels departed, Bearing a nation, with all its bosschold gods, into exile, Exile without an end, and without an example in story. Yar saunder, on separate costs, the A cadiana landed; ; and the start of the start of the start of the start and the start of the start of the start of the start of the month-start.

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundhaud. Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city, From the cold lakes of the North to suitury Southern savannas,— From the black shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Watares

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean, Deep in their smalls to bury the scattered house of the manmoth. Friends they sought, and homes ; and many, despairing, heart-broken, Aaked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a friendle. Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyardu Long among them was seen as maiden who waited and wandered, Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things. Fair was sho and young; but had al / before here extended, Dreary and vas and allow, the desert of hilo, with its pathway Dreary and vas and saint, the desert of hilo, with its pathway Marked Lyr the greves of those who had sourceed and suffered before

Passioni long estinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned, an tio emigrand's way o'er the Western desort is marked by Camp-Free long consumed, and bones that black in the sumhine. Something there was in her this incomplete, imperfect, unfinished; As if a morning of June, with all its music and sumhine. Studionity paused in the sky, and, fading, along't descended to the studient of the studies of the studies of the studies. Sometimes are languaged in towns, illl, urged by the Urged by a resides longing, the hunger and thints of the split. She would commence again her endless tearch and endeavour; Sometimes in e furthrykards strayed, and gazod on the crosses and

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom He was already at rest, and also longed to alumber beside him. Sometimes a rumour, a bearsary, an inarticulate whispen, Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward. Sometimes also epake with those who had seen her belowed and kno

him:

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten. "Gabriel Lajeunesse !" said they; " ob, yes! we have seen him. If was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies *Courceur-dos-Bois* are they, and famous hunters and trappers,"

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "oh, yes! we have seen him. He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."

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

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriell others Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal ! Here is Baptists Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee Mary a tedious year; come, give hint hy hand and be happy ! Thou art too fair to be left to braid Sk Catherine's treases." Then would Evangline answer, serendy but and $y_{1-r} = 1$ cannot; Whither my heart has gone there follows my hand, and not elsewhere. For whom the baset goes Before, like a lamp, and illumines the path

way,

Many things are made clear, that else lik hidden in darkness." And thereupon the priest, her rimed and fathere cordensor, Sold with a smile-----O daughter! thy God thusspeaketh with thee! Talk not of wasted affection, affection arers wavasted; If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning Back to their primag. Nike the rank, alshall fill them full of rereshment; That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain. Sources and allence are strong, such patient endurance is godlike. Therefores accoundials thy labour of Jowe. If the heart is made endtherefores accoundials the strong of Jowe.

like,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline laboured 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 eheerless disconfort, Bleeding, harefooted, over the hards and thorse of existence. Let me easay, O Musel to follow the wanderer's footsteps; Not through each derious path, each changedh year of existence; But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley; Far from its margin at times, and seeing the glasm 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 bchold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur; Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outled.

II.

Ir was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River, Past the Ohio shore, and past the mouth of the Webanh, Into the golden stream of the broad and with Mississippi, Flotted a cumbrons boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatment Flotted a sumbroad boat of the Acadian to Automation Flotted and the Acadian to Automation and the Acadian to Automation Mation, scattered along the coast, now floating together, South or 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 plume-like Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current, Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars Lavin 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 dovecots. They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer. Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron. Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward. They, too, swerved from their course ; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine. Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters. Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction, Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals. Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset. Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter. Lovely the moonlight was as it glauced 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 eves, 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 car 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 ailence, and giving tongues to the forcest. Soundiess above them the bannes of more just stirred to the nuscle Multitotinous echoes avoice and died in the distance, Over the watery floor, and Densuth the everthermat branches; And whon the ochoes had ceased, like a sense of pair was the sil encethen Evangeline alery, but the boatmen rowed through the midni gibt, Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs. Such as they say of old on their own Acadian inviews. And through the night were heard the mysterious soundor the des ert, And through the night were heard the mysterious soundor the date ert.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalava. 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 yast and high extended the cone of a cedar. Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob. On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending, Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom. Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it. Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands, Dardea light, wifth 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 biaon and heaver. At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn Dark and neglected locks overall address the state of the Ghriel was it, who, weary with waiting, numberly and reations. Semicity they glided along, close under the less of the simal, But by the optical basis of the bind a series of pathwards, So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concaded in the willows, And undisturbed by the advice incorast.

Angel of God was there none to awaken the alumbering maiden. Swilly they gliedd away, like the shade of a load on the purinin. After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance After the sound is traned the sheepers awoke, and the maiden Said with a sight to the friendly priest.-" O Father Felician ! Something ayas in my howr that near me Gabriel wanders. Is it a foolinh dream, an idle and rague superstition ? Or has an angel passel, and revealed the truth to my spirit ?" Thom, with a blinh, mainwords at these laws no meaning." But made answer the reverse of man, and he smille as he nawwerd --"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 doubeit truly is near these if one of the southward, On the banks of the Teches, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin, There the long-wandering bridgendall be given again to her bridgenoun, There the long-wandering bridgendall be given again to her bridgenoun. Bassitian is also land, with its parkins and forests of frail/trossy Under the feet agarden of flowers, and the bluest of heaven Bending abore, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest. They wool ovell there have named it the Edam of Louisians."

And with these words of cheer they rose 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 vapours 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 cars, 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 neighbouring 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-tons Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches. With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion. Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,

And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,

Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbouring dwelling Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

ш.

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 grape-vines.

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 vapoury 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 a 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 most 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 recognised Basil the blacksmith. Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden. There in an arbour of roses with endless question and answer Gave they yent 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 i is Gabriel gone i" 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

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 sloft in triumphal procession ; and straightway Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured. Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips, Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters. Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith. All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanour ; Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate, And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them :

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise. Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the airy veranda.

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 lowslicht

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 aweed. Natchitoches tobacoo, Tius he spake to his guests who listened, and emiled as they listened:-" Welcome once more, my friends, who so nong have been friendless

and homeless,

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

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 nestrils, And his hung, brawny hand came thundering down on the table, So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded, Suddenly pansed, with a pinch of suff half-way to his nostrik. But the baves Bailresumed, and his words were milder and gaver— "Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever I For it is not like that of our old Acadian climate,

The state of the second second

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 neighbouring 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 Evangeriue stood like one entranced, for within her Olden memories rose, and load in the muliat of the music Haard hed the sound of the sex, and an irrepressible sadness Came of er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden. Basuiful was the night. Babind the black wall of the forest, Tupping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river Fell here and there through the branches a tremitous glasm of the

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 theirsoni in doors, that were their prayers and coordesions Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian. Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-

dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings. As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees, Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie. Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers. Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens, Shone on the eves 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 labour. Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers! When shall these eves behold, these arms be folded about thee?" Loud and sudden and near the note of a whip-poor-will sounded Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighbouring 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 treases

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal. "Farewall!" said the prises, as he stood at the shadowy threshold; "See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famile», 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 smahine, and gladness. Swifty they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them, Blown by the blast of fate like a dead lead 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 Rumours 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 read 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 waggon. 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 wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck: Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses; Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel; Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children, Staining the desert with blood: and above their terrible war-trails Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture, Like the implacable soul of a 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 for had entered, with hunters and trappers bakind him. Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil Followed his Hying steys, and thought each day to o'ertake him. Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fite Rise in the morning air from the dilatant plain; but at nightful, When they had reached the place, they found only embers and sahas. And, though their heart were said at times and their bodies were weary. Hope still guided them on, as the majo Fata Morgana Showed them be lakes of licit, that retractated and camiabed before

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

Once, as they sat by their ovening firs, there silently entered into the little camp an indian worman, whose features Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow, She was a Shawnee worman returning home to her people. From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Cammanbes, Where her Canadian hunkanda, Concuert-de-Solis, 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 the sat and repeated Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent, All the table of her lowy, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses. Much Evangeline wept at the table, and to know that another Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed. Moved to the depths of her scoul by pity and wonan'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 welded a maiden, But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam, Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sun shine,

Till also beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest. Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incuntation, Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wood by a phantom, That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the the total state of the father's lodge.

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden, Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,

And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people. Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress. Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose. Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendour Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland. With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches Swaved 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, And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee Said, as they journeyed along,—"On the western alope of these mountains.

Dwells in his little village the Back Robe chief of the Mission. Much be teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus; Loudlaugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear kindthen, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangelien answered,— " Let use to the Mission, tor there good tidings await us!" Thisher they travent their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountaing. Just as the sun went down, they leaved a nummur of voices, And in a massdow green and bread, by the back of a river, faw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jeanti Masion. Kan't the Back Robe chief with his children. A crucific fastened High on the trunk of the tree, and overhandowed by grape-time, Looked with its quoised face on the multitude kneeling beneath it. This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches of its avail 2007, arcse the chant of their respers,

Mingling its notes with the soft sumrus 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 used from the hands of the source.

Slowly the reversed man advanced to the strangers, and hade them Welcome; and when they replaced, he smilled with benignart enzyression, Hearing the home-like sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest, And with words of hindness consoluted them into his wigners. Fassed, and alaked their thirrd from the water gourd of the teacher. Fassed, and alaked their thirrd from the water gourd of the teacher.

"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 sant take ; then arcee 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; "hut 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 meniloant crows and granarise pillaged by squirrels. Then in the golden weather the mains was busked, and the mailess Bushed at each blood-red ear, for that beckneds a lower, while the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lower. "Patience 1" her priorit word may 1" have faith, and thy prayer will determine the priorit word may 1" have faith, and thy prayer will be presented by the priorit word may 1" have faith, and thy prayer will be presented by the priorit word may 1" have faith, and thy prayer will be presented by the priorit word may 1" have faith, and the prayer will be presented by the priorit word may 1" have faith, and the prayer will be presented by the priorit word may 1" have faith and the prayer will be presented by the priorit word may 1" have faith and the prayer will be presented by the priorit word may 1" have faith and the prayer will be presented by the pr

he answered !

Look at this definate plant that lifts the head from the meadow, see how its haves all point to the morth, as true as the magnet; It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suppended Here on far fingle stalk, to direct the travelers' sourcey Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert. Such in the soul of man is faith. The bloscours of passion, they and huvariant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrames, Usy and huvariant flowers, are brighter and fuller of second Only this humble plant can guide un here, and hereofter Crown us with asphotel flowers, that are wet with the desw of nepenths."

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 ramour was wafted Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of blossom. Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests, Gabriel had his lodge by the hanks of the Sarinaw river

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St Lawren 2e, 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 abe the hunter's longe deserted and failen to ruin l

Thus did the long and years glide on, and in seasons and places Divers and distant far was seen the wandering midden j-Now in the tents of grace of the mesk Moravian Missions, Now in the solved sample and the battle fields of the army, Now in secluted handles, in towns and populous citizs, "Batter and the solved sample of the solved sample Field was also and old, when in disappointment it ended. Each succeeding years follo something away from her bearty, Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow. Then these appeared and apprecia faint strates of gray of the hor fore-

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

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In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters. Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle, Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded. There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty, And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest. As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested. There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile, Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country. There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed, Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants. Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city. Something that spoke 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 endeavour, 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 handcape below us, Smallmunned, with shining rivers and cities and handlets. 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 also had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance. Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image, Clothed in the beautry of love and youth, as last at she beheld tim,

Only more beautiful made by his desthills selfence and absence. Into ber 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 deroution to others, This was the beams. a life of trial and sorrow had taught her. Suffired no waste nor heas, though filling the air with aroum. Other hops had he nons, nor with in 116, but to follow Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred foet of her Saviour. Thus many press he lived as a Silter of Mercy; frequenting Lonely and varotheder the sufficient of the sity. Where distress and want concealed themselves from the smilpitt, Where distress and want concealed themselves, pa the watchma

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city, High at some lonely window he saw une light of her taper. Day after day, in the grey of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs Ploided the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market, Met he that meek, half acc, 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 aw acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of Seytember, Flooding nome aliver stream, till it spreads to a lake in take meadow. So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin, Stread to a bruckiah lake the aliver stream of existence. We alth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor; But all periade alike beneath the socurys of his anger; Only, alsa! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants, Crept away to the in the almohumes, home of the homelees. Them in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands --

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicks wheek, in the midst of splendour; its humble walls seem to echo Softly the words of the Lord —-" The poor ye always have with you," Thitler, by hight and by day, same the Sister of Mercy. The dist Cleams of celestial light entire her forshead with splendour, Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and aposelas, Or such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and aposelas. Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the eity celestial, Into whose shing gates ere long their spirite 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 odour 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 fragmence 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 Wiegon

Soft as descending wings fall the ealm of the hour on her spirit; And, with light in her sid,—'' Al length thy trails are ended;'' And, with light in her locks, whe entered the chambers of sickness Noisiensely moved about the seations, careful attendiants, experiment of the signal and the seating of the signal and the signal Clowing the signalens cyves of the dead, and concealing their faces, Mary a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered, And, as sub holded around, she was how Deakh, the consolre, facil, as the locked around, she was how Deakh, the consolre, Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time; Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder, Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her finerers.

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 dving 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 grey were the locks that shaded his temples ; But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood . So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying. Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever, As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals, Motionless, senseless, dving, he lay, and his spirit exhausted Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness, Darkness of slumber and death, for ever 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 inchi his eyse; and as alowly be litted his eyelids, Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his besiside. Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unntkered Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would

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 1 And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her boson, Meekly she bowed her own, and nurmured. "Father, I thank thee!"

Strik stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow, Sido by sido, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping. Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard, In the heart of the eity, they lie, unknown and unnotised. Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them, Thousando if the horbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever; Thousando if the horbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever; Thousando if using handa, where theirs have cased from their hourse; Thousando if user for, where theirs have cased from their hourse;

Still standath of forest primeral; but under the shade of its branches Dwells another noe, with other customs and hanguage. Only along the shore of the mourful and misty Atlantic Linger a few Acadia presentable, whose fathers from exile Wandered back to their native land to ide in its bosom. In the fashermark's cot the wheel and the loom are still bary; Maidens still ware their Norman caps and their kirtles of homospun And by the evening fare repeat Prangeline's story, While from its rocky caverns the deep-roleed neighbouring ocean Speaka, and in accents discoordisc assures the wail of the fores.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Πότνια, πότνια νθξ, ύπνοδότειρα τών πολυπόνων βροτών, Έριβόδιν ίδι· μόλε μόλε κατάπτεοο Αγαμεμινόνιον έπὶ δόμων ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγίων, ὑπό τε συμφορᾶς διοιχόμεθ, οἰχόμιθα.

EURIPIDE"

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 so:

Or where the denser grove receives No sunlight from above, But the dark foliage interwaves 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 lic. And gaze into the summer sky. Where the sailing clouds went by, Like ships upon the sea; Dreams that the soul of youth engage Traditions of the saint and sage, Tales that have the rime of age, And chronicles of Eld. And, loving still these quaint old themes. 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; Oh, 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,

VOICES OF THE NIGHT,

Before me rose an avenue Of tall and sombrous pines; Abroad their fan.like branches grew, And, where the sunshine darted through, Spread a vapour soft and blue, In fong 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 fower.

Visions of childhood ! stay, oh, 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 eleepless 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 whoseever looks therein, Sees the heavens all black with sin.— Sees not its derthis nor bounds.

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

" Look, then, into thine heart, and write ! Yes, into Life's deep stream ! All forms of sorrow and delight,



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A PSALM OF LIFE.

All solemn Voices of the Night, That can soothe thee, or affright,— Be these henceforth thy theme."

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

Ασπασίη, τρίλλιστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night Sweep through her marble halls !

I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light From the celestial walls !

I felt her presence, by its spell of might, Stoop o'er me from above;

The calm, majestic presence of the Night, As'of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight, The manifold soft chimes.

That fill the haunted chambers of the Night, Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the 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 breather 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 PSALMISE

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 snoken of the soul

VOICES OF THE NIGHT,

4

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 labour 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.

^{cs} Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he; "Have nought 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 sheaver.

THE LIGHT OF STARS,

"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.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath, The Resper came that day; 'Twas an angel visited the green earth And took the flowers away.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon; And sinking silently, All silently,

Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven But the cold light of stars:

And the first watch of night is given To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love ? The star of love and dreams?

Oh, no! from that blue tent above, A hero's armour 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.

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

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

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

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

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

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

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS,

WHEN the hours of Day are 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 fire-light Dance upon the parlour 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 road-side 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.

FLOWERS.

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 goldea, 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 shiking, Blossoms flaunting in the eye of way, Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining, Buds that open only to decay:

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues, Flaunting gaily in the golden light:

Large desires, with most uncertain issues, Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

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

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

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

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

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

The river flowed between.

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

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

Down the broad valley fast and far The troubled army fled;

Up rose the glorious morning star, The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of man That strange and mystic scroll,

That an army of phantoms vast and wan Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream, In Fancy's misty light,

Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam Portentous through the night.

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

No other voice nor sound is there, In the army of the grave:

No other challenge breaks the air, But the rushing of Life's wave.

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

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

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

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! Oh, the old man grey Loveth that ever-soft voice, Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,— To the voice gentls 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 !

AN APRIL DAY.

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 1

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 1 Christe, eleyson 1

EARLIER POEMS.

These poems were written for the most part during may sollaps life, and all to them before bus equ of initions. Some have found their way that achook, and seen to be successful. Others lead a wanhould and processions existence in the correst of surgeopers; or these changed their ranses and run away to seek their fortimes loyoud the see. I say, with the Bislop of Armanches, which I kan solving, "I cannot be displaued to see these childrens of miso, which I kan source decorem gather of the set of set of the word together its and decore decorem gather".

AN APRIL DAY.

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

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

EARLIER POEMS.

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 coloured 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 grey 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.

Wirst what a glory comes and goes the year! The buds of syning, those besutiful larbingers Of summy skies and could use times, enjoy Life's newness, and earth's genuitare spread out; And when the silver habit of the clouds Comes down upon the suture takes up. His bright inheritance of golden fruits, A porpu and pageant fill the splendid seme.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now Its mellow richness on the dustered trees, And, from a beaker full of richest dyes, Pouring new glory on the autumn woods, And dipping in warm light the pillared clouda Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,





WOODS IN WINTER.

Lifts up her purple wing; and in the vales The gentle Wind, a sweet and passionate woork, Kinsen the blanking hold, and stirs up life Winhin the solenne woods of all deeperimanoit. And all ver beech, and muple yellowing all deeperimanoit. The golden robbin moves. The purple finch, That on wild oberry and rd codic foods, A winter hird, comes with its plaintive whichs, And peaks by the witchhased, while all wild all and peaks by the witchhased, while all wild all and peaks by the witchhased, whild a load and peaks by the witchhased, while all wild all and peaks by the witchhased, while all wild all and peaks by the witchhased, while all wild all and peaks by the threshing footor the burg fial.

Ob, what a glory doth this world put on For him who, with a fervent harst, goes forth Under the bright and glorions sky, and looks On duties well performed, and days well genet! For him the wind, ay, and the yallow laws, Shall have a voice, and give hum, that beath Bas lifted up for all, that he shall go To his long reating-pakes without a tean.

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 brok., 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.

EARLIER POEMS,

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 kong.

HYMN

OF THE MOBAVIAN 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 blood-red banner, that with prayer Had been consecrated there.

And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while, Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

- "Take thy banner! May it wave Proudly o'er the good and brave; When the battle's distant wail Breaks the sabbath of our vale, When the clarion's music thrills To the hearts of these lone hills, When the spear in conflicts shakes, And the strong lance shivering breaks
- "Take thy banner! and, benesth The ',stile-cloud's encircling wreath, Guard it!--till our homes are free! In the dark and trying lour, In the breaking torth of power, In the rush of steeds and men, His right hand will skiejki thee then.

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

"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 -he stouy 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 grey mist thrust up its shattered lance, And rocking on the cliff was left The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft. The yeil 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 aw the current whirl and finsh,— And richly, by the blue lake's silver basch, The woods were bending with a silent reach; Then ofer the vala, 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 for the glon sent out,

EARLIER POEMS.

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 I—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 grey hills with golden scarf ; Or when the cowled and dusky-sandalled Eye. 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 nomp 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.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill The world: and, in these wayward days of youth. My busy fancy oft embodies it. As a bright image of the light and beauty That dwell in nature -of the heavenly forms We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds When the sun sets. Within her eye The heaven of April, with its changing light, And when it wears the blue of May, is hung, And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair Is like the summer tresses of the trees. When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek Blushes the richness of an autumn sky. With over-shifting beauty. Then her breath, It is so like the gentle air of Spring, As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes To have it round us .- and her silver voice Is the rich music of a summer bird. Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

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

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

But soon a funeral hymn was heard Where the soft breath of ovening stirred The tall, grey forest; and a band Of storn 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 eve so proud Asked for his rider in the crowd.

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

TRANSLATIONS.

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

[Don Jorge Maurique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his History of Spain, makes diad on the field of totics. Marinas, miss filterary or promy matter spectra of the second second second second second second second second product of his second. The second se

and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. Ila

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

side the 1476 seconding to Mariana, in the town of Uelfs; it was according to the theorem of his son, in Casaa. It was this dista that also also for the hop come upon which ratis the likes ry reputation of the younger Manrique, in a laborana, "De Jorge Manrique, in a single of the Mariana, and the segment of the segment of the second s

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 H one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray, Thither the brook pursues its way, And tinkling rill. There all are equal. Side by side

There all are equal. Side by side The poor man and the son of pride Lie calm and still,

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

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

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

Our cradle is the starting-place, In life we run the onward race, And reach the goal; 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 accidents, and change,

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

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 eys and blushing check, The lues that play O'er rosy lip and brow of anow, 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 swert away 1

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

Wealth and the high estate of pride, With what untimely speed they gilde, How soon depart 1 Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay, The vassals of a mistress they, Of fickle heart.

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

Even could the hand of avarice save Its gilded baubles, till the grave

Reclaimed its prey, Let none on such poor hopes rely; Life, like an empty dream, flits by, And where are they?

Earthly desires and sensual lust Are passions springing from the dust,— They fade and die; But, in the life beyond the tomb, They seal the immortal spirit's doom Eternally 1

The pleasures and delights, which mark 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 ardour 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?

COPLAS DE MANBIQUE.

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 shaux 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 dars of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan[†] Where Exch 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 searf, 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 odours 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 late 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; Oh, in what winning smiles arrayed, The world its various pleasures laid His throne beside!

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

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

The noble steeds, and harness bright, And gallant lord, and stalwart knight, In rich array,— Where shall we seek them now f 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 1

But he was mortal; and the breath, That finmed 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 1

The countless treasures of his care, His hamlets green, and cities fair,



The noble steels, and horness bright, And galant lord, and staiwart knight, In rich array !

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COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

His mighty power,— What were they all but grief and shame. Tears and a broken heart, when came The parting hour i

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 I

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 I 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 gloon ; Left desolate of real good, Within this cheerless solitude No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears, And onds 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 ministre needs.

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

What prudence with the old and wise; What grace in youthful gaieties;

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

In all how sage 1 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 Cessar's conquering car At battle's call; His, Scipio's virtue; kis, 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 farvent 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 honoured 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 "Twas his to share, Such noble leagues he made, that mere And fairer regions, than before, His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced, Which, with the hand of youth, he trace 1 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 valour 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 off, for weal or woe, His life upon the fatal throw Had been cast down; When he had served, with patriot zeal, Beneath the bänner of Castile, His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valour strong, That neither history nor song

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

Can count them all; Then, on Ocaña's castled rock, Death at his portal came to knock, With sudden call,---

Saying, "Good Cavalier, prepare To leave this world of toil and care With joyful mica; Let thy strong heart of steel this day Put on its armour for the fray,--The closing scene.

"Since thou hast been, in battle-strife, So prodigal of health and life, For earthy 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,-mor fear To meet the foe; Nor let thy noble spirit grieve Its life of glorious fame to leave On earth below.

" A life of honour and of worth Has no eternity on earth,---Tis 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 doet 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? 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 'tis God's sovereign will That we shall dia.

"O Thou, that for our sins did st 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, Oh. pardon me!"

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

His soul to Him who gave it rose; God lead it to its long repose;

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Its glorious rest ! And, though the warrior's sun has set, Its light shall linger round us yet, Bright, radiant, blest.*

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

Supermon) that with this anorous, sylvan song Hats broken the alumber which encompassed m_{0} — That makes the alumber which encompassed m_{0} — That makes the second of the second transport of which thy powerful arms were stretched to long ! Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains; For thon uny shopherd; guard, and guide shalt be ; I will obey thy voice, and wait to see Thy fest all bescherd; guard, and work to see that second the second second second second second second Haar, Shepherd —thou who for thy flowk at dying, 0, wash away these scatter time, for thou

 This poem of Manrique is a great favourite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries, upon it have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo do Valdepenas, is the best. It is known as the Gloss dellarate, There is also a proce Commentary by Luis do Aranda.

The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket after his death on the field of battle:

"O World I so few the years we live, Would that the life which thou dost give Wore life indeed I 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 cheoriess solitude No plesauros bloom.
- "Thy pligrimage begins in tears, And ends in bitter doubts and fears, Or dark deepair; 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; Ficet-footed is the approach of wee, But with a lingering step and slow It form depers"

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Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow. Oh, wait!--to thee my weary soul is crying,---Wait for me!--Yet why ask it, when I see, With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt waiting still for me }

TO-MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

Lonn, what am I, that, with uncessing cave, Thou didat seek after ma,—that thou didat wait, Wet with unhalthy dens, before my gata, And pase the gloomy nights of winter thereof O strange delmsion — that I did not greet in my ungratitude unkindly frost Has childed the bleeding wounds upon thy feet. How oft my guardian angel genup (reid, " Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see How ho pensite to knock and wait for these!" Ang, db how often guardian stray equal to the set Ang, db how often guardian stray equal to the set Ang, db how often guardian stray equal to the set Ang who the moreover came I answered still. " To-morver,"

THE NATIVE LAND.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

Crans fount of light 1 my native land on high, Eright with a glory that shall never fadel Manion of truth 1 without a wall or shade, Thy lody quite meets the spirite system Gauging no lenger for life's fashed herseth; Bady, sentimelied in heaven, its glorious presence With pitying sys beholds, yet fears not, desth. Beloved country! hamished from thy shores, A stranger in this prison-house of clay. The sailed spirite wergs and sight of Lakers Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way. That, whithe low sajiros, there shall my dwelling be.

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

O Loast! that sees!, from yon stary height, Centred in one, the future and the past, Faultioned in thine own image, see how fast! The world obscurves in me what one own as bright? The read Sum! the warnth which then have given, Yet, in the hoary wither of my days, Yet, in the hoary wither of my days, Yet, in the hoary wither of my days, For every green shall be my trust in Harven. Celestiak King! tooks of merry from on high, Shall meet that block of merry from on high, Both meet the block of the set of most factors. Doth meet the block of the set of merry are not and owns in being to the gauge's and it then,

THE BROOK.

FROM THE SPANISIL

Lavon of the mountain I—lyre of bird and troe: Pomp of the meadow I mirror of the moral The soul of April, unto whom are born The soul of April, unto whom are born The soul of the source The hyr of secth write you have a source of the source Than goldom sands, that charm each alopherd's goan. How without guide thy booms, all transparent As the pure crystal, lets the curious eyes (how, without suite the source of the source of the How, without suite the source of the source of the How, without suite hause of many, to dwall in limpid Lount I on aband's the hause of many, to dwall in limpid Lount

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, IL

AND now, behold! as at the approach of morning Through the gross vapours, Mars grows fiery red Down in the west upon the ocean floor.

Appeared to me,-may I again behold it !-A light along the sea, so swiftly coming, Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.

And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor, Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.

Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared I knew not what of white, and underneath, Little by little, there came forth another.

My master yet had uttered not a word, While the first brightness into wings unfolded; But, when he clearly recognised 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 car he wants, nor other sail, Than his own wings, between so distant shores !

"See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaver 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 nought thereof.

Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot ! Beatitude seemed written in his face ! And moro than a hundred spirit sat within.

"In exits Israel out of Egypt!" Thus sang they all together in one voice, With whatso in that Psalm is after written.

Then made he sign of holy rood upon them, Whereat all cast themselves upon the shoro, And he departed swiftly as he came.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISF

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXVIIL

LONGING already to search in and round The heavenly forest, dense and living-green, Which to the eyes tempered the new-born day,

Withouten more delay I left the bank, Crossing the level country slowly, slowly, Over the soil that everywhere breathed fragrance.

A gently-breathing air, that no mutation Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead, No heavier blow, than of a pleasant breeze,

Whereat the tremulous branches readily Did all of them bow downward towards that side Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain;

Yet not from their upright direction bent So that the little birds upon their tops Should cease the practice of their tuneful art;

But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime Singing received they in the midst of foliage That made monotonous burden to their chymes,

Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells, Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi, When Æolus unlosses the Sirocco.

Already my slow steps had led me on Into the ancient wood so far, that I Could see no more the place where I had entered.

And lo ! my farther course cut off a river, Which, towards the left hand, with its little waves, Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang.

All waters that on earth most limpid are, Would seem to have within themselves some mixture, Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal.

Although it moves on with a brown, brown current, Under the shade perpetual, that never Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

BEATRICE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXX., XXXL

Even as the Blessed, in the new covenant, Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave, Wearing again the garments of the flesh,

So, upon that celestial chariot, A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*, Ministers and messengers of life eternal.

They all were saying: "Benedictus qui venis," And scattering flowers above and round about, "Manibus o date lilia plenis."

I once beheld, at the approach of day, The orient sky all stained with roseate hues, And the other heaven with light serene adorned,

And the sun's face uprising, overshadowed, So that, by temperate influence of vapours, 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 colours of the living flame.

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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 for ever After the chiming of the eternal spheres;

But, when I heard in those sweet melodies Compassion for me, more than had they said, "O wherefore, lady, dost thou thus consume him?"

BPRING,

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 'tis discharged, Too tensely drawn the bow.string and the bow, And with less force the arrow hits the mark;

So I gave way under this heavy burden, Gushing forth into bitter tears and sighs, And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its passage.

SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES D'ORLEANS, XV. CENTURY.

GENTLE Spring !- in sunshine clad,

Well dost thou thy power display! For Winter maketh the light heart sad,

And thou-thou makes the sad heart gay, He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train, The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain; Arid they shrink away, and they flee in fear, When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old, Their beards of icicles and snow;

And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold, We must cover over the embers low :

More 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 nought both late and early, Is banished afar by the new-born year,

When thy merry step draws near.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SWEET babe ! true portrait of thy father's face, Sleep on the bosom. that thy lips have pressed ! Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place Thy drowsy evelid 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;— 'Tis sweet to watch for thee.—alone for thee!

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

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

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

THE GRAVE,

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

For thee was a house built Ere thou wast born. For thee was a mould meant Ere thuo of mother camest. But it is not made ready, 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 afterwarde

Thy house is not Highly timbered.

EING CHRISTIAN.

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 theo, Who will ever see How that house pleaseth theo, Who will ever open The door for theo, And descend after theo, For soon thou art loathsome And hatcill to see.

KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES EVALD,

KING Christian stood by the lofty mast In mist and smoke; His sword was hammering so fast,

Through Gothic helm and brain it passed; Then sank each hostile hulk and mast In mist and smoke.

"Fly !" shouted they, "fly, he who can ! Who braves of Denmark's Christian The stroke ?"

Nis Julg 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 and pleasures and alarms,

And war and victory, be thine arms My grave!*

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FRAGMENT OF & MODERN BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet, By an alehouse on the Rhine, Four hale and hearty fellows, And drank the precious wine.

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

 Nils Jucl was a celebrated Danish Admiral, and Poder Wessel a Yloo-Admiral, who for his great provess received the popular title of Tordenskield, or These devisited. In childhood he was a tailor's apprentice, and rous to his high rank before the arg of twenty-cipt, when he was killed in a duel.

THE WAVE.

But, when the maid departed,	
A Swabian raised his hand.	
And cried, all hot and flushed	mith mine
"Long live the Swabian lan	d1

"The greatest kingdom upon earth Cannot with that compare:

With all the stout and hardy men And the nut-brown maidens there."

"Ha!" cried a Saxon, laughing,— And dashed his beard with wine; "I had rather live in Lapland,

Than that Swabian land of thine!

- "The goodliest land on all this earth, It is the Saxon land!
- There have I as many maidens As fingers on this hand !"
- "Hold your tongues! both Swabian and Saxon!" A bold Bohemian cries:
- " If there's a heaven upon this earth, In Bohemia it lies,
- "There the tailor blows the flute, And the cobbler blows the horn, And the miner blows the bugle

Over mountain gorge and bourn."

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

THE WAVE

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

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

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

THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLOPSTOCE.

How they so softly rest, All, all the holy dead, Unto whose dwelling-place Now doth my soul draw near ! How they so softly rest, All in their silent graves, Deep to corruption Slowly down-sinking !

And they no longer weep Here, where complaint is still! And they no longer feel, Here, where all gladness flies ! And, by the cypresses Softly o'ershadowed, Until the Angel Calls them, they slumber !

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP

FROM THE GERMAN OF 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."—

WHITHER 7

- "I need not and seek not company, Bonny boat, I can sing all alone; For the mainmast tall too heavy am I, Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.
- "High over the sails, high over the mast, Who shall gainsay these joys ?

When thy merry companions are still, at last, Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

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

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

WHITHER:

FROM THE GERMAN OF 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!

Thou hast, with thy soft murmur, Murmured my senses away.

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

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmus And wander merrily near; The wheels of a mill are going

In every brooklet clear.

BEWARE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see, Take care! She can both false and friendly be.

Beware! Beware! Trust her not, She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown. Take care!

She gives a side glance and looks down, Beware! Beware! Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

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

She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow, Take care ! She knows how much it is best to show.

Beware! Beware! Trust her not.

She is fooling thee!

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

She is fooling thee!

SONG OF THE BELL

FROM THE GERMAN.

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

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

Bell 1 thou soundest merrily; Tellest thou at evening, Bed-time draweth nigh! Bell ! thou soundest mournfully Tellest thou the bitter Parting thath cone by!

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

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

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"HAST thou seen that lordly castle, That Castle by the Sea? Golden and red above it The clouds float gorgeously.

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

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

"The winds and the waves of ocean, Had they a merry chime? Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambera. 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 alow, in weeds of woe, No maiden was by their side!"

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness, When woods and fields put off all sadness. Thus began the King and spake: "So from the hills 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;

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

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 sumptious banquet came Every Knight and every Dame. "Twirt 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; "Oh, that draught was very cool!" Each the Father's breast embraces,

Son and daughter; and their faces Colourless grow utterly. Whichever way

Looks the fear-struck father grey, He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both Takest thou in the joy of youth;

Take me too, the joyless father!" Spake the grim Guest,

From his hollow, cavernous breast, "Roses in the Spring I gather!"

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

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

TRANSLATIONS.

Into the Silent Land! To you, ye boundless regions Of all perfection! Tender morning visions Of beautoous social? The Future's pledge and band i Who in Life's battle firm doth stand, Shall bear Hope's tender blassoms Into the Silent Land!

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

L'ENVOL

YE voices, that arose After the evening's close, And whispered to my restless heart repose.

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

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

Go, mingle yet once more With the perpetual roar Of the pine-forest, dark and hoar'

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

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

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

The following Ballick was suggested to me while friding on the ass above at Newport. A year or two previous, a shellow had been due up at Fall River, clad in broken and corrected armour; and the idea occurred to for connecting it with the Bound Tower at Kerport, generally known had hort as the Ord Wind, Millerheimer End, in the Millerheimer is a work Result day Aufourier du Merri, for 1885–1839, args-in-

"Trens is no missiking in this instance the style is which the more anciest stone offices of the North were constructed, the argue which longs to the Roman or Ante-Goldagerchitecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused inford find your the whole of the West and North of Barges, where it continued to predominate until the other of the increaser, the state of the state of the state is the other of the state of the state of the state of the normal state of the state state of the state of the state of the state of the state state of the state of the state of the state of the state state of the state of the state of the state of the state state of the state state of the state state of the state state of the state state of the state state of the state of

⁴⁰On the anomenic structures in Newport there are no comments remaining which might persons by our due tau is anging the probability due to the spin of the point of the

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well statifixed for the purpose of a building through doubtions many an hoose citizen of Newport, who has parsed his days within sight of the Bound Tower, will be ready to scatismi with Satheoder. "God hisses word did I not were you to o mail; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his lead."]

> "SPEAK 1 speak 1 thou fearful guest 1 Who, with thy hollow breast Still in rude armour drest, Comest to daunt me 1

Wrapt not in Eastern balms, But with thy fleshless palms Stretched, as if asking alms, Why dost thou haunt me ?"

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

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

"Far in the Northern Land, By the wild Baltic's strand, I, with my childish hand,

Tamed the 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.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

"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 splendour.

"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 frijchted.

"Bright in her father's hall Shields gleamed upon the wall, Loud sang the minstrels all, Chaunting 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 secon, Out of those lips unshorn, From the deep drinking-horn Blew the foam liphtly.

"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?

Searce 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 armôd 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 eatch the gale Round veered the flapping sail, Death I was the helmsman's hell 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 1 the maiden.

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

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

"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 ! Hatéful to me were men, The sun-light hateful In the vast forest here, Clad in my warlike gear, Fell I upon my spear, Oh, death was grateful !

"Thus, seamed with many scars, Bursting these prison bars, Up to its mative stars My soul ascended! There from the flowing bow! Deep drinks the warrior's soul, *Bloal!* to the Northland! *Sloal!*" —Thus the tale ended

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

Ir 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 lairy-flax, Her checks like the dawn of day, And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds. That ope in the month of May.

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

* In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have alightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the source pronunciation.

9;

Then up and spake an old Sailor, Had sailed 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 lauch lauched he.

Colder and louder blew the wind, A gale from the North-east; 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 frighted steed, Then leaped a 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, Oh, say, what may it be?" "The a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"---And he steered for the open sea.

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

"O father, I see a gleaming light, Oh, 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 gleaning snow On his fixed and glassy eyes.





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THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

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 Towards the reef of Norma'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 day-break, 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.

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

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

[The tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhal," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart. of Eden Hall, Cumberland, and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.]

> 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 gray-beard 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 I

" Twas right a goblet the Fate should be Of the joyous race of Edenhall! Deep draughts drink we right willingly; And willingly ring, with merry call, Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

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

"For its keeper takes a race of might, The fragile goblet of crystal tall; It has lasted longer than is right; Kling ! klang |-wika harder blow than all Will I try the Luck of Edenhal!"

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

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, Siain 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 gray-beard in the desert hall, He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton, He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

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

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

FROM THE DANISH.

(The following strance and somewhat mystical balled is from Nyerup and Rabbek's Danké Fiter of the Middle Ages. It scenas to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Erranity. The three middless I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity, The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.]

> 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 hill-side 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 flow.

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' honour !"

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.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNER.

PERTENSION, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village Glasming stood in the morning's absen. On the spiro of the beliry, Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flamms of the Spring-sum Glanced like the tongues of firs, behald by Aposellas aforeima. Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap growned with a variable of the spiral of the spiral spir

Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet Marmured gladmess and peece, God's pescel with lips roy-tinted Whingered the mee of the flowers, and merry on Balancing branches Bridwers singing their eard, i publish tymm to the Highest. Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned likes leaf-woven arbour Nood its old failoned gates and within upon each erows of from Stood its old failoned gates and within upon each erows of from Swept the dial, that stood on a hillock among the departed, There full a hundred varae had it stood), was embellished with

blossoms,

Like to the partiarch heary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet, Who on his birth-day in crowned by children and children's children. So stood the ancient prophet, and mate with his penell of iron Miched on the table to force, and measured the time and its changes also the church within was solorized, for this was the season Whon the young, their parents' hops, and the loyced one of hearen should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their haptiam. Therefore such nock and corner was swept and elsened, and the dust

Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches. There stood the church likes 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 Hörberg, † Crept s grandand grandite; 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 Pentcecst set in the sockets.

 The Feast of the Tabernacles; in Swedish, Löfhyddologfiden, the Leafhuts'-high-tide.

† The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

Loud rang the bells already: the thronging crowd was assembled Far from valleys and hills to list to the holy preaching. Hark ! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from the organ, Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits. Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from him his mantle. Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth ; and with one voice Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal Of the sublime Wallin,* of David's harp in the North-land Tuned to the choral of Luther: the song on its powerful pinions Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven, And every face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor. Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher. Father he hight and he was in the parish : a christianly plainness Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters. Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered grave-stone a sun

As in his impiration (an evening twillpith 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 Patnos, Gray, with his gray suplified to havene, no seemed then the old man; Such was the glance of this eye, and such were his tresses of allall the congregation arcses in the pews that were numbered. But with a cortail look, to the right and the left hand, the old man; Notding all hall and peace, dissepared in the immersons chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service, Singing and prayers, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man. Many a moving word and warning, this dot of the heart came. Feel like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert. Afterwards, when all was minished, the Tacahar referitered the chancel. Afterwards, when all was minished, the Tacahar referitered the chancel, and the set of the other heart heart and the set of the set o

Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming. But on the left hand of these there stood the tremulous lilies.

Tinged with the blushing light of the morning, the diffident maidens,-

Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.

Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the be-

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.

A distinguished pulpit-orator and post. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his paalma.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,

Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.

Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them, And to the children explained he the holy, the highest, in few words, Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple, Both in servinon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.

Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when Spring-tide approaches,

Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine, Bluakes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom Opens its odoro is chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes; So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation.

Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar; --- and straightway transfigured

(So did it seen: 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 do sconding

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 transformed he stood there, he make and he questioned.

"This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostlea delivered, This is moreore the faith whereantle 1 bapticad you, while still yo Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven. Slumbering received you them the Holy Church in its boson; Wakened from alsep are ye now, and the light in its radiant spindown than from the heaven downward_-boodspin on the threadold of

Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election, For she knows nought of compulsion, and only conviction desireth. This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence, Seed for the coming days; without revocation departeth

Now from your lips the confession. Bethink ye, before ye make answer!

Think not, oh, think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher.

Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falshood. Extern on with a lice on life's journey, the multitude heary you, Brothers and misters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy Standshib holrey your sight as a witness, the Judge eventuating Grave your confession in letters of fire, upon tablets eternal. Thus then,—Believer you for off, in the Fahter 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 cheriah 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 hone, to forgive, and to suffer, Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in ungrichtness⁴ Will ye promise me kinb before God and man't—Wilt a leaser voice Answered the young men Yesi and Yesi with lips actly-breaking Answered the roundless ske. Then disadved from the bowo of the

Clouds with the thunders therein, and he spake in accents more gentle, Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome!

Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters ! Yet .- for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven. Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father. Ruling them all as his household .- forgiving in turn and chastising. That is of human life a nicture, as Scripture has taught us. Blessed are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon virtue Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is 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 ve come .- too soon !- and long to turn backward Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined, where Judgment Stoud like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother. Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven, Life was a play, and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven! Seventy years have I lived already; the Father eternal Gave me gladness and care; but the loveliest hours of existence. When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known

Known them all again ;--they were my childhood's acquaintance. Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence, Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood

Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the bleesed, Beautiful, and in her hand all livy on liv's round belowed. Swinge ahe in safety, ahe heedeth them not, in the abip she is adeeping Calmy she gazes around in the turnel of men in the desart Angela descend and minister unto her; ahe henself knoweth Nought of her glorious astendance; but follower is third in and humble Follows no long as also do her him her her her her her her Payer is Innocene friend; and willingly filter incessure Twist the earth and the sky, the earting pipeon of heaven. Bon of Elormity, fettered in Thinn, and an exist, the spirit

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like fiames ever upward. Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions, Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the fowers.

Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the winged angels, Fhen grows the earth too narrow, too close; and homesick for heaven Longs the wanderer again; and the spirit's longings are worship;

Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty. Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,

Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the graveyard,-Then it is good to pray unto God; for his sorrowing children

Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and helps and consoles them. Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,

Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune

Kneels down before the Eternal's throne; and, with hands interfolded, Praises thankful and moved the only Giver of blessings.

Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven! What has mankind, forsooth, the poor! that it has not received! Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs adoring

Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of Him who

Hung his masonry pendant on naught, when the world he created, Earth declareth his might, and the firmament uttereth his glory.

Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven,

Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of midnight, millenniums

Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them, but counts them as nothing.

Who shall stand in his presence ? The wrath of the Judge is terrific, Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he speaks in his anger, Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roe-buck, Yet,-why are ye afraid, ye children ? This awful Arenger.

Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not in the earthquake,

All is a mercular door body vode was not in the earlinguase, 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 boson like children; he made them for this purpose only. Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed forth his spirit Into the slumpering dust, and unright standing, it had 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 'twas that you may be happy Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down his head in the deathhour

Solemnised Love its triumph; the sarriface then was completed. Lot 1 then was rent on a sudden the vail of the temple, dividing Earth and heaven apart, and the dead, from their negulators rising. Whispered with pallid lips and low in the east of each other Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation s'enigma,—Atonementh Deuths of Love are Atonement's deplay, by Love is Atonement.

Therefore, child of mortality! love thou the merciful Father; Whish what the Holy One withes, and not from fars, but alfection; Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that loveth is willing; Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only. Loves thou God as thou oughtest, then loves thou likewise thy

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also. Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead? Readest thou not in his face thine origin! Is he not sailing Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guilded by the same stars that guide these? Why shouldest thou hate then

Hateth he thee, forgive! For 'tis 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 round his

Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers? Say dost thou know him?

Alt thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example. Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a val over his failings, Guide the erring aright; for the good, the heavenly Shepherd Took the lost hand is his a strang, and how it back to its mother. This is the fruit of Lowe, and it is by its fruits that we know it. Lowe is the created's welface, with Gody hou Lowe among mortals Lowe is the created's welface, with Gody hou Lowe among mortals Suffers and yet rejoices, and amiles with hears on his opellid.

ing,

Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows! Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,

Having naught size bat Hops. Then praise we our Fichter in heaven, Hum, who has given us more 5 for to us has Hope been transfigured, Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is loving assurance. Faith is enlightened Hope; she is have been a straight of the Drains of the low of the straight of the straight of the Helbergy For a she has hold upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation for a she way that the straight of the straight of the Helbergy For a she has hold upon God; the heaven on its stable foundation

Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh Splendid with portals trelve in golden vapours descending. There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic, Fears not the winede crowd, in the midst of them all is her home-

heate

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 Lowers are the animate spring-tide. Works do follow us all unto God; there stand and bear witness

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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 austers to behold. With a kine upon ting 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 Fahter, Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dindy his pinlons, Swat as the neith; 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 vapours;

Look on the light of the ages 1 loved, the spirite majesto, Nobler, better than 1; they stand by the throwall transford, Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an authen, wiri in the dimets of haven, in the language spoken by angels. Naver forgets in the waray —-then welcome, ye loved ones, hereafter 1 marwhile forgets not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise, Wander from holiness conward to boliness; earth shall ye leed not; Earth is but duts and heaven in light; 1 have pidled you to have ever Gold of the Universe, hear me I thou Fountain of Love everlasing, Let mo hereafter not initias with vitaron one motifs 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 so ! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven, What I began accomplish I now; for what failing therein is,

I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.

Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new come in heaven,

Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement?

What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often. Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atonement a token,

'Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgressions

Far has wandered from God, from his essence. "Twas 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.

See1 behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward, Far as Hops in her flight car such with her waried printons, Sin and Atomemet incessant go through the Hielium of mortals. Brought for this Sin full grown, but Atomemmet alseps in our bosons for the strength of the Sin full grown, but Atomemmetry and the second Cannot avake to sensation; is like the tones in the harp's strings, Spirits imprisoned, that wait evernore the deliverer's finger. Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atomemetr, Wook the alaundberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all

Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and orecomes her. Downward to earth he came and transfigured, theme reasonded. Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still lives in the Spirit, Loves and atones evernore. So long as time is, is A tooment. Therefore with reverence receive this day her visible token. Tokens are deal if the things do not live. The light versitating that he blind man is not, but is born of the eye that has vision. Neither in breach or in wise, but in the heart that is hallowed Lieth forgiveness enthancies, the intention alone of a mendment. Fruits of the earth enrolby is to heavenly things, and removes all Sin and the generion of its. Only low with his arms with extended whose

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 boson,

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Scoffing at men and at Ocal, is gullyr of Christ's biased body, And the Relevance's blood! To binned the acateth and drinketh Death and doom 1. And from this preserve us, thou hasvenly Father: Are ye rearly, ce thirdren, to cai of the bread of Atomenent!" Thus with emotion he saked, and together answered the ohildren Yes! with deno posie interrupted. "Then read the dice supplications, Read the Form of Communion, and in chinned the organ and anthem: 01 Holy Lamb of God, who theset away our transgressions, Hear usil give us day peace1 have mercy, have mercy upon usl Th' old una, with trembling hand, and haveney pearls on his eyslids, Filled now the challoe and paten, and delitround the mystical symbols. Bit have seemed it to me, as if God, with the broad eye of mid-day, Death down, this sime windows, and all the trees in the churchyard there."

But in the children (I noted it well; I knew it) there ran a Tremor of holy rapture along through their icy-cold members. Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it

Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; 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

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,

Uprose 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 blessinga. Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tressea

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

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

His hair is crisp, and black, and long, His face is like the tan: His brow is wet with honest sweat. He earns whate'er he can. And looks the whole world in the face. For he owes not any man. Week in, week out, from morn till night, You can hear his bellows blow ; You can hear him swing his heavy sledge, With measured beat and slow, Like a sexton ringing the village bell, When the evening sun is low. And children coming home from school Look in at the open door; They love to see the flaming forge, And hear the bellows roar. And catch the burning sparks that fly Like chaff from a threshing-floor. He goes on Sunday to the church And sits among his boys : He hears the parson pray and preach, He hears his daughter's voice Singing in the village choir, And it makes his heart rejoice. It sounds to him like her mother's voice. Singing in Paradise ! He needs must think of her once more. And with his hard, rough hand he wipes A tear out of his eyes. Toiling .- rejoicing, -sorrowing, Something attempted, something done, Has earned a night's repose. Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend, Our fortunes must be wrought; Thus on its sounding anvil shaped Each burning deed and thought!

ENDYMION.

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 itaelf, 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 alumbering eyes! O drooping souls, whose destinies Are fraught with fear and pain, Ye shall be loved again!

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

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

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER.

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

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

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

The end lies ever in my thought; To a grave so cold and deep The mother beautiful was brought; Then dropt the child asleep.

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

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

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

IT IS NOT ALWAYS.MAY.

No hay pájaros en los nidos de antaño. Spanisk Provec.

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

THE RAINY DAY

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

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

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

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme, Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay; Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime, For 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 gamered in their hearts, Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast, In the surv 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 1

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,

ELIND BARTIMEUS.

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 !

'Tis for this, thou Silent River ! That my spirit leans to thee; Thou hast been a generous giver, Take this idle song from me,

ELIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates Of Jericho in darkness waits; He hears the crowdy--be hears a breath Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!" And calls, in tones of agony, 'Inçoû, Alégre´u µe /

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!" $\theta d \rho \sigma \epsilon_i \ \xi \gamma \epsilon_i \rho a_i \phi w c i \sigma \epsilon I$

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, 'Ymaye' 'H mioris gou gioaxé ge!

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see, In darkness and in misery, Recall those mighty Voices Three, Inσοῦ, ἐλέησάν με Ι Θάρνει, ἔγειραι, «Υπαγε! 'Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωνε σε Ι

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 chaunt 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 mistleto.

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.

MAIDENHOOD.

Then in Life's goblet freely press The leaves that give it bitterness, Nor prize the coloured 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 forman's face.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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





EXCELSIOR.

EXCELSIOR.

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

His brow was sad; his eye beneath, Flashed like a faulchion from its sheath, And like a silver clarion rung The accents of that unknown tongue, Excelsior 1

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, Excelsion!

"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 St Bernard Uttered the oft-repeated prayer, A voice cried through the startled air, Excelsior!

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

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

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 1542. I had not then heard of Dr Chaming's death. Since that event, the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have docided, however, to let it remain as it was written, a feeble tostimony of my administion for a great and good map.]

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 hold; 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.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams Beneath the palm-trees on the plain Once more a king he strode: And heard the tinkling caravana He saw once more his dark-eved 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: 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 hyæna 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!

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

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 laboured in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Ses. 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 SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

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'-thewisps 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 smake;

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 forchead he bore the brand of shame, And the rags, that hid his mangled frame, Were the livery of diagrace.

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 fiail 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.

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

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

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

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

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

THE WITNESSES.

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

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

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

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

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

Dead bodies, that the kite In deserts makes its prey; Murders, that with affright Scare schoolboys from their play.

THE QUADROON GIRL.

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.

Odours 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.

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

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

"The soil is barren,—the farm is old;" The thoughful Flanter 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 1 Then pale as death grew the maiden's chock, Her hands as icy cold.

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

THE WARNING.

BEWARE! The Israelite of old, who tore The lion in his path,-when, poor and blind, He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,

Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind In prison, and at last led forth to be A pander to Philistine revelry.—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid

His desperate hands, and in its overthrow Destroyed himself, and with him those who made

A cruel mockery of his sightless woe; The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and jest of all, Expired, and thousands perished in the fall !

There is a poor, blind Samson in this land, Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,

Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand, And shake the pillars of this Commonweal, Till the vast Temple of our liberties

A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES, ETC. ETC.

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 and my brokan alumbers Skill I bead those magic numbers, As they load proclaimed the flight And stolen marches of the night; Till their chimes in sweet collision (hingled with each wandering visions, Mingled with each wandering visions, Mingled with the fortune-shilling (hyper hands of thranes and finders, Hays bar solitary downling, All else seemed asleep in Brugse, All else seemed asleep in Brugse,

POEMS,

And I thought how like these chines Are the poet's air rybruse, All his riymos and roundelays, His concerts, and songs, and ditties, From the belfry of his brain, Scattered downward, though in wain, On the roofs and stones of cities! From the belfry of his brain, Scattered downward, though in wain, On the roofs and stones of cities! From the belfry of his brain, Charles and stones of the stones and by day men go their ways, But deming it no more, also! Than the hollow sound of transa.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight, Lodging at some humble im In the marrow hanes of life, When the dusk and hush of night Shut out the incessant dim of daylight and its toil and strife, May listen with a calm delight To the poel's melodies, Till be hears, or dreams he hears, literaringhed with the song. Hears smid the chime and singing Has smid the chime and singing. And wakes, and finds his slumherous eyes

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé, Listening with a wild delight To the chimes that, through the night, Rang their changes from the Belfry Of that quaint old Flemish city.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown; Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded,; till 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 vapours gray,

Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

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

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

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

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

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir:

And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain; They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again;

All the Foresters of Flanders, --- mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer, Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old; Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies; Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground; I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen, And the armed guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between,

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

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west, Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote; And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dyke 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, Lot the shadow of the beliry crossed the sun-illumined square.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Staud 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 1" 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.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

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 I the place seems changed; Thou art no longer here: Part of the sunshine of the scene

With thee did disappear.

Though thoughts, deep-rooted in my heart, Like pine-trees dark and high,

Subdue the light of noon, and breathe A low and ceaseless sigh;

This memory brightens o'er the past, As when the sun, concealed

Behind some cloud that near us hangs, Shines on a distant field.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

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

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

Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

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

In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer, Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,

And loud, amid the universal clamour, O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

POEMS.

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 servent's skin.

The turnult of each sacked and burning village; The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns; The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage; The wall of famine in beleasuered 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 nor 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 for evermore 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;

NUREMBERG.

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

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

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

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

and above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stour, 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 laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art:

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

Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies; Dead he is not,-but departed,-for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair, That he once has trode 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 chimo:

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, laurente of the gentle craft, Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed,

POEMS,

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

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

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care, Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

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

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

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

THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie e la vience de la vience plus calme et plus profonda, ed l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent meins haut que la raisen, dans les insunts de chagin domestique, de maisdie, et de pêri de mort, les mobles se repentirent de possièler des seris, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son innge.

THIEREY: 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 neighbouring kloster, Rang for the Nativity.

THE NORMAN BARON.

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 chaunted 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, "Misserere, 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!"

POEMS,

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 I After the dust and heat, In the broad and fiery street, In the narrow has, How beautiful is the rain I How it clatters along the roofs, Like the tramp of hoofs! How it gathers and struggies out From the thread of the overflowing sport Across the window-pane I had wrift and wids, With a muldy tids, Like a river down the gutter roars I her win it

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 neighbouring school Come the boys, With more than their wonted noise And commotion; And down the wet streets Sail their mimic fleets, Till the trascherous pool Engulis them in its whirling And turbulen cocean.

In the country, on every side Where far and wide, Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide, Stretches the plain,

RAIN IN SUMMER.

To the dry grass and the drier grain How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land The toilsome and patient occurs stand; Lifting the yoke-encumbered head, With their dilated nostrils spread, They alloutly inhale The elower-scotted gals, And the vapours that arise From the well-watered and smoking soil, For this rest in the furrow after toil Their large and lustrous spread 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 beaing drops Of the incessant rain, the counts it as no sin That he sees therein Only his own thrift and cain.

These, and far more than these, The Poet sees I He can behold Aquarias old beholds 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 eactars his grain,

He can behold Things manifold That have not yet been wholly told, That have not see wholly sugn nor said. For his thought, that never stops, Follows the wather-drops Down to the graves of the dead, Down through channes and guils profound, To the dreary fountain-based Of lakes and rives under ground; And sees them, when the rain is done, on the bridge of colours areen

POEMS,

Climbing up once more to heaven, Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer, With Yision clear, Sees forms appear and disappear, In the perpetual round of strange, Mysterious change From birth to death, from death to birth, From scath to death, from death to birth, From scath to death, from death to birth, Trill glimpse more sublime Till glimpse more sublime that wondering eyes reveal The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel Turning for evermore In the rapid and ranking river of Time.

TO A CHILD.

Deas child! how radiant on thy mother's knee With merry-making eyes and journal smiles, Thou gazest at the painted tiles, Whose figures grace, With many a grotesque form and face, The ancient chinmery of thy numeery 1 The lady with the gay macaw, The dancing grit, the grave bashaw With baserded ip and chin; And, leaning (id) 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!

TO A CHILD.

And thus for thee, O little child, Through many a danger and escope, The tail ships passed the stormy cape; For these in forwign hands remote, Benasth the burning, tropic clima, The Indian generant, chasing the wild gozd, Himself as swift and wild, In falling, olutioned the frail arbute, The fibres of whose shallow root, Uplitted from the soil, betrayed The silver veins beneath it laid, The burder trassures of the pints, Tima.

But, lo! thy door is left aiar! Thou hearest footstens from afar! And, at the sound. Thou turnest round With quick and questioning eves. 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 footshep falls The sound of thy marry voice Makes the old walls Jubilant, and they rejoice With the joy of thy young heart, O'er the light or whose gladness No shadows of sadness No shadows of sadness

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

POEMS.

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 vellow 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

TO A CHILD.

Thou openest the mysterious gate Into the future's undiscovered land. I see its valves expand. As at the touch of Fate! Into those realms of love and hate. Into that darkness blank and drear. By some prophetic feeling taught. I launch the bold, adventurous thought, Freighted with hope and fear : As upon subterranean streams. In caverns unexplored and dark. Men sometimes launch a fragile bark. Laden with flickering fire, And watch its swift-receding beams, Until at length they disappear. And in the distant dark expire.

By what attelogy of faar or hope Dare I to cast thy horecoopel Like the new moon thy life appears; And widening outward into night And widening outward into night And widening intervention, and searcely visible to a here, Rounds and completes the perfect sphere; Rounds and completes the perfect sphere; A prophage yan intimation, A prophage yan intimation, Of the great world of light, that lies Behind all human destinais.

Ahl if thy fate, with anguish fraught, Should be to wet the dusty soil With the hot tears and aweat of toil,— To struggle with imperious thought, Until the overburdened brain, Weary with Jabour, faint with pain, Like a jurned pendulum, retain Panember, in that perilous how, When most afflicted and oppressed, From labour there shall comp forth rest

And if a more auspicious fate On thy advancing steps await, Still let it ever be thy pride To linger by the labourer's side, With words of sympathy or song To cheer the dreary march along

POEMS.

Of the great army of the poor, O'er desert and, o'er dangerous moor. Nor to thyself the task shall be Wilkonst reward; for those shall team Tras basaty in utility; An great Pythagoras of yore, Standing beside the blacksmith's door, And hearing the hammers, as they smote The armin with a different note, The armin with a different note, the armin with a different note, the second state of the sounding wire, And formed the seconding wire,

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 Accests' shaft of old; The swift thought kindles as it flica, 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, I the schords of air, its frets of fire, The Samiar's great Æclian Iyro, Rising through all its sevenfold bars. And through the dewy atmosphere, Not only could I see, but hear,

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

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, mountful, Saturn goes, And down the sunless realms of space Roverberates the thunder of his bas.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch This music sounded like a march, And with if a chorus seemed to be Prehading some greak tragedy. And, slow ascending one by one. The kindling constallation shows. Begitt with many a blazing star, Stood the great ginnt Algebar Orion, hunter of the beast! His sword hung glazming by this side Scattered across the midnight air The golden rationes 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, Unharmed 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 allent paos, And triumph in her week, paids face, She reached the station of Urion. She reached the station of Urion. And suddenly from his cuttertoched arm Down fell the red skin of the lion Into the river at his feet His mighty club no longer beat His migh

POEMS,

Then, through the silence overhead, An angel with a trumpet said, "Forevermore, forevernore, The reign of violence is o'ce'l" And, like an instrument that flings I 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 Secienced down the burning chords,— "Forevermore, forevermore, The reign of violence is o'ce'l"

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 occam Seemed to lift and bear them away:

As sweeping and eddying through them Rose the belated tide,

And, streaming into the moonlight, The sea-weed 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!

THE BRIDGE,

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 odour of brine from the ocear 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 them.

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.

PORMS,

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD,

GLOARY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omawhaws; Gloomy and dark, as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken! Wrapt in thy scalet blanket, I see thes stalk through the city's Narrow and populous streaks, as once by the margin of rivers Skilked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints! What, in a few short wars, will remain of the vrace but the footprints!

How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the prairies?

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

Ah! 'tis vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge Looks of dislike in return, and question these walls and these pavements.

Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions. Stares in the gartes of Europe, and ery from its eavens that they, too, Have been created heims of the earth, and elaim its division! Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabah! There as a monarch thou regionse. In autumn the leaves of the maple Pave the floors of thy palacehalls with gold, and in summer Fine-trees awill, through its chambers the doctorus breakh of their

There thou art strong and great, a hero; a tamer of horses I There thou chaeset the stately stag on the banks of the Elk-horn, Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omawhaw Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Blackfeet I

Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts?

In it the erry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth, Who, unharmed, on his tasks once caught the bolts of the thunder, And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red mant Far more fatal to these and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes, Far more fatal to these and thy race than the tread of Delemoth, Lot 1 the big thundler-cance, that steadily breasts the Missouri's Mercine surprise the mighty, and the cloud of dust in the gray of the distribution of the mighty.

Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horserace:

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.

SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic The gigantic Storm-wind of the equinox, Landward in his wrath he scourges The toiling surges, Laden with seawed 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 On the shifting Currents of the restless main; Till in sheltered coves, and reaches Of sandy beaches, All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion Strike the ocean Of the poet's soul, ere long From each cave and rocky fastness, In its vastness, Floats some fragment of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted, Heaven has planted With the golden fruit of Truth; POEMS.

From the flashing surf, whose vision Gleams Elysian In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavour That forever

Wrestles with the tides of Fate; From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered, Tempest-shattered. Floating waste and desolate;—

Ever drifting, drifting On the shifting Currents of the restless heart; Till at length in books recorded, They, like hoarded Household words, no more depart.

THE DAY IS DONE.

THE day is done, and the darkness Falls from the wings of Night, As a feather is wafted downward From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village Gleam through the rain and the mist, And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me, That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing. That is not akin to pain, And resembles sorrow only As the mist resembles the rain

Come, read to me some poem, Some simple and heartfelt lay, That shall soothe this restless feeling. And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose distant footsteps echo Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music, Their mighty thoughts suggest Life's endless toil and endeavour; And to-night I long for rest.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

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 labour, 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 ailently 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;

POEMS.

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 ale-house.

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

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

Yet dost thou recall Days departed, half-forgotten, When in dreamy youth I wandered By the Baltic.—

When I paused to hear The old ballad of King Christian Shouted from suburban taverns In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards, Who, in solitary chambers, And with hearts by passion wasted, Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes Where thy songs of love and friendship Made the gloomy Northern winter Bright as summer.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

Once some ancient Scald, In his bleak, ancestral Iceland, Chaunted 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 song shall nestle In my bosom,—

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

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

VOGELWEIDE the Minnesinger,

When he left this world of ours, Laid his body in the cloister, Under Würtzburg'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."

POEMS,

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 fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret, From the walls and woodland nests, When the minster bells rang noontide, Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain, with cries discordant, Clamorous round the Gothic spire, Screamed the feathered Minnesingers For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions On the cloister's funeral stones, And tradition only tells us Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral, By sweet echoes multiplied, Still the birds repeat the legend, And the name of Vogelweid.

DRINKING SONG.

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 Vineyarda, 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 armour.

Judged by no o'er-zealous rigour, Much this mystic throng expresses; Bacchus was the type of vigour, 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 dithyrambio sallies.

POEMS.

Then with water fill the pitcher Wreathed about with classic fables; Ne'er Falernian threw a richer Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen! As it passes thus between us, How its wavelets laugh and glisten In the head of old Silenus!

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit saus cesse ces deux. nots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux : "Toujours I jamais I Jamais I toujours I'---Jacquers Bernarks.

> SOMEWRAT 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-merer!" Never-forever!"

> Halfway up the stairs it stands, And points and becknow 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-mever!

Never-forever !"

By day its voice is low and light; But in the silent dead of night; Distinct as a passing footsep's fall, It echoes along the vacant ball, 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!"

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

In that mansion used to be Free-hearted Hespitality; 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 affuence of love and time! Even as a moise rounts his gold, Those hours the ancient timepiece told,— "Foregre_merre!

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,— "Foreware.meyer!

Never-forever!"

All are scattered now and fied, 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!"

Nøver hero, forever thero, Whero all parting, pain, and care, And death, and time shall disappear,— Forever thero, but never here 1 The horologo of Ekennity Sayeth this incessantly,— "Porever—never! Nøver—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.

POEMS,

I breathed a song into the air, It fell to earth, I knew not where; For who has sight so keen and strong, That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak I found the arrow, still unbroke; And the song, from beginning to end, I found again in the heart of a friend.

SONNETS.

THE EVENING STAR.

Lo I in the painted oriel of the West, Whose pains the surflex an incarradines, Like a first lady at her casemant, shines The avening start, the star of lows and rest.¹ And then many she doth hereoid divest and the start of the start of low and the Behind the someway start of low and the Behind the someway start of low and My morning and my evening start of low and My bast and genuelists lady 1 even thus, As that fair phase in the sky above, As in form the darkened window foads the light.

AUTUMN.

Troot consets, Autumn, herakled by the rain, Wilk hanners, Ny great gales inconsant fanned, Brighter than brightest silks of Stamarond, And stately comm harmosed to they wain! Thou standers, like imperial Unarhemagne, Ontheretichest with heracitteness of er the land, Elessing the farmas through all thy vast domain. Thy alkeld is the red harvest moon, suppended So long beneath the haven's o'erhanging eaves; Thy steps are by the farma's program saturaled; Like failution of the farma's program saturaled; Like failution of the your should be allowed.

DANTE.

Treacts, that wanderest through the realms of gloom, With thoughth lose, and ask, majestic eyes, Sterr thoughts and awful from thy soul area, Like Farinats from his dery toub. Thy moreal song in like the trump of history What not compassing glows, as in the akies The tender stars their clouded lamps related the think is see the stand, with valid checks, By Fra Hilario in his discuss, And as the asks what three the stranger seeks, Thy voice along the clouder whitners, "Seens",

TRANSLATIONS.

THE HEMLOCK-TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

0	HEMLOCK-TREE! O hemlock-tree! how faithful are thy branches.
	Green not alone in summer time.
	But in the winter's frost and rime!
0	hemlock-tree! O hemlock-tree! how faithful are thy branches!
0	maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!
	To love me in prosperity.
	And loove me in advertight

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!

POEMS,

ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON DACH.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old, She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good, Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain, Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the paim-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 wowen 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 LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM THE GEBMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

Forms of saints and kings are standing The cathedral door above; Yet I saw but one among them

Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle,—wound about him, As their robes the sowers wind,— Bore he swallows and their fledglings, Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he calm and childlike, High in wind and tempest wild; Oh, were I like him exalted, I would be like him, a child!

And my songs,—green leaves and blossoms,— To the doors of heaven would bear, Calling, even in storm and tempest, Round me still these birds of air.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

On the cross the dying Saviour Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm, Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And by all the world forsaken, Sees he how with zealous care At the ruthless nail of iron A little bird is striving there.

Stained with blood and never tiring, With its beak it doth not ccase,

From the cross 't would free the Saviour Its Creator's Son release.

And the Saviour speaks in mildness: "Blest be thou of all the good! Bear, as token of this moment, Marks of blood and holy rood!"

And that bird is called the crossbill; Covered all with blood so clear,

In the groves of pine it singeth Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

THE see hath its pearls, The heaven hath its stars; But my heart, my heart, My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven; Yet greater is my heart, And fairer than pearls and stars Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden, Come unto my great heart; My heart, and the sea, and the heaven, Are melting away with love!

POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MONEY.

WHEREUNTO is money good? Who has it not wants hardihood, Who has it has much trouble and care, Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES.

Joy and Temperance and Repose, Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN.

Man-like is it to fall into sin, Fiend-like is it to dwell therein, Christ-like is it for sin to grieve, God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is : For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

POETIC APHORISMS.

LAW OF LIFE

Live I. so live I. To my Lord heartily, To my Prince faithfully. To my neighbour honestly. Die L so die L.

CREEDS.

Lutheran, Popish, Calvinistic, all these creeds and doctrines three Extant are; but still the doubt is, where Christianity may be,

THE RESTLESS HEART

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round. If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it bespoke: But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the smoke,

ART AND TACT

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined . Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding amall. 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 longort known.

POEMS.

L

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.

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 thousandfold, By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown ! Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token. That teaches me, when seeming most alone,

Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land; Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history, In which we feel the pressure of a hand,— One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery!

The pleasant books, that silently among Our household treasures take familiar places, And are to us as if a living tongue Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces !

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold, With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance; Therefore to me ye never will grow old, But live for ever young in my remembrance.

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away ! Your gentle voices will flow on for ever, 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 endeavour for the self-same 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! Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel, That shall laugh at all disaster, And with wave and whirlwind wrest.e!"

The merchant's word Delighted the Master heard; For his heart was in his work, and the heart Giveh grace unto every art. A quist smile played round his lips, As the eddies and dimples of the tide Play round the bows of ahips, That steadily at anchor ride And with a voice that was full of glee, He answered, "Eve long we will launch A sever washneed a wintry seal"

And first with nicest skill and art, Perfect and finished in every part, A little model the master wrought, Which should be to the largor plan What the child is to the man, Its counterpart in ministure; That with a hand more swift and sure

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

The greater labor might be brought To answer to his inward thought. And as he laboured, his mind ran o'er The various ships tata were built of yors, And abore them all, and strangest of all. Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall, Whose picture was hanging on the wall, With hows and stern raised high in six, And balomies hanging here and there, And balomies hanging here and there and eight rout lowers, like those that from From some old castle, looking down Upon the drawbridge and the moat. And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I win, Shall be of another form than this!"

It was of another form, indeed: Built for freight, and yet for a geed, A bountiful and guilant craft; Eroud in the bound, that he stream, Recal in the bound, that he stream, Might not the sharp hown overwhelm; Fread in the boan, but aloging aft With graceful curve and alow degrees, That also might be doubt to the helm, And that the curvents of parted as Might is dia alo to impech 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 chastinut, and ehm, and eak, And scattered here and there, with these, The knarred and erooked cedar knees; Brought from regions far away, From Pascagouhs's sump bay, And the banks of the rodiring Ranaoke! Ah1 what a wondrous thing Ris Ah1 what a wondrous thing Ris One though, one word, can set in motion! There's mot a ship that sails the ocean, But very climate, every soil. Must bring its tribute, great or small, And help to build the woodes wall

The sum was rising o'er the sea, And long the level shadows lay, As if they, too, the beams would be Of some great, airy argory, That silent architect, the sum. Had hewn and laid them every one, Eve the work of man was yet begun. Besids the Marter, when he spoke, A youth, against an anchor leaning Listenest, to catch his slightest meaning. In Hyples on the pebbly beach, Interrupted the old man's speech.

Basuffield they were, in sooth, The old man and the fiery youth ! The old man, in whose bury brain Mary a ship that sailed the main Was modalled o'er and o'er again ;---The fiery routh, 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 laud What the older head had valumed.

"Thus," midt he, "will we build this hird: Lay equare the blocke upon the early. And follow well this plan of mine. Choose the timbers with greatest arc; Of all that is unseand having. The this remain that is sound and strong The this remain that have a strong the this remain that have a strong that have a strong that have a strong A goodly frame, and a goodly fame, And the Ukrow he her name 1 For the day that given her to the sea Shall give my daughter unto thee 1"

The Master's word Emaptured the young man heard, And as he turned his face aside, With a look of joy and a thrill of pride, Standing before He father's door, He saw the form of his promised bride. The sum ahone on her golden hair, And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair, With the breach of mom and the soft sas air.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

Like a beauteous barge was she. Still at rest on the sandy beach. Just beyond the billow's reach: But he. Was the restless, seething, stormy sea !

Ah. how skilful grows the hand That obeyeth Love's command ! It is the heart, and not the brain. That to the highest doth attain. And he who followeth Love's behest Far exceedeth all the rest !

Thus with the rising of the sun Was the noble task begun, And soon throughout the ship-yard's bounds Were heard the intermingled sounds Of axes and of mallets, plied With vigorous arms on every side : Plied so deftly and so well. That, ere the shadows of evening fell. The keel of oak for a noble snip, 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 labour 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. The father sat, and told them tales Of wrecks in the great September galos. Of pirates upon the Spanish Main, And shins 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 breach At the talse of that writing pittines sea, With all its terror and mystery, The dim dark sea, so like unto Death, That divides and yet unites mankind ! Mad whenever the old man paused, agiesm From the born! of his pips would awhile illume And throughting heave, as in a degram, And for a moment one might mark. What had been hidden by the dark, That the bead of the maiden lay at rest, Tenderly, on the young mand breast!

Day by day the vessel grew, With timbers fashioned strong and true, Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee, Till, framed with perfect symmetry, A skeleton ship rose up to view! And around the bows and along the side The heavy hammers and mallets plied. Till after many a week, at length, Wonderful for form and strength, Sublime in its enormous bulk, Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk ! And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing, Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething Caldron, that glowed. And overflowed With the black tar, heated for the sheathing. And amid the clamours Of clattering hammers. He who listened heard now and then The song of the master and his men :--

"Build me straight, O worthy Master, Staunch 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 rulder on the sand, That, like a thought, should have control Over the movement of the whole; And near it the anchor, whose ginth hand Would reach down and groupple with the land, Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast And at the bows an image stood.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

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 'Twill 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 stavs 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 for evermore Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere The slender, granceful spars Poise aloft in the air, And at the matchead, White, blue, and red, A flag unrollet the stripes and stars. Ah 1 when the wanderer, lonely, friendless, In foreign harbours shall behold That flag unrolled, Thill 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 fiscey clouds the sky is blanched, And o'er the bay, Slowly, in all his splendours dight, The great sum rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old, Centuries old, Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled, Paces restless to and iro, Up and down the sands of gold, His beating heart is not at rest; And far and wide, With cesseless flow, His beard of anow His beard of anow

He waits impatient for his bride. There also stands, With her foot upon the sands, Decked with fags and streamers gay. In honour of her marriage-day, Her snow-white signals futtering, blending, Ready to be The bride of the gray, old sea.

On the deck another bride I a standing by her lover's side. Shadows from the flags and shrouts, Like the shadows east by clouds, Broken by many a sumy flock, The service read, The service read, The service read, The service read, Shakes the brown hand of his son, Kisses his daughter's glowing check Kisses his daughter's glowing check Normal the same see and the see and Down his own the teams begin to run The worthy pastor—

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

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. 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, Wared his hand; And at the word, Loud and audden there was heard, All around them and below, The sound of hammers, blow on blow, Knooking away the shores and soura.

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 lics within those arms, that press Her form with many a soft carces Of tenderness and watchful care! Sail forth into the ses, O ship! Through wind and wave, right coward steer The moistened eye, the trembling lip, Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life, O gantle, loving, trusting wife, And safe from all advensity Upon the bosom of that sea Thy comings and thy goings be! For gentleness and love and trust Prevail o'r angr' 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 Workman wrought thy ribs of steel. Who made each mast, and sail, and rope, What anvils rang, what hammers beat, In what a forge and what a heat Were shaped the anchors of thy hope! Fear not each sudden sound and shock, 'Tis of the wave and not the rock; 'Tis but the flapping of the sail, And not a rent made by the gale ! In spite of rock and tempest's roar,

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

In spite of false lights on the shore, Sail on, nor fear to breast the ses 1 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee, Our faith triumphant o'er our fears, Are all with thee,—are all with thee 1

THE EVENING STAR.

Just above yon sandy bar, As the day grows fainter and dimmer, Lonely and lovely, a single star

Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far Falls the trail of its golden splendour, And the gleam of that single star Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor rising out of the sea, Showed thus glorious and thus emulous, Leaving the arms of Callirrhoe, For ever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly; Is it a god, or is it a star

That, entranced, I gaze on nightly !

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

AH! what pleasant visions haunt me As I gaze upon the sea! All the old romantic legends,

All my dreams, come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal, Such as gleam in ancient lore; And the singing of the sailors, And the answer from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad Haunts me oft, and tarries long, Of the noble Count Arnaldos And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach, Where the sand as silver shines, With a soft, monotonous cadence,

Flow its unrhymed lyric lines; -

felling 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 konging 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.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

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 blear As they beat at the heart of the motuer, Drive the colour from her check!

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

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

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

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

Eastward from Campobello Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed; Three days or more seaward he bore,

Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed, And ice-cold grew the night; And never more, 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. 1:17

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

Southward through day and dark, They drift in close embrace,

With mist and rain, to the Spanish Main; Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward, They drift through dark and day; And like a dream, in the Gulf-stream Sinking, vanish all away.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea, And on its outer point, some miles away, The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry, A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides, Upheaving, break unheard along its base.

A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides In the white lip and tremour of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lot how bright, Through the deep purple of the twilight air,

Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light With strange, unearthly splendour in its 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 FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

The mariner remembers when a child, On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink; And when, returning from adventures wild, He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same Year after year, through all the silent night Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame, Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;

It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp, And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

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

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din

Of wings and winds and solitary cries, Blinded and maddened by the light within, Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock.

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

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

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

Wz 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 towu,— The light-house, 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 splendour 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 mingked 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, Tho 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 vapours 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.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

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.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS,

Let us do our work as well, Both the unseen and the seen; Make the house, where gods may dwell, Beautiful. entire. and elean.

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 favourite 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;

BY THE FIRESIDE,

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 unimneded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast, This little golden thread

Dilates into a column high and vast, A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun, Across the boundless plain,

The column and its broader shadow run, Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again Shut out the lurid sun,

Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain; The half-hour's sand is run!

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BLACK shadows fall From the lindens tall, That lift aloft their massive wall Against the southern sky;

And from the realms Of the shadowy elms A tide-like darkness overwhelms The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair, And everywhere A warm, soft, vapour 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.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

I hear the beat Of their pinions fleet, As from the land of snow and sleet They seek a southern lca.

I hear the cry Of their voices high Falling dreamily through the sky, But their forms I cannot see.

Oh, say not so ! Those sounds that flow In murmurs of delight and woe Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs Of the poet's songs, Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and wrongs, The sound of 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 rhyma.

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 sadnese Were hanging over all.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

The birds sang in the branches With sweet, familiar tone; But the voices of the children Will be heard in dreams alone!

And the boy that walked beside me, He could not understand Why closer in mine, ah! closer, I pressed his warm, soft hand!

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons, Ere yet his last he breathed, To the merry monks of Croyland His drinking-horn bequeathed,---

That, whenever they sat at their revels, And drank from the golden bowl, They might remember the donor, And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas, And bade the goblet pass; In their beards the red wine glistened

Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf, They drank to Christ the Lord, And to each of the Twelve Apostles, Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs Of the dismal days of yore, And as soon as the horn was empty They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit, Like the murmur of many bees, The legend of good Saint Guthlac, And Saint Basil's homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent, From their prison in the tower, Guthlac and Bartholomæus, Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney, And the Abbot bowed his head, And the flamelets flapped and flickered, But the Abbot was stark and dead.

GASPAR BECERRA.

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 joyial monks forbore, For they cried, "Fill high the goblet! We must drink to one Saint more!"

GASPAR BECERRA.

Br his evening fire the artist Pondered o'er his secret shame; Baffled, weary, and disheartened, Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'Twas an image of the Virgin That had tasked his utmost skill; But, alas 1 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.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village, Without haste and without heed, In the golden prime of morning, Straved the poet's winged steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant Piped the quails from shocks and sheaved And, like living coals, the apples Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing From its belfry gaunt and grim; 'Twas the daily call to labour, Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape, In its gleaming vapour veiled; Not the less he breathed the odours 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 straicthway 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 vapours 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 neighbouring farm-yard Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

TEGNER'S DRAPA.

Then, with nostrils wide distended, Breaking from his iron chain, And unfolding far his pinions, To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village Woke to all its toil and care, Lo ! the strange steed had departed, And they knew not when nor where.

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

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

TEGNER'S DRAPA.

I HEARD a voice, that cried, "Balder the Beautiful Is dead, is dead !" And through the misty air Passed like the mounful 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 for ever cried, "Balder the Beautiful Is dead, is dead 1" And died away Through the dreary night, In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful, God of the summer sun, Fairest of all the gods I Light from his forehead beaued, Runes were upon his tongue, As on the warrior's sword.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

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!

Hoder, the blind old God, Whose feet are shod with silence, Pierced through that gentle breast With his sharp spear, by fraud Made of the mistletce, The securesd mistletce!

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.

SONNET .- THE SINGERS,

Of Vikings and of Jarls! Of the days of Eld Preserve the freedom only Not the deeds of blood.

SONNET

ON MES KEMBLE'S BEADINGS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

O reactors evenings | all too swiftly sped1 Leaving un beint to ampliet heritages Of all the best thoughts of the greatest ages, And giving togouse unto the allient dead1 Low our hearts glowed and trembled as she read, Of the great poet who forevnue the ages, Anticipating all that shall be said! O happy Easder I having for thy text The magic book, whese Stbylline leaves have caught The arrant essence of all human thought! How must thy likening approximation of the said of be interpreted by such a voice of

THE SINGERS.

GoD sent his Singers upon earth With songs of sadness and of mirth, That they might touch the hearts of men, And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire, Held in his hand a golden lyre; Through groves he wandered, and by streams, Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face, Stood singing in the market-place, And stirred with accents deep and loud The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray, old man, the third and last, Sang in cathedrals dim and vast, While the majestic organ rolled Contrition from its mouths of cold.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

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 upen 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.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLE.

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And evermore beside him on his way The unseen Christ shall move, That he may lean upon his arm and sav.

"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve ?"

Beside him at the marriage-feast shall be, To make the scene more fair; Beside him in the dark Gethsemane

Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust ! O endless sense of rest! Like the beloved John

To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast, And thus to journey on !

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN,

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might Rehearse this little tragedy aright. Let me attempt it with an English quill; And take, O Reader, for the deed the will.

I.

At the foot of the mountain height Where is perched Castòl-Cuillè, When the apple, the plum, and the almond-tree In the plain below were growing white, This is the song one might perceive On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve:

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom, So fair a bride shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay, So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending, Seemed from the clouds descending; When lol a merry company of resy vilage girls, clean as the eys, 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.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

Together blending, And soon descending The narrow sweep Of the hill-side steep, They wind salant Towards Saint Amant, Through leafy alleys Of verdurous valleys Of verdurous valleys With merry sallies Singing their chant:

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom, So fair a bride shall leave her home! Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay, So fair a bride shall pass to day!"

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden, With garlands for the bridal laden!

The sky was blue; without one cloud of gloom, The sun of March was shining brightly, And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom, A rustic bridal, ah ! how sweet it is! To sounds of joyous melodies, That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom. A band of maidens Kissing. Caressing, With fingers pressing, 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.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLE,

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?

Oh, 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 you cottage, by whose walls Stand the cart-house and the stalls, Daughter of a veteran old; And you must know, one year ago, That Margaret, the young and tender, Must he village pride and oplendour, And Baptiste her lover bold. Love, the decourse, them ensamed: Nor them the altar was prepared; The decourse that ways are have. The postlence that walls by night, The postlence that walls by night, are

All at the father's stern command was changed; Their peace was gone, but not their love estrauged. 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, " Ann, Therea, Mary, Katel Here comes the cripple Jane!" And by a fountain's side A woman, benk and gray with years, Under the mulberry-trees appears, And all towards her run, as sheet As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane, Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

She telleth fortunes, and none complain, She promises one a village swain, Another a happy welding-day, And the bride a lovely boy straightway. All comes to pass as she avers; She never deceives, ahe never errs.

> But for this once the village scer Wears a countenance severe.

And from beneath her evebrows 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 colour, 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 ?

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!"

п.

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 1 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!

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLE.

Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted, And count the moments aimone he went away! Come! keep the promise of that happier day, That I may keep the faith to thee! plighted! What joy have I without thee! what delight? Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery; Day for the others ever, but for me

For ever night! for ever night! When he is gone 'tis dark! my soul is ad I suffer! O my God! come, make me glad. When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude; Day has blue heavens, but Expitish has blue eyes ! Within them shimes 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 disquise, Prepare for me some sweet surprise!

And that deceives me not! 'tis he!'

And the door ajar is set,

And poor, confiding Margaret Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes; 'Tis only Paul, her brother, who thus cries:---

"Angela the bride has passed! I saw the wedding guests go by; Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked ? For all are there but you and I!"

> "Angela married ! and not send To tell her secret unto me !

BY THE FIRESIDE.

Oh, speak! who may the bridegroom be !" "My sister, 'tis Baptiste, thy friend!"

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said; A milky which meass spreads upon her checks; An kry hand, as heavy as lead, Descending, as her brother apeals, Upon her heart, that has ceased to best, Suspenda awhile its life and heat. She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed. A wax Madomas 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, dock 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 double of lines atripdd and gay; Perhaps they will come; for they do not wed Till to-morrow at serem of clock, it is aid!" "I know it!" answered Margaret; Whom the visiton, with aspect black as jet,

Mastered again; and its hand of ice Held her heart crushed, as in a vice! "Paul, be not sail 'Tis a holiday; To-morrow put on thy doublet gay! But leave me now for a while alcone." Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul, And, as he whished along the hall, Entered Jane, the cripheld 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 alls thee, sweet?" "Nothine! I heard them sinzing home the builde;

And, at J listence to the song, I thought may turm would come are long, Thon knowset it is at Whitauntida. Thy eards forsoch can a never lis. To me such joy they prophesy, Thy skill shall be vanuted far and wide When they behold him at my side. And, poor Baytiste, what sayset thou f

It must seem long to him;-methinks I see him now!"

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLE.

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; H use senough; 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 1 Thus the beguiler side beguiles;

So that, departing at the evening's close She says, "She may be saved! she nothing knows!"

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress I Now that thou wouldst, thou art no prophetess; This morning, in the fulness of thy heart, Thou wast so, far beyond thine art I

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 1

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.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

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.

Odours of laurel, making her faint and pale, Round her at times exhale,

And in the sky as yet no sunny ray, But brumal vapours gray.

Near that castle, fair to see, Crowded with sculptures old, in every part, Marvela of nature and of set.

> 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 Marcaret 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 opprey screamed aloud; And here they brought our father in his shroud. There is his grave; there stands the cross we set; Why doet 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 woulds thou do, my daughter?"-and she

started;

And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted; But Paul, impatient, urges ever more

Her steps towards the open door; And whon, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid Crushes the laurel near the house immortal, And with her head, as Paul talks on again,

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLE.

Touches the crown of filigrame 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 wound, Sends forth, resounding round, Its hymenal peal o'er rock and down the dell. It is broad day, with sunshine and with raing 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 around her whisper, "How beautiful! how beautiful he 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;

The must pronounce one word at least." The spoker, and sudden at the groomman's side "This hel" 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 denote

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;

BY THE FIRESIDE,

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 roads should mourn and be veiled in gloom, So fair a corpse shall leave its home! Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away! So fair a corpse shall pass to-day!"

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FROM THE NOEL BOURGUIGNON DE GUI BARÔSAL

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 exvire!

These good people sang Songs derout 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.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Nuns in frigid cells At this holy tide, For want of something else, Christmas songs at times have træd. Let us by the fire Ever higher Sing them till the night expire!

Washerwomen old, To the sound they best, 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 bicker

Sing them till the night expire !

PROLOGUE.

THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL

Night and storm. LUCIFER, with the powers of the Air, trying to term down the Cross.

> Lucifer, Hasten! hasten! O yo apirite! From fits station drag the ponderous Crose of iron, that to mock us Is uplified high in aik! Yoices. O, 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!

Lacifer, Lower! Lower! Hover downward! Beize the lead, vocifierous belis, and Chahing, elarging, to the pavement Hurt them from their windy tower! Voice. All thy thunders Here are harmless! For these belis have been anointed, And baptised with holy water ! They defy our utunote power.

The Bells.

Defunctos ploro i Pestem fugo ! Festa decoro !

Lucifer. Shake the casements! Break the painted Panes, that flame with gold and crimaon; Scatter them like leaves of Autumn, Swept away before the blast! Vaice. O. we connot!

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 !

Lucijer. Aim your lightnings At the oaken, Massive, iron-studded portals! Sack the house of God, and scatter Wide the ashes of the dead! Voice. O, we cannot! The Aposities

And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles, Stand as warders at the entrance, Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

The Bella.

Excito lentos ! Dissipo ventos ! Paco cruentos !

Lucifer, Badled! Inefficient, Craven spirits! Lave this labour Unto Timo, the great Unestroyer I Come sway, ere night is gone! Voics. Ouward! ouward! With the night wind, Over field and farm and forest, Lonely homestead, darksome hanlete, Blighting all we breakte upon!

They sweep away. Organ and Gregorian Chart.

Choir.

Nocte surgentes Vigilemus omnes!

The Castle of Vautsberg on the Rhine. A chamber in a toxa. 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 splendours 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 odours from the Hesperides! A wind, that through the corridor Just stirs the curtain, and no more. And, touching the scolian 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 made 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 cannot re-create, Nor set our souls to the same key Of the remembered harmony!

Rest! rest! O, give me rest and peace! The thought of life that ne'er shall cease

Has something in it like desnair. A weight I am too weak to bear! Sweeter to this afflicted breast A flash of lightning, out of which LUCIFER appears, in the garb of a Lucifer. All hail, Prince Henry! Prince Henry (starting), Who is it speaks? Who and what are you ? One who seeks 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. Laucifer. You heard the thunder: It was loud enough to waken the dead. And it is not a matter of special wonder 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 : To cure incurable diseases. Or those that are called so. Prince Henry. Can you bring The dead to life ? Yes; very nearly. Can keep the living from ever needing Such an unnatural, strange proceeding, And not a necessity of our lives. The storm, that against your casement drives, And there I heard, with a secret delight, Which neither astonished nor dismayed me. And I hastened hither, though late in the night, Prince Henry (ironically). For this you came 1

Ah, how can I ever hope to requite This honour from one so erudite ? Incifer. The honour 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 vapours 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! The dead are dead, Lucifer. 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 ? Ay, whole schools Prince Henry. 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 You shall see: Prince Henry. 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 gargovles of these towers. Not me! My faith is utterly gone In every power but the Power Supernal! Pray tell me, of what school are you ? Lucifer. Both of the Old and of the New 1 The school of Hermes Trismegistus, Who uttered his oracles sublime Before the Olympiads, in the dew Of the early dawn and dusk of Time, The reign of dateless old Hephæstus ! As northward, from its Nubian springs, The Nile, for ever 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 har weld, 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 ? 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 himpid, 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 odours 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 ? Will one draught Prince Henry. 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 swiin, 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 Nor fear the fateful current's sweep, Nor what in ambush lurks below ! For death is better than disease! An ANGEL with an coliun harp hovers in the air.

Ampel. Woo! woo! eternal woo! Not only the whispered prayer Of lore, But the imprecations of hate, Reverberate For ever and ever through the sir Above!

This fearful curse Shakes the great universe! Lucifer (disappearing). Drink | drink | And thy soul shall sink Down into the dark abyes, 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 ! 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 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 plow ! 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 acre 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! O, beware! For sickness, sorrow, and care, All are there!

Prince Heary (inking Lock). O thou volse within my breast 1 Why entrest me, why uphraid me, When the steadfast tongoes of truth And the flattering hopes of youth Have all deceived me and betrayed me? Give me, give me rest, O, rest 1 -Golden valous wave and hover, Golden valours, waters at streaming; Landscapes moving, changing, gleanning; Landscapes moving, changing, gleanning; Handscapes moving, changing; Handscapes moving, changing; Handscapes moving, changing; Handscapes moving; Han

His head falls on his book.

The Angel (receding). Alas! alas! Like a vapour the golden vision Shall fade and pass. And thou will find in thy heart again Only the blight of pain, And blitter, 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-vard 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 grow 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, elattering loud, with iron clank, Down goes the sounding bridge of plank, As if it were in hants to greet The pressure of a travellor's feet!

Enter WALTEB, the Minnesinger.

Walter. How now, my friend 1 This looks quite lonely 1 No banner flying from the walls,

No pages and no senesehals,

No warders, and one porter only ! Is it you, Hubert !

Hubert, Ahl 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 fied.

Walter. Speak it out frankly; say he's dead! Is it not so? Hubert. No: if you please:

ulert. No; if you please; A starance, mysterious disease Fell on him with a sudden blight. Whole hours together he would stand Upon the torness in a dream. Resting his hand upon his hand, Best pleased when he was most alone, Like Saint John Nepornuch in store, Like Saint John Nepornuch in store, Like Saint John Nepornuch in store, In the Baund Tweer, night servit hooks; Until one morning we found him there StateAeled on the floor as if in a sevon Ho had fallen from his chair.

Walter. Poor Prince!

Hubert. I think he might have mended; And he did mend; but very soon The Priesta 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

ert Why, in Saint Rochus They made link and, and wait his doon; And, as if he were condermed to the tomb, Begen to mutter their hocary-pocus. First, the Mass for the Dead they channeld, Than there of humbyred layer and the second second second second second Saying to him, as he stood undamited, "This is a sign that thou art dead, So in thy heart be penitent!" And forth from the chapled door he went Into disgrace and basishment, Coloidel in a cleak of hoding gray, And bearing a wallah as a bell, and hearing a realistic has a bell, The heard all realistic and the second second The heard all realistic and the second second the heart of the second second second second second the heart of the second second second second second the heart of the second second second second second the heart of the second second second second second second the heart of the second secon

Walter. O, horrible fate ! Outcast, rejected, As one with pestilence infected !

Hubert. Then was the family tomb unscaled, And broken helmet, sword and shield, Buried together, in common wreck, As is the custom, when the last Of any princip 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 goss on,— For ever gonel for ever gonel Ah, what a cruel sense of lose, Like a black shakow, would fall scross His gracious presence upon earth Was as a fore upon a bearth; As plesant scong, at morning sung, The words that dropped from his sweet tongow Birmghamed our hearts; or, hard a night, Where is hell.

Hubert. In the Odenwald. Some of his tenants, unappalled By fear of death, or priestly word,---

A holy family . that make Have him beneath their watch and ward. For love of him, and Jesus' sake ! Pray you come in. For why should I 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. 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 live speak to me, and all The vast and shadowy banquet hall Is full of looks and words divine!

Leaning over the garapet.

The day is done; and slowly from the scene The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts, 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 i Yes, there it flows, for ever, 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 l

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A Farm in the Odenwald; a garden; morning; PRINCE HENER seated, with a book. ELSIE at a distance, gathering Ropers.

> Prince Henry (reading). One morning, all alone. Out of his convent of gray stone, Into the forest older, darker, graver, His lins 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 twilight was like the Truce of God With worldly woe and care: Under him lay the golden moss; And above him the boughs of hemlock trees Waved, and made the sign of the cross, And whispered their Benedicites : And from the ground Rose an odour 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, A volume of Saint Augustine, Wherein he read of the unseen Splendours of Godi great town In the uniform land, of Godi great town In humility, he said: 'I beliave, O God, What herein I have read, But sais! I do not understand!'

And lol 1 he heard The sudden singing of a bird, A mow-white bird, that from a cloud Dropped down, And among the branches brown Sat ainging So sweet, and clear, and loud, It seemed a thousand hary-strings ringing, And the Monk Felix closed his book. And long, long,

With ranturous 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 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 homeward sadly and in hasto.

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 voice channed in the choir; Yet the place was the same place, The same duaty walls Of cold, gray stone, The same dusters and beliry 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 feli: And he answered, with submissive tone, "This morning, after the hour of Prime, I flet my cell, 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. Fastened against the wall --He was the oldest monk of all. For a whole century Had he been there. Serving God in praver. 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 hore 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. 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, And memory has the power To re-create them from the dust. 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 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, Prince Henry, Dear, innocent child ! How sweetly thou recallest The long-forgotten legend. That in my early childhood It reappears once more. As a birth-mark on the forehead

When a hand suddenly Is laid upon it, and removed ! Elsie. And at midnight, As she lay upon her hed. She heard a voice Call to her from the garden. And, looking forth from her window. 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 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! 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. Elsief 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 Farmhouse. Twilight. URSULA spinning. GOTTLIEB asleep in his chair.

Urnula. Darker and darker! Hardly a glimmer Of light somes in at the window-pane; Or is it my opes are growing dimmer ! I cannot disentangle this akein, Nor wind it rightly upon the reel. Eksie*

Gottido (starting). The stopping of thy wheel Has wakened 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 I 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?

Eisie (within). In a moment.

Gottlieb. Where are Bertha and Mnx† Ursuka. 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; 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! Trenla Who was it said Amen! Elsie. It was the Prince: he stood at the door, And listened a moment, as we chaunted The evening song. He is gone again. I have often seen him there before. Ursula, Poor Prince! Gottlich 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! Or unless Gottlieb. Some maiden, of her own accord, Offers her life for that of her lord. And is willing to die in his stead. Ploin Ursula, Prithee, thou foolish child, be still ! Thou shouldst not say what thou dost not mean!

Elsie. I mean it truly! O father, this morning. Max. Down by the mill, in the ravine, 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 Ursula. That wolf was killed a long while ago. 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. And grow as fast as a little boy can. See, how she nods her heavy head, And her sleepy feet are so unsteady She will hardly be able to creep up-stairs. Ursula. Good night, my children. Here's the light And do not forget to say your prayers Before you sleep. Good night! plux and Bertha.

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 ab hav axions and strange dreams, And in all her words and ways, she seems Much older than abs is in truth. Who would think her but fourteen? And there has been of late such a changed My heart is heavy with fear and doubt That ahe may not live till the year is out. She is so strange,—so strange! Gettide, I am out troubled with any such fear:

She will live and thrive for many a year,

ELSIE'S Chamber. Night. ELSIE praving.

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, Dving thus, resemble thee!

The Chamber of GOTTLIEB and URSULA. Midnight. ELSIE standing by their bedside, weeping.

Jottlieb. 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 L 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. Elsic. Nav, he has put it into mme, And into my heart!

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Gottlieb. Thy words are wild! Unsula What dost thou mean ? my child ! my chil? ! 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. 'Tis 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 eves: 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. AL! 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 lins, 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. Fottlieb. Ah! woe is me! Ah, woe is me! Most wretched am I among men ! Ursula, Alas 1 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:

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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 used. Trala. Even as thou savest! 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? Antilich Ah me! Of our old eves thou art the light! The joy of our old hearts art thou! And wilt thou die? Not now! not now! Elsie. Christ died for me, and shall not I Be willing for my Prince to die! You both are silent; you cannot speak. This said I. at our Saviour's feast. After confession, to the priest, 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 a-jar. 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 stav! She speaks almost As if it were the Holy Ghost Spake through her lips, and in her stead ! What if this were of God? Ab. then Gainsay it dare we not. Amen! Elsie! the words that thou hast said Are strange and new for us to hear, And fill our hearts with doubt and fear. Whether it be a dark temptation

We in our blindness cannot asy. 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 ono! How hot thy hand it! how it trembles! Go to thy bed, and try to sleep. *Tevala*. Kiss me. Good night; and do not ween!

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 earliset 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 Friet (from within). Go, sin no more! Thy penance of cr. A new and better life begin! God maketh thes for ever free From the dominion of thy sin! Go, sin no more! I set will restore The peace that filled thy heart before, And paredon this minouty!

"he 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, Sill atouch thy wounds, and make them bleed! So many fest, that, day by day, Sill wander from thy fold satray! Unless thou fill me with thy light, Nor, without Hy support, on bear The burden of so great a care, But an myself a castavar!

A pause.

The day is drawing to its close; And what good deeds, since first it rose, Have I presented, Lord, to thee, As offerings of my ministry?

What wrong repressed, what right maintained, What stronge passed, what right maintained, What spoul attempted and attained? I see, but cannot reach, the height That lies for ever in the light, And yet for ever and for ever, When seeming just within my grasp, I feel my feelds hands unclaus, the strong and the share seen. The string and the discoursement!

A pause.

Why stayest thou, Prince of Hoheneck' Why keep me pacing to and fro Amid these aialess of sucred gloom, Counting up footsteps as 1 go, And marking with each step a tomb! Why should the world for these make room. And wait thy leisure and thy beck! Thou counst in the hops to hear Some worl of comfort and of cheer. What can 1 any 1 cannot give The counsel to do this and live; The temple; though his power is strong, And, inaccessible to room.

A pause.

The scening 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 corvenience 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 dama. He was born at Dathlahem, He was born at Dathlahem, He was made of fish and blood. God send me ny right food, My right food, and ahelter too, That i may to yon kirk go, To read upon yon sweet book Which the mightly God of heaven ahook Open, open, hell's gates I Shut, shut, heaven's gates I All the devils in the air The stronger bo, that hear the Black Prayer I

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 .- vet 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 sermous 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 ! Holy water it may be to many, But to me, the veriest Liquor Gehennm ! 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.

Underseash this mouldering tomb, which statue of stone, and seutcheom of brase. Slumbers a great lord of the village. All his life was riot and pillage, But at length, to escape the threatened doorn Of the overlasting, Penal fine, He died in the dress of a mendicant frinr, And bartered his weakth for a daily mass But all that sifterwards canno to pass.

And whether he finds it dull or pleasant, ls kept a secret for the present, At his own particular desire.

And here, in a corner of the wall, Skadovr, selent, apart from all, With its awful portal open wide, And its latticed windows on either side, And its tep well worn by the bended know. Of one or two plous conturies, Stands the "illage confessional! Within it, as an honoured guest, I will alt me 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 rayages 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 wors That arise, when with pulpitating throes The grave-part in the burnan heart Gives up its dead, at the voice of the priest, As if he were an archnagel, at least. It makes a peculiar atmosphere, This odour of arvikly passions and crimes, Such as I like to breaths, at times, and the provide and most peculiential season. To day, I come for another reason; To forter and inpen 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 ! Tis a God-speed to the parting guest, 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 for ever 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 grain, And the clouds above, and the slanting rain, And smoke from chimneys of the town, Yield themselves to it, and bow down. So does this dreadful purpose press Onward, with irresistible stress. And all my thoughts and faculties, Struck level by the strength of this, From their true inclination turn. And all stream forward to Salern !

Lucifer. Alast we are but eddles of dust, Uplithed by the blast, and whirled Along the highway of the world A moment only, then to fall Back to a common level all, A the subsiding of the gust! *Prime Henry*. O holy Father1 pardon in me

The oscillation of a mind

Unsteadfast, and that cannot find Its centre of rest and harmony! For evermore before mine eves This ghastly phantom flits and flies. And as a madman through a cloud. With frantic gestures and wild cries. It hurries onward, and aloud Repeats its awful prophecies! Weakness is wretchedness! To be strong Is to be hanny! 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 vield 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 valour 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 neasant's child and a neasant'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 splendour 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: Accent the comfort and the calm She offers, as a gift divine ; Let her fall down and anoint thy feet With the ointment costly and most sweet Of her young blood, and thou shalt live. Prince Henry. And will the righteous Heaven forgive ! No action, whether foul or fair, Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere A record, written by fingers ghostly. As a blessing or a curse, and mostly 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, 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 Devil1 Prince Henry. But this deed, is it good or evil? 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 they I now release thee and absolve thee !

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Prince Henry. Give me thy holy benediction.

Lucifer (stretching forth his hand and muttering),

Maledictione perpetua Maledicat vos Pater eternus!

The Angel (with the colian harp). Take heed ! take Noble art thou in thy birth. By the good and the great of earth Hast thou been caught! 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 praved That he would lead us as is best, And shew 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 1 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. 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, endeavour 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

Thy words fall from thy lips Prince Henry. Like roses from the lips of Angelo: and angels Might stoop to rick them up!

Flaie 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 this world?

Prince Henry. O Elsie! what a lesson thou dost teach me! The life which is, and that which is to come.

Suspended hang in such nice 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 : Out of a tent already luminous With light that shines through its transparent walls ! O pure in heart! from thy swcet dust shall grow Lilies, upon whose petals will be written "Ave Maria" in characters of gold !

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 artizan, 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 ve 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 ve 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 terribe and strong. As when good angels war with devila I This is the Matter of the Revels, Who, at life's flowing feast, proposes The health of absent friends, and pledges, Not in bright goblets erowned with ross, And tinking as we touch their edges, But with his dismal tinking bell. That mocks and mimics their foureal knell [

Crier of the Dead.

Wake! wake! All ye that sleep! Pray for the Dead! Pray for the Dead!

Primer Henry. Wake not, belowed 1 be duy deep. Silents an injukt is, and as deep 1 There walks a sentinel at thy gate Whose beart is beary and desolate, And the heavings of whose bosom number The respirations of thy alumber, As if some strange, mysterious fate, Had linked two hearts in one, and mine Went maily wheeling about thine, Only with inder and wides weep]

Crier of 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 sceming 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 armour bright As on the rinnles of a river. He lifts the visor from his cheek. And beckons, and makes as he would sneak. Walter (the Minnesinger), Friend ! can you tell me where alight Thuringia's horsemen for the night ? For I have lingered in the rear. And wandered 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 Salern, In the vain hope and search for health. And destined never to return. Already thou hast heard the rest. But what brings thee, thus armed and dight In the equipments of a knight? Walter. Dost thou not see upon my breast The cross of the Crusaders shine ? My pathway leads to Palestine. Prince Henry. Ah, would that way were also mine ! 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 clank 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 toward the east. That of the Lord's deliverance! Prince Henry. My life, alas! is what thou secst 1 Q envisble 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. 'Tis 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. 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 Hirschau, in the forest's bound, Where I assemble man and steed, And all things for my journey's need.

They go out,

Lucifer (flying over the city). Sleep, aleep, O city ! till the light Wakes 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 lies No habitation free from sin, And all its nameless miseries:

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 !

Spare in front of the Cathedral. Easter Sunday. FRIAB 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 chaunt 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. Gaily and gallantly arrayed ! Elsie. Let us go back; I am afraid ! Prince Henry. Nay, let us mount the church-steps here, Under the door-way's sacred shadow; We can see all things, and be freer From the crowd that madly heaves and presses ! Elsic. What a gay pageant! what bright dresses ! It looks like a flower-besprinkled meadow, What is that yonder on the square? nce 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 hot 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, J pray! "Christ is arisen!" Whence come you! "From court," Then I do not believe it: you may it in sort.

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 sourring amain; What news do you bring with your loce-hanging rein, Your spurm wet with blood, and your bridle with fount "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 a 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 praver. 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 swaved 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 motions 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 Mysterv!

And now, my hearers, to make an end, I have only one word more to say; In the church, in honour of Easter-day, Will be represented a Minade Play; And I hope you will all have the grace to attend. Christ bring us at last to his felicity! Pax voblecunt l et Benedicite!

In the Cathedral.

Chaunt. Kyrie Eleison! Christa Eleison!

Elsie. I am at home here in my Father's house! These naintings 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 snlendid ! 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 Steinhach: but not he alone. For many generations laboured 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 Perhans 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 Pillar 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. 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 1 See, too, the Rose, above the western portal Flamboyant with a thousand gorgeous colours, The perfect flower of Gothic lovelines 1

Elsie. And, in the gallery, the long line of statues, Christ with his twelve Apostles watching us.

A Bishop in armour, booted and spurred, passes with his train.

J'rince Heasy. But come away; we have not time to look. The crowd already fills the church, and yonder Upon a stage, a herald with a trumpe', Clad like the Angel Gabriel, proclaims The Mystery that will now be represented.

THE NATIVITY.

A MIRACLE-PLAY.

INTROITUS.

Proce. Come, good people, all and each, Come and listen to our speech 1 In your presence here I stand, With a trumpet in my hand, To announce the Easter Play, Which we represent to duty if First of all, we shall rehearse, In our action and our verse, The our action and our verse, As written in the old record Of the Protexangelion, So that he who reads may run I *Biosa trumpet*.

swas a srampca

L HEAVEN.

Mercy (at the feet of God). Have pity, Lord I be not afraid To save mankind, whom thou hast made, Nor let the souls that were betraved 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 miserv! 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 work! 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 Fall1 Here the Angel Gabriel shall leave Paradise, and fin towards the

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.

IL MARY AT THE WELL.

Mary. Along the garden walk, and thence Through the wicket in the carden 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 labour 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 means 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

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THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

A child this very day. Fear not, O Maryl 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 unbo me!

Here the Devils shall again make a great noise under the stage.

III. THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN PLANETS, BEARING THE STAB 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's almighty breath Said to the Darkness and the Night. Let there be light! and there was light ! I bring the gift of Faith. Gabriel. 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 illumes the midnight way. I bring the gift of Hope! Angel. 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 ardour swift I bear upon my hands the gift Of heavenly Prudence here! I am the Minister of Mars,

The strongest star among the stars 1 My aways of power prelude The march and battle of maris life, And for the suffering and the strife, I give him Fortitudel Origit. Its Angel of the sufferment Of all the shining, heavenly host, From the far-off expanse of the start of the start I bring the last, the crowning grace, The gift of Temperance 1 A sudden light shines from the vindom of the stable in the village betw.

IV. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

The Stable of the Inn. The VIRGIN and CHILD. Three Ginew Kings, GASPAR, MELCHIOR, and BELSHAZZAR, shall come in Gaspar. Hail to thee, Jesus of Nazareth. Though in a manger thou drawest thy breath. Thou art greater than Life and Death. Greater than Joy or Woel This cross upon the line of life Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife, And through a region with dangers 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 thy 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, Nought else have we to give. She gives them swaddling clothes, and they depart.

V. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Here shall JOSEPH come in leading an ass, on which are seated MARY and the CHILD.

> Mary. Here will we rest us, under these O'erhaging branches of the trees, Where robins chant their Litanies, And canticles of jor. Jaegh. My saddle-girlink have given way With trucking through the heat today; 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 hall their infant King! I will alight at yonder spring To wash ha little cat.

Joseph. And I will hobble well the ass, Lest, being loose upon the grass, He should escape; for, by the mass, He is 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;

(Iere 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! Of wealth I have no store. Dumachus. Give up your money!

Titus. Prithee ccase! Let these good 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 Jewisb 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 rumour 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 scentre bear. As king among the Jews !

Here he shall stride up and down and flourish his spord.

What ho! I fain would drink a can Of the strong wine of Cansan! 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 hand The little children slav: 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 un!

Rahab. May maledictions fall and blast Thyself and lineage, to the last

Herod. Another goblet ! quick ! and stir And calamus therein !

Soldiers (in the street). Give up thy child into our hards ! It is King Herod who commands That he should thus be slain f

The Nurse Medica. O monstrons 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 smile 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.

VIL 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 backs, and o'er the meadow road Is spreading far and wide!

They draw water out of the river by channels, and form little po ols. Jeaus makes twelve sparrows of elay, and the other boys do the same.

Jess. 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 sear So far, they shall return no more Unto this river's brink. Judas. That canst thou not! They are but chy, They cannot sing, nor fly away Above the meadow lands! Jess. Fly, fly us sparrows! you are free! And while you inve, remember me, Who made you with my handa.

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 on 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 ;

Jacph. Ye wicked boys! why do ye play, And break the holy Subhath 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 feel There's not a beggar in the street Makes such a source signt!

VIIL THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

The RABBI BEN ISBAEL, with a long beard, sitting on a high stool, with a rod in his hand.

> Rabbi. I am the Rabbi Ben Iansel, Throughout this vilage known full well, And, as my scholars all will tell, Learned in things divine; The Kabala and Talmud hear Than all the prophets prize I more, For water is all Bible fore, But Miahan is strong wing.

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 Mordeail"

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 Sammaël, the Angel of Death, Takes through the town his flicht!

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. Well have ye answered 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 Alenh means I fain would know. Before I any further go ! Rabbi, O. 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

Here RABBI BEN ISRAEL shall lift up his rod to strike Jesus, and his right arm shall be paralysed.

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 hall thee as our King! Thou art the new King of the Jews! Nor let the passersby rofuse To bring that homage which men use To majesty to bring.

E ere a traveller shall go by, and the boys shall lay hold of his garments and say :

Boys. Come hither 1 and all reverence pay Unto our monarch, crowned to-day 1 Then go rejoicing on your way, In all prosperity 1

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 Boares. He climbed up to the robin's nest.

And out there darted, from his rest, A serpent with a crimson crest, And sturg him in the arm. Jess. Bring him to me, and let me feel The wounded place; my touch can heal The sting of servents. and can steal

The poison from the bite!

He touches the wound, and the boy begins to cry.

Cease to lament! I can forsee 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 Elessed 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 molian harp of many a joyous strain,

But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

INE COLDEN LEGEND.

Elsie. Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that ones 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 seeketlı 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 way-side inn, and the waggoner laughs with the landlord's danghter,

While out of the dripping trough the horses distend their leathern sides with water.

Elsie. All through life there are way-side inns, where man may refresh his soul with love;

- Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by springs from above.
- Prince Ilcary. 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 horses' feet.

They turn down a green lane.

Elsic. 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 agains' 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 th brook by our side!

What is this castle that rises above us, and lords it over a lanc 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.

Eleie. 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 for ever under ground. Silent, contemplative, round and sound : Each one old, and brown with mould, But filled to the lips with the ardour of youth. With the latent power and love of truth. And with virtues fervent and manifold.

I have heard it said, that at Exates-tide, When budks are welling on every side, And the say begins to move in the vine, Then in all the cellsrs, far and wide, end the say begins to move in the size Begins to stir: Healf, and fermant, With a kind of revolt and discontent At being so long in darkness pent, And fain would burnt from its sombre tur To bake on the hill side in the sun; As in the boom of us poor frings, a in the boom of us poor frings, For the world that we have left behind Datarbas at lines all peace of mind d

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 stona! 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 cak 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 floring 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 Hochheira on the Main, And at Würzburg on the Stein, Grow the three best kinds of wine!

They are all good wines, and better far Than those of the Neckar, or those of the Abr. In particular, Wirzburg 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 mu way of thinking.

Fills a flagon.

Ah 1 how the streamlet langhs and sings! What a delicious fragrance springs From the deep fagon, while it fills, As of hyacitubs and daffodils it Between this cask and the Abbot's lips Many have been the size and silve; Many have been the size and silve; Adamay a time my soul has hanknered Yor a deep dramph out of his silver tankard.

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 dekcious! O soother of pain! It flashes like sumshine 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 draught from the noble Bacharach cask, And I will be gone, though I know full well The collar's a cherrichter photo than the coll Behold where he should, all wound and good. Silmet ha seeme 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 bacying of his great heart that if the anyting of his great heart Lat smu unloces this buttern of wood, And quits a little his tarbulent 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 odour 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.

R

Such as in any town you may find. Such as one might imagine would suit. The rascal who drank wine out of a boot And, after all, it was not a crime. For he won thereby Dorf Hüffelsheim, A jolly old toper! who at a pull Could drink a postilion's jack-boot full. 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 hoard. And cannot distinguish had 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 other flagon and departs.

The Scriptorium. FRIAR PACIFICUS transcribing and illuminating.

Frar Pacificus. It is growing dark! Tet one line more, And them my work for tokay is o'er. I come again to the name of the Lord! Ers I that swful name record, That is spoken so lightly among men, Let me pause a while, and wash my pen; Pure from blemsin and blot must it be, When it writes that word of mystery!

Thus have I laboured on and on. Nearly through the Gospel of John. Can it be that from the lins 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 self-same shelf

With the writings of St Theela 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, H we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter ! St. 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 a-blaze 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 seene! I wish I had as lovely a green To paint my landscapes and my leaves! How the swallows twitter under the saves! There, now, there is one in her next; I can just catch a glimpse of her head and breast. And will aketch 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 has the thunder Matter its curses in the air, The Jorill's own and only prayer! The dusty road is brown with rain, And, specific on with might and main. Hitherward rides a galland train. Hitherward rides a galland train. But hurry in a the convent gale. What a fair lady! and beside her What a fair lady! and beside her

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 EBNESTUS pacing to and fro.

Abhat. 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. God, that peaceth 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 honour; 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 Hivschan 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 Abbota. 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 f
Abbot. A benefactor's, Conrad a Count of Calva he who stood
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Godfather to our bells.
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Godfather to our bells. Prince Henry. Your monks are learned
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Godfather to our bells. <i>Prince Heary.</i> And holy men, I trust.
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Godiather to our bells. Prince Herry. And holy men, I trust. Abot. There are among them
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Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Godtather to our bella 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.
Connd, a Count of Calva, he who stood Gedfather to our bells. Prince Heary. And holy men, I trust. Abot. Learned and holy men. Yet in this ago We need another Hildbernad, to shake
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Godfather to our bella And holy men, I trust Abbo. Learned and holy men. Yets in this age Waneed with the stand, bucket Waneed in whiched, and sementime I wonder God does not loss his patience with it wholy, And shatter it like glass I Even here, a times,
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Godtather to our bella. And holy men, I trust. Abbot. There are among them Learned and holy men. Yet in this age We need another Hildebrand, to elanke And purity us like a mighty wind. The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder God does not bees his patience with it wholly. And haster it like glass I Even here, at times, Within these walls, where all should be at paces.
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Godfather to our bella And holy men, I trust Abbot. There are among them Learned and holy men. Yet in this age We need another Hildebrand, to alaske And purity as like a mighty wind. Wonder God does not less his patience with it wholly. And ninter it like glass. Even here, a times, Within these walls, where all should be at peace, I have on y trials. There has laid his hand
Connal, a Count of Calva, he who stool Godiather to our belia. And holy men, I trust Abb. American and holy men. Yet in this age We need another Hildbernal, to hake And purify us like a mighty wind. The world is wicked, and sconetimes I wonder God does not loes his patience with it wholly, And abater it like glass I Even hera, st times, Whave my traits. Time has lad his hand Upon my traits. Time has lad his hand Upon my traits.
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Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Godfather to our belia. And holy men, I trust Abbe, Country of the search of the search Abbe, Country of the search of the search We need another Hildbernad, to shake And purify us like a mighty wind. The world is wicked, and sconetimes I wonder God does not loss his patience with it wholly, And shatter it like glass. Even here, a times, Within these walls, where all should be at pose, Within these years, or the senting it. Upon my heart, couly, not sentified it.
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Godfather to our bella. And holy men, I trust. Model of the state of the state of the state Model of the state of the state of the state Model of the state of the state of the state Model of the state of the state of the state Model of the state of the state of the state Model of the state of the state of the state Model of the state of the state of the state Model of the state of the state of the state Model of the state of the state of the state Model of the state of the state of the state Model of the state of the state of the state Model of the state of the state of the state Model of the state of the state of the state Model of the state of the state of the state of the state Model of the state of t
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Godfather to our belia. And holy men, I trust Abbe, and holy men. Three are among them I the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state And purify us like a mighty wind. The world is wicked, and sconstime I wonder God does not loss his patience with it wholly, And shatter it like glass. Even here, a times, Within these walls, where all should be at peace, I have on y trains. Time has laid his hand Upon my heats, gently, not amiting it, busy the state of the state of the state Upon his hear, to deaden it witheritons. Ashes are on my head, and on my lips Sackeloth, and in my treast a heaviness
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Goditative to our belia And holy men, I trust Marken and the state of the state of the And holy men, I trust There are same the Barred and holy men. Yet in this age We need another Hildbernad, to alako And purify us like a mighty wind. The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder God does not lose his patterne with it wholly, and the state of the state of the state God does not lose his patterne with it wholly, the world hear, both and the state Within these walls, where all should be at passes. I have my trials. Time has laid his hand Upon my heart, gently, not satiling it, But as a harper lays his open paim Upon his harp, to danked it is vibrations Sackeloth, and in my breast a heavings And wearings of like, that makes me ready
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Godfather to our belia. And holy men, I trust Abbo. Learned and holy men. Yere are among them Learned and holy men. Yere are among them Learned and holy men. Yee in this age Winese in the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of does not lose his patience with it wholy. And shatter it like glass I Even here, a times, Within these walls, where all should be at peace, I have my trials. Time has laid his hand Upon my heart, gently, not smithing it, But as a karper lay his open palm Upon his harp, to deaden its ribrations. Sakeletty, and in my hreats a heariness And weariness of life, that makes me ready To my to the dead abbout under us.
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Godiather to our belia. And holy men, I trust Model and the state of the state of the state Model and the state of the state of the state We need another Hildbernad, to shake And purify us like a mighty wind. The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder God does not loes his patience with it wholly, And shatter it like glass I. Sern hers, st times, We need have the state of the state of the God does not loes his patience with it wholly, And shatter it like glass I. Sern hers, st times, We need have to be stated and the shand Upon my tenias. Time has had his hand Upon my heats, gently, not saniting it, But as a harper lay his open palm Upon his heart, be dong and on my lips Each Stoid, and in my breast a heaviness for any to the dead abbots under us, "Make room for me!" Only I see the duak
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood Godfather to our belia. And holy men, I trust Abbo. Learned and holy men. Yere are among them Learned and holy men. Yere are among them Learned and holy men. Yee in this age Winese in the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of the state of does not lose his patience with it wholy. And shatter it like glass I Even here, a times, Within these walls, where all should be at peace, I have my trials. Time has laid his hand Upon my heart, gently, not smithing it, But as a karper lay his open palm Upon his harp, to deaden its ribrations. Sakeletty, and in my hreats a heariness And weariness of life, that makes me ready To my to the dead abbout under us.

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 Vesner-bell rings. The Chapel. Vespers : after which the monks retire, a chorister I ading an old monk who is blind. Prince Henry. They are all gone, save one who lingers, Absorbed in deep and silent praver. 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 recognise 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 for ever. Contrition, penitence, remorse, Came on me, with o'erwhelming force : A hope, a longing, an endeavour, By days of penance and nights of prayer. To frustrate and defeat despair! Calm, deep, and still is now my heart. With tranguil 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 'tis revenge you seek ; Then pardon me, for Jesus' sake, Frince 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

And pardon will not be denied They kneel

Pray, till our souls are purified

The Refectory. Gaudiolum of Monks at Midnight. LUCIFER disguised as a Friar.

> Friar Paul (sings). Ave! color vini clari, Dulcis potus, non amari, Tua nos inebriari, Digneris potentia!

Friar Cuthbert. Not so much noise, my worthy frères, You'll disturb the Abbot at his prayers.

Friar Paul (sings).

O! quam placens in colore!

O! quam fragrans in odore!

0 ! quam sapidum in ore !

Dulce linguæ vinculum !

Friar Cuthbert. I should think your tongue had broken its chain !

Friar Paul (sings).

Felix venter quem intrabis ! Felix guttur quod rigabis ! Felix os quod tu lavabis ! Et beata labia !

Friar Cuthbert. Peace ! I say, peace ! Will you never cease !

You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell you again ! 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 thev?

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 mel

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!

Prior 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 humours yent. Sing and howl to your heart's content!

Chorus of Monks.

Funde vinum, funde ! Tanquam sint fluminis undæ. Nec quæras unde, Sed fundas semper abunde !

Friar John. What is the name of yonder friar, With an eve 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 1 Sir Friar1

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, Hallot 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 ! Hal 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 hell 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 pravers. But the cheery crow Of cocks in the vard 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. 'Tis 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 ! Incifer. Abelard. Monks. Did he drink hard ?

Lucifer. O, 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 1k never would do! For some of us knew a thing or two, In the Abbey of St. Gildas du Rhuys! For instance, the great ado With old Fulbert's nices, The young and lovely Heloise!

Friar John. Stop there, if you please, Till we drink to the fair Heloise! All (drinking and shouting). Heloise! Heloise!

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 cifted 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 the 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 Cukhert. And before the bell for matins sounds, He takes his lantern, and goes the rounds, Flashing it into our sleepy syes, Merely to say it is time to arise. But enough of that. Go on, if you please, With your story about St Gildas de Rhuya. 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 frinz, 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 St Dunstan of old, We are told. Once caught the Devil by the nose! Lucifer. Ha! ha! that story is very clever. But has no foundation 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 eves. 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 I Friar Cuthbert, Pull the brown hood over your face1 This will bring us into disgrace | Abbot. What means this revel and carouse? Is this a tayern 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 praver 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 neighbouring Nunnery. The ABBESS IRMINGARD sitting with ELSIE in the moonlight.

Iranagard. The night is allent, 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 headed with pardon!

And such am L My soul within Was dark with passion and solled 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 thon 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, genule, tall, Fairset, noblext, best of all, Was Walter of the Yogdweld; And, whatsever may belich, and whatsever may belich, this song was of the summer-time, The sumbline, the delicious air, The serve birds angin in his shyme; The sumbline, the delicious air, The fragmence of the flowers, were there; And I grew restless as I heard, Restless and hougand as a bird; Restless and hougand as a bird; And through the momentary gloom

Of shadows o'er the landscape trailing. Yielding and horne 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 pravers: And it rang through me, and becamo 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 na single night Faded and vanished out of sight. My father's anger followed fast This passion, as a freshening blast Sceles out and fines the fire, whose rage Sceles out and fines the fire, whose rage Sceles out and fines the fire, whose rage Sceles out and fan the fire, whose rage Sceles out and find the fire start Sceles out and fire start Sceles out and fire start Sceles out and fire start fire which Frince Henry of Hoheneck Promessenger and letter suc."

Gently, but firmly, I replicat: "Henry of Hoheneck I diseard! Never the hand of Irmingard Shall lie in his as the hand of a bride!" This said I, Waiter, for thy sake; This said I, For I could not chose. After a pause, my father gaake in that cold and deliberate tone Which turns the heaver into stone, Which turns the heaver into stone. That follows with such dread cortaintry: "This, or the cloister and the yeal!" No other work than those head, But they were like a funeral wail; My life was ended, up heatr was cload.

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 staved. 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 betraved 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 a-glow 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 Acress the moores, in the summer night! How under our feet the long, white road, Backward like a river flowed, Sweeping with it fences and hedges, Whilst further away, and overhead, Paler than I, with fear and dread, The moon fied with us, as we fied Along the forest's jagged edges I

All this I can remember well; But of what afterwards befell I nothing further can recall

Than a blind, desperate, headlong falt; The rest is a blank and darkness skil When I avoke out of this swoon, The sum was shining, not the moon, The sum was shining, not the moon, With the tows of any window marrow 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 I was lying again in my own room! And I thanked God, in my frow and pain; And I sharked God, in my frow and pain; And I sharked not any own room? And I sharked not any for the shark of the shark of the Worn gone, and could not come again I I strapped to longar with any doord!

This happened many years ago. I left my taker's home to come, Like Cakherine to her markyrdom. For blindly I externed it so. And when I head the convent door behind me close, to open noneos, I felt it amite me like a blow. Through all my limbs a shudder nan, And on my bruised spirit fell The dampnose of my narvow cell An night-air on a wounded man, Giving intolerable pain.

But now a better life began. I fail the agout 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 peasion I had given To earth before, now turned to haven Wish all its overflowing fulness.

Alsa! the world is full of paril! The path that runs through the fairest mosds On the summissi side of the valley, leads Into a region black and steril and the lowly. The will is fields, and passimo atrong. The will is fields, and passimo atrong. Some falaehood mingles with all truth; Nore is it strange the heast of youth Should waves and comprehend but slowly The things that are holy and unboly.

But in this secred and calm retreat, We are all well and askly hielded From twinds that blow, and waves that best, From the cold, and rain, and blighting hest, To which the strongest hearts have yielded. Here we stand as the Yinging Secon, Kor our celestial bridgeroom yearning; With a steady and unwavering famo, Pointing upward, for ever the same, Steadily upward toward the Hoaven!

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.

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A Covered Bridge at Lucerne.

Prince Henry. God's blessing on the architects who build The bridge of a wift reven and alyanse Before impassable to human feet, No less than on the builders of cathedrals, Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across The dark and terrible alyan of Death. Well has the name of Pontifest been given and architect of the invitible bridge That leads from earth to heaven. Eds. How dark it grows'

What are these paintings on the walls around us? Prince Henry. The Dance Macabar! Elsis. 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, O. ves! I see it now! The grim musician Prince Henry. 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. What is this picture? Elsie. 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 'tis 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. Elnie 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 'tis 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 ! Under it is written. Prince Henry. "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 duicimer, 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. 'Tis 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-gallary of Death 1 Inta it 1, a, the very thought of it! *Elsie.* Way is it hateful to you! *Prince Henry.* That life, and all that speaks of life, is lovely. And death, and all that speaks of softs 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 hith 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 sepulahral echo, like the clock On coffins in a churchynel! Vonder like The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns, apparelled In light, and lingering. Bits a will have made Hid in the basen of her native mounting. Changing her manes and being! Overhead, Shaking his cloudy treases losse in air, Rikes Fliatau, with his windy vince.

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! Incifer (under the bridge). Ha! ha! Guide. Never any bridge but this Could stand across the wild abyas; All the rest, of wood or stone. By the Devil's hand were overthrown. He toppled crags from the precipice, And whatsoe'er was built by day In the night was swept away; None could stand but this alone.

Lucify (under the bridge), Hal hal 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 peakent, possing, cried. "Herr 461" And the Doril dropped it in his fright, And vanished audienty out of sight. Lucify (under the bridge). Hal hal Guide. Abbo (cinklus of Einsteeld).

For pligrims on their way to Rome, Built this at task with a single arch, Under which, on its endless march, Runs the river, white with foan, 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 Devon redemution lost.

Lucify (under the bridge). Hal hal perdition! Guide. At length the bridge being all completed, The Abbot, standing at its head, Threw across its loaf of bread, Which a hungry dog sprang after, And the rocks re-echoed with peaks of laughter, To ese the Devit 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.

Elsis. 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 Heary. 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 ope Their snowy lips, and speak unto each other, In the primeral 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 these and ms, of passion and of prayer! Yet once of Paradiss. Long years ago I wandered as a youth among its bowers, And nover from my heart has faded quite Its memory, that, like a summer sumset, Encircles with a ring of purple light All the horizon of my youth.

And the horizon of my youth. O friends 1 The days are short, the way before us long; We must not linger, if we think to reach The inn at Belinzona before veneers 1

They pass on.

At the foot of the Alps. A halt under the trees at noon.

Prince Herry. Here let us pause a moment in the trembling Shadow and samhine of the modelside trees, And, our tired horses in a group assembling, Inhale long draughts of this dekilosu breeze. Our fleeter steeds have distanced our attendants; They jag behind us with a Slower pace; We will await them under the green pendants Of the great willow in this shady place. Ho, Barbarossal how thy motifed hauches Sweat with this canter over hill and glade I Stand still, and let these overhanging branches Fan thy hot sides and confict the with halded I

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-rines scont the sunny air. Prince Henry. Harkl 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 (chaunting the Hymn of St Hildebert).

Me receptet Sion illa, Sion David urbs tranquilla, Gujus faber auctor lucis, Cujus optas lignum crucis, Cujus claves lingua Petri, Cujus cives semper læti, Cujus muri lapis virus, Cujus custos ficar fectivus!

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 Holv Satan, who made the wives Of the bishops lead such shameful lives. All day long I beat my breast, And chaunt 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 pravers 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 mas 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 piff 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 (chaunting).

In hâc urbe, lux solennis, Ver æternum, pax perennis; In hâc odor implens cælos, In hâc semper festum melos!

Prince Henry. Do you observe that monk among the train. Who pours from his great throat the roaring bass. As a cathedral spout nours 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 Grav. 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 1 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 holv eves, and sometimes speaks. And lets the piteous tears run down its cheeks. To touch the hearts of the impenitent, Prince Henry, O, had I faith, as in the days gone by, That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery ! Lucifer (at a distance), Ho. Cuthbert! Friar Cuthbert! Friar Cuthbert. Farewell, Prince! I cannot stay to argue and convince. 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 neasant, 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 (chaunting afar off). Urbs collestis, urbs beata, Supra petram collocata, Urbs in portu satis tuto De longinguo te saluto, Te saluto, te suspiro, Te salecto, 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, majestical, 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 see of death Looms the great life that is to be, A diam nirge yent life that is to be, A diam nirge, with alapse of men Long dead, and passed beyond our ken. Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath Till the fair pageant vanisheth, Leaving us an perplexity. And doubtful whether it has been of a kirght image of our own Against the sky in rayours thrown. Leafor (monow from the sch). 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 needest 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 affoat, 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? Ab. yest the sea is still and deen. All things within its bosom sleep! A single step, and all is o'er: A plunge, a bubble, and no more: And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be free From martyrdom and agony. Elsie (coming from her chamber upon the terrace). The night is calm and cloudless, And still as still can be, And the stars come forth to 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 chaunts 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 Hency. Angel of God1 thy finer sense perceives Colostial and perpotenta harmonist Thy purce soul, that trembles and believes, Hence the archangel's trumped in the breece, And where the forest rolls, or cosm heaves, and tanging of perphase packing in the hares. But 1 hear discord only and despair, And whippens as of demonst in the air1

AT SEA.

11 Padrose. The wind upon our quarter lies, And on before the fresheming galo, That fills the non-white lateen sail, Swiftly our light feluces disc. A round, the billows burst and foan; They lift her o'er the sunken rock, They best her sides with many a shock, And then upon their flowing dome They poise her, like a weatherook! Between us and the weather skins

The hills of Corsica arise: Eastward, in vonder long, blue line, The summits of the Apennine. And southward, and still far away. Salerno, on its sunny hay. You cannot see it, where it lies, Prince Henry, Ah, would that never more mine eves 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 fires of the descending sun Glare through the windows, and o'erhead. Athwart the vapours, 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 ! I 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 Autonio 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 tons of the masts and the tips of the spars And I knew we should have foul weather to-day. Cheerly, 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,

Do you see that Livornese felucca, That vessel to the windward yonder, Running with her gunwale under i I was looking when the wind o'ertook her.

She had all sail set, and the only wonder In, that at once the strength of the blast Did not carry away her mest. She is a galley of the Gran Duca, Thad, through the fear of the Algerines, Convoys those lary brigantines, Laden with wine and oil from Lucca. Now all is ready, high and low; Blow, blow, good Saint Antoniol

Ha! that is the first dash of the rain, With a spritch of pary 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 apseds away with a home in her mouth Now keep her head toward the south, And there is no danger of hank or breaker. With the breese behind us, on we go; Not too much, good Saint Antonio!

VL

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, Erigena Johannes, who dares to maintain. In the face of the truth, the error infernal, That the universe is and must be eternal : At first laving 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 movely me less to anger than langhter. All nature, he holds, is a respiration of the Spirit of God, who, in broaking, 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 ongoin I think I have halo on the shoif!

Ile goes out. Two Doctors come in disputing, and followed by Pupils.

Dostor Strafno. I, with the Doctor Scraphic, maintain, That a word which is only conceived in the brain Is a type of eternal Generation; The snoken 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 Salern? Second Scholar. To tell the truth. I arrived so lately.

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 Scholars. Yes, the air is sweet; the Calabrian hills Send us down puffs of mountain air; And in summer-time the sea-brezes fills with its ecolones clositer, and court, and square. There are errowing of guests and travellers here; Fligrims, and mendicant friars, and traders From the Levant, with figs and wine, And bands of wounded and sick Crussders, Comine 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; vet, nevertheless, You doubtless have reasons for that, First Scholar. O. ves! 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 chirurgical lore, And dissections of the bodies of swine. As likest the human form divine. fecond 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, With all the oldest and ablest critics; The public thesis and disputation. Question, and answer, and explanation Of a passage out of Hippocrates. Or Aristotle's Analytics. 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 nay. 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 seetlie 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 neighbourhood of Vesuvius lends it An odour volcanic, that rather mends it. And the buildings 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 rinen in other lands.

What have we here, affired to the gate! The challenge of some scholastic wight, Who wishes to hold a public dobate 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 prodical wate of trains.

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 ait 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 odour of innocence, and of praver. 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 endeavour. 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 not be precipitate. Does she Without compulsion, of her own free will, Consent to this? Prince Henry. Against all opposition, Against all prayers, entreaties, protestations. She will not be persuaded. Incifer. That is strange ! Have you thought well of it ? Flaie. 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 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 fulid my purpose.

Prince Heary. I forbid it! Not one step farther. For I only meant To put thus far thy courage to the proof. It is enough. I, too, have courage to die, For thou hast taucht me!

off. O my Frince ! remember Your promises. Let use fulling we rand. You do not look on life and death as I do. There are two mapple, that attend unseen There are two mapple, that attend unseen Our pool and will death. If who writes down Our pool and will death. If who writes down The good nose, after every settion closes His volume, and seconds with it to God. The other hepsen his dreadful day-book open Till sumset, that we may repeat; which doing, The record of the action factors away. Now if my act be good, as I believe, B cannot be crealled. It is already Sealed up in heaven, as a good deat accomplished, The rest is gours. Why wait you I I am realy.

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.

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! Come with me: this way. Lucifer. ELSIK 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 A sudden darkness falls upon the world! O, 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! 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 ! Prince Henry. It shall not be too late! They burst the door open and rush in.

The cottage in the Odenwald. URSULA spinning. Summer afternoon. A table spread.

Ursula. I have marked it well—it must be true,— Death never takes one alone, but two1

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 I 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 primo's livery dressed! He looks about him with doubtful face, As if uncertain of the place. He stops at the be-hivery—now he sees The garden gate;—he is going part! Can he be atrial of the bees? No; he is coming in at last! He fills my heart with strange alarn!

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?

Project. News from the Prince! Drester, News from the Prince! Ursula. Porester, You put your questions eagery! Ursula. Answer me, then! How is the Prince? Porester, 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. Urnula (despairing). Then Elsie, my poor child, is dead t

Forester. That, my good woman, I have not said, Don't cross the bridge till you come to in-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, 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. And saved her for a nobler 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 nilgrimage 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 bearest 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 'twas 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 colours on your daughter's cheek. They call her the Lady Alicia now: For the Prince in Salerno made a vow 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 abe even As in a story or a dream Some beautiful and foreign lady. And the Prinse looked so grand and proud, And waved his hand thus to the crowd That gazed and shouted from the shore, All down the irrer. Ione and load.

Urman. We shall behold our child once more; She is not deal J he is not deal I God, listening, must have overheard The parayers, inda, without sound or word, Our hearts in servery have said! O, bring mo to her; for mine eyes Are hungry to behold her face; My very hunds seem to caroma her, To see her, gaze at her, and bless her; Dear Elisé, child of God and grace I

Goes out toward the garden.

Breaster. 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 1

He drinks.

If a 1 it buzzes and stings like a hormet 1 And what a scene there, through the door 1 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 adom it With a mirry, echoing blast of my cornet 1

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 hear and haunted oaks.

Fire. What hells 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 Nor left the land for ever more. Elsie. That was true love. For him the queen Ne'er did what thou hast done for me. Elsie. Wilt thou as fond and faithful he? 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 eves. 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-tops 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 glimmors 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 vapours rise and drown Hamlet and vineyard, tower and town, While far above the hill-tons 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 plage, 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 unselish hands Thy freshness on the barren sands And solitudes of Death."

O beauty of holiness, of cali-forgethiness, of lowiness? O power of mechaness, More site yealtheness and weakness Are like the yielding, but irrestatible art. Of the scaled rolume that I bear, The dead divins I havritten in characters of gold, That never shall grow old, But through all ages Burn and shins, With a soft efficiences Burn and shins, of a good deed like that

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 To let the breathings of the upper air Visit its pages and erase The records from its face! Fainter and fainter as I gaze The glimmering landscape shines, And below me the black river Is hidden by wreaths of vapour ? 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. Runs a white space!

Down goes the sun! But the soul of one.

Who by repentance Has escaped the dreadful sentence, Shines bright below me as I look. It is the end! With closed Book To God do I ascend.

Lol over the mountain steeps A dark gigantic hadrow woogs Beneath my feet; A blackness inwardly brightening With sullen heat, As a storm-cloud lurid with lightning. And a cry of lamentation, Repeated and squin repeated, Deep and lond A guin repeated, B deep and lond A for the second state of the second of cloury assessming unto cloud, Swells and rolls away in the distance, As if the sheeted Lightning retrasted, Baffed and thewarted 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 labours for some good By us not understood!

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN		Students of Alcalá.
THE COUNT OF LABA)		Gentlemen of Madrid
DON CARLOS		a contraction of an and the
A CARDINAL	~	
Beltban Cruzado		Count of the Gipsies.
BARTOLOME ROMAN		A young Gipsy.
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADA PEDRO CRESPO		Alcalde.
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12		Alguacil. Lara's Servant.
CHISPA		Victorian's Servant.
BALTASAR		Innkeeper.
PRECIOSA		A Gipsy girl.
		A poor girl.
MARTINA		The Padre Cura's Niece.
DOLORES		Preciosa's Maid.
Cincing Municipant &		

Gipsies, Musicians, &c.

ACT L

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

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

Don \hat{C}^{*} I had engagements elsewhere, Pray who was there? Lara, Why, all the town and

Lara. Wury, all the town and court. The house was crowded; and the bury fans Among the gaily-dressed and perfumed ladies Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers. There was the Countess of Medina Celi; The Gobin Lady with her Phantom Layer. Her Lindo Don Diego: Doña Sol. And Doña Serafina, and her cousins, Don C. What was the play? 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 saving, "O. I am dead !" a lover in a closet. Au old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan. A Doña Inez with a black mantilla. Followed at twilight by an unknown lover, Who looks intently where he knows she is not ! Don C. Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night? Lara, And never better. Every footstep fell As lightly as a sunbeam on the water. I think the girl extremely beautiful. Don C. Almost beyond the privilege of woman ! I saw her in the Prado yesterday. Her step was royal,-queen-like,-and her face As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise Lara. May not a saint fall from her Paradise, And be no more a saint! Don C. Why do you ask ! Lara. Because I have heard it said this angel fell, And, though she is a virgin outwardly, Within she is a sinner; like those panels Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary On the outside, and on the inside Venus ! Don C. You do her wrong; indeed, you do her wrong ! She is as virtuous as she is fair. Lara, How credulous you are! Why look you, friend, There 's not a virtuous woman in Madrid, In this whole city! And would you persuade me That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself, Nightly, half-naked, on the stage, for money, And with voluptuous motions fires the blood Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held A model for her virtue? Don C. She is a Gipsy girl. The easier. Nay, not to be won at all! The only virtue that a Gipsy prizes Is chastity. That is her only virtue,

Dearer than life she holds it. I remember A Gipsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd. Whose craft was to betray the young and fair: And yet this woman was above all bribes. 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! 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. I am sure of it. But why this haste? Stay yet a little longer. And fight the battles of your Dulcinea. Don C. 'Tis late. I must begone, for if I stay You will not be persuaded. Lara. Yes: 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. 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.

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,

Chima, 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, vesterday 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. Av. marry | marry | Mother, what does marry mean ? It means to spin to hear children, and to weep, my daughter! And of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (To the musicians.) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets: you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend? First Mus. Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

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

First Mus. Why so?

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

First Mus. An Aragonese bagpipe.

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

First Mus. No, your honour.

Chispa. I am glad of it. What other instruments have we? Second and Third Mus. We play the bandurria. Chisps. A pleasing instrument. And thou?





My lady sleeps !

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Fourth Mus. The fife.

Chippa. 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 i

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

Ghipa. You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Godwart F our 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 gorden wall. That is the way my masser climits to the lady's window. It is by the Yicar's skirts that the devil limits into the bolfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise, I fizzent.

SCENE III. PRECIOSA'S Chamber. She stands at the open window.

Proc. How slowly through the like-scented air Descends the tranquil moon! Like thists-down The vapoury clouds float in the peaceful sky; And sweetly from yon hollow vauits of shade The nighting-lase breakh our 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 I Sleeps!

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

Sleepsl

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

Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.

Vict. Poor, little dows! Thou tremblest like a leaf! Prec. I am so frightened! "Tis for thes I tremble! I hate to have thee elimb that wall by night! Did no one see thee!

Vid. None, my love, but thou. Prec. 'Tis very dangerous; and when thou art goue 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 've been in Alcold Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa, When that doll 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.

And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue, As singing birds from one bough to another.

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

Vict. Sweet child of air! Never did I behold thee so attired

And garmented in beauty as to-night!

What hast thou done to make thee look so fair? Prec. Am I not always fair?

Vict. Ay, and so fair That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,

And wish that they were blind.

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

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

Prec. And yet than leavest me for those dusty books. Vict. Thou comest between me and those books too often 1 I see thy face in everything I see! The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks. The canticles are changed to sarabands. And with the learned doctors of the schools

And with the learned doctors of the schools I see thee dance cachuchas.

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

Vict. And with whom, I pray? Prec. A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace The Archbishop of Toledo.

Vict. What mad jest Is this?

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

Vict. Prithee, explain thyself.

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

Vict. I have heard it whispered. Now the Cardinal. Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold With his own eyes these dances; and the Archbishop Has sent for me-That thou may'st dance before them ; Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe The fire of youth into these gray old men! 'Twill 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 J asw thee I gave my heart away! Dost thou remember When first we met? It was at Cordova, In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting Under the orange-trees, beside a fountain. Prec. 'Twas 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 praved together. I never had been happy till that moment, Vict. Thou blessed angel! And when thou wast gord I felt an aching here. I did not speak To any one that day. But from that day Bartolomé grew hateful unto me. Vict. Remember him no more. Let not his shadow Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa! I loved thee even then, though I was silent ! Prec. I thought I ne'er should see thy face again. Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it. Vict. That was the first sound in the song of love ! Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound. Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings Of that mysterious instrument, the soul. And play the prelude of our fate. We hear The voice prophetic, and are not alone. Prec. That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings Vict. So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present. As drops of rain fall into some dark well,

And from below comes a scarce audible sound.

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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. 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 pigmy 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 Gipsy 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! Loving more. Prec. I cannot love thee more; my heart is full. Vict. Then let it overflow, and I will drink it. As in the summer-time the thirsty sands Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares. And still do thirst for more. A Watchman (in the street). Ave Maria Purissima! 'Tis midnight and serene! Vict. Hear'st thou that cry! It is a hateful sound. To scare thee from me ! Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds The moor-fowl from his mate. Pray, do not go ! Prec. Vict. I must away to Alcala to-night.

Think of me when I am away.

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.

Proc. 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

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.

To-morrow night

Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star

To guide me to an anchorage. Good night!

My beauteous star! My star of love, good night! Prec. Good night!

Watchman (at a distance). Ave Maria Purissima!

SCENE IV. An Inn on the road to Alcalá. BALTASAB asleep on a bench. Enter CHISPA.

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

.Bal. (waking). Here I am.

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

Bal. Where is your master?

Chippa, Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our hornes; and if he chooses to valk 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 coveries. What have we here?

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

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

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

Chippa (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. Chiopa. 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 table-cloth.

Bal Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa. And more noise than nuts.

Ba^L Ha! ha! ha! You must have your joke, Mäster 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 daad man.

Bal. Why does he go so often to Madrid ?

Chisps. For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in ove, 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!

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

SCENE V. VIOTORIAN'S Chambers at Alcalá. EYPOLITO aslsep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.

Hyp. I must have been adeep! ay, sound adeep! And it was all a dream. O sleep, wreet sleep! Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair, Holding unto our lips thy golbet filled Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught! The candles have burned low; it must be lata. Where can Yistorian be! Like Fray Carrilo, The only lace 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 Franciscol Padre Franciscol What do you want of Padre Francisco? Here is a protty young maiden Who wants to confess her sins! Open the door and lot her come in, I will shrive her from every an.

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. 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. 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! 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 Gipsy girl we saw at Córdova Dance the Romalis in the market-place? Hup. Thou meanest Preciosa Thou knowest how her image haunted me Long after we returned to Alcalá. She's in Madrid. And I'm in love. Hyp. And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be

If I so long have kept this secret from thee; But allence 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.

 Hy_R Alas I and 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 colds, and his Denfa Luisa,— Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me, lover How speeds thy wooing? I at the maiden col? Write her a song, beginning with an Ave, Sing as the monk sang to the Virzin Marv.

> Ave! cujus calcem elare, Nec centenni commendare Sciret Seraph studio!

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

Hyp. Seriously enamoured? What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá Enamoured of a Gipsy? Teil me frankly, How meanest thou?

Vict. I mean it honestly. Hyp. Surely thou wilt not marry her! Vict.

Hyp. She was betrothed to one Bartolomó, If I remember rightly, a young Gipsy

Who danced with her at Córdova. 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, 'Twill 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. OI would I had the old magician's glass To see her as she lies in childlike sleep! Hup. And would'st thou venture? Av. indeed I would ! Hun. 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. 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 i Hyp. Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love, That is the very point I most should dread.

That is the very point I most should dread. This mayic gloss, these majcin spells of thine, Might toil a tale were better left untoid. For instance, they might abserv us thy fair cousin, for instance, they might abserve us thy fair cousin, of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis, Whom thou, another faithlese Argonaut, Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love, Descrited for this Glauch.

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 Precises when we meet again. Get thes to bed, and the magician, Sleep,

Shall show her to thes, in his magic glass, In all her loveliness. Good night! [Exit, Vict. Good night: But not to hed: for I must read awhile.

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

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch The changing colour of the waves that break Upon the idle seashore 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. 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 enamoured knight can touch her robe! 'Tis this ideal that the soul of man. Like the enamoured knight heside 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. Yest 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 lins breathe in her ears my name! Gradually sinks isleen.

ACT IL

SCENE L-PRECIOSA'S Chamber. Morning. PRECIOSA and ANGELICA.

Pret. Why will you go so soonf 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! O, beware that man! Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley with him! And rather die an outcast in the streets Than touch his cold!

Ang. You know him, then? Prec. 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 faiend. 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 309

As much

To her who bore you! When your infant amile Made her home Frandiss, you were her angel. O, be an angel still : She needs that amile. So long as you are innocent, fear nothing. No one can harm you! I am a poor girl, Whome chance has taken from the public streets. I have no other shield than mine own virtue, That is the charm which has protocted me! Amid a thousand perily. I have worn it Here on my heart. It is any survarian amed.

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. Ana.

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.

Prec.

Both Heaven and you.

Remember that you come again to-morrow.

Ang. I will. And may the blessed Virgin guard you, And all good angels. [Ex:

Prec. May they guard these too, And all the poor; for they have need of angela. Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña, My richest maja dress,—my dancing dress, And my most precious jewels 1 Make me look Fairer than night éer saw mel 1 Yve 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!

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Farewell.

Prec. I gave thee vesterday; I have no more. Cruz. The gold of the Busné .- give me his gold ! Prec. I gave the last in charity to-day. Cruz. That is a foolish lie. Cruz, Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child ! Not to thy father? To whom, then? Who needs it more. No one can need it more. Prec. Thou art not poor. 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.-Prec. Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands. Thou canst supply thy wants: what wouldst thou more? Cruz. The gold of the Busné! give me his gold! Prec. Beltran Cruzado ! hear me once for all. I speak the truth. So long as I had gold. I gave it to thee freely, at all times. But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace ! Be merciful, be patient, and, ere long, Thou shalt have more. 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. 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. And no walls but the far-off mountain tops. Then I am free and strong .- once more myself. Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés! Prec. God speed thee on thy march !- I cannot go.

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

Prec. (with emotion). Oh, I beseech thee!

If my obediences and blameless life, If my bumility and meck submission In all things hitherto, can more in thes One feeling of compassion; if thou art Indeed my father, and caust trace in me One look of her who hore more, or one tone That doth remind thes of her, let if plead In my behalt, who ara a facebus girl, my behalt, who are a facebus girl, To west that mani. I are admid of himi I do not hore himi. I on my knees I beg thoe To use on violence, nor do in haste

Cruz. O child, 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 misterss. Make theo ready To go with us; and until then remember A watchful eye is on thee.

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 rotice By such accesses, we have sent to Rome, Beseching that his Holiness would aid In curing the gross surfielt of the time, By seasonable stop put here in Spain To bull-fights and leved dances on the stage. All this you know.

Card. Know and approve. Arch. And farther, That, by a mandate from his Holiness,

The first have been suppressed. Card. I trust for ever.

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, Anong the Roman populace of old, So Pan y Powers 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 a modest, half-timid attitude. Card. (aside). Oh, what a fair and ministering angel Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell I 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. 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. Thus I am called. Card. That is a Gipsy name. Who is thy father ? Prec. Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés. Arch. I have a dim remembrance of that man: He was a bold and reckless character. A sun-burnt Ishmael! Dost thou remember Yes: by the Darro's side My childhood passed. I can remember still The river, and the mountains capped with snow: The villages, where, yet a little child, The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd; The march across the moor: the halt at noon: The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted The forest where we slept; and, farther back, As in a dream or in some former life. Gardens and palace walls 'Tis the Alhambra. Under whose towers the Gipsy camp was pitched.

But the time wears; and we would see the dance. Prec. Your grace shall be obeyed.

She laya aside her manitilla. The munic of the cachuch is played, and the dance begins. The Ancementsmore and the CARDNAN toke on with gravity and an occasional from: them make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more placed and caeidad; and at length rise from their scats, throw their caps in the air, and applead rehemently as the scene close.

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 HIPOLITO meeting.

Don C. Hold! good evening, Don Hypolito.

Hyp. And a good evening to my friend, Don Carlos. Some lucky star has led my steps this way.

I was in search of you.

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

Don C.

I do;

But what of that?

Hyp. I am that wretched man.

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

Hyp. And amen ! said my Cid Campeador.

Don C. Pray, how much need you?

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?

Hyp. Thank you. A pretty purse, Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;

Perhaps a keepšake.

Don C. No, 'tis at your service.

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

Don C.

But tell me,

Come you to-day from Alcalá?

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?

In his case very ill. Don C. Why so ?

First and foremost. For many reasons. Recause 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.

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 favourite saint With gems and gold, until at length she gleams One blaze of glory. Without these, you know, And the priest's benediction, 'tis a doll.

Don C. Well, well! who is this doll ? Why, who do you think! Don C. His cousin Violante.

Guess again. To ease his labouring heart, in the last storm He threw her overboard, with all her ingots. Don C. I cannot guess; so tell me who it is.

Hup. Not I.

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

Don C. Jesting aside, who is it? Hup.

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

Hup. 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 wonder through the trees. Walking as in a dream.

He comes this way. Hup. 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 for ever hallowed. 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 ! 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-eved Gaditana That you both wot of ? Don C. Ay, soft, emerald eyes ? She has gone back to Cadiz. An de mil 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 ? Not a whit. Why so ? The slightest shade of green would be becoming. For thou art jealous. No, I am not jealous. Hyp. Thou shouldst be. Why Because thou art in love: Hup. And they who are in love are always jealous ; Therefore thou shouldst be. Marry, is that all? Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos. Thou sayest I should be jealous ? Hup. Av. 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 Then he will have his labour for his pains. Hun. He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me He boasts of his success. 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.

Death and damnation ! This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest, Trifle with me no more. For otherwise We are no longer friends. And so, farewell! Hyp. Now what a coil is here! The Avenging Child Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death, And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode To Paris for the ears of Oliver. Were nothing to him! Oh hot-headed youth! But come ; we will not follow. Let us join The crowd that nours into the Prado. There We shall find merrier company: I see The Marialonzos and the Almavivas. And fifty fans, that beckon me already.

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 LABA enters behind unperceived.

Prec. (reads).

All are sleeping, weary heart!

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

Thou fittle prisoner with thy motley coat. Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee, I have a gentle gaoler. Lack-a-day !

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 waited 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?

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Heigho! I wish Victorian would come. Dolores! Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the COUNT. Ha!

Lara. Señora, pardon me! Prec. How's this? Dolorea!

Lara

Pardon me---Doiores!

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

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

Lara. My dear lady, First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!

'Tis for your good I come.

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

You are the Count of Lere, but your deeds Would make the statuse of your ancestors Blush on their tombal I is it Castillan honour, is it Castillan find the set of O sharnet sharmed sharmed that you, a noleman, Should be as little noble in your thoughts As to send jewels here to win my love, And think to buy my honour with your gold! I have no works to tell you how I scorn you! I have no works to tell you how I scorn you!

Lara. Be calm; I will not harm you. Prec. Because you dare not.

Lava. 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 ensemise. We all have ensmise, and all need friends. Even you, fair Preciess, here at court Have focs, who seek to wrong you.

Prec.

If to this

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

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

Pro

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. Alas! I have 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. Oh, then, indeed, you are much wronged ! How mean you! Lara, Nav. nav: I will not wound your gentle soul By the report of idle tales. Speak out! Prec What are these idle tales? You need not spare me. Lara. I will deal frankly with you. Pardon nie; 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 vesterday. 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 Gipsy girl! Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer And I will strike! Pray you, put up that dagger. Fear not. Prec. I do not fear. I have a hcart 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 Preciosal on my knees I swear. I love you even to madness, and that love Has driven me to break the rules of custom. And force myself unasked into your presence. VICTORIAN enters helind. 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 Lara. O sweet angel! Far better than you love yourself or me. Lara. Give me some sign of this .- the slightest token Let me but kiss your hand! Nav. 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 honour. You are wealthy, you have friends And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hones 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 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 honour, but restore it, And in return I ask but some slight mark Of your affection. If indeed you love me, As you confess you do, oh, let me thus With this embrace—

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

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

Vict. I too am noble, and you are no more! Out of my sight! Lara. Are you the master here? Vict. Av, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others Prec. (to LARA). Go! I beseech you, go! Vict. I shall have business with you, Count. anon ! Lura. You cannot come too soon! Victorian ! Oh we have been betraved! Ha! ha! hetraved! 'Tis I have been betrayed, not we !- not we !-Prec. Dost thou imagine I imagine nothing : I see how 't is thou whilest the time away When I am gone! Prec. Oh speak not in that tone ! It wounds me deeply. 'Twas not meant to flatter. Prec. Too well thou knowest the presence of that man Is hateful to me! Yet I saw thee stand And listen to him, when he told his love. Prec. I did not heed his words. Vict And answeredst them with love, Hadst thou heard all Vict. I heard enough. Be not so angry with me. Vict. I am not angry; I am very calm. Prec. If thou wilt let me sneak. Nay, say no more. I know too much already. Thou art false ! I do not like these Gipsy marriages! Where is the ring I gave thce? 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. 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, av, 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 ruches out, Pree. And this from thee! Score closes

SCENE V. The COUNT OF LARA'S Rooms. Enter the COUNT.

Larg. There's nothing in the 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?

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 thes. Sleep shall not close Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and sword. Lizewat.

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

Fict. O shame! O shame! Why do I wulk abroad By daylight, when the very sensible mocks are, And vicios, and familiar sights and sounds Gry Hild thyself!" O, what a thin partition Doth anto out from the carious world the knowledge Of evil deads that have been done in darkness! Disgraso has many tongues. My fears are windows Through which all eyess som guing. Every face Expresses some suppicen 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.

Hup. And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

Fig. She does not love him [17] is for gold! for gold! Hyp. Ay, but remember, in the public streets He shows a golden ring the Gipsy gave him, A screent with a ruby in its month

Vict. She had that ring from me! God! she is false! But I will be revenged! The hour is passed. Where stave the coward?

 \overline{Hyp} , Nay, he is no coward; A villain, if thou will, but not a coward. I ve seen him play with swords; it is his pastime. And therefore be not over-confident, He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

(Enter LARA, followed by FRANCISCO.)

Lara. Good evening, gentlemen. Hyp. Good evening, Count. Lara. I trust I have not kept you long in waiting. Vict. Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

Lara. I am. Hyp. It grieves me much to see this quarrel

Between you gentlemen. Is there no way Left open to accord this difference,

But you must make one with your swords? Vict. No! none!

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito, Stand not between me and my foe. Too long

Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count!

(They fight. VICTOBIAN disarms the COUNT.)

Your life is mine; and what shall now withold 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 more 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 un

I understand you.

Therein I did not mean to cross your path. To me the door stood open, as to others. But had I known the girl belonged to you, Never would I have sought to win her from you. The truth stands now revealed; she has been false To both of us.

Vict. Ay, false as hell itself!

Lara. In truth I did not seek her; she sought me; And told me how to win her, telling me The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

Vict. Say, can you prove this to me? Oh, pluck out These awful doubts, that goad me into madness! Let me know all! all! all!

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

Fran. Ay, my lord.

. 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 spursh her from med do thus trample Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara, We both have been abused, been much abused! I thank your for your court-say and frankness, by the that court only bindiness, and I thank you. I now can see the folly I have done, I now can see the folly I have done, Though 'ta, also to late. So fare you well To-night I leave this hatcful torn for ever. Regord me as your friend. Once more, farewell!

Hyp. Farewell, Sir Count. [Excunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO. Lara. Farewell! farewell!

Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!

I have none else to fear; the fight is done,

The citadel is stormed, the victory won!

[Exit with FRANCISCO.

SCENE VII. A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.

Cruz, And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

Bart. In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

Cruz. And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

Bart. There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loof of bread.

Cruz. Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

Bart. First tell me what keeps thee here?

Cruz. Preciosa.

Bart. And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise? Cruz. The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

Bart. I hear she has a Busné lover.

Cruz. That is nothing.

Bart. I do not like it. I hate him,-the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must studd stilde, 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,

[Excunt.

SOENE VIII. The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sonna of castanets bolind the scenes. The cartain rises, and discovers Puscrosa in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha, "Immult; hisses; cries of "Brural" and "Ajueral" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. Pactorosa fainte

SCENE IX. The COUNT OF LARA'S Chambers. LARA and his Friend at supper.

> Lara. So, Caballeros, once more many thanks! You have stood by me bravely in this matter. Pray fill your glasses.

Don Juan. Did you mark, Don Luis, How pale she looked, when first the noise began, And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated ! Her noetrils sprend! her lips apart! her bosom Turnultuous as the sea!

Don Luis. 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 humour 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,)

AIL.

Preciosa!

Lara (holding up his glass). Thou bright and flaming minister of Love!

Thou wonderful magician, who hast stolen My secret from ms, and mid sighs of passion Cought from my lips, with red and flery tongue, Her precious name! O, never more henceforth Shall mortal lips press thine; and never more A mortal name be whispered in thine ear. Go! keep my secret!

(Drinks, and dashes the goblet down.)

Don J.

Ite 1 missa est / (Scene closes.)

SCENE X. Street and garden wall. Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.

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

Bart. Why not?

Cruz, Because she is not at home.

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

BONG (coming nearer.)

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

Bart. Woe be to him if he comes this way! Cruz. Be quiet, they are passing down the street.

BONG (dying away).

The nums in the cloidser Sang to each other; For so many sisters Is there not one brother? Ay, for the partridge, mother ! The cut has run away with the partridge! Pussi pussi puss!

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

[Execut. 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, gendlemen, come in, and help me scale Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns. More warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco,

[Excunt. Re-enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ. Bart. They went in at the gate. Hark! I hear them in the garden. (Trics the gate.) Bolted again! Vive Cristo! Follow me over the wall. [They climb the wall.

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

Dol. She sleeps at last.

(Opens the window and listens.)

All silent in the street,

And in the garden. Hark! Prec. (in her sleep). I must go hence ! Give me my cloak!

Dol. He comes! I hear his footsteps! Pree. Go tell them that I cannot dance to might; I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever That burns upon my check! 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. 327 *

Dol. I will undo the door. Wait till Looma. Pres. I musi go hence. I pray you do not harm mo! Shamel i to trant a feeble worman thus! Be you buk kind, I will do all hings for you. I'm ready now,-give nie my catalates. They glass upon mei like an evil aya. I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me! I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at 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. Oh, I am wounded! Dol. (shutting the window). Jesu Maria!

ACT IIL

SCENE I. A Cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, us traveling students with guidans, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sing.

SONG.

Ah. Lovel Perjurci, finkas, treacherous Love! Enemy Of all that mankind may not rue! Most unirus To him who keeps most faith with thee. Woo is me! The falcon has the eyes of the dove. Ah. Love! Perjurci, finkas, 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 dive us clearly to comprehend,

• **3**23

Whither tend

All thy pleasures, all thy sweets, They are cheats,

Ah. Love 1

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. 1 will forget her! All dasr recollections Pressed in my baset, like forwars within a book, Shall be torn out, and neattered to the winds! I will forget her? I But perhaps hereafter, And also shall learn how heardless is the world, A voice within the will repeat to a scholar, do, would I were a soldier, not a scholar, Do, would I were a soldier, not a scholar, the schattering blast of the brass-hermated trumps, The dinstarring blast of the brass-hermated trumps, And as wilt death might make me deaf for ever To the upbrainings of this foolish heart!

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

Fict Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain 1 throw into Oblivion's sea the sword That pierces me; for, like Excalibar, With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink. There rises from below a hand that grasps it, And waves it in the sir; and wailing voices Are heard along the shore.

Hyp. And yet at last Down anak Excalibat to rise on more. This is not well. In truth, it vexes me. Instead of whisting to the steels 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 dyng.

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 stron;; 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 !

<u>Jiyp.</u> We shall all be soon. Field. It cannot be too soon; for I arm weary of the bewildering masquerade of Life, Where strangers walks as friends, and friends as strangers: Marc whispers overheard, betray false hearing. And through the marses of the corwal we chase Some form of loveliness, that smiles, and beekons, And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us A mockery and a jest; maddaned,—confused,— Not knowing friend from foc.

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

Vict. I contess, That were the wiser park. But Hope no longor Comforts my soul. I am a wretebled man, Much like a poor and shipwreeked mariner, Who, struggling to elimb up into the boat, Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off, And sinks again into the weltering sea, Heirless and hopeless I

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

(Sound of a village bell in the distance.)

Vict. Ave Maria I hear the sacristan Ringing the chines from yonder village beliry I A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide Over the red roofs of the cottages, And bits the labouring hind a-field, the shepherd Guarding his factor, the longly 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 sui Across the running sea, now green, now blue, And, like an idle mariner on the main, Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.

ENE II. Public square in the villages of Guadarrama. The Are Maria still tolling. A croad of villagers, with their hat in their hands, as if in prayer. Is front a group of Gipsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gipsy dance. Enter PANCHO, followed by PEDBO CRESPO.

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

Pedro G. Keep silence all I have an edict hero 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

Pedro C. An act of banishment against the Gipsies!

(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)

Pancho. Silence!

Peter C. (read), "I hereby order and command That the Egyptian and Chalden strangers, Known by the name of Gipnes, shall henceforth be banished from the realm, as vapabonds And begars; and if, after seventy days, Any be found within our kington's bounds, They shall receive a hundred lashes each; The scond time, shall have their cars cut off; The third, be alaves for life to him who taken them, or bourt as herefields. Signed, 1, the King," Vile miscreants and creatures unbapticod i You hear the law! J Obey and disappear!

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

[The Gipsies 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.

I thank you heartily.

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

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

Padre C.

Why, look you .

They cane with Hercules from Palestino. And hence are bifvers and varganta, Sir Akada, As the Simoniaes from Simon Magua, And, look you, as Fuy Jaymes Bieda are, There are a hundred marks to prove a More Hore are abundred in the Galaxy more activation of the rest of the Galaxy more activation of the rest of the Galaxy News Inspire Mark and the Galaxy News Inspire their children, nor keep Lent, Nor see the Inside of a church, -nor-nor-

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

Enter VICTOBIAN and HYPOLITO, playing.

Padre C. And pray, whom have we here? Padro C. More regranta! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants? Hyp. Good evening, gentlement 1 s this Guadarama? Padre C. Yas, Guadaraman, and good evening to you. Hyp. We seek the Padre Cura of the village; And, judging from your dress and reverend mien, You must be he.

Padre C. I am. Pray, what's your pleasure? Hyp. We are poor students, travelling in vacation. You know this mark?

(Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.)

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

Pedro C. (aside). Soup-eaters! by the mass! The worst of vagrants!

And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant. [Exit. Padre C. Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

Padre Cui

From the first moment J beheld your face, I said within myself, "This is the man1" There is a certain something in your looks, A certain scholar-like and studious something,— You understand,—which cannot be mistaken j 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 1 said you so? Why that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde?

Hyp. Indeed! you much astonish me! His air Was not so full of dignity and grace As an alcalde's should be, Padre C. That is true. He is out of humour with some vagrant Ginsies. Who have their camp here in the neighbourhood. There is nothing so undignified as anger. Hup. The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness. If, from his well-known hospitality, We crave a lodging for the night. I pray you! You do me honour! 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 Bays, Hun, 'Tis Ovid, is it not? Hup. 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.) Pass this way. He was a very great man, was Cicero! Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony. Exernt SCENE III. A Room in the PADRE CURA'S house. Enter the PADRE Padre C. So then, Señor, you come from Alcala, I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied. Hup. And left behind an honoured name, no doubt. How may I call your Grace? De Santillana, at vour Honour's service. Hyp. Descended from the Marquis Santillana? From the Marquis. Not from the poet Hup. Why, they were the same, Let me embrace you! Oh, some lucky star Has brought me hither! Yet once more !--once more ! Your name is ever green in Alcalá; And our professor, when we are unruly, Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas! It was not so in Santillana's time! Padre C. I did not think my name remembered there Hyp. More than remembered; it is idolised.

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 hanz. Have you forgottenf

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,

you remember Cuevas

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! 'Tis my niece.

Enter MARTINA.

Hyp. You may be proud of such a niece as that. I wish I had a niece. Emolit mores. (Aside.) He was a very great man, was Cicerol Your servant. fair Martina.

Mart. Servant, sir. Padre C. This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it. Let us have supper.

Mart. 'Twill be ready soon.

Padre C. And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself.

Prav vou, Señor, excuse me,

Hist! Martina!

One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes! To-day there have been Gipsies in the village. Is it not so?

Mart. There have been Gipsies here.

Hyp. Yes, and they told your fortune.

Mart. (embarrassed). Told my fortune? Hyp. Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand. I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they said, The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,

And him you should not marry. Was it not? Mart. (surprised). How know you that?

Hyp. O, I know more than that What a soft, little hand! And then they said,

A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall, And rich, should come one day to marry you, And you should be a lady. Was it not?

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Excit.

"rea to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN with a letter. Vict. The muleteer has come. Hyp. 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. Hup. What news from Court ? 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! Hup. What news is this, that makes thy check turn pale, And thy hand tremble ? Oh. most infamous! The Count of Lara is a damned vikain! Two. That is no news, forsooth. 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. Hup. The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains Desperate with love, like Gaspar Gil's Diana. 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. O beware! Act not that folly o'er again. 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. Tell us. Padre Cura. Hup. Who are these Gipsies in the neighbourhood? Padre C. Beltran Cruzado and his crew. Vict. Kind Heaven. I thank thee! She is found ! is found again !

 $H\eta p.$ And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl, Called Preciosa i

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 support waits.

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.

Chipa, Halloo! Don Folano! Let us have hores, and quickly, Mas, poor Chingel what a dog' life dost throughl, whan 1 Left my old matter, Virtorian, the student, to serve my new matter Don Choise, the grutherman, that I too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up lata. For when he abobt plays cards, what can you czysct of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lighting. Here I am in hor chase after my master and his Gipps girl. And a good begimning of the week it is, as he axid 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 asleen.

He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.

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

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

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

Chipa. 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 ?

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

Mosq. What's the news at Court?

Chisps. 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 Mosquiro.) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell we, has a band of Gipsies passed this way of late ?

Mosq. Yes; and they are still in the neighbourhood. 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 Gipsy 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 Gipsies, blockhead!

Chinga. I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However there is no eatching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses. [Ezeuw.

SCENE V. The Gipsy camp in the forest. Night. Gipsies working ct a Forge. Others playing Cards by the fire-light.

Gipsies (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? O how from their fury shall I flee?

First Gipsy (playing). Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end. Gipsie (at the force sind).

> Loud sang the Spanish cavalier, And thus his ditty ran; God send the Gipsy lassic here, And not the Gipsy man,

First Gipsy (playing). There you are in your morocco. Scould Gipsy. One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gipsy. Have at you, Chirelin. Gipsies (at the forge sing).

> At midnight, when the moon began To show her silver flame, There came to him no Gipsy man, The Gipsy lassie came,

Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.

Cruz. Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave playl listen to your orders for the night. (Speaking to the right.) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cues.

Gipsies. Ay!

Cress. (to the left.) And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

Gipsies. Ay!

 \widehat{Crux} . 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 aleco. D've hear?

Gipsies. Ay!

Graz. 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!

Gipsies. Ay! ay!

Cruz, Away, then !

[Execut severally. CRUZADO walks up the stage and disappears among the trees. Enter PRECIOSA]

Proc. How strangely gleams through the giganic brees The red light of the forgel "Wild, beckoning ishadows Stalk through the forest, over and anon Rising and bending with the filekering flame. Them fitting into darkness! So within me for the state of the state of the state of the Strange hopes and form of beckon to a being, As the light does the shadow. Woe is me! How still it is about me, and how lonely!

BARTOLOMÉ rushes in.

Bart. Ho! Preciosa! Prec.

O Bartolomé!

Thou here?

Bart. Lo! I am here. Prec.

Whence comest thou!

Eart. 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, I he wind and rain have been my sole companions. I shouted to them from the rooks thy name. And the loud echo sent it back to ms, Till I grow mad. I could not stay from thee, And I am here! Betray me, if thou will.

Prec. Betray thee! I betray thee ? Praciosa! I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death! Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm ! Fly with me! Preca Speak of that no more. I cannot. I am 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 am hunted from the kingdom like a wolf ! Fulfil thy promise. Prec. 'Twas my father's promise. Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee, Nor promised thee my hand ! False tongue of woman ! And heart more false! 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, For thy dear sake, Bart. I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience. Prec. Then take this farewell, and depart in peace. Thou must not linger here. Come, come with me. Prec. Hark! I hear footsteps. I entreat thee, come ! Prec. Away! It is in vain. Wilt thou not come? Prec. Never! Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die ! Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me! Mother of God, the glorified, protect met

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 for ever! O, dull heart. Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to heat. Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain !

Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.

Vict. 'Tis she! behold how beautiful she stands Under the tent-like trees!

Hup. A woodland nymph! Vict. I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

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

Prec. (aside with emotion). That voice! That voice from heaven! O, speak again!

Who is it calls?

A friend.

'Tis he! 'Tis he! Prec. (aside).

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?

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 crass Prec. Is't silver ?

No. 'tis gold. .

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

Fiel the old story!

Tell me a better fortune for my money;

Not this old woman's tale !

You are passionate : And this same passionate humour 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

How could you do it?

I never loved a maid:

For she I loved was then a maid no more. Prec. How know you that ?

A little bird in the air Whispered the secret. 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 ! Why, 'tis but a ring. I'll give it back to you : or, if I keen it. Will give you gold to buy you twenty such. Prec. Why would you have this ring ? A traveller's fancy. A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it, As a memento of the Gipsy camp In Guadarraina, and the fortune-teller Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid. Pray, let me have the ring. No. never! never! I will not part with it, even when I die; But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus, That it may not fall from them. "Tis a token Of a beloved friend, who is no more. How ? dead ? Prec. Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead. He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring. I will rise with it from my grave hereafter, To prove to him that I was never false. Vict. (aside). Be still, my swelling heart! one moment. Why, 'tis the folly of a love-sick girl. Come, give it me, or I will say 'tis mine. And that you stole it. Prec. O, you will not dare To utter such a fiendish lie! 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. 'Tis thou! 'tis thou! Yes; yes; my heart's elected a

Prec. The thoul 'the thoul 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

I pray thee do not chide me! Vict. Prec. I should have perished here among these Gipsies.

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.

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

Prec. That had 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.

Hup. 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 Ginsy lass, fair Preciosa!

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

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 Gipsies, ho! Beltran Cru-

Halloo | halloo | halloo | halloo !

Vict.

Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.

What now ?

Why such a fearful din ? Hast thou been robbed?

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

Vict. Speak; what brings thes here ? Chispa (to PRECIOSA). Good news from Court; good news! Beltran Cruzado.

The Count of the Calés, is not your father, But your true father has returned to Spain Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gipsy.

Vict. Strange as a Moorish tale!

Chispa. And we have all Been drinking at the tavern to your health, As wells drink in November, when it rains.

Vict. Where is the gentleman ?

Chisna.

As the old song says,

His body is in Segovia, His soul is in Madrid.

Proc. Is this a dream! O, if if be a dream, Let me aleep 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 fingey camp; this is Wictorian, 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 bezzar.

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

Chippa (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 enack. I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds! Vict. What more of this strange story ! Chippa.

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 II 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 farewall, The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades, Sung under ladies' windows in the night, And all that makes vacation beautiful! To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá.

To you, ye radiant visions of romance, Written in books, but here surpassed by truth, The Bachelor Hypolito retarns, And leaves the Gipsy 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, Tis 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 maked 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. Are Maria gratia plena. Oldí good man i Són-, Oldi Monk. Is this the road to Segovia! Son-, D is, your reverence. Monk. How far is it Mark. What is that younder in the valley! Son-, San Hiefenno. Monk. A visit is that younder in the valley! Son-, San Hiefenno. Monk. A visit is that younder in the valley! Son-, Ay, mary. Monk. Are there robbers in these mountains ! Son-, Yee, and worse than that. Monk. Santa Maria! One of the variable of the value of the son Hiefenso and thou abile be well revearded.

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 stood, And I march me hurrhed, worried; Onward, caballito mo, With the white star in thy forehead! Onward, for here comes the Ronds, And I hear their rifles crack! Ay, jaléo! Ay, ay, jaléo! Ay, jaléo! They cross our track.

Jong dies away. Enter PRECIOSA, on horseback, attended by VICTO RIAN, 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 ! Most beautiful, indeed! Hyp. Most wonderful! And in the vale below. Where wonder 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! And which way lies At a great distance wonder. Dost thou not see it? No. I do not see it. Vict. The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edga. There, yonder! Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct. And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors, Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas Was fed on Pan del Rey. O, many a time Out of its grated windows have I looked Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma. That, like a serpent through the valley creeping. 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. Against all stress of accident, as, in The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide. Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains. 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. And filled with my affection. Prec. My father waits. Methinks I see him there,

Now looking from the window, and now watching Each sound of wheels or foot-fall in the street, And saying, "Hark she comes!" O father! father!

They descend the pass. CHISPA remains behind.

Chipa, I have a finher, too, but he is a dead one. Also acre alacks-aday ! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I way through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking; and always as marry as a thundreatorm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the or. Who knows what may happen! Tatience, and abuilt the cardial ! I am may be to baid, that you can see my brinks; and perhaps, after all, I half some shore go to florms, and come book Saim Freier. Benefitter

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 Gipsy'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. BAETOLONE full.]

INTRODUCTION.

Snourn yon ak me, whence these stories: Whence these legends and traditions, With the odours of the forest, With the ourning snoke of wireware, With the runking of great rivers, With the runking of great rivers, With their request repetitions, And their wild reverberations. As of thunder in the mountains?

I should asswer, I should tell yos, "From the forest and the prairies, From the start of the Northland, From the land of the Diacotalas From the sound of the Diacotalas From the soundarias, moors, and fenlands Where the hereon, the Shuhshuh gal, the the hereon, the Shuhshuh gal, From the based of the soundarias From the lips of Naradaha, The musician, the sweet singer,

Should you ask where Nawadaha Found these songs, so wild and wayward. Found these logends and traditions, I should answer, I should tell you, "In the birds-nests of the forest, In the lodges of the beaver, In the hoof-prints of the bison, In the eyry of the engle!

"All the wild fowl sang them to him, In the moorlands and the fenlands, In the melancholy marshes; Chetowaik, the plover, sang them, Mahng, the loon, the wild goose, Wavn.

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gali, 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 Yale of Tarasentia In the green and silent valley, By the plasant water-courses, Dwelt he singer Nawadaha. Round about the Indian village Spread the meadow and the corn-fields, And beyond them stood the fores, Stood the groves of singing planetress, Green in Summer, white in Winter, Ever sighting, ever singing.

"And the pleasant water-courses, You could trace them through the valley. By the rushing in the Spring-time, By the white fog in the Autumn, By the white fog in the Autumn, By the black line in the Winter; And beside them dwell the singer, In the Vale of Tawasentha, In the green and silent valley.

"There he sang of Hiawaiha, Sang the song of Hiawaiha, 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 whe love the hanned of Nature, Love the sumhine of the mesdow, Love the shadow of the forest, Love the wind among the branches, Love the wind among the branches, And the rushing of great rives Through their polisides of pine-trees, And the thumder in the mountains, Whose immumchile echoes Fisp like eagles in their errise;-To this Same of Histwathat To this Same of Histwathat

Ye who love a nation's legends, Love the ballads of a people, That like voices from afar off hall to us to pause and listen,

3.18

THE PEACE-PIPE.

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 Hiawathal

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple, Who have faith in God and Nature, Who belive, that in all ages Every human heart is human, That in even savage bosoms There are longing, yearning, strivings For the good they comprehend not, That the foelbh hands and halpless, Groping blindly in the darkness, Mad are lifted up and strengthened;— Listen to this simple story, To this Sone of Hawathal

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles Through the green hans of the country, Where the tangled barberry-bankse Hang their tuits of crimon berrise Over stone walls gray with moses. Fausby nome neglected graveyard, For a while to muse, and ponder On a halt-efficacion inscription, Written with little skill of songeraft, Hondy phrase, but each letter bard the songeration of the start Full of all the tender pathons Full of all the tender pathons of the Herra and the Herselfter ;-Stay and read this runds inscription, Read this Song of Hisavatha 1

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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 foot-prints 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 nine-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 neighbouring 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 tranguli air of morning, First a single line of darkness, Then a denser, bluer vapour, Then a snow-white cloud unfolding Like the tree-tops of the forcest, Ever rising, rising, rising, Till it touched the top of heaven, Till it broke against the heaven, And rolléd outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha, From the Valley of Wyoming, From the groves of Tuscalousa, From the far-off Rocky Mountains, From the Northern lakes and rivers, All the tribes beheld the signal, Saw the distant smoke ascending, The Prifwans of the Peace-Fipe.

And the prophets of the nations Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana! By this signal from afar off, Bending like a wand of willow, Waving like a hand that beckons, Gitche Manito, the mighty, Calls the tribes of men together,

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies, Came the warriors of the nations, Came the Delawares and Mohawks

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THE PEACE-PIPE.

Came the Choclaws and Camanches, Came the Shoshonies and Blackiest, Came the Pawnees and Omawhiws, Came the Mandans and Discotahs, Came the Hurons and Ojibwaya, All the warriors drawn together By the signal of the Peace-Fipe, To the Mountains of the Prairie, To the great Red Pipestone Quarry.

And they stood there on the medicar, With their varges, and their warges, Painted like the leaves of Autumn, Painted like the sky of morning. With glaring at each other; in their hearts the found of ages, In the of the automatic the state of a Looked upon their workh and wrangling But as found and fights of children !

Over them he stretched his right hand, To subdue their stubborn matures, To allay their thirst and fever, By the shadow of his right hand; Spake to them with voice majessic As the sound of far-off waters, Falling into deep abyses, 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 finit in, I have given you streams to finit in, I have given you bear and bison, I have given you roe and reindeer, I have given you roe and reindeer, Filled the nivers full of fishes; Why then ary you not contented? Why then will you hunt each other? " I an weary of your quarris,

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 lister 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, Bury your war-lube and your/weapoer, Bury kithe red stone from this quarry, Mould and make is into Peace-Fipes, Take the reeds that grow beside you, Deck them with your brightest feathers, Smoke the calumet together, And a brothen live henceforward!"

Then upon the ground the warriors Threw their cloaks and shirts of deerekhn, Threw their swapons and their war-gear, Laped into the rushing river, Clear above the rushing river, Clear above them forced the water, Clear above them forced the water, Solid and stained with streaks of crimero, Solid and stained with streaks of crimero, at it blood wares mingled with h11

From the river came the warriors, Clean and washed from all their warpaint; On the banks their clubs they buried, Buried all their warlike wespons. 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 Lirk, ascending,

THE FOUR WINDS.

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-Pipel

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THE FOUR WINDS.

"Hoxons be to Mudjekeewia!" Cried the warriors, cried the old men, When he earne in triumph homeward With the secred Belt of Wampura, From the kingdom of Wahase From the kingdom of Wahase He had slot the Belt of Wampura He had slot the Belt of Wampura From the Great Bear of the momining. From the Great Bear of the momining. As he by asleep and cumbrous On the summit of the mountaing, Like a rock with mosses on it, Spotted brown and gray with mosses.

Silently he stole upon him, Silently he stole wipon him, Almost touched him, almost seared him, Warned the busiles of Manjhernin, As he drew the Belt of Wanpum Over the sound earst, dish heard not, Over the small eyes, that saw noty. Over the hand so the state of the Warned the hands of Manjhervia.

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, Richt between the eves he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered, Rose the Great Bear of the mountains; But his kness 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, 25.

Standing fearlessly before him, Taunted him in loud derision, Spake disdainfully in this wise:---

""Hark you, Bearl you are a corard, And no Brave, as you pretended; Else you would not cry and whiznper Like a mizerable woman! Bearl you know our tribes are hostlle, Long have been at war together; Now you find that we are strongest, You go meaking in the forcest, You go niding in the mountains! Had you conquered main tactler; Not a groan would I have uttered? Not a groan would I have uttered? Not a groan would I have uttered? Not a wretched Shangodaya, Like a overativel 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 shain the Mishe-Mokwa, He the Great Bear of the mountains, He the berror of the nations.

" Honour be to Mudjekeewis!" With a shout exclaimed the people, "Honour be to Mudjekeewis! Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind, And hereafter and for ever Shall he hold supreme dominion Over all the winds of hasven. Call him no more Mudjekeewis, Call him kohevun, 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 cruol, To the farce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun; He it was whose silver arrows Chased the dark o'er hill and valley; He it was whose checks were painted With the brightest streaks of crimson,

THE FOUR WINDS.

And whose voice awoke the village, Called the deer, and called the hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun; Though the birds sang gaily to him, Though the wild-flowers of the meadow Filled the air with odours 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, gasing earthward, While the village still was alsocoping, And the fog lay on the river, Like a ghost, that goes at sunrice, 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 woode her with caresses, Wood her with a smalled sumhine, With his futtering words he wood her, With his futtering mark his singustrategies and the state of the state Software music, sweetest odours, Toll he drow her to his bosom, Folded in his robes of ermson, Folded in his robes of ermson, Folded in his robes of ermson, And for even in the heaves And for even in the heaves And for even in the heaves and the state of Morrine.

But the force Kabibonokka Had his dvelling among leebergs, In the everlasting anow-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 scalest, Stained the leaves with red and yellow; He it was who sent the anow-flakes,

Sifting, hissing through the forest, Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers, Drove the loon and sea-gull southward, Drove the cormorant and curlew To their nests of sedge and sea-tang In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the force 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 moralands.

There among the reeds and runkes Found he Shingebia, 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 Wake 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 go into his wigwam, fire out!"

And at night Kabibonokka To the lodge came wild and walling, Heaped the snow in dirfts about it, Shouted down into the smoke-flux, Shouted down into the smoke-flux, Shingbils, the diver, faved not, Shingbils, the diver, faved not, Shingbils, the diver, cared not, Gas for each more of the writer, One for each more of the writer, Day is the size of the state of the state of the state of the state of the Warm and marry, eating, languing, Shingbil, "O Kabibonokka, You are but my follow morell it"

Then Kabibonokka entered, And though Shingebis, the diver, Felt his presence by the coldness, Felt his icy breath upon him,

THE FOUR WINDS.

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 treases, Drogs of sweet 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-drifta.

Thi its hash herese idented, Could not bear the heat and langular, Could not bear the merry singing, Diar mathed heating shrough the document Shamped upon the lakes and rivers, Made the now you on them harder, Made the iso you on them thicks, Challenged Shingolish, the direr, To come forth and wrestle with him, To come forth and wrestle with him,

Forth went Shingobia, the diver, Wrestied all night with the North-Wind, Wrestied an ling the shift of the Till his frozen grang grow foebler, Till he reded and staggered backwara, And retreated, ballied, beaten, To the Night of Wabaso, To the Shift of Wabaso, To the Shift of Wabaso, Shift of the Shift Shift, Harring still the gravyl languitz, Shifting "O Kabibookka, Shifting "O Kabibookka,

Shawondhaso, fat and laxy, Had his dwelling far to southwrad, In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine, In the never-ending summer. He it was who sent the wood-birds, Sent the rolin, the Opechec, Sent the blue-bird, the Owaissa, Sent the blue-bird, blue wallow, Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward, Sent the mild-goose, Wawa, northward, Sent the mild-goose, Mara, Sent the moloco,

And the graphes in purple clusters. From his pipe the smoke ascending Filled the sky with haze and vapour, Filled the sky with haze and vapour, Filled the sky with second second for a twink to the burster, Touched the rugged hills with smoothness, Drought the tender Indian Summer To the melancholy North-land, In the dreary Moon of Snowshoes.

Listless, circless Shawonhaseel In his iik be had one shadow, In his heart one sorrow had ha. Once, as he was garing northward, Far away upon a prairie He beheld a maiden standing, Saw a tall and elender maiden All alone upon a prairie; Brightost green were all her garmenta, And her hair was like the sumahin.

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, 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!

This 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-lown the prairie,

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

And the maid with hair like sunshine Vanished from his sight for ever; Never more did Shawondasee See the maid with vellow tresses!

Poor deluded Shiwondases! Twas no woman that you gazed at, Twas no mailen that you sighed for, Twas the prairie dandelion That through all the dreamy Summer You had sighed for with such passion, And had puffed dawy for ever, Blown into the air with sighing. Abt i deluded Shawondased

Thus the Four Winds were divided; Thus the sons of Mudjekewis 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 wing of grap-wines, When her rival, the rejected, Full of jealouys and hatvad, Cat in twain the twisted graps-vines, And Nokomis fell all affighted Downward through the sevening twilight On the Maukoday, the meadow, On the Maukoday, the meadow, "See I a star falls I" said the people; "See I a star falls I" and the people;

There among the ferms and mosses, There among the prairie lilies, On the Musicolay, the meadow, In the moonlight and the starlight, Fair Nokomis hore 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, "O, heware of Mudjekcewis, Of the West-Wind, Mudjekcewis; 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 also hereded not the warning, Heeded not these words of windom, And the West-Wind came at evening, Walking lightly of the printiand the second second second second Bending low the flowers and grasses, Found the beautiful Wenoma, Lying there among the lilies, Woods her with his words of averanes, Woods her with his words carseses, Been a son of lows and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiswatha, 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 Mudiekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly Walled and wept the sad Nokomis; "O that I were dead!" she murnured, "O that I were dead as thou art! No more work, and no more weeping, Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

By the aboves of Gitche Gumes, By the abining Big-Ses-Water Stood the wigwam of Nokomis, Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis, Dark behind it rose the forces, Rese the black and gloomy pine-trees, Rese the firs with conce upon them; Beast the dera and sumny water, Beast the abining Big-Ses-Water. Three the wurnkled, old Nokomin

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

Nured the little Hiswaths, Rocked him in his Indea cradle, Bedded soft in moss and rankes, Stidly bound with reindeer sinway; Stilled him fretful.wail by asying, "I whan't the Nasked Baar will get theo?" Luiled him into slumber, singer, Luiled him into slumber, singer, Whis his great eyes lights the wigwant With his great eyes lights the wigwant With his great eyes lights the wigwant

Many things Nekonia staught him Of the stars that him in haven; Showed him Inkocdah, the comely Inkocdah, with frey tresses; Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits, Warriow with their plumes and war-clutos, Flaring far away to northward In the frosty nights of Winter; Showed the broad, white road in heaven, Pathway of the splots, the shadows. Running straight scross the haversa, Crowled with the splots, the shadows.

At the door on aimmer evenings Sat the little Hiswaths; 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-auahks!" said the water.

Saw the firedy, Wahwah-tayses, Titting through the duak 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 : "Wahwah-taysee, Ittle fired y, Little, fitting, white-fire insect, Little, dancing, white-fire insect, Little, dancing, white-fire insect, Ere upon my bed I hay me, Ere in aleor 1 close my reylid!"

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; 'Tis 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: "This the heaven of flowers you nee there; All the wild-flowers of the forest, All the Miles of the prairie, When on earth they fields 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 cried in terror; "And the good Nokomis answered: "That is but the owl and owlet, Talking in their native language, Talking, solding at each other."

Them 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 Chickena."

Of all besats he learned the language, Learned their names and all their secrets, How the beavers built their lodges, Where the squirrels hid their acome, How the reindeer ran so swiftly. Why the rabbit was so timid, Talked with them whene'er he met them, Called them "Hawaths's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster, the the marrellows story-teller, He the traveller and the talker, He the friend of old Nokomis, Made a bow for Hiswatha; From an cak-bough made the arrows, Tipped with fint, and winged with feathers, And the cord he made of dereskin.

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 antiers!"

HIAWATHA S CHILDHOOD,

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 blue-bird, 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. Hiwathal"

And the rabbit from his pathway Leaped aside, and at a distance Sat erect upon his haunches, Half in fear and half in frolie, 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, Three he waited till the deer came, Till he saw two antiens lifted, Saw two eyes look from the thicket, Saw two nearenis hown the pathway, And a deer enne down the pathway, And his heart willing him the shadow. Termbled like the leaves showe him, Like the birch-leaf palpitated, As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee upriming, Hawatha aimed an arrow; Scarce a twig moved with his motion, Scarce a law was stirred or rushed, But the wary robuck started, Stamped with all his hoofs together, Listened with one foot uplifted, Lasened as if to meet the arrow; Ah1 the singing, fatal arrow, Like a wang it buzzed and steug him. I

Dead he lay there in the forest, By the ford across the river;

Beat his timid heart no longer, But the heart of Hiawatha Throbbed and shouted and exulted, As he bore the red-deer homeward, And Iagoo 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 in his honour. All the village came and feasted, All the guests praised Hiawatha, Called him Strong-Heart, Scange-taha? Called him Cono-Heart, Mahngo-tayseo!

IV.

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

Our 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 labours.

Swiik of loot was Hikwatha; He could shoot an arrow from him, And run forward with such floetness, That the arrow fell behind hin! Strong of arm was Hikwatha; Shoot them with such strength and swiitzes, That the tenth had left the bowstring Ere he first to earth had idle1

He had mittens, Minjekahwun, Magio mittens made of deerskin ; When upon his hands he wore them, he could grind them into powder. He could grind them into powder, He had moccasins enchanted, Magio moccasins of them round his ankles, When upon his feet he tied them, When upon his feet he tied them, Much he questioned old Nokomis of his father Mudjakewis; Learned from her the fatal secret

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

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 Hiswatha, Dressed for travel, armed for hunding; Dressed in derekin shirt and leggins, Richly wrought with quills and wampum, On his head his eagle-feathers, Round his waits his belt of wampum; In his hand his low of ash-wood, Strung with ainswer of the reinder; In his quiver oaken arrows, Tipped with japer, winged with feathers; With his mutens, Minjekahwan, With his mutend.

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 Hinwaths Heeded not her woman's warning; Forth he strole into the forest, At each stride a mile he measured; Lurid seemed the sarb hemsenth him, Lurid seemed the sarb hemsenth him, Eilled without he and fary various, As of burning wools and printies, For his heart was hot within him, Like a living cold his hearts was.

So he journeyed westward, westward, Left the Boetset deer behind him, Left the natelope and biton; Crossed the nubling Esconswhaw, Crossed the hund of Cord and Potting, Fassed the Montains of the Printing, Ease of the Band of Cord and Potting, Came unto the Rocky Muuntains, 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, Glamed like drifting snow his tresses, Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet, Like the star with fary tresses.

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 I Long have I been waiting for you I Youth is lovely, age is lonely, Youth is favery, age is frosty; You bring back the days departed, You bring back the youth of passion, And the beautiful Wenomah!"

Many days they talked together, Questioned, listened, waited, answered; Much the mighty Mudjelcewis Boasted of his ancient provess, Of his perilous adventures, His indomitable courage, His invulnerable body.

Patiently ast Hiawatha, Listening to his father's hoasting; 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

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

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 bulrash yonder, Nothing but the great Apukwa!"

And as MudjeKeewis, rising, Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush, Hiswaths cried in terror, Cried in well dissembled terror, "Kagol kagol 40 not touch it!" "Ah, kaween !" said Mudjekeewis, "No, indeed, I will not touch it!"

Then they talked of other matters First of Hiswatha's brothens, First of Wabun, of the East-Wind, Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee, Of the North, Kabitonokka; Then of Hiswatha's mother, Of the birth upon the mesalow, Of her birth upon the mesalow, Of her disth, 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 Lify of the Fraire, Trampled it beneath your footstepey You confess it! you confess it! You confess it! And the mighty Mudjekeewis Tossed upon the wind hit resses, Bowed his heary head in anguish, With a sillent nod assented.

Then up started Hiswaths, And with threatening look and gesture Laid his hand upon the black rock, for the faal wherek laid it, on the faal wherek laid it, Bent the juiting crag saunder, Smote and crushed it into fragments, Hurded them madly at his father, The remorschul Muigkeeveris, For his heart was hot within him, Like a living coal his heart was,

Blue the tragments backward from him, With the breathing of his nestrils, With the tempest of his anger, Blue them back at his assailant; Scized the burnsh, the Apakwa, Dragged it with its roots and fibres From the margin of the meadow, From its ooze, the giant bulrush; Long and loud laughed Hirwathal

Then began the deadly conflict, Hand to hand among the mountains; From his eyric screamed the eagle, The Keneu, the great war-eagle; Sat upon the crags around them, Wheeling flauped his wines above them.

Like a tail free in the tempest Bent and lashed the ginnt buirush; And in masses huge and heavy Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek; Till the earth shook with the turnult And confusion of the battle, And the air was full of shoutings, And the bunder of the mountains, Starting, answered, "Baim-wawa!"

Back retreasted Michigheevers, Rushing workward o'er lie mountains, Rushing workward o'er lie mountains, Rushing workward o'er lie mountains, Still pursued by Hiswatha To the doorrang of the West-Wind, To the portial of the Samet, To the portial or the samet, To the portial comply gasces Where into the angle gasces Deeps into he as a fin single. Deeps into he as a fin single.

"Hold I" at length cried Mudjekeewis, "Hold, my son, my Hinwatha1 "Tis impossible to kill me, For you cannot kill the immortal I have put you to this trial, But to know and prove your courage; Now receive the prize of valour1

"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,

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS,

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 Shahshah, In the days long since departed, In the kingdom of the West-Wind. Still the hunter sees its traces Scattered for o'r hill and valley ; Sees the giant bulruah growing By the ponds and water-courses, Sees the masses of the Wawbeek Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Iliawatha; Pleasant was the landscape round him, Pleasant was the air above him, For the bitterness of anger Had departed wholly from him, From his herait the burght of vengesnos, From his heart the burght of vengesnos,

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 finit and jasper, Smoothed and sharpened at the edges, Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-sped daughter, Wayward as the Minnehaha, With her moods of shade and sunshine. Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate, Feet as rapid as the river, Treases flowing like the water, And as musical a laughter; And he name her from the river,

From the water-fall he named hor, 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 Dacotabs?

Was is 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, glaucing through the branches, As one hears the Laughing Water From behind its acreen of branches?

Who shall say what thoughts and visions Fill the ferry brains of young men1 Who shall say what dreams of beauty Filled the heart of Hiawathaf All he told to old Nokomis, When he reached the lodge at sunset, Was the meeting with his father, Was his fight with Mulgicewsis; Not a word he said of arrows, Not a word of Laughing Water?

٧.

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,

HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

Heard the phessant, Bena, drumning, Heard the squirrel, Adjiaumo, Ratling 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, walling far above him. "Master of Life!" he cried, desponding, "Must our lives depend on these thing!"

On the next day of his fasting py the irrer brink he wandered, Through the Musicolay, the meadow, Saw the wild rice, Malacenoues, Saw the biloeberry, Mahmin, And the groweberry, Stahabourin, And the groweberry, Stahabourin, And the groweberry, Stahabourin, Trailing o'et the alder-branches, Tilling 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 to as and pondered, By the set will, transparent water; Set the set of the set of the set of the Set set of the set of the set of the set Set with opellow perch, the Salwa, Like a sunbasen like heads deteoming. Saw the pilks, the Maskenoning, Add the herring, Okalahway, Masken the set of Like '' has eried, desponding, "Mask wat Wave depend on these things?

On the fourth day of his fasting In his lodge he lay exhausted; From his couch of leaves and branchos Gazing with half-open eyelids, Full of shadowy dreams and visions, On the dizary, swimming landscape, On the gleaning of the water, On the spleandour of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching, Dressed in garments green and yellow, Coming through the purple twilight, Through the eplendour 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 Hisawatas, Looked with hyly and compared And, in accenta like the sighing of the South-Wind in the tree-tops, Said ha, "O my Hisawatha I All your prayma are heard in heaven, For you pray not like the others, Not for greaster small in huming, Not for greaster small in failing, Not for greaster small in failing, Not rough the surriver, Bat for profit of the people, For advantage of the makona.

"Prom the Master of Life descending, Come to warm you and instruct you, Come to warm you and instruct you, You ahall gain what you have proyed for. Rise up from your bed of branches, Rise, G youth, and verselw with me!" Faint with famine, Hiawaha Started from his led of branches, From the twilight of his wigawan Extract More his led of branches, From the twilight of his wigawan Came, and wareled with Mac. Throbbing in his brain and boson, Felt now life and hope and vigour Bou through overg meres and lites.

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 Shub-kubhgah, From her nest among the pine-trees, Gave a cry of lamentation, Gave a screen of pain and famine.

""The enough!" then said Mondamin, Smiling upon Hinwatha, "But to-morrow, when the sun sets, "But to-morrow, when the sun sets, "But to-morrow, when the sun sets." And he vanished, and was seen not; Whether eristing as the rain sinka, Whether eristing as the rain sinka, Whether eristing as the mist rise, Hiawatha saw not, knew not, Only saw that he had vanished. Leaving him alone and fainting,

HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

With the misty lake below him, And the reeling stars above him

On the morrow and the next day, When the sum through haven descending, Like a red and burning einder From the hearth of the Great Spirit, Fell into the western waters, Canse Mondamin for the trial, For the strift with Hiswatha; Canse as silont as the dew comes, From the empty air appearing, Into empty air returning, Dat invisible to all men, Dat invisible to all men,

Thrice they wrestled there together In the glory of the sumset, Till the darkness fell around them, Till the heron, the Shnh-shnh 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 smilled, and mid: "Te-morrow In the hast day of your condict. Is the hast day of your fasting. To uwill conquer and deroome me; Make a hed for me to lie in, Where the min may fail upon me, Where the min may fail upon me, Strip this modifier plumage from me, Netto the smithing plumage from me, Lay me in the earth, and make it Soft and loose and light-above ma.

"Let no hand disturb my alumber, 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 alphy Hiswatha, But he heard the Waronaisa, Heart the whitpoorvill complaining, Heart the whitpoorvill complaining. Heart thore significant the same Heart the significant significant the Heart the significant significant the Heart the significant of the inzuches, As they lifted and seledied At the passing of the inzide-wind, but heart same of the inzide-wind, but heart same significant significant Paceoffull alphy Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis, On the seventh day of his fasting, Came with food for Hiavatha, Came imploring and bewailing, Lest his fauguer should de fatal. Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasked 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."

Honeward weeping went Nokomis, Sorrwing for her Hiawatha, Fearing lest his strength about 6 fail link, Lest hin fasting should be fatal. Ho meanwhile ast weary waiting For the coming of Mondamin, Till the shadows, pointing eastward, As a red leaf in the Autumn Falls and dista upon the water, Falls and dista into its bosom.

And behold! the young Mondamin, With his soft and shining tresses, With his long and glossy plumage, Stood and beckomed at the doorway. And as one in slumber walking, Pale and haggard, but undauntod,

HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

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 fired the red horizon, And a hundred sums seemed looking At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward All alone stood Hiawatha, Paning 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 sumset.

And victorious Hiswaths Made the grave as he commanded, Stripped the garments from Mondamin, Stripped the tattered plumage from him, Laid him in the earth, and made it Soft and loose and light above him; And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah, From the melancholy moor-lands, Gave a ery of lamentation, Gave a ery of nain and anemiab !

Homeward then went Hiswatha To the lodge of old Nokomia, And the seven days of his fasting Were accomplished and completed, But the place was not forgothen Where is a versel of with Mondamin; Ner forgothen nor neglected Stephyng in the rain and sumbino, Where his scattered plumes and garments and garments in and sumbine.

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, Kahçahçee, 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 mairse 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, Slowed 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 for ever.

And still later, when the Autumn Changed the long, green lawses to yallow, And the soft and juicy kernels Grow like wampum hard and yellow, Then the ripened ears he gathered, Stripped the withered husis 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 grow the grass upon it; Singing hirds, 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 iribes of men might proper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha Was the gentle Chibiabos, He the best of all musicians,

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

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 reads he fashioned Flutes so musical and mėllow, That the brook, the Sebowiaha, Casaed to murmur in the woodiand, That the wood-birds ceased from singing, And the squirrel, Adjidaumo, Casaed his chatter in the oak-treee, And the rabbit, the Wabasso, Sat upright to look and listen.

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

Yes, the blue-bird, 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 seventses 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 Sando of the Blessed, In the kingdom of Ponemah, In the land of the Hersafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha Was the gentle Chibiabos, He the best of all musicians, He the sweetest of all singers; \$7

For his gentleness he loved him, And the magic of his singing. Dear, too, unto Hiswatha

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 ether children, Never fished and never hunted, Not like other children was he; But they saw that much he fasted, Much his Manito entrested, Much bisought his Gnardian Spirit.

"Lagy Kwaind !" and his mother, "In my work you never help mel In the Summer you are roaming (Lily in the fields and forests; In the Winter you are covering Of et the firbrands in the wigeam I In the coldest days of Winter I must break the ice for failing; With my nets you never help me Upriping, freening with the water; Go and wring then, Yenadinel Go and dry them in the sumkine!"

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwaind 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 brung them, Like a wisp of straw he broke them, Gould not wring them without breaking, Such the strength was in his furgers.

"Lazy Kwaind!" 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

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS,

Shut against them, barred securely By the trunks of trees uprooted, Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise, And forbidding further passage.

⁴⁰ We must go back," said the old max, "O'er tuse log we cannot chamber; Not a wooldhuck could get through titem; Not a squirel chamber o'er them 1" And staightway his pipe he lighted, And sat down to smoke and ponder. But before his pipe was finished. Lot 1 the path was cleared before him; All the trunks had K waind lifted. To the right hand, to the left hand, Shot the pine-trees swirt as arrows, Hurde the coefficient 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!"

Lasy Kwasind made no answer, To their challenge made no answer, Only rose, and, slowly turning, Seized the huge rock in his finger. Tore it from its deep foundation, Poised it in the air a moment, Pitched it sherer 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, Kwaaind 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 peaking, Kwanioł laepo into the river, Plungod benesth the bubbing surface, Through the whithpola chased the beaver, Followed him among the siands, Statis so long benesth the water, Gried, "Alasi good byto Kwenind! We shall never more see Kwasind!" Bet he reappeared triumphant, And upon his shining shouldees

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.

"Giva me of your hark, O Birch-Tree! Of your yellow hark, O Birch-Tree! Growing by the rushing river, Tall and stately in the valley! I a light cance will build neading, Build a swift Cheemaan for sailing, That shall fost upon the river, Like a yellow water-liy!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree! Lay aside your white-skin wrapper, For the Summer-time is coming, And the sum is warm in heaven, And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha In the solitary forest, By the reaking Tsquamenaw, When the birds were singing gally. In the Moon of Leaves were singing, And the sun, from sleep awaking, Started up and said, "Behold me!" Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches Rustled in the breeze of morning, Saying, with a sigh of patience, "Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled; Just beneath its lowest branches, Just above the roots, he cut it, Till the sap came ocoing 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 ubbrokes.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar! Of your strong and pliant branches, My cance 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 cance to bind together, So to bind the ends together That the water may not enter, That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres, Shivered in the air of morning, Touched his forehead with its tassels, Said, with one long sigh of sorrow, "Take them all. O Hiawathat"

From the earth he tore the fibres, Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree, Closely sewed the bark together, Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your 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, Smeared therewith each seam and fissure, Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog! All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog! I will make a necklace of them, Make a girdle for my beauty, And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog With his sleepy eyes looked at him,

Shot his shining quills, like arrows, Saying, with a drowsy murmur, Through the tangle of his whiskers, " Take my quills, O Hiawatha !"

From the ground the quills he gathered, All the little ahining arrows, Stained them red and blue and yellow, With the juice of roots and berries; Into his cance he wrought them, Round its waits a shining girdle, Round its bows a gleaming necklace, On its breast two stars recelendent.

Thus the Birch Cance was builded In the valley, by the river, In the bosom of the forest; And the forest? Hife was in it, All the lightness of the birch-tree, All the lightness of the birch-tree, All the larghte supple sincers; And it for last of the river Like a yallow leaf in Autumn, Like a yallow water-lib;

Paddles none had Hilwartha, Paddles none had or needed, For his thoughts as paddles served him, And his wiakes served to guide him; Swift or alow at will he glidad, Vererd to right to relfst at pleasure. Then he called aloud to Kwasind, To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind, Saying, "Help ma clear this river of its sanken longs 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 arrapits in the river, Swam and shouted in the river, Tugged at sunken logs and branches, With his hands he secoped the sand-bars, With his fet the core 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,

HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

In and out among its islands, Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar, Dragged the desd trees from its channel, Made its passage sale and certain, Made a pathway for the people, From its springs among the mountains. To the waters of Pauwaing, To the bay of Taquamenaw.

VIII.

HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

FORTH upon the Glitche Gumee, On the ahining Big-Sea-Water, With his fahing-line of cedar Of the twisted bark of cedar, Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes, In his birch cance exulting All alone went Hiswatha.

Through the clear, transparent water He could see the fashes swimming Far down in the depths below him; See the yellow perch, the Salwa, 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 set Hiawatha, With his fishing-line of codar; In his plumes the breeze of morning Played as in the hemlock branches; On the bows, with tail erected, Sat the aquirrel, Adjidaumo; In his fur the breeze of morning Played as in the parine grasses.

On the white and 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 tal he swept the sand-floor.

There he lay in all his armour; 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 fine of purple, As above him Hiawatha In his birch cance came sailing, With his fishine-line of cedar.

"Take my bait " cried Hiswaths, 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 lise of eadsr Through the clear, transparent water, Long ast waiting for an answer, And repeating Ioud and Iouder, "Take my bait, O King of Fishen!"

Quict lay the sturgeon, Nahma, Fanning alowly in the water, Looking up at Hiawatha, Listening to his call and clamour, His unnecessary tunult, Till he warei of the shouting; And he said to the Kenozha, To the pike, the Maskenozha, "Take the bait of this rude follow, 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 endwiso, Like a birch log in the water, With the squirrel, Adjidaumo, Perched and frisking on the summit,

Full of scorn was Hiswatha When he saw the fish rise upward, Saw the pike, the Maskenocha, Coming nearer, nearer to him, And he shouted through the water, "Easl easl thame 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, Naluma, Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish, To the bream, with scales of crimson,

HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

" Take the bait of this great boaster, Break the line of Hiawatha !"

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming. Rose the Ugrowach, the sum-fish, Seized the line of Hilwardah, Swung with all his weight upon 1k, Made a whirlpool in the water, Whirled the birch cance in circles, Round and round in gungling edding, Round and reard many baches. Till the water-flags and rushes Noded on the destant marrins.

But when Hiawaths saw him Slowly raing through the water, Lifting up his disc refulgent, Loud he shouted in derision, "Easl east shame upon you! You are to the fing of Fishes!" You are not the fing of Fishes!"

Slowly doproward, wavering, gleaning, Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish, And again the sturgeon, Nahma, Heard his challenge of defiance, The unnecessary tumult, Binoinc 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 armour, Gleaming bright with all his war-paint; In his wrath he darted upward, Flashing leaped into the sumshine, Opened his great jaws and swallowed Both cance and Hiswatha.

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 fibro.

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 cane for safety, Lest trom out the jaws of Nahma, In the turmoil and confusion, Forth he might be hurled and perish. And the squirrel, Adjidaumo, Priaked and chattered very gaily, Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha Till the labour was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him, "O my little friend, the squirrel, Bravely have you toiled to help mo; Take the thanks of Hiawatha, And the name which now he gives you; For hereafter and for ever Boys shall call you Adjidaumo, Taih-nair the boys shall call you 1"

And again the sturgeon, Nahma, Gasped and quivered in the water, Then was still, and dritted landward Till he grated on the pebbles, Till the listening liawatha Heard him grate upon the margin, Felt him strate 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 prove contending. Saw a gleam of high above him, Saw a gleam of high above A screaming a screaming and of Kayoahk, the sasquils peering, Gazing at him through the opening. Heard them saying to each other, "Tis our brother, Hiarathal"

And he shouted from below them, Cried exulting from the eaverns: "O ye seasguils! O my brothers! I have alain 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 for ever Men shall speak of your schiserments,

HIAWATHA'S FISHING,

Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers!"

And the wild and clamorous sea-gula 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.

Ho 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 lifelees on the pebbles, With the sea-gulls feeding on him.

"I have alarin the MisheyNahma, Siah the King of Flahsen" said he; "Look the seas-gulls feed upon him, Yes, my friend Kayoshk, the seas-gulls; Drive them not away, Nokomis, They have awad ms from greats partilin the body of the sturgeon; Wait until thair meal is ended, Till their craws are full with feasting. The body of the sturgeon; to their net among the marnhas; Then bring all your pots and kettles, And make oil for us in Winter,"

And abe waited till the sun set, Till the pallid moon, the night-sun. Rose above the tranquil water, Till Kayeahk, the sated sea-gulls, From their banquet rose with elamour, And across the fiery sunset Winged their way to far-off islands, To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiswatha, And Nokomis to her labour, Toiling patient in the moon changed places, Till the sun and moon changed places, Till the sky was red with sunrise And Kayoahk, the hungry seagulls, Came back from the reedy islands, Clamorous for their morning hanouet.

Three whole days and nights alternate Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls Stripped the oily field of Nahma,

Till the waves washed through the rib-bonca 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.

Fiterealy the red sun descending Burned his way along the beavens, 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 in those bloody footprints, Followed in that finey war-trail, With the scient moon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman, Pointing with her finger wearvard, Spake these words to Hiawatha: " Yonder d'wells the great Pearl-Peather, Manito of Wealth and Wampum, Guarded by his first serpents, Guarded by the black pitch-water. You can see his first serpents, The Kenabeek, the great serpents, Colling, playing in the water, re-Stretching far away beyond them, To the purple clouds of annest 1

⁴⁴ He it was who also my father, By his wicked wiles and cunning, When he from the moon descended, When he came on earth to seek me. He, the mightlest of Magicians, Sends the postellential vapours, Sends the postellential vapours, Sends the postellential vapours, Sends the postellential vapours, Sends the bostonous exhalations, Sends the white fog from the fon-lands, Sends the white fog from the fon-lands, Sends the and cleath among us!

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER,

"Take your how, O Hiswatha, Take your arow, japen-haoded, Take your war-dub, Puggawaugen, And your nittens, Minjekahwan, And your birch eanse for sailing, And the oil of Minhe-Nahma, So to amear its sides, that swifdly You may pass the black pitch-water; Slay this merelless magican, Save the people from the fover That he breakthe seross the fon-lands, And avengen wy father's murdler !"

Straightway then my Hiawatha Armed himself with all his wargear, Launched his birch-cance for sailing; With his palm its sides he patted, Said with gies, "Cheemaun, my darling, O my Birch Cancel leap forward, Where you see the fiery serpents, Where you see the black pitch-water!"

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting, And the noble Hiswathan Sang his wareong wild and woful, And abore him the wareeagle, The Keneu, the great wareeagle, Master of all fowls with feathers, Screamed and hurthed through the heavens.

Soon he reached the flery serpents, The Kenabeek, the great serpents, Lying huge upon the water, Sparking, rippling in the water, Lying coiled across the passage, With their blazing crests uplifted, Breathing fiery fogs and vapours, 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, hérmig fiercely, With their fiery breath made answer: "Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!"

Then the angry Hiswatha Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree, Seized his arrows, japer-headed, Shot them fast among the serpents, Every twanging of the bow-string Was a war-ory 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 Hinwatha Harmless sailed, and cried exulting: "Onward, O Cheemaan, my darling! Onward to the black nitch-water!"

Then he took the oil of Nahma, And the bows and sides anointed, Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly He might pass the black pitch-water.

 All night long he sailed upon it, Sailed upon that sluggish water, Covered with its mould of ages, Black with roting water-ranks, Rank with flags and leaves of lilles, Stagmant, lifeless, dreary, dismal, Lighted by the shimmering moonlight, And by will-otherwise illumined, Fires by ghoets of dead men kindled, In their wary night-encompenents.

All the air was white with moonlight, All the water black with shadow, And around him the Suggema, The moscifucts, sang their was song. And the fireflies, Wah-wah-taysee, Wared their torches to misled him; And the bull-frog, the Dahind, Tirnest ha head him to the moonlight, Fixed his yallow eyes upon him, Scholed and auch head with the infect Schole and a dus head with the infect Chole and a dus head with the infect And the herve, the Shad head hand, And the herve, the Shad head hand, Far off on the reedy margin, Heralded the herv's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiswaths, Toward the Faml of Meginowyn, e Toward the land of the Fearl-Feather, Till the level moon stard at him, In his face stared pale and hagrard, Till the sum was hot behind him, Till it burned upon his shoulders, And before him on the upland He could see the Shining Wigwam Of the Minito of Wampun, Of the mightiest of Miggicans. Then ones more Chermann he patied,

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.

To his birch cance said, "Onward!" And it stirred in all its fibres, And with one great bound of triumph Leaped through tangled fings and rushes, And upon the beach beyond them Dry-shod, landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his how of ash-tree, On the sand one end ho rearbd, With his knee he presend the middle, Stretched the faithful low-string tighter, Took an arrow, jaoper-headed, Stori it at the Shining Wigwam, Stari It singing as a herald, Of his challenge loud and lefty: "Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Peather Hiswatha waits your coming!"

Straightway from the Shifning 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, Created with great eagle-feathers, Streaming unward, 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, 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 salew her father!"

But my Hiawatha answered, Nothing daunted, fearing nothing: "Big words do not amite like war-clube, Boastful breath is not a bow-string, Taunts are not so sharp as arrows Deeds are better things than words aro, Actions michiter than boastines!"

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 sumrise to the sunset; For the shafts of Hiswaths.

Sent the while fog from the fen-hands, Sent disease and death among usl?" Ever dear to Hiawatha Was the memory of Mamal And in token of his friendship, As a mark of his remembrands He aborned and decked his pipe-stem. With the bloode-sd cress of Mema. But the wealth of Megimegreon, All the trophise of the hatle, 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 fre upon the hearthstone Is a neighbour'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;

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

Bring a wife with nimble fingers, Heart and hand that move together, Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling answered Hiswatha: "In the land of the Dacotaba Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter, Minnehaha, Laughing Water, Handaomest of all the women. I will bring her to your wigwam, She shall run upon your erranda, Be jour starlight, moonlight, firelight, Be the sumlight of my people!"

Still disavading 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 fouds yet unforgotten, Wounds that sche and still may onen 1²⁰

Laughing answered Hiawatha: "For that reason, if no other, Would I wed the fair Daootah, That our tribes might be united, That old feuds might be forgotten, And old wounds be healed for ever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha To the land of the Dacotahs, To the land of handsome women; Striding over moor and meadow, Through interminable forests, Through uninterrupted silence.

With his mocessing of magic, At each strick 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 estanct'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 forest, "Twirt the shadow and the sumahine, Herds of fallow deer were feeding, But they saw not Hiawatha; To his sow hew whispered, "Fall not!" To his arrow whispered, "Swerve not!" Sent it singing on its errand, To the red heart of the roputck:

Threw the deer across his shoulder, And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wijevam Sat the ancient Arrow-maker In the land of the Dasotahs, Making arrow-heads of janger, Arrow-heads of chaledoory. At his aide, in all her beauty, Sat his daughter, Laughing Water, Faiding mats of flags and runkes; Of the past the old man's thoughts were, And the mailed mis of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there, of the days when with such arrows He had struck the deer and hison, On the Muskoday, the meadow; Shot the wild goose, flying southward, How they came to bury his arrows, thinking of the groat war-parties, How they came to bury his arrows, how they came to bury his arrows, ab, no more such noise warries Could be found on earth as they were! Now the men were all like women, Only used their tongrous for weapons!

She was thinking of a humter, Prom another trihe and country, Young and tail and very handscome, Who one morning in the Spreyclinas, Sat and rested in the wigners, Langerel long about the doorway, Looking back as he departed. She had hareaf their father praise him, Preise his courage and his windom; Preise his courage and his windom; Te the Falls of Minnehalat On the mast her hands hay idlo, And har grays were very drasawy;

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep, Heard a rustling in the branches, And with glowing check and forchead, 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 labour, Laid aside the unfinished arrow,

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

Bade him enter at the doorway, Saying, as he rose to meet him, "Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the foot of Laughing Water Hiawatha laid his burdon, 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, Hiswatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam, Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened, With the Gods of the Dacotahs Drawn and painted on its curtains, And so tall the doorway, hardly Hiawatha stooped to enter, Hardly bouched his exgle-feathers As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Langhing Weter, From the ground fair Minnehaha, Laid aside her mat unfinished, Brought forth food and set before them, Water brought them from the brookley, Gave than food in earthen venesity Gave than food in earthen venesity Gave them food in earthen venesity. Latened while her fabre answered, Batt not occas her lips also opened. Not a angle word also uttered.

Yes, as in a dream abe 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 mussician, And the rery strong man, Kwasind, And of happiness and planty, In the land of the Ojibways, In the pleasant hand and peaceful

"After many years of warfare, Many years of strife and blockhad, There is peace between the Ojibways and the tribe of the Dacotaka" Thus continued Hinwatha, And then added, speaking slowly, "That this peace may last for ever, And our hashs be clasped more closely, And our hearts be more united, Give me as any wife this maidea, 30

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Minehaha, 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 Wator, And made answer very gravely: "Yes, if Minnehaha wishes; Lot your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water Seemed more lovely as she stood there, Neither willing nor reluctant, As she went to Hiswatha, 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 woodladd and the meadow, Left the old man standing lonely At the doorway of his wigwam, Heard the Falls of Minnehaha Calling to them from far off, "Fare thes well, O Minnehahat"

And the ancient Arrow-maker Turned again much bia labour, Sat down by his sump doorway. Murmuring to thimself, and agroup. Those we lore, and those who lore us? Those we lore, and those who lore us? Use when they have learned to help us. When we are old and lean upon them, Comes a youth with flaunting feathers, With his fluite of reads, a stranger Beckcons to the fairest mailen. And aho follows where he leads her, Lawing all things for the stranger!

Pleasant was the journey homeward. Through interminable forests, Over meadow, over mountain, Over river, hill, and hollow.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

Short it seemed to Eiawatha, 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 hove the maiden; Light he thought her as a feather, As the plume upon his head-gear; Cleared the tangled pathway for her, Bent saidt her swaring branches, Made at night a lodge of branches, And a bod with boughs of hemicoke, And a fire before the doorway With the drv comes of the ninetres.

All the travelling winds went with them, for the masked, whrough the forest; All the stars of night looked at them, by Matched with sheepless eyes their a humber; Peeped the squirrel, Adjutanno, Watched with looger eyes the lowes; And the rabbit, the Wabasao, Seampeed from his burrow, Peering, peeping from his burrow, Watched with currow eyes the lowers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward! All the birks ang joud and sweetly Songs of happiness and heart's-case; Sang the blue-kird, the Owaissa, "Happy are you, Hawatha Having such a wife to lore you !" Sang the Robin, the Opechee, "Happy are you, Laughing Watez, Having such a noble husband !"

From the sky the sun benigmant 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 splendours, Whispered to them, "O my children, Day is restless, night is quiet, Man imperious, woman feeble; Half is mine, although 1 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, Minnchaha, 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 has how Pan-Pu-Kewsi how the handsome Yendizes Danced at Hiawatha's weiding; How the genetic Chikaloos Ho the sweetest of municinas, Sang his songe of lowe and longing; How Lagoo, the great boaster, Ho the marvellous story-teller, Told his talse of strange adventure, That the fast might be more joyous, That the ime might pass more jacly, and the greats be more contented.

Sumptious was the feast Nokomis Made at Hiawaths'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 guesta assembled, Chad 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 Maskencoha, Caught and cooked by old Nokomis; Then on pemican they feasted, Pemican and buffalo marrow, Haunch of deer and hump of bicon, Yellow cakes of the Mondamin, And the wild rice of the river. But the gradous Hiswatha

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HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

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, brink and busy, From an ample pouch of otter, Filled the red stone pipes for amoking With tobacco from the South-land, Mixed with bark of the red willow, And with hers and leaves of fragrance.

Then ahe said, " () Pau-Puk-Keewia, 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 gaily, And our guests be more contented !" Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewia.

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 snowshoes, 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-stopes.

Though the warriors called him Faint-Heart, Called him coward, Shaugodaya, Idler, gambler, Yenadizza, Little heeded he their josting, Little cared he for their insults, For the women and the maidens For the women and the maidens Loved the handsome Pau-PacKeewia.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin, white and eff, and fringed with erains, All invrought with beads of wanpung. He was dressed in doer skin leggings, and in mocoasins of buckskin, Thick with quills and beads embroidered. On his head were plumes of swan's down, In dis head were plumes of swan's down. In the shift were bland of cherg, In display the state of the state Bared with areaks of read and velow.

Streaks of blue and bright vermilion, Stone the face of Pan-Puk-Keewia. From his forehead fell his treeses, Smooth, and parted like a woman's, Shining bright with oll, and plaited, Hung with brails of scented grasses, As a mong the guesti assembled, or the sound of drums and vices, Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keswia, And besan his mystic dances.

First be danced a solern measure, Very alow in step and gesture, In and out among the pine-trees, In and out among the pine-trees, Income and the soler and the soler reading unit like a partice. Then more swiftly and still swifter, Whirling, spinning round in circles, Leaping over the guests assembled, Eddying round and round the wigners, Till the leaves went whirling with him, Sweet in edding round about him.

Then along the sandy margin Of the lack, the Big-Sea-Water, On he sped with franzied gestures, Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it Wildly in the air around him; Till the wind became a whirlwind, Till the sand became a whirlwind. Till the sand was blown and sifted Like great smowirlifs o'er the handscape, 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 lauphing 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 Hiawaba, To the sevents of all singers, To the best of all musiciana, "Sing to us, O Chibiabos! Songs of love and songs of longing, That the fines may be more jayous, That the time may pass more gally, And our guests be more contented!" And the centle Chibiabos

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

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, Whon 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! O awake, awake, beloved! Onaway! awake, beloved!"

Thus the gentle Chibiabos Sang his song of love and longing. And Lagoo, the great boaster, He tha marvallous story-teller, He the friend of old Nokomis, Jealous of the supelause 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; Nører heard he an adventure But himself had met a greater; Nører any deed of daring But himself had done a bolder; Nører 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 reindeer Ever trapped so many beaver!

None could run so fast as he could, None could dire so deep as he could, None could swim as far as he could; None had made so many journeys, None had seen so many wonders, As this wonderful Iagoo, As this marvellous story-teller!

Thus his name became a by-word And a jest among the people; And whene'er a boastful hunter Praised his own address too highly. Or a warrior, home returning, Talked too much of his achibvements, All his hearers cried, "Iagoo! Hers's Iagoo come among us!"

He is wiss who carved the craftle of the bittle Hinwarkh, Carved its framework out of linden, Bound it strong with reindoer sinews; He it was who taught him later How to make his bows and arrows, How to make his bows and arrows, And the arrows of the oak-tee, And the arrows of the oak-tee, So amoughts, while the strong of the So and the strong of the oak-tee, And they arrow and ughy. Sat the marvellous story-teller. And they arise '' o good Lanoo,

Tell us now a tale of wonder, Tell us of some strange adventure,

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

That the feast may be more joyous, That the time may pass more gaily, And our guests be more contented!"

And Iagoo answered straightway, "You shall hear a tale of wonder, You shall hear the strange adventures Of Osseo, the Magician, From the Evening Star descended."

XIL

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

Cax it be the sun descending O'er the level plain of water? Or the red swan floating, figing, Wounded by the magic arrow, Staining all the waves with crimeon, With the crimson of its life-blood, Filling all the air with splendour, With the splendour 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 trembkes 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 eilence through the heavenst

This with joy beheld Iagoo, And he said in hasts: "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 them married old Osseo, Old Osseo, opor and ugiy, Broken with age and weak with couphing, Alware soutching like as autrel.

"Ah, but beautiful within him Was the spirit of Osseo. From the Evening, Star descended, Star of Evening, Star descended, Star of tenderness and passion ! All its heaven in his spirit, All its beauty in his spirit, All its mystery in his being, All its mystery in his being,

"And her lovers, the rejected, Handsome mes with belts of wampun, Handsome mes with belts of wampun, Pollowed her with jest and laughter. But he sait : 'I care not for yoo, Care not for your paint and feathers, Care not for your paint and feathers, Care not for your jest and laughter: I an happy with Osso !'

"Once to some great feast invited, Through the damp and dusk of evening Walked together the ton sisters, Walked together with their husbands; Slowly followed old Oaseo, With fair Oweenee beside him; All the others chatted gaily, These two only walked in silence.

"At the western sky Osseo Gazed intent, as if imploring, Often stopped and gazed imploring At the tender Star of Evening, At the tender Star of Woman; And they heard him murmur softly, '*Ah*, shoozen nemeshin, 'Neai 'Pity, pity me, my father!' "'Listen !' said the elder sister.

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

"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 woollands Lay an oak, by storms uproceed, Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree Burde 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 handsomy.

"Thus Oseo was transfigured, Thus restored to youth and beauty; But, alsa for good Oseo, And for Owenee, the faithful ! Strangely, too, was also transfigured. Changed into a weak old worman, With a staff she tottered onward, Mot the sisters and their includes Laughed until the echoing forest Rang with their unseenily hurchter.

"But Oasso turned not from her, Walked with slower step beside her, Took her hand, as brown and withered As an cak-lead is in Winter, Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha, Soothed her with soft words of kindness, Till they reached the lodge of feasting, Till they at down in the wigwann, Sacred to the Star of Evening, To the tender Star of Woman.

"Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming, At the banquet at Omsoo." All were joyces but Osseo. Neither food nor drink he tasted, Neither did he speak nor listen, But as one bewildered at he. Looking dreamily and sally, First at Owennes, then upward At the gleaming sky above them.

"Then a voice was heard, a whiper, Coming from the estary distance, Coming from the empty vastness, Low, and musical, and tender; And the voice said: '0 Ossool 1 O my son, my best beloved 1 Broken are the spolls that bound you, All the charms of the magicians, All the onge of the magicians, All the sports of the magicians, and the sports of the magicians, the sport of the sport of a sport of a sport Come to me; second, Ossool

""Thate the food that stands before you, it is blessed and enchanted, it has magic virtues in it, it will charge you to a spirit. All your bowls and all your kettles Shall be wood and clay no longer; But the bowls be changed to wampun, And the kettles shall be silver; They shall shime like shells of sealet, Like the firs shall gleam and glimmer.

"'And the women shall no longer Bear the dreary doom of labour, But be changed to birds, and glisten With the beauty of the starlight, Painted with the dusky splendours 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.

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

And he saw the hine fair sisters, All the sisters and their husbands, Changed to birds of various plumage. Some were jays and some were magnice, Others thrushes, others blackbirds; And they hopped, and sang, and iwitered, Perked and futtored all their fasthers, Strutted in their shining plumage, And their tails like fase upfolded.

"Only Oweenes, the youngest, Was not changed, but sat in silence, Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly, Looking sadly at the others; Till Osseo, ganing 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 solied and tattered garments Were transformed to robes of ermine, And her staff became a feather, Yes, a shining silver feather!

"And again the wigwam tremblod, Swayed and rushed through airy ourrents, Through transparent cloud and vapour, And amid celestial splendours On the Evening Star alighted, As a snow-flake, fails on snow-flake, As a snow-flake, fails on snow-flake, As a bit chiteli-down on water.

"Forth with chearful words of welcome Came the father of Osso, He with radiant locks of silver, He with eyes serves and tender. And he said: "My son, Ossen, there, Hang the cage of birds you bring there, Hang the birds with rods of silver, And the birds with rods of silver, And the borway of my wigwan."

"At the door he hung the bird-cage, And they entered in and glady. Listened to Osseo's father, Ruler of the Star of Evening, As he said: 'O my Osseol I have had compasison on you, Given you back your youth and beauty, Into birds of various plumage Changed your sisters and their husbands; Ganged Hom 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 Owesnee, the faithful, Saw your maked heart and loved you.

" 'In the lodge that glimmers youler In the little star that twinkles Through the vapours, on the left hand, Lives the environs Evil Spirit, The Waheno, the magician, Who transformed you to an old man. Take heed lest his beams fall on you, For the rays he darks around him Are the power of his enchastment, Are the arows that he uses.'

"Many years, in peace and quiet, On the peaceful Star of Evening Dwelt Oasco with his father; Many years, in song and dutter, At the doorway of the wigwan, 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 deligh thim, Made him little bows and arrows, Opened the great cage of silver, And let loose his aunts and uncles, All those binds with glossy feathers, For his little son to shoot at.

⁶ Round and round they wheeled and durid, Filled the Evening Star with music, With their songe of joy and freedom; Filled the Evening Star with sphendour, With the fluttening 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 shifting fasthers, A his feet; foll wounded sorely.

"But, O wondrous transformation f 'Twas no bird he saw before him, 'Twas a beautiful young woman, With the arrow in her bosom !

"When her blood fell on the planet, On the sacred Star of Evening,

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

Broken was the spell of magic, Powerless was the strange enchantment, And the youth, the fearless howman, Suddavly felt himself descending, Held by unseen hands, but sinking Downward through the enputy spaces, Downward through the clouds and repours, Till he rested on an ialand, On an ialand, green and greezy, Yonder in the Big-Sex-Water.

"After him ho aw descending Aft the birds with shiming feathers, Fluttering, falling, walted downward, Like the painted leaves of Autuann; And the lodge with poles of ailver, Vith its root like wings of beetles, Like the shiming shared of beetles, Like the shiming shared of beetles, Slovy and upon the island, Bringing Dowcenee, the faithful

"Then the birds, again transfound, Reasumed the shape of nortals, Took their abape, but not their stature; They remained a Little People, Lite the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies, And on pleasant tights of Summer, When the Evening Star was shining, Hand in hand they danced together On the siland's craggy busilands, On the sucheach 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 vandrous tale was ended, Looking round upon his listeners, Solemny I goog added: "There are great men, I have known such, Whom their people understand not, Whom they even make a jest of, Soff and jest end in dersion. "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, a 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 nicht and Minnehaba.

BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS.

XIII.

BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS.

SING, O Song of Hiawatha, Of the happy days that followed, In the land of the Ojibwaya, In the pleasant land and peaceful! Sing the mysteries of Mondamin, Sing the Biessing of the Corn-fields!

Buried was the bloody hatchet, Buried was the densifial war-club, Buried ware all warlike weapons, And the war-club, There was peace among the nations, Juniolastic arrowed the hunters, Built the birch cance for sailing, Cought the fain in lake and riverer; Shot the deer and ranped the beaver; Made their angues from the maple, Gathered wild rice in the meadown, Derseed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village Shood the units-fields, green and shining, Waved the green plannes of Mondamin, Waved the soft and among trasses, Waved the soft and the starses, Twas the women who in Spring-time Planted the breach fields and fruitful, Buried in the earth Mondamin; Twas the women who in Axterna Sterped the yellow knoke of har-est, Bren as Hiavasha tasubt them.

Once, when all the maize was planted, Hawatha, wise and thoughtful, Spake and asid to Minnehaha, To bis wite the Laughing Water: "You shall bless to-night the corm.feldid, Draw s magic oricle round them, To protect them from destruction, Elast of mildew, blight of insect, Wagemin, the thief of corm.feldid, Painossid, who steals the maize-art

" 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,

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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 corn-fielda, Covered by your tresses only, Robed with darkness as a garment

"Thus the fields shall be more fruitduy. And the passing of your footstaps Draw a magic circle round them, So that neither blight nor mildew, Neither burrowing worm nor insect, Shall pass of whe magic circle; Not the dragondy, Kwoneshe, Nor the grader, Subblackale, Nor the grader, Subblackale, Nor the might, estublisht, Nor the might, estrepillar, Way-makkwana, with the bearkin, King of all the esterpillar !"

On the tree-tops mast the corn-fields Sat the hungry rows and ravens, Kabpahges, the King of Ravens, With his band of black maravaders, And they laughed at Hiawaths, Till the tree-tops shock with laughter, With their melancholy laughter At the words of Hiawaths. "Hear thm 10% of Hiawaths."

When the noiseless night descended Bread and dark ofer field and forest, When the mournful Wavonaises, Sorrowing say among the hemlocks, And the Spirit of Sleep, Negalwin, Shut the doors of all the wigwans, From her bed rese Laughing Water, Leid saide her garments wholly water, And with darkness clothed and guarded, Walkad security round thes. Draw the sacred magic circle Of her foxforting round the corn-field.

No one but the Midnight only Saw her beauty in the darkness, No one but the Wawronaissa Heard the panting of her bosom; Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped hew Gosely in his sacred mantle.

BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS.

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 Ravena, Gathered all his black marauders, Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens, Clamorous on the duaky 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 saored footprints Minnehahs stamps upon it!"

But the wary Hiswaths, Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful, Had 'o'rheard the scornful laughter When they mocked him from the tree-tops. "Kaw 1" he said, "my friends the ravens 1 Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens 1 I will teach you all a lesson That shall not be soon forgotten 1"

He had risen before the daybreak, He had spread o'er all the corn-fields Snares to catch the black marauders, And was lying now in ambuah In the neighbouring grove of pine-trees, Waiting for the crows and blackbirds, Waiting for the iavs and rayena.

Soon they care's with caw and clamour, Rush of wings and cry of roises, To their work of derstatates, Settling down upon the corn-fields, Settling down upon the corn-fields, And with all their craft and cuming, All their skill in wiles of warfare, They precive no danger near them, Till they found themselves the Till they found themselves the conset

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 twentice,

And their wretched, lifeless bodies Hung aloft on poles for scareerows Round the consecrated cora-fields, 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.

"Kahgahçee, 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 plodge of good behaviour!"

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 atling on his people!

Summer passed, and Shawondasee Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape, From the South-land sent his ardours, Watled kisses warn and tender; And the maize-field grow and ripened, Till it stood in all the splendour Of its gazened and its plumage, And the maize-ears full and shining Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verduue

Then Nokomis, the old woman, Spake, and asid to Minnehaha: "Tis the Moon when leaves are falling; All the wild-rice has been gathered, And the maice is ripe and ready; Let us gather in the harrest, Let us wrestle with Mondamin, Strip him of his plumes and tassels, Of his garments green and vellow!"

And the merry Laughing Water Went rejoicing from the wigwam, With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,

BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS.

And they called the women round them, Called the young men and the maidens, To the harvest of the corn-fields, To the husking of the maize-car.

On the border of the forest, Underneath the fragrant pine-trees, Sat the old mee and the warriers Sat the old mee and the warriers Border of the point piece of the state Looked they at the pamesone labour of the young mee and the women; Listende to their noisy talking. The shart langhter and their singing, Heard them similar like the mapping. Heard them similar like the robins.

And whene'er some lucky maiden Found a meize-er red as blood is, "Nushka!" oried they all together, "Nushka! you shal have a sweetheart, You shall have a handsome hushand!" "Ugh!" the old men all responded, From their scala beneath the pine-trees.

And whene'er a youth or maaden Found a crocked are in husking, Found a maine-sar in the husking Righted, mildewed, or misshapen, Then they laughed abort the corribation Crept and imped abort the corribation for a straight of the straight of the Some old man, berginder and gestures Some old man, berginder and straight Singing singing or together: "Wagemin, the third of corroledist

Till the oorn-fields rang with laughter, Till from Hiswatha's wigram Kahgahgee, the King of Eavens, Soreamed and quivered in his anger, And from all the neighbouring tree-tops Cawed and croaked the black maranders "Ugh!" the old men all responded, From their seats beneath the nine-trees

XIV.

PICTURE-WRITING.

Is those days said Hiswaths, "Lo1 how all things fade and perish ! From the memory of the old men. Pass away the great traditions, The adventures of the huntern, All the wission of the Modas, All the craft of the Wahenos, All the marvellous dreams and visions Of the Jossakensk, the Prophets !

"Great men die and are forgotten, Wise men speak ; their words of wisdom Parish in the cars 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-points 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.

⁴⁷ 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 scoret message, But the bearer learns our secret, May pervert it, may betray it, May reveal it unto othera."

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 colours, Took his paints of different colours. On the smooth bark of a birch-tree Painted many shapes and figures, Wonderful and mystic figures,

PICTURE-WRITING.

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 rivere.

For the earth he drow a straight line, For the sky a bow shows it; White the space between for day-time, Filled with little stars for night-time; On the left a point for surset, On the top a point for noon-tide, And for rain and cloudy weather Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwar. Were a sign of invitation, Were a sign of guests assembling; Bloody hands with palms uplifted Were a horitile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiswatha Show unto his wondering people, And interpreted their meaning. And he said: " Behold, your grave-poste Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol. Go and paint 'Henn all with figures; Each one with its household symbol, With its own moestral Tochem; So that those who follow after May distinguish them and know them."

And they painted on the grave-posts Of the graves yet unforgotten, Each his own ancestral Totem, Each the symbol of his household:

Figures of the Bear and Reindoer, Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver, Each inverted as a token That the owner was departed, That the chief who bore the symbol Law beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Josskeeds, the Prophets, The Wabence, the Marcians, And the Medicine-men, the Medas, Painted upon burk and deer-skin Figures for the songs they chauted, for each acoug a separate symbol, Figures mystical and awful, Figures strange and brightly colourod; And each figure had its meaning, Each some margie song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator, Fhahing light through all the heaven; The Great Serpent, the Kenabesk, With his blocky create areachesk and the moon edipsed and dying; Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk, And the moon edipsed and dying; Headloss men, that while the heaven, And the comconst, bird of magic; Headloss men, that while the heaven, Blocky hunks of death uplifield, Flags on graves, and great war-espatian Gramping both the earth and heaven!

Such as these the shapes they painted On the birch-bark and the deer-skin; Songs of war and songe 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; Tis the lover, the musician, And the meaning is, "My painting Makes me powerful over others." Then the figure scated, singing,

HIAWATHAS LAMENTATION.

Playing on a drum of magic, And the interpretation, "Listen! "Tis my voice you hear, my sincing!"

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 worman, Standing hand in hand together, With their hands so clasped together That they seem in one united, And the words thus represented Are, "I see your heart within you, And your checks 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 straightward draw you to me!"

Then the figure of the maiden Sleeping, and the lower near her, Whispering to her in her alumbers, 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 1 whisper!"

Thus it was that Hiswatha, 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 villace.

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 Chibiaboa, "O my brother! do not leave me, Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!" Chibiabos, y-ung and heedless, Laughing shook his coal-black treeses, Answered over sweet and childlike, "Do not fear for me, O brother! Harm and evil come not pear me!"

Once when Pelcan, the Winter, Rochel with low the Riy-Sea Water, When the anowfakes, whirling downward, Hased among the withered ock-leaves, Changed the pine-trees into wigwams, Ocwered all the withered ock-leaves, Armed with arrows, also dwith move-shoes, Heeding not his prother's warring. For the hum the deer with Real alone ware (Chibiahos.

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 face commotion And the rooture 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 abyases Of the lake of Gitche Gumee.

From the headlands Hiawatha Sent forth such a wail of angulab, Such as fearful lamentation, That the bison paused to listen, And the wolves howled from the parities, And the thunder in the distance Starting answered, "Baim-wawal"

Then his face with black he painted, With his robe his head he covered,

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

"He is dead, the sweet musician i He the aweetest of all singers! He has gone from us for ever, 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 blue-bird, Sang the blue-bird, the Owaisss, "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, Walling went the Wavenaises, "Chibiabos! Chibiabos! He is dead, the sweet musician! He the sweetest of all singers!"

Then the molicine-ment, the Mcdas, The magicina, the Walence, And the Joakeeds, the prophets, Came to visit Hawatha; Built a Sacred Lodge beside him, to apprase him, to console him, and the sacred Lodge beside him, Backing each a peoph of healing: Skin of bacver, Junx, or other, Skin of bacver, Junx, or other, Filled with magic roots and aimples, 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 colours 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 ratilon; Chanted singly and in chorus, Mvatic sones like these. they chanted

" I nyself, myself i behold me i Tis the great Gray Eagle talking; Come, ye white crows, come and hear him : The load speaking thunder helps me; All the unseen spirita help me; I can hear their voices calling, All around the sky I hear them! I can beal you, Hiawatha!" "Hisu,hel" replied the chorus,

"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 helw you strong, my brother! I can hel you, Hiswatha!"

"Hi-au-ha!" replied the chorus, "Way-ha-way!" the mystic chorus.

"I myself, myself i the prophet! When I speak the wigwam trembles, Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terrory, Hands unseen begin to shake it! When I walk, the sky I tread on Bends and makes a noise beneath mo! I can blow you strong, my brother! Rise and speak, O Hiswatha!"

"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 headed of all his madness. As the clouds are sweept from heaven, Straightway from his brain departed

HIAWATHAS LAMENTATION.

All his moody melancholy; As the ice is swept from rivers, Straightway from his heart departed All his sorrow and affliction.

Then they summoned Chibialos From his grave beneash the waters, From the sands of Gitche Gumes Summoned Hiswaths's brother. And so mighty was the magio Of that eyr and invocation, That he heard it as he lay there Underneash the BigSosk/Water; mol, Haard the music and the singing. Camo, obsdimt to the summons, To the doorway of the wigram, But to enter the forbade him.

Through the chink a coal they gave him, Through the door a burning fire-brand; Ruler in the Land of Spirits, Ruler o're the dead, they made him, Teiling 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 know him. Passing silent through the forest, Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways, Slowly vanished Childhole Where he rood Childhole Where he rood, the grasses bent not, And the fallen leaves of last year Made no sound beneath his footatepts.

Four whole days he journeyed onward. Down the pathway of the deal ment. 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 Cance was carried To the Islands of the Blessed, To the land of chocts and ehadows.

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.

"Ah! 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, Wandared eastward, wandered westward, Teaching men the use of simples And the antiolotes for poisons, And the curre of all diseases. Thus was first made known to mortals All the survey of Medamin, All the survey at at of healing.

XVI.

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewia. 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 dight from Hiawatha, And his wondrous transmigrations, And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumes, On the dumes of Nagow Water Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewia. It was he who in his franzy Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewia. It was he who in his franzy on the dumes of Nagow Watio, On the dumes of Nagow Watio, When, among the guests assembled, He so merriy and maily Danced at Hiswatha's wedding, Danced the Hogger's Dance to please them

Now, in search of new advantures, From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis, Came with speed into the village, Found the young men all assembled In the lodge of old Iagoo, Listening to his monstrous stories, To his wonderful adventures. He was telling them the storr

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS,

Of Oieeg, 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 essaved 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 Iagoo.

"Once he lasped," mid old Iagoo, "Once he lasped, and loi above him Bent the sky, as ice in rivers When the waters rise beneath it; Twice he lasped, and loi above him Cracked the sky, as los in rivers When the freahet is at highest! Thrice he lasped, and loi above him Broke the shattered sky saunder, And he disappeared within it, And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel, With a bound went in behind him!"

"Hark you!" shouted Pan-Puk-Keewiv As he entered at the doorway; "I am tired of all this talking, Tired of oid I agoo's stories, Tired of Huwatha's wisdom. Here is something to amuse you, Better than this endless talking,"

Then from out his pouch of welfsekin, Forth he draw, with soleram manner, All the game of Howl and Counters, Fugussing, with thirtone picedimental and vermilian on the voltage Two Linnewug, or woldgemen, One great war-tab, Pugamaugun, And one slender fah, the Keego, Four round piceos, Ozwabesha, musika All were in the Owanybesha; All except the Owanybesha;

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 pleces, And one great Kenabeek standing On the bright side of a brass place, On the bright side of a brass place, On the bright and eicht are counted."

Then again he shock the pieces, Shook and jostled them together, Threw them on the ground before him, Still exclaiming and explaining: "White are both the great Kennbecks, 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 Jagoo, "Many games of skill ad hazard Have I seen in different nations, Have I played in different countries. He who plays with old Jagoo Must have every nimble fingers; Though you think yourself so skilful, I can best you, Pau-Fuk-Kewis, I can even give you lessons I any our game of Bowl and Counters!"

So they ast and played together, All the old men and the your men, Played till mitinghe, played till morning. Played till mitinghe, played till morning. Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Kewsia, Of their trassures had despoind them, Of their trassures had despoind them, Of the best of all their dresses, Shirts of does-skin, robes of ermins, Belts of wampun, crests of feathers, Warlille weapons, plays and potches. Uake the syme of wolves glared at him. Said the hudy Paus-Puk-Kewsrist

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

"In my wigeran I an londy, In my waderings and alventures 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 hasped about mo, On a single three will reature All against the young man youlder? Twas a youth of akizen summary. Twas a nephow of Lagoo; Two-in-Mick, the poople called him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head Dusky red boneath the sakes, So boneath his shagey eyebrows Glowed the eyes of old lagoo. "Ugh!" he answered very fiercely; "Ugh!" hey answered all and each one "Ugh!"

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!

Than the smiling Pau-Puk-Keswis Shock the bowl and throw the pieces; Lightly in the air he tossed them, And they foll about him seathered; Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks, Red and white the other pieces, end and white the other pieces, the Jinneweg was standing. Form as cardity Pau-Puk-Keswis Stood done among the players, Saying "Fire tens! mine the game is I'

Twonty eyes glared at him farcely, 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 Wudioo!"

Hot and red with smoke and gambing Were the eyes of Pan-Puk Keewis As he came forth to the freshness of the plessant summer morning. All the birds were singing gaily, and the streamlets flowing evilty. And the heart of Pau-Puk Keewis Smag with plessant as the birds. Keet with thinking the two the streamlets, least with thinking the streamlets, the streamlet of the streamlets, the streamlet of the streamlets, with his fan of turkey-feasihers, Ranched the louge of Hawarda.

Silent was it and deserted; No one met him at the doorway, No one came to bid him welcome; But the birks were singing round it, In and out and round the doorway, Hopping, singing, futtering, feeding, And aloft upon the ridge-pole Kahgadage, the King of Havens, Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming, Thapped his wings at Pan-Phi-Keewis.

"Åll are gono' the lodge is empty !" Thus it was spake Par-Duk-Keewis, In his heart resolving mischief; "Gone is wary Hiswatha, Gone the silly Langhing Water, Gone Nokonis, the old woman, Ard 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 his 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,

THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

Piled together in confusion Bowls of wood and earthen kettles, Robes of buffalo and beaver, Skins of otter, lynz, and ermine, As a ninsult to Nokomis, As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewia, Whistling, singly through the forest, Whistling gaily to the squirrels, Who from hollow boughs above him Dropped their acom-shells upon him, Singing gaily 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, fluttlered, rustled, Hiawatha's mountain chickens, Flock-wise swept and wheeled about him, Almosé brushed him with their puinos.

And he killed them as he lay there, Staughterd them by tens and twenties, Threw their bodies down the headland, Threw them on the back below him, Till at length Kayoah, the sea-gull, Perched upon a crag above them, Shouted: "It is Pan-Puk-Keewis! He is alaying us by hundreds! Send a message to our brother, Tidings send to Hinavaha!"

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 misdemeanours.

All the malice and the mischief, Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,

Hard his breath cames through his nostring. Through his test he burzed and muttered Words of anger and resentment, Hot and humming, like a hornes. "I will alay this Pan-Puk-Keewig, Sky this micholermaker I" said he. "Not so rude and rough the world is, Not so rude and rough the way is, That my wrath shall not attain him, That my venemace shall not each him!"

Then in swift pursuit departed Hinwatha and the hunters On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keswis, Through the forest, where he passed it, To the headlands where he reasted; Buit they found not Pau-Puk-Keswis, Only in the trampled grasses, In the whordberry bushes, Found the incures of his body.

From the Jowlands for beneath them, From the Musicalay, the meadow, Pau-Puic-Keewis, turning backward, Made a gesture of defiance, And aloud crisical of the Notes orus and and rough the way is, But my wrath shall overtake you, And my rengeance shall statin you 1"

Over rock and over river, Thorough bush, and braks, and forest. Ran the cumming Fau-Putk Knewis; Likes an astiops he bounded, Till he exame unto a streamlet In the middle of the forest, To a streamlet still and tranquil, That had overflowed its margin, To a show made by the heavers, Mhere knew steps the trass were standing. Where the vater-likes footsd, Where the vater-like footsd,

On the dam stood Psu-Puk-Keewis, On the dam of trunks and branches, Through whose chinks the water spouted,

THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-REEWIS.

O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet. From the bottom rose a beaver, Looked with two great eyes of wonder, Eyes that seemed to ask a question, At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewia.

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!"

Cartiously replied the beaver, With reserve he thus made answer: "Let me first consult the others, Let me sak the other beavers." Down he sank into the water, Heavily sank he, se a stone sinks, Down among the leaves and branches, Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Pui-Keewis, O'er his ankles flowed the atreamlet, Spouted through the chinks below him, Spread screen and calm before him, And the sunshine and the shadows Foll in flecks and glearse 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-Pik-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 deerskin, Black his moceasins 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-Keewin, "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 doroway Leading into spacebas chambers.

Here they made him large and larger. Made him largest of the beavers, Ten times larger than the others. "You shall be our ruler," said they; " Chief and king of all the beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis Sat in state among the beavers, When there came a voice of warning From the watchman at his station' In the water-flags and lilies, Saying, "Here is Hiawatha! Hiawatha with his hunters!"

Then they heard a cry above them, Heard a shouting and a tramping, Heard a crashing and a rushing, And the water round and o'er them Sank and sucked away in eddies, And they knew their dam was broken.

On the lodge's root the hunters Leaped, and hroke it all aunder ; Streamed the sumshine through the ervice. 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 beneast the doorway; He was putted with pride and feeling. He was swillen like a bladder.

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THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS,

Through the roof looked Hiawatha, Cried aloud, " O Pau-Puk-Keewis! Vain are all your craft and cunning, Vsin 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 fimber, 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 futtered, strove, and struggled, Waving hither, waving thither, As the curtains of a wigwam Strugglo with their thongs of deer-skin, When the wintry wind is blowing; Till it rose up from the body, Till it took theform and features of the cumning Pau-Puk-Koswia, Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiswatha Saw the figure ore it ransihed, Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis Gildo into the soft blue shadow Of the pine-trees of the forest, Toward the acquese of while beyond it, Toward an equanse of while beyond it, Toward an equation of the forest, Dending all the boughs before it, And behind it, as the rain comes, Came the stere of Hiswatha.

To a lake with many ialands Canno the breaklass Pau-Puk-Keewin, Where among the water-Illies Pianeskuh, the brant, were sailing; Through the tufts of rushes floating; Steering through the reddy ialands. Now their broad black beaks they lifted Now they planged benast the water, Now they darkened in the shadow. Now they darkened in the sandow.

"Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-Puk-Keewis "Pishnekuh! my brothers!" said he, "Change me to a brant with plumage. 43!

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 bosons smooth and rounded, With a bill like two great paddles, Made him larger than the others, Ten times larger than the others, Just as, shouting from the forest, On the shore shood Hiawratha.

Up they rose with erg and clamour, With a whitr and best of pinions, Rose up from the resdy islands, From the water-flags and lills. 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 strange mischance should happen,

Fast and far they fied 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 clamour from beneasth them, From the lodges of a village, From the people miles beneasth 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 outery of Iagoo, And, forgetful of the warning, Drew his neek in, and looked downward, And the wind that blew behind him Caught his mighty fan of feathers, Sen him wheeling, whirling downward I

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis Struggle to regain his balance ! Whirling round and round and downward. He beheld in turn the village

THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

And in turn the flock above him, Sow the village coming nearer, And the flock recoding farther, Heard the vices growing louder, Heard the shouting and the laughter Kaw no more the flock above him, Only saw the sarth beneath him ; Naly saw the sarth beneath him ; Dead smoreg the shouting people, With a heavy sound and sullen, Foll the benut with broken prinons.

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow, Still aurivde as Pau-Puk Keewia, Took again the form and features of the handsome Yenalizze, And again went rushing onward, Pollowei fate by Hiawatha, Crying: " Not so wide the world ir, 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 we stretched to esize him, His right hand to esize and hold him, When the cuming Pau-Pak-Kewis Whiled and spun about in circles. Franed the sit into a whitriwin him, Danoed the dust and leaves shout him. Danoed the dust and leaves shout him, Changed himself into a serpent, Changed himself into a serpent,

With this right hand Hinwatha Smote samin the hollow cak-trae, Rent it into ahreads and splinters, Let's it lying there in fragments. But in vain; for Paus-Put-Keewig, Oceo again in human figure, Fod away in gut and withrwind, Sped away in gut and withrwind, Sped away in gut and withrwind, Wattwart by the Big-Sea-Water, Came unto the rocky headlands, To the Pictured Rocks of sandtense,

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 shood Hiawatha, Found the docurvays closed against him, With his m'ttena, Minjekahwun, Smote gravet acurema in the asadatone, Cried aloud in tomes of thunder, " Open I am Hiawathai" But the Old Man of the Mountain Opened not, and made no answer From the alour rock abwess.

Then he raised his hands to heaven, Called imploring on the tempes, Called Waywasimo, the lightning, And the thinder, Amenreeker; And they came with night and darkness Sweeping down the Big-See Water From the distant Thunder Mountaing; From the distant Thunder Mountaing; From the distant Thunder Mountaing; Saw the red eyes of the lightning, Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning, Smote the dorways of the averan, With his war-club smote the doorways, Smote the jutting erays of asandatone. And the thunder, Annemeekee, Shouted down into the caveras, Saying, "Where is Pan-Puk-Keewis/ And the crags fell, and beneath them Dead among the rocky ruins Lay the cuming Pan-Puk-Keewis, Lay the handsome Yanadizze, Shain in his own human fixure.

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

THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds; But above there in the heavens You shall scar and sail in circles; I will change you to an eagle, To Kence, the great war-eagle, Chief of all the forwls with feathers, Chief of Huwatha's chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-Kewis Lingers still among the pools, Lingers still among the singers, And among the sorty-tellers, Main successful sorty-tellers, Main the wind in gusty turnit, When the wind in gusty turnit, When the wind in gusty turnit, "Throe," they or, " comes Pau-Tuk-Kewis; He is dancing through the village, He is gathering in his harvest!"

XVIII.

THE DEATH OF EWASIND.

FAB 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 mischerous Puk-Wudjies, They the envirous Little People, They the fairies and the pigmies, Plotted and comspired against him.

"If this nateful Kwaind," said they, "If this great, outrageous fellow Goes on thus a little longer, Taaring everything to piccos, Filling all the world with wonder, What becomes of the Puk-Wudjicel Whew ill care for the Puk-Wudjicel Me will that us the water, Net world with world world by 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, hauchtv, dancerous 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 harm him.

Even there the only weapon Tast 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 cuming Little People, The Puk-Wudjies, know the secret, Knew the ody way to kill him.

So they gathered comes together, Gathered seed-comes of the pine-tree, Gathered blue comes of the fir-tree, In the woods by Taquamenw, Brought them to the river's margin, Heaged 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 Peorle.

"Twas an afternoon in summer; Very hot and still the air was, Very smooth the gliding river, Motionless the aleeping shadows: Insects glistened in the sumshine, Insects skated on the water, Filled the drowsy air with buzzing, With a far-resounding war-cry.

Down the river came the Strong Mac In his birch cance came Kwasind, Floating slowly down the current Of the sluggish Taquamenaw, Very languid with the weather, Very sleep with the silence.

From the overhanging branches. From the tassel of the birch-trees, Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended; By his airy hosts surrounded, His invikile attendants, Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin; Like at burnished Dush-kwo-nesle, Like at dragondy, he hovered O'ar the drowy head of Kwesind.

To his ear there came a murmur

THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

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 Biowa of little airy war-clubs, Wielded by the alumbrous 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 salesp was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river, Like a blind man sasted upright, Floated down the Taquamenaw, Underneath the trembling birch trees, Underneath the worded headlands, Underneath the worded headlands, Of the pigmies, the Puk-W udjies.

There they stood, all armed and waiting, Hurled the pine-comes down upon him, Struck him on his brawny shoulders, On his crown defenceless struck him. "Death to Kwasind!" was the sudden War-erv of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and tumbled, Sideways fell into the river, Plunged benesth the sluggish water Headlong, as an otter plunges; And the birch cance, abandoned, Drifted empty down the river, Bottom upward swerved and drifted: Nothing more was seen of Kressind.

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 seunder, "Kwamin!" oried they; "that is Kwasind! He is gathering in his firwewoi!"

XIX.

THE GHOSTS.

Novra stoops the soaring vulture On his quarry in the desart, 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 speek, and then a vulture, Till the aris a dark with pinons.

So dimaters 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 anough.

Now, o'er all the dreary Northland, Mighty Pelson, the Winter, Breathing on the lakes and rivers, From his hair he shock the snow-flakes, From his hair he shock the snow-flakes, Till the plains were strewn with writenese. 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 Nokonis, 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 sum in water:

THE GHOSTS.

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 lifeted; Brighter glowed the fire a moment, And a moment swerred the monk-eveneth, As two women entered softy. Passed the doorway uninvited, Without word of salutation, Without word of salutation, Sat down in the farthest corner, Grouebing 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 Mutering 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 corpess clad in garments, Tisse are globes that come to haunt you, From the kingdom of the Hereativer!"

Homeward now camo Hiawatha From his hunting in the forest, With the mow upon his treases, And the red deer on his shoulders. At the feet of Laughing Water Down he threw his lifeless burden; Nobler, handsomer she thought him. Nobler, handsomer she thought him. Thirs threw down the deer burden; As a token of his winhes, As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the strangers, Covering, 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 spart for Laughing Water, For the wife of Hiawatha, Without asking, without thanking, Eagerly deroured the morsels, Fiitted back among the shadows In the corner of the wirewan.

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 softy Whispered, saying, "They are famished. Let them do what best delights them; Let them est, for they are famished."

Many a daylight dawn-d and darkened Many a night shool off the daylight As the pime shakes off the snowf-fakes Prom the midnight of its branches; Day by day the genesic unmoving Sat there saint in the wigwan; As there saint in the wigwan; Sat there saint in the wigwan; Forth they went into the forcer, Bringing pime-cones for the burning, Aiways and and always allent.

And whenever Hiswaths Came from fahing or from hunting, When the ovening meal was ready, And the food had been divided, Gliding from their darksome corner, Seized upon the choicest portions Set saide for Laughing Water, And without rebulks or question Fitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hizwatha Dy a word or look reproved them; Never once had old Nokomis Made a gesture of impatience; Shown resentement at the outerge. All had they endured in silence, Shown resentement at the outerge. That the virtue of these given That the virtue of these given. By a look might not be lessened, By a word might not be lessened.

THE GHOSTS.

Once at midnight Hiawatha, Ever wakeful, ever watchful, In the wigwan, dimly lighted By the brands that still were burwing, By the glinnering, flickering fire-light, Heard a solbhng, 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 guestal why is it That your hearts are so sallicited, 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 hespitable 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 realins of Chibiabos Hither have we come to vary you. Hither have we come to warn you.

⁶⁰ Cries of grief and Jamentation Reach us in the Blesseel 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. And we see that the departed Have no place samong the living.

"Think of this, O Hiawathal Speak of it to all the people, That henceforward and for ever 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.

⁴⁶ Four days is the spirit's journey To the hand of ghosts and shadows, Four its lonaly night encampments; Four times must their fires be lighted. Therefore, when the dead are buried, Let a fra, as night approaches. Four times on the grave be kindled, That the soul upon its journey May not prope 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, Fain to tim the harder struce?a."

When they ceased, a sudder darkness Pell and filde the silent wiyawa. Hiawatha heard a rustle As of germents trailing by him, As of germents trailing by him, Litted by a hand he saw not, Pelt the cold breath of the night air. For a moment saw the starlight; But he saw the ghost an longer, Saw no more the wandering spirite Poor the land of the Hersathar.

XX.

THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary Winter! O the cold and cruel Winter! Ever thicker, thicker, thicker Froze the ice on lake and river, Ever deeper, deeper, deeper Fell the snow o'er all the landscape, Fell the covering snow, and drifted Through the forest, round the villace.

Hardly from his buried wigwam Could the hunter force a passage; With his mittens and his snow-shoes Vainly walked he through the forest,

THE FAMINE.

Sought for bird or bears and found uson. Sown or track of deer or rabbit, In the mow behead no footprints, In the mow behead no footprints, Duly, and could be tries from weakness, Periade there from cold and hunger. O the famine and the fever I O the basing of the famine! O the basing of the famine! O the anguing of the fever! I bear and the fever I O the anguing of the fever!

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 Hiswatha's wigwam Came two other guests, as a slint As the ghosts were, and as gloomy, Waited not bo be invited, Did not parley at the doorway, Sat there without word of welcome In the seat of Laughing Water; Looked with haggard eges 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 Føver, 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 narwer; 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 stroide he forward

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!" Gried 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 was and vacant Bang that cry of desolation; But there came no other answer Than the echo of his crying, Than the echo of the woodlands, "Minnehaal Minnehaal"

All day long roved Hiswatha In that melanchy forest, Through the shadow of whose thickets, It has pleasant days of Summer, Of that ne'er forgotten Summer, He had brought his young wife homeward From the hird sang in the thickets, Vhen the birds sang in the thickets, Vhen the birds sang in the thickets, And the lowly Langhing Water Said with voice that did not tremble, "I will follow you, my hunband !"

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, "Tis the nicht-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 Dacotaha!" "No, my child," said old Nokomis,

"Tis the smoke that waves and boekons!" "Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk Glare upon me in the darkness, I can feel his icy fingers Clasping mine amid the darkness! Hiswatha! Hiswaths!"

THE FAMINE.

And the desolate Hiawatha, Far away smid 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 Hiswaths, Empty-handed, heavy-hearted, Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing: "Wahonowin I Wahonowin ! Would that I had periabed 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 lorely Minnehaha Lying daed and cold before him, And his bursting heart within him Uttered such a cry of anguish, That the force moncel 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, Undernesth the moaning hemlocks; Clothed her in her richest garments, Wrapped her in her robes of 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, Micht not leave her in the darkness

⁴⁷Freewell (" mid he, " Minnehahet Parewell, On Jaughing Water I All my thoughts go onward with you Come not back again to allour, Non my take will be completed. Soon your footsteps I shall follow To the laland of the Blessed, To the Kingdom of Ponemah, To the Land of the Blessed.

XXL

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

Is his lodge baside a river, Glose bedde a frozen river, Sat an old man, sad and lonely. White his hair was as a mow-drift; Dull and low his fire was burning. And the old man shock and trembled, Folded in his Maubewyon, In his tattered whito-skin wrapper, Hearing nothing but the tempest As it roared along the forest, Seeing nothing but the snowstorm As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

All the coals were white with abhes, And the fire was lowly dying, As a young man, walking lightly, At the open doorway entered. Red with blood of youth his checks were, Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time, Bound his forehead was with grasses; Bound and plumed with sconted grasses; On his lips a smile of beauty,





THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

Filling all the lodge with sunshine, In his hand a bunch of blossoms, Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

"Ab, my son 1" 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 togetheres, Tell me of your strange adventures, Of the land where you have travelled; I will tell you of my provess, Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his passe-pips, Very old and strangely fashioned; Made of red stone was the pipe-head, And the stem a read with fasthers; 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 thick my heavy tenses," 83di the ol man, darkly frowning, "All the lares with anow is covered; All the lares with more income from the second second second second from the water and the matches Rise the wild goose and the heron, Forn the water and the matches Rise the wild goose and the heron, For the second second second Rise the wild goose and the heron, For a passi, and lot they are not. And where et an footsteps wander, and where the my footsteps wander, and where the motores as distances?"

"When I shake my flowing ringlets," Said the young man, softly laughing, "Showers of rain fall warn and welcome, Plants lift up their heads rejoicing, Back unto their lakes and marshes Come the wild goose and the heron,

Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow, Sing the blue-bird 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 speechees, And the air grew warm and pleasant, And upon the wigwam sweetly Sang the blue-bird and the robin, And the stream began to nurmur, And a seent of growing grasses Through the lodge was gently waited.

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 airunk and dwindled American the streamlets, And his source it is folded. Till into the ground it vanished, And the young mas saw before him, On the hearth-stone of the wigwam, Where the fire had smoked and smouldowed, Saw the assisted flower of Spring-time, Saw the Mickeden in blower,

Thus it was that in the Northland, After that unheard-of coldness, That intolerable Winter, Came the Spring with all its splendour, 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 Mahnabhezee, Speaking almost as a man apeaks; And in long lines waving, bending Like a bowstring snapped asunder, 'Ame the white goose, Waw-bewawa :

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

And in pairs, or singly flying, Mahng the loon, with clangerous pinions, The blue heron, the Sluth shuh-gah, And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the Vinicke's and the meadows Fiped the blue-bird, the Ownisso, On the summit of the lodges Sang the robin, the Opechee, In the covert of the pine-trees Coced the pigeon, the Omemee, And the covrowing Hiswatha, Speechless in this 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 Iagoo, The great traveller, the great boaster, Full of new and strange adventures, Marrels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village Listened to him as he told them Of his marvellous adventures, Laughing answered him in this wise: "Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo! No one else beholds such 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, "I cannot be so! Kaw!" they said, "it cannot be so!

O'er it, said he, o'er this water Came a great cance with pinions, A cance 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, Annemeekeel And the warriors and the women

Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo; "Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!"

In its said he, came a people, In the great cance with pinions Came, he said, a hundred warriors; Panised white were all their faces, And with hair their chins were covered! And the warriors and the women Langhed and abouted in derision, Like the crows upon the hemolock "Kawi" they said, "what lies you tall us! Do not think that we believe them!"

Only Hiawakha haughed not, Buth be gravely spake and answered To their jeering and their jeeting: "True is all lagoo tells us i I have seen it in a vision, Seen the grave anone with prinnen, Seen the heaving of this bearded Pople of the wooden vessel From the regions of the morning, From the regions of the morning.

"Gitche Manifo, the Mighty, The Great Spritt, the Creator, Sends them hither on his errand, Sends them to us with his message. Whereaee'er they move, before them Swarms the stinging ffy, the Ahmo, Swarms the bea, the honey-maker; Whereaee'er they tread, beneath them Springs a flower unknown among us, Springs the White-mark'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, Sald 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, crowled nations. All the land was full of people, Bestless, struggling, toiling, striving, Speaking many tongues, yet feeling But one heart-beats in their becoma.

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

In the woodlands rang their axes, Smoked their towns in all the valleys, Over all the lakes and rivers Rushed their great cances of thunder. "Then a darker, drearier vision

Passed before me, vague and cloud-like; I beheld our nations scattered, All forgetful of my conneels, 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 a utumn!"

XXIL

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 joyons, And before him, through the sunshine, Westward toward the neighbouring 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 boson 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, Moticolless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha Gone was every trace of serrow, 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, Stod and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted, Both the palms spread out against it,

And between the parted fingers Fall 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? Was it 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 closey neck and feathers?

It was neither goese nor diver, Neither pelican nor heron, O'er the water floating, dying, Through the shining mist of morning, But a birch cance with paddles, Raing, sinking in the water, Dripping, flashing in the sunshine; And within it cance a people and within it cances a people unp. From the fact-Bobs chirf, the Propher, He the Priest of Prayer, the Paleface, With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiswatha, With his hands aloft extended, Hold aloft in sign of welcome, waited, fall of exultation, Till the birch earno with paddles, Standed on the sandy margin, Still the Black Robe chief, the PaleLace, With the eross upon his bosom, Landed on the sandy margin,

Then the joyous Hiswaths Cried aloud and spake in this wise: "Bautiful is the sun, Q strangers, When you come so far to see us! All our town in peace swaits you, All our doors stand open for you; You shall enter all our wigwans; For the heart's right hand we give you. "Never bloomed the earth so gaily.

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

forer 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-bare; For your birch cance in passing Has removed both rock and sand-bar!

"Never before had our tobacco Such a sweet and pleasant flavour, Never the broad lazers of our con-fields 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 antwor, Stammered in his speech a little, Speaking words yet unfamiliar: "Peace be with you and your people, Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon, Peace of prayer, and peace of Mary !"

Then the generous Hiswatha^{*} Led the strangers to his wiywam, Seated them on skins of bison, Seated them on skins of the Brought them food in howls of base-wood, Water brought in birchen dippers, And the calumet, the peace-pips, Filled and lighted for their emoking.

All the old men of the village, All the variors of the nation, All the Jossak-sels, the prophets, The magicians, the Wabence, 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 as in a silence. Waiting to behold the strangers, Waiting to receive their message; Till the Black-Robe chief, the Paie-face. From the wignum came to greet them, Stammering in his speech a little, Speaking word syst 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 peoplo,

Told the purport of his mission, Told them of the Virgin Mary, And her bissued Son, the Evriour, How in distant lank and ages He had lived on earth as we do; How the fasted, purped, and laboured; How the oters, the tribe accuraci, How the oter my the scatter liah him, How the rese from where they liah him, Walked again with his disciples, And accorded 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 forew the asternoon of Summer; With a drowny sound the forest Whipperd round the suitry wingwan, With a sound of aleep the water Rippied on the basch below it. From the corn-fields shrill and caseless Sing the gravahopper, Jal-jal-sceens; Weasry with the heat of Summer, Slumbered in the suitry wireman.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape Fell the evening's duck and coolness, And the long and level sunbeams Shot their geners into the forest, Breaking through its shields of shadow, Rushed into each secret ambush, Scarched each thicket, dingic, hollow; Still the guests of Hiswatha Slumbered in the silent wiyawan.

From his place rose Hiawatha, Bade farewell to old Nokomis, Spake in whispers, spake in this wise, Did not wake the guests that slumberod:

"I am going, O Nokomis, On a long and distant journey.





And the evening snn descending. Set the clouds on fire with reduces, Burnvid the bread sky, like a prairie, Laft open the level water One long track and trail of splendour.

Par :50

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

To the portals of the Sunset, To the region of the home-wind, Of the Northwest wind, Koewaydin. But these guests I lave behind me, In your watch and ward I leave them; See that never harm comes near them, Never danger nor suspiced, Never want of food or shelter, In the lodge of Hinwatha!"

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 im going. O my people, On a long and distant journey; Many moons and many winkers Will have come, and will have work, and will have some, and will have wankaled, Ere I come again to see you. But my gueste I leave behind me; Listen to their words of windom, Listen to their truth they tell you, For the Master of Life hath sent them From the land of light and morning!"

On the shore stood Hiswatha, Turned and waved his hand at parting; On the clear and luminous water Launched his birch cance for sailing, From the pebbles of the margin Shored it forth into the water; Whispered to it, "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, Lott upon the level water One long track and trail of splendour, Down whose stream, as down a fiver, Westward, westward Hiawatha Sailed into the ferry sunset, Sailed into the fours of each of evening.

And the people from the margin Watched him floating, rising, sinking, Till the birch ennoe seemed lifted High into that sea of splendour, Till it sank into the vapours Like the new moon slowly, slowly Sinking in the purple distance.

And they asid, "Farewoll for over " Said, "Farewoll, O Hiavatha !" And the foresta, dark and lonely, Moved through all their depths of darkness, Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha !" And the waves upon the margin, Raing, rippling on the petbles, " And the heaves upon the margin, Bart, "Farewell, O Hiawatha !" Secensel, "Farewell, O Hiawatha !"

Thus departed Hiswatha, Hiswatha the Belored, In the glory of the sunset, In the purple mists of evening, To the regions of the home-wind, Of the Northwest wind Keewaydiu, To the inlands of the Blessed, To the kingdom of Ponemah, To the lands of the Herserkfter I

VOCABULARY.

Adjidau'mo, the red squirrel. Be'na, the pheasant. Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior. Cheemaun', a birch canoe. Chetowalk', the plover. Chibia'bos, a musician; friend of Hia-Dush-kwo-ne'-she, or Kwo-ne'-she, Gitch'e Gu'mee, the Big-Sca-Water, Gitch's Man'ito, the Great Spirit, the Is'goo, a great boaster and story-teller. Kagh, the hedgehog. Ka'go, do not. Kawcen', no indeed. Kayoshk', the sea-gull.

Keyway'din, the Northapest Wind ; the

Keneu', the great war-eagle, Keno'zha, the pickerel,

Kuntasoo', the Game of Plum-stones.

Kwo-ne'-she. or Dush-kwo-ne'-she. the

Mahn-go-tay'see, loon-hearted, brave.

a magician, and the Manito of

Meshinau'wa, a pipe-bearer.

Mississippi, between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St Anthony.

Minneha'ha, Laughing Water : wife of

Minne-wa'wa, a pleasant sound, as of

Mishe-Mo'kwa, the Great Bear.

Miskodeed', the Spring-Beauty, the Claytonia Virginica.

Monda'min, Indian corn

Moon of Bright Nights, April.

Mudway-aush ka, sound of waves on a

Mushkoda'sa, the grouse, Nah'ma, the sturgton, Nah/ma-wusk, spearmint. Na/gow Wudi/oo, the Sand Dunes of Nec-ba-naw'-baigs, water-spirits. Nenemoo'sha sweetheart. Nepah'win, sleep. Noko'mis, a grandmother; mother of No'sa, my father. Nush'ka, look! look! Odah'min, the strawberry. Okahah'wis, the fresh-water herring. Ona'gon, a bowl. Onaway', awake. Ope'chee, the robin Osse'o, Son of the Evening Star. Oweenee', wife of Osseo. Ozawa'beek, a round piece of brass or copper in the Game of the Boul Pah-puk-kee'na, the grasshopper. Pau-Puk-Kee'wis, the handsome Yena-Pauwa'ting, Saut Sainte Marie, Pe'hoan, Winter. Pemi'can, meat of the deer or buffalo dried and pounded. Pechekee', the bison. Pishnekuh', the brant. Pono'mah, hereafter. Pugasaing', Game of the Bowl. Pugawau'gun, a war-club. Puk-Wudj'ies, little wild men of the woods: pigmies. Sah-sah-je'-wun, rapids. Sah'wa, the perch.

Sha'da, the pelican. Shahbo'min, the goossoerry. Shah-shah, long ago. Shaugoda'ya, a coward. Shaw'shaw, the swallow, Shesh'ebwug, ducks; pieces in the Game of the Borel, Shin'gobis, the diver, or greebe. Showain'-neme'shin, pity me. Shuh-shuh'-gab, the blue heron. Soan-go-ta ha, strong-hearted. Sugge'ma, the mosquito, To'tem, family coat-of-arms. Ugudwash', the sun-fish. Unktahee', the God of Water. Wabas'so, the rabbit; the North. Wabe'no, a magician, a juggler. Wa'bun An'nung, the Star of the East, the Morning Star. Wahono'win, a cry of lamentation. Wah-wah-tay'sce, the fire-fly. Wampum, beads of shell. Waubewy'on, a white skin wrapper. Wa'wa, the wild-goose, Waw-be-wa'wa, the white goose, Way-muk-kwa'na, the caterpillar. Weno'nah, Hiawatha's mother, daugh-Yenadiz'ze, an idler and aquabler : an

Indian dandy.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

L

MILES STANDISH.

Is the Old Colony days, in Flymouth the land of the Pilgrins, To and for in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling, Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather, Strode, with a martial air, Milles Standish the Puritas 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 corelet of steel, and his trusty aword of Damaseus, Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabie 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 anow, as hedges sometimes in November. Near him was seated John Alden, his friend, and household comnanion.

Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window; Fair-haired, azuro-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion, Havino the dew of his youth, and the heanty thereof, as the

Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives

Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but Angels." Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May Flower.

Suddenly breaking the ailence, 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 I

This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,

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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 Cantain 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 Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!" This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment. Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued : "Look ! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the 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 landscane.

Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapoury breath of the east-wind forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-bluer im of the cocean, Lyring silent and sad, in the sitemoon abadows and sumahina. Over his countenance fitted as hadow like those on the landscape, Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued with emotion.

Tendemes, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded : "Yonder three, on the hill by the sea, las buried Rose Standish; Beautiful rase of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside ! She was the first to die of all who came in the May Flower ! Green above her is growing the field of whest we have sown there, lefter to hide from the Judian socutus the graves of our people, Lest they about count them and see how many already have periabed!"

Badly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was thoughtful.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them D ominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding; Bariffe's Artillery Guido, and the Commentaries of Casar, Gut of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldings of London, And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bibls, Musing a moment before them, Miles Standing Jaused, as if doubtful Which of the three her block choose for his consolation and comfory. Removes and of the Bebreven, the famous compelgars of the Removes.

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 eilence Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the marrin

Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest. Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling, Boaily writing epiatles important, to go by the May Flower, Roady to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing' Homeward bound with the skings of all that terrible writer, Full of the name and the fame of the Furitan maiden Priseillal

п.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling, Or an occasional sigh from the labouring heart of the Captain, Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Corsar, After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand, palm downwards.

Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Cmear! You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful! Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful:

"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.

Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could dictate Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."

"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other, "Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Cæsar I

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

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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 vourself. 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 stripline

Writing epistless important to go next day by the May Flower, Filled with the name and the frame of the Priritan maiden Pricella ; Every mentence began or closed with the name of Priselli, Till the track-herous pent, for which he confided the scoret, Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Prisellist Finally closing his book, with a bung of the ponderons over, Studien and loud as the sound of a solifer grounding his musket, Studien and loud as the sound of a solifer grounding his musket, months¹.

"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.

Be not however in haste; I can wait; I chall not be impatient!" Straightwy Alfair repiad, as he folded the hast of his letters, Pushing his papers saids, and giving respectful attention: "Speak; for whenever you apple, I am always ready to listen, Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standiah." This objects in the second seco

"'Tis 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,

THE LOVEE'S EBRAND.

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 a chicks at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered, Trying to make his diamay by treating the subject with lightness, Trying to make his diamay by treating the subject with lightness, Trying to make answer and space, or rather stanmared than answered. This make answer and space, or rather stammered than answered the subject of the stammer and space of the stammered than answered if you would have it well done, — I an only repeating your mainty for unst 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 alaking his head, made answer the Captain of Pymouths "I'ruly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainay it; "I'ruly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainay it; "I'ruly to a fortess and unmon the pholes to surreduce. Now, at I add before, I was you are a notice of pholes to nothing.

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 bulleta, 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 an I sahamed 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 ware reluctant and doubtful, Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added: "Though I have spoken thus lightly, yot 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 Towna in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISE.

Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom. All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflici, Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse.

To and from his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing. As in a foundering abin, with every roll of the weasel, Washes the bitter say, the merciless surge of the occan 1 e⁻¹ "Must I relinquish it all," he every roll of the weasel, "Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the Illusion 1 "Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the Illusion 1 Washes in the laws followed the dying, for each the shadow Wash is for this in these followed in the dying for each the shadow Over the wintry saw, to the desolate above of New England 1 Truly the heart is deceifing and out of its depines of Satan. All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly I This is the hand of the Lord; it is hid upon no in a narge, worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impions folls of Boal. Worshipping the number of meet for wift perturbation."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand, Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow.

Gabaring still, as he went, the May-dowers blooming around him, Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness, Children lost in the woods, and covered with leave in their alumber. " Parthan flowers," he said, " and the type of Furitan making, " Muthan flowers," he said, " and the type of Furitan making, So I will take them to her; to Friedla the May-flower of Plymouth, Modest and shipped and aveck, as a parting gift will. I take them; Breathing their silent florewells, as they finde and wither and perish. Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver." So through the Plymouth woods John Alden wert on his errant; Sollies, monther and cold with the conjectures breach of the east

Salless, sombre and cold with the connortless breath of the eastwind;

Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a mesdow; Haard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Prissilla Singing the hundreith Paalm, the grand old Puritan anthem, Music that Luther sang to the searcd words of the Pealmist, 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 wheed, and the carded wool like a snow-drift Full at her thene, her whith 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,

THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

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-gun Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being I Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless, Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and wee 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 snowstorm.

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 May Flower that sailed on the morrow.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Purntan maiden, "Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of Encland.--

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 neighbours 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 Cantain of Plymouth !"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,poil not embellish the tilemo, nor array it in basuiful pirases, But same straight to the point, and bintred it out like a schoolbory. Frem the Captain himself could hardly have said it more biondy. 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 meenhees:

Till a length the exclaimed, interrupting the ominous allence: "If the great Captain of Pirnouth is to very eager to we due, Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo not If 1 am not worth the woing, I rurely an not worth the winning!" Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter, Making it worse as he went, by asying the Captain was bay-Had no time for such things;—such things! the words grating hardby

Fell on the ear of Primetilla; and swift as a flash he made answer: " Has he no time for such things, sey ou call it, before he is married, Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the welding ! That is the way with you mean; 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 avoual, And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman Does not respond at once to a love that at he never suspected. Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been elimbing.

This is not right nor just : for surely a woman's affection

JOHN ALDEN.

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

Old and rough as he is: but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Prinella, Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, pervanding; Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders, How with the people of God the had chosen to suffer silliciton, How, in return for his scal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth, He was a gentleman horn, could trace his pedipre plainly Root to Hugh Standard of Durbury Hidl, in Lanceabire, Snghand, Standing and Standard Standa

Heir unto vasi estates, of which he was basely defrauded, Still bore the family arms, and had for his creat a cock argent Combed and wattled guide, and all the rest of the blazon. He was a man of honour, of noble and generous nature; Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the

He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's; Somwark having and het, he could not deny it, and headstrong. Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable atways, Not to be langhed at and scorned, because he was little of stature; For he was greak of heart, magnatinnous, courtly, courneeous; Micht be hawve and wond to be called the with of Miles Standib

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent lan guage,

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.

Isro the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered, Runhed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the sees-dide; Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east-wind, Cooling his headed brow, and the fire and ferrer within him. Blowly as out of the heavens, with spocalyptical splendoms, So, with its donaly walls of charge yould, so and sampling. Sank the broad red sam, and over its turnets upliting dimmered the cylden red of the angel who measured the city THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

"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 turnult of passions con-

tending: Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding, Passionate cries of desire, and importunate plesdings of duty! "Is it my fasit," he said, "that the maiden has chosen between us? Is it my fasit, 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 : "I hath displeased the Lord I It is the temptation of Satan !"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there Dimly the shadowy form of the May Flower 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 cordinge 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 poes, and follow 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 mo, Hiding me, cutting me off, from the crucl thoughts that purses me Back will 1 go of the ocean, this dravr J and will a bandon. Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offinded. Extert 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 foryotten, than living in shame and dibenour I Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber With me my scrett shall like is a buried jowed that glimmers

JOHN ALDEN.

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.

Lawing behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight, Through the compenial gloom of the forest alient and sombre, Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth, Shinng like seven stars in the duak and mitst of the evening. Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain Sitting along, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cenar, Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabaut or Flanders. "Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery

demeanour,

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 relats to me all that has havemed."

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.

How he had seen Friscilla, 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 armour

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 entrusted my honour, my thoughts the most sacred and secret,-

You too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter ! Brutus was Cassar'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, Rumours of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians ! Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or marker.

Took from the nail on the wall his second with its scabbard of iron, Backlad the belt round his waist, and, frowning forcely, departed. Alden was laft alone. The heard the chark of the scablard Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance. Then he arose from his seat, and looke, that was hot with the insuit, Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his handes as in childhood, Prayed in the allence of night to the Father who seath in servet.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council.

Found its Aready assembled, impatiently waiting his coming; Men in the middle of life, satere and grave in deportment, Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to haven, Covered with mow, but erect, the accellent Ethefer of Plymouth. God had affed three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting. Then had affed the wheat, sate the living seed of a nation ; Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defaut, Naked down to the wait, and grim and fercoious in appect; While on the table before them was frying unpowed a Bibled, Penderous, bound in leather, brassetuided, printed in Hollad, Penderous, bound in leather, brassetuided, printed in Hollad, Bibled, like, ourier, with arrowy re alignal and challenge of warine, Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defance.

This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating What were an answer befitting the heard in meases, Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting; One voice out for paces, and that the voice of the Ellar, The state of the state of the state of the state Rather than any were alian, for this was but Christian behaviour Then outpake Miles Standish, the stativart Captian of Plymouth, Muttering deep in his threat, for his voice was husky with anger, "What I do you mean to make war with milk and the water of reseal Is it to shoot red squiries you have your howitzer planted Theres on the root of the clurred, or is it to shout red derilat Must be the tongens of firs that speaks from the mouth of the cronel".

THE SAILING OF THE MAY FLOWER.

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 them gilded the giltening savage, Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent, Winding his sinous way in the dark to the derks of the forest.

٧.

THE SAILING OF THE MAY FLOWER.

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,

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Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth

Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labours.

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 May Flower:

Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced.

He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence. Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household. Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming : Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains: Beautiful on the sails of the May Flower riding at anchor, Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter. Loosely against her masts was hanging and 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 praver 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 see-shore, Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the May Flower, Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber.

Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever. He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council, Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murnur, 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; Lot 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 corslet of steel, and all the rest of his armour,

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:

THE SAILING OF THE MAY FLOWER.

But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him,— Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult. So be beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not, Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to dash, and he spake not! Them he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were spring. Joined in that that the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert, Joined in the taik at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert, Joined in the taik at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert, Joined in the taik at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert, Joined in the taik at the door, which Stephen and the seaching of Scripture, And, with the others, in baste went hurrying down to the seachors how a to the Pirmouth Rock, that had been to their feet sea door

Into a world unknown.-the corner-stone of a nation !

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient Leet he should loom hetid, or the wind might white to the eastward, Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odour of ocean about him, Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcela 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 sailons, Seated erect on the twarts, all ready and eager for starting. He to ow sacept to go, and thus put an end to his angulant. Thinking to fly from despair, that wrifter than keel is or canvas. This despair the globet that would rise and pursure him.

But as he gazed on the errowd, he beheld the form of Friedlin Standing dispeted among them, unconscious of all that was passing Fixed ware her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention, Dired with a solden revulsion his heart recoiled from in detent, That with a solden revulsion his heart recoiled from is destruction. Strange is the best of many while its oriein, which is provide Strange is the best of sman, which is provide its moments, Whereuron turm, as on hinges, the rates of the woll adamating

"Hereapon termin!" 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 sowwhite cloud, that foats in the ther above me, Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the cosm. There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like, Holding me, drawing me hock, and clasping mine for protestion. Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether! Roll thyself up likes first, to threaten and daunt me; I heed not Either your warning or mease, or any omen of will. There is no hand so sacred, no air so pure and so wholescome, Ao is the air the breathes, and the soil that is presed by her foo-b

String.

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 vestiter, Walked about on the sands; and the people crowded around him Saying a few last words; and enforcing his careful renombrance. Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping at iller, Into the boat he separat, and in haste shored of to his vesuel, Glad to he goen from a land of sand and sichness and sorrow, Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel 1 Lost in the south of the care was the last farwell of the Plagrims. O group hastra and true 1 not one went back in the May Flower 1 O, not one boaked back, who has set his has farwell of the Splagrims of

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors Hearing the windlass round, and holsting the ponderous suchor. Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the westwind, Bloving steady and strong; and the May Flower sailed from the

Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the south ward, 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 sees, and the swelling hearts of the Filgrims

Long in allence they watched the receding sail of the vessel, Much enderset to them all, as something tiring and human; Them, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophete, Baring his hoary head, the scellent Elder of Plymouth Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took course.

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, Wakshing 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 hingered a little.

PRINCETTA

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.

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 1 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 vesterday, 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 saving 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 murmura" Thereupon answered John Aklen, the young man, the lover of

women:

" Heaven forbid it, Priseilla : and truly they seem to me always

More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Edan, More like the iver Euphrates, through describ of Having, Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden i' "Ab, 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 deoths of ruy heart, in usin and with scoret mis

giving,

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 othereal 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 insibid, 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 embarrased and silent, and seeking in vain for an

Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain it 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 he ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest !"

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the May Flower, Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,

Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling, That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.

But, as they went through the fields 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 amiled, and said between laughing and earnest, "He is a little chimmer, 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 May Flower.

And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threat ened,-

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 devost, who toward Jerusslem journeys, Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward, "Jrged by importunate zeal, and withheld by paggs of contrition; Slowly but steadily on ward, receding yet ever advancing, Journeyed this Puritan youth to the floly Land of his longing, Ursed by the ferrour of lows, and withheld by remonsful miservines.

VII.

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

MRANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,

Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the seashore,

All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger

Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odour 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 I

Ah! 't was tog much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armour!

" I alone an to binn," 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 maidmat ! " was but a dramm,—let it panish 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 lower and wooer of dangers!" Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and disconford, While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest, Looking un at the trees, and the constellations berond 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

Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together; Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men, Saw the finsh of the sun on breastplate and subre and musket, Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among them advancing.

Came to parkey with Standish, and offer him furs as a present; Friendahip was in their look, but in their hearts there was hared. Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in staturs, Huge as Goliable of Gah, or the terrible Og, king of Bahan; One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat, one was Pecksuot named, are the other was called Wattawamat, and the other was assumed that hinve in sobbards of wave hum no statures.

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 chafter for peltrics. 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 hirtyse, but mostly for mukates 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 rod man 1 But when Standin breinsd, and said he would give them the Rible, Suddenly changing their tone, they began to basst and to bluster. Them Vatawamat advanced with a studie in front of the other, And, with a lofty demension, thus vanithingly spake to the Captain; "Now Watawamat can see, by the ferry eyes of the Captain; Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Watawamat But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lighting, Porth he symage at a bound, with all his weapons shout him, Shouting, "Who is there here to fight with the brave Watawamat mat?"

THE MARCH OF MILLES STANDISH.

Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his loft hand,

Held it aloft and displayed a woman's face on the handle, Baymg, 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 Peeksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish: While with his fingers he patted the kwife that hung at his bosom, Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he mnttered.

"By and by it shall see; it shall est; sh, 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 pering and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest, Feigning to look for game, with arrows at on their bowestrings, Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush. But undamted he stood, and dissembled and trated them amouthy. So the old chronicles asy, that were writ in the days of the fathera. But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the in with.

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 templea. 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 warwhoop.

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 amoke, and out of the cloud came the light-

ning, 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 Wattawams

Field 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: "Pecknot 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 valour.

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 labours, Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with merestead.

Bosy with breaking the globe, 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 rumour of warfare Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger. Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was soouring 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 nationa. Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and contrition Which in all noble natures accoed the passionate outbreak, Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river, Staying its current swhile, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation. Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hown from the firs of the forest. Wooden-barred was the door, and the rold was covered with runker; Instituted the window were, and the window pranes were of paper, Olded to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded. There too he due a well, and around it planted an orchard. Close to the house was the stall, where, sais and secure from annovance.

Raghorn, the snow-white steer, that had fallen to Alden's allotment In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time

THE SPINNING-WHEEL

Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal. Oft when his labour was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer Follow the nathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla.

Led by illusions romantic and subtile deceptions of fancy. Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendshin. 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

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 moun tain.

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 real 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, Shew 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 fail to their some of the good old times of John Alden! ' Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hand she adjusted, He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him, She standing graneful, erest, and winding the thread from his fingens, Sometimes childing a little his clumsy manner of holding. Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentagield experily Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could abe help 11— Sending electral thrills through every nerve in his holy.

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 tidines.--

Shain by a poisoned arrow, abot down in the front of the battle, Into an arrowab beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces; All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered ! Such were the tidlings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearters Sil at the face of the speaker, the arraw splithed in horror; Such were the too of the speaker, the arraw splithed in horror; Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had aundered

Once and for ever the bonds that held him bound as a captive, Wild with access of sensation, the avrial delight of his freedom, Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing. Classed, almost with a groun, the motionless form of Priscilla, Pressing her close to his heart, as for ever his own, and exclaming : "Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man out them saunder !"

Even as rivules twain, from distant and separate sources, Seeing each other afar, as they lang from the rocks, and puruling Each one its derivous path, but drawing pearer and nearer, Runh 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 severing and flowing asunder Parted by barriers strong, but drawing pearer and nearen Runhel 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 scariet.

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 eame, and the bars of rapour beneath him Gleaned like a grate of brans, and the sea s his fore was a lavorf

THE WEDDING-DAY.

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 Goard.

One with the sunction of earth and one with the blessing of basene. Simple and brief was the welding, as that of Ruth and of Boar. Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal, Taking each other for hundand and wife in the Magietarké presence, After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland. Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Ekler's of Pymouth Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection.

Speaking of life and of death, and imploring divine benedictions.

Lot when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold, Clad in arrour of steel, a somewer and sorrowful figure ! Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition! Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition! Is it a phost for the grave, that has come to forbid the betrokal? Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unvelocmed; 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 thiu, 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 if strode, and the people beheld with amazement Bodily there in his armour Miles Standish, the Capitain of Plymouth ' Grasping the bridgerorm'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 I" 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 amile: "I should have remembered the adage,— If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and moreover, No man can gather cherrise in Kant 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 sumshine, Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;

There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the scashore,

There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows; Sut 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 de laying.

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 hus band,

Gaily, with joyous laugh, Priseilla 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 ite bosom,



Then from a scall near at mand, amod excissnations of winder, Alden the thomgithin, the careful, so happy, so prevaid of Triscilla Bronght out his mow-white steer, obeying the hand of its master. Led by a could that was tied to an free ring in its notifils.

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THE WEDDING-DAY.

Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abyases.

Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendours, Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them sus pended.

Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the firtree.

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.

. . come i gru van cantando lor lm. Facendo in aer di sè lunga riga. Danzz.

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 1

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 ?

THE LADDER OF ST AUGUSTINE.

Such a fate as this was Danto's, By defeat and exile maddened; Thus were Milton and Cervantes, Nature's priests and Corybantes, By affliction touched and suddened.

But the glories so transcendent That around their memories cluster, And, on all their steps attendant, Make their darkened lives resplendent With such cleams of inward lustre i

All the melodies mysterious, Through the dreary darkness chanted; Thoughts in attitudes imperious, Voices soft, and deep, and serious, Words that whispered, songes that haunted !

All the soul in rapt suspension, All the quivering, palpitating Chords of life in utmost tension, With the fervour of invention, With the rapture of creating !

Ah, Prometheus ! heaven-scaling ! In such hours of exultation Even the faintest heart, unqualling, Might behold the vulture sailing Round the cloudy crazs Gaucasian !

Though to all there is not given Strength for such sublime endeavour, 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 Honour and believe the presage, Hold aloft their torches lighted, Gleaming through the realms benighted As they onward bear the message !

THE LADDER OF ST AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE ! well hast thou said, That of our vices we can frame

A ladder, if we will but tread Beneath our feet each deed of shame !

All common things, each day's events, That with the hour begin and end,

Our pleasures and our discontents, Are 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 Irrevence 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 PHANTON SHIP.

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, Mastes, 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 for+'- «mbrasure, Awaken with its call!

HAUNTED HOUSES.

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.

Mcanwhile, 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 doorway, on the stair, Along the passages they come and go, Impalpable impressions on the air.

A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table, than the hosts Invited; the illuminated hall

Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts, As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside 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 vapours douse 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 stilrs; At her feet and at her head Lies a slavo 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 colour 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

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.

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.

ONCX the Emperor Charles of Spain, With his swarthy, grave commanders, I forget in what campaign, ° Long beseiged, 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.

"T is the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft, Through the camp was spread the rumour, And the soldiers, as they quaffed Flemish beer at dinner, laughed At the Emperor's pleasant humour.

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, Unly 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 shottered.

THE TWO ANGELS.

I wo 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 recognised 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.

DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

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.

'Twas at thy door, O friend 1 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 I 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 Paulms of David now the silence breali, 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 kerns their graves and their remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hata. What persecution, merciless and blind, Drove o'er the sea_that desert desolate__

These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

CLIVER BASSELIN

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 heris of exile and its fears, The wasting famine of the heart they fed, And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.
Anathema maranatha I was the cry That rang from town to town, from street to street; At every gate the accuraced Mordecai Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.
Pride and humilition 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 greast 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 Châteeu;

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 1 it looks no more, From the neighbouring hillside down On the rusbing 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 splendour of its own.

Never feeling of unrest Broks the pleasant dream he dreamed Only made to be his nest, All the lovely valley seemed; No desire Of soaring higher Stirred of futtered 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 [auched and revelled in his line.

From the alchouse 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,

VICTOR GALBRAITH.

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 donely 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 kniphts and squines, 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, Mows 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 bugies began to play, Vietor 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; Vietor Galbraith, He who so well the bugle played, Could not mistake the words it said: "Come forth to thy death, Vietor 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.

"welve 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 scathe Victor Galbraith

Three balls are in his breast and brain, But be 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 finme, And the bugger 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 1 Through the mist of the ralley damp and gray The sentinels hear the sound, and say, "That is the wraith Of Victor Galbraith !"

MY LOST YOUTH.

Ovrar I think of the beautiful town That is sented 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 sorg Is haunting my memory still:

MY LOST YOUTH.

" 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 shins. And the magic of the sea. And the voice of that wayward song Is singing and saving still : "A boy's will is the wind's will. And the thoughts of youth the long, long thoughts." I remember the bulwarks by the shore, And the fort upon the hill ; The sun-rise 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 tranguil 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 neighbourhoods. And the verse of that sweet old song,

It flutters and murmurs still:

"A boy's will is the wind's will, And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart Across the school-boy's brain; The song and the silence in the heart, That in part are prophecies, and in part Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song Sings on, and is never still :

"A boy's will is the wind's will.

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak; There are dreams that cannot die;

There are thoughts that make the strong heart week, 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-knc wn 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,

THE ROPEWALK.

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 resseend.

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 if from the earth !

PIPINS OF PASSAGE

Then a school-boy, with his kite Gleaming in a sky of light. And an eager, upward look : Steeds nursued 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 the drowsy, dreamy sound, And the spinners backward go.

THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

AEAFLESS 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. Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickcring fire-light: Here and there the lamos of evening glimmer, 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.

CATAWBA WINE.

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 uor 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 Souppernong, From warm Carolinian valleys, Nor the Isabel And the Muscadel That bask in our garden alleys.

2 K

BIRDS OF PASSAGR.

Nor the red Mustang, Whose clusters hang O'er the wares 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 duleet, 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 frantia.

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 sprin is the wine I sing,

SANTA FILOMENA.

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'EE 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.

Honour 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.

Lot in that house of misery A lady with a lamp I see Pass through the glimmering glcom, And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss, The speechless sufferer turns to kize Her shadow, as it falls Upon the darkening walls.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

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.

OTHERS, the old sea-captain, Who dwelt in Helgoland, To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth, Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth, Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately, Like a boy's his eye appeared; His hair was yellow as hay, But threads of a silvery gray Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere, His cheek had the colour 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;

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE.

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 harbour 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-bide.

" 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 sacas 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 salled forth, And three days sailed due north, As far as the whale-shins co.

"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.

51:

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

"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! 'twas 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,

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ,

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 or, 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 wirg, 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 I 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.

T was fifty years ago In the pleasant month of May, In the beautiful Pays de Vaud, A child in its cradle lay.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

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 brocklet's flow, But in mine is the wind of Autumn And the first fall of the snow.

SANDALPHON.

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 Praver?

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;

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

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,

From the spirits on earth that adore, From the souls that entreat and implore

In the fervour and passion of prayer; From the hearts that are broken with losses, And weary with dragging the crosses Too beavy for mortals to hear.

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 waited the fragmance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know,— A fable, a phantom, a show.

Of the ancient Rabbinical lore; Yet the old medizeral 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 force and pain.

EPIMETHEUS.

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 ?

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

No, not hate thee 1 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 clamour, 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 1

Therefore art thou ever dearer, O my Sibyl, my deceiver 1 For thou makest each mystery clearer, And the unattained seems nearer, When thou fillest my heart with fever 1

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 !

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 orimson ourtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostely? As any it the land may be, Built in the old Colonial day, When mean lived in a grander way, With ampler hospitality; A knad old Hospoblin Hall, Norse another fails upon this rall, and sharways worn, and enary doors, And stravely worn, and enary doors, And enaking and uneven floors, And enaking and uneven floors,

A region of repose it seems, A place of alumber and of dreams, Remote annong the wooded hills For there no noisy ruliway speeds, Its torch-nee scattering smoke and gleeds Bat acons and night, the patient teams Stop under the great oaks, that throw Tangies of light and shade bolow, tangies of light and shade bolow, there are also also also also also Areas the read the karra display Through the wide doors the brease blow, Through the wide doors the brease blow, And, half efflored by rain and shine, The Red Hores pranes on the sign.

Round this dd-fashioned, quaint abde Deep silence reigned, save when a gust Went rushing down the county road, And skeletons of leaves, and dust, An expension 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 vices monated and fied.

But from the parlour 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 splendour of its ruddy glow. Filled the whole parlour 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 blacking fire of wood Erect the rapk musician stood; And ever and anon he bent His head upon his instrument, And seemed to listen, till he caught Confessions of its secret throught,— The joy, the triumph, the harent, They, by the mangle of his art, He soched the throbbings of its heart, He is bothed the throbbings again.

Around the fireside at their ease There sat a group of friends, entranced

THE WAYSIDE INN.

With the delicious melcicie; Who from the face off noisy town Had to the wayside inn come down, for earb beneath it is do don't tree for earb beneath it is do don't tree Their shadows on the wainsort danced, And, though of different lands and speech, Each had just also to the just and and please. And while the sweet musician please. And while the sweet musician please. And while the sweet musician please. With its uncertain touch portrays Their aladows 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 parlour, full in view, Upon the wall in colours blazed; He beareth gules upon his shield. A chevron argent in the field. With three wolves' heads, and for the crest A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed Upon a helmet barred : below The scroll reads, "By the name of Howe." And over this, no longer bright, Though glimmering with a latent light, Was hung the sword his grandsire bore, In the rebellious days of vore. Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways, A Shadent of old books and days, To whom all tongues and lands were known. And yet a lore of his own; With many a social virtue gracod, And yet a firmed of solitode; A man of nuch a genial mood, and yet of a final final final state, He never found the bast to good. He never found the bast to good. Boolew sere his passion and deight, And in his upper room at home Stood many is are and samptonos tomo,

In yellum bound, with gold bedight. Great volumes garmented in white. Recalling Florence, Piss, Rome, He loved the twilight that surrounds The horder-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 at least, Level and pointed at the tip, Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings. The poets read he o'er and o'er, And most of all the Immortal Four Of Italy: and next to those, The story-telling bard of prose. Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales Of the Decameron, that make 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,

THE WAYSIDE INN.

Of vineyards and the singing sea of his belowed Skiely; And much it pleased him to peruse Bucolie songs of the Sicilian muses,— Bucolie songs by Meli sang In the familiar peasant tongue, That made mus say. "Behold 1 once morg The pitying gods to earth restore Theorithus of Syracuus t'

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 eves, and olive skin, And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin, The tumbling cataract of his beard. His garments breathed a spicy scent That meet the mariner, who sails Through the Moluccas, and the seas That wash the shores of Celebes. All stories that recorded are And it was rumoured he could say 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, And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

A Theologian, from the sebool 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 Now Commandment given to men, Thinking the deed, and not the creed. Would halp 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 is 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 neighbouring street. Nor rustling hear in every breeze The laurels of Miltiades. Honour and blessings on his head While living, good report when dead, Who, not too eager for renown. Accents, but does not clutch, the crown !

Last the Musician, as he stood 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. Whose language is not speech, but song . Around him evermore the throng Of elves and sprites their dances whirled : The Strömkarl sang, the cataract hurled Its headlong waters from the height : And mingled in the wild delight The scream of sea-birds in their flight, The rumour 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 WAYSIDE INN.

The instrument on which he played Was in Cremons workshops made, By a great master of the past, Eve yet was lost the art divine; Play in the prime is and the past, Play in the prime is and the past, Play in the prime is and the past; Had rocked and versetied with the blast : Ecquisite was it in design, Perfect in each winnitest part; A marvel of the lutist's art. And in its hollow chamber, then, The maker from whose hands it same "An young Straibwirks".

And when he played, the stmosphere Was filed with mange, and the ear Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold, Whose music had so waird a sound, The hunted stag forgot to bound, The leaping rivulet backward rolled, The birds cause down from bunk and tree, The dead cause from beneath the sea, The maiden to the harper's kneel

The music ceased; the applause was load, The pleased musician smiled and bowed; The wood-fire clapped its hands of farme, The shadows on the wainsoot stirred, And from the harpsichord there came A gloadly murraur 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 clamour 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 sas from the town to-night, Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch Othe North Church tower as a signal light,— One, if by land, and two, if by sas; And I on the convolution will be and I on the convolution of the same Through every Middlesex village and farm,

Then he said, "Good night I" and with muffled oar Silenty rowed to the Gharlestown abore, Just as the moon rose over the bay, Where awinging wide at her moorings lay The Somerset, British man-of-war; And a huge black hold, 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 bears The muster of men at the barrack-door, The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet, And the measured tread of the grenadiers, Marohing down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church, Up the worden stains, with staal by tread, And startled the pigeons from their perch Masses and moving alapses of hands,— Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall, Where he pause ito listen and look down. An other words to listen and look down. An due moved ito listen and look down.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead, In their night encampment on the hill,

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Wrapped in allence so deep and still That he could hear, like a seminel's trend, The watchful night-wind, as it went Creeping along from tent to tent, And aseming to whisper, "All is well " An description of the seminary of the Of the jakes and the hour, and the server dread Of the jakes and the hour, and the server dread Of the jakes and the hour, and the server dread Of the jakes and the hour, and the server dread Of the jakes and the hour, and the server dread Of the jakes and the hour, and the server dread On a shadowy something far away. Where the river widema to mean doats On the ring the, 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 I 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 abape in the monlight, a bulk in the dark, And beneath, from the pobbles, in passing, a spark Struck out by a steed fring forcies and fleet; That was all 1 And yet, through the gloom and the light The fate of a nation war riding that night; And the spark struck out by that stood 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 ridea.

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 weatherwook Swin in the moollight 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 fielt the breach of the morining 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, Fjerced by a Strikha musich-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read, how the Brith Regulars fired and field,— How the farmers gave them ball for ball, From behind each fence and farmyard 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 avaning to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere; And so through the night work this ory of alarm. To every Middlesex village and farm,— A cry of defances and not of for, A vioin in the darkness, s knock at the door, And a word that shall each of evermore 1 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 hourrying how-bests of that steed, And the noidingth temesage of Paul Revers.

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,

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

And said, "This sword was in the fight: The Poet setsed is, and exclaimed, "Is is the sword of a good knight, Though homesput was hit cost-femal; What matter if it be not named Joyeeus, Colkada, Durindala, Excalitar, or Aroundight, Or other name the bools record I Your ancestor, who bore this sword As Colonel of the Youtmeters, Seem here, and there and y marks, Seem here and there and y marks, 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 haghed; the Landbord's face grew red As his secuteboon on the wall; He could not comprehend at all The drift of what the Poet waid; For those who had been longest dead Were always greatest in his eyres; 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 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 labour in his garden plot. On a rude bench beneath his cottage caves. 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 hanks 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 withdraw, in poverty and pain, To this small farm, the last of his domain, His only confort and his only care To prure his vines, and plant the fig and pear; His only forester and high power Whose willing hands had found sho rest, Whose willing hands had found so light of your The trazen knocker of his plane door, That entrance gave beneath a roof of thatch. Comparion of this solitary ways, The his with main the ways, Do him this melanahop man becomed The low with which him nature overdowed.

And so the empty-handed years went round, Yacant, though voiceful with prophetic sound; And so, that summer morn, he sat and mused With folded, patient hands, as he was used,

THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO.

And dreamily before his half-closed sight Floated the vision of his lost cleight. Beside him, motionless, the drowsy bird Dreamed of the chase, and in this alumber beard The sudden, scythe-like sweep of wings, that dare The headlong bunge through eddying guils of air, Then, starting broad awake upon his perch, Tinkeld his bells, like mass-bells in a clurch, And, looking at his master, seemed to say, "Ser Federgo, ahall we hunt to-dar !"

Ser Federige thought not of the chase; The tender vision of her lovely face, I will not say he seems to see, he sees I more than a set of the second second second I will noving treases, and eyes wills and will. Coming undanted up the garden walk. And looking not at him, but at the hawk. "Beautiful factor I' said he, wrould that I' Might hold the on my wrist, or see then fly I' The voice was there, and made strange choses start Ar as nolian harp through gusty doors of some of dr unit is wild music pours.

"Who is thy mother, my fair boy !" he said, His hand laid softy on that shiring head. "Monna Givanna.--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 And drifted onward through the golden gleans And drifted onward through the golden gleans An advice the sease of the space of the And feel the sea beneath them sink and lift, And hear far of the mounful breakers roar, And hear far of the mounful breakers roar, And roises calling faintly from the shore I Then, waking from his pleasant reveries, And to this stories of his gallant hird. And to d him stories of his gallant hird.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her prime, Hud come with friends to pass the summer time In her grand villa, half-way up the hill, O'erlooking Florenee, but retired and still; With Iron gates, that opened through long lines

Of sacred lice and centennial pines, And terrocal gardems, and broad steps of store, And anytan deities, with mose o'ergrown, And fournians papitating in the hest, And all Val d'Arno stretched benessth ils feet. Here in seclusion, as a widdow may, The lorely haly whiled the hours away, Pecing in subter obse the statused half And seeing more and more, with secret joy. Her hubband rise and silving in her boy, Till the lost sense of life returned again, Not as delight, but as relief from pain.

Meanwhile the boy, rejoining in his strength, Stormed down the terraces from length to length i The screaming peacot chased in hot pursuit, And climbed the garden tralliess for furit. But his chief pastime was to watch the flight of a gerfalcon, scaring into sight, Beyond the trees that fringed the garden wall, Then downward storping at some distant call; And as he gazed full often wondered he Who might the master of the falcon he, Until that happy morning, when he found Master and falcon in the oottage ground.

And now a shadow and a terror fell On the great hours, sai if a passing-bell Tailed from the tower, and filled each spacious room With scretz away, and pretentatural gloom; Pined with mynerious mulady away. The mother the sect rould not be comforted³ Her during seemed to her already dead, And ofton, sitting by the sufferer's side, "What can I do to confort the?" she cried A first the silent lips mode corresp. A first the silent lips mode corresp. "Give may" he answered, with implering tone, "Give may" he answered, with implering tone,

No answer could the astoniahed mother make How could an ask, o'en for her daring's asko, Such favour at a luckless lover's hand, 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 puravirant of this poor knight

THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO.

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 saleep.

The morrow was a bright September morn ; The earth was beautiful as if new-born : There was that nameless splendour everywhere. That wild exhilaration in the air. 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 : 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

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 fin's works of solutions and : "Ser Federigo, we come here as friends, Hoping in this to make home poore amenda Would even across the threahold of your door, I who in happier days such pick maintained, Refused your banquets, and your gifts diakaned, This morning come, as self-nivid guess, To put your generous nature to the test, and breakings with your under your own vine." Not your emkindness coll it, for if anght legoid in me of feeling or of thought, 53:

From you it comes, and this last grace outweighs All sorrows, all regrets of other days."

And after further complianent and talk, Among the dahlina in the garden walk He laft his guests; and to his cottage turned, And as he entered for a moment yearned provide the state of the state of the provide the state of the state of the head fail how princing in the state of the He looked about him for some means or way To keep this unexpected holiday; Bacached erev y cuphoset, and then searched again; "The Signer did not hunt to-day," also said, "There's nothing in the house but wine and break."

Then suddenly the drowsy falcon shock Hill sittle bells with that agacious look, Which said, as plain as language to the ear, "If anything is wanting, rall mere " Yes, errything is wanting, rall mere " The mater sized thes without further word, Like thins own lure, he whirled thes round; ah me ! The borns and dutter of brave claloury, The fight and they provide claloury, The fight and the pursuit of or field and wood, All these forevermore are ended now; No longer victor, but the victum thou 1

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 stuffled with cloves and spice i

When all was ready, and the courtly dame With her companion to the cotage came, Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell The riom they entered, mean and low and small. Was changed into a sumptious banquet-ball. With fanfares by aerial trumpets blown; The ratio chairs hes at on was a throne; He ats celestial food, and a divise Flyoury was given to his country wine,

THE FALCON OF SEE FEDERIGO.

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."

See Federigo listens, and replies, With tears of love and pity in his seas : "Aias, dear hay! I here can be no task So sweet to ma, a giving when you ask. One listle hour ago, if I had known This wiha of yours, it would have been my own. But thinking in what manner I could bes Do honour to the presence of my guest, I desmed that nothing worthisr could be Tham what most dear and precises was to ma, And so my gallant falcon breathed his last To formial forth this morning our repast."

In mute contrition, mingled with diamay, The genule lady turned her eyes away, Grieving that he such sacrifice should make, And kill his falcon for a woman's sake, Yet feeling in her heart a woman's pride, That nothing she could ask for was denied; Then took her leave, and passed out at the gate With footstep alow and soul disconsolate.

Three days went by, and lo ! a passing-bell Tolled from the little chapel in the dell; Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and said, Breathing a prayer, "Alsa ! her child is dead !"

Three months went by; and lo! a merricr 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 will, halfway up the hill, Sat at the Christmas fasat, and at his side Monns Giovann, his beloved brids, Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair, Enthroned once more in the old rustic shair, High-perched upon the back of which there stood The image of a faloon carved in wood, And underneath the inscription, with a date, "All things come round to him who will but wait."

INTERLUDE.

Soon as the story reached its end, One, over eager to commend, Crowned it with injudicious praise; And then the voice of blame found vent, And fanned the embers of dissent Into a somewhat lively blaze.

The Theologian shock his head; " These old Itain take," he said, " From the much-prised Decameron down Through all the rable of the rest, Are either trilling, dull, or levd; The goomip of a neighbourhood Ita some remote provincial town, A seandshow schronich as heat ! A seandshow schronich as heat ! A seandshow schronich as heat ! Grown rank with runks and with reads, Grown rank with runks and with reads, Morea white lity, now and then, Bioms in the midst of nozions weeks And deuly nyinkhade on its banks."

To this the Student straight replied : "For the white lily, many thanks I One should not say, with too much pride, Fountain, I will not drink of thes I 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 is true, It may not be the Angel of Death !"

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI.

And then another paiwe; and then, Stroking his beard, he said again : "This brings back to my memory A story in the Talmod told, That book of gords, that book of gold, Of wonders many and manifold, A tale that often comes to me, And fills my heart, and haunts my bmin, And never waries nor grows old."

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVL

RAEBI 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 fall a sudden shadow on the page, And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with ago, He saw the Angel of Death before him stand, Holding a naked sword in his right hand. Habbi Ben Levi was a rightcons man, Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran. With trembling voice he said, "What will thon here ?" The Angel answerd, "Lo Li the time draws near When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree, Whate'er thou sakest slall be granted thee." Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living gyes First look upon my place in Pandine."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and look." Rabbi Ben Levi closed the ascrato book, And rising, and uplifting his gray head, "Given eith yearod", bit to the Angel said, "Lest thon abculdat fall upon me by the way." The Angel andial 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 Paralise.

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 hes on of Levi here has 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 Jid e'er the son of Levi break his oaht ! Let him remain ; for he with mortal eye Shall look upon my face and yet not ide."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death Heard the great volce, and aski, with panting breath, "Gire back the sword, and let me go my way." Whereat the Rabib paused, and answered, "May I Anguih enough already has it caused Among the some of men." And while he paused He heard the swful mandate of the Lord Resounding through the air, "Gire back the sword 1

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 takent away the souls of menu, Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword, Thou wilk 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 silont listeners fold. His solenn manner and his world His solenn the deep, mysterious chords, Alter, hus that alle confessed. The apritual world seemed near; And close above them, full of fear, Its sorth advantation passed. A luminous shadow, rugue and reat. A luminous shadow, rugue and reat. They might behold the Aged stand, They might behold the Aged stand,

At last, but in a voice subdued, Not to disturb their dreamy mood,

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

Said the Sicilian : "While you spoke, Telling your legend marvellous, Buddenly 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, if remember, thus."

THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

KING BOBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, Apparelled in magnificent attire, With retinue of many a knight and squire, On St John's Eve, at vespers, proudly sat And heard the priests chant the Magnificat. And as he listened, o'er and o'er again Repeated, like a burden or refrain. He caught the words, "Deposuit potentes De 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 moot "He has put down the mighty from their seat. And has exalted them of low degree." Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully, "'Tis well that such seditious words are sung Only by priests and in the Latin tongue; For unto priests and people be it known. There is no power can push me from my throne !" And leaning back, he vawned and fell asleep, Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoks, it was already night; The church was earlpst, and there was no light. Save where the laraps, that glimmered few and **fait** the started from his seat and gased around, He started from this seat and gased around, He orget durant he door, but it was locked; He oried aloud, and listened, and then knocked, And utkered avid the fractening and complaints, and it dered arbit the tractening in their stalint's The sounds re-school froft he roof and walls An if dead prices are languing in their stalint's

At length the sector, hearing from without The turnuls of the knocking and the shout, And thinking thieves were in the house of prover, Came with his lattern, saking, "Who is there !". "Open: 'tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid?" "Open: 'tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid?" "The frightened sector, mattering, with a curve, "This is some drunker vagabond, or worse !" Turned the great key and floug the portal wide A man rushed by him at a single stride, Main rushed by him at a single stride, Bat lesped into the blackness of the night. Bat valued in the spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, Despoiled of his magnificent attire. Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire. With sense of wrong and outrage desperate, Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ; Rushed through the court-yard, 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 recognise.

A moment speechles, motionless, annard, The throades monark on the Angel gaad, Who met his looks of anger and surprise With the divine compassion of his eyes; Them said, "Who art thou! and why com'st thou here!" "I am the King, and come the angel of the sector "I am the King, and come the more angel of the sector and and/entry, at these quadications words; Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords; The Angel answerd, with unrulled brow,

LING LOBERT OF SICILY

" Nay, not the King, but the King's jester; thou Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape, And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape; Thou shalt obey my servants when they call, And wait upon my henchmen in the hall !"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and crise and prayers, They thrust him from the ball and down the stains ; A group of tittering pages ran before, And as they opened wide the folding-door, His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarma, The boistrous laughter of the men-starras, And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring With the mock plaudita of "Long live the King !"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam, he said within himself, "I two as a dream." But the straw rustled as he turned hin head, There were the cap and hells bedied hin bed, Around him rose the bare, discoloured walls, Close by, the steeds were okamping in their stalls, And in the corner, a revolting shape, Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape. It was no dream; the world he lowed so much Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch i

Days came and went; and now returned again To Sicily the old Saturnian reign; Under the Angel's governance benion And deep within the mountain's burning breast Enceladus, the giant, was at rest. Meanwhile King Robert vielded to his fate, Dressed in the motley garb that jesters wear. " With looks 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, 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 Yalmond, Emperer of Allemaine, Unto King Bober, saying that Pope Urbane By letter summoned them forthwith to come On Holy Thursday to his eity of Roma. The Angel with great joy received his greats, and with the standard of the second standard of the And rings and jewels of the rarest kind. Then he departed with them of or the sea Into the lovely land of Italy. Whose lovelines was more regulardant made With plumest, and cloaks, and housings, and the star Of jewelled briefle and of golden spur.

And lo 1 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 pravers 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 madman 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 sum rose, made the city bright, And with new feryour filled the hearts of men, Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again. Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

With haggerd eyes the unworted splendour asw 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 journeved, and again The land was made resplendent with his train. Flashing along the towns of Italy Unto Salerno, and from there 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 is 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 1 he was alone 1 But all apparelled as in days of old, With ermined mantle and with eloth of gold; And when his courtiers came, they found him there Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in gilent 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.

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 for ever!

Here amid icebergs Rule I the nations; This is my hammer, Miölner 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; Meckness is weakness, Strength is triumphant. Over the whole earth Still is it Thor's-Day 1

Thou art a God too, O Galilean ! And thus single-handed Unto the combat, Gauntlet or Gospel, Here I defy thee !

п.

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 ford.

There he stood as one who dreamed; And the red light glanced and gleamed

On the armour that he wore; And he shouted, as the rifted Streamers o'er him shook and shifted, "I accept thy challenge, Thor!"

To avenge his father slain, And reconquer realm and reign,

Camo 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 their rapture In 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 honours, 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 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 therifted Streamers o'er him shook and shifted, "I accert thy challence. Thor!"

III.

THORA OF RIMOL.

"THORA of Rimol 1 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 dungcon darker, As Olaf came riding, with men in mail, Through the forest roads into Orkadale,

Of Thora, the fairest of women.

"Rich and honoured shall be whoever The head of Hakon Jarl shall dissever !"

Hakon heard him, and Karker the slave, Through the breathing-holes of the darksome cava. Alone in her chamber Went Thora, the fairest of women.

Said Karker, the crafty, "I will not alay thee ! For all the King's gold I will never betray thee !" "Then why dost thou turn so pale, O churi, 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 Olat 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 scraamed 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 Hakor's and one's his thralls, 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 f

The floor with tassels of fir was besprent, Filling the room with their fragrant scent.

She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun shine, The air of summer was sweeter than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the bright river lay Between her own kingdom and Norroway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her hand, The sword workd be sheathed, the river be spanned.

ner 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,-

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 ander 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 !

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, The great Ocean Song that haunts me "I will hear your song sublime Some other time," Savs the drowsy monarch, vawning. And retires; each laughing guest Applauds the jest; Then they sleep till day is dawning. Pacing up and down the yard,

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 for 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. Olaf the King, As he helpless lies in slumber. Then athwart the vapours dun The Easter sun Streamed with one broad track of splendous : In their real forms appeared 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. " Evvind 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 armour. From the gates they sallied forth. South and north. Scoured the island coasts around them. Seizing all the warlock band, 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 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 Forelsang.

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 Forelsang.

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 Forelsang.

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, "Tis late, O King, and time for bed." Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsung.

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. Deed 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 Fogeleans.

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 Forelsang.

Smiling at this, the King replied, "Thy lore is by thy tongne belied; For never was I so enthralled Either by Saga-man or Scald." Dead rides Sir Morten of Forelsans.

The Bishop said, " Late hours we keep ! Night wanes, O King ! 'tis time for sleep ! Then slept the King, and when he woke The guest was gone, the morning broke. Dead rides Sir 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 conform thim.

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 watercresses.

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, with an attitude defant.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud, Out of the middle of the crowd, That togsed 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 fron-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 nurmur 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 eves meet hers.

"What is that," King Olaf said, "Gleams so bright above thy head? Wherefore standest thou so white In pale moonlight?"

"'Tis the bodkin that I wear When at night I bind my hair; It woke me falling on the floor; "Tis 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.

THANGERAND THE PRIEST.

SHORT of stature, large of limb, Burly face and russet beard, All the women stared at him, When in Joeland he appeared. "Look!" they said, With nodding head, "There core Thangbrand, Olar's Priors."

All the prayers he know 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 malecontent 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 Thanchrand. Olafs 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, Olafs Priest !

All the folk in Altaford Boasted of their ialand grand; Baying in a single word, "I feeland 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 1" Every Seald Satires scrawled On poor Thangirand, 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 be smole them might and main, Thorvald Veile and Veteriid Lay there in the alchouse 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 Thanebrand. Olafs Priest.

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 defield Him who was crucified, And challenged him to the fight. To Sigurd the Bishop Kinc 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 Flord, By rapine, fire, and sword, Lives the Viking, Raud the Streng; All the Godoe Leies belong To him and his heathen horde." Thus went on speaking Sigurd the Bishop.

"A warlock, a wirard is he, And lord of the wind and the sea; And whichever way he sails, Ho has ever favouring 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 eried aloud : "I will talk with this mighty Raud, And along the Salten Fiord Preach the Goepel with my sword, Or be brought back in my shroud !" So northward from Drontheim Salled 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.

"'Tis the warlock ! 'tis 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 Olafs ships;

Steadily burned all night the tapers, And the White Christ through the vapours Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten, As through John's Apocalyose.—

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 licht was seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded, Lay the dragon ship he builded; 'Twas 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 Olafs 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 Strone blaspheming died.

Then baptized they all that region, Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian, Fat 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 builded, And the tiller single-handed,

Grasping, steered into the main.

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er him, Southward sailed the ship that bore him, Till at Drontheim haven landed Olaf and his crew again.

XIL

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 gleans 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 through the music rang

The sound of that shining word; And the harp strings a clangour 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 rathers 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 'twas multiplied Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt, And aid, "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 1"

BEA

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 swor. 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 shippard by the sea, Whistled, saying, "Twould 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 had heavy axe; Workmen laughed and sang and clamoured 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?

"Twas an ill wind that came wafting From his homestead words of woe; To his farm went Thorberg Skafting, Oft repeating to his workmen, Build ve thus and so.

After long delays returning Came the master back by night; To his shipyard 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 shipyard, idly talking, At the ship the workmen stared: Some one, all their labour balking, Down her sides had cut deep gashes, Not a plank was spared!

"Death be to the evil-door !" 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, 'Handsomer 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 shipyard 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.

His 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 variet Wondered at his cloak of scarlet; Like a river, frozen and starlit, 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 splendour 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 fee saway from each other.

To King Burialaf, it is said, Was the beautiful Thyri wed, And a sorrowful bride went sho; And after a week and a day, She has fied 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 field, and the goasings report She has come to King Olaf sourt, And the town is all in dismay. Hoist up your sails of allk, And field 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 allk, And flee away from each other.

0, greatest worder of all 1 It is published in hamlet and hall, It roars like a fame that is fammed ! The King-yes, Olaf the King-Haa wedded her with his ring, And Thyri is Queen in the land ! Hoist up your sails of silk, And fie away from each other.

XVI.

QUEEN THYBI 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 roval needs.

"But thou darest not venture Through the Sound to Vendland, My domains to rescue From King Burislaf;

"Lest King Svend of Denmark, Forked Beard, my brother, Scatter all thy vessels As the wind the chaff."

Then up sprang King Olaf, Like a reindeer bounding, With an oath he answered Thus the luckless Queen :

"Never yet did Olaf Fear King Svend of Denmark; This right hand shall hale him By his forked chin !"

Then he left the chamber, Thundering through the doorway, Loud his steps resounded Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult, Through the streets of Drontheim Strode he red and wrathful, With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered, Summoned all his forces, Making his war levy In the region round:

Down the coast of Norway, Like a flock of sea-gulls, Sailed the fleet of Olaf Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless, Steered he the Long Serpent, Strained the creaking cordage, Bent each boom and gaff;

Till in Vendland landing, The domains of Thyri He redeemed and rescued From King Burislaf,

Then said Olaf, laughing, "Not ten yoke of oxen Have the power to draw us Like a woman's hair!

"Now will I confess it, Better things are jewels Than angelica-stalks are For a Queen to wear."

XVII.

KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD.

LOUDLY the sailors cheered Srend of the Forked Beard, As with list fleet he steered Southward to Vendland; Where with their courses hauled All were together called, Under the lale of Srald 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.

Oft to King Svend she spake, "For thine own honour'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; Eric the Norseman, too, As the war-tidings flew, Sailed with a chosen crew Even Lapland and Eunward

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 1

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 rayen!

XVIIL

KING OLAF AND EABL SIGWALD

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.

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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 harbour lies dead, As a corse on the sea-shore, Whose spirit has fied!

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 1

Then the sea-fog veils The ships and their sails; Queen Sigrid the Haughty, Thy vengeance prevails !

XIX.

KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS.

"STRIER the sails !" King Olaf said; "Never shall men of mine take flight; Never away from battle I fled, Never away from my foce ! Let God dispose

Of my life in the fight !"

" Sound the horns !" said Olaf the King ; And suddenly through the drifting brune The blare of the horns began to ring, Like the terrible trumpet shock

Of Regnarock, On the day of Doom I

Louder and louder the war-horns sang Over the level floor of the flood; All the sails came down with a clan 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

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 seawolf; "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 Ou 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, Aud left them to drive and drift

With the currents swift Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and smarl, 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 Kinar Tamberskelver Stood baside the mast; From his yew bow, tipped with silver, Flew the arrows fast; Aimed at Eric unavailing, As he ast 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 veoman'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 Kämper Are thy bows too weak!"

Then, with smile of joy defiant On his beardless lip,

Scaled he, light and self-reliant,

Loose his golden locks were flowing, Bright his armour gleamed :

Like Saint Michael overthrowing Lucifer he seemed.

XXT.

KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK.

ALL day has the battle raged, All day have the ships engaged, But not yet is assuaged The representation of Eric the Ford

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 seleer in the billows blue!

On the deck stands Olaf the King, Around him whistle and sing The spears that the focemen 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 1" he cries; When lo 1 on his wondering eyes, Two kingly figures arise, Two Olafa in warlike array 1

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 Norroway Was King Olaf seen again !

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF.

XXIL

THE NUN OF NIDABOS.

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 gust 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 corslet, 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 fountaine;

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

"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 1

"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 uz; Christ is eternal !"

INTERLUDE.

A STRAIN of music closed the tale, A low, monotonous funeral wail, That with its cadence, wild and swe 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 . This blessed banners are outprick in the second world of the same second The ware of world of the same second Nove end in words, and not in deads, An² so 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,

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF.

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 J Must it be Athanasian croods, Or holy water, books, and beads J Must struggling scolls remain content With councils and decrees of Trent J And can it be enough for these The Christian Church the year embalms With everpreens and boughs of palms, And fills the air with Histore 1

"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 cama, Diversified, but still the same; For him that overcometh are The new name written on the stone, The raiment white, the crown, the throna. 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

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Down the dark pages runs this stain, And naught can wash them white again, So fearful is the tragedy."

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

TOBQUEMADA.

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 'twere best If it, too, were forgotten with the rest : Unless, perchance, our eyes can see therein The martyrdom triumphant o'er the sin; A double picture, with its gloom and glow. The splendour 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 praved 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 only pastime 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 neighbouring 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 Reenlendent with their bloom the forest shade.

TORQUEMADA.

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 eves Listened incredulous to their replies; The gypsy ! none had seen her in the wood t The monk ? a mendicant in search of food !

At length the avrid revelation came, Crushing at one whis pride of birth and name, Crushing at one whis pride of birth and name, The hopes his yearning bosom, forward cast, And the ancestar glories of the past; All fell together, crumbling in diagrace, A turrest rent from battlement to base. His daughters talking in the dead of night, In their own calamber, and without a light, Litetening, as he was word, he overheard, And learned the dreadful searce; word by word ; And surrying from his castle, with a cry le reised has band to the unpriving akry,

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Repeating one dread word, till bush and tree Caught it, and shuddaring answered, "Heresy I" 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 unscene companion in the dark, The Demon who within him lay in wait, And by his presence turned his love to hate, For ever muttering in an undertone, "Kill i kill and let the Lord find out His oven !"

Upon the morrow, after early Mass, While yet the dow was glistming on the grass, And all the woods were musical with birds. The old Hidsgin, uttering fortal words, Walkout homeward with the Priest, and in his room. When guastioned, with bird ransvers they replied, Nor when accured evalued or denied; Expositizitors, passionate appeals, Alf that the human heart most fears or feels, In vanithe Frister threatword, were, and proyed; The value for their threatword, were, and proyed; The Hold Wolke, then, must intervened?

And now the Grand Inquisitor of Spain. With all the fifty horsemen of his train, 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 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. 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, 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.

TORQUEMADA.

Ah! who will e'er believe the words I say! His daughters he accessed, and the same day They both were cast into the dangeon'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 Hildigo went, more eager than before, And said: "When Abraham offered up his son, He dave the wood wherewith it might be done. By his example taught, let me too bring Wood from the forest for up offering !" And the deep voice, without a passe, replied: "Son of the Church l by faith now justified, Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou wilt; The Church abovers thy considered from all quilt !"

Then this most wretched father went his way Into the woods, that round his estile lay, Where once his daughters in their childhood played Nore all the bases had fallers it the branches have Made a perpetual meaning in the air, And accessming from their sprise overhead The averse sailed athwart the sky of lead. With his own hands he lopped the boughts and bound Faggets, that enacided with foreboding sound, Faggets, that densels, sent them on their way.

Then with his mind on one dark purpose best, Again to the Inquistion he wark, and the analysis of the second And now, lest my Accement be as analysis, Grant me one more request, one last desire, \bullet -With my own hand to light the functual far i?" And Toequesmada asseward from his seat, "Son of the Church I this offering is complete; Her servants through all ages shall not cases To magnify thy ded. Depart in paces I"

Upon the market-place, builded of stone The catfold row, whereon Death claimed his own, At the four corners, in stern attitude, Four statuse of the Helvew prophets stood,' Gazing with calm indifference in their eyes Upon this place of human scriffiee, Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd, With clamour of voices disconstant and load.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

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 neesants' fields their floods of hoarded rain ? O pitiless earth ! why opened no abyss To bury in its chasm a crime like this?

That night, a mingled column of fre and moke From the dark thickets of the forest broke, And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away. Made all the fields and hamites bright as day. Wrapped in a sheet of flame the casle blaced, And as the villagers in terror gazed, They saw the figure of that cruel knight Lean from a window in the turre's height. His ghastly face illuminated with the glave, His madu supraised above his head in prayer, Till the floor sank beneath him, and he foll Down the black hollow of that turring well.

Three centuries and more above his bonos Have Spild the oblivious years like functa' stones; His name has perished with him, and no trace Remains on earth of his sfilted race; But Torquemad's name, with clouds o'creast, Lons in the distant landsape of the Past, Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath, Lik by the firse of burning woods beneath !

INTERLUDE.

Turus 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 throughed and pressed

THE BRIDE OF KILLINGWORTH.

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 hain in wait, With purpose to retaliste, And thus he dealt the averaging stroker "In such a company as this, A tale so tragics seems amins, That by its terrible control Ormasters and drags down the soul Into a fathomises abye. Some merry Night of Straparole, Or Machiavalli's Belphagor. Would cheer us and delight us more, Give greater pleasure and less pain I"

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 POETS TALE.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

Ir was the season, when through all the land The merie and mavis builds, and building sing Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand, Whom Saxon Cocimon calls the Blithe-heart King; When on the boughs the purple buds expand,

The banners of the vanguard of the Spring, And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap, And wave their fluttering signals from the steep,

The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud, Filled all the blossoming orchaids 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,

Clamoured their piteous prayer incessantly, Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said : " Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed. Speaking some unknown language strange and swee* Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed The village with the cheers of all their fleet : Or guarrelling together, laughed and railed Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys. Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth, In fabulous days, some hundred years ago : And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth. Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow, That mingled with the universal mirth. Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe: 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, 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 fervour, Edwards on the Will; His favourite 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,

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

Whe 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 neckcloth, 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 Squire 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-sincers 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 blue-bird balanced on some topmost spray,

Flooding with melody the neighbourhood; Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng That dwell in pests, and have the gift of song.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gai Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,

Or rye, or barley, or some other grain, Scratched up at random by industrious feet,

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

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 'Tis always morning somewhere, and above

The awakening continents, from shore to shore, Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

"Think of your woods and orchards without birds ! Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams

As in an idiot's brain remembered words Hang empty '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 whirr Of meadow-lark, and its 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 have on the slug and snail.

"How can I teach your children gentleness, And mercy to the weak, and reverence,

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

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 self-same 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; and 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 favourite walk, The endless theme of all the village talk.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

The farmers grew unpatient, 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-hove, finding their mistake too late Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slato. That year in Killingworth the Autumn came Without the light of his majestic look, The wonder of the falling tongues of flame, The illumined pages of his Doomsday-Book. A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame. And drowned themselves despairing in the brook. While the wild wind went mosning 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 waggon, overarched with everyreen. 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 clease in skeep, And near the story's end a deep Soncoras sound at times was heard. As when the distant kappipes blow, At bins all langhed; the Landlond stirred, As one swaking from a swound, Novelevich that he had non-aid, But only shut his eyes, and kept His cara attentive to each word.

Then all arose, and said "Good Night." Alone remained the drowny Squire To rake the embers of the firs, And quench the waning partour light; While from the windows, here and there. The scattered lamps a moment glaamed, And the illumined hotel seemed Monther and the same seemed Downward, the hower the minist and Sinking and setting toward the sam. Fur of the village olock struct one

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

FLIGHT THE SECOND.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Berween 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 surrund me; They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kissee Their arms about me entwine, Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen In his Mouse Tower on the Rhine !

ENCELADUS.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti, Because you have scaled the wall, Such an old moustache 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, Enceladus will arise !"

And the old gods, the austere Oppressors in their strength, Stand aghast and white with fear At the ominous sounds they hear, And tremble, and mutter, "At length ["

Ah me! for the land that is sown With the harvest of despair! Where the burning cinders, blown From the lips of the overthrown Enceladus, fill the air.

Where ashes are heaped in drifts Over vineyard and field and town, Whenever he starts and lifts His head through the blackened rifts Of the cracs that keep him down.

RIRDS OF PASSAGE

See, see ! the red light shines ! Tis the glare of his awful eyes! And the storm-wind shouts through the pinas 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 bey 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 foos Was steadily steering its courso

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 1" 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 dving gasp.

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

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.

Our of the bosom of the Air, Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken, Over the woodlands brown and bare, Over the harvest-felds forsaken, Silent, and soft, and stow Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies taxe Suddenly shape in some divine expression, Even as the troubled heart doth make In the white countenance confession, The troubled sky reveaus 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 brais, Through every nerve, through every vein, I feel the electric thrill, the touch Of life, that seems almost too much.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

I hear the wind among the trees Playing celestial symphonies; I see the branches downward beut, Like keys of some great instrument,

And over me unrolls on high The splendid scenery of the sky, Where through a sapphire sea the sun Sails like a golden 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!

1860.

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

LABOUR 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 vesterday

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 sl:y.

WHARINESS.

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 divice; Refracted through the mist of years, How red my setting sun appears,

How lurid looks this soul of mine !

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 whirr and worry Of spindle and of loom,

And the great wheel that toils amid the hurry And rushing of the flume.

Born to 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 nplifts thy drooping banner, And round thee throng and run The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor, The outlaws of the sun.

The burnish'd dragon-fly is thine attendaut, 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, arm'd with golden rod And wing'd with the celestial azure, bearest The message of some God.

Thou art the Mnse, who far from crowded cities Hanntest the sylvan streams, Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties That come to us as dreams.

PALINGENESIS.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let the river Linger to kiss thy feet 1 O flower of song, bloom on and make for evor The world more fair and sweet.

PALINGENESIS.

t LAY mpon the headland height, and listen'd To the incesant sobbing of the sea. In caverns moder me, And watch'd the waves that tose'd and field and glisten'd Until the rolling meadows of amethyst Meltod away in mist.

Then snddenly, as one from sleep, I started; For round about me all the sunny capes Seem? d poopled with the shapes Of those whom I had known in days departed, Apparell'd in the loveliness which gleams On faces seen in freams.

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 shudder'd in the wind, and shed Their netsias of nale 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 how Renew this plantom-flower?

"Oh, give me back!" I cried, "the vanish'd splendonrs, The breath of morn and the exultant strife, When the swift stream of his Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders The pond, with all its biles, for the basp

Into the unknown deep !"

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

And the sea answer'd, with a lamentation, Like some old prophet wailing, and it said, "Alas I thy youth is dead! It breathes no more, its heart has no pulsation; In the dark places with the dead of old It lies for ever 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 hefore, And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plantations Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow Of sunsets burning fow ; Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellationr Light up the spacious avenues hetween This world and the unseen I

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 Samine of the heart, what pain and loss,

The bearing of what cross l

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 reference and good heed, Until "The End" I read.

THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD.

BURN, oh evening hearth, and waken Pleasant visions, as of old 1 Though the house by winds he shaken, Safe I keep this room of gold 1

Ah, no longer wizard Fancy Builds her castles in the air, Luring me by necromancy Up the never-ending star.

HAWTHORNE,

Bot, instead, she huilds 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, 'Tis the grey rohe 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 hells and voices hlending 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 vanish'd 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 heaten hy shows?, 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 splendonr could not chase away. The omnipresent pain.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

The lovely town was white with apple-blooms, And the great elms o'erhead Dark shadows wove on their aërial looms, Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the grey old manse, The historic river flow'd; I was as one who wanders in a trance.

Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seem'd strange: Their voices I could hear,

And yet the words they utter'd seem'd to chango Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I look'd for was not there, The one low voice was mute;

Only an unseeu presence fill'd 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 sectosion 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 unfinish'd window in Aladdin's tower Unfinish'd must remain!

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEAED the bells on Christmas day Their old, familiar carois play, And wild and swees The words repeat Of peace on earth, good-will to mcn I

KAMBALU.

And thought how, as the day had come, The belfries of all Christendom Had roll'd slong 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 thunder'd in the South, And with the sound The carols drown'd Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent The hearthstones of a continent, And made forlorn The households born Of peace on earth, good-will to men I

And in despair I bow'd 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 peal'd the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead; nor doth he sleep! The Wrong shall fail, The Bight prevail, With peace on earth, good-will to men !"

KAMBALU.

Ivro the city of Kambalu, By the road that leadeth to Ispahan, At the head of his dusty caravan, Luden with treasure from realms afar, Baldaccs 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,

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

The fiash of harness and jewell'd sheath, And the shining scymitars of the guard, And the weary camels that hared their teeth, As they pase'd and pass'd through the gates unbarrd futo the shade of the paise-syard.

Thus into the city of Kambala Rodo the great capita Ala; And he stood hefore the Khan, and said ; "The exemption or hord are dead; All the Kallis of all the West How and obey the Jeast behar; Daw stood by the Jeast behar; The weavers are havy in Samarcand, The wirers plancing for possife in the east, All opeose and penity are in the lead.

"Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone, Rose in revolt against thy throne: His treasures are at thy palace-door, With the swords and the shawis and the jowels he word His body is dust o'er the desert blown.

"A mile cutatile of Ballance's gate 1 feft my forces to Bie in wait; Conceal'd by forests and hillocks of sand, And forward dashi with a handful of more To hree the old tiper from the das-Ere we reachly the town the alarm was spread. For we heard the sound of gongs from within ; And with clash of organizes and watched day. With the gray old Kalif at their head, with the gray old Kalif at their head, With the gray old Kalif at their head.

"As in at the gate we role, behold, A tower that was called the Tower of Gold 1 For there the Kalif had hidden bis weakh. Hang' and hoarded and piled on high, Like sacks of wheat in a granary; And thither the misser creept by steakh To feel of the gold that gave him health, And to parse and gloat with his hungry eyo On jewels that gleand'll like a glow-worm's aparb Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

 60°

THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

"I said to the Kaiff: "Thon art old, Thon has no need of so much gold, don it here, Thon shouldst not have heap'd and hidden it here, Thill he breath of battle was bot and near, But have sown through the land these mealess heards To spring into solid are not grains of wheat; These prime gold are not grains of wheat; These prime gold are not grains of wheat; These hears of silver thon cannt not ext; Cannot curve the ables in thy bease. Nor keep the first of Death one hour From climbing the stairwark of thy towert !'

"Then into his dangeon I lock'd 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 Kalifesen aire!

"When at last we nulock'd the door, We found him dead upon the Boor; The rings had droppd from his wither'd hands, His teeth were like hones in the dowert sands; Still clutching his treasmre he had died; And as he lay there, he appear'd A statue of gold with a silver beard, His arms onterstoch'd as if cronified."

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 Ismahan.

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 blacken'd log a time Learn'd in some forgotten June From a schoolboy at his play.

FLOWER-DE-LUCH.

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 haro-strings of the heart.

And again the tongues of flame Start exulting and exclaim: "These are prophets, bards, and scory In the horoscope of nations, Like ascendant constellations, They control the coming years."

But the night-wind cries, "Despair I 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 fiving 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 wither'd leaves in lonely Churchwards at some passing tread."

Suddenly the flame sinks down; Sink the rumours of renown; And alone the night-wind drear

KILLED AT THE FORD.

Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer,-""Tis the brand of Meleäger Dying on the hearth-stone here!"

And I auswer, "Though it be, Why should 'hat discomfort me? No eudeavour is in vaiu; Its reward is in the doing, And the rapture of parsuing Is the prize the vanquish'd cain."

THE BELLS OF LYNN.

BEARD AT NAHANT.

O CURFEW of the setting sun ! O Bells of Lynu ! O requiem of the dying day ! O Bells of Lynu !

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-cathedral wafted, Your sounds aërial 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 ou, O Bells of Lynn 1

And down the darkening coast run the tunnituous surges, And clap their hands, and shout to you, O Bells of Lynn !

Till from the shnddering 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, Yo cry aloud, and then are still, O Bells of Lynn t

KILLED AT THE FORD.

Hn is dead, the beautiful youth, The heart of honour, the tongue of truth, He, the life and light of ns all, Whose voice was blithe as a bagle-call. Whom all eyes follow'd with one consent, The cheer of whose lauch, and whose pleasant word, Hush'd all murgurs of discontent.

FLOWER-DE-LUCK.

Only last night, as we rode along Down the dark of the mountain gap, "o 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, nd another he hore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling hall Came out of a wood, and the voice was still; Something I heard in the darkness fall, And for a moment my blood grew ohill; I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks In a room where some one is Jying dead; But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle aguin, And through the mire said the mist and the rain Carried him hack to the silent camp, And laid him as if asleep on his bed ; And I saw hy the light of the surgeon's lamp Two white roses upon his checks, And one, just over his heat, hlood-red l

And I saw in a vision how far and floet That fatal holts want speeding forth Till it reach'd a town in the distant North, Till it reach'd a heart that ceased to beat Without a normany, without a cryi Without a normany, without a cryi Without a normany, without a cryi Without and the set of the set of the set And the neighbours wonder? that she should dio.

GIOTTO'S TOWER.

How many lives, made heautiful and sweet By self-devotion and by self-restraint, Whose pleasure is to run without complaint On unknown errands of the Paraelete, Wanting the reference of unsholden feet, Fail of the nimbus which the artistis paint Around the shining forehead of the saint, And are in their completeness incomplete 1

In the old Thesean town stands Giotto's tower, The lily of Florence hlossoming in stone,— A vision, a delight, and a desire,—

The builder's perfect and centennial flower, That in the night of ages bloom'd alone, But wanting still the glory of the spire.

DIVINA COMMEDIA.

TO-MORROW.

The late at night and in the realm of sleep My fittle 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 Feal the fresh breaking of To-morrow creee.

To-morrow 1 the mysterious, nuknown guest, Who cries to me: "Remember Barmedde, 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 bath already weai what shall bettie."

DIVINA COMMEDIA.

I.,

Orr have I seen at some cathedral door A labourer, pansing in the dust and hest, Lay down his barden, and with reverent fost 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 murnurs dies away, While the eternal ages watch and wait.

п.

How strarge the sculptures that adorn these towers l 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, undernestb, the traitor Jndas lowers!

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

Ah1 from what agonies of heart and brain, What exultations tramping on despair, What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong. What passionate outcry of soul in pain, Uprose this poem of the earth and air, This medieval miracle of song 1

I exrem, and I see thes in the gloom Of the long asises, O poot saturnine I And strive to make my steps keep pace with thing The air is fill's with some unknown perfume; The congregation of the dead make room For thes to pass; the voive tapers shine; Like rocks that hannt Ravenna's groves of pine The hovering eahead fivon toub to toub.

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 nathetic words, "Although your sing

As scarlet be," and ends with "as the snow."

IV.

I tarr aine eyes, and all the windows blaze With forms of saints of holy men who died, Hare martyr'd and hereafter glorified; And the great Rose upon its leaves displays Christ's Triamph, and the angelic roundelays With splendour nuon splendour multiplied; And Beatrice again at Dante's side No more robuces, but smills her works of praise.

And then the organ sounds, and nnseen 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 honse-tops and through heaven above Proclaim the elevation of the Host! Y.

OH star of morning and of liberty ! O bringer of the light whose splendonr shines Above the darkness of the Apennines, Foreranner of the day that is to be!

NOEL

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 1

Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights, Throngh all the nations, and a sound is heard, As of a mighty wind, and men devont, Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes, In their own language, hear thy wondrons word, And many are amazed, and many doubt.

NOEL.

EV SOYÉ À M. AGASSIZ, LA VEILLE DE NOËL 1884, AVEC UN PANIER DE VIRIS DIVERS

> L'Académie en respect, Noncostant l'incorrection, A la faveur du sujet, Ture-lure, N'y fera point de rature; Noël I ture-lure-lure. GULBABÖZAL

QuAND les astres de Noël Brillaient, palpitaient an ciel, Six gaillards, et chacun ivre, Chantaient gaîment dans le givre, "Bons anis, Allons donc chez Agassiz !"

Ces illustres Pélerins D'Outre-Mer adroits et fins Se donnant des airs de prêtre, A l'envi se vantaient d'être "Bons amis, De Jean Rudoiphe Acassis.!"

CEil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur, Sans reproche et sans pndeur, Dans son patois de Bourgogne, Bredouillait comme un ivrogne, "Bons amis, J'ai dansé chez Agassiz1"

Verzenay le Champenois, Bon Français, point New-Norquois, Mais des environs d'Avize, Fredonne à mainte reprise, "Bons amis, J'al chanté chez Agassiz !"

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

A côté marchait un vieux Hidalgo, mais non mousseux; Dans le temps de Charlemagne Fut son père Grand d'Espagne "Bons amis,

J'ai diné chez Agassiz l"

Derrière eux un Bordelais, Gascon, s'il en fut jamais, Parfumé de poésie Riait, chantait, plein de vie "Bons amis, J'al soupé chez Agassiz!"

Avec ce beau cadet roux, Bras dessus et bras dessous, Mine altière et couleur terne; Vint le Sire de Sauterne; "Bons amis, J'ai couché chez Agassiz!"

Mais le dermier de ces preux, Etait un pauvre Chartreux, Qui disait, d'un ton robuste, "Bénédictions sur le Juste! "Bons amis,

Bénissons Père Agassiz !"

lls arrivent trois à trois, Montent l'escalier de bois Clopin-clopant ! quel gendarme Peut permettre ce vacarme, Bons amis,

A la porte d'Agassiz !

"Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur, Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur; Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes Gens de bien et gentilshommes, Bons amis,

De la famille Agassiz !"

Chut, ganaches! taisez-vous! C'en est trop de vos glouglous; Epargnez aux Philosophes Vos abominables strophes l Bons amis, Respectez non Acessis l

Page 127. All the Foresters of Flanders.

The title of l'orsetner wardren to the early governove of Finadens, appointed by the kings of France. Lyteriot de Bong, in the days of Clonair the Second, was the first of them; and Bondella Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair J adius was the text. Attention in the second second second second second and the second second second second second second second end of the second second second second second second second and the second se

Page 127. Stately dames, like queens attended.

When the bargemasters of Ghost, Brages, and Tyrtes, went the Darks to pay formate to King Joint, in 105h they were received with access jointy and distintions of the second second second second second second second second and a forget of their engingly. They influent their relations their displayant at the second methods with enablessy whereapon, to make known their displayants at the second form, and, testing thermal of their approximation of methods in the second second second form, and, testing thermal of their approximation of methods in the second second testing and the second second second second second second second second formation of the second sec

Page 127. Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.

Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal, on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

Page 127. I beheld the gentle Mary.

Marie do Yaloia, Danhess of Jargundy, was left by the doubt of her fattice, Charles-Leffening, at the age of heurity, the richest heress of Errogs. She cause to flarges, as Constead of Finders, in 1477, and in the same year was thus, the Dake of kaurati, Maximiliari so instituti, significant with the presence. They were both in complete draws, separated by a maked swork, and attended by foursary of the Yatime. Was addred by be realized as the gambients and her many officer Yatime.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, and is the same person mentioned afterwards in the poem of Noremberg as the Kaiser Maximilian, and the here of Pinzing's poem of Teversions. Having been imprisoned by the

revolted burghers of Brages, they refused to release him, till be consented to kneed in the public square, and to swear on the Holy Evangelists and the body of Saint Donatus, that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

Page 127. The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.

This buttle, the most memorable in Finsible history, was fought under the walls of Contrays on the 11th of olys, 102, between the French and the Fienings, the former commanded by Robert, Contra d'Artois, and the inter by Guitmes, the former commanded by Robert, Contra d'Artois, and the inter by Guitmes, which was not benergy theorem. The forward have a completely wanted, with a low of twenty theorem. The forward the former do among whom were kity-three princes, datas, and counts, serm hundred of othe Karoward of or form the great number of golden spaces on the other than chardly for the serme hundred on block wave but a single sport each, the do Contrays; and, as the counters of that day were but a single sport each, the server hundred of the block dual to store hundred of this creaters.

Page 127. Saw the fight at Minnewater.

When the inhabitants of Brages were digging a small at Minnewiter to Irring the watters of the Lystrom Degrans that their eityr, show rest statistical and posted by the system of the Lyst hand the statistical statistical statistical constraints and the statistical statistical statistical statistical constraints and the statistical statistical statistical statistical constraints and the statistical two or three days in the week, and had the remaining flow or first to induce the or other days in the week, and had the remaining flow or first to induce possible athies. The statistical statis

Meanwhile the insergents received a check at the village of Newley, and the hundred of them periods in the desired, which was been only the Count neares. One of these lasts, and the strong lasts retrigo in the believe. From the aumunit, the was in vita. This meeting on the strong last retrigo in the believe of the strong last strong might and, balf auffected with anoles and flams, he three himself from the might; and, half auffected with anoles and flams, he three himself from the count periods for dational periods and the strong last strong the strong the strong last strong last

Page 127. The Golden Dragon's nest.

The folders Dergon, laken from the church of St Sephis, at Constantinopie, in one of the Cranadis, and placed on the bellyr of Berges, was attrevente tense, pareted to Ghent by Föllip van Artereide, and still advrast the bellyr of that city. The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is '' Mynen ances in *Ecologi* ; at *iz logi* or brand, and als G hay is or widowir in hat land." My name is Roland; when I toil there is fire, and 'Wen I ring three widowir in bal

Page 131. That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime. An old popular proverb of the town runs thus 3-

" Nurnbery's Hand Geht durch alle Land." Nuremberg's hand Goes through every land.

Page 131. Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Melehior Pfinzing was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The here of his *Providank* was the reigning emperor Maximilian : and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Purious* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the *Belfry of Brayes*. See page 127.

Page 131. In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.

The tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer

FOTES.

and his sons, who laboured upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty.

Page 131. In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare.

This pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the sacrament, is by the hand of Adam Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of scalptare in white stone, and rises to the beight of sixty-four fest. Its stands in the choir, whose richly painted windows cover it with varied colours.

Page 131. Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters,

The Fuelve Was Masters was the fills of the original exponation of the Master-integers. Handless facts, the coholer of Marenberg, huorah net was of the original Twerke, was the most renowaed of the Master-singers, as well as the most voluminous. He fourtished in the Master singers, as well as the most four follo volumes of manascript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one poems.

Page 132. As in Adam Puschman's song.

Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision :---

"An old man, Gray and white, and dove like, Who had, in south, a great beard, And read in a fair, great book, Beautiful with golden clasps."

Page 140. The Occultation or Orion.

Astronomically speaking, this title is incorrect; as I apply to a constellation what can properly be applied to some of its stars only. But my observation is made from the hill of song, and not from that of science; and will, I trust, be found sufficiently accurate for the present purpose.

Page 149. Walter von der Vogelweide.

Walter von der Vogelweide, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minnosiegers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Oiterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.

Page 154. Like imperial Charlemagne.

Charlengage may be called by pre-similarine the means of farmers. According to the German frailding, in seasons of gravit abundance, his positivit crosses the Rhime on a guiden bridge at Bingen, and bissess the corn-fields and the vincrack. During fits lifetime, he did not didadin, any shontenquice, to sell the gardens; while he distributed among his positive weaths of the Lomente and the immense treasures of the Hans."

Page 167.

Behold, at last, Each tall and tapering most Is strung into its place.

I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage by stating, that sometimes, though not usually, results are launched fully rigged and sparred. I have varied myself of the exception, as better satisf to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic license. On this subject a fined in Portland, Maine writes me thus ---

"In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make a show, There was a flue, large ship launched last summer at Elkworth, fully rigged and sparred. Some years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging, spars, sails, and eargo aboard. She sailed the next day and was never heard of again. I hope this will not be the fact of your poem!"

Page 173. Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

"When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the AdmirAl was

ten contactly effing in the storm, wall a scool is his hand. On the the of Setember he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the propise of the Hind to way. We are as tear haven by sea as by land. 'In the following night the lights of the abig underly disappared. The propise his time citier week hear a good hock-out for him during the remainder of the wayser. On the 2dd of September was seen or theread of the Admiral, "Disappared and a store on the store of the Admiral and the Admiral and the Admiral of the Admiral of the Admiral of the Admiral one seen of the admiral of the Admiral, a store on the Admiral of the Admiral of the Admiral of the Admiral, a store of the Admiral of the Admiral, a store of the Admiral of the Adm

Page 189. The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuille.

Jamin, the author of this heantiful poon, is to the south of France what Borns is to the south of Scatland,—ther perpendicular of the heaping, —one of those happy barcle who are born with their mouths full of birds (or lowor phone docacions). He has written his own highlight, has posite form, and the unple nurrative of his powerty, his struggles, and his triumple, is very dought his native and with anytic we coget

The following description of his person and way of life is taken from the graphic pages of "Béarn and the Pyrenees," by Louiss Stuart Costello, whese charming pen has done so much to illustrate the French provinces and their literature.

⁴ At the entrances of the previousles Du Gravier is a row of small hence, monosofy, director boys, the induction of which is a spatial data placed across one off, which as a power of the strength of th

"Site exhibited to is a harred crewn of gold, of definite vorthemenity, sertrom the eity of Gimenne Jaurar, Toulanas, to the poor it who will probably one day take his place in the organization of the sector of the sector of the by the hist, Louis Philipper, and ensembly fragments and prevented by the hisnemeta Dhake of Orleans a panel plat, by the granchil Doches, who, on the poets the mouth of Henry Quarter 2—

Brabes Gascous! A moun amou per bous aou dibes creyre : Benés I benés I ey plazé de bous beyre : Auroucha bousi

A fine service of linen, the offering of the town of Pan, after its eitizens had given files in his honour, and loaded him with caresses and praises; and nickuacks and jewels of all descriptions offered to him by indy-ambasadresses and great lords; English 'misses' and 'miliadis'; and French, and foreigners of all nations who did or did not understand Gascon.

All this, though starting, was not convtnency: Journin, the harbor, night, not by a facility, stores, a spiror, and gift of a last of a service in the last or the set of the start of the service in the service start of the service intervent of

ctude fory is read to me a little of 'L'Alonglo,'-a few verses of 'Françonneto;'-'You will be clarano.d', said he; 'hat ff i were well, and you would give me the pleasure of your company for some time, if you were not mercely raining through Agen, I would kill you with weeping.-I would make you die with distress for my poor Margardio.-my preity Françonneto!'

The each transfer are two copies of his book, from a pile lying on the table, and making main these to hum, he pointed on the French transfation one adds, which he told us to follow while he read in Gascon. He segret in a reck, set by the set of the second transfer in the second pile synthese by the sequence of the second second pile synthese by the sequence of the second second second pile synthese by the sequence of the second se

⁶ He would have been a treasmure on the stage; for he is still, inough is first protice hysic, treasmuch prod-choicing and strikings with black synchronizing even synchronization of the state of

We found we had sayed hores instead or minute with the post; but in works not had a say polary_weak propriet diath is invest, was not end time, south not had as any polary_weak program of Pan had had had had be to see as again. It had not are contry weak or Pan had had had him with hind means and surface, and point with the had not main any set of the brancy of cartin means of the point of the same set of the brancy of the brancy of contrary, the short by, milling, and happy and enjoying the stores of has contrary, the short by, milling, and happy and enjoying the stores of has not been as a store of the same set of the same set of the same set out the same set of the same set of the same set of the same set of any, indeed, a troubsidier and hap with mercy; that I am for beyond them all, where we no poster in Prime nove- mark same set, in the index and the same set mit of 11 where it he for the same set of the index and the same set of the same set of the same set of the index and the same set of the same set of the same set of the index and the same set of the mit of 11 where it he for the same set of the index and the index and the same set of the same set of the same set of the same set of the index and the same set of the same set of the same set of the same set of the index and the same set of the same set of the same set of the same set of the index and the same set of the index and the same set of the same s

I returned by Agen, After an Ahnites in the Pyromese of some months, and prevent us explaintances with Jonation and his dark-period wite. I add not at more than the source of the so

he had been likened; and hegged me to tell him something of Moore. The delight of himself and his wife was amusing at having discovered a secret which had puzzled them so long.

"He had a throwsed Winger to fall use, in particular, that he had only the day before resorted a littler from the Dubless of Urisans, informing him that she had outlends a modal of her last hashould to be stretch, the first of which would be gravited him a position of a domassed frame. He senties and werpt by turns, as he told all their and declared, much as he was elated at the possession of a knows were more.

"He them made us sit down while he read us two new poems, both charming and hill of graces and maintef, and one very affecting, being an address to the king, alluding to the death of his son. As he read, his wife stood by, and fearing we did not quite comprehend his language, als made a remark to that effect to the second second

"We had much correration, for haves anatomia to detail may, and in the course of it he toid me that he had have hay some accound of vanity." "(A) he rejoined, what would you have! I am a child of nature, and cannot conceal my feelings; the only difference hetween me and a man of reinement is, that he known how to conceal his vanity and exuitation at success, which I let everyhody see."---Berr and the "promest, 1838, deg.

Page 198. A Christmas Carol.

The following description of Christmas in Burgundy is from M. Fertiault's "Coup d'œil sur les Noels en Bourgogne," prefixed to the Paris edition of "Les Noels Bourguironos de Bernard de la Monnove (Gui Bardan), 1842."

Noals Bourguignons de Bernard de la Monnore (vul pauvade, rosanore, elear "Every year, at the approach of Advant, people refresh their unemories, clear their throats, and begin preluding in the long evenings by the firredo, those their throats, and begin preluding in the long evening of the Messiah. They take from old closets pamphlets, little collections begrimed with dust and smoke. to which the press, and sometimes the pen, has consigned these songs; and as soon as the first Sunday of Advent sounds, they gossip, they gad about, they sit together hy the fireside, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, taking turns in paying for the chestnuts and white wine, but singing with one common voice the grotesque praises of the Little Jans. There are very few villages even, which, during all the evenings of Advent, do not hear some of these curious canticles shouted in their streets to the massal drone of bagpipes. In this case the minstrel comes as a reinforcement to the singers at the fireside; he brings and adds his dose of joy (spontaneous or merceuary, it matters little which) to the joy which breathes around the hearth-stone; and when the volces vibrate and resound, one voice more is always welcome. There it is not the purity of the uotes which makes the concert, but the quantity, -- non qualitas, sed quantitas; then (to finish at once with the minstrel), when the Saviour has at length been born in the manger, and the beautifal Christmas eve is passed, the rustic piper makes his round among the houses, where every one compliments and thanks him, and, moreover, gives him in small colu the price of the shrill notes with which he has enlivened the evening entertainments.

"Moreo releas, until Christmas eres, all goes on in this way among our diversu. Bet his farmous eres once comes, the scale is priched upon a higher hyper the disage the distribution of the state how of the state possible, are formed to take together this confirmable evening repart. The support instands, a critering actions state of the state of the state of the state possible, are formed to take together this confirmable evening repart. The support is a state of the state is the state of the state the state of the state of

night.' And the children sit demurely, keeping as quiet as their turbulent little natures will permit. The groups of older persons, not always as orderly as the chlidren, selze this good opportunity to surrender themselves with merry hearts and hoisterous voices to the chanted worship of the miraculous Noel. For this electrifying carols. Noel! Noel! This magic word resounds on all sides; it seasons every sauce, it is served up with every course. Of the thousands and end with this word, which is, one may say, their Alpha and Omega, their crown and footstool. This last evening, the merry-making is prolonged. Instead ings, they walt for the stroke of midnight: this word sufficiently proclaims to one, furnished with a little taper streaked with various colours (the Christmas candle), goes through the crowded streets, where the lanterns are dancing like the mass, emblematic of the coming of the Messiah. Then in turnolt and great which reverberate louder than ever, make this meal of after-Christmas, so long and from church has made the devout eaters feel some little shafts of the sharp and biting north wind. Restignon then goes on merrily- 'ometimes far into the morning hours; but, nevertheless, gradually throats grow Loarse, stomachs are filled, the yule-log burns out, and at last the hour arrives when each one, as best he may, regains his domicile and his bed, and puts with himself between the Previous to this care has been taken to place in the slippers, or wooden shoes, of the children, the sugar plums, which shall be for them, on their waking, the welcome fruits of the Christmas log."

In the "discarge," the scale, or yuk-log, it thus defined, "This is a huno log, which is placed on the fire we Christman even, and which in Bragmady is exilted, on D0 account, for Stable of SNM. Then the index or the funding, particularly amount to be substantiated with the coverse to perget that the yuk-log may low line scales for the coverse to perget that the yuk-log may low line scales for the coverse to perget believing a single scale and the scale of the scale o

THE GOLDEN LEGEND. - The old Legenda Aurea, or Golden Legend, was originally written in Latin, in the thirteenth century, by Jacobus de Voragine, a Dominican friar, who afterwards became Archibishop of Genoa, and died in 1922.

He called his book simply, "Legends of the Saints." The capture of Golden was given it by his admirrary, for, as Wynkin die Words says, "Like as passett gold in value all other metals, so this Legend exceeded all other books." But Ukwal Leight much distress of mind, calls if are book written by an an of a all of human formation of the second state without with or resoluand of a human forehold, for his implicit boldmost in reporting things or blowloss and increasing or his second state without with or resolutions and increasing or his second state without with or resolutions and increasing or his second state without with a second state without with the second state state without with the second state state without the second state state without with the second state without with the second state state without with the second state without with without with

This work, the great text-body of the lagendary large of the Middle Ages, was translated into French in the fourierent neutron provide the source and the s

I have called this poem the Golden Legend, because the story upon which it is founded seems to me to surpass all other legends in beauty and significance.

exhibits, amid the corruptions of the Middle Ages, the virtue of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, and the power of Faith, Hone, and Charity, sufficient for all the exigencies of life and death. The story is told, and perhaps invented, by Hartmann von der Aue, a Minnesinger of the twelfth century. The original may be found in Mailath's All-deutsche Gedichte, with a modern German version. There is another in Marbach's Volksbücher, No. 32.

Page 200. For these hells have been anointed. And baptized with holy water !

The Consecration and Baptism of Bells is one of the most curious ceremonies of the Church in the Middle Ages. The Council of Cologne ordained as

"Let the bells be blessed, as the trumpets of the Church militant, by which the people are assembled to hear the word of God: the clergy to announce his mercy may be invited to prayers, and that the spirit of devotion in them may be inpersons of the faithful would be secure : that the destruction of lightnings and Encyclopædia, Art. Bells. See also Scheible's Kloster, VI. 776.

Page 221. It is the malediction of Eve!

"Nec esses plus quam femina, que nunc ctiam viros transcendis, et que maledictionem Evæ in benedictionem vertisti Maria."-Epistola Abælardi Heloissæ.

Page 237. To come back to my text!

In giving this sermon of Friar Cuthbert as a specimen of the Risus Paschales. ar street-preaching of the monks at Easter. I have exaggerated nothing. This very anecdote, offensive as it is, comes from a discourse of Father Barletta, a so great, that it gave rise to the proverb,

Nescit predacare Qui nescit Barlettare

" Among the abuses introduced in this century," says Tiraboschi, "was that of exciting from the pulpit the laughter of the hearers; as if that were the same thing as converting them. We have examples of this not only in Italy, but also in France, where the sermons of Menot and Maillard, and of others, who would make a better appearance on the stage than in the pulpit, are still celebrated for such follies."

If the reader is curious to see how far the freedom of speech was carried in particular, an anonymous discourse called Der Gräuel der Verwüstung, The Abomination of Desolation preached at Ottakring, a village west of Vienna, November 25, 1782, in which the licence of language is carried to its utmost

See also Prédicatoriana, ou Révélations singuières et amusantes sur les Prédicateurs; par G. P. Philomneste. (Menin.) This work contains extracts from the popular sermons of St Vincent Ferrier, Barletta, Menot, Maillard, Marini, Raulia, Vailaidir, Do Besse, Carnus, Père André, Bening, and the most eloquent of all,

My anthority for the spiritual interpretation of bell-ringing, which follows, ic Durandus, Ration. Divin. Offic., Lib. 1. cap. 4.

Page 240. THE NATIVITY, a Miracle-Play.

A singular chapter in the History of the Middle Ages is that which gives account of the early Christian Drama, the Mysteries, Moralities, and Miracle-Plays, which were at first performed in churches; and afterwards in the streets, on fixed or moveable stages. For the most part, the Mysteries were founded on the historic portions of the Old and New Testaments, and the Miracle-Plays on the Lives of Saints a distinction not always observed, however; for in Mr Wright's " Early Mysteries and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries," the

Resurrection of Lazarus is called a Miracle, and not a Mystery. The Mor were plays in which the Virtues and Vices were personified.

The sarihat roligious play which has been preserved is the *Christas Paukoa* of forgery Xailanam, written in *Greek* In the forth tentury. Next to this course the remarkable Latin plays of Rowvina, the nun of Gandersbeim, in the tentuentury, which, though crafts, and waining in artistic construction, are marked plays, with a French translation, has been inday published, entitled, *Thédére et electrich*, *Religness Altenne at the Solici*. *Fer* Charles Monte, entitied, *Thédére* et *Cartolo*, *Religness Altenne at the Solici*. *Fer* Charles Monte, entitied, *Thédére et electrich*, *Religness Altenne at the Solici*. *Fer* Charles Monte, entitied, *Thédére et electrich*, *Religness Altenne at the Solici*. *Fer* Charles Monte, entitied, *Thédére et electrich*, *Religness Altenne at the Solici*. *Fer* Charles Monte, entitied, *Thédére et electrich*, *Religness Altenne at the Solici*. *Fer* Charles Monte, entitied, *Thédére et electrich*, *Religness Altenne at the Solici*. *Fer* Charles Monte, entitied, *Thédére et electrich*, *Religness*, *Market*, *Berne at the Solici*. *Fer* Charles Monte, entitied, *Thédére et electrich*, *Religness*, *Market*, *Berne at the Solici*. *Fer* Charles Monte, entitied, *Thédére et electrich*, *Religness*, *Market*, *Berne at the Solici*. *Fer* Charles Monte, entitied, *Thédére et electrich*, *Religness*, *Market*, *Berne at the Solici*, *Fer* (*Lance Monte*).

"The most important collections of English Mysteries and Mirade-Flays are those known as the Townley, the Chenter, and the Corenter pulses. The first of these collections has been published by the Surtees Society, and the other two by this Shakapara Society. In this introduction to the Corentry Pulsetine, thus editor, Mr Halliwell, quotes the following passage from Dugdale's *daiquities of Warnickhires*.

²²Before the suppression of the sumsateria, this city was very famous for the supportant, that very naived therefore, good Cayran Cairles, accasain-supportant, that very naived approximate the support of the server. Server, there and many formers of the server, server large and many advantage of the spectracorr, and centainful the store of the server composed into of Eaglish Tethnon server support of the server. Server large and many advantage of the spectracorr, and centainful the store of the server composed into of Eaglish Tethnon server ser

The representation of religious plays has not yet been wholly discontinued by the Roman Church. At Ober-Ammergan, in the Tyrol, a grand spectacle of this kind is exhibited once in ten years. A very graphic description of that which took place in the year 1850 is given by Miss Anna Mary Howitt, in her "Art-Student In Munich," vol. 1., chap. ir. She says:-

"We had come expecting to feel our senis revoil at so material arrogeneration of Orbsts, as any representation of hive a naturally include must be in a peasant's Birchel-Yay. The so far, strange to confess, sincher horrer, diagas, norbertaires Hurophane the webs of the performance, that to ma, at least, anything tike ange, et a perception of the Indicense, would have assemble anors inverse transport of the source of the Indicense would have assemble anors inverse transport of the source of the Indicense would have assemble anors inverse transport of the source of the Indicense would have assemble anors inverse transport. The source of the Indicense would have assemble and the Indicense transport of the Indicense and the Indicense of the Indicense (Indicent), and Pernginde pletare had become animated, and were merring before any there are a dorifully increased the Illiancies. There were seenes and groups to extraordiantly in the search family and the set integer men and wooses, had not the farmer of over a sub least, such as the set integer men and wooses, had not the farmer of set and hadow, and of fampery finited by the wind, were very surface of anhum and hadow, and of dappery finited by the wind, were very surface of anhum and hadow, and of dapper finited by the wind, were were the obstice the strained frequency in the set of the set of the set of the site that and the set of the site of the set of the site of the set of the set

Mr Bayard Taylor, in his "Eldorado," gives a description of a Mystery he raw performed at San Lionel, in Mexico, See vol. II., chap. xl.

¹⁰ * Against the wing-valid of the Hademás did Mayo, which occupated one and of the plane, was rained a platform, one which stood a table overed with exarter doth. A rule bower of same-leases, an one end of the platform, represented the magnet of EMIGRAN (in the Market and States 1) and the store of the plates of the platest of the store of the stor

guin sort—nose with a doc's head on his theotices, and the other a hald-heated for the start of an entropy of the basic-pipered all gents of an entropy of the basic-pipered all gents of an entropy of the basic heater all gents of the start of the star

¹ The atilities while, a compary of women on the platform, conceceld beliefs a territaria, may an expelic elevines to be tune of O pescator dell ordal. At the proper moment, the Magt turned towards the platform, followed by the ata; to prove moment, the Magt turned towards the platform, and the platform and the severage when it is the severage when the delt the severage when the severage when the the severage when the

*The angel, on hearing this, gave warning to the Virgin, who quickly gold over from the platform, monitch in the separated advays, and hurried off. Herofw Frims Minister directed all the children to be hearied up for excertion. A low hearing of the second second second second second second second second hearing of the second second second second second second second direct wave in a negocy of hearing, which there the second into a near of their wises in a negocy of hearing, which there the second into a near of their wises in a negocy of hearing, which there the second into a near of their wises in a negocy of hearing, which there the second into a near of their wises in a negocy of hearing, which are the theory of the a near the Prime Minister, disping his brash into a pot of white platit which adod here many advances of the second second second second second second nearly block down the platform. The presents the nearly the bill, doined by the whole population of the village. All the vering there were fasdanges in the mission, benfirms and reckets on the platar, mining of bills, month the platkar."

In 1852 there was a representation of this kind by Germans in Boston : and I have now before me the copy of a play bill, annoancing the performance on June 10, 1853, in Cinetnuati, of the "Great Biblico-Historical Drama, the Life of Jesus Cirrist," with the characters and the names of the performers.

Page 254. THE SCRIPTORIUM.

A most isteresting volume might be written on the Caligraphers and Chrysographers, the transcribers and illuminators of manuscripts in the Middle Agos. These men were for the most part monks, who laboured sometimes for pleasure and sometimes for penance, in multiphying copies of the classicsand the Scriptures.

"Of all bodily labours which are proper for as," any Cassidorms, the old Calaratin monk, "that of copying looks has always been more to my taste than any other. The more so, as in this exercises the finite is instructed by the reading cotant of the start reach. The presenting with the hand by converting the finite gravity of the bodies of the start is publicate to more in allocate the words of starting, in final, it is fighting agains the demon with period the start words as a start of the list of the start wounds the demonst receives. It is word, a reclame, start is the start to copy wounds the demonst receives. It is word, a reclame, the start is copy desard to the hand is diff even where he is not."

Nearly every monastery was provided with its Scriptorium. Nicolas da Clairvaux, St Bernard's secretary, in one of his letters describes his cell, which he calls Scriptorioum, where he copied books. And Mabilion, in his *Etudes Monasiques*, says that in his time were still to be seen at Clieaux "many of those Ritle cells, where the transverbers and bookbinders worked."

Silvervie's Publicyreplac Dimension contains as vast number of fa-silmitter of the rest benefitting limitated assessment of all access and all constraints and Mentter Standard Dimensional assessment of the hosts they explode a state of the problem. He also assisted any motion of the hosts they explode a state of the problem. He also assisted any motion of the hosts they explode a state of the problem of the state of the host state of the problem of the solutions were; currently the resterior proves and partials for the writer's along and sometry and the state of the problem of the host state below. As sometry and the state of the problem of the host state below.

"As pilgrims rejoice, beholding their native land, so are transcribers made glad, beholding the end of a book."

"Sweet is it to write the end of any book."

"Ye who read, pray for me, who have written this book, the humble and sinful Theodulus."

⁴⁴ As many therefore as shall read this book, pardon me, I beseech yon, if aught I have erred in accent acute and grave, in apostrophe, in breathing soft or aspirate; and may God save you all. Amen."

" If anything is well, praise the transcriber; if ill, pardon his unskilfulness."

"Ye who read, pray for me, the most sinful of all men, for the Lord's sake."

^{ar} The hand that has written this book shall decay, also: I and become dust, and go down to the grave, the corrupter of all bodies. But all ye who are of the portion of Christ, pray that I may obtain the pardon of my sins. Again and again beneces how with tears, brothers and fathers, accept my minerable supplication, 0 holy choir! I am called John, wee is me! I am ealed Hiereus, or Sacerdos, in name only, not in unction."

"Wheever shall carry away this book, without permission of the Pope, may he incur the malediction of the Holy Trinity, or the Holy Mother of God, of Saint John the Baptist, of the one handred and eighteen holy Niceen Fathers, and of all the Saints; the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah; and the halter of Judas; anathema, amen."

"Keep safe, O Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, my three fingers, with which I have written this book."

"Mathusalas Machir transcribed this divinest book in toll, infirmity, and dan. gers many."

"Bacchius Barbardorius and Michael Sophianus wrote this book in sport and laughter, being the guests of their noble and common friend Vincentius Pinellus, and Pertus Nunnius, a most learned man."

This last colophon, Montfaucon does not suffer to pass without reproof. "Other caligraphers," he remarks, " demand only the prayers of their readers, and the pardon of their sins; but these glory in their wantonness."

Page 260. Drink down to your peg.

One of the canons of Archibishop Assessa, promungased at the beginning of the Wwill'ne century, ordians "that priests go not to drinking bonds, nor drink to pegs." In the times of the hard-drinking Dases, King Edgar ordanied that "pins or nails should be fastened into the drinking-cups or horns at stated distances, and whosever shall drink beyond those marks at one draught should be obnoxious to a servere pusishment."

Sharpe, in his "Balory of the Kings of England," any: "Our amoutons were formerly famous for composition, in their lupper was also and one netted of annaing theoreters in fills way was with the peg-takkerl. Thad lately one of them in probability of the start of the second start of the second start of the gli of also had a pink, "Michaele start of the second start of the gli of also had a pink, "Michaele start was also had a start of the start every person that draik was to emply the space between pin and pin, so that the pink were so many measures to make the company all draik alks, and to all the outpact every and the considered start for rais was built for the start of the start o

souver drank short of his pin, or beyond it, was obliged to drink again, and even as deep as to the next pin."

Page 261. The Convent of St Gildas de Rhuys.

Abstard, is a letter to his friend Pullitium, given and picture of this monatory, $21\,\rm Irver, in easy, <math display="inline">21\,\rm Irver$ is a barbarrow country, this language of which id on to understand; I laws no environments, but with the rules piopia. Hy waith are an the stand; I laws no environment, but with the rules piopia. Hy waith are an the stand; I laws no environment, but with the rules of pionic rules, Could year are the abbry. Pullitan, year would not all the cas. The down and walks are notice and the pionic rules of the rule of the rule of the rules of the rule of the rules of the rule of the rules and the rule of the rules and I only exposed as a near of the rules in the rules of the rules of the rules rule of the rules rules as a near of the rules in the rules of the rules rules as a near of the rules of t

Page 276. Were it not for my mapic parters and staff.

The method of making the Magic Garters and the Magic Staff is thus laid down in "Les Secrets Mervellenx du Petit Albert," a French translation of "Albert Parvi Lucit Libellus de Mirabilibus Nature Arcanis."

"Gather some of the herb called motherwort, when the sum is entering the first degree of the sign of Gayrieorn | let it day a little in the shade, and make some garters of the skin of a yroung hare; that is to say, having cut the skin of the have into strips two inches which double them, see whe before-mentioned herb between, and wear them on your legs. No horse can long keep up with a man ou foot, who is furtheled with these garters." -P. 128.

"Gather on the morrow of All-Saints, a strong branch of willow, or which you will make a staff, adshould to your liking. Hollowit to tut, by removing the pubfrom within, after having furnished the lower and with an iton formal. Fust a long, three green likening, and the having a transformation of the star were adshould be a start of the start of the start will find by the dried in the sun, between two papers, having how first served law of the version slapeters. The object of the start will find by the public of any other start of the start will be saved by the start of the start of the start will be saved by the start with a public of any other start of the start will be saved by the will guarantie you from the parts and mishage which too often bollar. These and the start of the start will be saved by the start with a will guarantie you from the parts and mishage which too often bollar. The start of the start will be saved with the start with the start will be saved will of those with when you in long will be saved by the start of the start with the start with the start with a start will be saved will of those with when you in long with the start with a start of the start with the start with the start with a start with the start with the start with the start with a start with a start of the start with the start with the start with a start with the start with a start with the start with the start with the start with a start with the st

Page 280. Saint Elmo's stars.

So the Italian sailors call the phosphorescent gleams that sometimes play about the masts and rigging of ships.

Page 281. THE SCHOOL OF SALERNO.

For a history of the celebrated schools of Salerno and Monte-Cassino, the reader is referred to Sir Alexander Groke's introduction to the Regimen Samitatis Salernitanam; and to Kurt Sprengel's Geschickte der Armeilunde, i. 463, of Jourdan's Franch translation of it, Eistoire de la Médicine, II. 354.

> Pago 296, As Lope says. "La cólora de un Repañol sontado no se templa,

sino le representan en dos horas hasta el final juicio desde el Génesia. Lone da Fora-

Page 298. Abernuncio Satanas.

"Digo, Señora, respontió Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes aler anncio. Abrenuncio, habeis de decir, Sancho, y no como decis, dijo el Duque." -Dor Quirote, Part il., ch. 35.

Page 304. Fray Carrillo.

The allusion here is to a Spanish Epigram.

"Stempre Fray Carrillo estás cansándonos acâ foera ; quien en tu colda estaviera para no verte jamasl " Bibl de Faber. Florente, No 611,

Page 305. Padre Francisco.

This is from an Italian popular song.

"" Padre Tranceso, Padre Tranceso; -Cos voies del Padre Pranceso-"V⁰ dus bella reguzina Cos il vuole totioman!" Patte l'estarare, falle l'estarare Che la regito confemente" *Ballones unde dense totole na Uni*.

Page 306. Ave! cujus calcem clare.

From a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke's "Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse," p. 109.

Page 311. The gold of the Busné.

Busne is the name given by the Gipsies to all who are not of their race.

Page. 311. Count of the Calés.

The Gipsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow's valuable and extremely interesting work, "The Zincali; or an account of the Gipsies in Spain." London, 1841.

Page 314. Asks if his money-bags would rise.

"1 Y volviéndome á un lado, víá un Avariento, que estalas preguntando á otro, (que por haber aido embalsamado, y estar léxos sus tripas no habilana, porque no isubian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel dia todos los enterrados) al resucitarian unos bolsones asroco si "--23 Suero de las Calererar.

Page 314. And amen ! said my Cid Campeador.

A line from the ancient "Poema del Cid."

"Amen, dixo Mio Cid el Campeador." Line 2044

Line 374

Page 314. The river of his thoughts.

This expression is from Dante;

"Si che chiaro Per esm scenda della mente il fiume."

Byron has likewise used the expression; though I do not recollect in which of als poems.

Page 315. Mari Franca.

A common Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish

" Forque cassó Mari Franca quatro leguas de Salamanca."

Page 316. Ay, 15/1, emerald eyes.

The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this colour of the eye as beautiful and celebrate it in song; as, for example, in the well-known "Villancico":---

or los mis ainelos

ay hagan los cieico que de mi te acuerdes!

Terpo confianza

Bibl de Faber Floresta, No. 255.

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds.—Paryotorio, xxxi. 116. Lami nays, in his Annotazioni, "Erano i suol occhi d'un turchino verdiccio, afmile a quel del mare."

Page 317. The Avenging Child.

See the ancient ballads of El Infante Vengador, and Calaynos.

Page 317. All are sleeping.

From the Spanish .- Böhl's Floresta, No. 282.

Page 326. Good night.

From the Sparish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

Page 337. The evil eye.

"In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called *querder samula*, which imply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the leadencess of their constitution, are supposed to be more easily blighted than those of a more matne age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick and die in a few hours.

*The Spaniarith have very little to any respecting the evil eq. through the bield in it is very prevalent, especially in Andialaia, among the lower orders. A single how the considered a good adegrated, and on that account a small horn, control having the form the considered area of the second second

Page 337. On the top of a mountain I stand.

This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow's Zincall; or, an Account of the Gipsles in Spain.

The gipsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted :-

John-Dorados, pieces of gold.	Hermit, highway-robber.
Pigeon, a simpleton.	Planets, candles.
In your morocco, stripped.	Commandments, the fingers.
Dover, sheets.	Saint Martin asleep, to rob a person asleep
Moon, a shirt.	Lanterns, eyes.
Chirelin, a thief. Murricalleroz, these who steal at night-fall.	Goblin, police-officer. Papentup, a sur.
Rastilieros, foot-pads.	Vincuards and dancing John, to take flight.
werkenser og, kont-bener	, sucharms must mentered a pure to stree withing

Page 344. If thou art sleeping maiden.

From the Spanish; as is likewise the song of the Contrabandista on page 395.

The flow or Hi warra.—This letter Edda_I if may as call it.—is founded as tradition previous amough the North American billions, of a promonge of dailing approximation amough the North American billions, of a promonge of dailing approximation of the strength of the str

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 Laka Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

STTON.

Page 348. In the Vale of Tawasentha.

This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York.

Page 349. 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 Colean des Prairies, and the Red Pipe-stone Quarry. He says :--

"Here (according to their tradition) happened the trysterious birth of the red pip, which by Shown its fitness of paces and was to the renders corners of the continent, which has visited every warrior, and passed through its reddened stem the irrowcable onth of war and desolution. And here, also, the pacebreaching calance was born, and fringed with the engle's quilt, which has shall the thrilling frames over the land, and, socked there for you first encloses are the thrilling frames over the land.

"The Greak Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian radius together, and, standing on the precision of the res pipe source radio, break from its wall a three, acts to the North, the South, the East, and the West, and told then that its stone wars read-that it was their field—that they must need its did then the stone of the South, the East, and the West, and told then that of peace—that it belonged to them all, and that the wars-club and scalingof peace—that it belonged to them all, and that the wars-club and scalingor protocome the store of the store of the store of the rest of the store of the work links of the store of any peirts of the peace on-store and Tos-mo-com-low-on-dea), answering to the investilter yet (these store) allows."

Page 354. Hark you, Bear! you are a coverd.

This meededs is from Hecksweider. In this account of the *Indices Network*, we describe an Indian hunter as addressing a base in merry these works. "I was present," he says, "at the delivery of this curious invective, when the hunter had impached the base, I acked thim now he thingight that he sail to 17. "On," add he is answer, "the base understood me very - "Dransettore" of the American Philosophical Bobscher, Vol. 1. p. 24. "

Page 361. Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!

Heckewelder, in a letter published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, Vol. IV. p. 200, 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 colour), naked.

"The history of this animal used to be a subject of conversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a.bunting. I have also heard them say to their children when erying? 'Hush! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you."

Page 369. Where the Falls of Minnehaha, &c.

"The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The falls of St Anthony are familiar to traveliers, and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the 'Little Falls', forty feel in height, on a stream that emption into the Mississippi. The Indians call them Mine-hah-or 'langthing waters." -Mrz Eastman's Darotho. Televends of the Shoar. Introd. p. 1).

Page 402. Sand Hills of the Nagone Wudjee.

A description of the Grand Sable, or great sand-dames of Lake Superior, is given in Foster and Whitney's Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District, Part H., p. 131.

"The Grand Sable possesses ascenic 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 precipitons, yst in the other they statin a higher altitude. He sees before him a long reary

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 oasd in the desect."

Page 403. Onaway! Awake, beloved !

The original of this song may be found in Littell's Living Age, Vol. XXV., p.

Page 405. Or the Red Swan, floating, flying,

The fauciful tradition of the Red Swan may be found in Schoolcraft's Algie Researches, Vol. II. p. 9. Three brothets were hunting on a wager to see who would bring home the first game.

"They were to show has where sample," see the largend args, "bird used is a second state with the hashed for shiftings. They see to coll different ways, ofglives, the youngest, we in the hashed relationshifting the second state ways and the second state ways and the second state ways are strateging to the state of the state ways are strateging to the state of the state ways are strateging to the state of the state of

Page 412. When I think of my beloved.

The original of this song may be found in One6ta, p. 15.

Page 413. Sing the musteries of Mondamin.

The Indians hold the malas, or Indian corn, in great veneration. "They estem it to important and driven as grain," may schoolcorist, "that their storylations interacted various takes, in which this idea is symbolised under the form of downs, that is, not Spring arms on the provided the spring of the story of downs, that is, not Spring arms on berry, have a previsy story of this kind, in which the stalk in fail massel is represented as descending from the sky under the vertice of spring the malance.

*11. well haven that corruptioning, and corruptioning, at least among all the still motionize firthes, are left curricy to the feasible and collider, and a few angemannial disk men. It is not generally known, perhaps that this labour their view, for the oversus and continuous labour of the other sex, is providing means, and kins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending ther values was been exceeding the start of their variations. A good Tailing barses, and the start of the start of their variations. A good Tailing barses, and the start of the start of their variations. A good Tailing barses, and the start of the start of their variations. A good Tailing barses, and the start of the start of their variations of the start of their start of the start of the

forn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honour her husband's hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge guests."-One6ta, p. 82.

Page 414. Thus the fields shall be more fruitful.

* A singular proof of this boiled in both server, of the mysteriors influence of the traps of a variant on the vegetable and insect creation, is found it an ancient creation, which was related to use, respecting corresplanting. It was the protocol data of the creating of the server in the server is the server in the ser

Page 416. With his prisoner-string he bound him.

⁴⁴These cords,⁴⁴ says Mr Tanner, ⁴⁴ are made of the bark of the elm-tree, by bolilog and then immering it is nold water, ..., ..., The leader of a ware party commonly corries several fastened about his waist, and if, in the course of the light, any one of his young men takes a prisoner, it is his daivy to bring him immolitatly to the chief, to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safe-keepling.⁴⁴—*Narrate of Contribute of Addressions*, 9, 412.

Page 417. Wagemin, the thirf of corn-fields. Paimosaid, the skulking robber.

*If one of the young female buskers finds a real car of corn, It is typical of a two additive, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrier. But warred the set of the set

¹⁰ The litred meaning of the term is a mass, or croked say of graint, but the say of oran is called as a coveredicial type of a little oid man giftering cars of corn is a consolid. Is a coveredical type of a little oid man giftering cars of corns in a consolid. It is in this manage that a single word or term, in these perceive why it is that the word sequences in a line competent to excite merriment in the howing circle.

⁴⁴This term is taken as the basis of the seried chorms, or com-none, as sung by the Northern Algonguin tribus. It is coupled with the phrase Prinnomicipermutative form of the Indian substantive, mails from the verb pinons, to walk. Its literal meaning is, Ar else sources, or the subtract- put the ideac conveyed by it are, he who walks by night to plifer corn. It cfiers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the proceeding term.⁻⁰ *Conders*, p. 554.

Page 427. Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.

This Genne of the Bowt is the principal game of hanced smooth disorder, pthrough Tollans, M-Schooler and years a particular ascensit of it is looked, pthrough Tollans, M-Schooler and years a particular ascensit of the Italians. They achies a its three mays, its very latestanding to some portions of the Italians. They achies a its three mays, its very location and the Italians and the Italians of the Italian distinguished in war and the chase, at the West, can be referred to as lending their example to its fascinating power."

See also his History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes, Part II., p. 72.

Page 437. 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 Fictured Booss may be described, in general terms, as a series of analtion Buth exceeding along the short of Lake Support for about if we nulles, and to a height varying from fitty to marky two handred fact. Were they simply a loss of light, they number and the structure of the structure of a simo of light, they number and the structure of the structure is a built varying from fitty to marky two handreds for structure of the structure of the great structure of the structure terms, which did the waves of the great lake, would not, market not the structure terms, which did the would not the support structure terms and the structure of the structure of the structure of the structure trigge wind-all three would not the support structure of how and how the structure of the structure. But in the Peterson Rocks there vigcores our mult the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Peterson Rocks there converted, and warrs are structure of the action of the lake, which the centrals have been eccurated, and warrs are structure of the action of the lake, which the restructure has a distribution of the law the number of the lake, which the restructure has a distribution and the law the scheme been endered by the law the light have been eccurated, and warrs are structure the scheme been edited by the law the light prime of the light and the law the light prime been else the converted of the structure been endered by the law the light prime of the light haves the light haves the law the law term of the law term of

"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 Portalis') 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 colours on the surface, than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs themselves have been worn.

themselves have been worn. ... "Our royageurs had many begends to relate of the pranks of the Monni-bopou in these eaverns, and, in answer to ear inquiries sconed disposed to fabricate stories, without end, of the achievements of this India. delty.

Page 455. Toward the sun his hands were lifted.

In this manner, and with such sulutations, was Father Marqueite received by the Illinois. See his Voyages et Découvertes, Section V.

Page 491. That of our vices we can frame

A ladder.

The words of St Augustine are, "De vitils nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitis Ipsa calcamus."-Sermon III. De Ascenzione.

Page 493. The Phantom Ship.

A detailed account of this "appartition of a Ship in the Air " is given by Cotton Mather in his Magnalia Christ, Booki, I.Ch. vi. It is contained in a letter from the Rev. James Pierpont, Pastor of New Haven. To this account Mather adds these words i-

"Reader, there being yet living so many credible gentlemen, that were eyewitnesses of this wonderfal thing, I venture to publish it for a thing as undoubted as 't is wonderfal."

Page 497. And the Emperor but a Macho.

Macho, in Spanish, signifies a mule. Golondrina is the feminine form of Golondrino, a swallow, and also a cant name for a deserter.

Page 501. Otiver Basselin.

Oliver Basselin, the " Père foyeux' du Vaudeville," flourished in the fifteenth

contury, and gave to his convivial songs the name of his native valleys, in which he sang them, Vaux-de-Vire. This name was alterwards corresped into the modern Faudeeille.

Page 503. Victor Galbraith.

This poem is founded on fact. Victor Galbraith was a bugler in a company of volunteer cavalry; and was shot in Mexico for some breach of discipline. It is a common supersition among soldiers, that no balls will kill them unless their names are written on them. The old prover bays. "Every bullet has its hilter."

Page 505. I remember the sea-fight far away.

This was the engagement between the Enterprise and Boxer, off the harbour of Portland, in which both captains were slain. They were buried side by side, in the cemetery on Mountloy.

Page 511. Santa Filomena.

⁴ At Pisa the Church of San Prancisco contains a charai dedicated lately to Santa Filomene, over the alter is a plettrace, by Sabadill, veryenesming the Subsa a beautiful, anymphilie figure, floating down from heavin, attend to serve, angels bearing the Hily, pain, and javella, and beauch, in the overground, thus kell, and mainted, who are healed by her intercondon."---Mass Janmaco, Karrel and Logensidery 47, 11, 20.

THE END,

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