

RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES

GILES COREY
OF THE
SALEM FARMS

BY
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTE
AND STAGE DIRECTIONS



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GILES COREY OF THE SALEM
FARMS

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE

AND AN APPENDIX CONTAINING HINTS AND
DIRECTIONS FOR THE REPRESENTATION
OF THE PLAY ON THE STAGE



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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

As early as 1841 Longfellow projected a long and elaborate poem, to bear the name of *Christus* and to express in three separate parts the aspects of Christendom in the Apostolic, Middle, and Modern ages. The first part to be written was *The Golden Legend*, which appeared in 1851, and was hailed with delight as a faithful exposition of mediæval Christianity. It was not till 1868 that he published *The New England Tragedies*, which constituted the third section of the trilogy, though practically ready ten years earlier. The first division, *The Divine Tragedy*, appeared in 1871, and in the autumn of 1872 the three divisions, now harmonized and united, were published as a single book, *Christus*.

The New England Tragedies was designed to set forth certain phases of modern Christianity, the first of the two tragedies, "John Endicott," standing for the conflict between the Puritan and the Quaker, the second, "Giles Corey of the Salem Farms," for the witchcraft delusion, and both intended to express the supremacy after bitter struggle of the divine spirit of charity as the central idea of a true Christian freedom. Longfellow did indeed partly plan a third drama, the scene to be laid among the Moravians in Bethlehem, which his journal mentions as tending "to harmonize the discord of *The New England Tragedies*, and thus give a not unfitting close to the work;" but the drama was not written.

The drama of "Giles Corey of the Salem Farms" was written rapidly in the latter part of February, 1868, and in the preparation of it the poet had recourse undoubtedly to *Salem Witchcraft*, by Charles Wentworth Upham, a work in two volumes, published in 1867, and still the most complete account of the insane delusion which held an extraordinary grasp on the New England of the last quarter of the seventeenth century. No doubt, also, Longfellow consulted Cotton Mather's *Late Memorable Providences relating to Witchcrafts and Possessions* and very likely Calef's *More Wonders of the Invisible World*, two contemporaneous treatises on the subject, and his diary shows him consulting King James's *Dæmonologie*, and reading John Neal's *Rachel Dyer, a Tale of Witchcraft*. He notes also in his diary, under date of February 19, 1868, " 'Cotton Mather in his Study,' mostly in his own words," as a scene he had just written, but he omitted this scene in printing the drama. The reader to-day who wishes for a succinct continuous narrative of the witchcraft delusion will find it most conveniently in the fourth volume of John Graham Palfrey's *History of New England*, pp. 96-133.

The beginning of the outbreak was pretty nearly coterminous with the coming into the governor's chair in Massachusetts of Sir William Phips. Belief in witchcraft and devilish possession was not a new thing either in New England or in Old England. The close attention to the details of the Old Testament which the Puritans gave could scarcely fail to make witchcraft to them a constituent in human nature, and the care with which they modelled their code upon the Jewish would lead them to provide for the punishment of witches. At intervals there had been cases

brought to trial. Three women in Charlestown, Dorchester, and Cambridge were executed for witchcraft in 1648. One Mary Parsons, who had murdered her child, was tried and executed as a witch in Springfield in 1651.

For some reason not wholly clear, there came to be a very lively interest in the matter among the ministers of New England in 1681, when they sent out a paper of "Proposals for collecting facts concerning witchcrafts and other strange apparitions." As a result, President Increase Mather of Harvard College published in London in 1684 a book entitled *Illustrious Providences*. The whole business, however, affected more strongly Increase Mather's son Cotton, regarded as a prodigy of learning, and then recently graduated from college. He became so immersed in the subject that he took into his house a young girl said to be possessed of the devil and studied her case at close range. He published his book already referred to in London in 1689, and returned to the subject at length in his *Magnalia*.

The Mathers filled the air with stories and discussions, and soon there sprang up in diseased minds a kind of belief which very easily found and made facts. The minister of a church in a part of Salem called Salem Village and now known as Danvers was Samuel Parris. He had a daughter Elizabeth nine years old and a niece of eleven. These children, with Ann Putnam, a girl of twelve in the neighborhood and a few older girls, having their ears filled with tales, began in a mischievous spirit to take on the signs of being bewitched. They got together and began to practise, and it was not long before what was foolish nonsense was turned into terrible fact. For with

something very like real deviltry they fixed upon three women as their tormentors. One was Tituba, a half Indian, half negro servant of Mr. Parris, who had been brought from Barbadoes, and who was quite enough of a savage to have the belief of her race in the reality of witchcraft, and two neighbors, Sarah Good and Sarah Osborn.

The three were brought before two Salem men, John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, who were members of the Colonial Council. Hathorne, by the way, was an ancestor of the great romancer Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was keenly aware of the part played by the old magistrate. Tituba confessed and charged Goodies Good and Osborn with being accomplices. All three were committed to jail. Martha Corey and Rebecca Nourse were next cried out against. Charges came in rapidly, and when Governor Phips arrived on the scene there were some one hundred in jail awaiting their trial.

Without due authority, Governor Phips instituted a special commission, consisting of seven magistrates, headed by William Stoughton. Their first act was to try one Bridget Bishop, who was promptly convicted and hanged eight days after. This was at the end of May, 1692. Four weeks later the court sat again and sentenced five women, all of whom were executed. In August six persons were tried, among them a brave old minister, George Burroughs. In the course of the next month fifteen persons were tried, convicted, and sentenced; eight of them were hanged.

The examinations of Martha Corey and of Giles Corey are recorded and preserved in Upham's book, and it is interesting to see how close Longfellow has kept to the original. One who reads "The Divine

Tragedy," which is the third member of the trilogy of *Christus*, at once perceives that in parts it is little more than an arrangement of passages in the New Testament, and in the same way, the poet has made use of the old records in producing this scene in "Giles Corey." Giles Corey himself was a very noticeable man in Salem Village. At the time of the outbreak he was about eighty years of age, very strong, well-to-do, and industrious. He owned some meadows by the Ipswich River, and his farm was near what is now the crossing of the Salem and Lowell and Georgetown and Boston railroads. In the year 1678 there had been a suit at law between Corey and a farm hand, John Gloyd, over a question of wages. John Procter was one of the arbitrators, and the decision appears to have been in favor of Gloyd. Later Procter's house was burned, and a malicious report connected Corey's name with the affair, as if he took this way of revenge. Corey was brought to trial, but abundantly exonerated.

All this, however, had its effect when somewhat later Giles Corey, like his wife, was charged with complicity with the witches. Corey refused to plead. He said the whole thing was an imposture, and that it was useless for him to put himself on his trial, since he was foredoomed, as was every one else in like predicament. Then, because of his refusal, he was subjected to the penalty of the English common law, the *peine forte et dure*, that is, he was pressed to death with heavy weights laid on his body.

These terrible incidents were followed by a wild period of insane fear, of false accusation, and of terror at the possibility of the slightest occasion being misinterpreted into evidence of guilt in this particular.

Finally the horrible delusion broke down of its own weight. Charges against pure and saintly women created a revulsion of feeling, a wave of indignation swept over the community, some of the miserable children and others confessed their deception, and there was a general jail delivery; people awoke as from a nightmare. Yet Stoughton and some of the clergy still persisted in maintaining stoutly the righteousness of their action.

There was one notable case of remorse in connection with the business. So deep was the community stirred by the whole matter that the 14th of January, 1697, was appointed by the General Court to be solemnly observed as a day of fasting and prayer on account of what might have been done amiss "in the late tragedy, raised among us by Satan and his instruments, through the awful judgment of God." On the occasion of that fast Samuel Sewall, who had been one of the judges, "put up a bill," as the phrase was. That is, he caused to be read from the pulpit of the Old South where he worshipped this paper. He stood during the reading, and bowed when it was finished:—

"Samuel Sewall, sensible of the reiterated strokes of God upon himself and family, and being sensible that as to the Guilt contracted upon the opening of the late Commission of Oyer and Terminer at Salem (to which the order for this Day relates), he is, upon many accounts, more concerned than any that he knows of, Desires to take the Blame and Shame of it, Asking pardon of men. And especially desiring prayers that God, who has an Unlimited Authority, would pardon that sin and all other his sins; personal and Relative; And according to his infinite Benignity and Sovereignty, Not Visit the sin of him, or of any

other, upon himself or any of his, nor upon the Land : But that He would powerfully defend him against all Temptations to Sin, for the future : and vouchsafe him the efficacious, saving Conduct of his Word and Spirit." Sewall is said privately to have observed this day of fasting annually thereafter. Whittier has drawn a touching picture of the old Puritan in his poem, "The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall."

The witchcraft delusion did not again raise its head in New England, but there were trials for witchcraft in Scotland as late as 1722, when a poor old woman accused of transforming her daughter into a mare to carry her to witches' gatherings, and causing her to be shod by the Devil, was condemned, put into a tar-barrel, and burned at Dornoch. Modern students undertake to refer the belief in witchcraft to causes which are explained by the science of psychology, and the Salem cases have been examined in this light by Dr. George M. Beard in his little book, *The Psychology of the Salem Witchcraft Excitement in 1692*.

So far as the editor knows, "Giles Corey of the Salem Farms" had not been put upon the stage before it was selected for representation in connection with the work of the Old South Historical Society. In preparing it for the stage those in charge of the matter made no changes in the text, but merely omitted a few passages and made one transposition of scenes. They added, however, of necessity a few stage directions. By their courtesy, the publishers of this edition are enabled to furnish others who may desire to act "Giles Corey" with explicit instructions drawn from the experience of the first representation. Following the play, therefore, readers will find an appendix containing this valuable aid.

GILES COREY OF THE SALEM FARMS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GILES COREY	<i>Farmer.</i>
JOHN HATHORNE	<i>Magistrate.</i>
COTTON MATHER	<i>Minister of the Gospel.</i>
JONATHAN WALCOT	<i>A youth.</i>
RICHARD GARDNER	<i>Sea-Captain.</i>
JOHN GLOYD	<i>Corey's hired man.</i>
MARTHA	<i>Wife of Giles Corey.</i>
TITUBA	<i>An Indian woman.</i>
MARY WALCOT	<i>One of the Afflicted.</i>

The Scene is in Salem in the year 1692.

PROLOGUE.

DELUSIONS of the days that once have been,
Witchcraft and wonders of the world unseen,
Phantoms of air, and necromantic arts
That crushed the weak and awed the stoutest
hearts, —

These are our theme to-night ; and vaguely here, ⁵
Through the dim mists that crowd the atmosphere,
We draw the outlines of weird figures cast
In shadow on the background of the Past.

Who would believe that in the quiet town
Of Salem, and amid the woods that crown
The neighboring hillsides, and the sunny farms
That fold it safe in their paternal arms, —

Who would believe that in those peaceful streets,
 Where the great elms shut out the summer heats,
 Where quiet reigns, and breathes through brain
 and breast 15

The benediction of unbroken rest, —
 Who would believe such deeds could find a place
 As these whose tragic history we retrace ?

'T was but a village then : the goodman ploughed
 His ample acres under sun or cloud ; 20
 The goodwife at her doorstep sat and spun,
 And gossiped with her neighbors in the sun ;
 The only men of dignity and state
 Were then the Minister and the Magistrate,
 Who ruled their little realm with iron rod, 25
 Less in the love than in the fear of God ;
 And who believed devoutly in the Powers
 Of Darkness, working in this world of ours,
 In spells of Witchcraft, incantations dread,
 And shrouded apparitions of the dead. 30

Upon this simple folk “ with fire and flame,”
 Saith the old Chronicle, “ the Devil came ;
 Scattering his firebrands and his poisonous darts,
 To set on fire of Hell all tongues and hearts !
 And 't is no wonder ; for, with all his host, 35
 There most he rages where he hateth most,
 And is most hated ; so on us he brings
 All these stupendous and portentous things ! ”

Something of this our scene to-night will show ;
 And ye who listen to the Tale of Woe, 40
 Be not too swift in casting the first stone,

Nor think New England bears the guilt alone.
 This sudden burst of wickedness and crime
 Was but the common madness of the time,
 When in all lands, that lie within the sound 45
 Of Sabbath bells, a Witch was burned or drowned.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The woods near Salem Village. Enter TITUBA,
 with a basket of herbs.*

TITUBA.

Here's monk's-hood, that breeds fever in the
 blood ;
 And deadly nightshade, that makes men see
 ghosts ;
 And henbane, that will shake them with convul-
 sions ;
 And meadow-saffron and black hellebore,
 That rack the nerves, and puff the skin with
 dropsy ; 5
 And bitter-sweet, and briony, and eye-bright,
 That cause eruptions, nosebleed, rheumatisms ;
 I know them, and the places where they hide
 In field and meadow ; and I know their secrets,
 And gather them because they give me power 10
 Over all men and women. Armed with these,
 I, Tituba, an Indian and a slave,
 Am stronger than the captain with his sword,
 Am richer than the merchant with his money,
 Am wiser than the scholar with his books, 15
 Mightier than Ministers and Magistrates,
 With all the fear and reverence that attend them !
 For I can fill their bones with aches and pains,

Can make them cough with asthma, shake with
palsy, 19

Can make their daughters see and talk with ghosts,
Or fall into delirium and convulsions.

I have the Evil Eye, the Evil Hand ;

A touch from me, and they are weak with pain,

A look from me, and they consume and die.

The death of cattle and the blight of corn, 25

The shipwreck, the tornado, and the fire, —

These are my doings, and they know it not.

Thus I work vengeance on mine enemies,

Who, while they call me slave, are slaves to me !

Exit TITUBA. *Enter* MATHER, booted and spurred, with a
riding-whip in his hand.

MATHER.

Methinks that I have come by paths unknown 30

Into the land and atmosphere of Witches ;

For, meditating as I journeyed on,

Lo ! I have lost my way ! If I remember

Rightly, it is Scribonius the learned

That tells the story of a man who, praying 35

For one that was possessed by Evil Spirits,

Was struck by Evil Spirits in the face ;

I, journeying to circumvent the Witches,

Surely by Witches have been led astray.

I am persuaded there are few affairs 40

In which the Devil doth not interfere.

We cannot undertake a journey even,

But Satan will be there to meddle with it

By hindering or by furthering. He hath led me

Into this thicket, struck me in the face 45

With branches of the trees, and so entangled

The fetlocks of my horse with vines and brambles,

That I must needs dismount, and search on foot
For the lost pathway leading to the village. 49

Reënter TITUBA.

What shape is this? What monstrous apparition,
Exceeding fierce, that none may pass that way?
Tell me, good woman, if you are a woman —

TITUBA.

I am a woman, but I am not good.
I am a Witch!

MATHER.

Then tell me, Witch and woman,
For you must know the pathways through this
wood, 55
Where lieth Salem Village?

TITUBA.

Reverend sir,
The village is near by. I'm going there
With these few herbs. I'll lead you. Follow me.

MATHER.

First say, who are you? I am loath to follow
A stranger in this wilderness, for fear 60
Of being misled, and left in some morass.
Who are you?

TITUBA.

I am Tituba the Witch,
Wife of John Indian.

MATHER.

You are Tituba?
I know you then. You have renounced the Devil,
And have become a penitent confessor. 65
The Lord be praised! Go on, I'll follow you.
Wait only till I fetch my horse, that stands
Tethered among the trees, not far from here.

TITUBA.

Let me get up behind you, reverend sir. 69

MATHER.

The Lord forbid ! What would the people think,
If they should see the Reverend Cotton Mather
Ride into Salem with a Witch behind him ?
The Lord forbid !

TITUBA.

I do not need a horse !

I can ride through the air upon a stick,
Above the tree-tops and above the houses, 75
And no one see me, no one overtake me !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *A room at JUSTICE HATHORNE'S. A clock in
the corner. Enter HATHORNE and MATHER.*

HATHORNE.

You are welcome, reverend sir, thrice welcome
here

Beneath my humble roof.

MATHER.

I thank your Worship.

HATHORNE.

Pray you be seated. You must be fatigued 79
With your long ride through unfrequented woods.

They sit down.

MATHER.

You know the purport of my visit here, —
To be advised by you, and counsel with you,
And with the Reverend Clergy of the village,
Touching these witchcrafts that so much afflict
you ;

And see with mine own eyes the wonders told 85

Of spectres and the shadows of the dead,
That come back from their graves to speak with
men.

HATHORNE.

Some men there are, I have known such, who
think

That the two worlds — the seen and the unseen,
The world of matter and the world of spirit — 90
Are like the hemispheres upon our maps,
And touch each other only at a point.
But these two worlds are not divided thus,
Save for the purposes of common speech.
They form one globe, in which the parted seas 95
All flow together and are intermingled,
While the great continents remain distinct.

MATHER.

I doubt it not. The spiritual world
Lies all about us, and its avenues
Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms 100
That come and go, and we perceive them not,
Save by their influence, or when at times
A most mysterious Providence permits them
To manifest themselves to mortal eyes.

HATHORNE.

You, who are always welcome here among us, 105
Are doubly welcome now. We need your wisdom,
Your learning in these things, to be our guide.
The Devil hath come down in wrath upon us,
And ravages the land with all his hosts. 109

MATHER.

The Unclean Spirit said, "My name is Legion!"
Multitudes in the Valley of Destruction!
But when our fervent, well-directed prayers,

Which are the great artillery of Heaven,
 Are brought into the field, I see them scattered
 And driven like Autumn leaves before the wind.

HATHORNE.

You, as a Minister of God, can meet them 116
 With spiritual weapons ; but, alas !
 I, as a Magistrate, must combat them
 With weapons from the armory of the flesh.

MATHER.

These wonders of the world invisible, — 120
 These spectral shapes that haunt our habita-
 tions, —
 The multiplied and manifold afflictions
 With which the aged and the dying saints
 Have their death prefaced and their age imbit-
 tered, —
 Are but prophetic trumpets that proclaim 125
 The Second Coming of our Lord on earth.
 The evening wolves will be much more abroad,
 When we are near the evening of the world.

HATHORNE.

When you shall see, as I have hourly seen, 129
 The sorceries and the witchcrafts that torment us,
 See children tortured by invisible spirits,
 And wasted and consumed by powers unseen,
 You will confess the half has not been told you.

MATHER.

It must be so. The death-pangs of the Devil
 Will make him more a Devil than before ; 135
 And Nebuchadnezzar's furnace will be heated
 Seven times more hot before its putting out.

HATHORNE.

Advise me, reverend sir. I look to you

For counsel and for guidance in this matter.
What further shall we do?

MATHER.

Remember this, 140

That as a sparrow falls not to the ground
Without the will of God, so not a Devil
Can come down from the air without his leave.
We must inquire.

HATHORNE.

Dear sir, we have inquired ;
Sifted the matter thoroughly through and through,
And then resifted it.

MATHER.

If God permits 146

These Evil Spirits from the unseen regions
To visit us with surprising informations,
We must inquire what cause there is for this,
But not receive the testimony borne 150
By spectres as conclusive proof of guilt
In the accused.

HATHORNE.

Upon such evidence

We do not rest our case. The ways are many
In which the guilty do betray themselves.

MATHER.

Be careful. Carry the knife with such exact-
ness, 155

That on one side no innocent blood be shed
By too excessive zeal, and, on the other
No shelter given to any work of darkness.

HATHORNE.

For one, I do not fear excess of zeal. 159
What do we gain by parleying with the Devil?

You reason, but you hesitate to act !
 Ah, reverend sir ! believe me, in such cases
 The only safety is in acting promptly.
 'T is not the part of wisdom to delay
 In things where not to do is still to do 165
 A deed more fatal than the deed we shrink from.
 You are a man of books and meditation,
 But I am one who acts.

MATHER.

God give us wisdom
 In the directing of this thorny business, 169
 And guide us, lest New England should become
 Of an unsavory and sulphurous odor
 In the opinion of the world abroad !

The clock strikes.

I never hear the striking of a clock
 Without a warning and an admonition 174
 That time is on the wing, and we must quicken
 Our tardy pace in journeying Heavenward,
 As Israel did in journeying Canaan-ward !

They rise.

HATHORNE.

Then let us make all haste ; and I will show you
 In what disguises and what fearful shapes
 The Unclean Spirits haunt this neighborhood, 180
 And you will pardon my excess of zeal.

MATHER.

Ah, poor New England ! He who hurricanoed
 The house of Job is making now on thee
 One last assault, more deadly and more snarled
 With unintelligible circumstances 185
 Than any thou hast hitherto encountered !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *A room in WALCOT'S house. MARY WALCOT seated in an arm-chair. TITUBA with a mirror.*

MARY.

Tell me another story, Tituba.
 A drowsiness is stealing over me
 Which is not sleep; for, though I close mine eyes,
 I am awake, and in another world. 190
 Dim faces of the dead and of the absent
 Come floating up before me, — floating, fading;
 And disappearing.

TITUBA.

Look into this glass.

What see you?

MARY.

Nothing but a golden vapor.
 Yes, something more. An island, with the sea 195
 Breaking all round it, like a blooming hedge.
 What land is this?

TITUBA.

It is San Salvador,
 Where Tituba was born. What see you now?

MARY.

A man all black and fierce.

TITUBA.

That is my father
 He was an Obi man, and taught me magic, — 200
 Taught me the use of herbs and images.
 What is he doing?

MARY.

Holding in his hand
 A waxen figure. He is melting it
 Slowly before a fire.

TITUBA.

And now what see you?

MARY.

A woman lying on a bed of leaves, 205
Wasted and worn away. Ah, she is dying!

TITUBA.

That is the way the Obi men destroy
The people they dislike! That is the way
Some one is wasting and consuming you.

MARY.

You terrify me, Tituba! Oh, save me 210
From those who make me pine and waste away!
Who are they? Tell me.

TITUBA.

That I do not know,

But you will see them. They will come to you.

MARY.

No, do not let them come! I cannot bear it!
I am too weak to bear it! I am dying. 215

Falls into a trance.

TITUBA.

Hark! there is some one coming!

Enter HATHORNE, MATHER, and WALCOT.

WALCOT.

There she lies,

Wasted and worn by devilish incantations!
O my poor sister!

MATHER.

Is she always thus?

WALCOT.

Nay, she is sometimes tortured by convulsions.

MATHER.

Poor child! How thin she is! How wan and
wasted! 220

HATHORNE.

Observe her. She is troubled in her sleep.

MATHER.

Some fearful vision haunts her.

HATHORNE.

You now see

With your own eyes, and touch with your own
hands,
The mysteries of this Witchcraft.

MATHER.

One would need

The hands of Briareus and the eyes of Argus 225
To see and touch them all.

HATHORNE.

You now have entered

The realm of ghosts and phantoms, — the vast
realm
Of the unknown and the invisible,
Through whose wide-open gates there blows a
wind
From the dark valley of the shadow of Death, 230
That freezes us with horror.

MARY (*starting*).

Take her hence!

Take her away from me. I see her there!
She's coming to torment me!

WALCOT (*taking her hand*).

O my sister!

What frightens you? She neither hears nor sees
me.
She's in a trance.

MARY.

Do you not see her there? 235

TITUBA.

My child, who is it?

MARY.

Ah, I do not know.

I cannot see her face.

TITUBA.

How is she clad?

MARY.

She wears a crimson bodice. In her hand
 She holds an image, and is pinching it
 Between her fingers. Ah, she tortures me! 240
 I see her face now. It is Goodwife Bishop!
 Why does she torture me? I never harmed her!
 And now she strikes me with an iron rod!
 Oh, I am beaten!

MATHER.

This is wonderful!

I can see nothing! Is this apparition 245
 Visibly there, and yet we cannot see it?

HATHORNE.

It is. The spectre is invisible
 Unto our grosser senses, but she sees it.

MARY.

Look! look! there is another clad in gray!
 She holds a spindle in her hand, and threatens 250
 To stab me with it! It is Goodwife Corey!
 Keep her away! Now she is coming at me!
 O mercy! mercy!

WALCOT (*thrusting with his sword*).

There is nothing there!

MATHER (*to HATHORNE*).

Do you see anything?

HATHORNE.

The laws that govern
 The spiritual world prevent our seeing 255

Things palpable and visible to her.
 These spectres are to us as if they were not.
 Mark her ; she wakes.

TITUBA *touches her, and she awakes.*

MARY.

Who are these gentlemen ?

WALCOT.

They are our friends. Dear Mary, are you better ?

MARY.

Weak, very weak.

Taking a spindle from her lap, and holding it up.

How came this spindle here ? 260

TITUBA.

You wrenched it from the hand of Goodwife Corey
 When she rushed at you.

HATHORNE.

Mark that, reverend sir !

MATHER.

It is most marvellous, most inexplicable !

TITUBA (picking up a bit of gray cloth from the floor).

And here, too, is a bit of her gray dress,
 That the sword cut away.

MATHER.

Beholding this, 265

It were indeed by far more credulous
 To be incredulous than to believe.
 None but a Sadducee, who doubts of all
 Pertaining to the spiritual world, 269
 Could doubt such manifest and damning proofs !

HATHORNE.

Are you convinced ?

MATHER *(to MARY).*

Dear child, be comforted !

Only by prayer and fasting can you drive
 These Unclean Spirits from you. An old man
 Gives you his blessing. God be with you, Mary!

ACT II.

SCENE I. — GILES COREY'S farm. Morning. Enter COREY,
 with a horseshoe and a hammer.

COREY.

The Lord hath prospered me. The rising sun
 Shines on my Hundred Acres and my woods
 As if he loved them. On a morn like this
 I can forgive mine enemies, and thank God
 For all his goodness unto me and mine. 5
 My orchard groans with russets and pear-mains ;
 My ripening corn shines golden in the sun ;
 My barns are crammed with hay, my cattle thrive ;
 The birds sing blithely on the trees around me !
 And blither than the birds my heart within me. 10
 But Satan still goes up and down the earth ;
 And to protect this house from his assaults,
 And keep the powers of darkness from my door,
 This horseshoe will I nail upon the threshold.

Nails down the horseshoe.

There, ye night-hags and witches that torment 15
 The neighborhood, ye shall not enter here ! —
 What is the matter in the field ? — John Gloyd !
 The cattle are all running to the woods ! —
 John Gloyd ! Where is the man ?

Enter JOHN GLOYD.

Look there !

What ails the cattle ? Are they all bewitched ? 20
 They run like mad.

GLOYD.

They have been overlooked.

COREY.

The Evil Eye is on them sure enough.
Call all the men. Be quick. Go after them!

Exit GLOYD and enter MARTHA.

MARTHA.

What is amiss?

COREY.

The cattle are bewitched. 24

They are broken loose and making for the woods.

MARTHA.

Why will you harbor such delusions, Giles?
Bewitched? Well, then it was John Gloyd be-
witched them;

I saw him even now take down the bars
And turn them loose! They're only frolicsome.

COREY.

The rascal!

MARTHA.

I was standing in the road, 30
Talking with Goodwife Proctor, and I saw him.

COREY.

With Proctor's wife? And what says Goodwife
Proctor?

MARTHA.

Sad things indeed; the saddest you can hear
Of Bridget Bishop. She's cried out upon! 34

COREY.

Poor soul! I've known her forty year or more.
She was the widow Wasselby; and then
She married Oliver, and Bishop next.
She's had three husbands. I remember well

My games of shovel-board at Bishop's tavern
 In the old merry days, and she so gay 40
 With her red paragon bodice and her ribbons!
 Ah, Bridget Bishop always was a Witch!

MARTHA.

They'll little help her now, — her caps and ribbons,
 And her red paragon bodice, and her plumes,
 With which she flaunted in the Meeting-house! 45
 When next she goes there, it will be for trial.

COREY.

When will that be?

MARTHA.

This very day at ten.

COREY.

Then get you ready. We will go and see it.
 Come; you shall ride behind me on the pillion.

MARTHA.

Not I. You know I do not like such things. 50
 I wonder you should. I do not believe
 In Witches nor in Witchcraft.

COREY.

Well, I do.

There's a strange fascination in it all,
 That draws me on and on, I know not why.

MARTHA.

What do we know of spirits good or ill, 55
 Or of their power to help us or to harm us?

COREY.

Surely what's in the Bible must be true.
 Did not an Evil Spirit come on Saul?
 Did not the Witch of Endor bring the ghost 59
 Of Samuel from his grave? The Bible says so.

MARTHA.

That happened very long ago.

COREY.

With God

There is no long ago.

MARTHA.

There is with us.

COREY.

And Mary Magdalene had seven devils,
And he who dwelt among the tombs a legion!

MARTHA.

God's power is infinite. I do not doubt it. 65
If in His providence He once permitted
Such things to be among the Israelites,
It does not follow He permits them now,
And among us who are not Israelites.
But we will not dispute about it, Giles. 70
Go to the village, if you think it best,
And leave me here; I'll go about my work.

[Exit into the house.]

COREY.

And I will go and saddle the gray mare.
The last word always. That is woman's nature.
If an old man will marry a young wife, 75
He must make up his mind to many things.
It's putting new cloth into an old garment,
When the strain comes, it is the old gives way.

Goes to the door.

O Martha! I forgot to tell you something.
I've had a letter from a friend of mine, 80
A certain Richard Gardner of Nantucket,
Master and owner of a whaling-vessel;
He writes that he is coming down to see us.
I hope you'll like him.

MARTHA.

I will do my best.

COREY.

That 's a good woman. Now I will be gone. 85
 I 've not seen Gardner for this twenty year ;
 But there is something of the sea about him, —
 Something so open, generous, large, and strong,
 It makes me love him better than a brother. 89

[Exit.

MARTHA *comes to the door.*

MARTHA.

Oh these old friends and cronies of my husband,
 These captains from Nantucket and the Cape,
 That come and turn my house into a tavern
 With their carousing! Still, there 's something
 frank

In these seafaring men that makes me like them.
 Why, here 's a horseshoe nailed upon the door-
 step! 95

Giles has done this to keep away the Witches.
 I hope this Richard Gardner will bring with him
 A gale of good sound common-sense, to blow
 The fog of these delusions from his brain! 99

COREY (*within*).

Ho! Martha! Martha!

Enter COREY.

Have you seen my saddle?

MARTHA.

I saw it yesterday.

COREY.

Where did you see it?

MARTHA.

On a gray mare, that somebody was riding
 Along the village road.

COREY.

Who was it? Tell me.

MARTHA.

Some one who should have stayed at home.

COREY (*restraining himself*).

I see!

Don't vex me, Martha. Tell me where it is. 105

MARTHA.

I've hidden it away.

COREY.

Go fetch it me.

MARTHA.

Go find it.

COREY.

No. I'll ride down to the village
Bare-back; and when the people stare and say,
"Giles Corey, where's your saddle?" I will
answer,

"A Witch has stolen it." How shall you like
that? 110

MARTHA.

I shall not like it.

COREY.

Then go fetch the saddle.

[Exit MARTHA.]

If an old man will marry a young wife,
Why then — why then — why then — he must
spell Baker!

Enter MARTHA with the saddle, which she throws down.

MARTHA.

There! There's the saddle.

COREY.

Take it up.

MARTHA.

I won't!

COREY.

Then let it lie there. I 'll ride to the village, 115
And say you are a Witch.

MARTHA.

No, not that, Giles.

She takes up the saddle.

COREY.

Now come with me, and saddle the gray mare
With your own hands ; and you shall see me ride
Along the village road as is becoming 119
Giles Corey of the Salem Farms, your husband !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *The Green in front of the Meeting-house in Salem Village. People coming and going. Enter GILES COREY.*

COREY.

A melancholy end ! Who would have thought
That Bridget Bishop e'er would come to this ?
Accused, convicted, and condemned to death
For Witchcraft ! And so good a woman too !

A FARMER.

Good morrow, neighbor Corey.

COREY (*not hearing him*).

Who is safe ? 125

How do I know but under my own roof
I too may harbor Witches, and some Devil
Be plotting and contriving against me ?

FARMER.

He does not hear. Good morrow, neighbor Corey !

COREY.

Good morrow.

FARMER.

Have you seen John Proctor lately ?

COREY.

No, I have not.

FARMER.

Then do not see him, Corey. 131

COREY.

Why should I not?

FARMER.

Because he 's angry with you.

So keep out of his way. Avoid a quarrel.

COREY.

Why does he seek to fix a quarrel on me? 134

FARMER.

He says you burned his house.

COREY.

I burn his house?

If he says that, John Proctor is a liar!

The night his house was burned I was in bed,

And I can prove it! Why, we are old friends!

He could not say that of me.

FARMER.

He did say it.

I heard him say it.

COREY.

Then he shall unsay it. 140

FARMER.

He said you did it out of spite to him

For taking part against you in the quarrel

You had with your John Gloyd about his wages.

He says you murdered Goodell; that you tram-
pled

Upon his body till he breathed no more. 145

And so beware of him; that 's my advice!

[Exit.]

COREY.

By Heaven! this is too much! I'll seek him
out,

And make him eat his words, or strangle him.

I'll not be slandered at a time like this,

When every word is made an accusation, 150

When every whisper kills, and every man

Walks with a halter round his neck!

Enter GLOYD in haste.

What now?

GLOYD.

I came to look for you. The cattle —

COREY.

Well,

What of them? Have you found them?

GLOYD.

They are dead.

I followed them through the woods, across the
meadows; 155

Then they all leaped into the Ipswich River,

And swam across, but could not climb the bank,

And so were drowned.

COREY.

You are to blame for this;
For you took down the bars, and let them loose.

GLOYD.

That I deny. They broke the fences down. 160

You know they were bewitched.

COREY.

Ah, my poor cattle!

The Evil Eye was on them; that is true.

Day of disaster! Most unlucky day!

Why did I leave my ploughing and my reaping

To plough and reap this Sodom and Gomorrah? ¹⁶⁵
Oh, I could drown myself for sheer vexation!

[*Exit.*]

GLOYD.

He's going for his cattle. He won't find them.
By this time they have drifted out to sea.
They will not break his fences any more, ¹⁶⁹
Though they may break his heart. And what
care I? [*Exit.*]

SCENE III — COREY'S kitchen. *A table with supper. MARTHA knitting.*

MARTHA.

He's come at last. I hear him in the passage.
Something has gone amiss with him to-day;
I know it by his step, and by the sound
The door made as he shut it. He is angry.
*Enter COREY with his riding-whip. As he speaks he takes off
his hat and gloves, and throws them down violently.*

COREY.

I say if Satan ever entered man ¹⁷⁵
He's in John Proctor!

MARTHA.

Giles, what is the matter?
You frighten me.

COREY.

I say if any man
Can have a Devil in him, then that man
Is Proctor, — is John Proctor, and no other!

MARTHA.

Why, what has he been doing?

COREY.

Everything! ¹⁸⁰
What do you think I heard there in the village?

MARTHA.

I'm sure I cannot guess. What did you hear?

COREY.

He says I burned his house!

MARTHA.

Does he say that?

COREY.

He says I burned his house. I was in bed
And fast asleep that night; and I can prove it. 185

MARTHA.

If he says that, I think the Father of Lies
Is surely in the man.

COREY.

He does say that,
And that I did it to wreak vengeance on him
For taking sides against me in the quarrel
I had with that John Gloyd about his wages. 190
And God knows that I never bore him malice
For that, as I have told him twenty times!

MARTHA.

It is John Gloyd has stirred him up to this.
I do not like that Gloyd. I think him crafty,
Not to be trusted, sullen, and untruthful. 195
Come, have your supper. You are tired and hun-
gry.

COREY.

I'm angry, and not hungry.

MARTHA.

Do eat something.

You'll be the better for it.

COREY (*sitting down*).

I'm not hungry.

MARTHA.

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.

COREY.

It has gone down upon it, and will rise 200
 To-morrow, and go down again upon it.
 They have trumped up against me the old story
 Of causing Goodell's death by trampling on him.

MARTHA.

Oh, that is false. I know it to be false.

COREY.

He has been dead these fourteen years or more. 205
 Why can't they let him rest? Why must they
 drag him
 Out of his grave to give me a bad name?
 I did not kill him. In his bed he died,
 As most men die, because his hour had come. 209
 I have wronged no man. Why should Proctor say
 Such things about me? I will not forgive him
 Till he confesses he has slandered me.
 Then, I've more trouble. All my cattle gone.

MARTHA.

They will come back again.

COREY.

Not in this world.

Did I not tell you they were overlooked? 215
 They ran down through the woods, into the mead-
 ows,
 And tried to swim the river, and were drowned.
 It is a heavy loss.

MARTHA.

I'm sorry for it.

COREY.

All my dear oxen dead. I loved them, Martha,
 Next to yourself. I liked to look at them, 220
 And watch the breath come out of their wide nos-
 trils,

And see their patient eyes. Somehow I thought
 It gave me strength only to look at them.
 And how they strained their necks against the
 yoke
 If I but spoke, or touched them with the goad! ²²⁵
 They were my friends; and when Gloyd came and
 told me
 They were all drowned, I could have drowned my-
 self
 From sheer vexation; and I said as much
 To Gloyd and others.

MARTHA.

Do not trust John Gloyd
 With anything you would not have repeated. ²³⁰

COREY.

As I came through the woods this afternoon,
 Impatient at my loss, and much perplexed
 With all that I had heard there in the village,
 The yellow leaves lit up the trees about me
 Like an enchanted palace, and I wished ²³⁵
 I knew enough of magic or of Witchcraft
 To change them into gold. Then suddenly
 A tree shook down some crimson leaves upon me,
 Like drops of blood, and in the path before me
 Stood Tituba the Indian, the old crone. ²⁴⁰

MARTHA.

Were you not frightened?

COREY.

No, I do not think
 I know the meaning of that word. Why fright-
 ened?
 I am not one of those who think the Lord
 Is waiting till He catches them some day

In the back yard alone! What should I fear? 245
 She started from the bushes by the path,
 And had a basket full of herbs and roots
 For some witch-broth or other, — the old hag!

MARTHA.

She has been here to-day.

COREY.

With hand outstretched
 She said: "Giles Corey, will you sign the Book?"
 "Avaunt!" I cried: "Get thee behind me,
 Satan!" 251

At which she laughed and left me. But a voice
 Was whispering in my ear continually:
 "Self-murder is no crime. The life of man
 Is his, to keep it or to throw away!" 255

MARTHA.

'T was a temptation of the Evil One!
 Giles, Giles! why will you harbor these dark
 thoughts?

COREY (*rising*).

I am too tired to talk. I'll go to bed.

MARTHA.

First tell me something about Bridget Bishop.
 How did she look? You saw her? You were
 there? 260

COREY.

I'll tell you that to-morrow, not to-night.
 I'll go to bed.

MARTHA.

First let us pray together.

COREY.

I cannot pray to-night.

MARTHA.

Say the Lord's Prayer,
And that will comfort you.

COREY.

I cannot say, 264
"As we forgive those that have sinned against us,"
When I do not forgive them.

MARTHA (*kneeling on the hearth*).

God forgive you!

COREY.

I will not make believe! I say, to-night
There's something thwarts me when I wish to pray,
And thrusts into my mind, instead of prayers, 269
Hate and revenge, and things that are not prayers.
Something of my old self, — my old, bad life, —
And the old Adam in me, rises up,
And will not let me pray. I am afraid
The Devil hinders me. You know I say
Just what I think, and nothing more nor less, 275
And, when I pray, my heart is in my prayer.
I cannot say one thing and mean another.
If I can't pray, I will not make believe!

[*Exit COREY. MARTHA continues kneeling.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. — GILES COREY'S kitchen. Morning. COREY and
MARTHA sitting at the breakfast-table.

COREY (*rising*).

Well, now I've told you all I saw and heard
Of Bridget Bishop; and I must be gone.

MARTHA.

Don't go into the village, Giles, to-day.
Last night you came back tired and out of humor.

COREY.

Say, angry ; say, right angry. I was never 5
 In a more devilish temper in my life.
 All things went wrong with me.

MARTHA.

You were much vexed ;

So don't go to the village.

COREY (*going*).

No, I won't.

I won't go near it. We are going to mow
 The Ipswich meadows for the aftermath,
 The crop of sedge and rowens.

MARTHA.

Stay a moment.

I want to tell you what I dreamed last night. 10
 Do you believe in dreams ?

COREY.

Why, yes and no.

When they come true, then I believe in them ;
 When they come false, I don't believe in them.
 But let me hear. What did you dream about ?

MARTHA.

I dreamed that you and I were both in prison ; 15
 That we had fetters on our hands and feet ;
 That we were taken before the Magistrates,
 And tried for Witchcraft, and condemned to
 death !

I wished to pray ; they would not let me pray ;
 You tried to comfort me, and they forbade it. 20
 But the most dreadful thing in all my dream
 Was that they made you testify against me !
 And then there came a kind of mist between us ;
 I could not see you ; and I woke in terror.

I never was more thankful in my life 25
 Than when I found you sleeping at my side!

COREY (*with tenderness*).

It was our talk last night that made you dream.
 I'm sorry for it. I'll control myself
 Another time, and keep my temper down! 29
 I do not like such dreams. — Remember, Martha,
 I'm going to mow the Ipswich River meadows;
 If Gardner comes, you'll tell him where to find
 me. [Exit.

MARTHA.

So this delusion grows from bad to worse.
 First, a forsaken and forlorn old woman,
 Ragged and wretched, and without a friend; 35
 Then something higher. Now it's Bridget Bishop;
 God only knows whose turn it will be next!
 The Magistrates are blind, the people mad!
 If they would only seize the Afflicted Children,
 And put them in the Workhouse, where they
 should be, 40
 There'd be an end of all this wickedness.
[Exit

SCENE II. — *A street in Salem Village. Enter MATHER and HATHORNE.*

MATHER.

Yet one thing troubles me.

HATHORNE.

And what is that?

MATHER.

May not the Devil take the outward shape
 Of innocent persons? Are we not in danger, 44
 Perhaps, of punishing some who are not guilty?

HATHORNE.

As I have said, we do not trust alone
To spectral evidence.

MATHER.

And then again,
If any shall be put to death for Witchcraft,
We do but kill the body, not the soul.
The Unclean Spirits that possessed them once 50
Live still, to enter into other bodies.
What have we gained? Surely, there's nothing
gained.

HATHORNE.

Doth not the Scripture say, "Thou shalt not
suffer
A Witch to live?"

MATHER.

The Scripture sayeth it, 54
But speaketh to the Jews; and we are Christians.
What say the laws of England?

HATHORNE.

They make Witchcraft
Felony without the benefit of Clergy.
Witches are burned in England. You have
read —
For you read all things, not a book escapes you —
The famous Demonology of King James? 60

MATHER.

A curious volume. I remember also
The plot of the Two Hundred, with one Fian,
The Registrar of the Devil, at their head,
To drown his Majesty on his return
From Denmark; how they sailed in sieves or
riddles 65

Unto North Berwick Kirk in Lothian,
 And, landing there, danced hand in hand, and
 sang,
 “ Goodwife, go ye before ! goodwife, go ye !
 If ye ’ll not go before, goodwife, let me ! ” 69
 While Geilis Duncan played the Witches’ Reel
 Upon a jews-harp.

HATHORNE.

Then you know full well
 The English law, and that in England Witches,
 When lawfully convicted and attainted,
 Are put to death.

MATHER.

When lawfully convicted ;
 That is the point.

HATHORNE.

You heard the evidence 75
 Produced before us yesterday at the trial
 Of Bridget Bishop.

MATHER.

One of the Afflicted,
 I know, bore witness to the apparition
 Of ghosts unto the spectre of this Bishop, 79
 Saying, “ You murdered us ! ” of the truth whereof
 There was in matter of fact too much suspi-
 cion.

HATHORNE.

And when she cast her eyes on the Afflicted,
 They were struck down ; and this in such a
 manner
 There could be no collusion in the business.
 And when the accused but laid her hand upon
 them, 85

As they lay in their swoons, they straight revived,
 Although they stirred not when the others touched
 them.

MATHER.

What most convinced me of the woman's guilt
 Was finding hidden in her cellar wall
 Those poppets made of rags, with headless pins 90
 Stuck into them point outwards, and whereof
 She could not give a reasonable account.

HATHORNE.

When you shall read the testimony given
 Before the Court in all the other cases,
 I am persuaded you will find the proof 95
 No less conclusive than it was in this.
 Come, then, with me, and I will tax your patience
 With reading of the documents so far
 As may convince you that these sorcerers
 Are lawfully convicted and attainted. 100
 Like doubting Thomas, you shall lay your hand
 Upon these wounds, and you will doubt no more.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *A room in COREY'S house. MARTHA and two
 Deacons of the church.*

MARTHA.

Be seated. I am glad to see you here.
 I know what you are come for. You are come
 To question me, and learn from my own lips 105
 If I have any dealings with the Devil ;
 In short, if I 'm a Witch.

DEACON (*sitting down*).

Such is our purpose.
 How could you know beforehand why we came ?

MARTHA.

'T was only a surmise.

DEACON.

We came to ask you,
You being with us in church covenant, 110
What part you have, if any, in these matters.

MARTHA.

And I make answer, No part whatsoever.
I am a farmer's wife, a working woman ;
You see my spinning-wheel, you see my loom,
You know the duties of a farmer's wife, 115
And are not ignorant that my life among you
Has been without reproach until this day.
Is it not true ?

DEACON.

So much we 're bound to own ;
And say it frankly, and without reserve.

MARTHA.

I 've heard the idle tales that are abroad ; 120
I 've heard it whispered that I am a Witch ;
I cannot help it. I do not believe
In any Witchcraft. It is a delusion.

DEACON.

How can you say that it is a delusion,
When all our learned and good men believe
it? — 125

Our Ministers and worshipful Magistrates ?

MARTHA.

Their eyes are blinded, and see not the truth.
Perhaps one day they will be open to it.

DEACON.

You answer boldly. The Afflicted Children 129
Say you appeared to them.

MARTHA.

And did they say

What clothes I came in ?

DEACON.

No, they could not tell.

They said that you foresaw our visit here,
 And blinded them, so that they could not see
 The clothes you wore.

MARTHA.

The cunning, crafty girls!

I say to you, in all sincerity, 135
 I never have appeared to any one
 In my own person. If the Devil takes
 My shape to hurt these children, or afflict them,
 I am not guilty of it. And I say
 It 's all a mere delusion of the senses. 140

DEACON.

I greatly fear that you will find too late
 It is not so.

MARTHA (*rising*).

They do accuse me falsely.

It is delusion, or it is deceit.

There is a story in the ancient Scriptures 144
 Which much I wonder comes not to your minds.
 Let me repeat it to you.

DEACON.

We will hear it.

MARTHA.

It came to pass that Naboth had a vineyard
 Hard by the palace of the King called Ahab.
 And Ahab, King of Israel, spake to Naboth,
 And said to him, Give unto me thy vineyard, 150
 That I may have it for a garden of herbs,

And I will give a better vineyard for it,
 Or, if it seemeth good to thee, its worth
 In money. And then Naboth said to Ahab,
 The Lord forbid it me that I should give 155
 The inheritance of my fathers unto thee.

And Ahab came into his house displeas'd
 And heavy at the words which Naboth spake,
 And laid him down upon his bed, and turned
 His face away ; and he would eat no bread. 160

And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, came
 And said to him, Why is thy spirit sad ?
 And he said unto her, Because I spake
 To Naboth, to the Jezreelite, and said, 164
 Give me thy vineyard ; and he answered, saying,
 I will not give my vineyard unto thee.

And Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, said,
 Dost thou not rule the realm of Israel ?
 Arise, eat bread, and let thy heart be merry ;
 I will give Naboth's vineyard unto thee. 170

So she wrote letters in King Ahab's name,
 And sealed them with his seal, and sent the
 letters

Unto the elders that were in his city
 Dwelling with Naboth, and unto the nobles ;
 And in the letters wrote, Proclaim a fast ; 175
 And set this Naboth high among the people,
 And set two men, the sons of Belial,
 Before him, to bear witness and to say,
 Thou didst blaspheme against God and the King ;
 And carry him out and stone him, that he die ! 180
 And the elders and the nobles of the city
 Did even as Jezebel, the wife of Ahab,
 Had sent to them and written in the letters.

And then it came to pass, when Ahab heard
 Naboth was dead, that Ahab rose to go 185
 Down unto Naboth's vineyard, and to take
 Possession of it. And the word of God
 Came to Elijah, saying to him, Arise,
 Go down to meet the King of Israel
 In Naboth's vineyard, whither he hath gone 190
 To take possession. Thou shalt speak to him,
 Saying, Thus saith the Lord! What! hast thou
 killed

And also taken possession? In the place
 Wherein the dogs have licked the blood of Naboth
 Shall the dogs lick thy blood, — ay, even thine!

Both of the Deacons start from their seats.

And Ahab then, the King of Israel, 196
 Said, Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?
 Elijah the Prophet answered, I have found thee!
 So will it be with those who have stirred up
 The Sons of Belial here to bear false witness 200
 And swear away the lives of innocent people;
 Their enemy will find them out at last,
 The Prophet's voice will thunder, I have found
 thee! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *Meadows on Ipswich River.* COREY and his
 men mowing; COREY in advance.

COREY.

Well done, my men. You see, I lead the field!
 I'm an old man, but I can swing a scythe 205
 Better than most of you, though you be younger.

Hangs his scythe upon a tree.

GLOYD (*aside to the others*).

How strong he is! It's supernatural.

No man so old as he is has such strength.
The Devil helps him !

COREY (*wiping his forehead*).

Now we 'll rest awhile,
And take our nooning. What 's the matter with
you ? 210

You are not angry with me, — are you, Gloyd ?
Come, come, we will not quarrel. Let 's be
friends.

It 's an old story, that the Raven said,
"Read the Third of Colossians and fifteenth." 214

GLOYD.

You 're handier at the scythe, but I can beat you
At wrestling.

COREY.

Well, perhaps so. I don't know.
I never wrestled with you. Why, you 're vexed !
Come, come, don't bear a grudge.

GLOYD.

You are afraid.

COREY.

What should I be afraid of ? All bear witness
The challenge comes from him. Now, then, my
man. 220

They wrestle, and GLOYD is thrown.

ONE OF THE MEN.

That 's a fair fall.

ANOTHER.

'T was nothing but a foil !

OTHERS.

You 've hurt him !

COREY (*helping GLOYD rise*).

No ; this meadow-land is soft.
You 're not hurt, — are you, Gloyd ?

GLOYD (*rising*).

No, not much hurt.

COREY.

Well, then, shake hands; and there 's an end of it.
How do you like that Cornish hug, my lad? 225
And now we 'll see what 's in our basket here.

GLOYD (*aside*).

The Devil and all his imps are in that man!
The clutch of his ten fingers burns like fire!

COREY (*reverentially taking off his hat*).

God bless the food He hath provided for us, 229
And make us thankful for it, for Christ's sake!

He lifts up a keg of cider, and drinks from it.

GLOYD.

Do you see that? Don't tell me it's not Witch-
craft.

Two of us could not lift that cask as he does!

COREY *puts down the keg, and opens a basket. A voice is heard calling.*

VOICE.

Ho! Corey, Corey!

COREY.

What is that? I surely
Heard some one calling me by name!

VOICE.

Giles Corey!

Enter a boy, running, and out of breath.

BOY.

Is Master Corey here?

COREY.

Yes, here I am. 235

BOY.

O Master Corey!

COREY.

Well?

BOY.

Your wife — your wife —

COREY.

What's happened to my wife?

BOY.

She's sent to prison!

COREY.

The dream! the dream! O God, be merciful!

BOY.

She sent me here to tell you.

COREY (*putting on his jacket*).

Where's my horse?

Don't stand there staring, fellows. Where's my horse? [Exit COREY.]

GLOYD.

Under the trees there. Run, old man, run, run!
 You've got some one to wrestle with you now
 Who'll trip your heels up, with your Cornish hug.
 If there's a Devil, he has got you now.
 Ah, there he goes! His horse is snorting fire! 245

ONE OF THE MEN.

John Gloyd, don't talk so! It's a shame to talk so!

He's a good master, though you quarrel with him.

GLOYD.

If hard work and low wages make good masters,
 Then he is one. But I think otherwise.
 Come, let us have our dinner and be merry, 250
 And talk about the old man and the Witches.
 I know some stories that will make you laugh.

They sit down on the grass, and eat.

Now there are Goody Cloyse and Goody Good,
 Who have not got a decent tooth between them, ²⁵⁴
 And yet these children — the Afflicted Children —
 Say that they bite them, and show marks of teeth
 Upon their arms !

ONE OF THE MEN.

That makes the wonder greater.
 That 's Witchcraft. Why, if they had teeth like
 yours,
 'T would be no wonder if the girls were bitten ! ²⁵⁹

GLOYD.

And then those ghosts that come out of their graves
 And cry, " You murdered us ! you murdered us ! "

ONE OF THE MEN.

And all those Apparitions that stick pins
 Into the flesh of the Afflicted Children !

GLOYD.

Oh those Afflicted Children ! They know well
 Where the pins come from. I can tell you that. ²⁶⁵
 And there 's old Corey, he has got a horseshoe
 Nailed on his doorstep to keep off the Witches,
 And all the same his wife has gone to prison.

ONE OF THE MEN.

Oh, she 's no Witch. I 'll swear that Goodwife
 Corey
 Never did harm to any living creature. ²⁷⁰
 She 's a good woman, if there ever was one.

GLOYD.

Well, we shall see. As for that Bridget Bishop,
 She has been tried before ; some years ago
 A negro testified he saw her shape
 Sitting upon the rafters in a barn, ²⁷⁵
 And holding in its hand an egg ; and while

He went to fetch his pitchfork, she had vanished.
 And now be quiet, will you? I am tired,
 And want to sleep here on the grass a little.

They stretch themselves on the grass.

ONE OF THE MEN.

There may be Witches riding through the air 280
 Over our heads on broomsticks at this moment,
 Bound for some Satan's Sabbath in the woods
 To be baptized.

GLOYD.

I wish they 'd take you with them,
 And hold you under water, head and ears,
 Till you were drowned; and that would stop your
 talking, 285
 If nothing else will. Let me sleep, I say.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *The Green in front of the village Meeting-house.*
An excited crowd gathering. Enter JOHN GLOYD.

A FARMER.

Who will be tried to-day?

A SECOND.

I do not know.

Here is John Gloyd. Ask him; he knows.

FARMER.

John Gloyd,

Whose turn is it to-day?

GLOYD.

It's Goodwife Corey's

FARMER.

Giles Corey's wife?

GLOYD.

The same. She is not mine.

It will go hard with her with all her praying. 5
 The hypocrite! She's always on her knees;
 But she prays to the Devil when she prays.
 Let us go in.

A trumpet blows.

FARMER.

Here come the Magistrates.

SECOND FARMER.

Who's the tall man in front?

GLOYD.

Oh, that is Hathorne,
 A Justice of the Court, and Quartermaster 10
 In the Three County Troop. He'll sift the mat-
 ter.

That's Corwin with him; and the man in black
 Is Cotton Mather, Minister of Boston.

*Enter HATHORNE and other Magistrates on horseback, followed
 by the Sheriff, constables, and attendants on foot. The Mag-
 istrates dismount, and enter the Meeting-house, with the rest.*

FARMER.

The Meeting-house is full. I never saw
 So great a crowd before.

GLOYD.

No matter. Come. 15
 We shall find room enough by elbowing
 Our way among them. Put your shoulder to it.

FARMER.

There were not half so many at the trial
 Of Goodwife Bishop.

GLOYD.

Keep close after me. 19
 I'll find a place for you. They'll want me there.

I am a friend of Corey's, as you know,
And he can't do without me just at present.

[*E. ceunt.*

SCENE II. — *Interior of the Meeting-house. MATHER and the Magistrates seated in front of the pulpit. Before them a raised platform. MARTHA in chains. COREY near her. MARY WALCOT in a chair. A crowd of spectators, among them GLOYD. Confusion and murmurs during the scene.*

HATHORNE.

Call Martha Corey.

MARTHA.

I am here.

HATHORNE.

Come forward.

She ascends the platform.

The Jurors of our Sovereign Lord and Lady 24
The King and Queen, here present, do accuse you
Of having on the tenth of June last past,
And divers other times before and after,
Wickedly used and practised certain arts
Called Witchcrafts, Sorceries, and Incantations,
Against one Mary Walcot, single woman, 30
Of Salem Village; by which wicked arts
The aforesaid Mary Walcot was tormented,
Tortured, afflicted, pined, consumed, and wasted,
Against the peace of our Sovereign Lord and
Lady

The King and Queen, as well as of the Statute 35
Made and provided in that case. What say you?

MARTHA.

Before I answer, give me leave to pray.

HATHORNE.

We have not sent for you, nor are we here,

To hear you pray, but to examine you
 In whatsoever is alleged against you. 40
 Why do you hurt this person ?

MARTHA.

I do not.

I am not guilty of the charge against me.

MARY.

Avoid, she-devil ! You torment me now !
 Avoid, avoid, Witch !

MARTHA.

I am innocent.

I never had to do with any Witchcraft 45
 Since I was born. I am a gospel woman.

MARY.

You are a gospel Witch !

MARTHA (*clasping her hands*).

Ah me ! ah me !

Oh, give me leave to pray !

MARY (*stretching out her hands*).

She hurts me now.

See, she has pinched my hands !

HATHORNE.

Who made these marks

Upon her hands ?

MARTHA.

I do not know. I stand 50
 Apart from her. I did not touch her hands.

HATHORNE.

Who hurt her then ?

MARTHA.

I know not.

HATHORNE.

Do you think

She is bewitched ?

MARTHA.

Indeed I do not think so.
I am no Witch, and have no faith in Witches.

HATHORNE.

Then answer me : When certain persons came
To see you yesterday, how did you know 56
Beforehand why they came ?

MARTHA.

I had had speech
The children said I hurt them, and I thought
These people came to question me about it.

HATHORNE.

How did you know the children had been told 60
To note the clothes you wore ?

MARTHA.

My husband told me
What others said about it.

HATHORNE.

Goodman Corey,
Say, did you tell her ?

COREY.

I must speak the truth ;
I did not tell her. It was some one else.

HATHORNE.

Did you not say your husband told you so ? 65
How dare you tell a lie in this assembly ?
Who told you of the clothes ? Confess the truth.

MARTHA *bites her lips, and is silent.*

You bite your lips, but do not answer me !

MARY.

Ah, she is biting me ! Avoid, avoid ! 69

HATHORNE.

You said your husband told you.

MARTHA.

Yes, he told me
The children said I troubled them.

HATHORNE.

Then tell me,
Why do you trouble them ?

MARTHA.

I have denied it.

MARY.

She threatened me ; stabbed at me with her
spindle ;
And, when my brother thrust her with his sword,
He tore her gown, and cut a piece away. 75
Here are they both, the spindle and the cloth.

Shows them.

HATHORNE.

And there are persons here who know the truth
Of what has now been said. What answer make
you ?

MARTHA.

I make no answer. Give me leave to pray. 79

HATHORNE.

Whom would you pray to ?

MARTHA.

To my God and Father.

HATHORNE.

Who is your God and Father ?

MARTHA.

The Almighty !

HATHORNE.

Doth he you pray to say that he is God ?
It is the Prince of Darkness, and not God.

MARY.

There is a dark shape whispering in her ear.

HATHORNE.

What does it say to ycu ?

MARTHA.

I see no shape.

85

HATHORNE.

Did you not hear it whisper ?

MARTHA.

I heard nothing.

MARY.

What torture ! Ah, what agony I suffer !

Falls into a swoon.

HATHORNE.

You see this woman cannot stand before you.

If you would look for mercy, you must look

In God's way, by confession of your guilt.

90

Why does your spectre haunt and hurt this person ?

MARTHA.

I do not know. He who appeared of old

In Samuel's shape, a saint and glorified,

May come in whatsoever shape he chooses.

I cannot help it. I am sick at heart !

95

COREY.

O Martha, Martha ! let me hold your hand.

HATHORNE.

No ; stand aside, old man.

MARY (*starting up*).

Look there ! Look there !

I see a little bird, a yellow bird,

Perched on her finger ; and it pecks at me.

Ah, it will tear mine eyes out !

MARTHA.

I see nothing. 100

HATHORNE.

'T is the Familiar Spirit that attends her.

MARY.

Now it has flown away. It sits up there
Upon the rafters. It is gone ; is vanished.

MARTHA.

Giles, wipe these tears of anger from mine eyes.
Wipe the sweat from my forehead. I am faint.

She leans against the railing.

MARY.

Oh, she is crushing me with all her weight ! 106

HATHORNE.

Did you not carry once the Devil's Book
To this young woman ?

MARTHA.

Never.

HATHORNE.

Have you signed it,
Or touched it ?

MARTHA.

No ; I never saw it.

HATHORNE.

Did you not scourge her with an iron rod ? 110

MARTHA.

No, I did not. If any Evil Spirit
Has taken my shape to do these evil deeds,
I cannot help it. I am innocent.

HATHORNE.

Did you not say the Magistrates were blind ?
That you would open their eyes ?

MARTHA (*with a scornful laugh*).

Yes, I said that ;
If you call me a sorceress, you are blind ! 116

If you accuse the innocent you are blind!
Can the innocent be guilty?

HATHORNE.

Did you not
On one occasion hide your husband's saddle
To hinder him from coming to the Sessions? 120

MARTHA.

I thought it was a folly in a farmer
To waste his time pursuing such illusions.

HATHORNE.

What was the bird that this young woman saw
Just now upon your hand?

MARTHA.

I know no bird.

HATHORNE.

Have you not dealt with a Familiar Spirit? 125

MARTHA.

No, never, never!

HATHORNE.

What then was the Book
You showed to this young woman, and besought
her
To write in it?

MARTHA.

Where should I have a book?
I showed her none, nor have none.

MARY.

The next Sabbath
Is the Communion Day, but Martha Corey 130
Will not be there!

MARTHA.

Ah, you are all against me.
What can I do or say?

HATHORNE.

You can confess.

MARTHA.

No, I cannot, for I am innocent.

HATHORNE.

We have the proof of many witnesses
That you are guilty.

MARTHA.

Give me leave to speak. 135

Will you condemn me on such evidence, —
You who have known me for so many years?
Will you condemn me in this house of God,
Where I so long have worshipped with you all?
Where I have eaten the bread and drunk the
wine 140

So many times at our Lord's Table with you?
Bear witness, you that hear me; you all know
That I have led a blameless life among you,
That never any whisper of suspicion
Was breathed against me till this accusation. 145
And shall this count for nothing? Will you take
My life away from me, because this girl,
Who is distraught, and not in her right mind,
Accuses me of things I blush to name? 149

HATHORNE.

What! is it not enough? Would you hear more?
Giles Corey!

COREY.

I am here.

HATHORNE.

Come forward, then.

COREY ascends the platform.

Is it not true, that on a certain night

You were impeded strangely in your prayers ?
 That something hindered you ? and that you left
 This woman here, your wife, kneeling alone 155
 Upon the hearth ?

COREY.

Yes ; I cannot deny it.

HATHORNE.

Did you not say the Devil hindered you ?

COREY.

I think I said some words to that effect.

HATHORNE.

Is it not true, that fourteen head of cattle,
 To you belonging, broke from their enclosure 160
 And leaped into the river, and were drowned ?

COREY.

It is most true.

HATHORNE.

And did you not then say
 That they were overlooked ?

COREY.

So much I said.

I see ; they 're drawing round me closer, closer,
 A net I cannot break, cannot escape from ! (*Aside.*)

HATHORNE.

Who did these things ?

COREY.

I do not know who did them.

HATHORNE.

Then I will tell you. It is some one near you ;
 You see her now ; this woman, your own wife.

COREY.

I call the heavens to witness, it is false !
 She never harmed me, never hindered me 170

In anything but what I should not do.
 And I bear witness in the sight of heaven,
 And in God's house here, that I never knew her
 As otherwise than patient, brave, and true,
 Faithful, forgiving, full of charity, 175
 A virtuous and industrious and good wife!

HATHORNE.

Tut, tut, man ; do not rant so in your speech ;
 You are a witness, not an advocate !
 Here, Sheriff, take this woman back to prison.

MARTHA.

O Giles, this day you 've sworn away my life! 180

MARY.

Go, go and join the Witches at the door.
 Do you not hear the drum ? Do you not see
 them ?
 Go quick. They 're waiting for you. You are
 late.

[Exit MARTHA ; COREY following.]

COREY.

The dream ! the dream ! the dream !

HATHORNE.

What does he say ?

Giles Corey, go not hence. You are yourself 185
 Accused of Witchcraft and of Sorcery
 By many witnesses. Say, are you guilty ?

COREY.

I know my death is foreordained by you, —
 Mine and my wife's. Therefore I will not an-
 swer.

During the rest of the scene he remains silent.

HATHORNE.

Do you refuse to plead ? — 'T were better for you 190

To make confession, or to plead Not Guilty. —
 Do you not hear me? — Answer, are you guilty?
 Do you not know a heavier doom awaits you,
 If you refuse to plead, than if found guilty?
 Where is John Gloyd?

GLOYD (*coming forward*).

Here am I.

HATHORNE.

Tell the Court;

Have you not seen the supernatural power 196
 Of this old man? Have you not seen him do
 Strange feats of strength?

GLOYD.

I 've seen him lead the field,
 On a hot day, in mowing, and against 199
 Us younger men; and I have wrestled with him.
 He threw me like a feather. I have seen him
 Lift up a barrel with his single hands,
 Which two strong men could hardly lift together,
 And, holding it above his head, drink from it.

HATHORNE.

That is enough; we need not question further. 205
 What answer do you make to this, Giles Corey?

MARY.

See there! See there!

HATHORNE.

What is it? I see nothing.

MARY.

Look! Look! It is the ghost of Robert Goodell,
 Whom fifteen years ago this man did murder
 By stamping on his body! In his shroud 210
 He comes here to bear witness to the crime!

The crowd shrinks back from COREY in horror.

HATHORNE.

Ghosts of the dead and voices of the living
 Bear witness to your guilt, and you must die!
 It might have been an easier death. Your doom
 Will be on your own head, and not on ours. ²¹⁵
 Twice more will you be questioned of these things;
 Twice more have room to plead or to confess.
 If you are contumacious to the Court,
 And if, when questioned, you refuse to answer,
 Then by the Statute you will be condemned ²²⁰
 To the *peine forte et dure!* To have your
 body
 Pressed by great weights until you shall be
 dead!
 And may the Lord have mercy on your soul!

ACT V.

SCENE I. — COREY'S farm as in Act II., Scene I. *Enter*
 RICHARD GARDNER, looking round him.

GARDNER.

Here stands the house as I remember it,
 The four tall poplar-trees before the door;
 The house, the barn, the orchard, and the well,
 With its moss-covered bucket and its trough;
 The garden, with its hedge of currant-bushes; ⁵
 The woods, the harvest-fields; and, far beyond,
 The pleasant landscape stretching to the sea.
 But everything is silent and deserted!
 No bleat of flocks, no bellowing of herds,
 No sound of flails, that should be beating now; ¹⁰
 Nor man nor beast astir. What can this mean?

Knocks at the door.

What ho! Giles Corey! Hillo-ho! Giles Corey!—
 No answer but the echo from the barn,
 And the ill-omened cawing of the crow,
 That yonder wings his flight across the fields, 15
 As if he scented carrion in the air.

Enter TITUBA with a basket.

What woman's this, that, like an apparition,
 Haunts this deserted homestead in broad day?
 Woman, who are you?

TITUBA.

I am Tituba.

I am John Indian's wife. I am a Witch. 20

GARDNER.

What are you doing here?

TITUBA.

I'm gathering herbs, —
 Cinquefoil, and saxifrage, and pennyroyal.

GARDNER (looking at the herbs).

This is not cinquefoil, it is deadly night-shade!

This is not saxifrage, but hellebore!

This is not pennyroyal, it is henbane! 25

Do you come here to poison these good people?

TITUBA.

I get these for the Doctor in the Village.

Beware of Tituba. I pinch the children;

Make little poppets and stick pins in them,

And then the children cry out they are pricked. 30

The Black Dog came to me, and said, "Serve
 me!"

I was afraid. He made me hurt the children.

GARDNER.

Poor soul! She's crazed, with all these Devil's
 doings.

TITUBA.

Will you, sir, sign the Book?

GARDNER.

No, I'll not sign it. 34

Where is Giles Corey? Do you know Giles Corey?

TITUBA.

He's safe enough. He's down there in the prison.

GARDNER.

Corey in prison? What is he accused of?

TITUBA.

Giles Corey and Martha Corey are in prison
Down there in Salem Village. Both are Witches.
She came to me and whispered, "Kill the chil-
dren!" 40

Both signed the Book!

GARDNER.

Begone, you imp of darkness!

You Devil's dam!

TITUBA.

Beware of Tituba!

[Exit.

GARDNER.

How often out at sea on stormy nights,
When the waves thundered round me, and the
wind

Bellowed, and beat the canvas, and my ship 45

Clove through the solid darkness, like a wedge,

I've thought of him, upon his pleasant farm,

Living in quiet with his thrifty housewife,

And envied him, and wished his fate were mine!

And now I find him shipwrecked utterly, 50

Drifting upon this sea of sorceries,

And lost, perhaps, beyond all aid of man!

[Exit.

SCENE II. — *The prison.* GILES COREY at a table on which
are some papers.

COREY.

Now I have done with earth and all its cares ;
I give my worldly goods to my dear children ;
My body I bequeath to my tormentors. 55
And my immortal soul to Him who made it.
O God ! who in thy wisdom dost afflict me
With an affliction greater than most men
Have ever yet endured or shall endure,
Suffer me not in this last bitter hour 60
For any pains of death to fall from thee !

MARTHA is heard singing.

Arise, O righteous Lord !
And disappoint my foes ;
They are but thine avenging sword,
Whose wounds are swift to close. 65

COREY.

Hark, hark ! it is her voice ! She is not dead !
She lives ! I am not utterly forsaken !

MARTHA, singing.

By thine abounding grace,
And mercies multiplied,
I shall awake, and see thy face ; 70
I shall be satisfied.

COREY hides his face in his hands. Enter the JAILER, followed
by RICHARD GARDNER.

JAILER.

Here's a seafaring man, one Richard Gardner,
A friend of yours, who asks to speak with you.

COREY rises. They embrace.

COREY.

I'm glad to see you, ay, right glad to see you.

GARDNER.

And I most sorely grieved to see you thus. 75

COREY.

Of all the friends I had in happier days,
 You are the first, ay, and the only one,
 That comes to seek me out in my disgrace!
 And you but come in time to say farewell.
 They've dug my grave already in the field. 80
 I thank you. There is something in your pres-
 ence,

I know not what it is, that gives me strength.
 Perhaps it is the bearing of a man
 Familiar with all dangers of the deep,
 Familiar with the cries of drowning men, 85
 With fire, and wreck, and foundering ships at sea!

GARDNER.

Ah, I have never known a wreck like yours!
 Would I could save you!

COREY.

Do not speak of that.
 It is too late. I am resolved to die.

GARDNER.

Why would you die who have so much to live
 for? — 90
 Your daughters, and —

COREY.

You cannot say the word.
 My daughters have gone from me. They are mar-
 ried;
 They have their homes, their thoughts, apart from
 me;
 I will not say their hearts, — that were too cruel.
 What would you have me do?

GARDNER.

Confess and live.

COREY.

That's what they said who came here yester-
day 96

To lay a heavy weight upon my conscience
By telling me that I was driven forth
As an unworthy member of their church.

GARDNER.

It is an awful death.

COREY.

'T is but to drown, 100
And have the weight of all the seas upon you.

GARDNER.

Say something ; say enough to fend off death
Till this tornado of fanaticism
Blows itself out. Let me come in between you
And your severer self, with my plain sense ; 105
Do not be obstinate.

COREY.

I will not plead.

If I deny, I am condemned already,
In courts where ghosts appear as witnesses,
And swear men's lives away. If I confess,
Then I confess a lie, to buy a life 110
Which is not life, but only death in life.
I will not bear false witness against any,
Not even against myself, whom I count least.

GARDNER (*aside*).

Ah, what a noble character is this !

COREY.

I pray you, do not urge me to do that 115
You would not do yourself. I have already

The bitter taste of death upon my lips ;
 I feel the pressure of the heavy weight
 That will crush out my life within this hour ;
 But if a word could save me, and that word 120
 Were not the Truth ; nay, if it did but swerve
 A hair's-breadth from the Truth, I would not say
 it !

GARDNER (*aside*).

How mean I seem beside a man like this !

COREY.

As for my wife, my Martha and my Martyr, —
 Whose virtues, like the stars, unseen by day, 125
 Though numberless, do but await the dark
 To manifest themselves unto all eyes, —
 She who first won me from my evil ways,
 And taught me how to live by her example,
 By her example teaches me to die, 130
 And leads me onward to the better life !

SHERIFF (*without*).

Giles Corey ! Come ! The hour has struck !

COREY.

I come !

Here is my body ; ye may torture it,
 But the immortal soul ye cannot crush ! 134
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *A street in the Village. Enter GLOYD and others.*

GLOYD.

Quick, or we shall be late !

A MAN.

That's not the way.

Come here ; come up this lane.

GLOYD.

I wonder now
 If the old man will die, and will not speak?
 He's obstinate enough and tough enough
 For anything on earth.

A bell tolls.

Hark! What is that? 139

A MAN.

The passing bell. He's dead!

GLOYD.

We are too late.
 [*Exeunt in haste.*]

SCENE IV. — *A field near the graveyard.* GILES COREY *lying dead, with a great stone on his breast.* The Sheriff at his head, RICHARD GARDNER at his feet. A crowd behind. The bell tolling. Enter HATHORNE and MATHER.

HATHORNE.

This is the Potter's Field. Behold the fate
 Of those who deal in Witchcrafts, and, when ques-
 tioned,
 Refuse to plead their guilt or innocence,
 And stubbornly drag death upon themselves.

MATHER.

O sight most horrible! In a land like this, 145
 Spangled with Churches Evangelical,
 Inwrapped in our salvations, must we seek
 In mouldering statute-books of English Courts
 Some old forgotten Law, to do such deeds?
 Those who lie buried in the Potter's Field 150
 Will rise again, as surely as ourselves
 That sleep in honored graves with epitaphs;
 And this poor man, whom we have made a victim,
 Hereafter will be counted as a martyr!

APPENDIX.

HINTS TOWARD THE STAGE REPRESENTATION OF GILES COREY OF THE SALEM FARMS.

I.

TRANSPOSITIONS AND OMISSIONS.

Act III, transpose Scenes 2 and 3.

Act IV, Scene 2, in the last speech omit 7 lines, beginning "Twice more," etc.

Act V, Scene 2, omit Gardner's speech, "It is an awful death," and Corey's next speech. Omit also in Corey's next speech but one the two lines, "I feel the pressure," etc.

Either omit Scenes 3 and 4 of Act V or have the sheriff enter at the end of Scene 2, with Hathorne, Mather, and Attendants, in which case Hathorne and Mather are to look out of the window and say the lines of Scene 4, with the omission of the first five words.

II.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

Add to *Dramatis Personæ*, —

Jonathan Corwin, Two Deacons, Sheriff, Constables, Jailer, Farmers, Hired Men, and Villagers.

In dramatic performance, the part of the Farmer in Act II, Sc. 2, may be given to one of the Deacons, the parts of the Farmers in Act IV, Sc. 1, may be given to two of the hired men, and the part of the Jailer may be given to the Sheriff or one of the Constables. Other parts may be doubled where the number of actors is small.

[The following directions are in addition to those supplied by the author. To make the matter clear, the page numbers and

sometimes the line numbers are given ; a reference will readily show what has been added to the original.]

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The woods near Salem Village. Enter TITUBA (R.), with a basket of herbs and a staff.*

TITUBA, *taking up the herbs one by one.*

Page 4, between lines 27 and 28.

Shaking her staff exultantly.

Page 4. *Exit TITUBA (L.). Enter MATHER (R.), booted and spurred, with a riding-whip in his hand.*

Page 5. *Reënter TITUBA (L.).*

Page 5, after line 58. *Starts to go off (L.).*

Page 6. At end of first half line 73, *exit (R.).*

Page 6. At end of line 76, instead of *exeunt, exit (L.).*

Page 6. At end of stage direction for Scene II (R.).

Page 11. SCENE III. — *A room in WALCOT'S house. Door in flat. MARY WALCOT seated in an armchair (L.). TITUBA standing in front of her with a mirror.*

Page 12, lines 216–218.

Enter HATHORNE, MATHER, and WALCOT by door in flat.

WALCOT.

There she lies,

Wasted and worn by devilish incantations !

O my poor sister !

MATHER, *advancing toward her.*

Is she always thus ?

Page 13, line 234.

What frightens you ? (*turning to the others.*) She neither hears nor sees me.

She 's in a trance.

MARY (*pointing in front of her*).

Do you not see her there ?

Page 14, between lines 239, 240.

writhing as if in pain.

Page 14, line 244. MATHER (*turning to Hathorne*).

Page 14, at close of first half of line 253.

(*covers her face with her hands*).

Page 16, at close of Act I.

As he utters these last words he places his left hand on her head and raises his right as in benediction. Hathorne and Walcott stand reverently, raising their hats. Tituba, in the rear, shakes her fist in malicious triumph. TABLEAU.

(*Curtain.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I. — GILES COREY'S farm. House and barn (L.). Well with curb and sweep rear. Garden surrounded by currant-bushes (R.). Morning. Enter COREY (L.), from barn with a horseshoe and a hammer.

Page 17, after line 23.

Exit GLOYD and enter MARTHA (L.) from the house.

Page 19, after line 72.

[*Exit into the house* (L.).

Page 19, after first half of line 84.

MARTHA (*from within*).

Page 20, at close of line 89.

[*Exit* (L.) *into barn.*

MARTHA *comes to the door* (L.).

Page 20, after first half of line 100.

Enter COREY from barn (L.).

Page 21, at close of line 111.

[*Exit* MARTHA *into house* (L.).

Page 22, at close of Scene I.

[*Exeunt into barn* (L.).

SCENE II. — *The Green in front of the Meeting-house in Salem Village. Meeting-house* (R). *People coming and going.* Enter GILES COREY (R.) *from Meeting-house.*

COREY.

A melancholy end ! Who would have thought
That Bridget Bishop e'er would come to this ?
Accused, convicted, and condemned to death
For Witchcraft ! And so good a woman too !

A FARMER, *entering* (L.).

Page 23, last line.

[*Exit* (L.).

Page 24, top of page.

COREY, *shaking his fist.*

Page 24, after first half of line 152.

Enter GLOYD in haste (L.).

Page 25. After line 166.

[*Exit (L.).*]

Page 25, after line 170.

[*Exit (L.).*]

SCENE III. — COREY'S kitchen. *Door and window in flat. Fireplace with crane and kettle (R.). Door (L.). A table with supper (L.). MARTHA knitting (R.).*

As the curtain rises, a loud stamp and slam of the door are heard in the rear of the stage.

MARTHA, *pausing in her knitting.*

He's come at last. I hear him in the passage.

Something has gone amiss with him to-day ;

I know it by his step, and by the sound

The door made as he shut it. He is angry.

She puts up her knitting and takes food from the fire and puts it on the table.

Enter COREY at door in flat with his riding-whip. As he speaks he takes off his hat and gloves, and throws them down violently.

Page 26, at close of line 196.

(*Sits at (R.) of table.*)

Page 26, after first half of line 198.

COREY (*sitting down (L.) of table.*)

Page 28, after line 230.

Having finished supper they push back their chairs from the table.

Page 29, after first half of line 262.

MARTHA (*rising.*)

Page 30, after line 266.

(*soft music.*)

COREY.

During this speech Gloyd appears at the back and looks in through the window.

Page 30, after line 278.

[*Exit COREY (L.). MARTHA continues kneeling.*]

(*Slow Curtain.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I. — GILES COREY'S kitchen, as before. Morning. COREY and MARTHA sitting at the breakfast-table.

Page 30, after line 2.

MARTHA (*rising*).

Page 31, after first half of line 9.

MARTHA (*sitting down*).

Page 32, after line 32.

[*Exit, door in flat.*]

Page 32. SCENE II.

SCENE II. — A street in Salem Village. Enter MATHER and HATHORNE (R.) in conversation.

Page 35, after line 102.

[*Exeunt (L.)*].

SCENE III. — A room in COREY'S house. Door in flat. MARTHA engaged in housework.

A knock is heard, Martha opens the door, and two deacons of the church enter.

Page 36, after line 123.

SECOND DEACON.

Page 37, after line 140.

SECOND DEACON.

Page 39, after line 203.

TABLEAU.

SCENE IV. — Meadows on Ipswich River. A tree in centre. Under it lunch-basket and cider-barrel. COREY and his men enter (L.) mowing; COREY in advance.

Page 41, after line 226.

bringing it into the midst of them.

Page 41, after line 233.

COREY puts down the keg, and opens a basket. A voice is heard calling (R.).

Page 41, after line 234.

Enter a boy (R.) running and out of breath.

Page 42, after line 240.

[*Exit COREY (L.), followed by boy.*]

Page 44, at close of Act III.

(*Curtain.*)

Page 44, at beginning of Act IV.

SCENE I. — *The Green in front of the Village Meeting-house, as in Act II, Scene 2. An excited crowd gathering. Enter JOHN GLOYD (L.).*

Page 45, after first half of line 8.

A trumpet blows, off (L.).

Page 45, after line 13.

Enter HATHORNE, MATHER, and CORWIN, accompanied by the sheriff, constables, and attendants. They cross the stage, and enter the Meeting-house. The people respectfully make way for them.

Page 45, after line 20.

Elbowing their way among the people. The throng gradually crowd in after them.

Page 46, after line 22.

[Exeunt (R.) into Meeting-house.

SCENE II. — *Interior of the Meeting-house. Door in flat. High pulpit with deacons' seat (L.). In the centre an enclosed platform. MARY WALCOT in a chair between the platform and pulpit. COREY near the platform. A crowd of spectators, among them GLOYD. Confusion and murmurs during the scene.*

MARTHA is led in by the constables, and the justices and MATHER are escorted to the deacons' seat by the sheriff. The people stand as they come in.

Page 46, after line 23.

Reading.

Page 55, after line 183.

[Exit MARTHA, led out by officers.

Page 55, after first half of line 185.

COREY steps forward.

Page 55, after line 189.

General consternation. During the rest of the scene he remains silent with arms folded.

Page 57, top line.

HATHORNE, with solemnity.

Page 57, end of Act IV.

(Curtain.)

ACT V.

SCENE I. — COREY'S farm, as in Act II, Scene 1. Enter RICHARD GARDNER (R.), looking around him.

Page 58, after line 16.

Enter TITUBA (R.) with a basket.

Page 59, after line 42.

[Exit TITUBA (R.).

Page 59, after line 52.

[Exit GARDNER (R.).

Page 60, Scene II.

SCENE II. — The prison. Door in flat; window with bars (R.). GILES COREY at a table (L.), on which are papers, quills, and an inkstand.

Page 64, after last line.

(Curtain.)

III.

SCENERY AND PROPERTIES.

ACT I.

Scene I. Wood drop in second groove.¹

Properties. Basket of herbs, staff, riding-whip.

Scene II. Hathorne's house in first groove.

Properties. Small table and two chairs (L.), clock (R.).²

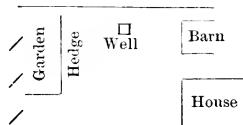
Scene III. Walcot's house. Full stage (fourth groove).

Door in flat.

Properties. Household furniture, mirror, spindle, piece of gray cloth.

ACT II.

Scene I. Giles Corey's farm. Full stage. Arranged as per plan. If possible the flat should show the scene as described at the beginning of Act V.



Properties. Horseshoe, hammer, nail, saddle.

¹ The "grooves," in which the scenery runs divide the stage into four approximately equal parts. The "first groove" is the one nearest the audience.

² (R.) and (L.) mean Right and Left to a person facing the audience.

Scene II. The Green in front of the Meeting-house (first groove). The drop may show an ordinary village street, in which case the Meeting-house will be a wide wing set at the Right. Or the drop may show the Meeting-house. A practicable door is necessary.

Scene III. Corey's kitchen. Full depth of stage. Door and window in flat. Fireplace (R.) with pot-hooks, kettles, pans, andirons, etc. A dresser with antique pewter and china, a settle, spinning-wheel, and other articles of old furniture will add to the realism and effect of the scene.

Properties. As above, table with supper, chairs, knitting, riding-whip.

ACT III.

Scene I. Scenery and properties as in the last scene.

In dramatic representation it is recommended that Scene 3 be joined on to the end of Scene 1. In case a hand loom and spinning-wheel cannot be obtained, the line "You see my spinning-wheel, you see my loom" must be omitted. If the two scenes are united, Martha does not leave the stage at the end of Scene 1.

Scene II. Where the amount of scenery is limited, this scene may be Hathorne's house, as in Act I, Scene 2.

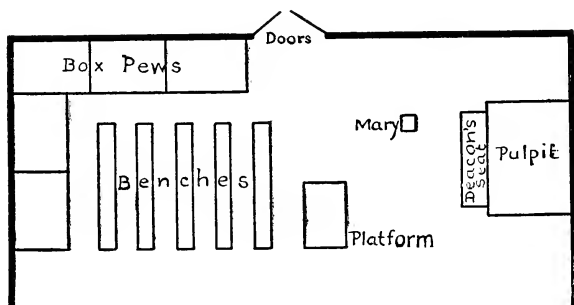
Scene IV. Ipswich River Meadows. Full stage. The appearance of a mowing-field may be created by having two cleats run across the stage 4 or 5 inches apart and filling the space between with hay.

Properties. Scythes, pitchforks, basket of lunch, cider-barrel.

ACT IV.

Scene I. Same as Act II, Scene 2.

Scene II. Interior of Puritan Meeting-house. Full stage. This may be very simple, but for those who can command the facilities the following arrangement is recommended :



The pulpit should be the old-fashioned high one with sounding-board, hour-glass, and leather-covered Bible.

Properties. Chair, platform, spindle, gray cloth. Wands for sheriff and constables, paper with seal for the indictment.

ACT V.

Scene I. Corey's farm as in Act II. If it is not convenient to have the four poplar-trees, the second line of the scene must be omitted.

Properties. Basket of herbs, bundle, and stick.

Scene II. The Prison. Full stage. Door in flat. Window (R.).

Properties. Table with papers, quills, and inkstand. Pallet of straw in the corner.

It is recommended that at the end of this scene the Sheriff and Constables enter and lead off Corey. The Justices and Mather enter with them and look out of the window. After Corey is led away they speak the lines of Scene 4, omitting "This is the Potter's Field." At the end of these lines the curtain falls, Scene 3 being omitted entirely.

IV.

COSTUMES.

Hathorne. Black velvet coat, full trunks tied at knees with black ribbon, and long cloak. Black hose. Shoes with buckles. Puritan collar and cuffs. Sword and baldric. Judicial wig. Black sugar-loaf hat. In Act IV the sword is omitted, a gown substituted for the cloak, and a black velvet skullcap worn.

Corwin. Similar to Hathorne's dress in Act IV.

Mather. Black cloth coat, trunks, and cloak, of similar pattern to Hathorne's. Black hose. Shoes with buckles. In Act I, Scenes 1 and 2 a pair of leggings or riding-boots is worn. Puritan cuffs and clerical collar. Clerical wig. Black sugar-loaf hat. Riding-whip in the first scene. In Act IV a Genevan gown is substituted for the cloak. See the picture of Cotton Mather.

Corey. Dark brown coat, trunks with ribbon ties, and short cloak. Hose. Shoes with buckles. Riding-boots in Act II. Puritan collar and cuffs. Iron-gray wig. Brown sugar-loaf hat. Should make up stout.

Walcot. Light brown coat and trunks. Short dark brown cloak. Hose. Shoes with buckles. Puritan collar and cuffs. Sword and belt. Brown sugar-loaf hat.

Gardner. Pepper-and-salt coat and trunks. Cuffs to match coat. Fancy waistcoat. Gray hose. Shoes with buckles. Handkerchief around neck. Slouch hat. Stick with bundle tied up in bandanna.

Gloyd. Gray flannel shirt. Rough trunks and hose. Shoes with strings. Slouch hat. Rough black wig and beard. In Act IV a rough gray coat and a bandanna around the neck may be worn.

First Deacon. Light brown coat and trunks. Black hose. Shoes with buckles. Puritan collar and cuffs. Black sugar-loaf hat.

Second Deacon. Gray coat and trunks. Gray hose. Shoes with buckles. Leather jerkin. Puritan collar and cuffs. Gray sugar-loaf hat.

Sheriff. Gray coat and trunks. Jerkin. Black hose. Shoes with buckles. Puritan collar and cuffs. Black sugar-loaf hat. Wand.

Constables. Similar to sheriff.

Guards. Light brown coats and trunks. Breastplates. Hip boots. Puritan collars and cuffs. Morions. Pikes or halberds.

Hired men. Similar to Gloyd.

Villagers. Similar to Corey, Walcot, and deacons.

Martha. Gray waist and slightly full skirt. White kerchief and Puritan cuffs. White apron and cap. In Act IV the apron and cap are omitted, and a dark gray hood and cloak added.

Tituba. Leather jacket. Red shirt with grotesque black and yellow figures sewed on. Blanket fastened around neck like a mantle. Black steeple-crown hat. Straight black hair with feathers in it. Beads and amulets. T-shaped staff. Indian powder on face and arms.

Mary. Dark brown waist with sleeves slashed with old gold. Dark brown overskirt open in front. Old gold underskirt. Lace collar and cuffs. Dark brown coif of velvet trimmed with lace.

Villagers. Similar to Martha.

Suggestions.

The cheapest cloths, such as denim and canton flannel, make exactly as serviceable and effective costumes as more expensive materials. Four yards of 27-inch material will make a coat, and two a pair of trunks. Hats may be made of bristol-board covered with canton flannel. Collars and cuffs can be made of cotton duck, but it must first be thoroughly shrunk. Shoe-buckles can be cut from tin. Boughton's pictures of the Pilgrims give excellent suggestions for costumes.

MUSIC

FOR HYMN SUNG AT THE BEGINNING OF ACT V SCENE II.

Andante maestoso. ♩ = 80.

A - rise, O right-eous Lord! And dis - ap -

point my foes; They are but Thine a -

venging sword, Whose wounds are swift to close.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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