



# LEGEND LAYMONE

M. B. M. TOLAND

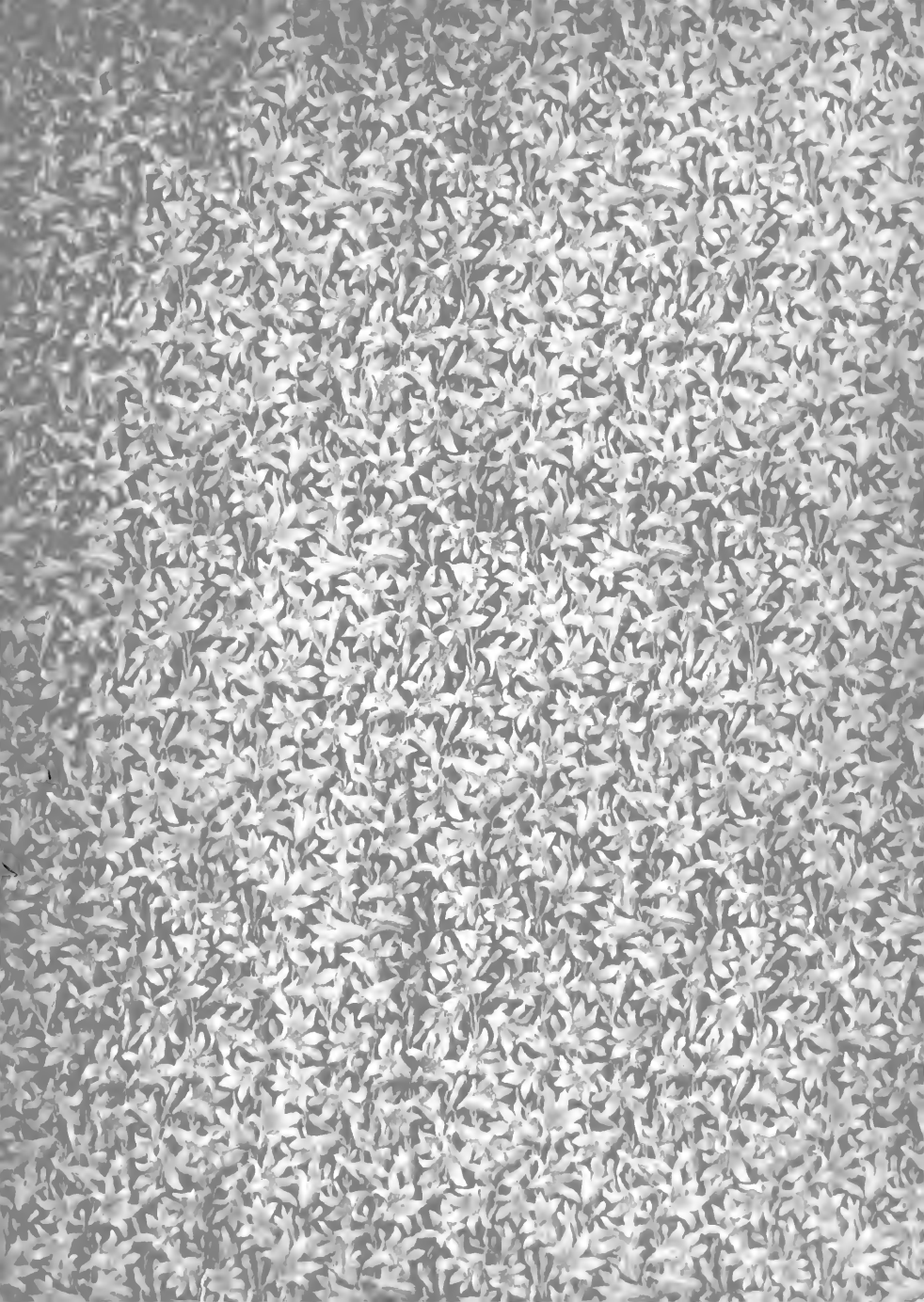


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# LEGEND AYMONE

A POEM  
BY M. B. M. TOLAND

\*AUTHOR OF "IRIS," "SIR RAE," \* \*  
"ONTI ORA," "THE INCA PRINCESS," \*  
"EUDORA," "ÆGLE AND THE ELF," ETC., ETC.



FROM DRAWINGS  
BY EMINENT ARTISTS



PHILADELPHIA  
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i.

In chronicles ancient, traditions still score  
Their mystic,  
Artistic,  
And fabulous lore.

ii.

While seeking such myths in this glorious clime,  
With pleasure  
To measure  
The ripples of rhyme,

III.

This Indian legend was found to unfold  
The wild ways  
Of those days  
A century old.

IV.

Since fathers Franciscan this country explored,  
While preaching  
And teaching  
True faith in our Lord,

V.

Came Padres, who valiantly dangers would brave,  
Their cause blest  
By conquest,  
The heathen to save.

*LEGEND L. LYMONNE.*



VI.

Some natives were won from idolatry soon,  
While others,  
Their brothers,  
Still worshipped the moon,

VII.

Enthroned on high heaven, surrounded by stars,  
With fair face,  
Benign grace,  
Through peace and wild wars.



VIII.

Old sorcerers studied its phases by night,  
Through changes  
And ranges  
Of magical light :



*LEGEND LIMONL.*

IX.

Its course during ages, by silvery rays,  
Unsealing,  
Revealing  
Its long-hidden ways.

X.

This land of the South is like Eden, so fair,  
Inviting,  
Delighting  
In luxuries rare :

XI.

Pacific its waters, with waves flowing free,  
Arraying,  
Displaying,  
The charms of deep sea :

*LEGEND LAYMONI.*

XII.

Cool zephyrs intoning low-voiced evermore  
Are lifting  
And drifting  
Foam-webs the beach o'er.

XIII.

In tints opalescent the airy flecks play  
With rainbows  
Of bright glows  
O'er bubbles of spray :

XIV.

While sparkle the white-crested surf-rifts upon  
The ocean,  
In motion  
To azure line drawn :





*LEGEND LAYMONNE.*

XV.

Where welkin embraces our view on the west  
O'er waves bright  
With sunlight  
Or moonbeams at rest.

XVI.

Sierras encircle this beautiful strand,  
Enclosing,  
Reposing  
On broad, fertile land;

XVII.

Majestic, their highest peaks mantled with snow;  
Through veil sheen  
Of mist, seen  
From valleys below.



XVIII.

O'er this range, Chief Zā'nā, in sport-loving cheer,  
A young brave,  
Much time gave  
To hunting the deer.

XIX.

One bright, balmy morning, while chasing his game,  
Ascending  
Ways wending,  
O'er summit he came ;

*LEGEND LLYMONE.*

XX.

When lost were the curveting deer from his view  
While speeding  
And leading  
The tangled pass through.

XXI.

Perplexed that the game could thus vanish from sight,  
No covert  
To hide sport  
Assisting their flight ;

XXII.

Thus standing, he gazed with elated surprise  
O'er scenes rare  
Outspread there,  
Enframed by the skies :

XXIII.

O'er valleys and cañons and bold bluffs between,  
All craggéd,  
Steep, jagged,  
Each mystic ravine,

XXIV.

Where sentinels silent, like guards in command—  
Tall cacti,  
Stiff, stately,—  
Impressively stand;

XXV.

Where murmuring brooklets, with sallying sweep,  
Meander  
And wander  
Through wild dingles deep;







*LEGEND L'IMONE.*

XXVI.

Embracing the waters of river below  
In ripples  
And dimples  
With soft, gurgling flow ;

XXVII.

When, suddenly startled, the hunter espied  
A young deer  
Without fear  
Approaching his side.

XXVIII.

Quick seizing his bow, out an arrow he drew,  
Scarce staying  
The slaying,  
When burst on his view

LEGEND LAYMONE.



XXIX.

Nuh-lūte-soo, a young squaw, while climbing that way,—  
Called quickly,  
In Monqui,  
"Tis mine! Do not slay!"

XXX.

Down dropt his drawn bow with a quivering thrill;  
Then spake he  
Laymone,  
Demanding her will,

*LEGEND LAYMONNE.*

XXXI.

“Ha! comest thou here, like a queen, to command?

A deer tame  
Is no game  
To fall by my hand.

XXXII.

“’Tis thou that hast baffled my sport of to-day:

The game met  
With thy pet  
And vanished away.”

XXXIII.

In faltering accents she timidly said,

“Forgive me!  
My fawn he  
Through mountain-pass sped.”

*LEGEND LAYMONE.*

XXXIV.

And, while she was speaking, her large hazel eyes  
Were glancing,  
Enhancing  
His waking surprise :

XXXV.

With joy at his safety, the young deer caressed,  
While flushes,  
Warm blushes,  
Confusion expressed.

XXXVI.

O'erclouding her pleasure, she felt the dismay  
Of marplot  
To game sought  
By chieftain that day.







*LEGEND LIVIONE.*

XXXVII.

Lithe, sylph-like her form, in its wild woodland grace :

Light, airy

As fairy,

With bronze, comely face :



XXXVIII.

The beauties of nature eclipsing all charms

Of necklace

In coy place

Or bracelets on arms ;

XXXIX.

Her delicate apron,—fine fibres of reeds,—  
Her net fair  
O'er black hair,  
Her collar of beads:

XI.

From mother-of-pearl, with small shells and fruit-stones,  
All stranded  
And banded  
In clustering zones.

XII.

O'er shoulders a mantle was gracefully hung  
Of fox-skins,  
By clasp-pins  
To ornaments strung.





*LEGEND LAYMONE.*

XLII.

Her youth, dusky beauty, perfection of mould,  
    Attracted,  
    Distracted  
The chieftain's heart cold.

XLIII.

At peace with her tribe, he could bend to his will  
    This young squaw  
    With stern law ;  
Yet felt his heart thrill.

XLIV.

To braves of Laymone such feeling was strange,  
    Arising,  
    Surprising,  
His thoughts to derange.

XLV.

An impulse intruded within the chief's breast,  
Awaking,  
Partaking  
Of wish unexpressed.



XLVI.

Subdued by her manner,  
so modest, refined,  
For strict rule  
Of church school  
Had cultured her mind,

*LEGEND LAYMONE.*

XLVII.

He gazed on the young squaw as never before.  
This new thought  
Response brought  
That sanctity wore.

XLVIII.

She shrank from his glances,  
more tremulous still,  
While great fear  
And dread drear  
Her heart's pulses thrill ;





XIIX.

As slowly he gathered spear, quiver, and bow,  
In bold pride  
By her side  
Down rough steeps to go.

L.

Wild wishes arose while thus wending his way,—  
Ideal  
With real,  
Fond fancies at play.



*LEGEND LAYMONE.*



LI.

A chieftain was he of the primitive race,  
His warm hue  
Like bronze new ;  
Tall, manly in grace.

LII.

When midway down mountain-pass paused they awhile ;  
Then spake he  
Words gently,  
With softening smile :

*LEGEND LAYMONNE.*

LIII.

"Come, tell me, what good do those pale Padres bring?  
Their banners,  
Strange manners,  
Have changed everything.

LIV.

"Far grander the forms of our feast praises made  
With eagle,  
In regal,  
Imposing parade,

LV.

"Uplifted by priest in the great circle, where  
We braves prance  
With glad dance  
Of thanksgiving prayer.





*LEGEND L'YMONNE.*



LVI.

“Divine is the eagle! our messengers sent  
With joy praise  
Of feast days,  
Expressing content.

*LEGEND LAYMONE.*

LVII.

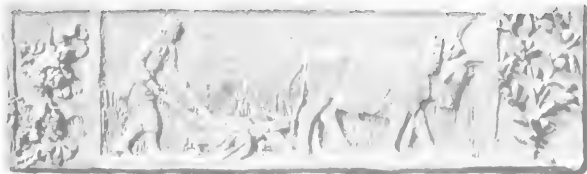
“His spirit released, to Great Spirit above  
Each token  
As spoken  
He bears with our love.



LVIII.

“Then why dost thou follow such mystical creed?  
Their priesthood  
Is no good,  
Nor such do we need.”

*LEGEND LAYMONE.*



LIX.

Confused by his questions, she answered, "They teach  
A good life  
Without strife,  
And holy words preach.

LX.

"The reverend Padres will make plain to thee  
Our praise pure  
And faith sure,  
As they have taught me."

LEGEND LAYMONS.

LXI.

The while she was speaking, sweet musical strains  
Came nearer  
And clearer  
In rhythmic refrains :

LXII.

Gay medleys a mocking-bird charmingly sung,  
His trilling  
Tones filling  
With mimic notes rung :

LXIII.

The lark's song enchanting, the wood-dove's soft coo,  
Combining,  
Entwining  
His roundelay through.



*LEGEND LAYMONE.*

LXIV.

When ended the chant, on the brave's upturned face  
    Audacious  
    With gracious  
Expression found place.

LXV.

While waving his hand at the songster, asked he,  
    " Can priests sing,  
    Or songs bring,  
Like this melody?"

LXVI.

" How happy birds flutter on wings ever light!  
    No teacher,  
    No preacher  
Disturbing their flight.

*LEGEND LIMONE.*

LXVII.

"This land of our fathers, the Indian's pride,  
With mountains  
And broad plains,  
Big waters beside ;

LXVIII.

"See triple-tiered mountains, green, violet, blue,  
Ascending  
Till blending  
Sky-tints with their hue."

LXIX.

To stiff Spanish dagger-palm pointing, he said,  
"Tall towers,  
Flag flowers,  
Float over each head.

*LEGEND L'YMOENE.*

LXX.

“See, guarded by nature, each leaf like a spear;  
What dangers  
Meet strangers  
Who venture too near.

LXXI.

“We thus should stand guarded, by night and by day,  
Alertly,  
Expertly,  
Keep strangers away.



*LEGEND LAYMONI.*

LXXII.

“ Our lands are all beautiful, blooming, and bright ;  
Sweet flowers  
Form bowers  
Enhancing delight.

LXXIII.

“ On gossamer wings lightly butterflies soar,  
The bees dip  
And sweets sip  
From honey-dews' store.

LXXIV.

“ The humming-birds flitting o'er sweet eglantine  
Will not miss  
The light kiss  
Where blossoms entwine.





*LEGEND LIMONE.*

LXXV.

“Then why come the strangers? With new gods they bring  
Delusion,  
Confusion,  
And change everything.

LXXVI.

“Their coming I’ve watched, and still study them well;  
Our lives free  
As birds, we  
In pleasure should dwell.”

LXXVII.

Again sang the bird with a wild rhapsody,—  
Sweet twitters  
With flitters  
On wings flying free.

*LEGEND LAYMONE.*

LXXVIII.

Pleased smiles lit the faces of both as they heard,  
The brave spake,  
"For my sake  
Be free as that bird!





*LEGEND LAYMONE.*

LXXIX.

“For while it was singing, a light from thine eyes  
    Caressed me,  
    Impressed me,  
Awaking surprise.

LXXX.

“Nuh-lūte-soo, I love thee! How strange this all seems!  
    Thy pleading  
    Glance leading  
Through wandering dreams.

LXXXI.

“What name did they call thee when taken away  
    From tribe rule,  
    To strict school  
In pompous display?”



LXXXII.

“Twas Ynez, when christened, they called my new name;  
With water  
The daughter  
Of church I became.”

*LEGEND LIMONE.*

LXXXIII.

He sadly sighed, "Ynez, how changed thou art, too!

From life wild  
A church-child  
Devoted and true.

LXXXIV.

"Thy Padre must know that, arrested by thee,"

This hand stays  
Its wild ways  
Of cold cruelty.

LXXXV.

"My tribe is now plotting revenge; for they feel

The Padres  
Have strange ways  
Our treasures to steal.

LXXXVI.

"'Twas my part to lead them ; but thou hast me led  
To pleasures  
Full measures  
Through peace' path instead."



LXXXVII.

Then, lowering his voice to a whispering tone,  
" On next moon,  
That comes soon,  
The torch will be shown,



J. J. J. J. J.



*LEGEND LIVINGSTONE.*

LXXXVIII.

“Unless I prevent it. For thy sake I will  
Warn Padre,  
And this way  
My duty fulfil.”

LXXXIX.

Anxiety clouded her brow o'er with grief,  
Then vanished  
As banished  
By smile of relief.

XC.

This promise had kindled her gratitude warm,  
Like sunbeams  
When hope gleams  
Through uplifting storm.

*LEGEND LAMONIE.*

XCI.

His manner so gracious, she felt unrestrained  
By doubts dread,  
For fear fled  
With confidence gained.

XCII.

Together, descending declivities steep,  
Through passes,  
Tall grasses,  
Of mountain-range steep;

XCIH.

Awaking warm pulses of love's dawning ray,  
Inciteful,  
Delightful,  
While wending their way.







*LEGEND LAYMONE.*

XCIV.

The deer, now released from restraint, sportive fled  
With ambles  
Where brambles  
Through craggy pass led.

xcv.

They entered a valley with stream purling there,  
That ran on  
Through cañon  
Of wild beauties rare.



*LEGEND LAYMONE.*

XCVI.

'Neath sycamore hoary, in mission retreat,  
Sat reading,  
Unheeding  
The sound of their feet,







*LEGEND LUYMOXE.*

XCVII.

Good Padre Junipero Serra, oppressed  
By great care,  
Absorbed there  
In studies, the best.

XCVIII.

To Ynez his greeting was fatherly, kind,  
With blessing  
Caressing  
This child, pure in mind.

XCIX.

He welcomed the brave with a genial tone,  
Smiled, saying,  
"Not paying  
Thy visit alone?"

C.

"A Christian hath led thee to seek us; 'tis well;  
By faith sure  
We souls lure  
In church love to dwell."

C1.

"Yes," answered the brave, "with her mild, modest way  
She spelled me  
And held me  
From death-dealing fray;

CII

"Thy enemies many next moon-change await  
To uprise  
And surprise  
With long-brooding hate;



*LEGEND L'AYMOVE.*

CHL.

“To shatter this mission with massacre dire,  
In hot haste  
To lay waste  
By torture and fire.”



CIV.

Low knelt the good Padre, entreating in prayer  
That Jesu  
Would guard through  
The dangers dread there;

CV.

Then smiled, as if angels in answer had brought  
On fleet wings  
Glad tidings,  
Protection he sought,

CVI.

The sun's setting rays saintly halos o'erspread,  
Soft shimmers,  
Gold glimmers,  
Encircled his head





*LEGEND LAYMONE.*

CVII.

Like chaplet of heavenly radiance, beamed  
Far brighter  
Than mitre  
Or jewelled crown gleamed.

CVIII.

Arising, he spake to the brave: "Thou hast said  
'Twas Ynez  
Gave impress  
To save us that led

CIX.

"Away from vile plots, causing thee to confess,  
Thus bravely,  
And save me  
Our mission to bless.

CX.

"Such service hath won a reward. Take thy share,  
New claimant  
Of raiment  
That converts must wear.

CXI.

"Speak! Tell me if thou hast another wish still  
Ungranted,  
Yet wanted?  
I'll gladly fulfil."

CXII.

"Yes," answered the brave: "thy new faith let me try,  
That blesses,  
Impresses,  
Like eagle praise high!







*LEGEND LAYMONE.*

CXIII.

“Canst thou with church waters make me good and pure?  
— Can chief be  
From sin free  
In holy faith sure?”

CXIV.

The Padre replied, “We will gladly receive  
And christen  
Thee: listen  
To words and believe.”

CXV.

Like Jesu's disciples in wilderness wild,  
In like way  
The Padre  
Baptized the new child.

*LEGLIND LAYMONI.*

CXVI.

Lorenzo the name when baptized he received,  
With new life  
Above strife,  
From vile plots relieved.

CXVII.

Arrayed in new garments, Nuh-lūte-soo he claimed:  
By her side  
With glad pride  
His heart's wish he named.

CXVIII.

Then earnestly pleading, "Good Padre," he said,  
"Please plight us,  
Unite us,  
We wish to be wed.





*LEGEND LAYMONE.*

CXIX.

“Together we willingly wait thy command;  
In this place  
By thy grace  
We suppliant stand.”

CXX.

Of Ynez the Padre benignantly asked,  
“Doth thy love  
His wish prove,  
For service so tasked?”

CXXI.

She artlessly answered, with warm, winsome way,  
“Lorenzo  
Hath said so;  
His wish I obey.”

*LEGEND LAYMONE.*

CXXII.

The sunset in glory illumined the west  
With gold gleams  
And rose beams  
Of ruby rays dressed.

CXXIII.

When Padre united in wedlock the pair,  
Impressing  
His blessing  
Their duties to share.









## NOTES

To the courtesy of Don Antonio F. Coronad and of Colonel J. J. Warner I am indebted for an account of La Fiesta del Gavilan, or the Eagle Feast of the Fall, the Thanksgiving ceremonies held by all Indians in this country every autumn.

Eagles are scarce in California: therefore he who entraps an eaglet is most fortunate.

The bird is considered divine by the Indians, and is carefully kept until ready for the sacrifice, when the fortunate captor invites all the neighboring tribes to unite in the grand feast.

A large square is enclosed by brush, where congregate the Indians for a general merrymaking of seven days. On the evening of the seventh day a wise man of the tribe (the priest or medicine-man) stands in the centre of a large circle of braves, holding the eagle high, that all may see their messenger divine. The braves dance and chant jubilant songs of praise-prayers with petitions.

The other Indians are gathered round the interior circles, adding their petitions and praise, which the priest repeats to the eagle. At the close of their prayers the eagle droops his head, and, without a struggle or even

## NOTES.

flutter of his wings, instantly dies. His spirit, thus released, bears to the Great Spirit, enthroned on the moon, all their petitions and prayer praise.

Colonel Warner suggested that this miraculous death might have been caused by some mystic operation of the wise man to give grand effect to the eagle's departure on his sacred mission.

From Captain Juan Morongo, an intelligent Indian from Ganning Reservation, I learned that during this ceremony names were given to all Indian children born since the preceding eagle feasts, whether they had already received baptismal names or not. By these names the children are always afterwards known among their tribes.

I am indebted for valuable information to the Right Reverend L. O'Connell, Titular Bishop of Joppa, and to the Rev. Father J. Adam, V.G., Los Angeles, for his most interesting translation of the life of the Very Reverend Padre Junipero Serra, from the Spanish, by Father Palon.









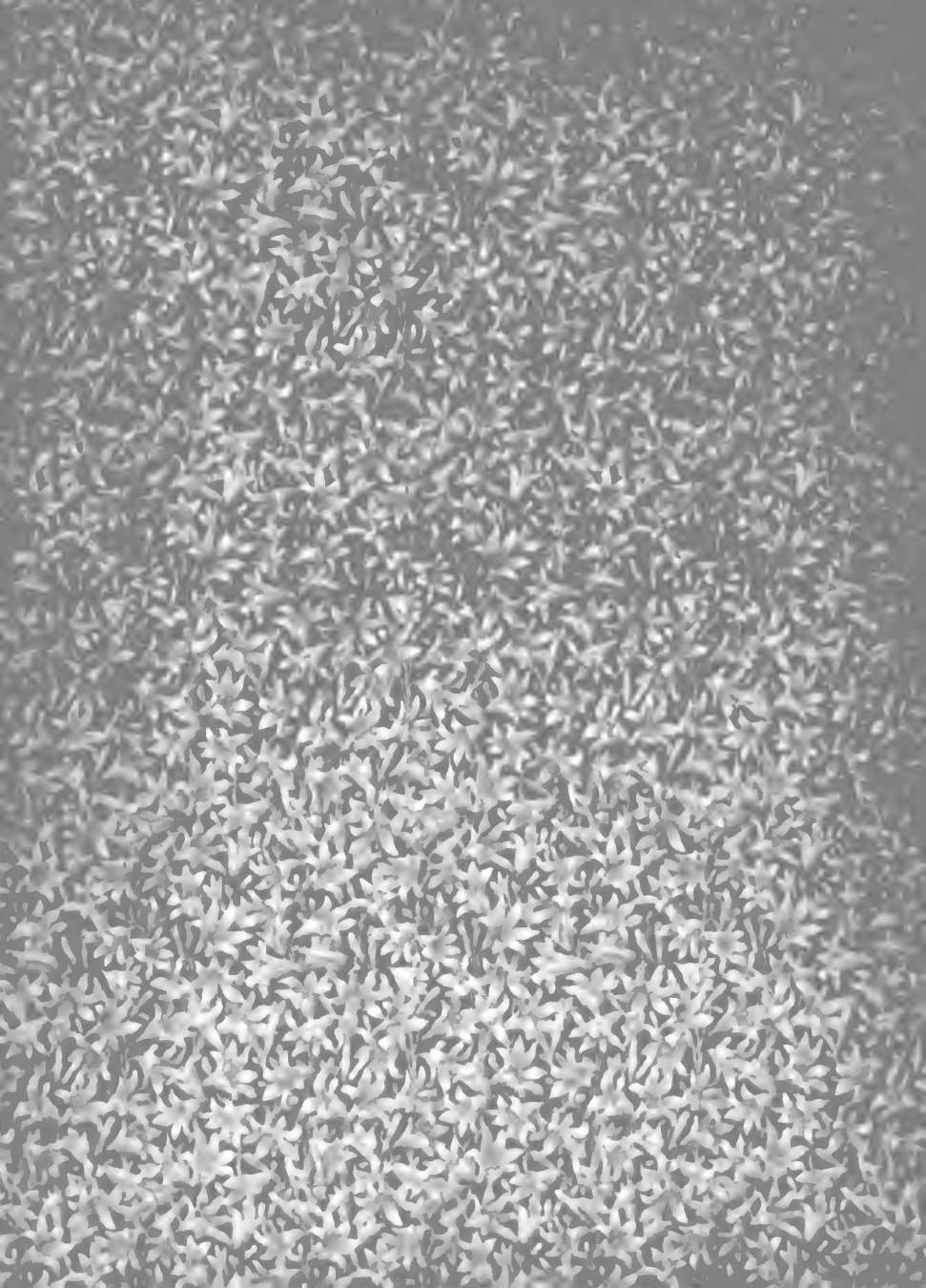


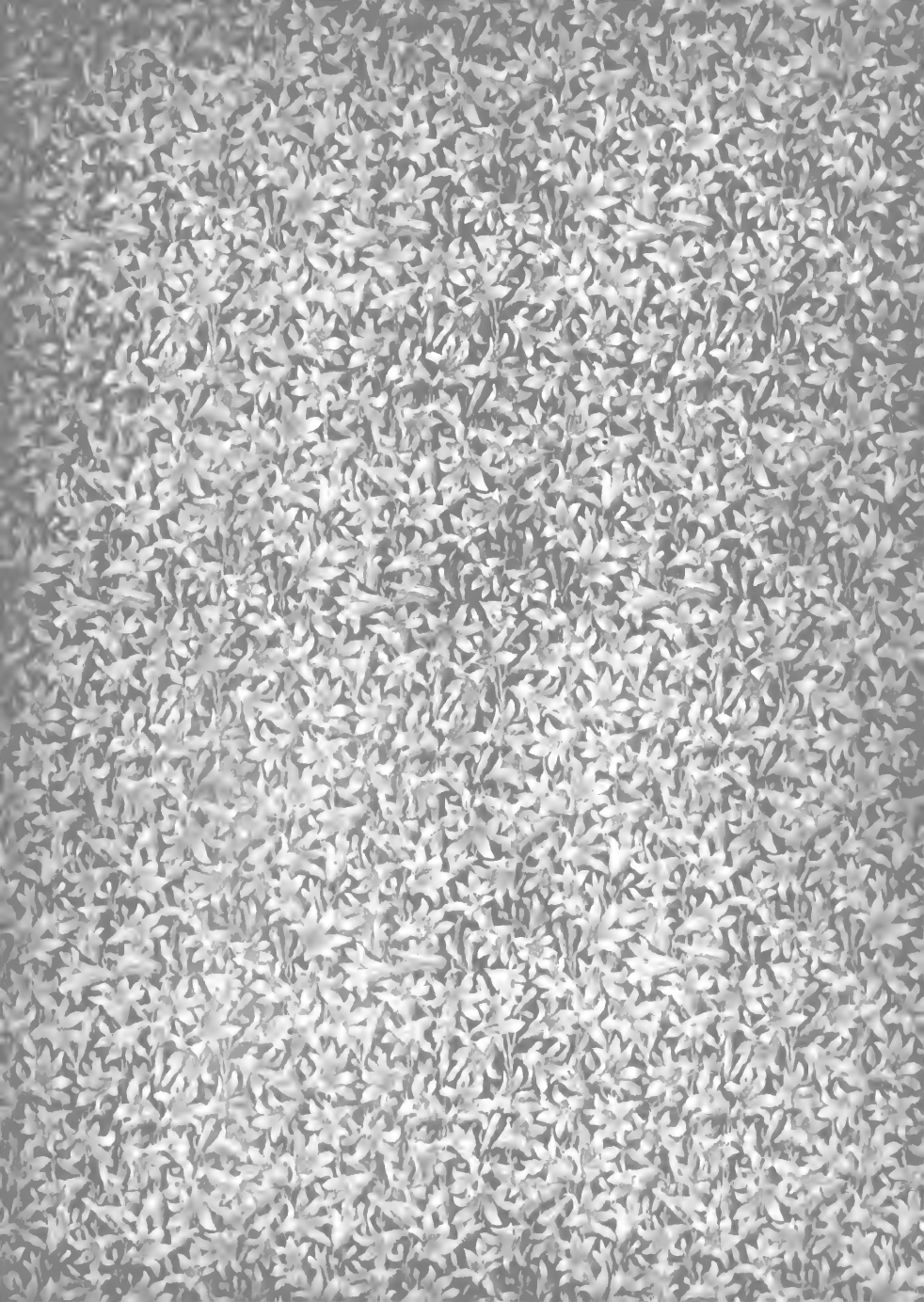












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