













# POEMS

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.



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EVANGELINE,  
A TALE OF ACADIE.

1847.

VOL. II.

1



## EVANGELINE.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring  
pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indis-  
tinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and  
prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on  
their bosoms.  
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced  
neighbouring ocean.  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the  
hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the wood-  
land the voice of the huntsman?  
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of  
Acadian farmers,—  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water  
the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an  
image of heaven?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers  
forever departed!  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty  
blasts of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle  
them far o'er the ocean.

Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful vil-  
lage of Grand-Pré.

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

## PART THE FIRST.

### I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of  
Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-  
Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched  
to the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks  
without number.  
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised  
with labor incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons  
the flood-gates  
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will  
o'er the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax, and  
orchards and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and  
away to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the  
mountains  
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the  
mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their  
station descended.  
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Aca-  
dian village.  
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak  
and of chestnut,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the  
reign of the Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows;  
and gables projecting

Over the basement below protected and shaded  
the door-way.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when  
brightly the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes  
on the chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and  
in kirtles

Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning  
the golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles  
within doors

Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels  
and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest,  
and the children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended  
to bless them.

Reverend walked he among them; and up rose  
matrons and maidens,

Hailing his slow approach with words of affection-  
ate welcome.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and  
serenely the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon  
from the belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of  
the village

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense  
ascending,

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace  
and contentment.

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian  
farmers,—

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were  
they free from



Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the  
vice of republics.  
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to  
their windows ;  
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts  
of the owners ;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived  
in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer  
the Basin of Minas,  
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of  
Grand-Pré,  
Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, direct-  
ing his household,  
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride  
of the village.  
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of sev-  
enty winters ;  
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered  
with snow-flakes ;  
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks  
as brown as the oak-leaves.  
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen  
summers.  
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the  
thorn by the way-side,  
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the  
brown shade of her tresses !  
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that  
feed in the meadows.  
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers  
at noontide  
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was  
the maiden.  
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the  
bell from its turret  
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest  
with his hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings  
upon them,  
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet  
of beads and her missal,  
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue,  
and the ear-rings,  
Brought in the olden time from France, and since,  
as an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child, through long  
generations.  
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal  
beauty —  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,  
after confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's bene-  
diction upon her.  
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing  
of exquisite music.  
Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the  
farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea,  
and a shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine  
wreathing around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath;  
and a footpath  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in  
the meadow.  
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by  
a penthouse,  
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the  
road-side,  
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image  
of Mary.  
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the  
well with its moss-grown  
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough  
for the horses.  
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were  
the barns and the farm-yard.

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the  
 antique ploughs and the harrows ;  
 There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in  
 his feathered seraglio,  
 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock,  
 with the selfsame  
 Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent  
 Peter.  
 Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a  
 village. In each one  
 Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and  
 a staircase,  
 Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous  
 corn-loft.  
 There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and  
 innocent inmates  
 Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant  
 breezes  
 Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang  
 of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the far-  
 mer of Grand-Pré  
 Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed  
 his household.  
 Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and  
 opened his missal,  
 Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deep-  
 est devotion ;  
 Happy was he who might touch her hand or the  
 hem of her garment !  
 Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness  
 befriended,  
 And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound  
 of her footsteps,  
 Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the  
 knocker of iron ;  
 Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the  
 village,

Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance  
as he whispered  
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the  
music.  
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was  
welcome ;  
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the black-  
smith,  
Who was a mighty man in the village, and hon-  
ored of all men ;  
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and  
nations,  
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by  
the people.  
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from  
earliest childhood  
Grew up together as brother and sister ; and  
Father Felician,  
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had  
taught them their letters  
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the  
church and the plain-song. )  
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson  
completed,  
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the  
blacksmith.  
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes  
to behold him  
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a  
plaything,  
Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the  
tire of the cart-wheel  
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of  
cinders.  
Oft on autumnal evès, when without in the gather-  
ing darkness  
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through  
every cranny and crevice,  
Warm by the forge within they watched the labor-  
ing bellows,

And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired  
 in the ashes,  
 Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going  
 into the chapel.  
 Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of  
 the eagle,  
 Down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er  
 the meadow.  
 Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests  
 on the rafters,  
 Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone,  
 which the swallow  
 Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight  
 of its fledglings;  
 Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of  
 the swallow!  
 Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer  
 were children.  
 He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face  
 of the morning,  
 Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened  
 thought into action.  
 She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of  
 a woman.  
 "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for  
 that was the sunshine  
 Which, as the farmers believed, would load their  
 orchards with apples;  
 She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight  
 and abundance,  
 Filling it full of love, and the ruddy faces of chil-  
 dren.

## II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights  
 grow colder and longer,  
 And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion  
 enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air,  
from the ice-bound,  
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical  
islands.  
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the  
winds of September  
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old  
with the angel.  
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclem-  
ent.  
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded  
their honey  
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters  
asserted  
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of  
the foxes.  
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed  
that beautiful season,  
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer  
of All-Saints!  
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light;  
and the landscape  
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of child-  
hood.  
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless  
heart of the ocean  
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in  
harmony blended.  
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in  
the farm-yards,  
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of  
pigeons,  
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love,  
and the great sun  
Looked with the eye of love through the golden  
vapors around him;  
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet  
and yellow,  
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering  
tree of the forest

Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned  
with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection  
and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and  
twilight descending

Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the  
herds to the homestead.

Pawing the ground they came, and resting their  
necks on each other,

And with their nostrils distended inhaling the fresh-  
ness of evening.

Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful  
heifer,

Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that  
waved from her collar,

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

Then came the shepherd back with his bleating  
flocks from the seaside,

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

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride  
of his instinct,

Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and  
superbly

Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the  
stragglers ;

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ;  
their protector,

When from the forest at night, through the starry  
silence, the wolves howled.

Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from  
the marshes,

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its  
odor.

Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their  
manes and their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and  
ponderous saddles,  
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tas-  
sels of crimson,  
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with  
blossoms.  
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded  
their udders  
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in  
regular cadence  
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets de-  
scended.  
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard  
in the farm-yard,  
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into  
stillness;  
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of  
the barn-doors,  
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was  
silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace,  
idly the farmer  
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames  
and the smoke-wreaths  
Struggled together like foes in a burning city.  
Behind him,  
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures  
fantastic,  
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away  
into darkness.  
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his  
arm-chair  
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter  
plates on the dresser  
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies  
the sunshine.  
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of  
Christmas,



Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers be-  
fore him  
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Bur-  
gundian vineyards.  
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline  
seated,  
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner  
behind her.  
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its dili-  
gent shuttle,  
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the  
drone of a bagpipe,  
Followed the old man's song, and united the frag-  
ments together.  
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at in-  
tervals ceases,  
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the  
priest at the altar,  
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion  
the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and,  
suddenly lifted,  
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung  
back on its hinges.  
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil  
the blacksmith,  
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who  
was with him.  
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their foot-  
steps paused on the threshold,  
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy  
place on the settle  
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty  
without thee;  
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box  
of tobacco;  
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the  
curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and  
jovial face gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the  
mist of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil  
the blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the  
fireside :—

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest  
and thy ballad !

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others  
are filled with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before  
them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked  
up a horseshoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evange-  
line brought him,

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he  
slowly continued :—

"Four days now are passed since the English ships  
at their anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon  
pointed against us.

What their design may be is unknown ; but all are  
commanded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his  
Majesty's mandate

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas ! in  
the mean time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the  
people."

Then made answer the farmer :—"Perhaps some  
friendlier purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the  
harvests in England

By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been  
blighted,

And from our bursting barns they would feed their  
cattle and children."

“Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said,  
warmly, the blacksmith,  
Shaking his head, as in doubt ; then, heaving a  
sigh, he continued :—

“Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor  
Port Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on  
its outskirts,

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-  
morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weap-  
ons of all kinds ;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith’s sledge and the  
scythe of the mower.”

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial  
farmer :—

“Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks  
and our cornfields,

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the  
ocean,

Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the  
enemy’s cannon.

Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no  
shadow of sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth ; for this is the night  
of the contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads  
of the village

Strongly have built them and well ; and, breaking  
the glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food  
for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers  
and inkhorn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy  
of our children ?”

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand  
in her lover’s,

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her  
 father had spoken,  
 And as they died on his lips the worthy notary  
 entered.

## III.

BENT like a laboring oar, the toils in the surf of  
 the ocean,  
 Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the  
 notary public ;  
 Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the  
 maize, hung  
 Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and  
 glasses with horn bows  
 Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom  
 supernal.  
 Father of twenty children was he, and more than  
 a hundred  
 Children's children rode on his knee, and heard  
 his great watch tick.  
 Four long years in the times of the war had he  
 languished a captive,  
 Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend  
 of the English.  
 Now, though warier grown, without all guile or sus-  
 picion,  
 Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple,  
 and childlike.  
 He was beloved by all, and most of all by the  
 children ;  
 For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the  
 forest,  
 And of the goblin that came in the night to water  
 the horses,  
 And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who  
 unchristened  
 Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the cham-  
 bers of children ;  
 And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the  
 stable,

And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up  
in a nutshell,

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover  
and horseshoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the  
village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil  
the blacksmith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly ex-  
tending his right hand,

“Father Leblanc,” he exclaimed, “thou hast heard  
the talk in the village,

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

Then with modest demeanour made answer the  
notary public,—

“Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am  
never the wiser ;

And what their errand may be I know not better  
than others.

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil inten-  
tion

Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why  
then molest us ?”

“God’s name !” shouted the hasty and somewhat  
irascible blacksmith ;

“Must we in all things look for the how, and the  
why, and the wherefore ?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of  
the strongest !”

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the  
notary public,—

“Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally jus-  
tice

Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often  
consoled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at  
Port Royal.”

This was the old man’s favorite tale, and he loved  
to repeat it

When his neighbours complained that any injustice  
was done them.  
“ Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer  
remember,  
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Jus-  
tice  
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in  
its left hand,  
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice  
presided  
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and  
homes of the people.  
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales  
of the balance,  
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the  
sunshine above them.  
But in the course of time the laws of the land  
were corrupted ;  
Might took the place of right, and the weak were  
oppressed, and the mighty  
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a  
nobleman’s palace  
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a  
suspicion  
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the  
household.  
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the  
scaffold,  
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue  
of Justice.  
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit  
ascended,  
Lo ! o’er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of  
the thunder  
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath  
from its left hand  
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales  
of the balance,  
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a  
maggie,

Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls  
was inwoven."

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was  
ended, the blacksmith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth  
no language ;

All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his  
face, as the vapors

Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in  
the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the  
table,

Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with  
home-brewed

Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in  
the village of Grand-Pré ;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers  
and ink-horn,

Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of  
the parties,

Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep  
and in cattle.

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well  
were completed,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on  
the margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the former threw on  
the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of  
silver ;

And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and  
the bridegroom,

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their  
welfare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed  
and departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the  
fireside,

Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of  
its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention  
the old men

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœu-  
vre,

Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach  
was made in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a win-  
dow's embrasure,

Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding  
the moon rise

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the  
meadows.

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of  
heaven,

Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of  
the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell  
from the belfry

Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and  
straightway

Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned  
in the household.

Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the  
door-step

Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it  
with gladness.

Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed  
on the hearth-stone,

And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the  
farmer.

Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline  
followed.

Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the  
darkness,

Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of  
the maiden.



Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the  
door of her chamber.

Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white,  
and its clothes-press

Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were  
carefully folded

Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evan-  
geline woven.

This was the precious dower she would bring to her  
husband in marriage,

Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her  
skill as a housewife.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow  
and radiant moonlight

Streamed through the windows and lighted the  
room, till the heart of the maiden

Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous  
tides of the ocean.

Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as  
she stood with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of  
her chamber!

Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of  
the orchard,

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of  
her lamp and her shadow.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feel-  
ing of sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds  
in the moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for  
a moment.

And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely  
the moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow  
her footsteps,

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered  
with Hagar!

## IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village  
of Grand-Pré.

Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin  
of Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows,  
were riding at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clam-  
orous labor

Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates  
of the morning.

Now from the country around, from the farms and  
the neighbouring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian  
peasants.

Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from  
the young folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the nu-  
merous meadows,

Where no path could be seen but the track of  
wheels in the greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed  
on the highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor  
were silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy  
groups at the house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped  
together.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed  
and feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived like broth-  
ers together,

All things were held in common, and what one had  
was another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more  
abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her  
 father ;  
 Bright was her face with smiles, and words of wel-  
 come and gladness  
 Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as  
 she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the  
 orchard,  
 Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of  
 betrothal.  
 There in the shade of the porch were the priest  
 and the notary seated ;  
 There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the  
 blacksmith.  
 Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press  
 and the beehives,  
 Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of  
 hearts and of waistcoats.  
 Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played  
 on his snow-white  
 Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face  
 of the fiddler  
 Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown  
 from the embers.  
 Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his  
 fiddle,  
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres*, and *Le Carillon de*  
*Dunkerque*,  
 And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the  
 music.  
 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying  
 dances  
 Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the  
 meadows ;  
 Old folk and young together, and children mingled  
 among them.  
 Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's  
 daughter !

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous  
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.  
Thronged ere long was the church with men.  
Without, in the churchyard,  
Waited the women. They stood by the graves,  
and hung on the head-stones  
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.  
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them  
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor  
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—  
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal  
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.  
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,  
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.  
“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s orders.  
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness,  
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper  
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.  
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;  
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you your-  
 selves from this province  
 Be transported to other lands. God grant you  
 may dwell there  
 Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable  
 people!  
 Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his  
 Majesty's pleasure!"  
 As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of  
 summer,  
 Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of  
 the hailstones  
 Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and  
 shatters his windows,  
 Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with  
 thatch from the house-roofs,  
 Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their  
 inclosures;  
 So on the hearts of the people descended the  
 words of the speaker.  
 Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder,  
 and then rose  
 Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and  
 anger,  
 And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to  
 the door-way.  
 Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce  
 imprecations  
 Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er  
 the heads of the others  
 Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the  
 blacksmith,  
 As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the  
 billows.  
 Flushed was his face and distorted with passion;  
 and wildly he shouted,—  
 "Down with the tyrants of England! we never  
 have sworn them allegiance!  
 Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our  
 homes and our harvests!"

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

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry  
 contention,  
 Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father  
 Felician  
 Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps  
 of the altar.  
 Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed  
 into silence  
 All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to  
 his people;  
 Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents  
 measured and mournful  
 Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly  
 the clock strikes.  
 "What is this that ye do, my children? what  
 madness has seized you?  
 Forty years of my life have I labored among you,  
 and taught you,  
 Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one  
 another!  
 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and  
 prayers and privations?  
 Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and  
 forgiveness?  
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and  
 would you profane it  
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing  
 with hatred?  
 Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is  
 gazing upon you!  
 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and  
 holy compassion!  
 Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O  
 Father, forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the  
wicked assail us.

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive  
them!'"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the  
hearts of his people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that  
passionate outbreak;

And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Fa-  
ther, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers  
gleamed from the altar.

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and  
the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the  
Ave Maria

Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls,  
with devotion translated,

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

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings  
of ill, and on all sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women  
and children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with  
her right hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun,  
that, descending,

Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor,  
and roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and em-  
blazoned its windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth  
on the table;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey  
fragrant with wild flowers;

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

And at the head of the board the great arm-chair  
of the farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as  
the sunset

Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad  
ambrosial meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had  
fallen,

And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial  
ascended,—

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness,  
and patience!

Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the  
village,

Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate  
hearts of the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps  
they departed,

Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet  
of their children.

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glim-  
mering vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet  
descending from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus  
sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church  
Evangeline lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and  
the windows

Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome  
by emotion

“Gabriel!” cried she aloud with tremulous voice;  
but no answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the  
gloomier grave of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless  
house of her father.



Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board  
stood the supper untasted,  
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted  
with phantoms of terror.  
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor  
of her chamber.  
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering  
rain fall  
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree  
by the window.  
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the  
echoing thunder  
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed  
the world he created!  
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of  
the justice of heaven;  
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully  
slumbered till morning.

## V.

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now  
on the fifth day  
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of  
the farm-house.  
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful  
procession,  
Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms  
the Acadian women,  
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods  
to the sea-shore,  
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on  
their dwellings,  
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road  
and the woodland.  
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged  
on the oxen,  
While in their little hands they clasped some frag-  
ments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried;  
 and there on the sea-beach  
 Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the  
 peasants.  
 All day long between the shore and the ships did  
 the boats ply;  
 All day long the wains came laboring down from  
 the village.  
 Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to  
 his setting,  
 Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums  
 from the church-yard.  
 Thither the women and children thronged. On a  
 sudden the church-doors  
 Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching  
 in gloomy procession  
 Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Aca-  
 dian farmers.  
 Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their  
 homes and their country,  
 Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are  
 weary and way-worn,  
 So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants  
 descended  
 Down from the church to the shore, amid their  
 wives and their daughters.  
 Foremost the young men came; and, raising  
 together their voices,  
 Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the  
 Catholic Missions:—  
 “ Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible  
 fountain!  
 Fill our hearts this day with strength and submis-  
 sion and patience!”  
 Then the old men, as they marched, and the  
 women that stood by the way-side  
 Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the  
 sunshine above them  
 Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits  
 departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited  
 in silence,  
 Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of  
 affliction,—  
 Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession  
 approached her,  
 And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with  
 emotion.  
 Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to  
 meet him,  
 Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his  
 shoulder, and whispered,—  
 “ Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one  
 another,  
 Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mis-  
 chances may happen!”  
 Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly  
 paused, for her father  
 Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed  
 was his aspect!  
 Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire  
 from his eye, and his footstep  
 Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary  
 heart in his bosom.  
 But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck  
 and embraced him,  
 Speaking words of endearment where words of  
 comfort availed not.  
 Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that  
 mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and  
 stir of embarking.  
 Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the con-  
 fusion  
 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers,  
 too late, saw their children  
 Left on the land, extending their arms, with  
 wildest entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel  
carried,  
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood  
with her father.  
Half the task was not done when the sun went  
down, and the twilight  
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the  
refluent ocean  
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the  
sand-beach  
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the  
slippery sea-weed.  
Farther back in the midst of the household goods  
and the wagons,  
Like to a gipsy camp, or a leaguer after a  
battle,  
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels  
near them,  
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian  
farmers.  
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellow-  
ing ocean,  
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles,  
and leaving  
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of  
the sailors.  
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned  
from their pastures;  
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk  
from their udders;  
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known  
bars of the farm-yard,—  
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the  
hand of the milkmaid.  
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no  
Angelus sounded,  
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no  
lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires  
had been kindled,  
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from  
wrecks in the tempest.  
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces  
were gathered,  
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and  
the crying of children.  
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth  
in his parish,  
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and bless-  
ing and cheering,  
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate  
sea-shore.  
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline  
sat with her father,  
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the  
old man,  
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either  
thought or emotion,  
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands  
have been taken.  
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses  
to cheer him,  
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he  
looked not, he spake not,  
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flick-  
ering fire-light.  
" *Benedicite!* " murmured the priest, in tones of  
compassion.  
More he fain would have said; but his heart was  
full, and his accents  
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a  
child on a threshold,  
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful  
presence of sorrow.  
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head  
of the maiden,  
Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars  
that above them

Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs  
and sorrows of mortals.

Then sat he down at her side, and they wept  
together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in  
autumn the blood-red  
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er  
the horizon

Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon moun-  
tain and meadow,

Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge  
shadows together.

Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs  
of the village,

Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships  
that lay in the roadstead.

Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of  
flame were

Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like  
the quivering hands of a martyr.

Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burn-  
ing thatch, and, uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from  
a hundred house-tops

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame  
intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the  
shore and on shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in  
their anguish,

“We shall behold no more our homes in the  
village of Grand-Pré!”

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the  
farm-yards,

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the  
lowing of cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of  
dogs interrupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the  
sleeping encampments  
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the  
Nebraska,  
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the  
speed of the whirlwind,  
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to  
the river.  
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the  
herds and the horses  
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly  
rushed o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the  
priest and the maiden  
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and  
widened before them ;  
And as they turned at length to speak to their  
silent companion,  
Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched  
abroad on the sea-shore  
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had  
departed.  
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the  
maiden  
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her  
terror.  
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head  
on his bosom.  
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious  
slumber ;  
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld  
a multitude near her.  
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully  
gazing upon her,  
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest  
compassion.  
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the  
landscape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the  
faces around her,

And like the day of doom it seemed to her waver-  
ing senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the  
people,—

“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a  
happier season

Brings us again to our homes from the unknown  
land of our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the  
church-yard.”

Such were the words of the priest. And there in  
haste by the sea-side,

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral  
torches,

But without bell or book, they buried the farmer  
of Grand-Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service  
of sorrow,

Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast  
congregation,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar  
with the dirges.

’T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste  
of the ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and  
hurrying landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise  
of embarking;

And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out  
of the harbour,

Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and  
the village in ruins.



## PART THE SECOND.

## I.

(MANY a weary year had passed since the burning  
 of Grand-Pré,  
 When on the falling tide the freighted vessels  
 departed,  
 Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into  
 exile,  
 Exile without an end, and without an example in  
 story.  
 Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians  
 landed ;  
 Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the  
 wind from the northeast  
 Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the  
 Banks of Newfoundland.  
 Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from  
 city to city,  
 From the cold lakes of the North to sultry South-  
 ern savannas,—  
 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands  
 where the Father of Waters  
 Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down  
 to the ocean,  
 Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of  
 the mammoth.  
 Friends they sought and homes ; and many, de-  
 spairing, heart-broken,  
 Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a  
 friend nor a fireside.  
 Written their history stands on tablets of stone in  
 the church-yards.  
 Long among them was seen a maiden who waited  
 and wandered,  
 Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering  
 all things.

Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her  
extended,  
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with  
its pathway  
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed  
and suffered before her,  
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead  
and abandoned,  
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is  
marked by  
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach  
in the sunshine.  
Something there was in her life incomplete, imper-  
fect, unfinished;  
As if a morning of June, with all its music and  
sunshine,  
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly  
descended  
Into the east again, from whence it late had  
arisen.  
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the  
fever within her,  
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst  
of the spirit,  
She would commence again her endless search and  
endeavour;  
Sometimes in church-yards strayed, and gazed on  
the crosses and tombstones,  
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that  
perhaps in its bosom  
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber  
beside him.  
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate  
whisper,  
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her  
forward.  
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her  
beloved and known him,  
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or for-  
gotten.

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said they; “O, yes! we have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;

*Coueurs-des-Bois* are they, and famous hunters and trappers.”

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said others; “O, yes! we have seen him.

He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana.”

Then would they say,—“Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary’s son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine’s tresses.”

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,—“I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.”

And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,

Said, with a smile,—“O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again  
to the fountain.

Patience ; accomplish thy labor ; accomplish thy  
work of affection !

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the  
heart is made godlike,

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

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline  
labored and waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of  
the ocean,

But with its sound there was mingled a voice that  
whispered, “ Despair not !”

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheer-  
less discomfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns  
of existence.

Let me essay, O Muse ! to follow the wanderer's  
footsteps ;—

Not through each devious path, each changeful  
year of existence ;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course  
through the valley :

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam  
of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at inter-  
vals only ;

Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan  
glooms that conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear its continu-  
ous murmur ;

Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it  
reaches an outlet.

## II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,  
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,  
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,  
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.  
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked  
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,  
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;  
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,  
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers  
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.  
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.  
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,  
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;  
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.  
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike  
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,  
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars  
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of  
pelicans waded.  
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of  
the river,  
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant  
gardens,  
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and  
dove-cots.  
They were approaching the region where reigns  
perpetual summer,  
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of  
orange and citron,  
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the  
eastward.  
They, too, swerved from their course ; and, enter-  
ing the Bayou of Plaquemine,  
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious  
waters,  
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every  
direction.  
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous  
boughs of the cypress  
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid  
air,  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of  
ancient cathedrals.  
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save  
by the herons  
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning  
at sunset,  
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demo-  
niac laughter.  
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed  
on the water,  
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar  
sustaining the arches,  
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through  
chinks in a ruin.  
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all  
things around them ;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of  
wonder and sadness,—  
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot  
be compassed.  
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the  
prairies,  
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrink-  
ing mimosa,  
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings  
of evil,  
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of  
doom has attained it.  
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision,  
that faintly  
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on  
through the moonlight.  
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the  
shape of a phantom.  
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wan-  
dered before her,  
And every stroke of the oar now brought him  
nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose  
one of the oarsmen,  
And, as a signal sound, if others like them perad-  
venture  
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew  
a blast on his bugle.  
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors  
leafy the blast rang,  
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to  
the forest.  
Soundless above them the banners of moss just  
stirred to the music.  
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the dis-  
tance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant  
branches;

But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the  
darkness ;

And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of  
pain was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed  
through the midnight,

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian  
boat-songs,

Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian  
rivers.

And through the night were heard the mysterious  
sounds of the desert,

Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the  
forest,

Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar  
of the grim alligator.

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

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atcha-  
falaya.

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undu-  
lations

Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in  
beauty, the lotus

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the  
boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of  
magnolia blossoms,

And with the heat of noon ; and numberless  
sylvan islands,

Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming  
hedges of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to  
slumber.

Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were  
suspended.

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by  
the margin,



Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about  
on the greensward,  
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers  
slumbered.  
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a  
cedar.  
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower  
and the grape-vine  
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of  
Jacob,  
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending,  
descending,  
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from  
blossom to blossom.  
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slum-  
bered beneath it.  
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an  
opening heaven  
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions  
celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless  
islands,  
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the  
water,  
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters  
and trappers.  
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the  
bison and beaver.  
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thought-  
ful and careworn.  
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,  
and a sadness  
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly  
written.  
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy  
and restless,  
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of  
sorrow.

Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of  
the island,  
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of  
palmettos,  
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay  
concealed in the willows,  
And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and  
unseen, were the sleepers ;  
Angel of God was there none to awaken the  
slumbering maiden.  
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud  
on the prairie.  
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died  
in the distance,  
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the  
maiden  
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest,—“ O Father  
Felician !  
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel  
wanders.  
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague super-  
stition ?  
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to  
my spirit ? ”  
Then, with a blush, she added,—“ Alas for my  
credulous fancy !  
Unto ears-like thine such words as these have no  
meaning.”  
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled  
as he answered,—  
“ Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they  
to me without meaning.  
Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats  
on the surface  
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the  
anchor is hidden.  
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world  
calls illusions.  
Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the  
southward,

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St.  
 Maur and St. Martin.  
 There the long-wandering bride shall be given  
 again to her bridegroom,  
 There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and  
 his sheepfold.  
 Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests  
 of fruit-trees ;  
 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest  
 of heavens  
 Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls  
 of the forest.  
 They who dwell there have named it the Eden of  
 Louisiana.”

And with these words of cheer they arose and  
 continued their journey.  
 Softly the evening came. The sun from the  
 western horizon  
 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the  
 landscape ;  
 Twinkling vapors arose ; and sky and water and  
 forest  
 Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and  
 mingled together.  
 Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of  
 silver,  
 Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the  
 motionless water.  
 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible  
 sweetness.  
 Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains  
 of feeling  
 Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and  
 waters around her.  
 Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-  
 bird, wildest of singers,  
 Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the  
 water,

Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious  
 music,  
 That the whole air and the woods and the waves  
 seemed silent to listen.  
 Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then  
 soaring to madness  
 Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of  
 frenzied Bacchantes.  
 Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low  
 lamentation;  
 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them  
 abroad in derision,  
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the  
 tree-tops  
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower  
 on the branches.  
 With such a prelude as this, and hearts that  
 throbbed with emotion,  
 Slowly they entered the Tête, where it flows  
 through the green Opelousas,  
 And through the amber air, above the crest of  
 the woodland,  
 Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neigh-  
 bouring dwelling;—  
 Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant  
 lowing of cattle.

## III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by  
 oaks, from whose branches  
 Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe  
 flaunted,  
 Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets  
 at Yule-tide,  
 Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herds-  
 man. A garden  
 Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant  
 blossoms,

Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself  
was of timbers  
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted  
together.  
Large and low was the roof; and on slender  
columns supported,  
Rose-wreath, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious  
veranda,  
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended  
around it.  
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the  
garden,  
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual  
symbol,  
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions  
of rivals.  
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of  
shadow and sunshine  
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house  
itself was in shadow,  
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly  
expanding  
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke  
rose.  
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate,  
ran a pathway  
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of  
the limitless prairie,  
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly  
descending.  
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy  
canvas.  
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless  
calm in the tropics,  
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of  
grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf  
of the prairie,

Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and  
stirrups,  
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet  
of deerskin.  
Broad and brown was the face that from under the  
Spanish sombrero  
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look  
of its master.  
Round about him were numberless herds of kine,  
that were grazing  
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory  
freshness  
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over  
the landscape.  
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and  
expanding  
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that  
resounded  
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp  
air of the evening.  
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of  
the cattle  
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of  
ocean.  
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed  
o'er the prairie,  
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the  
distance.  
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through  
the gate of the garden  
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden  
advancing to meet him.  
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in  
amazement, and forward  
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of  
wonder;  
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil  
the Blacksmith.  
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the  
garden.

There in an arbour of roses with endless question  
and answer  
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their  
friendly embraces,  
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent  
and thoughtful.  
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark  
doubts and misgivings  
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat  
embarrassed,  
Broke the silence and said,—“ If you came by the  
Atchafalaya,  
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's  
boat on the bayous ? ”  
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a  
shade passed.  
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a  
tremulous accent,—  
“ Gone ? is Gabriel gone ? ” and, concealing her  
face on his shoulder,  
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept  
and lamented.  
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew  
blithe as he said it,—  
“ Be of good cheer, my child ; it is only to-day he  
departed.  
Foolish boy ! he has left me alone with my herds  
and my horses.  
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled,  
his spirit  
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet  
existence.  
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful  
ever,  
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his  
troubles,  
He at length had become so tedious to men and to  
maidens,  
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me,  
and sent him

Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with  
the Spaniards.  
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the  
Ozark Mountains,  
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping  
the beaver.  
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the  
fugitive lover;  
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the  
streams are against him.  
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew  
of the morning  
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his  
prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the  
banks of the river,  
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael  
the fiddler.  
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on  
Olympus,  
Having no other care than dispensing music to  
mortals.  
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his  
fiddle.  
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave  
Acadian minstrel!"  
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession;  
and straightway  
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greet-  
ing the old man  
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil,  
enraptured,  
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and  
gossips,  
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers  
and daughters.  
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-  
devant blacksmith,



All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal  
demeanour ;  
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil  
and the climate,  
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were  
his who would take them ;  
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would  
go and do likewise.  
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the  
airy veranda,  
Entered the hall of the house, where already the  
supper of Basil  
Waited his late return ; and they rested and  
feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness  
descended.

All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape  
with silver,  
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars ;  
but within doors,  
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in  
the glimmering lamplight.  
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the  
table, the herdsman  
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in  
endless profusion.  
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet  
Natchitoches tobacco,  
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and  
smiled as they listened :—  
“ Welcome once more, my friends, who so long  
have been friendless and homeless,  
Welcome once more to a home, that is better  
perchance than the old one !  
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the  
rivers ;  
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the  
farmer.

Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as  
a keel through the water.

All the year round the orange-groves are in  
blossom; and grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian  
summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and un-  
claimed in the prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and  
forests of timber

With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed  
into houses.

After your houses are built, and your fields are  
yellow with harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away  
from your homesteads,

Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing  
your farms and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud  
from his nostrils,

And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down  
on the table,

So that the guests all started; and Father Felician,  
astounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way  
to his nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were  
milder and gayer:—

"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of  
the fever!

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian clim-  
ate,

Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck  
in a nutshell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and  
footsteps approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy  
veranda.

It was the neighbouring Creoles and small Acadian  
planters,

Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil  
 the Herdsman.  
 Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and  
 neighbours :  
 Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who  
 before were as strangers,  
 Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to  
 each other,  
 Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country  
 together.  
 But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music,  
 proceeding  
 From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious  
 fiddle,  
 Broke up all further speech. Away, like children  
 delighted,  
 All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves  
 to the maddening  
 Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed  
 to the music,  
 Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of  
 fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the  
 priest and the herdsman  
 Sat, conversing together of past and present and  
 future ;  
 While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for  
 within her  
 Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the  
 music  
 Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepress-  
 ible sadness  
 Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth  
 into the garden.  
 Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall  
 of the forest,  
 Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.  
 On the river

Fell here and there through the branches a tremu-  
lous gleam of the moonlight,  
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and  
devious spirit.  
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers  
of the garden  
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their  
prayers and confessions  
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent  
Carthusian.  
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with  
shadows and night-dews,  
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the  
magical moonlight  
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable  
longings,  
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown  
shade of the oak-trees,  
Passed she along the path to the edge of the meas-  
ureless prairie.  
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-  
flies  
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite  
numbers.  
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the  
heavens,  
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to  
marvel and worship,  
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls  
of that temple,  
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them,  
“Upharsin.”  
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and  
the fire-flies,  
Wandered alone, and she cried,—“O Gabriel!  
O my beloved!  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot  
behold thee?  
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does  
not reach me?”

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!

Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,

Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighbouring thickets,

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.

"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;

"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."

"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended

Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was  
 speeding before them,  
 Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the  
 desert.  
 Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that  
 succeeded,  
 Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or  
 river,  
 Nor, after many days, had they found him; but  
 vague and uncertain  
 Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and  
 desolate country;  
 Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of  
 Adayes,  
 Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from  
 the garrulous landlord,  
 That on the day before, with horses and guides  
 and companions,  
 Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the  
 prairies.

## IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where  
 the mountains  
 Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and lum-  
 inous summits.  
 Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the  
 gorge, like a gateway,  
 Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emi-  
 grant's wagon,  
 Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway  
 and Owyhee.  
 Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-  
 river Mountains,  
 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps  
 the Nebraska;  
 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the  
 Spanish sierras,

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the  
wind of the desert,  
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend  
to the ocean,  
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn  
vibrations.  
Spreading between these streams are the won-  
drous, beautiful prairies,  
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and  
sunshine,  
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple  
amorphas.  
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk  
and the roebuck ;  
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of rider-  
less horses ;  
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are  
weary with travel ;  
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's  
children,  
Staining the desert with blood ; and above their  
terrible war-trails  
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the  
vulture,  
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered  
in battle,  
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the  
heavens.  
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of  
these savage marauders ;  
Here and there rise groves from the margins of  
swift-running rivers ;  
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk  
of the desert,  
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by  
the brook-side,  
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline  
heaven,  
Like the protecting hand-of God inverted above  
them.

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

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there  
silently entered  
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose  
features  
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great  
as her sorrow.  
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her  
people,  
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel  
Camanches,  
Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois,  
had been murdered.  
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warm-  
est and friendliest welcome  
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and  
feasted among them  
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the  
embers.



But when their meal was done, and Basil and all  
his companions,  
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of  
the deer and the bison,  
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept  
where the quivering fire-light  
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms  
wrapped up in their blankets,  
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and  
repeated  
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her  
Indian accent,  
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and  
pains, and reverses.  
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know  
that another  
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been  
disappointed.  
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and  
woman's compassion,  
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had  
suffered was near her,  
She in turn related her love and all its disas-  
ters.  
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she  
had ended  
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious  
horror  
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated  
the tale of the Mowis;  
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and  
wedded a maiden,  
But, when the morning came, arose and passed  
from the wigwam,  
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the  
sunshine,  
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed  
far into the forest.  
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a  
weird incantation,

Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was  
wooed by a phantom,  
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in  
the hush of the twilight,  
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love  
to the maiden,  
Till she followed his green and waving plume  
through the forest,  
And never more returned, nor was seen again by  
her people.  
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evan-  
line listened  
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the  
region around her  
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy  
guest the enchantress.  
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the  
moon rose,  
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious  
splendor  
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and  
filling the woodland.  
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and  
the branches  
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible  
whispers.  
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's  
heart, but a secret,  
Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite ter-  
ror,  
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest  
of the swallow.  
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region  
of spirits  
Seemed to float in the air of 'night; and she felt for  
a moment  
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing  
a phantom.  
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and  
the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed;  
and the Shawnee  
Said, as they journeyed along,—“ On the western  
slope of these mountains  
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of  
the Mission.  
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of  
Mary and Jesus;  
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with  
pain, as they hear him.”  
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evan-  
geline answered,—  
“ Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings  
await us!”  
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a  
spur of the mountains,  
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur  
of voices,  
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank  
of a river,  
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the  
Jesuit Mission.  
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of  
the village,  
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A  
crucifix fastened  
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed  
by grape-vines,  
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude  
kneeling beneath it.  
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the  
intricate arches  
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their ves-  
pers,  
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs  
of the branches.  
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer  
approaching,

( Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.

But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them

Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,

And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.

There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated

On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,

Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!”

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

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest; “but in autumn,

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”

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

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

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

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each  
 other,—  
 Days and weeks and months; and the fields of  
 maize that were springing  
 Green from the ground when a stranger she came,  
 now waving above her,  
 Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing,  
 and forming  
 Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pil-  
 laged by squirrels.  
 Then in the golden weather the maize was husked,  
 and the maidens  
 Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened  
 a lover,  
 But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief  
 in the corn-field.  
 Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not  
 her lover.  
 “Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith,  
 and thy prayer will be answered!  
 Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from  
 the meadow,  
 See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as  
 the magnet;  
 It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has  
 suspended  
 Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller’s  
 journey  
 Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the  
 desert.  
 Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of  
 passion,

Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller  
of fragrance,  
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their  
odor is deadly.  
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and  
hereafter  
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with  
the dews of nepenthe."

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,  
—yet Gabriel came not;  
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the  
robin and blue-bird  
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel  
came not.  
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor  
was wafted  
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of  
blossom.  
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan  
forests,  
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw  
river.  
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes  
of St Lawrence,  
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the  
Mission.  
When over weary ways, by long and perilous  
marches,  
She had attained at length the depths of the Michi-  
gan forests,  
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to  
ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in  
seasons and places  
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering  
maiden;—  
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian  
Missions,

Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of  
the army,  
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous  
cities.  
Like a phantom she came, and passed away un-  
remembered.  
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the  
long journey ;  
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it  
ended.  
Each succeeding year stole something away from  
her beauty,  
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom  
and the shadow.  
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of  
gray o'er her forehead,  
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly  
horizon,  
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the  
morning.

## v.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the  
Delaware's waters,  
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the  
apostle,  
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the  
city he founded.  
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the  
emblem of beauty,  
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees  
of the forest,  
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose  
haunts they molested.  
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline  
landed, an exile,  
Finding among the children of Penn a home and  
a country.

There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he  
departed,  
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred  
descendants.  
Something at least there was in the friendly streets  
of the city,  
Something that spake to her heart, and made her  
no longer a stranger ;  
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou  
of the Quakers,  
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian coun-  
try,  
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers  
and sisters.  
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed  
endeavour,  
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, un-  
complaining,  
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her  
thoughts and her footsteps.  
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the  
morning  
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape  
below us,  
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and  
hamlets,  
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the  
world far below her,  
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and  
the pathway  
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and  
fair in the distance.  
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was  
his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last  
she beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence  
and absence.  
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it  
was not.



Over him years had no power ; he was not changed,  
 but transfigured ;  
 He had become to her heart as one who is dead,  
 and not absent ;  
 Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to  
 others,  
 ( This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had  
 taught her. )  
 So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous  
 spices, )  
 Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air  
 with aroma.  
 Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to  
 follow  
 Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of  
 her Saviour.  
 Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ;  
 frequenting  
 Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes  
 of the city,  
 Where distress and want concealed themselves  
 from the sunlight,  
 Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished  
 neglected.  
 Night after night, when the world was asleep, as  
 the watchman repeated  
 Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well  
 in the city,  
 High at some lonely window he saw the light of  
 her taper.  
 Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow  
 through the suburbs  
 Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and  
 fruits for the market,  
 Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from  
 its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on  
 the city,

Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks  
of wild pigeons,  
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in  
their craws but an acorn.  
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of  
September,  
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a  
lake in the meadow,  
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural  
margin,  
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of  
existence.  
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to  
charm, the oppressor ;  
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his  
anger ;—  
Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor  
attendants,  
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the  
homeless.  
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of  
meadows and woodlands ;—  
Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gate-  
way and wicket  
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls  
seem to echo  
Softly the words of the Lord :—“ The poor ye  
always have with you.”  
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of  
Mercy. The dying  
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to  
behold there  
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with  
splendor,  
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints  
and apostles,  
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a  
distance.

Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city  
    celestial,  
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would  
    enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets,  
    deserted and silent,  
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of  
    the almshouse.  
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers  
    in the garden ;  
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest  
    among them,  
That the dying once more might rejoice in their  
    fragrance and beauty,  
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors,  
    cooled by the east wind,  
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from  
    the belfry of Christ Church,  
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows  
    were wafted  
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes  
    in their Church at Wicaco.  
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour  
    on her spirit ;  
Something within her said,—“ At length thy trials  
    are ended ” ;  
And, with light in her looks, she entered the  
    chambers of sickness.  
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful  
    attendants,  
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow,  
    and in silence  
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and conceal-  
    ing their faces,  
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow  
    by the road-side.  
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline  
    entered,

Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she  
passed, for her presence  
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the  
walls of a prison.  
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death,  
the consoler,  
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it  
forever.  
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-  
time ;  
Vacant their places were, or filled already by  
strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of  
wonder,  
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while  
a shudder  
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flow-  
erets dropped from her fingers,  
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and  
bloom of the morning.  
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such  
terrible anguish,  
That the dying heard it, and started up from their  
pillows.  
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of  
an old man.  
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that  
shaded his temples ;  
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a  
moment  
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its  
earlier manhood ;  
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who  
are dying.  
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the  
fever,  
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had  
besprinkled its portals,

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and  
pass over.  
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit  
exhausted  
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths  
in the darkness,  
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking  
and sinking.  
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied  
reverberations,  
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush  
that succeeded  
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and  
saint-like,  
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into  
silence.  
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home  
of his childhood;  
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among  
them,  
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walk-  
ing under their shadow,  
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in  
his vision.  
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted  
his eyelids,  
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt  
by his bedside.  
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the  
accents unuttered  
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what  
his tongue would have spoken.  
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling  
beside him,  
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her  
bosom.  
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly  
sank into darkness,  
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at  
a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and  
the sorrow,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied  
longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of  
patience!

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to  
her bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured,  
“Father, I thank thee!”

---

STILL stands the forest primeval ; but far away  
from its shadow,  
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers  
are sleeping.  
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic  
church-yard,  
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and  
unnoticed.  
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside  
them,  
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at  
rest and forever,  
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer  
are busy,  
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have  
ceased from their labors,  
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have  
completed their journey !

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the  
shade of its branches  
Dwells another race, with other customs and  
language.  
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty  
Atlantic  
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from  
exile  
Wandered back to their native land to die in its  
bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are  
still busy ;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their  
kirtles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's  
story,

While from its rocky caverns ' the deep-voiced  
neighbouring ocean

(Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the  
wail of the forest.



**THE GOLDEN LEGEND.**

1851.



## PROLOGUE.

### THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

*Night and storm.* LUCIFER, *with the Powers of the Air,*  
*trying to tear down the Cross.*

LUCIFER.

HASTEN ! hasten !  
O ye spirits !  
From its station drag the ponderous  
Cross of iron, that to mock us  
Is uplifted high in air !

VOICES.

O, we cannot !  
For around it  
All the Saints and Guardian Angels  
Throng in legions to protect it ;  
They defeat us everywhere !

THE BELLS.

Laudo Deum verum !  
Plebem voco !  
Congrego clerum !

LUCIFER.

Lower ! lower !  
Hover downward !  
Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and  
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement  
Hurl them from their windy tower !

## VOICES.

All thy thunders  
 Here are harmless !  
 For these bells have been anointed,  
 And baptized with holy water !  
 They defy our utmost power.

## THE BELLS.

Defunctos ploro !  
 Pestem fugo !  
 Festa decoro !

## LUCIFER.

Shake the casements !  
 Break the painted  
 Panes, that flame with gold and crimson ;  
 Scatter them like leaves of Autumn,  
 Swept away before the blast !

## VOICES.

O, we cannot !  
 The Archangel  
 Michael flames from every window,  
 With the sword of fire that drove us  
 Headlong, out of heaven, aghast !

## THE BELLS.

Funera plango !  
 Fulgura frango !  
 Sabbata pango !

## LUCIFER.

Aim your lightnings  
 At the oaken,  
 Massive, iron-studded portals !  
 Sack the house of God, and scatter  
 Wide the ashes of the dead !

## VOICES.

O, we cannot!  
 The Apostles  
 And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles,  
 Stand as warders at the entrance,  
 Stand as sentinels o'erhead!

## THE BELLS.

Excito lentos!  
 Dissipo ventos!  
 Paco cruentos!

## LUCIFER.

Baffled! baffled!  
 Inefficient,  
 Craven spirits! leave this labor  
 Unto Time, the great Destroyer!  
 Come away, ere night is gone!

## VOICES.

Onward! onward!  
 With the night-wind,  
 Over field and farm and forest,  
 Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,  
 Blighting all we breathe upon!

*They sweep away. Organ and Gregorian Chant.*

## CHOIR.

Nocte surgentes  
 Vigilemus omnes!

## I.

### THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE RHINE.

*A chamber in a tower. PRINCE HENRY, sitting alone, ill and restless. Midnight.*

PRINCE HENRY.

I CANNOT sleep ! my fervid brain  
Calls up the vanished Past again,  
And throws its misty splendors deep  
Into the pallid realms of sleep !  
A breath from that far-distant shore  
Comes freshening ever more and more,  
And wafts o'er intervening seas  
Sweet odors from the Hesperides !  
A wind, that through the corridor  
Just stirs the curtain, and no more,  
And, touching the æolian strings,  
Faints with the burden that it brings !  
Come back ! ye friendships long departed !  
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,  
And now are dwindled, one by one,  
To stony channels in the sun !  
Come back ! ye friends, whose lives are ended,  
Come back, with all that light attended,  
Which seemed to darken and decay  
When ye arose and went away !

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,  
The airy crowds of long-ago,

The dreams and fancies known of yore,  
 That have been, and shall be no more.  
 They change the cloisters of the night  
 Into a garden of delight ;  
 They made the dark and dreary hours  
 Open and blossom into flowers !  
 I would not sleep ! I love to be  
 Again in their fair company ;  
 But ere my lips can bid them stay,  
 They pass and vanish quite away !  
 Alas ! our memories may retrace  
 Each circumstance of time and place,  
 Season and scene come back again,  
 And outward things unchanged remain ;  
 The rest we cannot reinstate ;  
 Ourselves we cannot re-create,  
 Nor set our souls to the same key  
 Of the remembered harmony !

Rest ! rest ! O, give me rest and peace !  
 The thought of life that ne'er shall cease  
 Has something in it like despair,  
 A weight I am too weak to bear !  
 Sweeter to this afflicted breast  
 The thought of never-ending rest !  
 Sweeter the undisturbed and deep  
 Tranquillity of endless sleep !

*A flash of lightning, out of which LUCIFER appears, in the  
 garb of a travelling Physician.*

LUCIFER.

All hail, Prince Henry !

PRINCE HENRY, *starting*.

Who is it speaks ?

Who and what are you ?

LUCIFER.

One who seeks  
 A moment's audience with the Prince.

PRINCE HENRY.

When came you in ?

LUCIFER.

A moment since.

I found your study door unlocked,  
And thought you answered when I knocked.

PRINCE HENRY.

I did not hear you.

LUCIFER.

You heard the thunder ;  
It was loud enough to waken the dead.  
And it is not a matter of special wonder  
That, when God is walking overhead,  
You should not hear my feeble tread.

PRINCE HENRY.

What may your wish or purpose be ?

LUCIFER.

Nothing or every thing, as it pleases  
Your Highness. You behold in me  
Only a travelling Physician ;  
One of the few who have a mission  
To cure incurable diseases,  
Or those that are called so.

PRINCE HENRY.

Can you bring  
The dead to life ?

LUCIFER.

Yes ; very nearly.  
And, what is a wiser and better thing,  
Can keep the living from ever needing  
Such an unnatural, strange proceeding,  
By showing conclusively and clearly



That death is a stupid blunder merely,  
 And not a necessity of our lives.  
 My being here is accidental;  
 The storm, that against your casement drives,  
 In the little village below waylaid me.  
 And there I heard, with a secret delight,  
 Of your maladies physical and mental,  
 Which neither astonished nor dismayed me.  
 And I hastened hither, though late in the night,  
 To proffer my aid!

PRINCE HENRY, *ironically*.

For this you came!

An, how can I ever hope to requite  
 This honor from one so erudite?

LUCIFER.

The honor is mine, or will be when  
 I have cured your disease.

PRINCE HENRY.

But not till then.

LUCIFER.

What is your illness?

PRINCE HENRY.

It has no name.

A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame,  
 As in a kiln, burns in my veins,  
 Sending up vapors to the head;  
 My heart has become a dull lagoon,  
 Which a kind of leprosy drinks and drains;  
 I am accounted as one who is dead,  
 And, indeed, I think that I shall be soon.

LUCIFER.

And has Gordonius the Divine,  
 In his famous Lily of Medicine,—

I see the book lies open before you,—  
No remedy potent enough to restore you?

PRINCE HENRY.

None whatever!

LUCIFER.

The dead are dead,  
And their oracles dumb, when questioned  
Of the new diseases that human life  
Evolves in its progress, rank and rife.  
Consult the dead upon things that were,  
But the living only on things that are.  
Have you done this, by the appliance  
And aid of doctors?

PRINCE HENRY.

Ay, whole schools  
Of doctors, with their learned rules;  
But the case is quite beyond their science.  
Even the doctors of Salerno  
Send me back word they can discern  
No cure for a malady like this,  
Save one which in its nature is  
Impossible, and cannot be!

LUCIFER.

That sounds oracular!

PRINCE HENRY.

Unendurable!

LUCIFER.

What is their remedy?

PRINCE HENRY.

You shall see;  
Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

LUCIFER, *reading*.

“Not to be cured, yet not incurable!

The only remedy that remains  
 Is the blood that flows from a maiden's veins,  
 Who of her own free will shall die,  
 And give her life as the price of yours !”  
 That is the strangest of all cures,  
 And one, I think, you will never try ;  
 The prescription you may well put by,  
 As something impossible to find  
 Before the world itself shall end !  
 And yet who knows ? One cannot say  
 That into some maiden's brain that kind  
 Of madness will not find its way.  
 Meanwhile permit me to recommend,  
 As the matter admits of no delay,  
 My wonderful Catholicon,  
 Of very subtile and magical powers.

## PRINCE HENRY.

Purge with your nostrums and drugs infernal  
 The spouts and gargoyles of these towers,  
 Not me ! My faith is utterly gone  
 In every power but the Power Supernal !  
 Pray tell me, of what school are you ?

## LUCIFER.

Both of the Old and of the New !  
 The school of Hermes Trismegistus,  
 Who uttered his oracles sublime  
 Before the Olympiads, in the dew  
 Of the early dawn and dusk of Time,  
 The reign of dateless old Hephæstus !  
 As northward, from its Nubian springs,  
 The Nile, forever new and old,  
 Among the living and the dead,  
 Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled ;  
 So, starting from its fountain-head  
 Under the lotus-leaves of Isis,  
 From the dead demigods of eld,  
 Through long, unbroken lines of kings

Its course the sacred art has held,  
 Unchecked, unchanged by man's devices.  
 This art the Arabian Geber taught,  
 And in alembics, finely wrought,  
 Distilling herbs and flowers, discovered  
 The secret that so long had hovered  
 Upon the misty verge of Truth,  
 The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,  
 Called Alcohol, in the Arab speech!  
 Like him, this wondrous lore I teach!

PRINCE HENRY.

What! an adept?

LUCIFER.

Nor less, nor more!

PRINCE HENRY.

I am a reader of your books,  
 A lover of that mystic lore!  
 With such a piercing glance it looks  
 Into great Nature's open eye,  
 And sees within it trembling lie  
 The portrait of the Deity!  
 And yet, alas! with all my pains,  
 The secret and the mystery  
 Have baffled and eluded me,  
 Unseen the grand result remains!

LUCIFER, *showing a flask.*

Behold it here! this little flask  
 Contains the wonderful quintessence,  
 The perfect flower and efflorescence,  
 Of all the knowledge man can ask!  
 Hold it up thus against the light!

PRINCE HENRY.

How limpid, pure, and crystalline,  
 How quick, and tremulous, and bright

The little wavelets dance and shine,  
As were it the Water of Life in sooth!

LUCIFER.

It is! It assuages every pain,  
Cures all disease, and gives again  
To age the swift delights of youth.  
Inhale its fragrance.

PRINCE HENRY.

It is sweet.  
A thousand different odors meet  
And mingle in its rare perfume,  
Such as the winds of summer waft  
At open windows through a room!

LUCIFER.

Will you not taste it?

PRINCE HENRY.

Will one draught  
Suffice?

LUCIFER.

If not, you can drink more.

PRINCE HENRY.

Into this crystal goblet pour  
So much as safely I may drink.

LUCIFER, *pouring.*

Let not the quantity alarm you;  
You may drink all; it will not harm you.

PRINCE HENRY.

I am as one who on the brink  
Of a dark river stands and sees  
The waters flow, the landscape dim  
Around him waver, wheel, and swim,  
And, ere he plunges, stops to think

Into what whirlpools he may sink ;  
 One moment pauses, and no more,  
 Then madly plunges from the shore !  
 Headlong into the mysteries  
 Of life and death I boldly leap,  
 Nor fear the fateful current's sweep,  
 Nor what in ambush lurks below !  
 For death is better than disease !

*An ANGEL with an æolian harp hovers in the air.*

ANGEL.

Woe ! woe ! eternal woe !  
 Not only the whispered prayer  
 Of love,  
 But the imprecations of hate,  
 Reverberate  
 Forever and ever through the air  
 Above !  
 This fearful curse  
 Shakes the great universe !

LUCIFER, *disappearing.*

Drink ! drink !  
 And thy soul shall sink  
 Down into the dark abyss,  
 Into the infinite abyss,  
 From which no plummet nor rope  
 Ever drew up the silver sand of hope !

PRINCE HENRY, *drinking.*

It is like a draught of fire !  
 Through every vein  
 I feel again  
 The fever of youth, the soft desire ;  
 A rapture that is almost pain  
 Throbs in my heart and fills my brain !  
 O joy ! O joy ! I feel  
 The band of steel  
 That so long and heavily has pressed

Upon my breast  
 Uplifted, and the malediction  
 Of my affliction  
 Is taken from me, and my weary breast  
 At length finds rest.

## THE ANGEL.

It is but the rest of the fire, from which the air has  
 been taken !  
 It is but the rest of the sand, when the hour-glass is  
 not shaken !  
 It is but the rest of the tide between the ebb and  
 the flow !  
 It is but the rest of the wind between the flaws  
 that blow !  
 With fiendish laughter,  
 Hereafter,  
 This false physician  
 Will mock thee in thy perdition.

## PRINCE HENRY.

Speak ! speak !  
 Who says that I am ill ?  
 I am not ill ! I am not weak !  
 The trance, the swoon, the dream, is o'er !  
 I feel the chill of death no more !  
 At length,  
 I stand renewed in all my strength !  
 Beneath me I can feel  
 The great earth stagger and reel,  
 As if the feet of a descending God  
 Upon its surface trod,  
 And like a pebble it rolled beneath his heel !  
 This, O brave physician ! this  
 Is thy great Palingenesis !

*Drinks again.*

## THE ANGEL.

Touch the goblet no more !  
 It will make thy heart sore  
 To its very core !  
 Its perfume is the breath  
 Of the Angel of Death,  
 And the light that within it lies  
 Is the flash of his evil eyes.  
 Beware ! O, beware !  
 For sickness, sorrow, and care  
 All are there !

PRINCE HENRY, *sinking back.*

O thou voice within my breast !  
 Why entreat me, why upbraid me,  
 When the steadfast tongues of truth  
 And the flattering hopes of youth  
 Have all deceived me and betrayed me ?  
 Give me, give me rest, O, rest !  
 Golden visions wave and hover,  
 Golden vapors, waters streaming,  
 Landscapes moving, changing, gleaming !  
 I am like a happy lover  
 Who illumines life with dreaming !  
 Brave physician ! Rare physician !  
 Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission !

*His head falls on his book.*

THE ANGEL, *receding.*

Alas ! alas !  
 Like a vapor the golden vision  
 Shall fade and pass,  
 And thou wilt find in thy heart again  
 Only the blight of pain,  
 And bitter, bitter, bitter contrition !

---



## COURT-YARD OF THE CASTLE.

HUBERT *standing by the gateway.*

HUBERT.

How sad the grand old castle looks !  
O'erhead, the unmolested rooks  
Upon the turret's windy top  
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop ;  
Here in the court-yard springs the grass,  
So few are now the feet that pass ;  
The stately peacocks, bolder grown,  
Come hopping down the steps of stone,  
As if the castle were their own ;  
And I, the poor old seneschal,  
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall.  
Alas! the merry guests no more  
Crowd through the hospitable door ;  
No eyes with youth and passion shine,  
No cheeks grow redder than the wine ;  
No song, no laugh, no jovial din  
Of drinking wassail to the pin ;  
But all is silent, sad, and drear,  
And now the only sounds I hear  
Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,  
And horses stamping in their stalls !

*A horn sounds.*

What ho ! that merry, sudden blast  
Reminds me of the days long past !  
And, as of old resounding, grate  
The heavy hinges of the gate,  
And, clattering loud, with iron clank,  
Down goes the sounding bridge of plank,  
As if it were in haste to greet  
The pressure of a traveller's feet !

*Enter WALTER the Minnesinger.*

WALTER.

How now, my friend! This looks quite lonely!  
 No banner flying from the walls,  
 No pages and no seneschals,  
 No warders, and one porter only!  
 Is it you, Hubert?

HUBERT.

Ah! Master Walter!

WALTER.

Alas! how forms and faces alter!  
 I did not know you. You look older!  
 Your hair has grown much grayer and thinner,  
 And you stoop a little in the shoulder!

HUBERT.

Alack! I am a poor old sinner,  
 And, like these towers, begin to moulder;  
 And you have been absent many a year!

WALTER.

How is the Prince?

HUBERT.

He is not here;  
 He has been ill: and now has fled.

WALTER.

Speak it out frankly: say he's dead!  
 Is it not so?

HUBERT.

No; if you please;  
 A strange, mysterious disease  
 Fell on him with a sudden blight.  
 Whole hours together he would stand  
 Upon the terrace, in a dream,  
 Resting his head upon his hand,

Best pleased when he was most alone,  
 Like St. John Nepomuck in stone,  
 Looking down into a stream.  
 In the Round Tower, night after night,  
 He sat, and bleared his eyes with books,  
 Until one morning we found him there  
 Stretched on the floor, as if in a swoon  
 He had fallen from his chair.  
 We hardly recognized his sweet looks !

WALTER.

Poor Prince !

HUBERT.

I think he might have mended ;  
 And he did mend ; but very soon  
 The Priests came flocking in, like rooks,  
 With all their crosiers and their crooks,  
 And so at last the matter ended.

WALTER.

How did it end ?

HUBERT.

Why, in Saint Rochus  
 They made him stand, and wait his doom ;  
 And, as if he were condemned to the tomb,  
 Began to mutter their hocus-pocus.  
 First, the Mass for the Dead they chaunted,  
 Then three times laid upon his head  
 A shovelful of church-yard clay,  
 Saying to him, as he stood undaunted,  
 " This is a sign that thou art dead,  
 So in thy heart be penitent ! "   
 And forth from the chapel door he went  
 Into disgrace and banishment,  
 Clothed in a cloak of hodden gray,  
 And bearing a wallet, and a bell,  
 Whose sound should be a perpetual knell  
 To keep all travellers away.

WALTER.

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

HUBERT.

Then was the family tomb unsealed,  
And broken helmet, sword and shield,  
Buried together, in common wreck,  
As is the custom, when the last  
Of any princely house has passed,  
And thrice, as with a trumpet-blast,  
A herald shouted down the stair  
The words of warning and despair,—  
“ O Hoheneck ! O Hoheneck ! ”

WALTER.

Still in my soul that cry goes on,—  
Forever gone ! forever gone !  
Ah, what a cruel sense of loss,  
Like a black shadow, would fall across  
The hearts of all, if he should die !  
His gracious presence upon earth  
Was as a fire upon a hearth ;  
As pleasant songs, at morning sung,  
The words that dropped from his sweet tongue  
Strengthened our hearts ; or, heard at night,  
Made all our slumbers soft and light.  
Where is he ?

HUBERT.

In the Odenwald.

Some of his tenants, unappalled  
By fear of death, or priestly word,—  
A holy family, that make  
Each meal a Supper of the Lord,—  
Have him beneath their watch and ward,  
For love of him, and Jesus' sake !  
Pray you come in. For why should I  
With out-door hospitality  
My prince's friend thus entertain ?

WALTER.

I would a moment here remain.  
 But you, good Hubert, go before,  
 Fill me a goblet of May-drink,  
 As aromatic as the May  
 From which it steals the breath away,  
 And which he loved so well of yore ;  
 It is of him that I would think.  
 You shall attend me, when I call,  
 In the ancestral banquet-hall.  
 Unseen companions, guests of air,  
 You cannot wait on, will be there ;  
 They taste not food, they drink not wine,  
 But their soft eyes look into mine,  
 And their lips speak to me, and all  
 The vast and shadowy banquet-hall  
 Is full of looks and words divine !

*Leaning over the parapet.*

The day is done ; and slowly from the scene  
 The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,  
 And puts them back into his golden quiver !  
 Below me in the valley, deep and green  
 As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts  
 We drink its wine, the swift and mantling river  
 Flows on triumphant through these lovely regions,  
 Etched with the shadows of its sombre margent,  
 And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent !  
 Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and still,  
 As when the vanguard of the Roman legions  
 First saw it from the top of yonder hill !  
 How beautiful it is ! Fresh fields of wheat,  
 Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,  
 The consecrated chapel on the crag,  
 And the white hamlet gathered round its base,  
 Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet,  
 And looking up at his beloved face !  
 O friend ! O best of friends ! Thy absence more  
 Than the impending night darkens the landscape  
 o'er !

## II.

## A FARM IN THE ODENWALD.

*A garden ; morning ; PRINCE HENRY seated, with a book.  
ELSIE, at a distance, gathering flowers.*

PRINCE HENRY, *reading.*

ONE morning, all alone,  
 Out of his convent of gray stone,  
 Into the forest older, darker, grayer,  
 His lips moving as if in prayer,  
 His head sunken upon his breast  
 As in a dream of rest,  
 Walked the Monk Felix. All about  
 The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,  
 Filling the summer air ;  
 And within the woodlands as he trod,  
 The twilight was like the Truce of God  
 With worldly woe and care ;  
 Under him lay the golden moss ;  
 And above him the boughs of hemlock-trees  
 Waved, and made the sign of the cross,  
 And whispered their Benedicites ;  
 And from the ground  
 Rose an odor sweet and fragrant  
 Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant  
 Vines that wandered,  
 Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered  
 On the volume in his hand,  
 A volume of Saint Augustine,  
 Wherein he read of the unseen  
 Splendors of God's great town  
 In the unknown land,  
 And, with his eyes cast down  
 In humility, he said :  
 " I believe, O God,

What herein I have read,  
But alas ! I do not understand !”

And lo ! he heard  
The sudden singing of a bird,  
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud  
Dropped down,  
And among the branches brown  
Sat singing  
So sweet, and clear, and loud,  
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing.  
And the Monk Felix closed his book,  
And long, long,  
With rapturous look,  
He listened to the song,  
And hardly breathed or stirred,  
Until he saw, as in a vision,  
The land Elysian,  
And in the heavenly city heard  
Angelic feet  
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.  
And he would fain  
Have caught the wondrous bird,  
But strove in vain ;  
For it flew away, away,  
Far over hill and dell,  
And instead of its sweet singing  
He heard the convent bell  
Suddenly in the silence ringing  
For the service of noonday.  
And he retraced  
His pathway homeward sadly and in haste.

In the convent there was a change !  
He looked for each well-known face,  
But the faces were new and strange ;  
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,  
New voices chaunted in the choir ;  
Yet the place was the same place,  
The same dusky walls

Of cold, gray stone,  
The same cloisters and belfry and spire.

A stranger and alone  
Among that brotherhood  
The Monk Felix stood.  
“Forty years,” said a Friar,  
“Have I been Prior  
Of this convent in the wood,  
But for that space  
Never have I beheld thy face !”

The heart of the Monk Felix fell :  
And he answered, with submissive tone,  
“This morning, after the hour of Prime,  
I left my cell,  
And wandered forth alone,  
Listening all the time  
To the melodious singing  
Of a beautiful white bird,  
Until I heard  
The bells of the convent ringing  
Noon from their noisy towers.  
It was as if I dreamed ;  
For what to me had seemed  
Moments only, had been hours !”

“Years !” said a voice close by.  
It was an aged monk who spoke,  
From a bench of oak  
Fastened against the wall ;—  
He was the oldest monk of all.  
For a whole century  
Had he been there,  
Serving God in prayer,  
The meekest and humblest of his creatures.  
He remembered well the features  
Of Felix, and he said,  
Speaking distinct and slow :  
“One hundred years ago,



When I was a novice in this place,  
 There was here a monk, full of God's grace,  
 Who bore the name  
 Of Felix, and this man must be the same."

And straightway  
 They brought forth to the light of day  
 A volume old and brown,  
 A huge tome, bound  
 In brass and wild-boar's hide,  
 Wherein were written down  
 The names of all who had died  
 In the convent, since it was edified.  
 And there they found,  
 Just as the old monk said,  
 That on a certain day and date,  
 One hundred years before,  
 Had gone forth from the convent gate  
 The Monk Felix, and never more  
 Had entered that sacred door.  
 He had been counted among the dead!  
 And they knew, at last,  
 That, such had been the power  
 Of that celestial and immortal song,  
 A hundred years had passed,  
 And had not seemed so long  
 As a single hour!

*ELSIE comes in with flowers.*

ELSIE.

Here are flowers for you,  
 But they are not all for you.  
 Some of them are for the Virgin  
 And for Saint Cecilia.

PRINCE HENRY.

As thou standest there,  
 Thou seemest to me like the angel  
 That brought the immortal roses  
 To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber.

ELSIE.

But these will fade.

PRINCE HENRY.

Themselves will fade,  
But not their memory,  
And memory has the power  
To re-create them from the dust.  
They remind me, too,  
Of martyred Dorothea,  
Who from celestial gardens sent  
Flowers as her witnesses  
To him who scoffed and doubted.

ELSIE.

Do you know the story  
Of Christ and the Sultan's daughter?  
That is the prettiest legend of them all.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then tell it to me.  
But first come hither.  
Lay the flowers down beside me,  
And put both thy hands in mine.  
Now tell me the story.

ELSIE.

Early in the morning  
The Sultan's daughter  
Walked in her father's garden,  
Gathering the bright flowers,  
All full of dew.

PRINCE HENRY.

Just as thou hast been doing  
This morning, dearest Elsie.

ELSIE.

And as she gathered them,

She wondered more and more  
Who was the Master of the Flowers,  
And made them grow  
Out of the cold, dark earth.  
"In my heart," she said,  
"I love him ; and for him  
Would leave my father's palace,  
To labor in his garden."

## PRINCE HENRY.

Dear, innocent child !  
How sweetly thou recallest  
The long-forgotten legend,  
That in my early childhood  
My mother told me !  
Upon my brain  
It reappears once more,  
As a birthmark on the forehead  
When a hand suddenly  
Is laid upon it, and removed !

## ELSIE.

And at midnight,  
As she lay upon her bed,  
She heard a voice  
Call to her from the garden,  
And, looking forth from her window,  
She saw a beautiful youth  
Standing among the flowers.  
It was the Lord Jesus ;  
And she went down to him,  
And opened the door for him ;  
And he said to her, " O maiden !  
Thou hast thought of me with love,  
And for thy sake  
Out of my Father's kingdom  
Have I come hither :  
I am the Master of the Flowers.  
My garden is in Paradise,

And if thou wilt go with me,  
Thy bridal garland  
Shall be of bright red flowers."  
And then he took from his finger  
A golden ring,  
And asked the Sultan's daughter  
If she would be his bride.  
And when she answered him with love,  
His wounds began to bleed,  
And she said to him,  
"O Love! how red thy heart is,  
And thy hands are full of roses."  
"For thy sake," answered he,  
"For thy sake is my heart so red,  
For thee I bring these roses.  
I gathered them at the cross  
Whereon I died for thee!  
Come, for my Father calls.  
Thou art my elected bride!"  
And the Sultan's daughter  
Followed him to his Father's garden.

PRINCE HENRY.

Wouldst thou have done so, Elsie?

ELSIE.

Yes, very gladly.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then the Celestial Bridegroom  
Will come for thee also.  
Upon thy forehead he will place,  
Not his crown of thorns,  
But a crown of roses.  
In thy bridal chamber,  
Like Saint Cecilia,  
Thou shalt hear sweet music,  
And breathe the fragrance  
Of flowers immortal!

Go now and place these flowers  
Before her picture.

---

A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

*Twilight.* URSULA *spinning.* GOTTLIEB *asleep in his chair.*

URSULA.

DARKER and darker! Hardly a glimmer  
Of light comes in at the window-pane;  
Or is it my eyes are growing dimmer?  
I cannot disentangle this skein,  
Nor wind it rightly upon the reel.  
Elsie!

GOTTLIEB, *starting.*

The stopping of thy wheel  
Has wakened me out of a pleasant dream.  
I thought I was sitting beside a stream,  
And heard the grinding of a mill,  
When suddenly the wheels stood still,  
And a voice cried "Elsie" in my ear!  
It startled me, it seemed so near.

URSULA.

I was calling her; I want a light.  
I cannot see to spin my flax.  
Bring the lamp, Elsie. Dost thou hear?

ELSIE, *within.*

In a moment!

GOTTLIEB.

Where are Bertha and Max?

URSULA.

They are sitting with Elsie at the door.  
She is telling them stories of the wood,  
And the Wolf, and Little Red Ridinghood.

GOTTLIEB.

And where is the Prince ?

URSULA.

In his room overhead ;  
I heard him walking across the floor,  
As he always does, with a heavy tread.

*ELSIE comes in with a lamp. MAX and BERTHA follow her ;  
and they all sing the Evening Song on the lighting of the  
lamps.*

EVENING SONG.

O gladsome light  
Of the Father Immortal,  
And of the celestial  
Sacred and blessed  
Jesus, our Saviour !

Now to the sunset  
Again hast thou brought us ;  
And, seeing the evening  
Twilight, we bless thee,  
Praise thee, adore thee !

Father omnipotent !  
Son, the Life-giver !  
Spirit, the Comforter !  
Worthy at all times  
Of worship and wonder !

PRINCE HENRY, *at the door.*

Amen !

URSULA.

Who was it said Amen ?

ELSIE.

It was the Prince : he stood at the door,  
And listened a moment, as we chaunted

The evening song. He is gone again.  
I have often seen him there before.

URSULA.

Poor Prince !

GOTTLIEB.

I thought the house was haunted !  
Poor Prince, alas ! and yet as mild  
And patient as the gentlest child !

MAX.

I love him because he is so good,  
And makes me such fine bows and arrows,  
To shoot at the robins and the sparrows,  
And the red squirrels in the wood !

BERTHA.

I love him, too !

GOTTLIEB.

Ah, yes ! we all  
Love him, from the bottom of our hearts ;  
He gave us the farm, the house, and the grange,  
He gave us the horses and the carts,  
And the great oxen in the stall,  
The vineyard, and the forest range !  
We have nothing to give him but our love !

BERTHA.

Did he give us the beautiful stork above  
On the chimney-top, with its large, round nest ?

GOTTLIEB.

No, not the stork ; by God in heaven,  
As a blessing, the dear, white stork was given ;  
But the Prince has given us all the rest.  
God bless him, and make him well again.

ELSIE.

Would I could do something for his sake,  
Something to cure his sorrow and pain !

GOTTLIEB.

That no one can ; neither thou nor I,  
Nor any one else.

ELSIE.

And must he die ?

URSULA.

Yes ; if the dear God does not take  
Pity upon him, in his distress,  
And work a miracle !

GOTTLIEB.

Or unless  
Some maiden, of her own accord,  
Offers her life for that of her lord,  
And is willing to die in his stead.

ELSIE.

I will !

URSULA.

Prithee, thou foolish child, be still !  
Thou shouldst not say what thou dost not mean !

ELSIE.

I mean it truly !

MAX.

O father ! this morning,  
Down by the mill, in the ravine,  
Hans killed a wolf, the very same  
That in the night to the sheepfold came,  
And ate up my lamb, that was left outside.

GOTTLIEB.

I am glad he is dead. It will be a warning  
To the wolves in the forest, far and wide.

MAX.

And I am going to have his hide !



BERTHA.

I wonder if this is the wolf that ate  
Little Red Ridinghood !

URSULA.

O, no !  
That wolf was killed a long while ago.  
Come, children, it is growing late.

MAX.

Ah, how I wish I were a man,  
As stout as Hans is, and as strong !  
I would do nothing else, the whole day long,  
But just kill wolves.

GOTTLIEB.

Then go to bed,  
And grow as fast as a little boy can.  
Bertha is half asleep already.  
See how she nods her heavy head,  
And her sleepy feet are so unsteady  
She will hardly be able to creep up stairs.

URSULA.

Good night, my children. Here's the light.  
And do not forget to say your prayers  
Before you sleep.

GOTTLIEB.

Good night !

MAX *and* BERTHA.

Good night !

*They go out with* ELSIE.

URSULA, *spinning*.

She is a strange and wayward child,  
That Elsie of ours. She looks so old,

And thoughts and fancies weird and wild  
 Seem of late to have taken hold  
 Of her heart, that was once so docile and mild!

GOTTLIEB.

She is like all girls.

URSULA.

Ah no, forsooth!

Unlike all I have ever seen.  
 For she has visions and strange dreams,  
 And in all her words and ways, she seems  
 Much older than she is in truth.  
 Who would think her but fourteen?  
 And there has been of late such a change!  
 My heart is heavy with fear and doubt  
 That she may not live till the year is out.  
 She is so strange,—so strange,—so strange!

GOTTLIEB.

I am not troubled with any such fear;  
 She will live and thrive for many a year.

---

ELSIE'S CHAMBER.

*Night.* ELSIE *praying.*

ELSIE.

My Redeemer and my Lord,  
 I beseech thee, I entreat thee,  
 Guide me in each act and word,  
 That hereafter I may meet thee,  
 Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,  
 With my lamp well trimmed and burning!

Interceding  
 With these bleeding  
 Wounds upon thy hands and side,

For all who have lived and erred  
 Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,  
 Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,  
 And in the grave hast thou been buried !

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,  
 O my Saviour, I beseech thee,  
 Even as thou hast died for me,  
 More sincerely  
 Let me follow where thou ledest,  
 Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,  
 Die, if dying I may give  
 Life to one who asks to live,  
 And more nearly,  
 Dying thus, resemble thee !

---

THE CHAMBER OF GOTTLIEB AND URSULA.

*Midnight. ELSIE standing by their bedside, weeping.*

GOTTLIEB.

THE wind is roaring ; the rushing rain  
 Is loud upon roof and window-pane,  
 As if the wild Huntsman of Rodenstein,  
 Boding evil to me and mine,  
 Were abroad to-night with his ghostly train !  
 In the brief lulls of the tempest wild,  
 The dogs howl in the yard ; and hark !  
 Some one is sobbing in the dark,  
 Here in the chamber !

ELSIE.

It is I.

URSULA.

Elsie ! what ails thee, my poor child ?

ELSIE.

I am disturbed and much distressed,  
In thinking our dear Prince must die ;  
I cannot close mine eyes, nor rest.

GOTTLIEB.

What wouldst thou ? In the Power Divine  
His healing lies, not in our own ;  
It is in the hand of God alone.

ELSIE.

Nay, he has put it into mine,  
And into my heart !

GOTTLIEB.

Thy words are wild !

URSULA.

What dost thou mean ? my child ! my child !

ELSIE.

That for our dear Prince Henry's sake  
I will myself the offering make,  
And give my life to purchase his.

URSULA.

Am I still dreaming, or awake ?  
Thou speakest carelessly of death,  
And yet thou knowest not what it is.

ELSIE.

'T is the cessation of our breath.  
Silent and motionless we lie ;  
And no one knoweth more than this.  
I saw our little Gertrude die ;  
She left off breathing, and no more  
I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.  
She was more beautiful than before.

Like violets faded were her eyes ;  
 By this we knew that she was dead.  
 Through the open window looked the skies  
 Into the chamber where she lay,  
 And the wind was like the sound of wings,  
 As if angels came to bear her away.  
 Ah ! when I saw and felt these things,  
 I found it difficult to stay ;  
 I longed to die, as she had died,  
 And go forth with her, side by side.  
 The Saints are dead, the Martyrs dead,  
 And Mary, and our Lord ; and I  
 Would follow in humility  
 The way by them illumined !

URSULA.

My child ! my child ! thou must not die !

ELSIE.

Why should I live ? Do I not know  
 The life of woman is full of woe ?  
 Toiling on and on and on,  
 With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,  
 And silent lips, and in the soul  
 The secret longings that arise,  
 Which this world never satisfies !  
 Some more, some less, but of the whole  
 Not one quite happy, no, not one !

URSULA.

It is the malediction of Eve !

ELSIE.

In place of it, let me receive  
 The benediction of Mary, then.

GOTTLIEB.

Ah, woe is me ! Ah, woe is me !  
 Most wretched am I among men !

URSULA.

Alas! that I should live to see  
Thy death, beloved, and to stand  
Above thy grave! Ah, woe the day!

ELSIE.

Thou wilt not see it. I shall lie  
Beneath the flowers of another land,  
For at Salerno, far away  
Over the mountains, over the sea,  
It is appointed me to die!  
And it will seem no more to thee  
Than if at the village on market-day  
I should a little longer stay  
Than I am used.

URSULA.

Even as thou sayest!  
And how my heart beats, when thou stayest!  
I cannot rest until my sight  
Is satisfied with seeing thee.  
What, then, if thou wert dead?

GOTTLIEB.

Ah me!

Of our old eyes thou art the light!  
The joy of our old hearts art thou!  
And wilt thou die?

URSULA.

Not now! not now!

ELSIE.

Christ died for me, and shall not I  
Be willing for my Prince to die?  
You both are silent; you cannot speak.  
This said I, at our Saviour's feast,  
After confession, to the priest,  
And even he made no reply.  
Does he not warn us all to seek  
The happier, better land on high,

Where flowers immortal never wither ;  
And could he forbid me to go thither ?

GOTTLIEB.

In God's own time, my heart's delight !  
When he shall call thee, not before !

ELSIE.

I heard him call. When Christ ascended  
Triumphantly, from star to star,  
He left the gates of heaven ajar.  
I had a vision in the night,  
And saw him standing at the door  
Of his Father's mansion, vast and splendid,  
And beckoning to me from afar.  
I cannot stay !

GOTTLIEB.

She speaks almost  
As if it were the Holy Ghost  
Spake through her lips, and in her stead !  
What if this were of God ?

URSULA.

Ah, then  
Gainsay it dare we not.

GOTTLIEB.

Amen !  
Elsie ! the words that thou hast said  
Are strange and new for us to hear,  
And fill our hearts with doubt and fear.  
Whether it be a dark temptation  
Of the Evil One, or God's inspiration,  
We in our blindness cannot say.  
We must think upon it, and pray ;  
For evil and good it both resembles.  
If it be of God, his will be done !  
May he guard us from the Evil One !  
How hot thy hand is ! how it trembles !  
Go to thy bed, and try to sleep.

URSULA.

Kiss me. Good night ; and do not weep !

*ELSIE goes out.*

Ah, what an awful thing is this !

I almost shuddered at her kiss,

As if a ghost had touched my cheek,

I am so childish and so weak !

As soon as I see the earliest gray

Of morning glimmer in the east,

I will go over to the priest,

And hear what the good man has to say !

---

A VILLAGE CHURCH.

*A woman kneeling at the confessional.*

THE PARISH PRIEST. *from within.*

Go, sin no more ! Thy penance o'er,

A new and better life begin !

God maketh thee forever free

From the dominion of thy sin !

Go, sin no more ! He will restore

The peace that filled thy heart before,

And pardon thine iniquity !

*The woman goes out. The Priest comes forth, and walks slowly up and down the church.*

O blessed Lord ! how much I need

Thy light to guide me on my way !

So many hands, that, without heed,

Still touch thy wounds, and make them bleed !

So many feet, that, day by day,

Still wander from thy fold astray !

Unless thou fill me with thy light,

I cannot lead thy flock aright ;

Nor, without thy support, can bear

The burden of so great a care,

But am myself a castaway !

*A pause.*



The day is drawing to its close ;  
And what good deeds, since first it rose,  
Have I presented, Lord, to thee,  
As offerings of my ministry ?  
What wrong repressed, what right maintained,  
What struggle passed, what victory gained,  
What good attempted and attained ?  
Feeble, at best, is my endeavour !  
I see, but cannot reach, the height  
That lies forever in the light,  
And yet forever and forever,  
When seeming just within my grasp,  
I feel my feeble hands unclasp,  
And sink discouraged into night !  
For thine own purpose, thou hast sent  
The strife and the discouragement !

*A pause.*

Why stayest thou, Prince of Hoheneck ?  
Why keep me pacing to and fro  
Amid these aisles of sacred gloom,  
Counting my footsteps as I go,  
And marking with each step a tomb ?  
Why should the world for thee make room,  
And wait thy leisure and thy beck ?  
Thou comest in the hope to hear  
Some word of comfort and of cheer.  
What can I say ? I cannot give  
The counsel to do this and live ;  
But rather, firmly to deny  
The tempter, though his power is strong,  
And, inaccessible to wrong,  
Still like a martyr live and die !

*A pause.*

The evening air grows dusk and brown ;  
I must go forth into the town,  
To visit beds of pain and death,  
Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,  
And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes  
That see, through tears, the sun go down,

But never more shall see it rise.  
 The poor in body and estate,  
 The sick and the disconsolate,  
 Must not on man's convenience wait.

*Goes out.*

*Enter LUCIFER, as a Priest.*

*LUCIFER, with a genuflexion, mocking.*

This is the Black Pater-noster.  
 God was my foster,  
 He fostered me  
 Under the book of the Palm-tree !  
 St. Michael was my dame.  
 He was born at Bethlehem,  
 He was made of flesh and blood.  
 God send me my right food,  
 My right food, and shelter too,  
 That I may to yon kirk go,  
 To read upon yon sweet book  
 Which the mighty God of heaven shook.  
 Open, open, hell's gates !  
 Shut, shut, heaven's gates !  
 All the devils in the air  
 The stronger be, that hear the Black Prayer !

*Looking round the church.*

What a darksome and dismal place !  
 I wonder that any man has the face  
 To call such a hole the House of the Lord,  
 And the Gate of Heaven,—yet such is the word.  
 Ceiling, and walls, and windows old,  
 Covered with cobwebs, blackened with mould ;  
 Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs,  
 Dust on the benches, and stalls, and chairs !  
 The pulpit, from which such ponderous sermons  
 Have fallen down on the brains of the Germans,  
 With about as much real edification  
 As if a great Bible, bound in lead,  
 Had fallen, and struck them on the head ;  
 And I ought to remember that sensation !

Here stands the holy-water stoup !  
 Holy-water it may be to many,  
 But to me, the veriest Liquor Gehennæ !  
 It smells like a filthy fast-day soup !  
 Near it stands the box for the poor ;  
 With its iron padlock, safe and sure.  
 I and the priest of the parish know  
 Whither all these charities go ;  
 Therefore, to keep up the institution,  
 I will add my little contribution !

*He puts in money.*

Underneath this mouldering tomb,  
 With statue of stone, and scutcheon of brass,  
 Slumbers a great lord of the village.  
 All his life was riot and pillage,  
 But at length, to escape the threatened doom  
 Of the everlasting, penal fire,  
 He died in the dress of a mendicant friar,  
 And bartered his wealth for a daily mass.  
 But all that afterwards came to pass,  
 And whether he finds it dull or pleasant,  
 Is kept a secret for the present,  
 At his own particular desire.

And here, in a corner of the wall,  
 Shadowy, silent, apart from all,  
 With its awful portal open wide,  
 And its latticed windows on either side,  
 And its step well worn by the bended knees  
 Of one or two pious centuries,  
 Stands the village confessional !  
 Within it, as an honored guest,  
 I will sit me down awhile and rest !

*Seats himself in the confessional.*

Here sits the priest ; and faint and low,  
 Like the sighing of an evening breeze,  
 Comes through these painted lattices  
 The ceaseless sound of human woe ;  
 Here, while her bosom aches and throbs

With deep and agonizing sobs,  
 That half are passion, half contrition,  
 The luckless daughter of perdition  
 Slowly confesses her secret shame!  
 The time, the place, the lover's name!  
 Here the grim murderer, with a groan,  
 From his bruised conscience rolls the stone,  
 Thinking that thus he can atone  
 For ravages of sword and flame!  
 Indeed, I marvel, and marvel greatly,  
 How a priest can sit here so sedately,  
 Reading, the whole year out and in,  
 Naught but the catalogue of sin,  
 And still keep any faith whatever  
 In human virtue! Never! never!

I cannot repeat a thousandth part  
 Of the horrors and crimes and sins and woes  
 That arise, when with palpitating throes  
 The grave-yard in the human heart  
 Gives up its dead, at the voice of the priest,  
 As if he were an archangel, at least.  
 It makes a peculiar atmosphere,  
 This odor of earthly passions and crimes,  
 Such as I like to breathe, at times,  
 And such as often brings me here  
 In the hottest and most pestilential season.  
 To-day, I come for another reason;  
 To foster and ripen an evil thought  
 In a heart that is almost to madness wrought,  
 And to make a murderer out of a prince,  
 A sleight of hand I learned long since!  
 He comes. In the twilight he will not see  
 The difference between his priest and me!  
 In the same net was the mother caught!

PRINCE HENRY, *entering and kneeling at the confessional.*

Remorseful, penitent, and lowly,  
 I come to crave, O Father holy,  
 Thy benediction on my head.

## LUCIFER.

The benediction shall be said  
 After confession, not before !  
 'T is a God-speed to the parting guest,  
 Who stands already at the door,  
 Sandalled with holiness, and dressed  
 In garments pure from earthly stain.  
 Meanwhile, hast thou searched well thy breast ?  
 Does the same madness fill thy brain ?  
 Or have thy passion and unrest  
 Vanished forever from thy mind ?

## PRINCE HENRY.

By the same madness still made blind,  
 By the same passion still possessed,  
 I come again to the house of prayer,  
 A man afflicted and distressed !  
 As in a cloudy atmosphere,  
 Through unseen sluices of the air,  
 A sudden and impetuous wind  
 Strikes the great forest white with fear,  
 And every branch, and bough, and spray  
 Points all its quivering leaves one way,  
 And meadows of grass, and fields of grain,  
 And the clouds above, and the slanting rain,  
 And smoke from chimneys of the town,  
 Yield themselves to it, and bow down,  
 So does this dreadful purpose press  
 Onward, with irresistible stress,  
 And all my thoughts and faculties,  
 Struck level by the strength of this,  
 From their true inclination turn,  
 And all stream forward to Salern !

## LUCIFER.

Alas ! we are but eddies of dust,  
 Uplifted by the blast, and whirled  
 Along the highway of the world  
 A moment only, then to fall

Back to a common level all,  
At the subsiding of the gust !

## PRINCE HENRY.

O holy Father ! pardon in me  
The oscillation of a mind  
Unsteadfast, and that cannot find  
Its centre of rest and harmony !  
For evermore before mine eyes  
This ghastly phantom flits and flies,  
And as a madman through a crowd,  
With frantic gestures and wild cries,  
It hurries onward, and aloud  
Repeats its awful prophecies !  
Weakness is wretchedness ! To be strong  
Is to be happy ! I am weak,  
And cannot find the good I seek,  
Because I feel and fear the wrong !

## LUCIFER.

Be not alarmed ! The Church is kind,  
And in her mercy and her meekness  
She meets half-way her children's weakness,  
Writes their transgressions in the dust !  
Though in the Decalogue we find  
The mandate written, "Thou shalt not kill !"  
Yet there are cases when we must.  
In war, for instance, or from scathe  
To guard and keep the one true Faith !  
We must look at the Decalogue in the light  
Of an ancient statute, that was meant  
For a mild and general application,  
To be understood with the reservation,  
That, in certain instances, the Right  
Must yield to the Expedient !  
Thou art a Prince. If thou shouldst die,  
What hearts and hopes would prostrate lie !  
What noble deeds, what fair renown,  
Into the grave with thee go down !

What acts of valor and courtesy  
Remain undone, and die with thee !  
Thou art the last of all thy race !  
With thee a noble name expires,  
And vanishes from the earth's face  
The glorious memory of thy sires !  
She is a peasant. In her veins  
Flows common and plebeian blood ;  
It is such as daily and hourly stains  
The dust and the turf of battle plains,  
By vassals shed, in a crimson flood,  
Without reserve, and without reward,  
At the slightest summons of their lord !  
But thine is precious ; the fore-appointed  
Blood of kings, of God's anointed !  
Moreover, what has the world in store  
For one like her, but tears and toil ?  
Daughter of sorrow, serf of the soil,  
A peasant's child and a peasant's wife,  
And her soul within her sick and sore  
With the roughness and barrenness of life !  
I marvel not at the heart's recoil  
From a fate like this in one so tender,  
Nor at its eagerness to surrender  
All the wretchedness, want, and woe  
That await it in this world below,  
For the unutterable splendor  
Of the world of rest beyond the skies.  
So the Church sanctions the sacrifice :  
Therefore inhale this healing balm,  
And breathe this fresh life into thine ;  
Accept the comfort and the calm  
She offers, as a gift divine ;  
Let her fall down and anoint thy feet  
With the ointment costly and most sweet  
Of her young blood, and thou shalt live.

PRINCE HENRY.

And will the righteous Heaven forgive ?

No action, whether foul or fair,  
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere  
A record, written by fingers ghostly,  
As a blessing or a curse; and mostly  
In the greater weakness or greater strength  
Of the acts which follow it, till at length  
The wrongs of ages are redressed,  
And the justice of God made manifest !

LUCIFER.

In ancient records it is stated  
That, whenever an evil deed is done,  
Another devil is created  
To scourge and torment the offending one !  
But evil is only good perverted,  
And Lucifer, the Bearer of Light,  
But an angel fallen and deserted,  
Thrust from his Father's house with a curse  
Into the black and endless night.

PRINCE HENRY.

If justice rules the universe,  
From the good actions of good men  
Angels of light should be begotten,  
And thus the balance restored again.

LUCIFER.

Yes ; if the world were not so rotten,  
And so given over to the Devil !

PRINCE HENRY.

But this deed, is it good or evil ?  
Have I thine absolution free  
To do it, and without restriction ?

LUCIFER.

Ay ; and from whatsoever sin  
Lieth around it and within,  
From all crimes in which it may involve thee,  
I now release thee and absolve thee !



PRINCE HENRY.

Give me thy holy benediction.

LUCIFER, *stretching forth his hand and muttering.*

Maledictione perpetua

Maledicat vos

Pater eternus !

THE ANGEL, *with the æolian harp.*

Take heed ! take heed !

Noble art thou in thy birth,

By the good and the great of earth

Hast thou been taught !

Be noble in every thought

And in every deed !

Let not the illusion of thy senses

Betray thee to deadly offences.

Be strong ! be good ! be pure !

The right only shall endure,

All things else are but false pretences.

I entreat thee, I implore,

Listen no more

To the suggestions of an evil spirit,

That even now is there,

Making the foul seem fair,

And selfishness itself a virtue and a merit !

---

A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

GOTTLIEB.

It is decided ! For many days,

And nights as many, we have had

A nameless terror in our breast,

Making us timid, and afraid

Of God, and his mysterious ways !

We have been sorrowful and sad ;

Much have we suffered, much have prayed

That he would lead us as is best,  
 And show us what his will required.  
 It is decided ; and we give  
 Our child, O Prince, that you may live !

URSULA.

It is of God. He has inspired  
 This purpose in her ; and through pain,  
 Out of a world of sin and woe,  
 He takes her to himself again.  
 The mother's heart resists no longer ;  
 With the Angel of the Lord in vain  
 It wrestled, for he was the stronger.

GOTTLIEB.

As Abraham offered long ago  
 His son unto the Lord, and even  
 The Everlasting Father in heaven  
 Gave his, as a lamb unto the slaughter,  
 So do I offer up my daughter !

URSULA *hides her face.*

ELSIE.

My life is little,  
 Only a cup of water,  
 But pure and limpid.  
 Take it, O my Prince !  
 Let it refresh you,  
 Let it restore you.  
 It is given willingly,  
 It is given freely ;  
 May God bless the gift !

PRINCE HENRY.

And the giver !

GOTTLIEB.

Amen !

PRINCE HENRY.

I accept it !

GOTTLIEB.

Where are the children ?

URSULA.

They are already asleep.

GOTTLIEB.

What if they were dead ?

---

IN THE GARDEN.

ELSIE.

I HAVE one thing to ask of you.

PRINCE HENRY.

What is it ?

It is already granted.

ELSIE.

Promise me,

When we are gone from here, and on our way  
 Are journeying to Salerno, you will not,  
 By word or deed, endeavour to dissuade me  
 And turn me from my purpose ; but remember  
 That as a pilgrim to the Holy City  
 Walks unmolested, and with thoughts of pardon  
 Occupied wholly, so would I approach  
 The gates of Heaven, in this great jubilee,  
 With my petition, putting off from me  
 All thoughts of earth, as shoes from off my feet.  
 Promise me this.

PRINCE HENRY.

Thy words fall from thy lips  
 Like roses from the lips of Angelo : and angels  
 Might stoop to pick them up !

ELSIE.

Will you not promise ?

PRINCE HENRY.

If ever we depart upon this journey,  
So long to one or both of us, I promise.

ELSIE.

Shall we not go, then ? Have you lifted me  
Into the air, only to hurl me back  
Wounded upon the ground ? and offered me  
The waters of eternal life, to bid me  
Drink the polluted puddles of this world ?

PRINCE HENRY.

O Elsie ! what a lesson thou dost teach me !  
The life which is, and that which is to come,  
Suspended hang in such nice equipoise  
A breath disturbs the balance ; and that scale  
In which we throw our hearts preponderates,  
And the other, like an empty one, flies up,  
And is accounted vanity and air !  
To me the thought of death is terrible,  
Having such hold on life. To thee it is not  
So much even as the lifting of a latch ;  
Only a step into the open air  
Out of a tent already luminous  
With light that shines through its transparent walls !  
O pure in heart ! from thy sweet dust shall grow  
Lilies, upon whose petals will be written  
“ Ave Maria ” in characters of gold !

### III.

#### A STREET IN STRASBURG.

*Night.* PRINCE HENRY *wandering alone, wrapped in a cloak.*

PRINCE HENRY.

STILL is the night. The sound of feet  
Has died away from the empty street,  
And like an artisan, bending down  
His head on his anvil, the dark town  
Sleeps, with a slumber deep and sweet.  
Sleepless and restless, I alone,  
In the dusk and damp of these walls of stone,  
Wander and weep in my remorse!

CRIER OF THE DEAD, *ringing a bell.*

Wake! wake!  
All ye that sleep!  
Pray for the Dead!  
Pray for the Dead!

PRINCE HENRY.

Hark! with what accents loud and hoarse  
This warder on the walls of death  
Sends forth the challenge of his breath!  
I see the dead that sleep in the grave!  
They rise up and their garments wave,  
Dimly and spectral, as they rise,  
With the light of another world in their eyes!

CRIER OF THE DEAD.

Wake! wake!  
All ye that sleep!  
Pray for the Dead!  
Pray for the Dead!

## PRINCE HENRY.

Why for the dead, who are at rest ?  
 Pray for the living, in whose breast  
 The struggle between right and wrong  
 Is raging terrible and strong,  
 As when good angels war with devils !  
 This is the Master of the Revels,  
 Who, at Life's flowing feast, proposes  
 The health of absent friends, and pledges,  
 Not in bright goblets crowned with roses,  
 And tinkling as we touch their edges,  
 But with his dismal, tinkling bell,  
 That mocks and mimics their funeral knell !

## CRIER OF THE DEAD.

Wake ! wake !  
 All ye that sleep !  
 Pray for the Dead !  
 Pray for the Dead !

## PRINCE HENRY.

Wake not, beloved ! be thy sleep  
 Silent as night is, and as deep !  
 There walks a sentinel at thy gate  
 Whose heart is heavy and desolate,  
 And the heavings of whose bosom number  
 The respirations of thy slumber,  
 As if some strange, mysterious fate  
 Had linked two hearts in one, and mine  
 Went madly wheeling about thine,  
 Only with wider and wilder sweep !

CRIER OF THE DEAD, *at a distance.*

Wake ! wake !  
 All ye that sleep !  
 Pray for the Dead !  
 Pray for the Dead !

## PRINCE HENRY.

Lo! with what depth of blackness thrown  
 Against the clouds, far up the skies  
 The walls of the cathedral rise,  
 Like a mysterious grove of stone,  
 With fitful lights and shadows blending,  
 As from behind, the moon, ascending,  
 Lights its dim isles and paths unknown!  
 The wind is rising; but the boughs  
 Rise not and fall not with the wind  
 That through their foliage sobs and soughs;  
 Only the cloudy rack behind,  
 Drifting onward, wild and ragged,  
 Gives to each spire and buttress jagged  
 A seeming motion undefined.  
 Below on the square, an armed knight,  
 Still as a statue and as white,  
 Sits on his steed, and the moonbeams quiver  
 Upon the points of his armor bright  
 As on the ripples of a river.  
 He lifts the visor from his cheek,  
 And beckons, and makes as he would speak.

WALTER *the Minnesinger.*

Friend! can you tell me where alight  
 Thuringia's horsemen for the night?  
 For I have lingered in the rear,  
 And wander vainly up and down.

## PRINCE HENRY.

I am a stranger in the town,  
 As thou art; but the voice I hear  
 Is not a stranger to mine ear.  
 Thou art Walter of the Vogelweid!

## WALTER.

Thou hast guessed rightly; and thy name  
 Is Henry of Hoheneck!

PRINCE HENRY.

Ay, the same.

WALTER, *embracing him.*

Come closer, closer to my side !  
 What brings thee hither ? What potent charm  
 Has drawn thee from thy German farm  
 Into the old Alsatian city ?

PRINCE HENRY.

A tale of wonder and of pity !  
 A wretched man, almost by stealth  
 Dragging my body to Salerno,  
 In the vain hope and search for health,  
 And destined never to return.  
 Already thou hast heard the rest.  
 But what brings thee, thus armed and dight  
 In the equipments of a knight ?

WALTER.

Dost thou not see upon my breast  
 The cross of the Crusaders shine ?  
 My pathway leads to Palestine.

PRINCE HENRY.

Ah, would that way were also mine !  
 O noble poet ! thou whose heart  
 Is like a nest of singing-birds  
 Rocked on the topmost bough of life,  
 Wilt thou, too, from our sky depart,  
 And in the clangor of the strife  
 Mingle the music of thy words ?

WALTER.

My hopes are high, my heart is proud,  
 And like a trumpet long and loud,  
 Thither my thoughts all clang and ring !  
 My life is in my hand, and lo !  
 I grasp and bend it as a bow,



And shoot forth from its trembling string  
 An arrow, that shall be, perchance,  
 Like the arrow of the Israelite king  
 Shot from the window toward the east,  
 That of the Lord's deliverance!

PRINCE HENRY.

My life, alas! is what thou seest!  
 O enviable fate! to be  
 Strong, beautiful, and armed like thee  
 With lyre and sword, with song and steel;  
 A hand to smite, a heart to feel!  
 Thy heart, thy hand, thy lyre, thy sword,  
 Thou givest all unto thy Lord;  
 While I, so mean and abject grown,  
 Am thinking of myself alone.

WALTER.

Be patient: Time will reinstate  
 Thy health and fortunes.

PRINCE HENRY.

'T is too late!  
 I cannot strive against my fate!

WALTER.

Come with me; for my steed is weary;  
 Our journey has been long and dreary,  
 And, dreaming of his stall, he dints  
 With his impatient hoofs the flints.

PRINCE HENRY, *aside*.

I am ashamed, in my disgrace,  
 To look into that noble face!  
 To-morrow, Walter, let it be.

WALTER.

To-morrow, at the dawn of day,  
 I shall again be on my way.

Come with me to the hostelry,  
For I have many things to say.  
Our journey into Italy  
Perchance together we may make;  
Wilt thou not do it for my sake?

PRINCE HENRY.

A sick man's pace would but impede  
Thine eager and impatient speed.  
Besides, my pathway leads me round  
To Hirschau, in the forest's bound,  
Where I assemble man and steed,  
And all things for my journey's need.

*They go out.*

LUCIFER, *flying over the city.*

Sleep, sleep, O city! till the light  
Wakes you to sin and crime again,  
Whilst on your dreams, like dismal rain,  
I scatter downward through the night  
My maledictions dark and deep.  
I have more martyrs in your walls  
Than God has; and they cannot sleep;  
They are my bondsmen and my thralls;  
Their wretched lives are full of pain,  
Wild agonies of nerve and brain;  
And every heart-beat, every breath,  
Is a convulsion worse than death!  
Sleep, sleep, O city! though within  
The circuit of your walls there lies  
No habitation free from sin,  
And all its nameless miseries;  
The aching heart, the aching head,  
Grief for the living and the dead,  
And foul corruption of the time,  
Disease, distress, and want, and woe,  
And crimes, and passions that may grow  
Until they ripen into crime!

## SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

*Easter Sunday.* FRIAR CUTHBERT *preaching to the crowd from a pulpit in the open air.* PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE *crossing the square.*

PRINCE HENRY.

THIS is the day, when from the dead  
 Our Lord arose ; and everywhere,  
 Out of their darkness and despair,  
 Triumphant over fears and foes,  
 The hearts of his disciples rose,  
 When to the women, standing near,  
 The Angel in shining vesture said,  
 " The Lord is risen ; he is not here !"  
 And, mindful that the day is come,  
 On all the hearths in Christendom  
 The fires are quenched, to be again  
 Rekindled from the sun, that high  
 Is dancing in the cloudless sky.  
 The churches are all decked with flowers,  
 The salutations among men  
 Are but the Angel's words divine,  
 " Christ is arisen !" and the bells  
 Catch the glad murmur, as it swells,  
 And chaunt together in their towers.  
 All hearts are glad ; and free from care  
 The faces of the people shine.  
 See what a crowd is in the square,  
 Gaily and gallantly arrayed !

ELSIE.

Let us go back ; I am afraid !

PRINCE HENRY.

Nay, let us mount the church-steps here,  
 Under the doorway's sacred shadow ;  
 We can see all things, and be freer  
 From the crowd that madly heaves and presses !

ELSIE.

What a gay pageant! what bright dresses!  
It looks like a flower-besprinkled meadow.  
What is that yonder on the square?

PRINCE HENRY.

A pulpit in the open air,  
And a Friar, who is preaching to the crowd  
In a voice so deep and clear and loud,  
That, if we listen, and give heed,  
His lowest words will reach the ear.

FRIAR CUTHBERT, *gesticulating and cracking a postilion's whip.*

What ho! good people! do you not hear?  
Dashing along at the top of his speed,  
Booted and spurred, on his jaded steed,  
A courier comes with words of cheer.  
Courier! what is the news, I pray?  
"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From  
court."

Then I do not believe it; you say it in sport.  
*Cracks his whip again.*

Ah, here comes another, riding this way;  
We soon shall know what he has to say.  
Courier! what are the tidings to-day?  
"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From  
town."

Then I do not believe it; away with you, clown.  
*Cracks his whip more violently.*

And here comes a third, who is spurring amain;  
What news do you bring, with your loosehanging  
rein,  
Your spurs wet with blood, and your bridle with  
foam?

"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From  
Rome."

Ah, now I believe. He is risen, indeed.  
Ride on with the news, at the top of your speed!

*Great applause among the crowd.*

To come back to my text! When the news was  
first spread

That Christ was arisen indeed from the dead,  
Very great was the joy of the angels in heaven;  
And as great the dispute as to who should carry  
The tidings thereof to the Virgin Mary,  
Pierced to the heart with sorrows seven.  
Old Father Adam was first to propose,  
As being the author of all our woes;  
But he was refused, for fear, said they,  
He would stop to eat apples on the way!  
Abel came next, but petitioned in vain,  
Because he might meet with his brother Cain!  
Noah, too, was refused, lest his weakness for wine  
Should delay him at every tavern-sign;  
And John the Baptist could not get a vote,  
On account of his old-fashioned, camel's-hair coat;  
And the Penitent Thief, who died on the cross,  
Was reminded that all his bones were broken!  
Till at last, when each in turn had spoken,  
The company being still at a loss,  
The Angel, who rolled away the stone,  
Was sent to the sepulchre, all alone,  
And filled with glory that gloomy prison,  
And said to the Virgin, "The Lord is arisen!"

*The Cathedral bells ring.*

But hark! the bells are beginning to chime;  
And I feel that I am growing hoarse.  
I will put an end to my discourse,  
And leave the rest for some other time.  
For the bells themselves are the best of preachers;  
Their brazen lips are learned teachers,  
From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,  
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,  
Shriller than trumpets under the Law,  
Now a sermon and now a prayer.  
The clangorous hammer is the tongue,  
This way, that way, beaten and swung,  
That from mouth of brass, as from Mouth of Gold,

May be taught the Testaments, New and Old.  
 And above it the great cross-beam of wood  
 Representeth the Holy Rood,  
 Upon which, like the bell, our hopes are hung.  
 And the wheel wherewith it is swayed and rung  
 Is the mind of man, that round and round  
 Sways, and maketh the tongue to sound !  
 And the rope, with its twisted cordage three,  
 Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity  
 Of Morals, and Symbols, and History ;  
 And the upward and downward motions show  
 That we touch upon matters high and low ;  
 And the constant change and transmutation  
 Of action and of contemplation,  
 Downward, the Scripture brought from on high,  
 Upward, exalted again to the sky ;  
 Downward, the literal interpretation,  
 Upward, the Vision and Mystery !

And now, my hearers, to make an end,  
 I have only one word more to say ;  
 In the church, in honor of Easter day,  
 Will be represented a Miracle Play ;  
 And I hope you will all have the grace to attend.  
 Christ bring us at last to his felicity !  
 Pax vobiscum ! et Benedicite !

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IN THE CATHEDRAL.

CHAUNT.

Kyrie Eleison !  
 Christe Eleison !

ELSIE.

I am at home here in my Father's house !  
 These paintings of the Saints upon the walls  
 Have all familiar and benignant faces.

PRINCE HENRY.

The portraits of the family of God !  
Thine own hereafter shall be placed among them.

ELSIE,

How very grand it is and wonderful !  
Never have I beheld a church so splendid !  
Such columns, and such arches, and such windows,  
So many tombs and statues in the chapels,  
And under them so many confessionals.  
They must be for the rich. I should not like  
To tell my sins in such a church as this.  
Who built it ?

PRINCE HENRY.

A great master of his craft,  
Erwin von Steinbach ; but not he alone,  
For many generations labored with him.  
Children that came to see these Saints in stone,  
As day by day out of the blocks they rose,  
Grew old and died, and still the work went on,  
And on, and on, and is not yet completed.  
The generation that succeeds our own  
Perhaps may finish it. The architect  
Built his great heart into these sculptured stones,  
And with him toiled his children, and their lives  
Were builded, with his own, into the walls,  
As offerings unto God. You see that statue  
Fixing its joyous, but deep-wrinkled eyes  
Upon the Pillar of the Angels yonder.  
That is the image of the master, carved  
By the fair hand of his own child, Sabina.

ELSIE.

How beautiful is the column that he looks at !

PRINCE HENRY.

That, too, she sculptured. At the base of it  
Stand the Evangelists ; above their heads

Four Angels blowing upon marble trumpets,  
 And over them the blessed Christ, surrounded  
 By his attendant ministers, upholding  
 The instruments of his passion.

ELSIE.

O my Lord!

Would I could leave behind me upon earth  
 Some monument to thy glory, such as this!

PRINCE HENRY.

A greater monument than this thou leavest  
 In thine own life, all purity and love!  
 See, too, the Rose, above the western portal  
 Flamboyant with a thousand gorgeous colors,  
 The perfect flower of Gothic loveliness!

ELSIE.

And, in the gallery, the long line of statues,  
 Christ with his twelve Apostles watching us.

*A BISHOP in armor, booted and spurred, passes with his  
 train.*

PRINCE HENRY.

But come away; we have not time to look.  
 The crowd already fills the church, and yonder  
 Upon a stage, a herald with a trumpet,  
 Clad like the Angel Gabriel, proclaims  
 The Mystery that will now be represented.



## THE NATIVITY.

### A MIRACLE-PLAY.

#### INTROITUS.

##### PRÆCO.

COME, good people, all and each,  
Come and listen to our speech !  
In your presence here I stand,  
With a trumpet in my hand,  
To announce the Easter Play,  
Which we represent to-day !  
First of all we shall rehearse,  
In our action and our verse,  
The Nativity of our Lord,  
As written in the old record  
Of the Protevangelion,  
So that he who reads may run !

*Blows his trumpet.*

#### I. HEAVEN.

MERCY, *at the feet of God.*

Have pity, Lord ! be not afraid  
To save mankind, whom thou hast made,  
Nor let the souls that were betrayed  
Perish eternally !

## JUSTICE.

It cannot be, it must not be!  
 When in the garden placed by thee,  
 The fruit of the forbidden tree  
 He ate, and he must die!

## MERCY.

Have pity, Lord! let penitence  
 Atone for disobedience,  
 Nor let the fruit of man's offence  
 Be endless misery!

## JUSTICE.

What penitence proportionate  
 Can e'er be felt for sin so great?  
 Of the forbidden fruit he ate,  
 And damned must he be!

## GOD.

He shall be saved, if that within  
 The bounds of earth one free from sin  
 Be found, who for his kith and kin  
 Will suffer martyrdom.

## THE FOUR VIRTUES.

Lord! we have searched the world around,  
 From centre to the utmost bound,  
 But no such mortal can be found;  
 Despairing, back we come.

## WISDOM.

No mortal, but a God made man,  
 Can ever carry out this plan,  
 Achieving what none other can,  
 Salvation unto all!

## GOD.

Go, then, O my beloved Son!  
 It can by thee alone be done;

By thee the victory shall be won  
O'er Satan and the Fall!

*Here the ANGEL GABRIEL shall leave Paradise and fly towards the earth; the jaws of Hell open below, and the Devils walk about, making a great noise.*

## II. MARY AT THE WELL.

MARY.

Along the garden walk, and thence  
Through the wicket in the garden fence,  
I steal with quiet pace,  
My pitcher at the well to fill,  
That lies so deep and cool and still  
In this sequestered place.  
These sycamores keep guard around;  
I see no face, I hear no sound,  
Save bubblings of the spring,  
And my companions, who within  
The threads of gold and scarlet spin,  
And at their labor sing.

THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

Hail, Virgin Mary, full of grace!

*Here MARY looketh around her, trembling, and then saith:*

MARY.

Who is it speaketh in this place,  
With such a gentle voice?

GABRIEL.

The Lord of heaven is with thee now!  
Blessed among all women thou,  
Who art his holy choice!

MARY, *setting down the pitcher.*

What can this mean? No one is near,

And yet such sacred words I hear,  
I almost fear to stay.

*Here the ANGEL, appearing to her, shall say :*

GABRIEL.

Fear not, O Mary ! but believe !  
For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive  
A child this very day.

Fear not, O Mary ! from the sky  
The majesty of the Most High  
Shall overshadow thee !

MARY.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord !  
According to thy holy word,  
So be it unto me !

*Here the Devils shall again make a great noise, under the stage.*

### III. THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN PLANETS,

*bearing the Star of Bethlehem.*

THE ANGELS.

The Angels of the Planets Seven,  
Across the shining fields of heaven  
The natal star we bring !  
Dropping our sevenfold virtues down,  
As priceless jewels in the crown  
Of Christ, our new-born King.

RAPHAEL.

I am the Angel of the Sun,  
Whose flaming wheels began to run  
When God's almighty breath  
Said to the darkness and the Night,

Let there be light! and there was light!  
I bring the gift of Faith.

GABRIEL.

I am the Angel of the Moon,  
Darkened, to be rekindled soon  
Beneath the azure cope!  
Nearest to earth, it is my ray  
That best illumes the midnight way.  
I bring the gift of Hope!

ANAEL

The Angel of the Star of Love,  
The Evening Star, that shines above  
The place where lovers be,  
Above all happy hearths and homes,  
On roofs of thatch, or golden domes,  
I give him Charity!

ZOBIACHEL.

The Planet Jupiter is mine!  
The mightiest star of all that shine,  
Except the sun alone!  
He is the High Priest of the Dove,  
And sends, from his great throne above,  
Justice, that shall atone!

MICHAEL.

The Planet Mercury, whose place  
Is nearest to the sun in space.  
Is my allotted sphere!  
And with celestial ardor swift  
I bear upon my hands the gift  
Of heavenly Prudence here!

URIEL.

I am the Minister of Mars,  
The strongest star among the stars!  
My songs of power prelude

The march and battle of man's life,  
 And for the suffering and the strife,  
 I give him Fortitude !

ORIFEL.

The Angel of the uttermost  
 Of all the shining, heavenly host,  
 From the far-off expanse  
 Of the Saturnian, endless space  
 I bring the last, the crowning grace,  
 The gift of Temperance !

*A sudden light shines from the windows of the stable in the  
 village below.*

#### IV. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

*The stable of the Inn. The VIRGIN and CHILD. Three  
 Gipsy Kings, GASPER, MELCHIOR, and BELSHAZZAR,  
 shall come in.*

GASPAR.

Hail to thee, Jesus of Nazareth !  
 Though in a manger thou drawest thy breath,  
 Thou art greater than Life and Death,  
 Greater than Joy or Woe !  
 This cross upon the line of life  
 Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife,  
 And through a region with dangers rife  
 In darkness shalt thou go !

MELCHIOR.

Hail to thee, King of Jerusalem !  
 Though humbly born in Bethlehem,  
 A sceptre and a diadem  
 Await thy brow and hand !  
 The sceptre is a simple reed,  
 The crown will make thy temples bleed,  
 And in thy hour of greatest need,  
 Abashed thy subjects stand !

## BELSHAZZAR.

Hail to thee, Christ of Christendom !  
 O'er all the earth thy kingdom come !  
 From distant Trebizond to Rome  
 Thy name shall men adore !  
 Peace and good-will among all men,  
 The Virgin has returned again,  
 Returned the old Saturnian reign  
 And Golden Age once more.

## THE CHILD CHRIST.

Jesus, the Son of God, am I,  
 Born here to suffer and to die  
 According to the prophecy,  
 That other men may live !

## THE VIRGIN.

And now these clothes, that wrapped him, take  
 And keep them precious, for his sake ;  
 Our benediction thus we make,  
 Naught else have we to give.

*She gives them swaddling-clothes, and they depart.*

## V. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

*Here shall JOSEPH come in, leading an ass, on which are seated MARY and the CHILD.*

## MARY.

Here will we rest us, under these  
 O'erhanging branches of the trees,  
 Where robins chant their Litanies,  
 And canticles of Joy.

## JOSEPH.

My saddle-girths have given way  
 With trudging through the heat to-day ;  
 To you I think it is but play  
 To ride and hold the boy.

MARY.

Hark! how the robins shout and sing,  
 As if to hail their infant King!  
 I will alight at yonder spring  
 To wash his little coat.

JOSEPH.

And I will hobble well the ass,  
 Lest, being loose upon the grass,  
 He should escape; for, by the mass,  
 He is nimble as a goat.

*Here MARY shall alight and go to the spring.*

MARY.

O Joseph! I am much afraid,  
 For men are sleeping in the shade;  
 I fear that we shall be waylaid,  
 And robbed and beaten sore!

*Here a band of robbers shall be seen sleeping, two of whom  
 shall rise and come forward.*

DUMACHUS.

Cock's soul! deliver up your gold!

JOSEPH.

I pray you, Sirs, let go your hold!  
 Of wealth I have no store.

DUMACHUS.

Give up your money!

TITUS.

Prithee cease.  
 Let these good people go in peace.

DUMACHUS.

First let them pay for their release,  
 And then go on their way.



TITUS.

These forty groats I give in fee,  
If thou wilt only silent be.

MARY.

May God be merciful to thee  
Upon the Judgment Day!

JESUS.

When thirty years shall have gone by,  
I at Jerusalem shall die,  
By Jewish hands exalted high  
On the accursed tree.  
Then on my right and my left side,  
These thieves shall both be crucified,  
And Titus thenceforth shall abide  
In paradise with me.

*Here a great rumor of trumpets and horses, like the noise of  
a king with his army, and the robbers shall take flight.*

## VI. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

KING HEROD.

Potz-tausend! Himmel-sacrament!  
Filled am I with great wonderment  
At this unwelcome news!  
Am I not Herod? Who shall dare  
My crown to take, my sceptre bear,  
As king among the Jews?

*Here he shall stride up and down and flourish his sword.*

What ho! I fain would drink a can  
Of the strong wine of Canaan!

The wine of Helbon bring,  
I purchased at the Fair of Tyre,  
As red as blood, as hot as fire,  
And fit for any king!

*He quaffs great goblets of wine.*

Now at the window will I stand,

While in the street the armed band  
 The little children slay :  
 The babe just born in Bethlehem  
 Will surely slaughtered be with them,  
 Nor live another day !

*Here a voice of lamentation shall be heard in the street.*

RACHEL.

O wicked king ! O cruel speed !  
 To do this most unrighteous deed !  
 My children all are slain !

HEROD.

Ho seneschal ! another cup !  
 With wine of Sorek fill it up !  
 I would a bumper drain !

RAHAB.

May maledictions fall and blast  
 Thyself and lineage, to the last  
 Of all thy kith and kin !

HEROD.

Another goblet ! quick ! and stir  
 Pomegranate juice and drops of myrrh  
 And calamus therein !

SOLDIERS, *in the street.*

Give up thy child into our hands !  
 It is King Herod who commands  
 That he should thus be slain !

THE NURSE MEDUSA.

O monstrous men ! What have ye done !  
 It is King Herod's only son  
 That ye have cleft in twain !

HEROD.

Ah, luckless day ! What words of fear

Are these that smite upon my ear  
 With such a doleful sound!  
 What torments rack my heart and head!  
 Would I were dead! would I were dead,  
 And buried in the ground!

*He falls down and writhes as though eaten by worms. Hell opens, and SATAN and ASTAROTH come forth, and drag him down.*

## VII. JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS SCHOOLMATES.

JESUS.

The shower is over. Let us play,  
 And make some sparrows out of clay,  
 Down by the river's side.

JUDAS.

See, how the stream has overflowed  
 Its banks, and o'er the meadow road  
 Is spreading far and wide!

*They draw water out of the river by channels, and form little pools. JESUS makes twelve sparrows of clay, and the other boys do the same.*

JESUS.

Look! look! how prettily I make  
 These little sparrows by the lake  
 Bend down their necks and drink!  
 Now will I make them sing and soar  
 So far, they shall return no more  
 Unto this river's brink.

JUDAS.

That canst thou not! They are but clay,  
 They cannot sing, nor fly away  
 Above the meadow lands!

JESUS.

Fly, fly ! ye sparrows ! you are free !  
 And while you live, remember me,  
 Who made you with my hands.

*Here JESUS shall clap his hands, and the sparrows shall fly  
 away, chirruping.*

JUDAS.

Thou art a sorcerer, I know ;  
 Oft has my mother told me so,  
 I will not play with thee !

*He strikes JESUS on the right side.*

JESUS.

Ah, Judas ! thou hast smote my side,  
 And when I shall be crucified,  
 There shall I pierced be !

*Here JOSEPH shall come in, and say :*

JOSEPH.

Ye wicked boys ! why do ye play,  
 And break the holy Sabbath day ?  
 What, think ye, will your mothers say  
 To see you in such plight !  
 In such a sweat and such a heat,  
 With all that mud upon your feet !  
 There 's not a beggar in the street  
 Makes such a sorry sight !

## VIII. THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

*The RABBI BEN ISRAEL, with a long beard, sitting on a  
 high stool, with a rod in his hand.*

RABBI.

I am the Rabbi Ben Israel,  
 Throughout this village known full well,  
 And, as my scholars all will tell,  
 Learned in things divine ;

The Kabala and Talmud hoar  
 Than all the prophets prize I more,  
 For water is all Bible lore,  
 But Mishna is strong wine.

My fame extends from West to East,  
 And always, at the Purim feast,  
 I am as drunk as any beast  
 That wallows in his sty ;  
 The wine it so elateth me,  
 That I no difference can see  
 Between " Accursed Haman be !"  
 And " Blessed be Mordecai !"

Come hither, Judas Iscariot.  
 Say, if thy lesson thou hast got  
 From the Rabbinical Book or not.  
 Why howl the dogs at night ?

JUDAS.

In the Rabbinical Book, it saith  
 The dogs howl, when with icy breath  
 Great Sammaël, the Angel of Death,  
 Takes through the town his flight !

RABBI.

Well, boy ! now say, if thou art wise,  
 When the Angel of Death, who is full of eyes,  
 Comes where a sick man dying lies,  
 What doth he to the wight ?

JUDAS.

He stands beside him, dark and tall,  
 Holding a sword, from which doth fall  
 Into his mouth a drop of gall,  
 And so he turneth white.

RABBI.

And now, my Judas, say to me  
 What the great Voices Four may be,  
 That quite across the world do flee,  
 And are not heard by men ?

JUDAS.

The Voice of the Sun in heaven's dome,  
 The Voice of the Murmuring of Rome,  
 The Voice of a Soul that goeth home,  
 And the Angel of the Rain !

RABBI.

Well have ye answered every one !  
 Now little Jesus, the carpenter's son,  
 Let us see how thy task is done.  
 Canst thou thy letters say ?

JESUS.

Aleph.

RABBI.

What next ? Do not stop yet !  
 Go on with all the alphabet.  
 Come, Aleph, Beth ; dost thou forget ?  
 Cock's soul ! thou 'dst rather play !

JESUS.

What Aleph means I fain would know,  
 Before I any farther go !

RABBI.

O, by Saint Peter ! wouldst thou so ?  
 Come hither, boy, to me.  
 As surely as the letter Jod  
 Once cried aloud, and spake to God,  
 So surely shalt thou feel this rod,  
 And punished shalt thou be !

*Here RABBI BEN ISRAEL shall lift up his rod to strike  
 JESUS, and his right arm shall be paralyzed.*

## IX. CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.

*JESUS sitting among his playmates, crowned with flowers  
as their King.*

BOYS.

We spread our garments on the ground !  
With fragrant flowers thy head is crowned,  
While like a guard we stand around,  
And hail thee as our King !  
Thou art the new King of the Jews !  
Nor let the passers-by refuse  
To bring that homage which men use  
To majesty to bring.

*Here a traveller shall go by, and the boys shall lay hold  
of his garments and say :*

BOYS.

Come hither ! and all reverence pay  
Unto our monarch, crowned to-day !  
Then go rejoicing on your way,  
In all prosperity !

TRAVELLER.

Hail to the King of Bethlehem,  
Who weareth in his diadem  
The yellow crocus for the gem  
Of his authority !

*He passes by ; and others come in, bearing on a litter a  
sick child.*

BOYS.

Set down the litter and draw near !  
The King of Bethlehem is here !  
What ails the child, who seems to fear  
That we shall do him harm ?

## THE BEARERS.

He climbed up to the robin's nest,  
And out there darted, from his rest,  
A serpent with a crimson crest,  
And stung him in the arm.

## JESUS.

Bring him to me, and let me feel  
The wounded place ; my touch can heal  
The sting of serpents, and can steal  
The poison from the bite !

*He touches the wound, and the boy begins to cry.*

Cease to lament ! I can foresee  
That thou hereafter known shalt be,  
Among the men who follow me,  
As Simon the Canaanite !

## EPILOGUE.

In the after part of the day  
Will be represented another play,  
Of the Passion of our Blessed Lord,  
Beginning directly after Nones !  
At the close of which we shall accord,  
By way of benison and reward,  
The sight of a holy Martyr's bones !



## IV.

## THE ROAD TO HIRSCHAU.

PRINCE HENRY *and* ELSIE, *with their attendants, on horseback.*

ELSIE.

ONWARD and onward the highway runs to the distant city, impatiently bearing Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of hate, of doing and daring!

PRINCE HENRY.

This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,  
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

ELSIE.

Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma  
Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark enigma.

PRINCE HENRY.

Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure with little care of what may betide;  
Else why am I travelling here beside thee, a demon that rides by an angel's side?

ELSIE.

All the hedges are white with dust, and the great dog under the creaking wain  
Hangs his head in the lazy heat, while onward the horses toil and strain.

## PRINCE HENRY.

Now they stop at the way-side inn, and the wagoner  
 laughs with the landlord's daughter,  
 While out of the dripping trough the horses distend  
 their leathern sides with water.

## ELSIE.

All through life there are way-side inns, where  
 man may refresh his soul with love ;  
 Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets  
 fed by springs from above.

## PRINCE HENRY.

Yonder, where rises the cross of stone, our journey  
 along the highway ends,  
 And over the fields, by a bridle path, down into  
 the broad green valley descends.

## ELSIE.

I am not sorry to leave behind the beaten road  
 with its dust and heat ;  
 The air will be sweeter far, and the turf will be  
 softer under horses' feet.

*They turn down a green lane.*

## ELSIE.

Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the  
 valley stretching for miles below  
 Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just  
 covered with lightest snow.

## PRINCE HENRY.

Over our heads a white cascade is gleaming  
 against the distant hill ;  
 We cannot hear it, nor see it move, but it hangs  
 like a banner when winds are still.

ELSIE.

Damp and cool is this deep ravine, and cool the  
 sound of the brook by our side !  
 What is this castle that rises above us, and lords  
 it over a land so wide ?

PRINCE HENRY.

It is the home of the Counts of Calva ; well have  
 I known these scenes of old,  
 Well I remember each tower and turret, remem-  
 ber the brooklet, the wood, and the wold.

ELSIE.

Hark ! from the little village below us the bells of  
 the church are ringing for rain !  
 Priests and peasants in long procession come forth  
 and kneel on the arid plain.

PRINCE HENRY.

They have not long to wait, for I see in the south  
 uprising a little cloud,  
 That before the sun shall be set will cover the sky  
 above us as with a shroud.

*They pass on.*


---

THE CONVENT OF HIRSCHAU IN THE BLACK  
 FOREST.

*The Convent cellar.* FRIAR CLAUS comes in with a light  
 and a basket of empty flagons.

FRIAR CLAUS.

I ALWAYS enter this sacred place  
 With a thoughtful, solemn, and reverent pace,  
 Pausing long enough on each stair  
 To breathe an ejaculatory prayer,  
 And a benediction on the vines  
 That produce these various sorts of wines !

For my part, I am well content  
That we have got through with the tedious Lent!  
Fasting is all very well for those  
Who have to contend with invisible foes;  
But I am quite sure it does not agree  
With a quiet, peaceable man like me,  
Who am not of that nervous and meagre kind  
That are always distressed in body and mind!  
And at times it really does me good  
To come down among this brotherhood,  
Dwelling forever under ground,  
Silent, contemplative, round and sound;  
Each one old, and brown with mould,  
But filled to the lips with the ardor of youth,  
With the latent power and love of truth,  
And with virtues fervent and manifold.

I have heard it said, that at Easter-tide,  
When buds are swelling on every side,  
And the sap begins to move in the vine,  
Then in all the cellars, far and wide,  
The oldest, as well as the newest, wine  
Begins to stir itself, and ferment,  
With a kind of revolt and discontent  
At being so long in darkness pent,  
And fain would burst from its sombre tun  
To bask on the hill-side in the sun;  
As in the bosom of us poor friars,  
The tumult of half-subdued desires  
For the world that we have left behind  
Disturbs at times all peace of mind!  
And now that we have lived through Lent,  
My duty it is, as often before,  
To open awhile the prison-door,  
And give these restless spirits vent.

Now here is a cask that stands alone,  
And has stood a hundred years or more,  
Its beard of cobwebs, long and hoar,

Trailing and sweeping along the floor,  
 Like Barbarossa, who sits in his cave,  
 Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and grave,  
 Till his beard has grown through the table of stone !  
 It is of the quick and not of the dead !  
 In its veins the blood is hot and red,  
 And a heart still beats in those ribs of oak  
 That time may have tamed, but has not broke !  
 It comes from Bacharach on the Rhine,  
 Is one of the three best kinds of wine,  
 And costs some hundred florins the ohm ;  
 But that I do not consider dear,  
 When I remember that every year  
 Four butts are sent to the Pope of Rome.  
 And whenever a goblet thereof I drain,  
 The old rhyme keeps running in my brain :  
     At Bacharach on the Rhine,  
     At Hochheim on the Main,  
     And at Würzburg on the Stein,  
     Grow the three best kinds of wine !

They are all good wines, and better far  
 Than those of the Neckar, or those of the Ahr.  
 In particular, Würzburg well may boast  
 Of its blessed wine of the Holy Ghost,  
 Which of all wines I like the most.  
 This I shall draw for the Abbot's drinking,  
 Who seems to be much of my way of thinking.

*Fills a flagon.*

Ah ! how the streamlet laughs and sings !  
 What a delicious fragrance springs  
 From the deep flagon, while it fills,  
 As of hyacinths and daffodils !  
 Between this cask and the Abbot's lips  
 Many have been the sips and slips ;  
 Many have been the draughts of wine,  
 On their way to his, that have stopped at mine ;  
 And many a time my soul has hankered

For a deep draught out of his silver tankard,  
 When it should have been busy with other affairs,  
 Less with its longings and more with its prayers.  
 But now there is no such awkward condition,  
 No danger of death and eternal perdition ;  
 So here 's to the Abbot and Brothers all,  
 Who dwell in this convent of Peter and Paul !

*He drinks.*

O cordial delicious ! O soother of pain !  
 It flashes like sunshine into my brain !  
 A benison rest on the Bishop who sends  
 Such a fudder of wine as this to his friends !

And now a flagon for such as may ask  
 A draught from the noble Bacharach cask,  
 And I will be gone, though I know full well  
 The cellar 's a cheerfuller place than the cell.  
 Behold where he stands, all sound and good,  
 Brown and old in his oaken hood ;  
 Silent he seems externally  
 As any Carthusian monk may be ;  
 But within, what a spirit of deep unrest !  
 What a seething and simmering in his breast !  
 As if the heaving of his great heart  
 Would burst his belt of oak apart !  
 Let me unloose this button of wood,  
 And quiet a little his turbulent mood.

*Sets it running.*

See ! how its currents gleam and shine,  
 As if they had caught the purple hues  
 Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine,  
 Descending and mingling with the dews ;  
 Or as if the grapes were stained with the blood  
 Of the innocent boy, who, some years back,  
 Was taken and crucified by the Jews,  
 In that ancient town of Bacharach ;  
 Perdition upon those infidel Jews,

In that ancient town of Bacharach !  
 The beautiful town, that gives us wine  
 With the fragrant odor of Muscadine !  
 I should deem it wrong to let this pass  
 Without first touching my lips to the glass,  
 For here in the midst of the current I stand,  
 Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of the river,  
 Taking toll upon either hand,  
 And much more grateful to the giver.

*He drinks.*

Here, now, is a very inferior kind,  
 Such as in any town you may find,  
 Such as one might imagine would suit  
 The rascal who drank wine out of a boot.  
 And, after all, it was not a crime,  
 For he won thereby Dorf Hüffelsheim.  
 A jolly old toper ! who at a pull  
 Could drink a postilion's jack-boot full,  
 And ask with a laugh, when that was done,  
 If the fellow had left the other one !  
 This wine is as good as we can afford  
 To the friars, who sit at the lower board,  
 And cannot distinguish bad from good,  
 And are far better off than if they could,  
 Being rather the rude disciples of beer  
 Than of any thing more refined and dear !

*Fills the other flagon and departs.*

---

#### THE SCRIPTORIUM.

FRIAR PACIFICUS *transcribing and illuminating.*

FRIAR PACIFICUS.

It is growing dark ! Yet one line more,  
 And then my work for to-day is o'er.  
 I come again to the name of the Lord !

Ere I that awful name record,  
 That is spoken so lightly among men,  
 Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen;  
 Pure from blemish and blot must it be  
 When it writes that word of mystery!

Thus have I labored on and on,  
 Nearly through the Gospel of John.  
 Can it be that from the lips  
 Of this same gentle Evangelist,  
 That Christ himself perhaps has kissed,  
 Came the dread Apocalypse!  
 It has a very awful look,  
 As it stands there at the end of the book,  
 Like the sun in an eclipse.  
 Ah me! when I think of that vision divine,  
 Think of writing it, line by line,  
 I stand in awe of the terrible curse,  
 Like the trump of doom, in the closing verse.  
 God forgive me! if ever I  
 Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,  
 Lest my part too should be taken away  
 From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.

This is well written, though I say it!  
 I should not be afraid to display it,  
 In open day, on the selfsame shelf  
 With the writings of St. Thecla herself,  
 Or of Theodosius, who of old  
 Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold!  
 That goodly folio standing yonder,  
 Without a single blot or blunder,  
 Would not bear away the palm from mine,  
 If we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter!  
 Saint Ulric himself never made a better!  
 Finished down to the leaf and the snail,  
 Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail!



And now, as I turn the volume over,  
 And see what lies between cover and cover,  
 What treasures of art these pages hold,  
 All ablaze with crimson and gold,  
 God forgive me ! I seem to feel  
 A certain satisfaction steal  
 Into my heart, and into my brain,  
 As if my talent had not lain  
 Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.  
 Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,  
 Here is a copy of thy Word,  
 Written out with much toil and pain ;  
 Take it, O Lord, and let it be  
 As something I have done for thee !

*He looks from the window.*

How sweet the air is ! How fair the scene !  
 I wish I had as lovely a green  
 To paint my landscapes and my leaves !  
 How the swallows twitter under the eaves !  
 There, now, there is one in her nest ;  
 I can just catch a glimpse of her head and breast,  
 And will sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,  
 For the margin of my Gospel book.

*He makes a sketch.*

I can see no more. Through the valley yonder  
 A shower is passing ; I hear the thunder  
 Mutter its curses in the air,  
 The Devil's own and only prayer !  
 The dusty road is brown with rain,  
 And, speeding on with might and main,  
 Hitherward rides a gallant train.  
 They do not parley, they cannot wait,  
 But hurry in at the convent gate.  
 What a fair lady ! and beside her  
 What a handsome, graceful, noble rider !  
 Now she gives him her hand to alight ;  
 They will beg a shelter for the night.

I will go down to the corridor,  
 And try to see that face once more ;  
 It will do for the face of some beautiful Saint,  
 Or for one of the Mariés I shall paint.

*Goes out.*

---

THE CLOISTERS.

*The ABBOT ERNESTUS pacing to and fro.*

ABBOT.

SLOWLY, slowly up the wall  
 Steals the sunshine, steals the shade ;  
 Evening damps begin to fall,  
 Evening shadows are displayed.  
 Round me, o'er me, everywhere,  
 All the sky is grand with clouds,  
 And athwart the evening air  
 Wheel the swallows home in crowds.  
 Shafts of sunshine from the west  
 Paint the dusky windows red ;  
 Darker shadows, deeper rest,  
 Underneath and overhead.  
 Darker, darker, and more wan,  
 In my breast the shadows fall ;  
 Upward steals the life of man,  
 As the sunshine from the wall.  
 From the wall into the sky,  
 From the roof along the spire ;  
 Ah, the souls of those that die  
 Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Christ is arisen !

ABBOT.

Amen ! he is arisen !

His peace be with you !

PRINCE HENRY.

Here it reigns forever!  
The peace of God, that passeth understanding,  
Reigns in these cloisters and these corridors.  
Are you Ernestus, Abbot of the convent?

ABBOT.

I am.

PRINCE HENRY.

And I Prince Henry of Hoheneck,  
Who crave your hospitality to-night.

ABBOT.

You are thrice welcome to our humble walls.  
You do us honor; and we shall requite it,  
I fear, but poorly, entertaining you  
With Paschal eggs, and our poor convent wine,  
The remnants of our Easter holidays.

PRINCE HENRY.

How fares it with the holy monks of Hirschau?  
Are all things well with them?

ABBOT.

All things are well.

PRINCE HENRY.

A noble convent! I have known it long  
By the report of travellers. I now see  
Their commendations lag behind the truth.  
You lie here in the valley of the Nagold  
As in a nest: and the still river, gliding  
Along its bed, is like an admonition  
How all things pass. Your lands are rich and  
ample,  
And your revenues large. God's benediction  
Rests on your convent.

ABBOT.

By our charities  
 We strive to merit it. Our Lord and Master,  
 When he departed, left us in his will,  
 As our best legacy on earth, the poor !  
 These we have always with us ; had we not,  
 Our hearts would grow as hard as are these stones.

PRINCE HENRY.

If I remember right, the Counts of Calva  
 Founded your convent.

ABBOT.

Even as you say.

PRINCE HENRY.

And, if I err not, it is very old.

ABBOT.

Within these cloisters lie already buried  
 Twelve holy Abbots. Underneath the flags  
 On which we stand, the Abbot William lies,  
 Of blessed memory.

PRINCE HENRY.

And whose tomb is that,  
 Which bears the brass escutcheon ?

ABBOT.

A benefactor's.

Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood  
 Godfather to our bells.

PRINCE HENRY.

Your monks are learned  
 And holy men, I trust.

ABBOT.

There are among them  
 Learned and holy men. Yet in this age

We need another Hildebrand, to shake  
 And purify us like a mighty wind.  
 The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder  
 God does not lose his patience with it wholly,  
 And shatter it like glass! Even here, at times,  
 Within these walls, where all should be at peace,  
 I have my trials. Time has laid his hand  
 Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,  
 But as a harper lays his open palm  
 Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.  
 Ashes are on my head, and on my lips  
 Sackcloth, and in my breast a heaviness  
 And weariness of life, that makes me ready  
 To say to the dead Abbots under us,  
 "Make room for me!" Only I see the dusk  
 Of evening twilight coming, and have not  
 Completed half my task; and so at times  
 The thought of my short-comings in this life  
 Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

PRINCE HENRY.

We must all die, and not the old alone;  
 The young have no exemption from that doom.

ABBOT.

Ah, yes! the young may die, but the old must!  
 That is the difference.

PRINCE HENRY.

I have heard much laud  
 Of your transcribers. Your Scriptorium  
 Is famous among all, your manuscripts  
 Praised for their beauty and their excellence.

ABBOT.

That is indeed our boast. If you desire it,  
 You shall behold these treasures. And meanwhile  
 Shall the Refectorarius bestow  
 Your horses and attendants for the night.

*They go in. The Vesper-bell rings.*

## THE CHAPEL.

*Vespers; after which the monks retire, a chorister leading  
an old monk who is blind.*

## PRINCE HENRY.

THEY are all gone, save one who lingers,  
 Absorbed in deep and silent prayer.  
 As if his heart could find no rest,  
 At times he beats his heaving breast  
 With clenched and convulsive fingers,  
 Then lifts them trembling in the air.  
 A chorister, with golden hair,  
 Guides hitherward his heavy pace.  
 Can it be so? Or does my sight  
 Deceive me in the uncertain light?  
 Ah no! I recognize that face,  
 Though Time has touched it in his flight,  
 And changed the auburn hair to white.  
 It is Count Hugo of the Rhine,  
 The deadliest foe of all our race,  
 And hateful unto me and mine!

## THE BLIND MONK.

Who is it that doth stand so near  
 His whispered words I almost hear?

## PRINCE HENRY.

I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck,  
 And you, Count Hugo of the Rhine!  
 I know you, and I see the scar,  
 The brand upon your forehead, shine  
 And redden like a baleful star!

## THE BLIND MONK.

Count Hugo once, but now the wreck  
 Of what I was. O Hoheneck!  
 The passionate will, the pride, the wrath  
 That bore me headlong on my path,

Stumbled and staggered into fear,  
And failed me in my mad career,  
As a tired steed some evil-doer,  
Alone upon a desolate moor,  
Bewildered, lost, deserted, blind,  
And hearing loud and close behind  
The o'ertaking steps of his pursuer.  
Then suddenly from the dark there came  
A voice that called me by my name,  
And said to me, "Kneel down and pray!"  
And so my terror passed away,  
Passed utterly away forever.  
Contrition, penitence, remorse,  
Came on me, with o'erwhelming force ;  
A hope, a longing, an endeavour,  
By days of penance and nights of prayer,  
To frustrate and defeat despair !  
Calm, deep, and still is now my heart,  
With tranquil waters overflowed ;  
A lake whose unseen fountains start,  
Where once the hot volcano glowed.  
And you, O Prince of Hoheneck !  
Have known me in that earlier time,  
A man of violence and crime,  
Whose passions brooked no curb nor check.  
Behold me now, in gentler mood,  
One of this holy brotherhood.  
Give me your hand ; here let me kneel ;  
Make your reproaches sharp as steel ;  
Spurn me, and smite me on each cheek ;  
No violence can harm the meek,  
There is no wound Christ cannot heal !  
Yes ; lift your princely hand, and take  
Revenge, if 't is revenge you seek ;  
Then pardon me, for Jesus' sake !

## PRINCE HENRY.

Arise, Count Hugo ! let there be  
No farther strife nor enmity

Between us twain ; we both have erred !  
 Too rash in act, too wroth in word,  
 From the beginning have we stood  
 In fierce, defiant attitude,  
 Each thoughtless of the other's right,  
 And each reliant on his might.  
 But now our souls are more subdued ;  
 The hand of God, and not in vain,  
 Has touched us with the fire of pain.  
 Let us kneel down, and side by side  
 Pray, till our souls are purified,  
 And pardon will not be denied !

*They kneel.*

---

THE REFECTORY.

*Gaudiolum of Monks at midnight. LUCIFER disguised as  
 a Friar.*

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

AVE ! color vini clari,  
 Dulcis potus, non amari,  
 Tua nos inebriari  
 Digneris potentia !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Not so much noise, my worthy freres,  
 You 'll disturb the Abbot at his prayers.

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

O ! quam placens in colore !  
 O ! quam fragrans in odore !  
 O ! quam sapidum in ore !  
 Dulce linguæ vinculum !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

I should think your tongue had broken its chain !



FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

Felix venter quem intrabis !  
 Felix guttur quod rigabis !  
 Felix os quod tu lavabis !  
 Et beata labia !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Peace. I say, peace !  
 Will you never cease !  
 You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell you again !

FRIAR JOHN.

No danger ! to-night he will let us alone,  
 As I happen to know he has guests of his own.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Who are they ?

FRIAR JOHN.

A German Prince and his train,  
 Who arrived here just before the rain.  
 There is with him a damsel fair to see,  
 As slender and graceful as a reed !  
 When she alighted from her steed,  
 It seemed like a blossom blown from a tree.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

None of your pale-faced girls for me !  
 None of your damsels of high degree !

FRIAR JOHN.

Come, old fellow, drink down to your peg !  
 But do not drink any farther, I beg !

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

In the days of gold,  
 The days of old,  
 Crosier of wood  
 And bishop of gold !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

What an infernal racket and riot!  
 Can you not drink your wine in quiet?  
 Why fill the convent with such scandals,  
 As if we were so many drunken Vandals?

FRIAR PAUL *continues*.

Now we have changed  
 That law so good,  
 To crosier of gold  
 And bishop of wood!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Well, then, since you are in the mood  
 To give your noisy humors vent,  
 Sing and howl to your heart's content!

CHORUS OF MONKS.

Funde vinum, funde!  
 Tanquam sint fluminis undæ,  
 Nec quæras unde,  
 Sed fundas semper abunde!

FRIAR JOHN.

What is the name of yonder friar,  
 With an eye that glows like a coal of fire,  
 And such a black mass of tangled hair?

FRIAR PAUL.

He who is sitting there,  
 With a rollicking,  
 Devil may care,  
 Free and easy look and air,  
 As if he were used to such feasting and frolicking?

FRIAR JOHN.

The same.

FRIAR PAUL.

He's a stranger. You had better ask his name,  
 And where he is going, and whence he came.

FRIAR JOHN.

Hallo ! Sir Friar !

FRIAR PAUL.

You must raise your voice a little higher,  
He does not seem to hear what you say.  
Now, try again ! He is looking this way.

FRIAR JOHN.

Hallo ! Sir Friar,  
We wish to inquire  
Whence you came, and where you are going,  
And anything else that is worth the knowing.  
So be so good as to open your head.

LUCIFER.

I am a Frenchman born and bred,  
Going on a pilgrimage to Rome.  
My home  
Is the convent of St. Gildas de Rhuys,  
Of which, very like, you never have heard.

MONKS.

Never a word !

LUCIFER.

You must know, then, it is in the diocese  
Called the Diocese of Vannes,  
In the province of Brittany.  
From the gray rocks of Morbihan  
It overlooks the angry sea ;  
The very sea-shore where,  
In his great despair,  
Abbot Abelard walked to and fro,  
Filling the night with woe,  
And wailing aloud to the merciless seas  
The name of his sweet Heloise !  
Whilst overhead  
The convent windows gleamed as red  
As the fiery eyes of the monks within,

Who with jovial din  
Gave themselves up to all kinds of sin!  
Ha! that is a convent! that is an abbey!  
Over the doors,  
None of your death-heads carved in wood,  
None of your Saints looking pious and good,  
None of your Patriarchs old and shabby!  
But the heads and tusks of boars,  
And the cells  
Hung all round with the fells  
Of the fallow-deer.  
And then what cheer!  
What jolly, fat friars,  
Sitting round the great, roaring fires,  
Roaring louder than they,  
With their strong wines,  
And their concubines,  
And never a bell,  
With its swagger and swell,  
Calling you up with a start of affright  
In the dead of night,  
To send you grumbling down dark stairs,  
To mumble your prayers.  
But the cheery crow  
Of cocks in the yard below,  
After daybreak, an hour or so,  
And the barking of deep-mouthed hounds,  
These are the sounds  
That, instead of bells, salute the ear.  
And then all day  
Up and away  
Through the forest, hunting the deer!  
Ah, my friends! I'm afraid that here  
You are a little too pious, a little too tame,  
And the more is the shame.  
'T is the greatest folly  
Not to be jolly;  
That's what I think!  
Come, drink, drink,  
Drink, and die game!

MONKS.

And your Abbot What's-his-name ?

LUCIFER.

Abelard !

MONKS.

Did he drink hard ?

LUCIFER.

O, no ! Not he !

He was a dry old fellow,

Without juice enough to get thoroughly mellow.

There he stood,

Lowering at us in sullen mood,

As if he had come into Brittany

Just to reform our brotherhood !

*A roar of laughter.*

But you see

It never would do !

For some of us knew a thing or two,

In the Abbey of St. Gildas de Rhuy's !

For instance, the great ado

With old Fulbert's niece,

The young and lovely Heloise !

FRIAR JOHN.

Stop there, if you please,

Till we drink to the fair Heloise.

*ALL, drinking and shouting.*

Heloise ! Heloise !

*The Chapel-bell tolls.*

LUCIFER, *starting.*

What is that bell for ? Are you such asses

As to keep up the fashion of midnight masses ?

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

It is only a poor, unfortunate brother,

Who is gifted with most miraculous powers

Of getting up at all sorts of hours,  
 And, by way of penance and Christian meekness,  
 Of creeping silently out of his cell  
 To take a pull at that hideous bell ;  
 So that all the monks who are lying awake  
 May murmur some kind of prayer for his sake,  
 And adapted to his peculiar weakness !

FRIAR JOHN.

From frailty and fall—

ALL.

Good Lord, deliver us all !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

And before the bell for matins sounds,  
 He takes his lantern, and goes the rounds,  
 Flashing it into our sleepy eyes,  
 Merely to say it is time to arise.  
 But enough of that. Go on, if you please,  
 With your story about St. Gildas de Rhuys.

LUCIFER.

Well, it finally came to pass  
 That, half in fun and half in malice,  
 One Sunday at Mass  
 We put some poison into the chalice.  
 But, either by accident or design,  
 Peter Abelard kept away  
 From the chapel that day,  
 And a poor, young friar, who in his stead  
 Drank the sacramental wine,  
 Fell on the steps of the altar, dead !  
 But look ! do you see at the window there  
 That face, with a look of grief and despair,  
 That ghastly face, as of one in pain ?

MONKS.

Who ? where ?

LUCIFER.

As I spoke, it vanished away again.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

It is that nefarious  
Siebald the Refectorarius.  
That fellow is always playing the scout,  
Creeping and peeping and prowling about ;  
And then he regales  
The Abbot with scandalous tales.

LUCIFER.

A spy in the convent ? One of the brothers  
Telling scandalous tales of the others ?  
Out upon him, the lazy loon !  
I would put a stop to that pretty soon,  
In a way he should rue it.

MONKS.

How shall we do it ?

LUCIFER.

Do you, brother Paul,  
Creep under the window, close to the wall,  
And open it suddenly when I call.  
Then seize the villain by the hair,  
And hold him there,  
And punish him soundly, once for all.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

As St. Dunstan of old,  
We are told,  
Once caught the Devil by the nose !

LUCIFER.

Ha ! ha ! that story is very clever,  
But has no foundation whatsoever.  
Quick ! for I see his face again  
Glaring in at the window-pane ;  
Now ! now ! and do not spare your blows.

FRIAR PAUL *opens the window suddenly, and seizes SIEBALD.*  
*They beat him.*

FRIAR SIEBALD.

Help! help! are you going to slay me?

FRIAR PAUL.

That will teach you again to betray me!

FRIAR SIEBALD.

Mercy! mercy!

FRIAR PAUL, *shouting and beating.*

Rumpas bellorum lorum,  
 Vim confer amorum  
 Morum verorum rorum  
 Tu plena polorum!

LUCIFER.

Who stands in the doorway yonder,  
 Stretching out his trembling hand,  
 Just as Abelard used to stand,  
 The flash of his keen, black eyes  
 Forerunning the thunder?

THE MONKS, *in confusion.*

The Abbot! the Abbot!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

And what is the wonder!  
 He seems to have taken you by surprise.

FRIAR FRANCIS.

Hide the great flagon  
 From the eyes of the dragon!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Pull the brown hood over your face!  
 This will bring us into disgrace!



CLARE

ABBOT.

What means this revel and carouse ?  
 Is this a tavern and drinking-house ?  
 Are you Christian monks, or heathen devils,  
 To pollute this convent with your revels ?  
 Were Peter Damian still upon earth,  
 To be shocked by such ungodly mirth,  
 He would write your names, with pen of gall,  
 In his Book of Gomorrah, one and all !  
 Away, you drunkards ! to your cells,  
 And pray till you hear the matin-bells ;  
 You, Brother Francis, and you, Brother Paul !  
 And as a penance mark each prayer  
 With the scourge upon your shoulders bare ;  
 Nothing atones for such a sin  
 But the blood that follows the discipline.  
 And you, Brother Cuthbert, come with me  
 Alone into the sacristy ;  
 You, who should be a guide to your brothers,  
 And are ten times worse than all the others,  
 For you I've a draught that has long been brewing,  
 You shall do a penance worth the doing !  
 Away to your prayers, then, one and all !  
 I wonder the very convent wall  
 Does not crumble and crush you in its fall !

---

 THE NEIGHBOURING NUNNERY.

*The ABBESS IRMINGARD sitting with ELSIE in the moon-light.*

IRMINGARD.

THE night is silent, the wind is still,  
 The moon is looking from yonder hill  
 Down upon convent, and grove, and garden ;  
 The clouds have passed away from her face,  
 Leaving behind them no sorrowful trace,  
 Only the tender and quiet grace  
 Of one, whose heart has been healed with pardon !

And such am I. My soul within  
 Was dark with passion and soiled with sin.  
 But now its wounds are healed again ;  
 Gone are the anguish, the terror, and pain ;  
 For across that desolate land of woe,  
 O'er whose burning sands I was forced to go,  
 A wind from heaven began to blow ;  
 And all my being trembled and shook,  
 As the leaves of the tree, or the grass of the field,  
 And I was healed, as the sick are healed,  
 When fanned by the leaves of the Holy Book !

As thou sittest in the moonlight there,  
 Its glory flooding thy golden hair,  
 And the only darkness that which lies  
 In the haunted chambers of thine eyes,  
 I feel my soul drawn unto thee,  
 Strangely, and strongly, and more and more,  
 As to one I have known and loved before ;  
 For every soul is akin to me  
 That dwells in the land of mystery !  
 I am the Lady Irmgard,  
 Born of a noble race and name !  
 Many a wandering Suabian bard,  
 Whose life was dreary, and bleak, and hard,  
 Has found through me the way to fame.  
 Brief and bright were those days, and the night  
 Which followed was full of a lurid light.  
 Love, that of every woman's heart  
 Will have the whole and not a part,  
 That is to her, in Nature's plan,  
 More than ambition is to man,  
 Her light, her life, her very breath,  
 With no alternative but death,  
 Found me a maiden soft and young  
 Just from the convent's cloistered school,  
 And seated on my lowly stool,  
 Attentive while the minstrels sung.

Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,  
Fairest, noblest, best of all,  
Was Walter of the Vogelweid ;  
And, whatsoever may betide,  
Still I think of him with pride !  
His song was of the summer-time,  
The very birds sang in his rhyme ;  
The sunshine, the delicious air,  
The fragrance of the flowers, were there ;  
And I grew restless as I heard,  
Restless and buoyant as a bird,  
Down soft, aerial currents sailing,  
O'er blossomed orchards, and fields in bloom,  
And through the momentary gloom  
Of shadows o'er the landscape trailing,  
Yielding and borne I knew not where,  
But feeling resistance unavailing.

And thus, unnoticed and apart,  
And more by accident than choice,  
I listened to that single voice  
Until the chambers of my heart  
Were filled with it by night and day.  
One night,—it was a night in May,—  
Within the garden, unawares,  
Under the blossoms in the gloom,  
I heard it utter my own name  
With protestations and wild prayers ;  
And it rang through me, and became  
Like the archangel's trump of doom,  
Which the soul hears, and must obey ;  
And mine arose as from a tomb.  
My former life now seemed to me  
Such as hereafter death may be,  
When in the great Eternity  
We shall awake and find it day.

It was a dream, and would not stay ;  
A dream, that in a single night

Faded and vanished out of sight.  
My father's anger followed fast  
This passion, as a freshening blast  
Seeks out and fans the fire, whose rage  
It may increase, but not assuage.  
And he exclaimed: "No wandering bard  
Shall win thy hand, O Irmingard!  
For which Prince Henry of Hoheneck  
By messenger and letter sues."

Gently, but firmly, I replied:  
"Henry of Hoheneck I discard!  
Never the hand of Irmingard  
Shall lie in his as the hand of a bride!"  
This said I, Walter, for thy sake;  
This said I, for I could not choose.  
After a pause, my father spake  
In that cold and deliberate tone  
Which turns the hearer into stone,  
And seems itself the act to be  
That follows with such dread certainty;  
"This, or the cloister and the veil!"  
No other words than these he said,  
But they were like a funeral wail;  
My life was ended, my heart was dead.

That night from the castle-gate went down,  
With silent, slow, and stealthy pace,  
Two shadows, mounted on shadowy steeds,  
Taking the narrow path that leads  
Into the forest dense and brown.  
In the leafy darkness of the place,  
One could not distinguish form nor face,  
Only a bulk without a shape,  
A darker shadow in the shade;  
One scarce could say it moved or stayed.  
Thus it was we made our escape!  
A foaming brook, with many a bound,  
Followed us like a playful hound;

Then leaped before us, and in the hollow  
Paused, and waited for us to follow,  
And seemed impatient, and afraid  
That our tardy flight should be betrayed  
By the sound our horses' hoof-beats made.

And when we reached the plain below,  
We paused a moment and drew rein  
To look back at the castle again ;  
And we saw the windows all aglow  
With lights, that were passing to and fro ;  
Our hearts with terror ceased to beat ;  
The brook crept silent to our feet ;  
We knew what most we feared to know.  
Then suddenly horns began to blow ;  
And we heard a shout, and a heavy tramp,  
And our horses snorted in the damp  
Night-air of the meadows green and wide,  
And in a moment, side by side,  
So close, they must have seemed but one,  
The shadows across the moonlight run,  
And another came, and swept behind,  
Like the shadow of clouds before the wind !

How I remember that breathless flight  
Across the moors, in the summer night !  
How under our feet the long, white road  
Backward like a river flowed,  
Sweeping with it fences and hedges,  
Whilst farther away, and overhead,  
Paler than I, with fear and dread,  
The moon fled with us, as we fled  
Along the forest's jagged edges !

All this I can remember well ;  
But of what afterwards befell  
I nothing farther can recall  
Than a blind, desperate, headlong fall ;  
The rest is a blank and darkness all.

When I awoke out of this swoon,  
The sun was shining, not the moon,  
Making a cross upon the wall  
With the bars of my windows narrow and tall;  
And I prayed to it, as I had been wont to pray,  
From early childhood, day by day,  
Each morning, as in bed I lay!  
I was lying again in my own room!  
And I thanked God, in my fever and pain,  
That those shadows on the midnight plain  
Were gone, and could not come again!  
I struggled no longer with my doom!

This happened many years ago.  
I left my father's home to come  
Like Catherine to her martyrdom,  
For blindly I esteemed it so.  
And when I heard the convent door  
Behind me close, to ope no more,  
I felt it smite me like a blow.  
Through all my limbs a shudder ran,  
And on my bruised spirit fell  
The dampness of my narrow cell  
As night-air on a wounded man,  
Giving intolerable pain.

But now a better life began.  
I felt the agony decrease  
By slow degrees, then wholly cease,  
Ending in perfect rest and peace!  
It was not apathy, nor dulness,  
That weighed and pressed upon my brain,  
But the same passion I had given  
To earth before, now turned to heaven  
With all its overflowing fulness.

Alas! the world is full of peril!  
The path that runs through the fairest meads,  
On the sunniest side of the valley, leads

Into a region bleak and sterile !  
Alike in the high-born and the lowly,  
The will is feeble, and passion strong.  
We cannot sever right from wrong ;  
Some falsehood mingles with all truth ;  
Nor is it strange the heart of youth  
Should waver and comprehend but slowly  
The things that are holy and unholy !  
But in this sacred and calm retreat,  
We are all well and safely shielded  
From winds that blow, and waves that beat,  
From the cold, and rain, and blighting heat,  
To which the strongest hearts have yielded.  
Here we stand as the Virgins Seven,  
For our celestial bridegroom yearning ;  
Our hearts are lamps forever burning,  
With a steady and unwavering flame,  
Pointing upward, forever the same,  
Steadily upward toward the Heaven !

The moon is hidden behind a cloud ;  
A sudden darkness fills the room,  
And thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,  
Shine like jewels in a shroud.  
On the leaves is a sound of falling rain ;  
A bird, awakened in its nest,  
Gives a faint twitter of unrest,  
Then smoothes its plumes and sleeps again.  
No other sounds than these I hear ;  
The hour of midnight must be near.  
Thou art o'erspent with the day's fatigue  
Of riding many a dusty league ;  
Sink, then, gently to thy slumber ;  
Me so many cares encumber,  
So many ghosts, and forms of fright,  
Have started from their graves to-night,  
They have driven sleep from mine eyes away :  
I will go down to the chapel and pray.

V.

A COVERED BRIDGE AT LUCERNE.

PRINCE HENRY.

GOD'S blessing on the architects who build  
The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses  
Before impassable to human feet,  
No less than on the builders of cathedrals,  
Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across  
The dark and terrible abyss of Death.  
Well has the name of Pontifex been given  
Unto the Church's head, as the chief builder  
And architect of the invisible bridge  
That leads from earth to heaven.

ELSIE.

How dark it grows!  
What are these paintings on the walls around us?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance Macaber!

ELSIE.

What?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance of Death!  
All that go to and fro must look upon it,  
Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath,  
Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river  
Rushes, impetuous as the river of life,  
With dimpling eddies, ever green and bright,  
Save where the shadow of this bridge falls on it.

ELSIE.

O, yes! I see it now!



PRINCE HENRY.

The grim musician  
 Leads all men through the mazes of that dance,  
 To different sounds in different measures moving ;  
 Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes a drum,  
 To tempt or terrify.

ELSIE.

What is this picture ?

PRINCE HENRY.

It is a young man singing to a nun,  
 Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneeling  
 Turns round to look at him ; and Death, mean-  
 while,  
 Is putting out the candles on the altar !

ELSIE.

Ah, what a pity 't is that she should listen  
 Unto such songs, when in her orisons  
 She might have heard in heaven the angels  
 singing !

PRINCE HENRY.

Here he has stolen a jester's cap and bells,  
 And dances with the Queen.

ELSIE.

A foolish jest !

PRINCE HENRY.

And here the heart of the new-wedded wife,  
 Coming from church with her beloved lord,  
 He startles with the rattle of his drum.

ELSIE.

Ah, that is sad ! And yet perhaps 't is best  
 That she should die, with all the sunshine on her,  
 And all the benedictions of the morning,

Before this affluence of golden light  
 Shall fade into a cold and clouded gray,  
 Then into darkness!

PRINCE HENRY.

Under it is written,  
 "Nothing but death shall separate thee and me!"

ELSIE.

And what is this, that follows close upon it?

PRINCE HENRY.

Death, playing on a dulcimer. Behind him,  
 A poor old woman, with a rosary,  
 Follows the sound, and seems to wish her feet  
 Were swifter to o'ertake him. Underneath,  
 The inscription reads, "Better is Death than Life."

ELSIE.

Better is Death than Life! Ah yes! to thousands  
 Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings  
 That song of consolation, till the air  
 Rings with it, and they cannot choose but follow  
 Whither he leads. And not the old alone,  
 But the young also hear it, and are still.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yes, in their sadder moments. 'T is the sound  
 Of their own hearts they hear, half full of tears,  
 Which are like crystal cups, half filled with water,  
 Responding to the pressure of a finger  
 With music sweet and low and melancholy.  
 Let us go forward, and no longer stay  
 In this great picture-gallery of Death!  
 I hate it! ay, the very thought of it!

ELSIE.

Why is it hateful to you?

## PRINCE HENRY.

For the reason  
That life, and all that speaks of life, is lovely,  
And death, and all that speaks of death, is hateful.

## ELSIE.

The grave itself is but a covered bridge,  
Leading from light to light, through a brief darkness!

PRINCE HENRY, *emerging from the bridge.*

I breathe again more freely! Ah, how pleasant  
To come once more into the light of day,  
Out of that shadow of death! To hear again  
The hoof-beats of our horses on firm ground,  
And not upon those hollow planks, resounding  
With a sepulchral echo, like the clods  
On coffins in a churchyard! Yonder lies  
The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns, apparelled  
In light, and lingering, like a village maiden,  
Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,  
Then pouring all her life into another's,  
Changing her name and being! Overhead,  
Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,  
Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

*They pass on.*

## THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE crossing, with attendants.

## GUIDE.

THIS bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.  
With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,  
It leaps across the terrible chasm  
Yawning beneath us, black and deep,  
As if, in some convulsive spasm,  
The summits of the hills had cracked,

And made a road for the cataract,  
That raves and rages down the steep !

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha ! ha !

GUIDE.

Never any bridge but this  
Could stand across the wild abyss ;  
All the rest, of wood or stone,  
By the Devil's hand were overthrown.  
He toppled crags from the precipice,  
And whatsoe'er was built by day  
In the night was swept away ;  
None could stand but this alone.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha ! ha !

GUIDE.

I showed you in the valley a boulder  
Marked with the imprint of his shoulder ;  
As he was bearing it up this way,  
A peasant, passing, cried, " Herr Jé !"  
And the Devil dropped it in his fright,  
And vanished suddenly out of sight !

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha ! ha !

GUIDE.

Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel,  
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,  
Built this at last, with a single arch,  
Under which, on its endless march,  
Runs the river, white with foam,  
Like a thread through the eye of a needle.  
And the Devil promised to let it stand,  
Under compact and condition  
That the first living thing which crossed  
Should be surrendered into his hand,  
And be beyond redemption lost.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha ! ha ! perdition !

GUIDE.

At length, the bridge being all completed,  
The Abbot, standing at its head,  
Threw across it a loaf of bread,  
Which a hungry dog sprang after,  
And the rocks reëchoed with peals of laughter  
To see the Devil thus defeated !

*They pass on.*

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha ! ha ! defeated !  
For journeys and for crimes like this  
I let the bridge stand o'er the abyss !

---

THE ST. GOTHARD PASS.

PRINCE HENRY.

THIS is the highest point. Two ways the rivers  
Leap down to different seas, and as they roll  
Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence  
Becomes a benefaction to the towns  
They visit, wandering silently among them,  
Like patriarchs old among their shining tents.

ELSIE.

How bleak and bare it is ! Nothing but mosses  
Grow on these rocks.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yet are they not forgotten ;  
Beneficent Nature sends the mists to feed them.

ELSIE.

See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft  
So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away

Over the snowy peaks! It seems to me  
The body of St. Catherine, borne by angels!

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou art St. Catherine, and invisible angels  
Bear thee across these chasms and precipices,  
Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet against a stone!

ELSIE.

Would I were borne unto my grave, as she was,  
Upon angelic shoulders! Even now  
I seem uplifted by them, light as air!  
What sound is that?

PRINCE HENRY.

The tumbling avalanches!

ELSIE.

How awful, yet how beautiful!

PRINCE HENRY.

These are  
The voices of the mountains! Thus they open  
Their snowy lips, and speak unto each other,  
In the primeval language, lost to man.

ELSIE.

What land is this that spreads itself beneath us?

PRINCE HENRY.

Italy! Italy!

ELSIE.

Land of the Madonna!  
How beautiful it is! It seems a garden  
Of Paradise!

PRINCE HENRY.

Nay, of Gethsemane  
To thee and me, of passion and of prayer!

Yet once of Paradise. Long years ago  
 I wandered as a youth among its bowers,  
 And never from my heart has faded quite  
 Its memory, that, like a summer sunset,  
 Encircles with a ring of purple light  
 All the horizon of my youth.

## GUIDE.

O friends!

The days are short, the way before us long;  
 We must not linger, if we think to reach  
 The inn at Belinzona before vespers!

*They pass on.*

---

 AT THE FOOT OF THE ALPS.

*A halt under the trees at noon.*

## PRINCE HENRY.

HERE let us pause a moment in the trembling  
 Shadow and sunshine of the road-side trees,  
 And, our tired horses in a group assembling,  
 Inhale long draughts of this delicious breeze.  
 Our fleeter steeds have distanced our attendants;  
 They lag behind us with a slower pace;  
 We will await them under the green pendants  
 Of the great willows in this shady place.  
 Ho, Barbarossa! how thy mottled haunches  
 Sweat with this canter over hill and glade!  
 Stand still, and let these overhanging branches  
 Fan thy hot sides and comfort thee with shade!

## ELSIE.

What a delightful landscape spreads before us,  
 Marked with a whitewashed cottage here and  
 there!  
 And, in luxuriant garlands drooping o'er us,  
 Blossoms of grape-vines scent the sunny air.

## PRINCE HENRY.

Hark! what sweet sounds are those, whose accents  
 holy  
 Fill the warm noon with music sad and sweet!

## ELSIE.

It is a band of pilgrims, moving slowly  
 On their long journey, with uncovered feet.

PILGRIMS, *chaunting the Hymn of St. Hildebert.*

Me receptet Sion illa,  
 Sion David, urbs tranquilla,  
 Cujus faber auctor lucis,  
 Cujus portæ lignum crucis,  
 Cujus claves lingua Petri,  
 Cujus cives semper læti,  
 Cujus muri lapis vivus,  
 Cujus custos Rex festivus!

LUCIFER, *as a Friar in the procession.*

Here am I, too, in the pious band,  
 In the garb of a barefooted Carmelite dressed!  
 The soles of my feet are as hard and tanned  
 As the conscience of old Pope Hildebrand,  
 The Holy Satan, who made the wives  
 Of the bishops lead such shameful lives.  
 All day long I beat my breast,  
 And chaunt with a most particular zest  
 The Latin hymns, which I understand  
 Quite as well, I think, as the rest.  
 And at night such lodging in barns and sheds,  
 Such a hurly-burly in country inns,  
 Such a clatter of tongues in empty heads,  
 Such a helter-skelter of prayers and sins!  
 Of all the contrivances of the time  
 For sowing broadcast the seeds of crime,  
 There is none so pleasing to me and mine  
 As a pilgrimage to some far-off shrine!



## PRINCE HENRY.

If from the outward man we judge the inner,  
 And cleanliness is godliness, I fear  
 A hopeless reprobate, a hardened sinner,  
 Must be that Carmelite now passing near.

## LUCIFER.

There is my German Prince again,  
 Thus far on his journey to Salern,  
 And the lovesick girl, whose heated brain  
 Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain ;  
 But it 's a long road that has no turn !  
 Let them quietly hold their way,  
 I have also a part in the play.  
 But first I must act to my heart's content  
 This mummery and this merriment,  
 And drive this motley flock of sheep  
 Into the fold, where drink and sleep  
 The jolly old friars of Benevent.  
 Of a truth, it often provokes me to laugh  
 To see these beggars hobble along,  
 Lamed and maimed, and fed upon chaff,  
 Chanting their wonderful piff and paff,  
 And, to make up for not understanding the song,  
 Singing it fiercely, and wild, and strong !  
 Were it not for my magic garters and staff,  
 And the goblets of goodly wine I quaff,  
 And the mischief I make in the idle throng,  
 I should not continue the business long.

PILGRIMS, *chanting.*

In hâc urbe, lux solennis,  
 Ver æternum, pax perennis ;  
 In hâc odor implens cælos,  
 In hâc semper festum melos !

## PRINCE HENRY.

Do you observe that monk among the train,  
 Who pours from his great throat the roaring bass,

As a cathedral spout pours out the rain,  
 And this way turns his rubicund, round face?

ELSIE.

It is the same who, on the Strasburg square,  
 Preached to the people in the open air.

PRINCE HENRY.

And he has crossed o'er mountain, field, and fell,  
 On that good steed, that seems to bear him well,  
 The hackney of the Friars of Orders Gray,  
 His own stout legs! He, too, was in the play,  
 Both as King Herod and Ben Israel.  
 Good morrow, Friar!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Good morrow, noble Sir!

PRINCE HENRY.

I speak in German, for, unless I err,  
 You are a German.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

I cannot gainsay you.  
 But by what instinct, or what secret sign,  
 Meeting me here, do you straightway divine  
 That northward of the Alps my country lies?

PRINCE HENRY.

Your accent, like St. Peter's, would betray you,  
 Did not your yellow beard and your blue eyes.  
 Moreover, we have seen your face before,  
 And heard you preach at the Cathedral door  
 On Easter Sunday, in the Strasburg Square.  
 We were among the crowd that gathered there,  
 And saw you play the Rabbi with great skill,  
 As if, by leaning o'er so many years  
 To walk with little children, your own will  
 Had caught a childish attitude from theirs,

A kind of stooping in its form and gait,  
 And could no longer stand erect and straight.  
 Whence come you now ?

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

From the old monastery  
 Of Hirschau, in the forest ; being sent  
 Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent,  
 To see the image of the Virgin Mary,  
 That moves its holy eyes, and sometimes speaks,  
 And lets the piteous tears run down its cheeks,  
 To touch the hearts of the impenitent.

PRINCE HENRY.

O, had I faith, as in the days gone by,  
 That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery !

LUCIFER, *at a distance.*

Ho, Cuthbert ! Friar Cuthbert !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Farewell Prince !  
 I cannot stay to argue and convince.

PRINCE HENRY.

This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,  
 Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer !  
 All hearts are touched and softened at her name ;  
 Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand,  
 The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,  
 The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,  
 Pay homage to her as one ever present !  
 And even as children, who have much offended  
 A too indulgent father, in great shame,  
 Penitent, and yet not daring unattended  
 To go into his presence, at the gate  
 Speak with their sister, and confiding wait  
 Till she goes in before and intercedes ;  
 So men, repenting of their evil deeds,

And yet not venturing rashly to draw near  
 With their requests an angry father's ear,  
 Offer to her their prayers and their confession,  
 And she for them in heaven makes intercession.  
 And if our Faith had given us nothing more  
 Than this example of all womanhood,  
 So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,  
 So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,  
 This were enough to prove it higher and truer  
 Than all the creeds the world had known before.

PILGRIMS, *chaunting afar off.*

Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,  
 Supra petram collocata,  
 Urbs in portu satis tuto  
 De longinquo te saluto,  
 Te saluto, te suspiro,  
 Te affecto, te requiro !

---

THE INN AT GENOA.

*A terrace overlooking the sea. Night.*

PRINCE HENRY.

It is the sea, it is the sea,  
 In all its vague immensity,  
 Fading and darkening in the distance !  
 Silent, majestic, and slow,  
 The white ships haunt it to and fro,  
 With all their ghostly sails unfurled,  
 As phantoms from another world  
 Haunt the dim confines of existence !  
 But ah ! how few can comprehend  
 Their signals, or to what good end  
 From land to land they come and go !  
 Upon a sea more vast and dark  
 The spirits of the dead embark,  
 All voyaging to unknown coasts.

We wave our farewells from the shore,  
 And they depart, and come no more,  
 Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.

Above the darksome sea of death  
 Looms the great life that is to be,  
 A land of cloud and mystery,  
 A dim mirage, with shapes of men  
 Long dead, and passed beyond our ken.  
 Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath  
 Till the fair pageant vanisheth,  
 Leaving us in perplexity,  
 And doubtful whether it has been  
 A vision of the world unseen,  
 Or a bright image of our own  
 Against the sky in vapors thrown.

LUCIFER, *singing from the sea.*

Thou didst not make it, thou canst not mend it,  
 But thou hast the power to end it!  
 The sea is silent, the sea is discreet,  
 Deep it lies at thy very feet;  
 There is no confessor like unto Death!  
 Thou canst not see him, but he is near;  
 Thou needest not whisper above thy breath,  
 And he will hear;  
 He will answer the questions,  
 The vague surmises and suggestions,  
 That fill thy soul with doubt and fear!

PRINCE HENRY.

The fisherman, who lies afloat,  
 With shadowy sail, in yonder boat,  
 Is singing softly to the Night!  
 But do I comprehend aright  
 The meaning of the words he sung  
 So sweetly in his native tongue?  
 Ah, yes! the sea is still and deep.  
 All things within its bosom sleep!

A single step, and all is o'er ;  
 A plunge, a bubble, and no more ;  
 And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be free  
 From martyrdom and agony.

*ELSIE, coming from her chamber upon the terrace.*

The night is calm and cloudless,  
 And still as still can be,  
 And the stars come forth to listen  
 To the music of the sea.  
 They gather, and gather, and gather,  
 Until they crowd the sky,  
 And listen, in breathless silence,  
 To the solemn litaney.  
 It begins in rocky caverns,  
 As a voice that chaunts alone  
 To the pedals of the organ  
 In monotonous undertone ;  
 And anon from shelving beaches,  
 And shallow sands beyond,  
 In snow-white robes uprising  
 The ghostly choirs respond.  
 And sadly and unceasing  
 The mournful voice sings on,  
 And the snow-white choirs still answer  
 Christe eleison !

PRINCE HENRY.

Angel of God ! thy finer sense perceives  
 Celestial and perpetual harmonies !  
 Thy purer soul, that trembles and believes,  
 Hears the archangel's trumpet in the breeze,  
 And where the forest rolls, or ocean heaves,  
 Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas,  
 And tongues of prophets speaking in the leaves.  
 But I hear discord only and despair,  
 And whispers as of demons in the air !

## AT SEA.

## IL PADRONE.

THE wind upon our quarter lies,  
 And on before the freshening gale,  
 That fills the snow-white lateen sail,  
 Swiftly our light felucca flies.  
 Around, the billows burst and foam ;  
 They lift her o'er the sunken rock,  
 They beat her sides with many a shock,  
 And then upon their flowing dome  
 They poise her, like a weathercock !  
 Between us and the western skies  
 The hills of Corsica arise ;  
 Eastward, in yonder long, blue line,  
 The summits of the Apennine,  
 And southward, and still far away,  
 Salerno, on its sunny bay.  
 You cannot see it, where it lies.

## PRINCE HENRY.

Ah, would that never more mine eyes  
 Might see its towers by night or day !

## ELSIE.

Behind us, dark and awfully,  
 There comes a cloud out of the sea,  
 That bears the form of a hunted deer,  
 With hide of brown, and hoofs of black,  
 And antlers laid upon its back,  
 And fleeing fast and wild with fear,  
 As if the hounds were on its track !

## PRINCE HENRY.

Lo ! while we gaze, it breaks and falls  
 In shapeless masses, like the walls  
 Of a burnt city. Broad and red  
 The fires of the descending sun  
 Glare through the windows, and o'erhead,

Athwart the vapors, dense and dun,  
 Long shafts of silvery light arise,  
 Like rafters that support the skies!

## ELSIE.

See! from its summit the lurid levin  
 Flashes downward without warning,  
 As Lucifer, son of the morning,  
 Fell from the battlements of heaven!

## IL PADRONE.

I must entreat you, friends, below!  
 The angry storm begins to blow,  
 For the weather changes with the moon.  
 All this morning, until noon,  
 We had baffling winds, and sudden flaws  
 Struck the sea with their cat's-paws.  
 Only a little hour ago  
 I was whistling to Saint Antonio  
 For a capful of wind to fill our sail,  
 And instead of a breeze he has sent a gale.  
 Last night I saw Saint Elmo's stars,  
 With their glimmering lanterns, all at play  
 On the tops of the masts and the tips of the spars,  
 And I knew we should have foul weather to-day.  
 Cheerly, my hearties! yo heave ho!  
 Brail up the mainsail, and let her go  
 As the winds will and Saint Antonio!

Do you see that Livornese felucca,  
 That vessel to the windward yonder,  
 Running with her gunwale under?  
 I was looking when the wind o'ertook her.  
 She had all sail set, and the only wonder  
 Is, that at once the strength of the blast  
 Did not carry away her mast.  
 She is a galley of the Gran Duca,  
 That, through the fear of the Algerines,  
 Convoys those lazy brigantines,



Laden with wine and oil from Lucca.  
Now all is ready, high and low ;  
Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio !

Ha ! that is the first dash of the rain,  
With a sprinkle of spray above the rails,  
Just enough to moisten our sails,  
And make them ready for the strain.  
See how she leaps, as the blasts o'ertake her,  
And speeds away with a bone in her mouth !  
Now keep her head toward the south,  
And there is no danger of bank or breaker.  
With the breeze behind us, on we go ;  
Not too much, good Saint Antonio !

## VI.

### THE SCHOOL OF SALERNO.

*A travelling Scholastic affixing his Theses to the gate of the College.*

#### SCHOLASTIC.

THERE, that is my gauntlet, my banner, my shield,  
Hung up as a challenge to all the field!  
One hundred and twenty-five propositions,  
Which I will maintain with the sword of the tongue  
Against all disputants, old and young.  
Let us see if doctors or dialecticians  
Will dare to dispute my definitions,  
Or attack any one of my learned theses.  
Here stand I; the end shall be as God pleases.  
I think I have proved, by profound researches,  
The error of all those doctrines so vicious  
Of the old Areopagite Dionysius,  
That are making such terrible work in the  
churches,  
By Michael the Stammerer sent from the East,  
And done into Latin by that Scottish beast,  
Erigena Johannes, who dares to maintain,  
In the face of the truth, the error infernal,  
That the universe is and must be eternal;  
At first laying down, as a fact fundamental,  
That nothing with God can be accidental;  
Then asserting that God before the creation  
Could not have existed, because it is plain  
That, had he existed, he would have created;  
Which is begging the question that should be  
debated,  
And moveth me less to anger than laughter.  
All nature, he holds, is a respiration  
Of the Spirit of God, who, in breathing, hereafter

Will inhale it into his bosom again,  
 So that nothing but God alone will remain.  
 And therein he contradicteth himself;  
 For he opens the whole discussion by stating,  
 That God can only exist in creating.  
 That question I think I have laid on the shelf!

*He goes out. Two Doctors come in disputing, and followed  
 by pupils.*

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

I, with the Doctor Seraphic, maintain,  
 That a word which is only conceived in the brain  
 Is a type of eternal Generation;  
 The spoken word is the Incarnation.

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

What do I care for the Doctor Seraphic,  
 With all his wordy chaffer and traffic?

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

You make but a paltry show of resistance;  
 Universals have no real existence!

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

Your words are but idle and empty chatter;  
 Ideas are eternally joined to matter!

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

May the Lord have mercy on your position,  
 You wretched, wrangling culler of herbs!

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

May he send your soul to eternal perdition,  
 For your Treatise on the Irregular Verbs!

*They rush out fighting. Two Scholars come in.*

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Monte Cassino, then, is your College.  
 What think you of ours here at Salerno?

## SECOND SCHOLAR.

To tell the truth, I arrived so lately,  
 I hardly yet have had time to discern.  
 So much, at least, I am bound to acknowledge:  
 The air seems healthy, the buildings stately,  
 And on the whole I like it greatly.

## FIRST SCHOLAR.

Yes, the air is sweet; the Calabrian hills  
 Send us down puffs of mountain air;  
 And in summer-time the sea-breeze fills  
 With its coolness cloister, and court, and square.  
 Then at every season of the year  
 There are crowds of guests and travellers here;  
 Pilgrims, and mendicant friars, and traders  
 From the Levant, with figs and wine,  
 And bands of wounded and sick Crusaders,  
 Coming back from Palestine.

## SECOND SCHOLAR.

And what are the studies you pursue?  
 What is the course you here go through?

## FIRST SCHOLAR.

The first three years of the college course  
 Are given to Logic alone, as the source  
 Of all that is noble, and wise, and true.

## SECOND SCHOLAR.

That seems rather strange, I must confess,  
 In a Medical School; yet, nevertheless,  
 You doubtless have reasons for that.

## FIRST SCHOLAR.

For none but a clever dialectician  
 Can hope to become a great physician;  
 That has been settled long ago.  
 Logic makes an important part

O, yes!

Of the mystery of the healing art ;  
 For without it how could you hope to show  
 That nobody knows so much as you know ?  
 After this there are five years more  
 Devoted wholly to medicine,  
 With lectures on chirurgical lore,  
 And dissections of the bodies of swine,  
 As likest the human form divine.

## SECOND SCHOLAR.

What are the books now most in vogue ?

## FIRST SCHOLAR.

Quite an extensive catalogue ;  
 Mostly, however, books of our own ;  
 As Gariopontus' Passionarius,  
 And the writings of Matthew Platearius ;  
 And a volume universally known  
 As the Regimen of the School of Salern,  
 For Robert of Normandy written in terse  
 And very elegant Latin verse.  
 Each of these writings has its turn.  
 And when at length we have finished these,  
 Then comes the struggle for degrees,  
 With all the oldest and ablest critics ;  
 The public thesis and disputation,  
 Question, and answer, and explanation  
 Of a passage out of Hippocrates,  
 Or Aristotle's Analytics.  
 There the triumphant Magister stands !  
 A book is solemnly placed in his hands,  
 On which he swears to follow the rule  
 And ancient forms of the good old School ;  
 To report if any confectionarius  
 Mingles his drugs with matters various,  
 And to visit his patients twice a day,  
 And once in the night, if they live in town,  
 And if they are poor, to take no pay.  
 Having faithfully promised these,

His head is crowned with a laurel crown ;  
 A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his hand,  
 The Magister Artium et Physices  
 Goes forth from the school like a lord of the land.  
 And now, as we have the whole morning before  
 us,

Let us go in, if you make no objection,  
 And listen awhile to a learned prelection  
 On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus.

*They go in. Enter LUCIFER as a Doctor.*

LUCIFER.

This is the great School of Salern !  
 A land of wrangling and of quarrels,  
 Of brains that seethe and hearts that burn,  
 Where every emulous scholar hears,  
 In every breath that comes to his ears,  
 The rustling of another's laurels !  
 The air of the place is called salubrious ;  
 The neighbourhood of Vesuvius lends it  
 An odor volcanic, that rather mends it,  
 And the buildings have an aspect lugubrious,  
 That inspires a feeling of awe and terror  
 Into the heart of the beholder,  
 And befits such an ancient homestead of error,  
 Where the old falsehoods moulder and smoulder,  
 And yearly by many hundred hands  
 Are carried away, in the zeal of youth,  
 And sown like tares in the field of truth,  
 To blossom and ripen in other lands.

What have we here, affixed to the gate ?  
 The challenge of some scholastic wight,  
 Who wishes to hold a public debate  
 On sundry questions wrong or right !  
 Ah, now this is my great delight !  
 For I have often observed of late  
 That such discussions end in a fight.  
 Let us see what the learned wag maintains  
 With such a prodigal waste of brains.

*Reads.*

“ Whether angels in moving from place to place  
 Pass through the intermediate space.  
 Whether God himself is the author of evil,  
 Or whether that is the work of the Devil.  
 When, where, and wherefore Lucifer fell,  
 And whether he now is chained in hell.”

I think I can answer that question well !  
 So long as the boastful human mind  
 Consents in such mills as this to grind,  
 I sit very firmly upon my throne !  
 Of a truth it almost makes me laugh,  
 To see men leaving the golden grain  
 To gather in piles the pitiful chaff  
 That old Peter Lombard thrashed with his brain,  
 To have it caught up and tossed again  
 On the horns of the Dumb Ox of Cologne !

But my guests approach ! there is in the air  
 A fragrance, like that of the Beautiful Garden  
 Of Paradise, in the days that were !  
 An odor of innocence, and of prayer,  
 And of love, and faith that never fails,  
 Such as the fresh young heart exhales  
 Before it begins to wither and harden !  
 I cannot breathe such an atmosphere !  
 My soul is filled with a nameless fear,  
 That, after all my trouble and pain,  
 After all my restless endeavour,  
 The youngest, fairest soul of the twain,  
 The most ethereal, most divine,  
 Will escape from my hands forever and ever.  
 But the other is already mine !  
 Let him live to corrupt his race,  
 Breathing among them, with every breath,  
 Weakness, selfishness, and the base  
 And pusillanimous fear of death.  
 I know his nature, and I know

That of all who in my ministry  
Wander the great earth to and fro,  
And on my errands come and go,  
The safest and subtlest are such as he.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE, with attendants.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Can you direct us to Friar Angelo?

LUCIFER.

He stands before you.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then you know our purpose.  
I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck, and this  
The maiden that I spake of in my letters.

LUCIFER.

It is a very grave and solemn business!  
We must not be precipitate. Does she  
Without compulsion, of her own free will,  
Consent to this?

PRINCE HENRY.

Against all opposition,  
Against all prayers, entreaties, protestations.  
She will not be persuaded.

LUCIFER.

That is strange!  
Have you thought well of it?

ELSIE.

I come not here  
To argue, but to die. Your business is not  
To question, but to kill me. I am ready.  
I am impatient to be gone from here  
Ere any thoughts of earth disturb again  
The spirit of tranquillity within me.



PRINCE HENRY.

Would I had not come here ! Would I were dead,  
 And thou wert in thy cottage in the forest,  
 And hadst not known me ! Why have I done  
 this ?

Let me go back and die.

ELSIE.

It cannot be ;  
 Not if these cold, flat stones on which we tread  
 Were coulters heated white, and yonder gateway  
 Flamed like a furnace with a sevenfold heat.  
 I must fulfil my purpose.

PRINCE HENRY.

I forbid it !  
 Not one step farther. For I only meant  
 To put thus far thy courage to the proof.  
 It is enough. I, too, have courage to die,  
 For thou hast taught me !

ELSIE.

O my Prince ! remember  
 Your promises. Let me fulfil my errand.  
 You do not look on life and death as I do.  
 There are two angels, that attend unseen  
 Each one of us, and in great books record  
 Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down  
 The good ones, after every action closes  
 His volume, and ascends with it to God.  
 The other keeps his dreadful day-book open  
 Till sunset, that we may repent ; which doing,  
 The record of the action fades away,  
 And leaves a line of white across the page.  
 Now if my act be good, as I believe,  
 It cannot be recalled. It is already  
 Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.  
 The rest is yours. Why wait you ? I am ready.

*To her attendants.*

Weep not, my friends ! rather rejoice with me.  
I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,  
And you will have another friend in heaven.  
Then start not at the creaking of the door  
Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

*To PRINCE HENRY.*

And you, O Prince ! bear back my benison  
Unto my father's house, and all within it.  
This morning in the church I prayed for them,  
After confession, after absolution,  
When my whole soul was white, I prayed for them.  
God will take care of them, they need me not.  
And in your life let my remembrance linger,  
As something not to trouble and disturb it,  
But to complete it, adding life to life.  
And if at times beside the evening fire  
You see my face among the other faces,  
Let it not be regarded as a ghost  
That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves  
you.  
Nay, even as one of your own family,  
Without whose presence there were something  
wanting.  
I have no more to say. Let us go in.

PRINCE HENRY.

Friar Angelo ! I charge you on your life,  
Believe not what she says, for she is mad,  
And comes here not to die, but to be healed.

ELSIE.

Alas ! Prince Henry !

LUCIFER.

Come with me ; this way.

ELSIE goes in with LUCIFER, who thrusts PRINCE HENRY  
back and closes the door.

PRINCE HENRY.

Gone! and the light of all my life gone with her!  
 A sudden darkness falls upon the world!  
 O, what a vile and abject thing am I,  
 That purchase length of days at such a cost!  
 Not by her death alone, but by the death  
 Of all that's good and true and noble in me!  
 All manhood, excellence, and self-respect,  
 All love, and faith, and hope, and heart are dead!  
 All my divine nobility of nature  
 By this one act is forfeited forever.  
 I am a Prince in nothing but in name!

*To the attendants.*

Why did you let this horrible deed be done?  
 Why did you not lay hold on her, and keep her  
 From self-destruction? Angelo! murderer!

*Struggles at the door, but cannot open it.*ELSIE *within.*

Farewell, dear Prince! farewell!

PRINCE HENRY.

Unbar the door!

LUCIFER.

It is too late!

PRINCE HENRY.

It shall not be too late!

*They burst the door open and rush in.*


---

 THE COTTAGE IN THE ODENWALD.
URSULA, *spinning. Summer afternoon. A table spread.*

URSULA.

I HAVE marked it well,—it must be true,—  
 Death never takes one alone, but two!

Whenever he enters in at a door,  
 Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,  
 He always leaves it upon the latch,  
 And comes again ere the year is o'er.  
 Never one of a household only !  
 Perhaps it is a mercy of God,  
 Lest the dead there under the sod,  
 In the land of strangers, should be lonely !  
 Ah me ! I think I am lonelier here !  
 It is hard to go,—but harder to stay !  
 Were it not for the children, I should pray  
 That Death would take me within the year !  
 And Gottlieb !—he is at work all day,  
 In the sunny field, or the forest murk,  
 But I know that his thoughts are far away,  
 I know that his heart is not in his work !  
 And when he comes home to me at night  
 He is not cheery, but sits and sighs,  
 And I see the great tears in his eyes,  
 And try to be cheerful for his sake.  
 Only the children's hearts are light.  
 Mine is weary, and ready to break.  
 God help us ! I hope we have done right ;  
 We thought we were acting for the best !

*Looking through the open door.*

Who is it coming under the trees ?  
 A man, in the Prince's livery dressed !  
 He looks about him with doubtful face,  
 As if uncertain of the place.  
 He stops at the beehives ;—now he sees  
 The garden gate ;—he is going past !  
 Can he be afraid of the bees ?  
 No ; he is coming in at last !  
 He fills my heart with strange alarm !

*Enter a Forester.*

FORESTER.

Is this the tenant Gottlieb's farm ?

URSULA.

This is his farm, and I his wife.  
Pray sit. What may your business be ?

FORESTER.

News from the Prince !

URSULA.

Of death or life ?

FORESTER.

You put your questions eagerly !

URSULA.

Answer me, then ! How is the Prince ?

FORESTER.

I left him only two hours since  
Homeward returning down the river,  
As strong and well as if God, the Giver,  
Had given him back his youth again.

URSULA, *despairing*.

Then Elsie, my poor child, is dead !

FORESTER.

That, my good woman, I have not said.  
Do n't cross the bridge till you come to it,  
Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit.

URSULA.

Keep me no longer in this pain !

FORESTER.

It is true your daughter is no more ;—  
That is, the peasant she was before.

URSULA.

Alas ! I am simple and lowly bred,  
I am poor, distracted, and forlorn.

And it is not well that you of the court  
Should mock me thus, and make a sport  
Of a joyless mother whose child is dead,  
For you, too, were of mother born !

FORESTER.

Your daughter lives, and the Prince is well !  
You will learn ere long how it all befell.  
Her heart for a moment never failed ;  
But when they reached Salerno's gate,  
The Prince's nobler self prevailed,  
And saved her for a nobler fate.  
And he was healed, in his despair,  
By the touch of St. Matthew's sacred bones ;  
Though I think the long ride in the open air,  
That pilgrimage over stocks and stones,  
In the miracle must come in for a share !

URSULA.

Virgin ! who lovest the poor and lowly,  
If the loud cry of a mother's heart  
Can ever ascend to where thou art,  
Into thy blessed hands and holy  
Receive my prayer of praise and thanksgiving.  
Let the hands that bore our Saviour bear it  
Into the awful presence of God ;  
For thy feet with holiness are shod,  
And if thou bearest it he will hear it.  
Our child who was dead again is living !

FORESTER.

I did not tell you she was dead ;  
If you thought so 't was no fault of mine ;  
At this very moment, while I speak,  
They are sailing homeward down the Rhine,  
In a splendid barge, with golden prow,  
And decked with banners white and red  
As the colors on your daughter's cheek.  
They call her the Lady Alicia now ;

For the Prince in Salerno made a vow  
That Elsie only would he wed.

URSULA.

Jesu Maria! what a change!  
All seems to me so weird and strange!

FORESTER.

I saw her standing on the deck,  
Beneath an awning cool and shady;  
Her cap of velvet could not hold  
The tresses of her hair of gold,  
That flowed and floated like the stream,  
And fell in masses down her neck.  
As fair and lovely did she seem  
As in a story or a dream  
Some beautiful and foreign lady.  
And the Prince looked so grand and proud,  
And waved his hand thus to the crowd  
That gazed and shouted from the shore,  
All down the river, long and loud.

URSULA.

We shall behold our child once more;  
She is not dead! She is not dead!  
God, listening, must have overheard  
The prayers, that, without sound or word,  
Our hearts in secrecy have said!  
O, bring me to her; for mine eyes  
Are hungry to behold her face;  
My very soul within me cries;  
My very hands seem to caress her,  
To see her, gaze at her, and bless her;  
Dear Elsie, child of God and grace!

*Goes out toward the garden.*

FORESTER.

There goes the good woman out of her head;  
And Gottlieb's supper is waiting here;

A very capacious flagon of beer,  
 And a very portentous loaf of bread.  
 One would say his grief did not much oppress him.  
 Here's to the health of the Prince, God bless him!

*He drinks.*

Ha! it buzzes and stings like a hornet!  
 And what a scene there, through the door!  
 The forest behind and the garden before,  
 And midway an old man of threescore,  
 With a wife and children that caress him.  
 Let me try still further to cheer and adorn it  
 With a merry, echoing blast of my cornet!

*Goes out blowing his horn.*

---

### THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE RHINE.

PRINCE HENRY *and* ELSIE *standing on the terrace at evening. The sound of bells heard from a distance.*

PRINCE HENRY.

WE are alone. The wedding guests  
 Ride down the hill, with plumes and cloaks,  
 And the descending dark invests  
 The Niederwald, and all the nests  
 Among its hoar and haunted oaks.

ELSIE.

What bells are those, that ring so slow,  
 So mellow, musical, and low?

PRINCE HENRY.

They are the bells of Geisenheim,  
 That with their melancholy chime  
 Ring out the curfew of the sun.



ELSIE.

Listen, beloved.

PRINCE HENRY.

They are done !

Dear Elsie ! many years ago  
 Those same soft bells at eventide  
 Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,  
 As, seated by Fastrada's side  
 At Ingelheim, in all his pride  
 He heard their sound with secret pain.

ELSIE.

Their voices only speak to me  
 Of peace and deep tranquillity,  
 And endless confidence in thee !

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou knowest the story of her ring,  
 How, when the court went back to Aix,  
 Fastrada died ; and how the king  
 Sat watching by her night and day,  
 Till into one of the blue lakes,  
 Which water that delicious land,  
 They cast the ring, drawn from her hand ;  
 And the great monarch sat serene  
 And sad beside the fated shore,  
 Nor left the land forever more.

ELSIE.

That was true love.

PRINCE HENRY.

For him the queen  
 Ne'er did what thou hast done for me.

ELSIE.

Wilt thou as fond and faithful be ?  
 Wilt thou so love me after death ?

## PRINCE HENRY.

In life's delight, in death's dismay,  
 In storm and sunshine, night and day,  
 In health, in sickness, in decay,  
 Here and hereafter, I am thine !  
 Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath  
 The calm, blue waters of thine eyes  
 Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,  
 And, undisturbed by this world's breath,  
 With magic light its jewels shine !  
 This golden ring, which thou hast worn  
 Upon thy finger since the morn,  
 Is but a symbol and a semblance,  
 An outward fashion, a remembrance,  
 Of what thou wearest within unseen,  
 O my Fastrada, O my queen !  
 Behold ! the hill-tops all aglow  
 With purple and with amethyst ;  
 While the whole valley deep below  
 Is filled, and seems to overflow,  
 With a fast-rising tide of mist.  
 The evening air grows damp and chill ;  
 Let us go in.

## ELSIE.

Ah, not so soon.

See yonder fire ! It is the moon  
 Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.  
 It glimmers on the forest tips,  
 And through the dewy foliage drips  
 In little rivulets of light,  
 And makes the heart in love with night.

## PRINCE HENRY.

Oft on this terrace, when the day  
 Was closing, have I stood and gazed,  
 And seen the landscape fade away,  
 And the white vapors rise and drown  
 Hamlet and vineyard, tower and town,  
 While far above the hill-tops blazed.

But then another hand than thine  
Was gently held and clasped in mine ;  
Another head upon my breast  
Was laid, as thine is now, at rest.  
Why dost thou lift those tender eyes  
With so much sorrow and surprise ?  
A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand,  
Was that which in my own was pressed.  
A manly form usurped thy place,  
A beautiful, but bearded face,  
That now is in the Holy Land,  
Yet in my memory from afar  
Is shining on us like a star.  
But linger not. For while I speak,  
A sheeted spectre white and tall,  
The cold mist climbs the castle wall,  
And lays his hand upon thy cheek !

*They go in.*

## EPILOGUE.

### THE TWO RECORDING ANGELS ASCENDING.

THE ANGEL OF GOOD DEEDS, *with closed book.*

GOD sent his messenger the rain,  
And said unto the mountain brook,  
" Rise up, and from thy caverns look  
And leap, with naked, snow-white feet,  
From the cool hills into the heat  
Of the broad, arid plain."

God sent his messenger of faith,  
And whispered in the maiden's heart,  
" Rise up, and look from where thou art,  
And scatter with unselfish hands  
Thy freshness on the barren sands  
And solitudes of Death."

O beauty of holiness,  
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness !  
O power of meekness,  
Whose very gentleness and weakness  
Are like the yielding, but irresistible air !  
Upon the pages  
Of the sealed volume that I bear,  
The deed divine  
Is written in characters of gold,  
That never shall grow old,  
But through all ages  
Burn and shine,

With soft effulgence !  
 O God ! it is thy indulgence  
 That fills the world with the bliss  
 Of a good deed like this !

THE ANGEL OF EVIL DEEDS, *with open book.*

Not yet, not yet  
 Is the red sun wholly set,  
 But evermore recedes,  
 While open still I bear  
 The Book of Evil Deeds,  
 To let the breathings of the upper air  
 Visit its pages and erase  
 The records from its face !  
 Fainter and fainter as I gaze  
 In the broad blaze  
 The glimmering landscape shines,  
 And below me the black river  
 Is hidden by wreaths of vapor !  
 Fainter and fainter the black lines  
 Begin to quiver  
 Along the whitening surface of the paper ;  
 Shade after shade  
 The terrible words grow faint and fade,  
 And in their place  
 Runs a white space !

Down goes the sun !  
 But the soul of one,  
 Who by repentance  
 Has escaped the dreadful sentence,  
 Shines bright below me as I look.  
 It is the end !  
 With closed Book  
 To God do I ascend.

Lo ! over the mountain steeps  
 A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps  
 Beneath my feet ;

A blackness inwardly brightening  
With sullen heat,  
As a storm-cloud lurid with lightning.  
And a cry of lamentation,  
Repeated and again repeated,  
Deep and loud  
As the reverberation  
Of cloud answering unto cloud,  
Swells and rolls away in the distance,  
As if the sheeted  
Lightning retreated,  
Baffled and thwarted by the wind's resistance.

It is Lucifer,  
The son of mystery ;  
And since God suffers him to be,  
He, too, is God's minister,  
And labors for some good  
By us not understood !

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

1855.





SHOULD you ask me, whence these stories?  
Whence these legends and traditions,  
With the odors of the forest,  
With the dew and damp of meadows,  
With the curling smoke of wigwams,  
With the rushing of great rivers,  
With their frequent repetitions,  
And their wild reverberations,  
As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,  
"From the forests and the prairies,  
From the great lakes of the Northland,  
From the land of the Ojibways,  
From the land of the Dacotahs,  
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,  
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.  
I repeat them as I heard them  
From the lips of Nawadaha,  
The musician, the sweet singer."

Should you ask where Nawadaha  
Found these songs, so wild and wayward,  
Found these legends and traditions,  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
"In the bird's-nests of the forest,  
In the lodges of the beaver,  
In the hoof-prints of the bison,  
In the eyry of the eagle!

"All the wild-fowl sang them to him,  
In the moorlands and the fen-lands,

In the melancholy marshes ;  
 Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,  
 Mahng, the loon, the wild goose, Wawa,  
 The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
 And the grouse, the Mushkodasa ! ”

If still further you should ask me,  
 Saying, “ Who was Nawadaha ?  
 Tell us of this Nawadaha,”  
 I should answer your inquiries  
 Straightway in such words as follow.

“ In the Vale of Tawasentha,  
 In the green and silent valley,  
 By the pleasant water-courses,  
 Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.  
 Round about the Indian village  
 Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,  
 And beyond them stood the forest,  
 Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,  
 Green in Summer, white in Winter,  
 Ever sighing, ever singing.

“ And the pleasant water-courses,  
 You could trace them through the valley,  
 By the rushing in the Spring-time,  
 By the alders in the Summer,  
 By the white fog in the Autumn,  
 By the black line in the Winter ;  
 And beside them dwelt the singer,  
 In the Vale of Tawasentha,  
 In the green and silent valley.

“ There he sang of Hiawatha,  
 Sang the Song of Hiawatha,  
 Sang his wondrous birth and being,  
 How he prayed and how he fasted,  
 How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,  
 That the tribes of men might prosper,  
 That he might advance his people ! ”

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,  
 Love the sunshine of the meadow,  
 Love the shadow of the forest,

Love the wind among the branches,  
 And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,  
 And the rushing of great rivers  
 Through their palisades of pine-trees,  
 And the thunder in the mountains,  
 Whose innumerable echoes  
 Flap like eagles in their eyries;—  
 Listen to these wild traditions,  
 To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,  
 Love the ballads of a people,  
 That like voices from afar off  
 Call to us to pause and listen,  
 Speak in tones so plain and childlike,  
 Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
 Whether they are sung or spoken;—  
 Listen to this Indian Legend,  
 To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,  
 Who have faith in God and Nature,  
 Who believe, that in all ages  
 Every human heart is human, *et*  
 That in even savage bosoms  
 There are longings, yearnings, strivings  
 For the good they comprehend not,  
 That the feeble hands and helpless,  
 Groping blindly in the darkness,  
 Touch God's right hand in that darkness  
 And are lifted up and strengthened;— )  
 Listen to this simple story,  
 To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles  
 Through the green lanes of the country,  
 Where the tangled barberry-bushes  
 Hang their tufts of crimson berries  
 Over stone walls gray with mosses,  
 Pause by some neglected graveyard,  
 For a while to muse, and ponder  
 On a half-effaced inscription,

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

# I.

## THE PEACE-PIPE.

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,  
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
He the Master of Life, descending,  
On the red crags of the quarry  
Stood erect, and called the nations,  
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,  
Leaped into the light of morning,  
O'er the precipice plunging downward  
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.  
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,  
With his finger on the meadow  
Traced a winding pathway for it,  
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

From the red stone of the quarry  
With his hand he broke a fragment,  
Moulded it into a pipe-head,  
Shaped and fashioned it with figures ;  
From the margin of the river  
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,  
With its dark green leaves upon it ;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
With the bark of the red willow ;  
Breathed upon the neighbouring forest,  
Made its great boughs chafe together,  
Till in flame they burst and kindled ;  
And erect upon the mountains,  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,  
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,

Through the tranquil air of morning,  
First a single line of darkness,  
Then a denser, bluer vapor,  
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,  
Like the tree-tops of the forest,  
Ever rising, rising, rising,  
Till it touched the top of heaven,  
Till it broke against the heaven,  
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,  
From the Valley of Wyoming,  
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,  
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,  
From the Northern lakes and rivers,  
All the tribes beheld the signal,  
Saw the distant smoke ascending,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

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

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,  
Came the warriors of the nations,  
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,  
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,  
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,  
Came the Pawnees and Omawhaws,  
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,  
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,  
All the warriors drawn together  
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,  
To the Mountains of the Prairie,  
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

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

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

Gitche Manito, the mighty,  
 The creator of the nations,  
 Looked upon them with compassion,  
 With paternal love and pity ;  
 Looked upon their wrath and wrangling  
 But as quarrels among children,  
 But as feuds and fights of children !

Over them he stretched his right hand,  
 To subdue their stubborn natures,  
 To allay their thirst and fever,  
 By the shadow of his right hand ;  
 Spake to them with voice majestic  
 As the sound of far-off waters,  
 Falling into deep abysses,  
 Warning, chiding, spake in this wise :—

“ O my children ! my poor children !  
 Listen to the words of wisdom,  
 Listen to the words of warning,  
 From the lips of the Great Spirit,  
 From the Master of Life, who made you !

“ I have given you lands to hunt in,  
 I have given you streams to fish in,  
 I have given you bear and bison,  
 I have given you roe and reindeer,  
 I have given you brant and beaver,  
 Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,  
 Filled the rivers full of fishes ;  
 Why then are you not contented ?  
 Why then will you hunt each other ?

“ I am weary of your quarrels,  
 Weary of your wars and bloodshed,  
 Weary of your prayers for vengeance,

Of your wranglings and dissensions ;  
All your strength is in your union,  
All your danger is in discord ;  
Therefore be at peace henceforward,  
And as brothers live together.

“ I will send a Prophet to you,  
A Deliverer of the nations,  
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,  
Who shall toil and suffer with you.  
If you listen to his counsels,  
You will multiply and prosper ;  
If his warnings pass unheeded,  
You will fade away and perish !

“ Bathe now in the stream before you,  
Wash the war-paint from your faces,  
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,  
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,  
Break the red stone from this quarry,  
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,  
Take the reeds that grow beside you,  
Deck them with your brightest feathers,  
Smoke the calumet together,  
And as brothers live henceforward ! ”

Then upon the ground the warriors  
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin,  
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,  
Leaped into the rushing river,  
Washed the war-paint from their faces.  
Clear above them flowed the water,  
Clear and limpid from the footprints  
Of the Master of Life descending ;  
Dark below them flowed the water,  
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,  
As if blood were mingled with it !

From the river came the warriors,  
Clean and washed from all their war-paint ;  
On the banks their clubs they buried,  
Buried all their warlike weapons.  
Gitche Manito, the mighty,



The Great Spirit, the creator,  
Smiled upon his helpless children !

And in silence all the warriors  
Broke the red stone of the quarry,  
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,  
Broke the long reeds by the river,  
Decked them with their brightest feathers,  
And departed each one homeward,  
While the Master of Life, ascending,  
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,  
Through the doorways of the heaven,  
Vanished from before their faces,  
In the smoke that rolled around him,  
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe !

## II.

### THE FOUR WINDS.

“HONOR be to Mudjekeewis!”  
Cried the warriors, cried the old men,  
When he came in triumph homeward  
With the sacred Belt of Wampum,  
From the regions of the North-Wind,  
From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of Wampum  
From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,  
From the Great Bear of the mountains,  
From the terror of the nations,  
As he lay asleep and cumbrous  
On the summit of the mountains,  
Like a rock with mosses on it,  
Spotted brown and gray with mosses.

Silently he stole upon him,  
Till the red nails of the monster  
Almost touched him, almost scared him,  
Till the hot breath of his nostrils  
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,  
As he drew the Belt of Wampum  
Over the round ears, that heard not,  
Over the small eyes, that saw not,  
Over the long nose and nostrils,  
The black muffle of the nostrils,  
Out of which the heavy breathing  
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

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

With the heavy blow bewildered,  
 Rose the Great Bear of the mountains ;  
 But his knees beneath him trembled,  
 And he whimpered like a woman,  
 As he reeled and staggered forward,  
 As he sat upon his haunches ;  
 And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
 Standing fearlessly before him,  
 Taunted him in loud derision,  
 Spake disdainfully in this wise :—

“ Hark you, Bear ! you are a coward,  
 And no Brave, as you pretended ;  
 Else you would not cry and whimper  
 Like a miserable woman !  
 Bear ! you know our tribes are hostile,  
 Long have been at war together ;  
 Now you find that we are strongest,  
 You go sneaking in the forest,  
 You go hiding in the mountains !  
 Had you conquered me in battle  
 Not a groan would I have uttered ;  
 But you, Bear ! sit here and whimper,  
 And disgrace your tribe by crying,  
 Like a wretched Shaugodaya,  
 Like a cowardly old woman ! ”

Then again he raised his war-club,  
 Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa  
 In the middle of his forehead,  
 Broke his skull, as ice is broken  
 When one goes to fish in Winter.  
 Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,  
 He the Great Bear of the mountains,  
 He the terror of the nations.

“ Honor be to Mudjekeewis ! ”  
 With a shout exclaimed the people,  
 “ Honor be to Mudjekeewis ! ”  
 Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,  
 And hereafter and forever  
 Shall he hold supreme dominion

Over all the winds of heaven.  
Call him no more Mudjekeewis,  
Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind!"

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

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

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

But one morning, gazing earthward,  
While the village still was sleeping,  
And the fog lay on the river,  
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,  
He beheld a maiden walking  
All alone upon a meadow,  
Gathering water-flags and rushes  
By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earthward,  
Still the first thing he beheld there  
Was her blue eyes looking at him,  
Two blue lakes among the rushes.

And he loved the lonely maiden,  
Who thus waited for his coming ;  
For they both were solitary,  
She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses,  
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,  
With his fluttering words he wooed her,  
With his sighing and his singing,  
Gentlest whispers in the branches,  
Softest music, sweetest odors,  
Till he drew her to his bosom,  
Folded in his robes of crimson,  
Till into a star he changed her,  
Trembling still upon his bosom ;  
And forever in the heavens  
They are seen together walking,  
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,  
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka  
Had his dwelling among icebergs,  
In the everlasting snow-drifts,  
In the kingdom of Wabasso,  
In the land of the White Rabbit.  
He it was whose hand in Autumn  
Painted all the trees with scarlet,  
Stained the leaves with red and yellow ;  
He it was who sent the snow-flakes,  
Sifting, hissing through the forest,  
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,  
Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,  
Drove the cormorant and curlew  
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang  
In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka  
Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts,  
From his home among the icebergs,  
And his hair, with snow besprinkled,  
Streamed behind him like a river,  
Like a black and wintry river,

As he howled and hurried southward,  
Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

There among the reeds and rushes  
Found he Shingebis, the diver,  
Trailing strings of fish behind him,  
O'er the frozen fens and moorlands,  
Lingering still among the moorlands,  
Though his tribe had long departed  
To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,  
"Who is this that dares to brave me?  
Dares to stay in my dominions,  
When the Wawa has departed,  
When the wild-goose has gone southward,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Long ago departed southward?  
I will go into his wigwam,  
I will put his smouldering fire out!"

And at night Kabibonokka  
To the lodge came wild and wailing,  
Heaped the snow in drifts about it,  
Shouted down into the smoke-flue,  
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,  
Flapped the curtain of the door-way.  
Shingebis, the diver, feared not,  
Shingebis, the diver, cared not;  
Four great logs had he for fire-wood,  
One for each moon of the winter,  
And for food the fishes served him.  
By his blazing fire he sat there,  
Warm and merry, eating, laughing,  
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,  
You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Then Kabibonokka entered,  
And though Shingebis, the diver,  
Felt his presence by the coldness,  
Felt his icy breath upon him,  
Still he did not cease his singing,  
Still he did not leave his laughing,

Only turned the log a little,  
Only made the fire burn brighter,  
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,  
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,  
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,  
Making dints upon the ashes,  
As along the eaves of lodges,  
As from drooping boughs of hemlock,  
Drips the melting snow in spring-time,  
Making hollows in the snow-drifts.

Till at last he rose defeated,  
Could not bear the heat and laughter,  
Could not bear the merry singing,  
But rushed headlong through the door-way,  
Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts,  
Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,  
Made the snow upon them harder,  
Made the ice upon them thicker,  
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,  
To come forth and wrestle with him,  
To come forth and wrestle naked  
On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,  
Wrestled all night with the North-Wind,  
Wrestled naked on the moorlands  
With the fierce Kabibonokka,  
Till his panting breath grew fainter,  
Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,  
Till he reeled and staggered backward,  
And retreated, baffled, beaten,  
To the kingdom of Wabasso,  
To the land of the White Rabbit,  
Hearing still the gusty laughter,  
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,  
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,  
You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,  
Had his dwelling far to southward,

In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,  
In the never-ending Summer.  
He it was who sent the wood-birds,  
Sent the robin, the Opechee,  
Sent the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,  
Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,  
Sent the melons and tobacco,  
And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke ascending  
Filled the sky with haze and vapor,  
Filled the air with dreamy softness,  
Gave a twinkle to the water,  
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,  
Brought the tender Indian Summer  
To the melancholy north-land,  
In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee !  
In his life he had one shadow,  
In his heart one sorrow had he.  
Once, as he was gazing northward,  
Far away upon a prairie  
He beheld a maiden standing,  
Saw a tall and slender maiden  
All alone upon a prairie ;  
Brightest green were all her garments,  
And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,  
Day by day he sighed with passion,  
Day by day his heart within him  
Grew more hot with love and longing  
For the maid with yellow tresses.  
But he was too fat and lazy  
To bestir himself and woo her ;  
Yes, too indolent and easy  
To pursue her and persuade her.  
So he only gazed upon her,  
Only sat and sighed with passion  
For the maiden of the prairie.



Till one morning, looking northward,  
 He beheld her yellow tresses  
 Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,  
 Covered as with whitest snow-flakes.

"Ah! my brother from the North-land,  
 From the kingdom of Wabasso,  
 From the land of the White Rabbit!  
 You have stolen the maiden from me,  
 You have laid your hand upon her,  
 You have wooed and won my maiden,  
 With your stories of the North-land!"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee  
 Breathed into the air his sorrow;  
 And the South-Wind o'er the prairie  
 Wandered warm with sighs of passion,  
 With the sighs of Shawondasee,  
 Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes,  
 Full of thistle-down the prairie,  
 And the maid with hair like sunshine  
 Vanished from his sight forever;  
 Never more did Shawondasee  
 See the maid with yellow tresses!

Poor, deluded Shawondasee!  
 'T was no woman that you gazed at,  
 'T was no maiden that you sighed for,  
 'T was the prairie dandelion  
 That through all the dreamy Summer  
 You had gazed at with such longing,  
 You had sighed for with such passion,  
 And had puffed away forever,  
 Blown into the air with sighing.  
 Ah! deluded Shawondasee!

Thus the Four Winds were divided;  
 Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis  
 Had their stations in the heavens;  
 At the corners of the heavens;  
 For himself the West-Wind only  
 Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

### III.

#### HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

DOWNWARD through the evening twilight,  
In the days that are forgotten,  
In the unremembered ages,  
From the full moon fell Nokomis,  
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,  
She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women,  
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,  
When her rival, the rejected,  
Full of jealousy and hatred,  
Cut the leafy swing asunder,  
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,  
And Nokomis fell affrighted

Downward through the evening twilight,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
On the prairie full of blossoms.

"See! a star falls!" said the people;  
"From the sky a star is falling!"

There among the ferns and mosses,  
There among the prairie lilies,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow,  
In the moonlight and the starlight,  
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.

And she called her name Wenonah,  
As the first-born of her daughters.

And the daughter of Nokomis  
Grew up like the prairie lilies,  
Grew a tall and slender maiden,  
With the beauty of the moonlight,  
With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,  
Saying oft, and oft repeating,

“ O, beware of Mudjekeewis,  
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis ;  
Listen not to what he tells you ;  
Lie not down upon the meadow,  
Stoop not down among the lilies,  
Lest the West-Wind come and harm you ! ”

But she heeded not the warning,  
Heeded not those words of wisdom,  
And the West-Wind came at evening,  
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,  
Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,  
Bending low the flowers and grasses,  
Found the beautiful Wenonah,  
Lying there among the lilies,  
Woodyed her with his words of sweetness,  
Woodyed her with his soft caresses,  
Till she bore a son in sorrow,  
Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,  
Thus was born the child of wonder ;  
But the daughter of Nokomis,  
Hiawatha's gentle mother,  
In her anguish died deserted  
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,  
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly  
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis ;  
“ O that I were dead ! ” she murmured,  
“ O that I were dead, as thou art !  
No more work, and no more weeping,  
Wahonowin ! Wahonowin ! ”

By the shores of Gitche Gumees,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,  
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.  
Dark behind it rose the forest,  
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,  
Rose the firs with cones upon them ;  
Bright before it beat the water,

Beat the clear and sunny water,  
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis  
Nursed the little Hiawatha,  
Rocked him in his linden cradle,  
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,  
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;  
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,  
"Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!"  
Lulled him into slumber, singing,  
"Ewa-yea! my little owlet!  
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?  
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?  
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!"

Many things Nokomis taught him  
Of the stars that shine in heaven;  
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Ishkodah, with fiery tresses;  
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,  
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,  
Flaring far away to northward  
In the frosty nights of Winter;  
Showed the broad, white road in heaven,  
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,  
Running straight across the heavens,  
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings  
Sat the little Hiawatha;  
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,  
Heard the lapping of the water,  
Sounds of music, words of wonder;  
"Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees,  
"Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Flitting through the dusk of evening,  
With the twinkle of its candle  
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,  
And he sang the song of children,  
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:

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

Saw the moon rise from the water  
 Rippling, rounding from the water,  
 Saw the flecks and shadows on it,  
 Whispered, “What is that, Nokomis ?”  
 And the good Nokomis answered :

“Once a warrior, very angry,  
 Seized his grandmother, and threw her  
 Up into the sky at midnight ;  
 Right against the moon he threw her ;  
 'T is her body that you see there.”

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,  
 In the eastern sky, the rainbow,  
 Whispered, “What is that, Nokomis ?”  
 And the good Nokomis answered :  
 “'T is the heaven of flowers you see there ;  
 All the wild-flowers of the forest,  
 All the lilies of the prairie,  
 When on earth they fade and perish,  
 Blossom in that heaven above us.”

When he heard the owls at midnight,  
 Hooting, laughing in the forest,  
 “What is that ?” he cried in terror ;  
 “What is that ?” he said, “Nokomis ?”  
 And the good Nokomis answered :  
 “That is but the owl and owlet,  
 Talking in their native language,  
 Talking, scolding at each other.”

Then the little Hiawatha  
 Learned of every bird its language,  
 Learned their names and all their secrets,  
 How they built their nests in Summer,  
 Where they hid themselves in Winter,  
 Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
 Called them “Hiawatha's Chickens.”

Of all beasts he learned the language,  
Learned their names and all their secrets,  
How the beavers built their lodges,  
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,  
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,  
Why the rabbit was so timid,  
Talked with them whene'er he met them,  
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller,  
He the traveller and the talker,  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;  
From a branch of ash he made it,  
From an oak-bough made the arrows,  
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,  
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha :  
"Go, my son, into the forest,  
Where the red deer herd together,  
Kill for us a famous roebuck,  
Kill for us a deer with antlers !"

Forth into the forest straightway  
All alone walked Hiawatha  
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;  
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,  
"Do not shoot us Hiawatha !"  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha !"

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,  
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
In and out among the branches,  
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,  
Laughed, and said between his laughing,  
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha !"

And the rabbit from his pathway  
Leaped aside, and at a distance  
Sat erect upon his haunches,

Half in fear and half in frolic,  
Saying to the little hunter,  
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,  
For his thoughts were with the red deer;  
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,  
Leading downward to the river,  
To the ford across the river,  
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,  
There he waited till the deer came,  
Till he saw two antlers lifted,  
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,  
Saw two nostrils point to windward,  
And a deer came down the pathway,  
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.  
And his heart within him fluttered,  
Trembled like the leaves above him,  
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,  
As the deer came down the pathway.

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

Dead he lay there in the forest,  
By the ford across the river;  
Beat his timid heart no longer,  
But the heart of Hiawatha  
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,  
As he bore the red deer homeward,  
And Iagoo and Nokomis  
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis

Made a cloak for Hiawatha,  
 From the red deer's flesh Nokomis  
 Made a banquet in his honor.  
 All the village came and feasted,  
 All the guests praised Hiawatha,  
 Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!  
 Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!



## IV.

### HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

OUT of childhood into manhood  
Now had grown my Hiawatha,  
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,  
Learned in all the lore of old men,  
In all youthful sports and pastimes,  
In all manly arts and labors.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha;  
He could shoot an arrow from him,  
And run forward with such fleetness,  
That the arrow fell behind him !  
Strong of arm was Hiawatha ;  
He could shoot ten arrows upward,  
Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,  
That the tenth had left the bow-string  
Ere the first to earth had fallen !

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Magic mittens made of deer-skin ;  
When upon his hands he wore them,  
He could smite the rocks asunder,  
He could grind them into powder.  
He had moccasins enchanted,  
Magic moccasins of deer-skin ;  
When he bound them round his ankles  
When upon his feet he tied them,  
At each stride a mile he measured !

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

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

From his lodge went Hiawatha,  
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting;  
Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,  
Richly wrought with quills and wampum;  
On his head his eagle-feathers,  
Round his waist his belt of wampum,  
In his hand his bow of ash-wood,  
Strung with sinews of the reindeer;  
In his quiver oaken arrows,  
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers;  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
With his moccasins enchanted.

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

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Heeded not her woman's warning;  
Forth he strode into the forest,  
At each stride a mile he measured;  
Lurid seemed the sky above him,  
Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,  
Hot and close the air around him,  
Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,  
As of burning woods and prairies,  
For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, westward,  
Left the fleetest deer behind him,  
Left the antelope and bison;  
Crossed the rushing Esconawbaw,  
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,

Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,  
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,  
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,  
Came unto the Rocky Mountains,  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
Where upon the gusty summits  
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,  
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha  
At the aspect of his father.  
On the air about him wildly  
Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,  
Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,  
Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Like the star with fiery tresses.

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

“Welcome!” said he, “Hiawatha,  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!  
Long have I been waiting for you!  
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,  
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;  
You bring back the days departed,  
You bring back my youth of passion,  
And the beautiful Wenonah!”

Many days they talked together,  
Questioned, listened, waited, answered;  
Much the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Boasted of his ancient prowess,  
Of his perilous adventures,  
His indomitable courage,  
His invulnerable body.

Patently sat Hiawatha,  
Listening to his father's boasting;  
With a smile he sat and listened,

Uttered neither threat nor menace,  
Neither word nor look betrayed him,  
But his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis,  
Is there nothing that can harm you?  
Nothing that you are afraid of?"

And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Grand and gracious in his boasting,  
Answered, saying, "There is nothing,  
Nothing but the black rock yonder,  
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek!"

And he looked at Hiawatha  
With a wise look and benignant,  
With a countenance paternal,  
Looked with pride upon the beauty  
Of his tall and graceful figure,  
Saying, "O my Hiawatha!  
Is there any thing can harm you?  
Anything you are afraid of?"

But the wary Hiawatha  
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,  
Held his peace, as if resolving,  
And then answered, "There is nothing,  
Nothing but the bulrush yonder,  
Nothing but the great Apukwa!"

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,  
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,  
Hiawatha cried in terror,  
Cried in well-dissembled terror,  
"Kago! kago! do not touch it!"  
"Ah, kaween!" said Mudjekeewis,  
"No indeed, I will not touch it!"

Then they talked of other matters;  
First of Hiawatha's brothers,  
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,  
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,  
Of the North, Kabibonokka;  
Then of Hiawatha's mother,

Of the beautiful Wenonah,  
Of her birth upon the meadow,  
Of her death, as old Nokomis  
Had remembered and related.

And he cried, "O Mudjekeewis,  
It was you who killed Wenonah,  
Took her young life and her beauty,  
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,  
Trampled it beneath your footsteps ;  
You confess it ! you confess it !"  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Tossed upon the wind his tresses,  
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,  
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,  
And with threatening look and gesture  
Laid his hand upon the black rock,  
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Rent the jutting crag asunder,  
Smote and crushed it into fragments,  
Hurled them madly at his father,  
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,  
For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind  
Blew the fragments backward from him,  
With the breathing of his nostrils,  
With the tempest of his anger,  
Blew them back at his assailant ;  
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,  
Dragged it with its roots and fibres  
From the margin of the meadow,  
From its ooze, the giant bulrush ;  
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha !

Then began the deadly conflict,  
Hand to hand among the mountains ;  
From his eyrie screamed the eagle,  
The Keneu, the great war-eagle ;

Sat upon the crags around them,  
Wheeling flapped his wings above them..

Like a tall tree in the tempest  
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush ;  
And in masses huge and heavy  
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek ;  
'Till the earth shook with the tumult  
And confusion of the battle,  
And the air was full of shoutings,  
And the thunder of the mountains,  
Starting, answered, " Baim-wawa ! "

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,  
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,  
Stumbling westward down the mountains,  
Three whole days retreated fighting,  
Still pursued by Hiawatha  
To the doorways of the West-Wind,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the earth's remotest border,  
Where into the empty spaces  
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo  
Drops into her nest at nightfall,  
In the melancholy marshes.

" Hold ! " at length cried Mudjekeewis,  
" Hold, my son, my Hiawatha !  
'Tis impossible to kill me,  
For you cannot kill the immortal.  
I have put you to this trial,  
But to know and prove your courage ;  
Now receive the prize of valor !

" Go back to your home and people,  
Live among them, toil among them,  
Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,  
Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,  
Slay all monsters and magicians,  
All the Wendigoes, the giants,  
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,  
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,  
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

“And at last when Death draws near you,  
When the awful eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon you in the darkness,  
I will share my kingdom with you,  
Ruler shall you be thenceforward  
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,  
Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin.”

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

Homeward now went Hiawatha ;  
Pleasant was the landscape round him,  
Pleasant was the air above him,  
For the bitterness of anger  
Had departed wholly from him,  
From his brain the thought of vengeance,  
From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,  
Only once he paused or halted,  
Paused to purchase heads of arrows  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Where the Falls of Minnehaha  
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,  
Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker  
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,  
Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,

Wayward as the Minnehaha,  
With her moods of shade and sunshine,  
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,  
Feet as rapid as the river,  
Tresses flowing like the water,  
And as musical a laughter ;  
And he named her from the river,  
From the water-fall he named her,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

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

Was it not to see the maiden,  
See the face of Laughing Water  
Peeping from behind the curtain,  
Hear the rustling of her garments  
From behind the waving curtain,  
As one sees the Minnehaha  
Gleaming, glancing through the branches,  
As one hears the Laughing Water  
From behind its screen of branches ?

Who shall say what thoughts and visions  
Fill the fiery brains of young men ?  
Who shall say what dreams of beauty  
Filled the heart of Hiawatha ?  
All he told to old Nokomis,  
When he reached the lodge at sunset,  
Was the meeting with his father,  
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis ;  
Not a word he said of arrows,  
Not a word of Laughing Water !



## V.

### HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

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

First he built a lodge for fasting,  
Built a wigwam in the forest,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,  
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,  
And, with dreams and visions many,  
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting  
Through the leafy woods he wandered;  
Saw the deer start from the thicket,  
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,  
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,  
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,  
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,  
Building nests among the pine-trees,  
And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,  
Flying to the fen-lands northward,  
Whirring, wailing far above him.  
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding,  
"Must our lives depend on these things?"

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

Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,  
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,  
And the strawberry, Odahmin,  
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,  
And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,  
Trailing o'er the alder-branches,  
Filling all the air with fragrance !  
" Master of Life ! " he cried, desponding,  
" Must our lives depend on these things ? "

On the third day of his fasting  
By the lake he sat and pondered,  
By the still, transparent water ;  
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,  
Scattering drops like beads of wampum,  
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
And the herring, Okahahwis,  
And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish !  
" Master of Life ! " he cried, desponding,  
" Must our lives depend on these things ? "

On the fourth day of his fasting  
In his lodge he lay exhausted ;  
From his couch of leaves and branches  
Gazing with half-open eyelids,  
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,  
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,  
On the gleaming of the water,  
On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,  
Dressed in garments green and yellow,  
Coming through the purple twilight,  
Through the splendor of the sunset ;  
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,  
And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,  
Long he looked at Hiawatha,  
Looked with pity and compassion  
On his wasted form and features,

And, in accents like the sighing  
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,  
Said he, " O my Hiawatha !  
All your prayers are heard in heaven,  
For you pray not like the others,  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumph in the battle,  
Nor renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.

" From the Master of Life descending,  
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,  
Come to warn you and instruct you,  
How by struggle and by labor  
You shall gain what you have prayed for.  
Rise up from your bed of branches,  
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me !"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha  
Started from his bed of branches  
From the twilight of his wigwam  
Forth into the flush of sunset  
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin ;  
At his touch he felt new courage  
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,  
Felt new life and hope and vigor  
Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together  
In the glory of the sunset,  
And the more they strove and struggled,  
Stronger still grew Hiawatha ;  
Till the darkness fell around them,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her nest among the pine-trees,  
Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

" 'T is enough !" then said Mondamin,  
Smiling upon Hiawatha,  
" But to-morrow, when the sun sets,

I will come again to try you.”  
And he vanished, and was seen not ;  
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,  
Whether rising as the mists rise,  
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,  
Only saw that he had vanished,  
Leaving him alone and fainting,  
With the misty lake below him,  
And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day,  
When the sun through heaven descending,  
Like a red and burning cinder,  
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,  
Fell into the western waters,  
Came Mondamin for the trial,  
For the strife with Hiawatha ;  
Came as silent as the dew comes,  
From the empty air appearing,  
Into empty air returning,  
Taking shape when earth it touches,  
But invisible to all men  
In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together  
In the glory of the sunset,  
Till the darkness fell around them,  
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her nest among the pine-trees,  
Uttered her loud cry of famine,  
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,  
In his garments green and yellow ;  
To and fro his plumes above him  
Waved and nodded with his breathing,  
And the sweat of the encounter  
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, “ O Hiawatha !  
Bravely have you wrestled with me,  
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,  
And the Master of Life, who sees us,  
He will give to you the triumph ! ”

Then he smiled, and said: "To-morrow  
Is the last day of your conflict,  
Is the last day of your fasting.  
You will conquer and o'ercome me;  
Make a bed for me to lie in,  
Where the rain may fall upon me,  
Where the sun may come and warm me;  
Strip these garments, green and yellow,  
Strip this nodding plumage from me,  
Lay me in the earth, and make it  
Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber,  
Let no weed nor worm molest me,  
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,  
Come to haunt me and molest me,  
Only come yourself to watch me,  
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,  
Till I leap into the sunshine."

And thus saying, he departed;  
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,  
But he heard the Wawonaissa,  
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,  
Perched upon his lonely wigwam;  
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,  
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,  
Talking to the darksome forest;  
Heard the sighing of the branches,  
As they lifted and subsided  
At the passing of the night-wind,  
Heard them, as one hears in slumber  
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers:  
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,  
On the seventh day of his fasting,  
Came with food for Hiawatha,  
Came imploring and bewailing,  
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,  
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,

Only said to her, "Nokomis,  
Wait until the sun is setting,  
Till the darkness falls around us,  
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Crying from the desolate marshes,  
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,  
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,  
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,  
Lest his fasting should be fatal.  
He meanwhile sat weary waiting  
For the coming of Mondamin,  
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,  
Lengthened over field and forest,  
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,  
Floating on the waters westward,  
As a red leaf in the Autumn  
Falls and floats upon the water,  
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold! the young Mondamin,  
With his soft and shining tresses,  
With his garments green and yellow,  
With his long and glossy plumage,  
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.  
And as one in slumber walking,  
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,  
From the wigwam Hiawatha  
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,  
Sky and forest reeled together,  
And his strong heart leaped within him,  
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles  
In a net to break its meshes.  
Like a ring of fire around him  
Blazed and flared the red horizon,  
And a hundred suns seemed looking  
At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward  
All alone stood Hiawatha,

Panting with his wild exertion,  
Palpitating with the struggle ;  
And before him, breathless, lifeless,  
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,  
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,  
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha  
Made the grave as he commanded,  
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,  
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,  
Laid him in the earth, and made it  
Soft and loose and light above him ;  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From the melancholy moorlands,  
Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a cry of pain and anguish !

Homeward then went Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis,  
And the seven days of his fasting  
Were accomplished and completed,  
But the place was not forgotten  
Where he wrestled with Mondamin ;  
Nor forgotten nor neglected  
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,  
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,  
Where his scattered plumes and garments  
Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha  
Go to wait and watch beside it ;  
Kept the dark mould soft above it,  
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,  
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,  
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather  
From the earth shot slowly upward,  
Then another and another,  
And before the Summer ended  
Stood the maize in all its beauty,  
With its shining robes about it,

And its long, soft, yellow tresses ;  
And in rapture Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, " It is Mondamin !  
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin ! "

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

And still later, when the Autumn  
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,  
And the soft and juicy kernels  
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,  
Then the ripened ears he gathered,  
Stripped the withered husks from off them,  
As he once had stripped the wrestler,  
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,  
And made known unto the people  
This new gift of the Great Spirit.



## VI.

### HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,  
Singled out from all the others,  
Bound to him in closest union,  
And to whom he gave the right hand  
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow ;  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the pathway,  
Never grew the grass upon it ;  
Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,  
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,  
Found no eager ear to listen,  
Could not breed ill-will between them,  
For they kept each other's counsel,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much and much contriving  
How the tribes of men might prosper.

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

When he sang, the village listened ;  
All the warriors gathered round him,  
All the women came to hear him ;  
Now he stirred their souls to passion,  
Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned  
Flutes so musical and mellow,

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

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

Yes, the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
 Envious, said, "O Chibiabos,  
 Teach me tones as wild and wayward,  
 Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,  
 Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,  
 Teach me tones as sweet and tender,  
 Teach me songs as full of gladness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,  
 Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,  
 Teach me tones as melancholy,  
 Teach me songs as full of sadness!"

All the many sounds of nature  
 Borrowed sweetness from his singing;  
 All the hearts of men were softened  
 By the pathos of his music;  
 For he sang of peace and freedom,  
 Sang of beauty, love, and longing;  
 Sang of death, and life undying  
 In the Islands of the Blessed,  
 In the kingdom of Ponemah,  
 In the land of the Hereafter.

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

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha

Was the very strong man, Kwasind,  
He the strongest of all mortals,  
He the mightiest among many ;  
For his very strength he loved him,  
For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,  
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,  
Never played with other children,  
Never fished and never hunted,  
Not like other children was he ;  
But they saw that much he fasted,  
Much his Manito entreated,  
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

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

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind  
Rose, but made no angry answer ;  
From the lodge went forth in silence,  
Took the nets, that hung together,  
Dripping, freezing at the doorway,  
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,  
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,  
Could not wring them without breaking,  
Such the strength was in his fingers.

“ Lazy Kwasind ! ” said his father,  
“ In the hunt you never help me ;  
Every bow you touch is broken,

Snapped asunder every arrow ;  
Yet come with me to the forest,  
You shall bring the hunting homeward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,  
Where a brooklet led them onward,  
Where the trail of deer and bison  
Marked the soft mud on the margin,  
Till they found all further passage  
Shut against them, barred securely  
By the trunks of trees uprooted,  
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,  
And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man,  
"O'er these logs we cannot clamber ;  
Not a woodehuck could get through them,  
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them !"  
And straightway his pipe he lighted,  
And sat down to smoke and ponder.  
But before his pipe was finished,  
Lo! the path was cleared before him ;  
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,  
To the right hand, to the left hand,  
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,  
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said the young men,  
As they sported in the meadow ;  
"Why stand idly looking at us,  
Leaning on the rock behind you ?  
Come and wrestle with the others,  
Let us pitch the quoit together !"

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,  
To their challenge made no answer,  
Only rose, and, slowly turning,  
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,  
Tore it from its deep foundation,  
Poised it in the air a moment,  
Pitched it sheer into the river,  
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,  
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,  
Down the rapids of Pauwating,  
Kwasind sailed with his companions,  
In the stream he saw a beaver,  
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,  
Struggling with the rushing currents,  
Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,  
Kwasind leaped into the river,  
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,  
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,  
Followed him among the islands,  
Stayed so long beneath the water,  
That his terrified companions  
Cried, "Alas! good bye to Kwasind!  
We shall never more see Kwasind!"

But he reappeared triumphant,  
And upon his shining shoulders  
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,  
Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,  
Were the friends of Hiawatha,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind.  
Long they lived in peace together,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much and much contriving  
How the tribes of men might prosper.

## VII.

### Hiawatha's Sailing.

“GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!  
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!  
Growing by the rushing river,  
Tall and stately in the valley!  
I a light canoe will build me,  
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,  
That shall float upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily!

“Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!  
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
For the Summer-time is coming,  
And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper!”

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha  
In the solitary forest,  
By the rushing Taquamenaw,  
When the birds were singing gayly,  
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,  
And the sun, from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, “Behold me!  
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!”

And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
“Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!”

With his knife the tree he girdled;  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it,  
Till the sap came oozing outward;  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,

With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!  
Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong and firm beneath me!”

Through the summit of the Cedar  
Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
Went a murmur of resistance;  
But it whispered, bending downward,  
“Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!”

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,  
Shaped them straightway to a framework,  
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,  
Like two bended bows together.

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!  
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!  
My canoe to bind together,  
So to bind the ends together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Larch, with all its fibres,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched his forehead with its tassels,  
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,  
“Take them all, O Hiawatha!”

From the earth he tore the fibres,  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,  
Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the framework.

“Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!  
Of your balsam and your resin,  
So to close the seams together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,  
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,  
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,

“ Take my balm, O Hiawatha ! ”

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,  
Smear'd therewith each seam and fissure,  
Made each crevice safe from water.

“ Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog !  
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog !  
I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom ! ”

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,  
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
“ Take my quills, O Hiawatha ! ”

From the ground the quills he gathered,  
All the little shining arrows,  
Stained them red and blue and yellow,  
With the juice of roots and berries ;  
Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,  
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,  
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded  
In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest ;  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews ;  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,  
Paddles none he had or needed,  
For his thoughts as paddles served him,  
And his wishes served to guide him ;



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

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,  
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,  
Saying, " Help me clear this river  
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind  
Plunged as if he were an otter,  
Dived as if he were a beaver,  
Stood up to his waist in water,  
To his arm-pits in the river,  
Swam and shouted in the river,  
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,  
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,  
With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha  
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,  
Sailed through all its bends and windings,  
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,  
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,  
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,  
In and out among its islands,  
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,  
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,  
Made its passage safe and certain,  
Made a pathway for the people,  
From its springs among the mountains,  
To the waters of Pauwating,  
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

## VIII.

### HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

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

Through the clear, transparent water  
He could see the fishes swimming  
Far down in the depths below him ;  
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,  
Like a spider on the bottom,  
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,  
With his fishing-line of cedar ;  
In his plumes the breeze of morning  
Played as in the hemlock branches ;  
On the bows, with tail erected,  
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo ;  
In his fur the breeze of morning  
Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom  
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,  
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes ;  
Through his gills he breathed the water,  
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,  
With his tail he swept the sand-floor.

There he lay in all his armor ;  
On each side a shield to guard him,

Plates of bone upon his forehead,  
Down his sides and back and shoulders  
Plates of bone with spines projecting!  
Painted was he with his war-paints,  
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,  
Spots of brown and spots of sable;  
And he lay there on the bottom,  
Fanning with his fins of purple,  
As above him Hiawatha

In his birch canoe came sailing,  
With his fishing line of cedar.

“Take my bait!” cried Hiawatha,  
Down into the depths beneath him,  
“Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!  
Come up from below the water,  
Let us see which is the stronger!”  
And he dropped his line of cedar  
Through the clear, transparent water,  
Waited vainly for an answer,  
Long sat waiting for an answer,  
And repeating loud and louder,  
“Take my bait, O King of Fishes!”

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Fanning slowly in the water,  
Looking up at Hiawatha,  
Listening to his call and clamor,  
His unnecessary tumult,  
Till he wearied of the shouting;  
And he said to the Kenozha,  
To the pike, the Maskenozha,  
“Take the bait of this rude fellow,  
Break the line of Hiawatha!”

In his fingers Hiawatha  
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;  
As he drew it in, it tugged so  
That the birch canoe stood endwise,  
Like a birch log in the water,  
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Perched and frisking on the summit.

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

Reeling downward to the bottom  
Sank the pike in great confusion,  
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,  
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
To the bream, with scales of crimson,  
"Take the bait of this great boaster,  
Break the line of Hiawatha!"

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,  
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
Seized the line of Hiawatha,  
Swung with all his weight upon it,  
Made a whirlpool in the water,  
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,  
Round and round in gurgling eddies,  
Till the circles in the water  
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,  
Till the water-flags and rushes  
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him  
Slowly rising through the water,  
Lifting up his disk refulgent,  
Loud he shouted in derision,  
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!  
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes!"  
Slowly downward, wavering, gleaming,  
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,

Heard his challenge of defiance,  
The unnecessary tumult,  
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom  
Up he rose with angry gesture,  
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,  
Clashing all his plates of armor,  
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint;  
In his wrath he darted upward,  
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,  
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed  
Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern  
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,  
As a log on some black river  
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,  
Found himself in utter darkness,  
Groped about in helpless wonder,  
Till he felt a great heart beating,  
Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger,  
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,  
Felt the mighty King of Fishes  
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,  
Heard the water gurgle round him  
As he leaped and staggered through it,  
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha  
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,  
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,  
In the turmoil and confusion,  
Forth he might be hurled and perish.  
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Frisked and chattered very gayly,  
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha  
Till the labor was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,  
"O my little friend, the squirrel,  
Bravely have you toiled to help me ;

Take the thanks of Hiawatha,  
And the name which now he gives you ;  
For hereafter and forever  
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,  
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you !”

And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Gasped and quivered in the water,  
Then was still, and drifted landward  
Till he grated on the pebbles,  
Till the listening Hiawatha  
Heard him grate upon the margin,  
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,  
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,  
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,  
As of many wings assembling,  
Heard a screaming and confusion,  
As of birds of prey contending,  
Saw a gleam of light above him,  
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,  
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,  
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,  
Gazing at him through the opening,  
Heard them saying to each other,  
“ ’T is our brother, Hiawatha !”

And he shouted from below them,  
Cried exulting from the caverns :  
“ O ye sea-gulls ! O my brothers !  
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma ;  
Make the rifts a little larger,  
With your claws the openings widen,  
Set me free from this dark prison,  
And henceforward and forever  
Men shall speak of your achievements,  
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,  
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers !”

And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls  
Toiled with beak and claws together,  
Made the rifts and openings wider

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

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

"I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,  
Slain the King of Fishes!" said he;  
"Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him,  
Yes, my friend Kayoshk, the sea-gulls;  
Drive them not away, Nokomis,  
They have saved me from great peril  
In the body of the sturgeon,  
Wait until their meal is ended,  
Till their craws are full with feasting,  
Till they homeward fly, at sunset,  
To their nests among the marshes;  
Then bring all your pots and kettles,  
And make oil for us in Winter."

And she waited till the sun set,  
Till the pallid moon, the night-sun,  
Rose above the tranquil water,  
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,  
From their banquet rose with clamor,  
And across the fiery sunset  
Winged their way to far-off islands,  
To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,  
And Nokomis to her labor,  
Toiling patient in the moonlight,  
Till the sun and moon changed places,  
Till the sky was red with sunrise,  
And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,

Came back from the reedy islands,  
Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alternate  
Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls  
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,  
Till the waves washed through the rib-bones,  
Till the sea-gulls came no longer,  
And upon the sands lay nothing  
But the skeleton of Nahma.



## IX.

### HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.

ON the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
O'er the water pointing westward,  
To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending  
Burned his way along the heavens,  
Set the sky on fire behind him,  
As war-parties, when retreating,  
Burn the prairies on their war-trail ;  
And the moon, the Night-Sun, eastward,  
Suddenly starting from his ambush,  
Followed fast those bloody footprints,  
Followed in that fiery war-trail,  
With its glare upon its features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
Spake these words to Hiawatha :  
“ Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,  
Megissogwon, the Magician,  
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,  
Guarded by his fiery serpents,  
Guarded by the black pitch-water.  
You can see his fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Coiling, playing in the water ;  
You can see the black pitch-water  
Stretching far away beyond them,  
To the purple clouds of sunset !

“ He it was who slew my father,  
By his wicked wiles and cunning,  
When he from the moon descended,

When he came on earth to seek me.  
 He, the mightiest of Magicians,  
 Sends the fever from the marshes,  
 Sends the pestilential vapors,  
 Sends the poisonous exhalations,  
 Sends the white fog from the fen-lands,  
 Sends disease and death among us !

“ Take your bow, O Hiawatha,  
 Take your arrows, jasper-headed,  
 Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,  
 And your mittens, Minjekahwun,  
 And your birch-canoe for sailing,  
 And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,  
 So to smear its sides, that swiftly  
 You may pass the black pitch-water ;  
 Slay this merciless magician,  
 Save the people from the fever  
 That he breathes across the fen-lands,  
 And avenge my father's murder ! ”

Straightway then my Hiawatha  
 Armed himself with all his war-gear,  
 Launched his birch-canoe for sailing ;  
 With his palm its sides he patted,  
 Said with glee, “ Cheemaun, my darling,  
 O my Birch-Canoe ! leap forward,  
 Where you see the fiery serpents,  
 Where you see the black pitch-water ! ”

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,  
 And the noble Hiawatha  
 Sang his war-song wild and woful,  
 And above him the war-eagle,  
 The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
 Master of all fowls with feathers,  
 Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,  
 The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
 Lying huge upon the water,  
 Sparkling, rippling in the water,  
 Lying coiled across the passage,

With their blazing crests uplifted,  
Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,  
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise :  
“ Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,  
Let me go upon my journey ! ”  
And they answered, hissing fiercely,  
With their fiery breath made answer :  
“ Back, go back ! O Shaugodaya !  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart ! ”

Then the angry Hiawatha  
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,  
Shot them fast among the serpents ;  
Every twanging of the bow-string  
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,  
Every whizzing of an arrow  
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,  
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,  
And among them Hiawatha  
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting :  
“ Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling !  
Onward to the black pitch-water ! ”

Then he took the oil of Nahma,  
And the bows and sides anointed,  
Smear'd them well with oil, that swiftly  
He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,  
Sailed upon that sluggish water,  
Covered with its mould of ages,  
Black with rotting water-rushes,  
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,  
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,  
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,  
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,  
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,  
In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moonlight,  
All the water black with shadow,  
And around him the Suggema,  
The mosquitos, sang their war-song,  
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Waved their torches to mislead him ;  
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,  
Thrust his head into the moonlight,  
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,  
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface ;  
And anon a thousand whistles,  
Answered over all the fen-lands,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Far off on the reedy margin,  
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,  
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,  
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,  
Till the level moon stared at him,  
In his face stared pale and haggard,  
Till the sun was hot behind him,  
Till it burned upon his shoulders,  
And before him on the upland  
He could see the Shining Wigwam  
Of the Manito of Wampum,  
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,  
To his birch-canoe said, " Onward !"  
And it stirred in all its fibres,  
And with one great bound of triumph  
Leaped across the water-lilies,  
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,  
And upon the beach beyond them  
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,  
On the sand one end he rested,  
With his knee he pressed the middle,  
Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,  
Took an arrow, jasper-headed,

Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,  
 Sent it singing as a herald,  
 As a bearer of his message,  
 Of his challenge loud and lofty :  
 " Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Feather !  
 Hiawatha waits your coming ! "

Straightway from the Shining Wigwam  
 Came the mighty Megissogwon,  
 Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,  
 Dark and terrible in aspect,  
 Clad from head to foot in wampum,  
 Armed with all his warlike weapons,  
 Painted like the sky of morning,  
 Streaked with crimson, blue and yellow,  
 Crested with great eagle-feathers,  
 Streaming upward, streaming outward.

" Well I know you, Hiawatha ! "  
 Cried he in a voice of thunder,  
 In a tone of loud derision.  
 " Hasten back, O Shaugodaya !  
 Hasten back among the women,  
 Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart !  
 I will slay you as you stand there,  
 As of old I slew her father ! "

But my Hiawatha answered,  
 Nothing daunted, fearing nothing :  
 " Big words do not smite like war-clubs,  
 Boastful breath is not a bow-string,  
 Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,  
 Deeds are better things than words are,  
 Actions mightier than boastings ! "

Then began the greatest battle  
 That the sun had ever looked on,  
 That the war-birds ever witnessed.  
 All a Summer's day it lasted,  
 From the sunrise to the sunset ;  
 For the shafts of Hiawatha  
 Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,  
 Harmless fell the blows he dealt it

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Harmless fell the heavy war-club ;  
It could dash the rocks asunder,  
But it could not break the meshes  
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,  
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,  
Wounded, weary, and desponding,  
With his mighty war-club broken,  
With his mittens torn and tattered,  
And three useless arrows only,  
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,  
From whose branches trailed the mosses,  
And whose trunk was coated over  
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-leather,  
With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above him  
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker :

“ Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,  
At the head of Megissogwon,  
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,  
At their roots the long black tresses ;  
There alone can he be wounded ! ”

Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,  
Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,  
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,  
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.  
Full upon the crown it struck him,  
At the roots of his long tresses,  
And he reeled and staggered forward,  
Plunging like a wounded bison,  
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,  
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,  
In the pathway of the other,  
Piercing deeper than the other,  
Wounding sorer than the other ;  
And the knees of Megissogwon  
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,  
Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow  
 Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,  
 And the mighty Megissogwon  
 Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,  
 Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,  
 Heard his voice call in the darkness;  
 At the feet of Hiawatha  
 Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,  
 Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha  
 Called the Mama, the woodpecker,  
 From his perch among the branches  
 Of the melancholy pine-tree,  
 And, in honor of his service,  
 Stained with blood the tuft of feathers  
 On the little head of Mama ;  
 Even to this day he wears it,  
 Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,  
 As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wampum  
 From the back of Megissogwon,  
 As a trophy of the battle,  
 As a signal of his conquest.  
 On the shore he left the body,  
 Half on land and half in water,  
 In the sand his feet were buried,  
 And his face was in the water.  
 And above him, wheeled and clamored  
 The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
 Sailing round in narrower circles,  
 Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha  
 Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,  
 All his wealth of skins and wampum,  
 Furs of bison and of beaver,  
 Furs of sable and of ermine,  
 Wampum belts and strings and pouches,  
 Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,  
 Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,  
Homeward through the black pitch-water,  
Homeward through the weltering serpents,  
With the trophies of the battle,  
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,  
On the shore stood Chibiabos,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
Waiting for the hero's coming,  
Listening to his song of triumph.  
And the people of the village  
Welcomed him with songs and dances,  
Made a joyous feast, and shouted:

"Honor be to Hiawatha!  
He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,  
Slain the mightiest of Magicians,  
Him, who sent the fiery fever,  
Sent the white fog from the fen-lands,  
Sent disease and death among us!"

Ever dear to Hiawatha  
Was the memory of Mama!  
And in token of his friendship,  
As a mark of his remembrance,  
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem  
With the crimson tuft of feathers,  
With the blood-red crest of Mama.  
But the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All the trophies of the battle,  
He divided with his people,  
Shared it equally among them.



## X.

### HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

“As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman,  
Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
Useless each without the other!”

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
Said within himself and pondered,  
Much perplexed by various feelings,  
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,  
Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
In the land of the Dacotahs.

“Wed a maiden of your people,”  
Warning said the old Nokomis;  
“Go not eastward, go not westward,  
For a stranger, whom we know not!  
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone  
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,  
Like the starlight or the moonlight  
Is the handsomest of strangers!”

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,  
And my Hiawatha answered  
Only this: “Dear old Nokomis,  
Very pleasant is the firelight,  
But I like the starlight better,  
Better do I like the moonlight!”

Gravely then said old Nokomis:  
“Bring not here an idle maiden,  
Bring not here a useless woman,  
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;  
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,  
Heart and hand that move together,  
Feet that run on willing errands!”

Smiling answered Hiawatha :

“In the land of the Dacotahs  
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women.  
I will bring her to your wigwam,  
She shall run upon your errands,  
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,  
Be the sunlight of my people !”

Still dissuading said Nokomis :

“Bring not to my lodge a stranger  
From the land of the Dacotahs !  
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,  
Often is there war between us,  
There are feuds yet unforgotten,  
Wounds that ache and still may open !”

Laughing answered Hiawatha :

“For that reason, if no other,  
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,  
That our tribes might be united,  
That old feuds might be forgotten,  
And old wounds be healed forever !”

Thus departed Hiawatha

To the land of the Dacotahs,  
To the land of handsome women ;  
Striding over moor and meadow,  
Through interminable forests,  
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,

At each stride a mile he measured ;  
Yet the way seemed long before him,  
And his heart outran his footsteps ;  
And he journeyed without resting,  
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to him through the silence.

“Pleasant is the sound !” he murmured,  
“Pleasant is the voice that calls me !”

On the outskirts of the forest,

'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,  
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,  
But they saw not Hiawatha ;  
To his bow he whispered, " Fail not !"  
To his arrow whispered, " Swerve not !"  
Sent it singing on its errand,  
To the red heart of the roebuck ;  
Threw the deer across his shoulder,  
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.  
At his side, in all her beauty,  
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,  
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ;  
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,  
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,  
Of the days when with such arrows  
He had struck the deer and bison,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow ;  
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,  
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa ;  
Thinking of the great war-parties,  
How they came to buy his arrows,  
Could not fight without his arrows.  
Ah, no more such noble warriors  
Could be found on earth as they were ;  
Now the men were all like women,  
Only used their tongues for weapons !

She was thinking of a hunter,  
From another tribe and country,  
Young and tall and very handsome,  
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,  
Came to buy her father's arrows,  
Sat and rested in the wigwam,

Lingered long about the doorway,  
Looking back as he departed.  
She had heard her father praise him,  
Praise his courage and his wisdom ;  
Would he come again for arrows  
To the falls of Minnehaha ?  
On the mat her hands lay idle,  
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,  
Heard a rustling in the branches,  
And with glowing cheek and forehead,  
With the deer upon his shoulders,  
Suddenly from out the woodlands  
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker  
Looked up gravely from his labor,  
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
Bade him enter at the doorway,  
Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
“ Hiawatha, you are welcome ! ”

At the feet of Laughing Water  
Hiawatha laid his burden,  
Threw the red deer from his shoulders ;  
And the maiden looked up at him,  
Looked up from her mat of rushes,  
Said with gentle look and accent,  
“ You are welcome, Hiawatha ! ”

Very spacious was the wigwam,  
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,  
With the Gods of the Dacotahs  
Drawn and painted on its curtains,  
And so tall the doorway, hardly  
Hiawatha stooped to enter,  
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers  
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,  
From the ground fair Minnehaha,  
Laid aside her mat unfinished,  
Brought forth food and set before them,

Water brought them from the brooklet,  
 Gave them food in earthen vessels,  
 Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,  
 Listened while the guest was speaking,  
 Listened while her father answered,  
 But not once her lips she opened,  
 Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened  
 To the words of Hiawatha,  
 As he talked of old Nokomis,  
 Who had nursed him in his childhood,  
 As he told of his companions,  
 Chibiabos, the musician,  
 And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
 And of happiness and plenty  
 In the land of the Ojibways,  
 In the pleasant land and peaceful.

“After many years of warfare,  
 Many years of strife and bloodshed,  
 There is peace between the Ojibways  
 And the tribe of the Dacotahs.”  
 Thus continued Hiawatha,  
 And then added, speaking slow  
 “That this peace may last forever,  
 And our hands be clasped more closely,  
 And our hearts be more united,  
 Give me as my wife this maiden,  
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
 Loveliest of Dacotah women!”

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
 Paused a moment ere he answered,  
 Smoked a little while in silence,  
 Looked at Hiawatha proudly,  
 Fondly looked at Laughing Water,  
 And made answer very gravely:  
 “Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;  
 Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!”

And the lovely Laughing Water  
 Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,

Neither willing nor reluctant,  
As she went to Hiawatha,  
Softly took the seat beside him,  
While she said, and blushed to say it,  
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!  
Thus it was he won the daughter  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,  
Leading with him Laughing Water;  
Hand in hand they went together,  
Through the woodland and the meadow,  
Left the old man standing lonely  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to them from the distance,  
Crying to them from afar off,  
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Turned again unto his labor,  
Sat down by his sunny doorway,  
Murmuring to himself, and saying:  
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
Those we love, and those who love us!  
Just when they have learned to help us,  
When we are old and lean upon them,  
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,  
With his flute of reeds, a stranger  
Wanders piping through the village,  
Beckons to the fairest maiden,  
And she follows where he leads her,  
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,  
Through interminable forests,  
Over meadow, over mountain,  
Over river, hill, and hollow.  
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,  
Though they journeyed very slowly,

Though his pace he checked and slackened  
To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers  
In his arms he bore the maiden ;  
Light he thought her as a feather,  
As the plume upon his head-gear ;  
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,  
Bent aside the swaying branches,  
Made at night a lodge of branches,  
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,  
And a fire before the doorway  
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went with them,  
O'er the meadow, through the forest ;  
All the stars of night looked at them,  
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber ;  
From his ambush in the oak-tree  
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Watched with eager eyes the lovers ;  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Scampered from the path before them,  
Peering, peeping from his burrow,  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward !  
All the birds sang loud and sweetly  
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease ;  
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaisa,  
" Happy are you, Hiawatha,  
Having such a wife to love you !"  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
" Happy are you, Laughing Water,  
Having such a noble husband !"

From the sky the sun benignant  
Looked upon them through the branches,  
Saying to them, " O my children,  
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,  
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,  
Rule by love, O Hiawatha !"

From the sky the moon looked at them,  
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,  
Whispered to them, "O my children,  
Day is restless, night is quiet,  
Man imperious, woman feeble;  
Half is mine, although I follow;  
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;  
Thus it was that Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis  
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,  
Brought the sunshine of his people,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
In the land of handsome women.



## XI.

### HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST.

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
How the handsome Yenadizze  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;  
How the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the sweetest of musicians,  
Sang his songs of love and longing ;  
How Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller,  
Told his tales of strange adventure,  
That the feast might be more joyous,  
That the time might pass more gayly,  
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis  
Made at Hiawatha's wedding ;  
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,  
White and polished very smoothly,  
All the spoons of horn of bison,  
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village  
Messengers with wands of willow,  
As a sign of invitation,  
As a token of the feasting ;  
And the wedding guests assembled,  
Clad in all their richest raiment,  
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,  
Splendid with their paint and plumage,  
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,  
And the pike, the Maskenozha,  
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis ;  
Then on pemican they feasted,  
Pemican and buffalo marrow,

Haunch of deer and hump of bison,  
 Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,  
 And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,  
 And the lovely Laughing Water,  
 And the careful old Nokomis,  
 Tasted not the food before them,  
 Only waited on the others,  
 Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,  
 Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,  
 From an ample pouch of otter,  
 Filled the red stone pipes for smoking  
 With tobacco from the South-land,  
 Mixed with bark of the red willow,  
 And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Dance for us your merry dances,  
 Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,  
 That the feast may be more joyous,  
 That the time may pass more gayly,  
 And our guests be more contented!"

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 He the idle Yenadizze,  
 He the merry mischief-maker,  
 Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,  
 Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,  
 In the merry dance of snow-shoes,  
 In the play of quoits and ball-play;  
 Skilled was he in games of hazard,  
 In all games of skill and hazard,  
 Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,  
 Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him **Faint-Heart**,  
 Called him coward, Shaugodaya,  
 Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,  
 Little heeded he their jesting,  
 Little cared he for their insults,

For the women and the maidens  
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,  
White and soft, and fringed with ermine,  
All inwrought with beads of wampum ;  
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,  
Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,  
And in moccasins of buck-skin,  
Thick with quills and beads embroidered.  
On his head were plumes of swan's down,  
On his heels were tails of foxes,  
In one hand a fan of feathers,  
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,  
Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,  
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
From his forehead fell his tresses,  
Smooth, and parted like a woman's,  
Shining bright with oil, and plaited,  
Hung with braids of scented grasses,  
As among the guests assembled,  
To the sound of flutes and singing,  
To the sound of drums and voices,  
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,  
Very slow in step and gesture,  
In and out among the pine-trees,  
Through the shadows and the sunshine,  
Treading softly like a panther.  
Then more swiftly and still swifter,  
Whirling, spinning round in circles,  
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,  
Eddying round and round the wigwam,  
Till the leaves went whirling with him,  
Till the dust and wind together  
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin  
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,

On he sped with frenzied gestures,  
 Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it  
 Wildly in the air around him ;  
 Till the wind became a whirlwind,  
 Till the sand was blown and sifted  
 Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,  
 Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,  
 Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo !

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,  
 And, returning, sat down laughing  
 There among the guests assembled,  
 Sat and fanned himself serenely  
 With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,  
 To the friend of Hiawatha,  
 To the sweetest of all singers,  
 To the best of all musicians,  
 " Sing to us, O Chibiabos !  
 Songs of love and songs of longing,  
 That the feast may be more joyous,  
 That the time may pass more gayly,  
 And our guests be more contented ! "

And the gentle Chibiabos  
 Sang in accents sweet and tender,  
 Sang in tones of deep emotion,  
 Songs of love and songs of longing ;  
 Looking still at Hiawatha,  
 Looking at fair Laughing Water,  
 Sang he softly, sang in this wise :

" Onaway ! Awake, beloved !  
 Thou the wild-flower of the forest !  
 Thou the wild-bird of the prairie !  
 Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like !

" If thou only lookest at me,  
 I am happy, I am happy,  
 As the lilies of the prairie,  
 When they feel the dew upon them !

" Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance

Of the wild-flowers in the morning,  
As their fragrance is at evening,  
In the Moon when leaves are falling.

“ Does not all the blood within me  
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,  
As the springs to meet the sunshine,  
In the Moon when nights are brightest ?

“ Onaway ! my heart sings to thee,  
Sings with joy when thou art near me,  
As the sighing, singing branches  
In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries !

“ When thou art not pleased, beloved,  
Then my heart is sad and darkened,  
As the shining river darkens,  
When the clouds drop shadows on it !

“ When thou smilest, my beloved,  
Then my troubled heart is brightened,  
As in sunshine gleam the ripples  
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

“ Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,  
Smile the cloudless skies above us,  
But I lose the way of smiling  
When thou art no longer near me !

“ I myself, myself ! behold me !  
Blood of my beating heart, behold me !  
O awake, awake, beloved !  
Onaway ! awake, beloved !”

Thus the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang his song of love and longing ;  
And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous story-teller,  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Jealous of the sweet musician,  
Jealous of the applause they gave him,  
Saw in all the eyes around him,  
Saw in all their looks and gestures,  
That the wedding guests assembled  
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,  
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo ;  
Never heard he an adventure  
But himself had met a greater ;  
Never any deed of daring  
But himself had done a bolder ;  
Never any marvellous story  
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,  
Would you only give him credence,  
No one ever shot an arrow  
Half so far and high as he had ;  
Ever caught so many fishes,  
Ever killed so many reindeer,  
Ever trapped so many beaver !

None could run so fast as he could,  
None could dive so deep as he could,  
None could swim so far as he could ;  
None had made so many journeys,  
None had seen so many wonders,  
As this wonderful Iagoo,  
As this marvellous story-teller !

Thus his name became a by-word  
And a jest among the people ;  
And whene'er a boastful hunter  
Praised his own address too highly,  
Or a warrior, home returning,  
Talked too much of his achievements,  
All his hearers cried, " Iagoo !  
Here 's Iagoo come among us ! "

He it was who carved the cradle  
Of the little Hiawatha,  
Carved its framework out of linden,  
Bound it strong with reindeer sinews ;  
He it was who taught him later  
How to make his bows and arrows,  
How to make the bows of ash-tree,  
And the arrows of the oak-tree.  
So among the guests assembled  
At my Hiawatha's wedding

Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,  
Sat the marvellous story-teller.

And they said, "O good Iagoo,  
Tell us now a tale of wonder,  
Tell us of some strange adventure,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gayly,  
And our guests be more contented!"

And Iagoo answered straightway,  
"You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
You shall hear the strange adventures  
Of Osseo, the Magician,  
From the Evening Star descended."

## XII.

### THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

CAN it be the sun descending  
O'er the level plain of water?  
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,  
Wounded by the magic arrow,  
Staining all the waves with crimson,  
With the crimson of its life-blood,  
Filling all the air with splendor,  
With the splendor of its plumage?

Yes; it is the sun descending,  
Sinking down into the water;  
All the sky is stained with purple,  
All the water flushed with crimson!  
No; it is the Red Swan floating,  
Diving down beneath the water;  
To the sky its wings are lifted,  
With its blood the waves are reddened!

Over it the Star of Evening  
Melts and trembles through the purple,  
Hangs suspended in the twilight.  
No; it is a bead of wampum  
On the robes of the Great Spirit,  
As he passes through the twilight,  
Walks in silence through the heavens!

This with joy beheld Iago  
And he said in haste: "Behold it!  
See the sacred Star of Evening!  
You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
Hear the story of Osseo,  
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo!

"Once, in days no more remembered,  
Ages nearer the beginning,  
When the heavens were closer to us,



And the Gods were more familiar,  
In the North-land lived a hunter,  
With ten young and comely daughters,  
Tall and lithe as wands of willow;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
She the wilful and the wayward,  
She the silent, dreamy maiden,  
Was the fairest of the sisters.

“ All these women married warriors,  
Married brave and haughty husbands;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,  
All her young and handsome suitors,  
And then married old Osseo,  
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,  
Broken with age and weak with coughing,  
Always coughing like a squirrel.

“ Ah, but beautiful within him  
Was the spirit of Osseo,  
From the Evening Star descended,  
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,  
Star of tenderness and passion!  
All its fire was in his bosom  
All its beauty in his spirit,  
All its mystery in his being,  
All its splendor in his language!

“ And her lovers, the rejected,  
Handsome men with belts of wampum,  
Handsome men with paint and feathers,  
Pointed at her in derision,  
Followed her with jest and laughter.  
But she said: ‘ I care not for you,  
Care not for your belts of wampum,  
Care not for your paint and feathers,  
Care not for your jests and laughter;  
I am happy with Osseo!’

“ Once to some great feast invited,  
Through the damp and dusk of evening  
Walked together the ten sisters,

Walked together with their husbands ;  
Slowly followed old Osseo,  
With fair Oweenee beside him ;  
All the others chatted gayly,  
These two only walked in silence.

“ At the western sky Osseo  
Gazed intent, as if imploring,  
Often stopped and gazed imploring  
At the trembling Star of Evening,  
At the tender Star of Woman ;  
And they heard him murmur softly,  
' *Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa !*  
Pity, pity me, my father !’

“ ‘ Listen !’ said the eldest sister,  
‘ He is praying to his father !  
What a pity that the old man  
Does not stumble in the pathway,  
Does not break his neck by falling !’  
And they laughed till all the forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

“ On their pathway through the woodlands  
Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,  
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,  
Buried half in leaves and mosses,  
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow  
And Osseo, when he saw it,  
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,  
Leaped into its yawning cavern,  
At one end went in an old man,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly ;  
From the other came a young man,  
Tall and straight and strong and handsome.

“ Thus Osseo was transfigured,  
Thus restored to youth and beauty ;  
But, alas for good Osseo,  
And for Oweenee, the faithful !  
Strangely, too, was she transfigured.  
Changed into a weak old woman,  
With a staff she tottered onward,

Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly !  
 And the sisters and their husbands  
 Laughed until the echoing forest  
 Rang with their unseemly laughter.

“ But Osseo turned not from her,  
 Walked with slower step beside her,  
 Took her hand, as brown and withered  
 As an oak-leaf is in Winter,  
 Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha,  
 Soothed her with soft words of kindness,  
 Till they reached the lodge of feasting,  
 Till they sat down in the wigwam,  
 Sacred to the Star of Evening,  
 To the tender Star of Woman.

“ Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,  
 At the banquet sat Osseo ;  
 All were merry, all were happy,  
 All were joyous but Osseo.  
 Neither food nor drink he tasted,  
 Neither did he speak nor listen,  
 But as one bewildered sat he,  
 Looking dreamily and sadly,  
 First at Oweenee, then upward  
 At the gleaming sky above them.

“ Then a voice was heard, a whisper,  
 Coming from the starry distance,  
 Coming from the empty vastness,  
 Low, and musical, and tender ;  
 And the voice said : ‘ O Osseo !  
 O my son, my best beloved !  
 Broken are the spells that bound you,  
 All the charms of the magicians,  
 All the magic powers of evil ;  
 Come to me ; ascend, Osseo !

“ ‘ Taste the food that stands before you :  
 It is blessed and enchanted,  
 It has magic virtues in it,  
 It will change you to a spirit.  
 All your bowls and all your kettles

Shall be wood and clay no longer ;  
But the bowls be changed to wampum,  
And the kettles shall be silver ;  
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,  
Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

“ ‘ And the women shall no longer  
Bear the dreary doom of labor,  
But be changed to birds, and glisten  
With the beauty of the starlight,  
Painted with the dusky splendors  
Of the skies and clouds of evening ! ’

“ What Osseo heard as whispers,  
What as words he comprehended,  
Was but music to the others,  
Music as of birds afar off,  
Of the whippoorwill afar off,  
Of the lonely Wawonaissa  
Singing in the darksome forest.

“ Then the lodge began to tremble,  
Straight began to shake and tremble,  
And they felt it rising, rising,  
Slowly through the air ascending,  
From the darkness of the tree-tops  
Forth into the dewy starlight,  
Till it passed the topmost branches ;  
And behold ! the wooden dishes  
All were changed to shells of scarlet !  
And behold ! the earthen kettles  
All were changed to bowls of silver !  
And the roof-poles of the wigwam  
Were as glittering rods of silver,  
And the roof of bark upon them  
As the shining shards of beetles.

“ Then Osseo gazed around him,  
And he saw the nine fair sisters,  
All the sisters and their husbands,  
Changed to birds of various plumage.  
Some were jays and some were magpies,  
Others thrushes, others blackbirds ;

And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,  
Perked and fluttered all their feathers,  
Strutted in their shining plumage,  
And their tails like fans unfolded.

“ Only Owcenee, the youngest,  
Was not changed, but sat in silence,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,  
Looking sadly at the others ;  
Till Osseo, gazing upward,  
Gave another cry of anguish,  
Such a cry as he had uttered  
By the oak-tree in the forest.

“ Then returned her youth and beauty,  
And her soiled and tattered garments  
Were transformed to robes of ermine,  
And her staff became a feather,  
Yes, a shining silver feather !

“ And again the wigwam trembled,  
Swayed and rushed through airy currents,  
Through transparent cloud and vapor,  
And amid celestial splendors  
On the Evening Star alighted,  
As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,  
As a leaf drops on a river,  
As the thistle-down on water.

“ Forth with cheerful words of welcome  
Came the father of Osseo,  
He with radiant locks of silver,  
He with eyes serene and tender.  
And he said : ‘ My son, Osseo,  
Hang the cage of birds you bring there,  
Hang the cage with rods of silver,  
And the birds with glistening feathers,  
At the doorway of my wigwam.’

“ At the door he hung the bird-cage,  
And they entered in and gladly  
Listened to Osseo’s father,  
Ruler of the Star of Evening,  
As he said : ‘ O my Osseo !

I have had compassion on you,  
Given you back your youth and beauty,  
Into birds of various plumage  
Changed your sisters and their husbands;  
Changed them thus because they mocked you  
In the figure of the old man,  
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,  
Could not see your heart of passion,  
Could not see your youth immortal;  
Only Oweenee, the faithful,  
Saw your naked heart and loved you.

“ ‘ In the lodge that glimmers yonder  
In the little star that twinkles  
Through the vapors, on the left hand,  
Lives the envious Evil Spirit,  
The Wabeno, the magician,  
Who transformed you to an old man.  
Take heed lest his beams fall on you,  
For the rays he darts around him  
Are the power of his enchantment,  
Are the arrows that he uses.’

“ Many years, in peace and quiet,  
On the peaceful Star of Evening  
Dwelt Osseo with his father;  
Many years, in song and flutter,  
At the doorway of the wigwam,  
Hung the cage with rods of silver,  
And fair Oweenee, the faithful,  
Bore a son unto Osseo,  
With the beauty of his mother,  
With the courage of his father.

“ And the boy grew up and prospered,  
And Osseo, to delight him,  
Made him little bows and arrows,  
Opened the great cage of silver,  
And let loose his aunts and uncles,  
All those birds with glossy feathers,  
For his little son to shoot at.

“ Round and round they wheeled and darted,

Filled the Evening Star with music,  
With their songs of joy and freedom ;  
Filled the Evening Star with splendor,  
With the fluttering of their plumage ;  
Till the boy, the little hunter,  
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,  
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,  
And a bird, with shining feathers,  
At his feet fell wounded sorely.

“ But, O wondrous transformation !

’T was no bird he saw before him,  
’T was a beautiful young woman,  
With the arrow in her bosom !

“ When her blood fell on the planet,  
On the sacred Star of Evening,  
Broken was the spell of magic,  
Powerless was the strange enchantment,  
And the youth, the fearless bowman,  
Suddenly felt himself descending,  
Held by unseen hands, but sinking  
Downward through the empty spaces,  
Downward through the clouds and vapors,  
Till he rested on an island,  
On an island, green and grassy,  
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

“ After him he saw descending  
All the birds with shining feathers,  
Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,  
Like the painted leaves of Autumn ;  
And the lodge with poles of silver,  
With its roof like wings of beetles,  
Like the shining shards of beetles,  
By the winds of heaven uplifted,  
Slowly sank upon the island,  
Bringing back the good Osseo,  
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

“ Then the birds, again transfigured,  
Reassumed the shape of mortals,  
Took their shape, but not their stature ;

They remained as Little People,  
Like the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies,  
And on pleasant nights of Summer,  
When the Evening Star was shining,  
Hand in hand they danced together  
On the island's craggy headlands,  
On the sand-beach low and level.

“ Still their glittering lodge is seen there,  
On the tranquil Summer evenings,  
And upon the shore the fisher  
Sometimes hears their happy voices,  
Sees them dancing in the starlight ! ”

When the story was completed,  
When the wondrous tale was ended,  
Looking round upon his listeners,  
Solemnly Iago added :

“ There are great men, I have known such,  
Whom their people understand not,  
Whom they even make a jest of,  
Scoff and jeer at in derision.  
From the story of Osseo  
Let us learn the fate of jesters ! ”

All the wedding guests delighted  
Listened to the marvellous story,  
Listened laughing and applauding,  
And they whispered to each other :  
“ Does he mean himself, I wonder ?  
And are we the aunts and uncles ? ”

Then again sang Chibiabos,  
Sang a song of love and longing,  
In those accents sweet and tender,  
In those tones of pensive sadness,  
Sang a maiden's lamentation  
For her lover, her Algonquin.

“ When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me ! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

“ Ah me ! when I parted from him,



Round my neck he hung the wampum,  
As a pledge, the snow-white wampum,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

“ I will go with you, he whispered,  
Ah me ! to your native country ;  
Let me go with you, he whispered,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

“ Far away, away, I answered,  
Very far away, I answered,  
Ah me ! is my native country,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

“ When I looked back to behold him,  
Where we parted, to behold him,  
After me he still was gazing,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

“ By the tree he still was standing,  
By the fallen tree was standing,  
That had dropped into the water,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

“ When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me ! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin ! ”

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,  
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Such the story of Iagoo,  
Such the songs of Chibiabos ;  
Thus the wedding banquet ended,  
And the wedding guests departed,  
Leaving Hiawatha happy  
With the night and Minnehaha.

### XIII.

#### BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS.

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,  
Of the happy days that followed,  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful!  
Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,  
Sing the Blessing of the Corn-fields!

Buried was the bloody hatchet,  
Buried was the dreadful war-club,  
Buried were all warlike weapons,  
And the war-cry was forgotten.  
There was peace among the nations ;  
Unmolested roved the hunters,  
Built the birch canoe for sailing,  
Caught the fish in lake and river,  
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver ;  
Unmolested worked the women,  
Made their sugar from the maple,  
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,  
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village  
Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,  
Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,  
Waved his soft and sunny tresses,  
Filling all the land with plenty.  
'T was the women who in Spring-time  
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,  
Buried in the earth Mondamin ;  
'T was the women who in Autumn  
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,  
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,  
Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was planted,

Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,  
 Spake and said to Minnehaha,  
 To his wife, the Laughing Water:  
 "You shall bless to-night the corn-fields,  
 Draw a magic circle round them,  
 To protect them from destruction,  
 Blast of mildew, blight of insect,  
 Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields,  
 Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear!

"In the night, when all is silence,  
 In the night, when all is darkness,  
 When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
 Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,  
 So that not an ear can hear you,  
 So that not an eye can see you,  
 Rise up from your bed in silence,  
 Lay aside your garments wholly,  
 Walk around the fields you planted,  
 Round the borders of the corn-fields,  
 Covered by your tresses only,  
 Robed with darkness as a garment.

"Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,  
 And the passing of your footsteps  
 Draw a magic circle round them,  
 So that neither blight nor mildew,  
 Neither burrowing worm nor insect,  
 Shall pass o'er the magic circle;  
 Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she,  
 Nor the spider, Subbekashe,  
 Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena,  
 Nor the mighty caterpillar,  
 Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-skin,  
 King of all the caterpillars!"

On the tree-tops near the corn-fields  
 Sat the hungry crows and ravens,  
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
 With his band of black marauders.  
 And they laughed at Hiawatha,  
 Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,

With their melancholy laughter  
At the words of Hiawatha.

“Hear him!” said they; “hear the Wise Man!  
Hear the plots of Hiawatha!”

When the noiseless night descended  
Broad and dark o'er field and forest,  
When the mournful Wawonaissa,  
Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks,  
And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,  
From her bed rose Laughing Water,  
Laid aside her garments wholly,  
And with darkness clothed and guarded,  
Unashamed and unaffrighted,  
Walked securely round the corn-fields,  
Drew the sacred, magic circle  
Of her footprints round the corn-fields.

No one but the Midnight only  
Saw her beauty in the darkness,  
No one but the Wawonaissa  
Heard the panting of her bosom;  
Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped her  
Closely in his sacred mantle,  
So that none might see her beauty,  
So that none might boast, “I saw her!”

On the morrow, as the day dawned,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Gathered all his black marauders,  
Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens,  
Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,  
And descended, fast and fearless,  
On the fields of Hiawatha,  
On the grave of the Mondamin.

“We will drag Mondamin,” said they,  
“From the grave where he is buried,  
Spite of all the magic circles  
Laughing Water draws around it,  
Spite of all the sacred footprints  
Minnehaha stamps upon it!”

But the wary Hiawatha  
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,  
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter  
When they mocked him from the tree-tops.  
"Kaw!" he said, "my friends the ravens!  
Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!  
I will teach you all a lesson  
That shall not be soon forgotten!"

He had risen before the daybreak,  
He had spread o'er all the corn-fields  
Snares to catch the black marauders,  
And was lying now in ambush  
In the neighboring grove of pine-trees,  
Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,  
Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and clamor,  
Rush of wings and cry of voices,  
To their work of devastation,  
Settling down upon the corn-fields,  
Delving deep with beak and talon,  
For the body of Mondamin.  
And with all their craft and cunning,  
All their skill in wiles of warfare,  
They perceived no danger near them,  
Till their claws became entangled,  
Till they found themselves imprisoned  
In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came he,  
Striding terrible among them,  
And so awful was his aspect  
That the bravest quailed with terror.  
Without mercy he destroyed them  
Right and left, by tens and twenties,  
And their wretched, lifeless bodies  
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows.  
Round the consecrated corn-fields,  
As a signal of his vengeance,  
As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,

Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
He alone was spared among them  
As a hostage for his people.  
With his prisoner-string he bound him,  
Led him captive to his wigwam,  
Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark  
To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

“Kahgahgee, my raven!” said he,  
“You the leader of the robbers,  
You the plotter of this mischief,  
The contriver of this outrage,  
I will keep you, I will hold you,  
As a hostage for your people,  
As a pledge of good behavior!”

And he left him, grim and sulky,  
Sitting in the morning sunshine  
On the summit of the wigwam,  
Croaking fiercely his displeasure,  
Flapping his great sable pinions,  
Vainly struggling for his freedom,  
Vainly calling on his people!

Summer passed, and Shawondasse  
Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,  
From the South-land sent his ardors,  
Wafted kisses warm and tender;  
And the maize-field grew and ripened,  
Till it stood in all the splendor  
Of its garments green and yellow,  
Of its tassels and its plumage,  
And the maize-ears full and shining  
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman,  
Spake, and said to Minnehaha:  
“'T is the Moon when leaves are falling;  
All the wild-rice has been gathered,  
And the maize is ripe and ready;  
Let us gather in the harvest,  
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,  
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,  
Of his garments green and yellow!”

And the merry Laughing Water  
 Went rejoicing from the wigwam,  
 With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,  
 And they called the women round them,  
 Called the young men and the maidens,  
 To the harvest of the corn-fields,  
 To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,  
 Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,  
 Sat the old men and the warriors  
 Smoking in the pleasant shadow.  
 In uninterrupted silence  
 Looked they at the gamesome labor  
 Of the young men and the women ;  
 Listened to their noisy talking,  
 To their laughter and their singing,  
 Heard them chattering like the magpies,  
 Heard them laughing like the blue-jays,  
 Heard them singing like the robins.

And whene'er some lucky maiden  
 Found a red ear in the husking,  
 Found a maize-ear red as blood is,  
 "Nushka!" cried they all together,  
 "Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart,  
 You shall have a handsome husband!"  
 "Ugh!" the old men all responded  
 From their seats beneath the pine-trees.

And whene'er a youth or maiden  
 Found a crooked ear in husking,  
 Found a maize-ear in the husking,  
 Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,  
 Then they laughed and sang together,  
 Crept and limped about the corn-fields,  
 Mimicked in their gait and gestures  
 Some old man, bent almost double,  
 Singing singly or together :

"Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields !  
 Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear !"

Till the corn-fields rang with laughter,

Till from Hiawatha's wigwam  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Screamed and quivered in his anger,  
And from all the neighboring tree-tops  
Cawed and croaked the black marauders.  
"Ugh!" the old men all responded,  
From their seats beneath the pine-trees!



## XIV.

### PICTURE-WRITING.

IN those days said Hiawatha,  
“ Lo ! how all things fade and perish !  
From the memory of the old men  
Pass away the great traditions,  
The achievements of the warriors,  
The adventures of the hunters,  
All the wisdom of the Medas,  
All the craft of the Wabenos,  
All the marvellous dreams and visions  
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets !

“ Great men die and are forgotten,  
Wise men speak ; their words of wisdom  
Perish in the ears that hear them,  
Do not reach the generations  
That, as yet unborn, are waiting  
In the great, mysterious darkness  
Of the speechless days that shall be !

“ On the grave-posts of our fathers  
Are no signs, no figures painted ;  
Who are in those graves we know not,  
Only know they are our fathers.  
Of what kith they are and kindred,  
From what old, ancestral Totem,  
Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,  
They descended, this we know not,  
Only know they are our fathers.

“ Face to face we speak together,  
But we cannot speak when absent,  
Cannot send our voices from us

To the friends that dwell afar off ;  
 Cannot send a secret message,  
 But the bearer learns our secret,  
 May pervert it, may betray it,  
 May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking  
 In the solitary forest,  
 Pondering, musing in the forest,  
 On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his colors,  
 Took his paints of different colors,  
 On the smooth bark of a birch-tree  
 Painted many shapes and figures,  
 Wonderful and mystic figures,  
 And each figure had a meaning,  
 Each some word or thought suggested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,  
 He, the Master of Life, was painted  
 As an egg, with points projecting  
 To the four winds of the heavens.  
 Everywhere is the Great Spirit,  
 Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,  
 He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,  
 As a serpent was depicted,  
 As Kenabeek, the great serpent.  
 Very crafty, very cunning,  
 Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,  
 Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles,  
 Life was white, but Death was darkened ;  
 Sun and moon and stars he painted,  
 Man and beast, and fish and reptile,  
 Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,  
 For the sky a bow above it ;  
 White the space between for day-time,  
 Filled with little stars for night-time ;  
 On the left a point for sunrise,

On the right a point for sunset,  
On the top a point for noon-tide,  
And for rain and cloudy weather  
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam  
Were a sign of invitation,  
Were a sign of guests assembling ;  
Bloody hands with palms uplifted  
Were a symbol of destruction,  
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha  
Show unto his wondering people,  
And interpreted their meaning,  
And he said : " Behold, your grave-posts  
Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.  
Go and paint them all with figures ;  
Each one with its household symbol,  
With its own ancestral Totem ;  
So that those who follow after  
May distinguish them and know them."

And they painted on the grave-posts  
Of the graves yet unforgotten,  
Each his own ancestral Totem,  
Each the symbol of his household ;  
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,  
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,  
Each inverted as a token  
That the owner was departed,  
That the chief who bore the symbol  
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,  
The Wabenos, the Magicians,  
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,  
Painted upon bark and deer-skin  
Figures for the songs they chanted,  
For each song a separate symbol,  
Figures mystical and awful,  
Figures strange and brightly colored :  
And each figure had its meaning,  
Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Flashing light through all the heaven;  
The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,  
With his bloody crest erected,  
Creeping, looking into heaven;  
In the sky the sun, that listens,  
And the moon eclipsed and dying;  
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,  
And the cormorant, bird of magic;  
Headless men, that walk the heavens,  
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,  
Bloody hands of death uplifted,  
Flags on graves, and great war-captains  
Grasping both the earth and heaven!

Such as these the shapes they painted  
On the birch-bark and the deer-skin;  
Songs of war and songs of hunting,  
Songs of medicine and of magic,  
All were written in these figures,  
For each figure had its meaning,  
Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-Song,  
The most subtle of all medicines,  
The most potent spell of magic,  
Dangerous more than war or hunting!  
Thus the Love-Song was recorded,  
Symbol and interpretation.

First a human figure standing,  
Painted in the brightest scarlet;  
'T is the lover, the musician,  
And the meaning is, "My painting  
Makes me powerful over others."

Then the figure seated, singing,  
Playing on a drum of magic,  
And the interpretation, "Listen!  
'T is my voice you hear, my singing!"

Then the same red figure seated  
In the shelter of a wigwam,  
And the meaning of the symbol,

“ I will come and sit beside you  
In the mystery of my passion ! ”

Then two figures, man and woman,  
Standing hand in hand together,  
With their hands so clasped together  
That they seem in one united,  
And the words thus represented  
Are, “ I see your heart within you,  
And your cheeks are red with blushes ! ”

Next the maiden on an island,  
In the centre of an island ;  
And the song this shape suggested  
Was, “ Though you were at a distance,  
Were upon some far-off island,  
Such the spell I cast upon you,  
Such the magic power of passion,  
I could straightway draw you to me ! ”

Then the figure of the maiden  
Sleeping, and the lover near her,  
Whispering to her in her slumbers,  
Saying, “ Though you were far from me  
In the land of Sleep and Silence,  
Still the voice of love would reach you ! ”

And the last of all the figures  
Was a heart within a circle,  
Drawn within a magic circle ;  
And the image had this meaning :  
“ Naked lies your heart before me,  
To your naked heart I whisper ! ”

Thus it was that Hiawatha,  
In his wisdom, taught the people  
All the mysteries of painting,  
All the art of Picture-Writing,  
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,  
On the white skin of the reindeer,  
On the grave-posts of the village.

## XV.

### HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

IN those days the Evil Spirits,  
All the Manitos of mischief,  
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,  
And his love for Chibiabos,  
Jealous of their faithful friendship,  
And their noble words and actions,  
Made at length a league against them,  
To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,  
Often said to Chibiabos,  
"O my brother! do not leave me,  
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you!"  
Chibiabos, young and heedless,  
Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,  
Answered ever sweet and childlike,  
"Do not fear for me, O brother!  
Harm and evil come not near me!"

Once when Peboan, the Winter,  
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,  
When the snow-flakes, whirling downward,  
Hissed among the withered oak-leaves,  
Changed the pine-trees into wigwams,  
Covered all the earth with silence,—  
Armed with arrows, shod with snow-shoes,  
Heeding not his brother's warning,  
Fearing not the Evil Spirits,  
Forth to hunt the deer with antlers  
All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water  
Sprang with speed the deer before him.  
With the wind and snow he followed,  
O'er the treacherous ice he followed,

Wild with all the fierce commotion  
And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits  
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,  
Broke the treacherous ice beneath him,  
Dragged him downward to the bottom,  
Buried in the sand his body.

Unktahee, the god of water,  
He the god of the Dacotahs,  
Drowned him in the deep abysses  
Of the lake of Gitche Gumee.

From the headlands Hiawatha  
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,  
Such a fearful lamentation,  
That the bison paused to listen,  
And the wolves howled from the prairies,  
And the thunder in the distance  
Starting answered "Baim-wawa!"

Then his face with black he painted,  
With his robe his head he covered,  
In his wigwam sat lamenting,  
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,  
Uttering still this moan of sorrow:—

"He is dead, the sweet musician!  
He the sweetest of all singers!  
He has gone from us forever,  
He has moved a little nearer  
To the Master of all music,  
To the Master of all singing!  
O my brother, Chibiabos!"

And the melancholy fir-trees  
Waved their dark green fans above him,  
Waved their purple cones above him,  
Sighing with him to console him,  
Mingling with his lamentation  
Their complaining, their lamenting.

Came the Spring, and all the forest  
Looked in vain for Chibiabos;  
Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,  
Sighed the rushes in the meadow.

From the tree-tops sang the blue-bird,  
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
“ Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !

He is dead, the sweet musician ! ”

From the wigwam sang the robin,  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
“ Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !

He is dead, the sweetest singer ! ”

And at night through all the forest  
Went the whippoorwill complaining,  
Wailing went the Wawonaissa,  
“ Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !

He is dead, the sweet musician !

He the sweetest of all singers ! ”

Then the medicine-men, the Medas,  
The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,  
Came to visit Hiawatha ;  
Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,  
To appease him, to console him,  
Walked in silent, grave procession,  
Bearing each a pouch of healing,  
Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,  
Filled with magic roots and simples,  
Filled with very potent medicines.

When he heard their steps approaching,  
Hiawatha ceased lamenting,  
Called no more on Chibiabos ;  
Naught he questioned, naught he answered,  
But his mournful head uncovered,  
From his face the mourning colors  
Washed he slowly and in silence,  
Slowly and in silence followed  
Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave him,  
Made of Nahma-wusk, the spearmint,  
And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,  
Roots of power, and herbs of healing ;  
Beat their drums, and shook their rattles ;



Chanted singly and in chorus,  
Mystic songs like these, they chanted.

“I myself, myself! behold me!  
'T is the great Gray Eagle talking;  
Come, ye white crows, come and hear him!  
The loud-speaking thunder helps me;  
All the unseen spirits help me;  
I can hear their voices calling,  
All around the sky I hear them!  
I can blow you strong, my brother,  
I can heal you, Hiawatha!”

“Hi-au-ha!” replied the chorus,  
“Way-ha-way!” the mystic chorus.

“Friends of mine are all the serpents!  
Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk!  
Mahng, the white loon, I can kill him;  
I can shoot your heart and kill it!  
I can blow you strong, my brother,  
I can heal you, Hiawatha!”

“Hi-au-ha!” replied the chorus.  
“Way-ha-way!” the mystic chorus.

“I myself, myself! the prophet!  
When I speak the wigwam trembles,  
Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror,  
Hands unseen begin to shake it!  
When I walk, the sky I tread on  
Bends and makes a noise beneath me!  
I can blow you strong, my brother!  
Rise and speak, O Hiawatha!”

“Hi-au-ha!” replied the chorus,  
“Way-ha-way!” the mystic chorus.

Then they shook their medicine-pouches  
O'er the head of Hiawatha,  
Danced their medicine-dance around him;  
And upstarting wild and haggard,  
Like a man from dreams awakened,  
He was healed of all his madness.  
As the clouds are swept from heaven,  
Straightway from his brain departed

All his moody melancholy ;  
As the ice is swept from rivers,  
Straightway from his heart departed  
All his sorrow and affliction.

Then they summoned Chibiabos  
From his grave beneath the waters,  
From the sands of Gitche Gumee  
Summoned Hiawatha's brother.  
And so mighty was the magic  
Of that cry and invocation,  
That he heard it as he lay there  
Underneath the Big-Sea-Water ;  
From the sand he rose and listened,  
Heard the music and the singing,  
Came, obedient to the summons,  
To the doorway of the wigwam,  
But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they gave him,  
Through the door a burning fire-brand ;  
Ruler in the Land of Spirits,  
Ruler o'er the dead, they made him,  
Telling him a fire to kindle  
For all those that died thereafter,  
Camp-fires for their night encampments  
On their solitary journey  
To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter.

From the village of his childhood,  
From the homes of those who knew him,  
Passing silent through the forest,  
Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,  
Slowly vanished Chibiabos !  
Where he passed, the branches moved not,  
Where he trod, the grasses bent not,  
And the fallen leaves of last year  
Made no sound beneath his footsteps.

Four whole days he journeyed onward  
Down the pathway of the dead men ;  
On the dead man's strawberry feasted,

Crossed the melancholy river,  
On the swinging log he crossed it,  
Came unto the Lake of Silver,  
In the Stone Canoe was carried  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the land of ghosts and shadows.

On that journey, moving slowly,  
Many weary spirits saw he,  
Panting under heavy burdens,  
Laden with war-clubs, bows and arrows,  
Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,  
And with food that friends had given  
For that solitary journey.

“ Ah! why do the living,” said they,  
“ Lay such heavy burdens on us!  
Better were it to go naked,  
Better were it to go fasting,  
Than to bear such heavy burdens  
On our long and weary journey !”

Forth then issued Hiawatha,  
Wandered eastward, wandered westward,  
Teaching men the use of simples  
And the antidotes for poisons,  
And the cure of all diseases.  
Thus was first made known to mortals  
All the mystery of Medamin,  
All the sacred art of healing.

## XVI.

### PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

YOU shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis  
He, the handsome Yenadizze,  
Whom the people called the Storm Fool,  
Vexed the village with disturbance ;  
You shall hear of all his mischief,  
And his flight from Hiawatha,  
And his wondrous transmigrations,  
And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water  
Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
It was he who in his frenzy  
Whirled these drifting sands together,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,  
When, among the guests assembled,  
He so merrily and madly  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,  
Danced the Beggar's Dance to please them.

Now, in search of new adventures,  
From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Came with speed into the village,  
Found the young men all assembled  
In the lodge of old Iagoo,  
Listening to his monstrous stories,  
To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story  
Of Ojeeg, the Summer-Maker,  
How he made a hole in heaven,  
How he climbed up into heaven,  
And let out the Summer-weather,  
The perpetual, pleasant Summer ;

How the Otter first essayed it ;  
 How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger  
 Tried in turn the great achievement,  
 From the summit of the mountain  
 Smote their fists against the heavens,  
 Smote against the sky their foreheads,  
 Cracked the sky, but could not break it ;  
 How the Wolverine, uprising,  
 Made him ready for the encounter,  
 Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,  
 Drew his arms back, like a cricket.

“ Once he leaped,” said old Iagoo,  
 “ Once he leaped, and lo ! above him  
 Bent the sky, as ice in rivers  
 When the waters rise beneath it ;  
 Twice he leaped, and lo ! above him  
 Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers  
 When the freshet is at highest !  
 Thrice he leaped, and lo ! above him  
 Broke the shattered sky asunder,  
 And he disappeared within it,  
 And Ojeeg, the Fisher Weasel,  
 With a bound went in behind him ! ”

“ Hark you ! ” shouted Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 As he entered at the doorway ;  
 “ I am tired of all this talking,  
 Tired of old Iagoo’s stories,  
 Tired of Hiawatha’s wisdom.  
 Here is something to amuse you,  
 Better than this endless talking.”

Then from out his pouch of wolf-skin  
 Forth he drew, with solemn manner,  
 All the game of Bowl and Counters,  
 Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.  
 White on one side were they painted,  
 And vermilion on the other ;  
 Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,  
 Two Ininewug or wedge-men,  
 One great war-club, Pugamaugun,

And one slender fish, the Keego,  
Four round pieces, Ozawabeeks,  
And three Sheshebwug or ducklings.  
All were made of bone and painted,  
All except the Ozawabeeks ;  
These were brass, on one side burnished,  
And were black upon the other.

In a wooden bowl he placed them,  
Shook and jostled them together,  
Threw them on the ground before him,  
Thus exclaiming and explaining :

“ Red side up are all the pieces,  
And one great Kenabeek standing  
On the bright side of a brass piece,  
On a burnished Ozawabeek ;  
Thirteen tens and eight are counted.”

Then again he shook the pieces,  
Shook and jostled them together,  
Threw them on the ground before him,  
Still exclaiming and explaining :

“ White are both the great Kenabeeks,  
White the Ininewug, the wedge-men,  
Red are all the other pieces ;  
Five tens and an eight are counted.”

Thus he taught the game of hazard,  
Thus displayed it and explained it,  
Running through its various chances,  
Various changes, various meanings :  
Twenty curious eyes stared at him.  
Full of eagerness stared at him.

“ Many games,” said old Iagoo,  
“ Many games of skill and hazard  
Have I seen in different nations,  
Have I played in different countries.  
He who plays with old Iagoo  
Must have very nimble fingers ;  
Though you think yourself so skilful  
I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
I can even give you lessons  
In your game of Bowl and Counters !”

So they sat and played together,  
 All the old men and the young men,  
 Played for dresses, weapons, wampum,  
 Played till midnight, played till morning,  
 Played until the Yenadizze,  
 Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Of their treasures had despoiled them,  
 Of the best of all their dresses,  
 Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,  
 Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,  
 Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches.  
 Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,  
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at him.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis :  
 " In my wigwam I am lonely,  
 In my wanderings and adventures  
 I have need of a companion,  
 Fain would have a Meshinauwa,  
 An attendant and pipe-bearer.  
 I will venture all these winnings,  
 All these garments heaped about me,  
 All this wampum, all these feathers,  
 On a single throw will venture  
 All against the young man yonder !"  
 'T was a youth of sixteen summers,  
 'T was a nephew of Iagoo ;  
 Face-in-a-Mist, the people called him.

As the fire burns in a pipe-head  
 Dusky red beneath the ashes,  
 So beneath his shaggy eyebrows  
 Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.  
 " Ugh ! " he answered very fiercely ;  
 " Ugh ! " they answered all and each one.

Seized the wooden bowl the old man,  
 Closely in his bony fingers  
 Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,  
 Shook it fiercely and with fury,  
 Made the pieces ring together  
 As he threw them down before him.

Red were both the great Kenabeeks,  
Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men,  
Red the Sheshebwug, the ducklings,  
Black the four brass Ozawabeeks,  
White alone the fish, the Keego ;  
Only five the pieces counted !

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Shook the bowl and threw the pieces ;  
Lightly in the air he tossed them,  
And they fell about him scattered ;  
Dark and bright the Ozawabeeks,  
Red and white the other pieces,  
And upright among the others  
One Ininewug was standing,  
Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Stood alone among the players,  
Saying, " Five tens ! mine the game is ! "

Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely,  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him,  
As he turned and left the wigwam,  
Followed by his Meshinauwa,  
By the nephew of Iagoo,  
By the tall and graceful stripling,  
Bearing in his arms the winnings,  
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,  
Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons,

" Carry them," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Pointing with his fan of feathers,  
" To my wigwam far to eastward,  
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo ! "

Hot and red with smoke and gambling  
Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
As he came forth to the freshness  
Of the pleasant Summer morning.  
All the birds were singing gayly,  
All the streamlets flowing swiftly,  
And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Sang with pleasure as the birds sing,  
Beat with triumph like the streamlets,



As he wandered through the village,  
In the early gray of morning,  
With his fan of turkey-feathers,  
With his plumes and tufts of swan's down,  
Till he reached the farthest wigwam,  
Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted ;  
No one met him at the doorway,  
No one came to bid him welcome ;  
But the birds were singing round it,  
In and out and round the doorway,  
Hopping, singing, fluttering, feeding,  
And aloft upon the ridge-pole  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming,  
Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-Keewis.

“ All are gone ! the lodge is empty ! ”  
Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
In his heart resolving mischief ;  
“ Gone is wary Hiawatha,  
Gone the silly Laughing Water,  
Gone Nokomis, the old woman,  
And the lodge is left unguarded ! ”

By the neck he seized the raven,  
Whirled it round him like a rattle,  
Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,  
Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,  
From the ridge-pole of the wigwam  
Left its lifeless body hanging,  
As an insult to its master,  
As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered,  
Round the lodge in wild disorder  
Threw the household things about him,  
Piled together in confusion  
Bowls of wood and earthen kettles,  
Robes of buffalo and beaver,  
Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,

As an insult to Nokomis,  
As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Whistling, singing through the forest,  
Whistling gayly to the squirrels,  
Who from hollow boughs above him  
Dropped their acorn-shells upon him,  
Singing gayly to the wood-birds,  
Who from out the leafy darkness  
Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky headlands,  
Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee,  
Perched himself upon their summit,  
Waiting full of mirth and mischief  
The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay there ;  
Far below him plashed the waters,  
Plashed and washed the dreamy waters ;  
Far above him swam the heavens,  
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens ;  
Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled,  
Hiawatha's mountain chickens,  
Flock-wise swept and wheeled about him,  
Almost brushed him with their pinions.

And he killed them as he lay there,  
Slaughtered them by tens and twenties,  
Threw their bodies down the headland,  
Threw them on the beach below him,  
Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull,  
Perched upon a crag above them,  
Shouted : " It is Pau-Puk-Keewis !  
He is slaying us by hundreds !  
Send a message to our brother,  
Tidings send to Hiawatha ! "

## XVII.

### THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha  
When he came into the village,  
Found the people in confusion,  
Heard of all the misdemeanors,  
All the malice and the mischief,  
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis.

Hard his breath came through his nostrils,  
Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered  
Words of anger and resentment,  
Hot and humming, like a hornet.

“I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Slay this mischief-maker!” said he.

“Not so long and wide the world is,  
Not so rude and rough the way is,  
That my wrath shall not attain him.

That my vengeance shall not reach him!”

Then in swift pursuit departed

Hiawatha and the hunters  
On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Through the forest, where he passed it,  
To the headlands where he rested;  
But they found not Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Only in the trampled grasses,  
In the whortleberry-bushes,  
Found the couch where he had rested,  
Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath them,  
From the Muskoday, the meadow,  
Pau-Puk-Keewis, turning backward,  
Made a gesture of defiance,  
Made a gesture of derision;  
And aloud cried Hiawatha,

From the summit of the mountain :  
“ Not so long and wide the world is,  
Not so rude and rough the way is,  
But my wrath shall overtake you,  
And my vengeance shall attain you ! ”

Over rock and over river,  
Thorough bush, and brake, and forest,  
Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis ;  
Like an antelope he bounded,  
Till he came unto a streamlet  
In the middle of the forest,  
To a streamlet still and tranquil,  
That had overflowed its margin,  
To a dam made by the beavers,  
To a pond of quiet water,  
Where knee-deep the trees were standing,  
Where the water-lilies floated,  
Where the rushes waved and whispered.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
On the dam of trunks and branches,  
Through whose chinks the water spouted,  
O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet,  
From the bottom rose a beaver,  
Looked with two great eyes of wonder,  
Eyes that seemed to ask a question,  
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keewis.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,  
Flowed the bright and silvery water,  
And he spake unto the beaver,  
With a smile he spake in this wise :

“ O my friend Ahmeek, the beaver,  
Cool and pleasant is the water ;  
Let me dive into the water,  
Let me rest there in your lodges ;  
Change me, too, into a beaver ! ”

Cautiously replied the beaver,  
With reserve he thus made answer :  
“ Let me first consult the others,

Let me ask the other beavers."  
 Down he sank into the water,  
 Heavily sank he, as a stone sinks,  
 Down among the leaves and branches,  
 Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,  
 Spouted through the chinks below him,  
 Dashed upon the stones beneath him,  
 Spread serene and calm before him,  
 And the sunshine and the shadows  
 Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,  
 Fell in little shining patches,  
 Through the waving, rustling branches.

From the bottom rose the beavers,  
 Silently above the surface  
 Rose one head and then another,  
 Till the pond seemed full of beavers,  
 Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Spake entreating, said in this wise:  
 "Very pleasant is your dwelling,  
 O my friends! and safe from danger;  
 Can you not with all your cunning,  
 All your wisdom and contrivance,  
 Change me, too, into a beaver?"

"Yes!" replied Ahmeek, the beaver,  
 He the King of all the beavers,  
 "Let yourself slide down among us,  
 Down into the tranquil water."

Down into the pond among them  
 Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis;  
 Black became his shirt of deer-skin,  
 Black his moccasins and leggings,  
 In a broad black tail behind him  
 Spread his fox-tails and his fringes;  
 He was changed into a beaver.

"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 "Make me large and make me larger,

Larger than the other beavers."

"Yes," the beaver chief responded,  
"When our lodge below you enter,  
In our wigwam we will make you  
Ten times larger than the others."

Thus into the clear, brown water  
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keewis ;  
Found the bottom covered over  
With the trunks of trees and branches,  
Hoards of food against the winter,  
Piles and heaps against the famine,  
Found the lodge with arching doorway,  
Leading into spacious chambers.

Here they made him large and larger  
Made him largest of the beavers,  
Ten times larger than the others.

"You shall be our ruler," said they ;  
"Chief and king of all the beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Sat in state among the beavers,  
When there came a voice of warning  
From the watchman at his station  
In the water-flags and lilies,  
Saying, "Here is Hiawatha !  
Hiawatha with his hunters !"

Then they heard a cry above them,  
Heard a shouting and a tramping,  
Heard a crashing and a rushing,  
And the water round and o'er them  
Sank and sucked away in eddies,  
And they knew their dam was broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters  
Leaped, and broke it all asunder ;  
Streamed the sunshine through the crevice,  
Sprang the beavers through the doorway,  
Hid themselves in deeper water,  
In the channel of the streamlet ;  
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Could not pass beneath the doorway ;

He was puffed with pride and feeding,  
 He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawatha,  
 Cried aloud, " O Pau-Puk-Keewis !  
 Vain are all your craft and cunning,  
 Vain your manifold disguises !  
 Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keewis ! "

With their clubs they beat and bruised him,  
 Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Pounded him as maize is pounded,  
 Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,  
 Bore him home on poles and branches,  
 Bore the body of the beaver ;  
 But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,  
 Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keewis.

And it fluttered, strove, and struggled,  
 Waving hither, waving thither,  
 As the curtains of a wigwam  
 Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin,  
 When the wintry wind is blowing ;  
 Till it drew itself together,  
 Till it rose up from the body,  
 Till it took the form and features  
 Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha  
 Saw the figure ere it vanished,  
 Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Glide into the soft blue shadow  
 Of the pine-trees of the forest ;  
 Toward the squares of white beyond it,  
 Toward an opening in the forest,  
 Like a wind it rushed and panted,  
 Bending all the boughs before it,  
 And behind it, as the rain comes,  
 Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands

Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Where among the water-lilies  
Pishnekuh, the brant, were sailing;  
Through the tufts of rushes floating,  
Steering through the reedy islands.  
Now their broad black beaks they lifted,  
Now they plunged beneath the water,  
Now they darkened in the shadow,  
Now they brightened in the sunshine.

“Pishnekuh!” cried Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
“Pishnekuh! my brothers!” said he,  
“Change me to a brant with plumage,  
With a shining neck and feathers,  
Make me large, and make me larger,  
Ten times larger than the others.”

Straightway to a brant they changed him,  
With two huge and dusky pinions,  
With a bosom smooth and rounded,  
With a bill like two great paddles,  
Made him larger than the others,  
Ten times larger than the largest,  
Just as, shouting from the forest,  
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamor,  
With a whirr and beat of pinions,  
Rose up from the reedy islands,  
From the water-flags and lilies.  
And they said to Pau-Puk-Keewis:  
“In your flying, look not downward,  
Take good heed, and look not downward,  
Lest some strange mischance should happen,  
Lest some great mishap befall you!”

Fast and far they fled to northward,  
Fast and far through mist and sunshine,  
Fed among the moors and fen-lands,  
Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they journeyed,  
Buoyed and lifted by the South-wind,  
Wafted onward by the South-wind,



Blowing fresh and strong behind them,  
 Rose a sound of human voices,  
 Rose a clamor from beneath them,  
 From the lodges of a village,  
 From the people miles beneath them.

For the people of the village  
 Saw the flock of brant with wonder,  
 Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Flapping far up in the ether,  
 Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting,  
 Knew the voice of Hiawatha,  
 Knew the outcry of Iagoo,  
 And, forgetful of the warning,  
 Drew his neck in, and looked downward,  
 And the wind that blew behind him  
 Caught his mighty fan of feathers,  
 Sent him wheeling, whirling downward!

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Struggle to regain his balance!  
 Whirling round and round and downward,  
 He beheld in turn the village  
 And in turn the flock above him,  
 Saw the village coming nearer,  
 And the flock receding farther,  
 Heard the voices growing louder,  
 Heard the shouting and the laughter;  
 Saw no more the flock above him,  
 Only saw the earth beneath him;  
 Dead out of the empty heaven,  
 Dead among the shouting people,  
 With a heavy sound and sullen,  
 Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,  
 Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Took again the form and features  
 Of the handsome Yenadizze,  
 And again went rushing onward,  
 Followed fast by Hiawatha,

Crying: "Not so wide the world is,  
Not so long and rough the way is,  
But my wrath shall overtake you,  
But my vengeance shall attain you!"

And so near he came, so near him,  
That his hand was stretched to seize him,  
His right hand to seize and hold him,  
When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Whirled and spun about in circles,  
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,  
Danced the dust and leaves about him,  
And amid the whirling eddies  
Sprang into a hollow oak-tree,  
Changed himself into a serpent,  
Gliding out through root and rubbish.

With his right hand Hiawatha  
Smote amain the hollow oak-tree,  
Rent it into shreds and splinters,  
Left it lying there in fragments.  
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Once again in human figure,  
Full in sight ran on before him,  
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,  
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,  
Came unto the rocky headlands,  
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,  
Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Old Man of the Mountain,  
He the Manito of Mountains,  
Opened wide his rocky doorways,  
Opened wide his deep abysses,  
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter  
In his caverns dark and dreary,  
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome  
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,  
Found the doorways closed against him,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,

Smote great caverns in the sandstone,  
 Cried aloud in tones of thunder,  
 "Open! I am Hiawatha!"

But the Old Man of the Mountain  
 Opened not, and made no answer  
 From the silent crags of sandstone,  
 From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to heaven,  
 Called imploring on the tempest,  
 Called Waywassimo, the lightning,  
 And the thunder, Annemeekee;  
 And they came with night and darkness,  
 Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water  
 From the distant Thunder Mountains;  
 And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis  
 Heard the footsteps of the thunder,  
 Saw the red eyes of the lightning,  
 Was afraid, and crouched and trembled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning,  
 Smote the doorways of the caverns,  
 With his war-club smote the doorways,  
 Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,  
 And the thunder, Annemeekee,  
 Shouted down into the caverns,  
 Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Keewis!"  
 And the crags fell, and beneath them  
 Dead among the rocky ruins  
 Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
 Lay the handsome Yenadizze,  
 Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,  
 Ended were his tricks and gambols,  
 Ended all his craft and cunning,  
 Ended all his mischief-making,  
 All his gambling and his dancing,  
 All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha  
 Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,  
 Spake and said: "O Pau-Puk-Keewis!"

Never more in human figure  
Shall you search for new adventures ;  
Never more with jest and laughter  
Dance the dust and leaves in whirlwinds ;  
But above there in the heavens  
You shall soar and sail in circles ;  
I will change you to an eagle,  
To Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,  
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keewis  
Lingers still among the people,  
Lingers still among the singers,  
And among the story-tellers ;  
And in Winter, when the snow-flakes  
Whirl in eddies round the lodges,  
When the wind in gusty tumult  
O'er the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,  
"There," they cry, "comes Pau-Puk-Keewis ;  
He is dancing through the village,  
He is gathering in his harvest !"

## XVIII.

### THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

FAR and wide among the nations  
Spread the name and fame of Kwasind ;  
No man dared to strive with Kwasind,  
No man could compete with Kwasind.  
But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,  
They the envious Little People,  
They the fairies and the pigmies,  
Plotted and conspired against him.

“ If this hateful Kwasind,” said they,  
“ If this great, outrageous fellow  
Goes on thus a little longer,  
Tearing everything he touches,  
Rending everything to pieces,  
Filling all the world with wonder,  
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies ?  
Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies ?  
He will tread us down like mushrooms,  
Drive us all into the water,  
Give our bodies to be eaten  
By the wicked Nee-ba-naw-baigs,  
By the Spirits of the water ! ”

So the angry Little People  
All conspired against the Strong Man,  
All conspired to murder Kwasind,  
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,  
The audacious, overbearing,  
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind !

Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind  
In his crown alone was seated ;  
In his crown too was his weakness ;  
There alone could he be wounded,

Nowhere else could weapon pierce him,  
Nowhere else could weapon harm him.

Even there the only weapon  
That could wound him, that could slay him,  
Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,  
Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.  
This was Kwasind's fatal secret,  
Known to no man among mortals ;  
But the cunning Little People,  
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret,  
Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,  
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree,  
Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,  
In the woods by Taquamenaw,  
Brought them to the river's margin,  
Heaped them in great piles together,  
Where the red rocks from the margin  
Jutting overhang the river.

There they lay in wait for Kwasind,  
The malicious Little People.

'T was an afternoon in Summer ;  
Very hot and still the air was,  
Very smooth the gliding river,  
Motionless the sleeping shadows :  
Insects glistened in the sunshine,  
Insects skated on the water,  
Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,  
With a far-resounding war-cry.

Down the river came the Strong Man,  
In his birch canoe came Kwasind,  
Floating slowly down the current  
Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,  
Very languid with the weather,  
Very sleepy with the silence.

From the overhanging branches,  
From the tassels of the birch-trees,  
Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended ;  
By his airy hosts surrounded,

His invisible attendants,  
Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin ;  
Like the burnished Dush-kwo-ne-she,  
Like a dragon-fly, he hovered  
O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a murmur  
As of waves upon a sea-shore,  
As of far-off tumbling waters,  
As of winds among the pine-trees ;  
And he felt upon his forehead  
Blows of little airy war-clubs,  
Wielded by the slumbrous legions  
Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
As of some one breathing on him.

At the first blow of their war-clubs  
Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind ;  
At the second blow they smote him,  
Motionless his paddle rested ;  
At the third, before his vision  
Reeled the landscape into darkness,  
Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,  
Like a blind man seated upright,  
Floated down the Taquamenaw,  
Underneath the trembling birch-trees,  
Underneath the wooded headlands,  
Underneath the war encampment  
Of the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies.

There they stood, all armed and waiting,  
Hurled the pine-cones down upon him,  
Struck him on his brawny shoulders,  
On his crown defenceless struck him.  
"Death to Kwasind!" was the sudden  
War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and tumbled,  
Sideways fell into the river,  
Plunged beneath the sluggish water  
Headlong, as an otter plunges ;  
And the birch-canoe, abandoned,

Drifted empty down the river,  
Bottom upward swerved and drifted :  
Nothing more was seen of Kwasind.

But the memory of the Strong Man  
Lingered long among the people,  
And whenever through the forest  
Raged and roared the wintry tempest,  
And the branches, tossed and troubled,  
Creaked and groaned and split asunder,  
"Kwasind!" cried they; "that is Kwasind!  
He is gathering in his fire-wood!"



## XIX.

### THE GHOSTS.

NEVER stoops the soaring vulture  
On his quarry in the desert,  
On the sick or wounded bison,  
But another vulture, watching  
From his high aerial look-out,  
Sees the downward plunge, and follows ;  
And a third pursues the second,  
Coming from the invisible ether,  
First a speck, and then a vulture,  
Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly ;  
But as if they watched and waited,  
Scanning one another's motions,  
When the first descends, the others  
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise  
Round their victim, sick and wounded,  
First a shadow, then a sorrow,  
Till the air is dark with anguish.

Now, o'er all the dreary Northland,  
Mighty Peboan, the Winter,  
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,  
Into stone had changed their waters,  
From his hair he shook the snow-flakes,  
Till the plains were strewn with whiteness,  
One uninterrupted level,  
As if, stooping, the Creator  
With his hand had smoothed them over.

Through the forest, wide and wailing,  
Roamed the hunter on his snow-shoes ;  
In the village worked the women,  
Pounded maize, or dressed the deer-skin ;

And the young men played together  
On the ice the noisy ball-play,  
On the plain the dance of snow-shoes.

One dark evening, after sundown,  
In her wigwam Laughing Water  
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting  
For the steps of Hiawatha  
Homeward from the hunt returning.

On their faces gleamed the fire-light,  
Painting them with streaks of crimson,  
In the eyes of old Nokomis  
Glimmered like the watery moonlight,  
In the eyes of Laughing Water  
Glistened like the sun in water ;  
And behind them crouched their shadows  
In the corners of the wigwam,  
And the smoke in wreaths above them  
Climbed and crowded through the smoke-flue.

Then the curtain of the doorway  
From without was slowly lifted ;  
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,  
And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,  
As two women entered softly,  
Passed the doorway uninvited,  
Without word of salutation,  
Without sign of recognition,  
Sat down in the farthest corner,  
Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their garments,  
Strangers seemed they in the village ;  
Very pale and haggard were they,  
As they sat there sad and silent,  
Trembling, cowering with the shadows.

Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,  
Muttering down into the wigwam ?  
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,  
Hooting from the dismal forest ?  
Sure a voice said in the silence :  
“ These are corpses clad in garments,

These are ghosts that come to haunt you,  
From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
From the land of the Hereafter !”

Homeward now came Hiawatha  
From his hunting in the forest,  
With the snow upon his tresses,  
And the red deer on his shoulders.  
At the feet of Laughing Water  
Down he threw his lifeless burden ;  
Nobler, handsomer she thought him,  
Than when first he came to woo her,  
First threw down the deer before her,  
As a token of his wishes,  
As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the strangers,  
Cowering, crouching with the shadows ;  
Said within himself, “ Who are they ?  
What strange guests has Minnehaha ? ”  
But he questioned not the strangers,  
Only spake to bid them welcome  
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was ready,  
And the deer had been divided,  
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,  
Springing from among the shadows,  
Seized upon the choicest portions,  
Seized the white fat of the roebuck,  
Set apart for Laughing Water,  
For the wife of Hiawatha ;  
Without asking, without thanking,  
Eagerly devoured the morsels,  
Flitted back among the shadows  
In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,  
Not a motion made Nokomis,  
Not a gesture Laughing Water ;  
Not a change came o'er their features ;  
Only Minnehaha softly  
Whispered, saying, “ They are famished ;

Let them do what best delights them ;  
Let them eat, for they are famished."

Many a daylight dawned and darkened,  
Many a night shook off the daylight  
As the pine shakes off the snow-flakes  
From the midnight of its branches ;  
Day by day the guests unmoving  
Sat there silent in the wigwam ;  
But by night, in storm or starlight,  
Forth they went into the forest,  
Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam,  
Bringing pine-cones for the burning,  
Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha  
Came from fishing or from hunting,  
When the evening meal was ready,  
And the food had been divided,  
Gliding from their darksome corner,  
Came the pallid guests, the strangers,  
Seized upon the choicest portions  
Set aside for Laughing Water,  
And without rebuke or question  
Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha  
By a word or look reproved them ;  
Never once had old Nokomis  
Made a gesture of impatience ;  
Never once had Laughing Water  
Shown resentment at the outrage.  
All had they endured in silence,  
That the rights of guest and stranger,  
That the virtue of free-giving,  
By a look might not be lessened,  
By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha,  
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,  
In the wigwam, dimly lighted  
By the brands that still were burning,  
By the glimmering, flickering fire-light,

Heard a sighing, oft repeated,  
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.

From his couch rose Hiawatha,  
From his shaggy hides of bison,  
Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,  
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,  
Sitting upright on their couches,  
Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said : " O guests ! why is it  
That your hearts are so afflicted,  
That you sob so in the midnight ?  
Has perchance the old Nokomis,  
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,  
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,  
Failed in hospitable duties ? "

Then the shadows ceased from weeping,  
Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,

And they said, with gentle voices :  
" We are ghosts of the departed,  
Souls of those who once were with you.

From the realms of Chibiabos  
Hither have we come to try you,  
Hither have we come to warn you.

" Cries of grief and lamentation  
Reach us in the Blessed Islands ;  
Cries of anguish from the living,  
Calling back their friends departed,  
Sadden us with useless sorrow.

Therefore have we come to try you ;  
No one knows us, no one heeds us.

We are but a burden to you,  
And we see that the departed  
Have no place among the living.

" Think of this, O Hiawatha !  
Speak of it to all the people,  
That henceforward and forever  
They no more with lamentations  
Sadden the souls of the departed  
In the Islands of the Blessed.

“ Do not lay such heavy burdens  
In the graves of those you bury,  
Not such weight of furs and wampum,  
Not such weight of pots and kettles,  
For the spirits faint beneath them.  
Only give them food to carry,  
Only give them fire to light them.

“ Four days is the spirit's journey  
To the land of ghosts and shadows,  
Four its lonely night encampments ;  
Four times must their fires be lighted.  
Therefore, when the dead are buried,  
Let a fire, as night approaches,  
Four times on the grave be kindled,  
That the soul upon its journey  
May not lack the cheerful fire-light,  
May not grope about in darkness.

“ Farewell, noble Hiawatha !  
We have put you to the trial,  
To the proof have put your patience,  
By the insult of our presence,  
By the outrage of our actions.  
We have found you great and noble.  
Fail not in the greater trial,  
Faint not in the harder struggle.”

When they ceased, a sudden darkness  
Fell and filled the silent wigwam.  
Hiawatha heard a rustle  
As of garments trailing by him,  
Heard the curtain of the doorway  
Lifted by a hand he saw not,  
Felt the cold breath of the night air,  
For a moment saw the starlight ;  
But he saw the ghosts no longer,  
Saw no more the wandering spirits  
From the kingdom of Ponemah,  
From the land of the Hereafter.

## XX.

### THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary Winter !  
O the cold and cruel Winter !  
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker  
Froze the ice on lake and river,  
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper  
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,  
Fell the covering snow, and drifted  
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam  
Could the hunter force a passage ;  
With his mittens and his snow-shoes  
Vainly walked he through the forest,  
Sought for bird or beast and found none,  
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,  
In the snow beheld no footprints,  
In the ghastly, gleaming forest  
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,  
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever !  
O the wasting of the famine !  
O the blasting of the fever !  
O the wailing of the children !  
O the anguish of the women !

All the earth was sick and famished ;  
Hungry was the air around them,  
Hungry was the sky above them,  
And the hungry stars in heaven  
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !

Into Hiawatha's wigwam  
Came two other guests, as silent  
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,  
Waited not to be invited,

Did not parley at the doorway,  
Sat there without word of welcome  
In the seat of Laughing Water ;  
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow  
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said : " Behold me !  
I am Famine, Bukadawin !"  
And the other said : " Behold me !  
I am Fever, Ahkosewin !"

And the lovely Minnehaha  
Shuddered as they looked upon her,  
Shuddered at the words they uttered,  
Lay down on her bed in silence,  
Hid her face, but made no answer ;  
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning  
At the looks they cast upon her,  
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest  
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha ;  
In his heart was deadly sorrow,  
In his face a stony firmness ;  
On his brow the sweat of anguish  
Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,  
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
With his quiver full of arrows,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Into the vast and vacant forest  
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

" Gitche Manito, the Mighty !"  
Cried he with his face uplifted  
In that bitter hour of anguish,  
" Give your children food, O father !  
Give us food, or we must perish !  
Give me food for Minnehaha,  
For my dying Minnehaha !"

Through the far-resounding forest,  
Through the forest vast and vacant  
Rang that cry of desolation,



But there came no other answer  
 Than the echo of his crying,  
 Than the echo of the woodlands,  
 "Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

All day long roved Hiawatha  
 In that melancholy forest,  
 Through the shadow of whose thickets,  
 In the pleasant days of Summer,  
 Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,  
 He had brought his young wife homeward  
 From the land of the Dacotahs;  
 When the birds sang in the thickets,  
 And the streamlets laughed and glistened,  
 And the air was full of fragrance,  
 And the lovely Laughing Water  
 Said with voice that did not tremble,  
 "I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,  
 With those gloomy guests, that watched her,  
 With the Famine and the Fever,  
 She was lying, the Beloved,  
 She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,  
 Hear a roaring and a rushing,  
 Hear the Falls of Minnehaha  
 Calling to me from a distance!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
 "'T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!"

"Look!" she said; "I see my father  
 Standing lonely at his doorway,  
 Beckoning to me from his wigwam  
 In the land of the Dacotahs!"

"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,  
 "'T is the smoke, that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk  
 Glare upon me in the darkness,  
 I can feel his icy fingers  
 Clasp mine amid the darkness!  
 Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,  
Far away amid the forest,  
Miles away among the mountains,  
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,  
Heard the voice of Minnehaha  
Calling to him in the darkness,  
“Hiawatha! Hiawatha!”

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,  
Under snow-encumbered branches,  
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,  
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,  
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:  
“Wahonowin! Wahonowin!  
Would that I had perished for you,  
Would that I were dead as you are!  
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!”

And he rushed into the wigwam,  
Saw the old Nokomis slowly  
Rocking to and fro and moaning,  
Saw his lovely Minnehaha  
Lying dead and cold before him,  
And his bursting heart within him  
Uttered such a cry of anguish,  
That the forest moaned and shuddered,  
That the very stars in heaven  
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,  
On the bed of Minnehaha,  
At the feet of Laughing Water,  
At those willing feet, that never  
More would lightly run to meet him,  
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he covered,  
Seven long days and nights he sat there,  
As if in a swoon he sat there  
Speechless, motionless, unconscious  
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha;  
In the snow a grave they made her,

In the forest deep and darksome,  
Underneath the moaning hemlocks ;  
Clothed her in her richest garments,  
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,  
Covered her with snow, like ermine ;  
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,  
On her grave four times was kindled,  
For her soul upon its journey  
To the Islands of the Blessed.  
From his doorway Hiawatha  
Saw it burning in the forest,  
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks ;  
From his sleepless bed uprising,  
From the bed of Minnehaha,  
Stood and watched it at the doorway,  
That it might not be extinguished,  
Might not leave her in the darkness.

“ Farewell ! ” said he, “ Minnehaha !  
Farewell, O my Laughing Water !  
All my heart is buried with you,  
All my thoughts go onward with you !  
Come not back again to labor,  
Come not back again to suffer,  
Where the Famine and the Fever  
Wear the heart and waste the body.  
Soon my task will be completed,  
Soon your footsteps I shall follow  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the Land of the Hereafter ! ”

## XXI.

### THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

IN his lodge beside a river,  
Close beside a frozen river,  
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.  
White his hair was as a snow-drift ;  
Dull and low his fire was burning,  
And the old man shook and trembled,  
Folded in his Waubewyon,  
In his tattered white-skin-wrapper,  
Hearing nothing but the tempest  
As it roared along the forest,  
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,  
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

All the coals were white with ashes,  
And the fire was slowly dying,  
As a young man, walking lightly,  
At the open doorway entered.  
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,  
Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,  
Bound his forehead was with grasses ;  
Bound and plumed with scented grasses,  
On his lips a smile of beauty,  
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,  
In his hand a bunch of blossoms  
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

“ Ah, my son ! ” exclaimed the old man,  
“ Happy are my eyes to see you.  
Sit here on the mat beside me,  
Sit here by the dying embers,  
Let us pass the night together.  
Tell me of your strange adventures,  
Of the lands where you have travelled ;

I will tell you of my prowess,  
Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,  
Very old and strangely fashioned ;  
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,  
And the stem a reed with feathers ;  
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,  
Placed a burning coal upon it,  
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,  
And began to speak in this wise :

" When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,  
Motionless are all the rivers,  
Hard as stone becomes the water ! "

And the young man answered, smiling :

" When I blow my breath about me,  
When I breathe upon the landscape,  
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,  
Singing, onward rush the rivers ! "

" When I shake my hoary tresses,"

Said the old man darkly frowning,  
" All the land with snow is covered ;  
All the leaves from all the branches  
Fall and fade and die and wither,  
For I breathe, and lo ! they are not.  
From the waters and the marshes  
Rise the wild goose and the heron,  
Fly away to distant regions,  
For I speak, and lo ! they are not.  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the wild beasts of the forest  
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,  
And the earth becomes as flintstone ! "

" When I shake my flowing ringlets,"  
Said the young man, softly laughing,  
" Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,  
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,  
Back unto their lakes and marshes  
Come the wild goose and the heron,

Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,  
Sing the blue-bird and the robin,  
And where'er my footsteps wander,  
All the meadows wave with blossoms,  
All the woodlands ring with music,  
All the trees are dark with foliage!"

While they spake, the night departed ;  
From the distant realms of Wabun,  
From his shining lodge of silver,  
Like a warrior robed and painted,  
Came the sun, and said, "Behold me!  
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!"

Then the old man's tongue was speechless,  
And the air grew warm and pleasant,  
And upon the wigwam sweetly  
Sang the blue-bird and the robin,  
And the stream began to murmur,  
And a scent of growing grasses  
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger,  
More distinctly in the daylight  
Saw the icy face before him ;  
It was Peboan, the Winter!

From his eyes the tears were flowing,  
As from melting lakes the streamlets,  
And his body shrunk and dwindled  
As the shouting sun ascended,  
Till into the air it faded,  
Till into the ground it vanished,  
And the young man saw before him,  
On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,  
Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,  
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,  
Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time,  
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the Northland  
After that unheard-of coldness,  
That intolerable Winter,  
Came the Spring with all its splendor,

All its birds and all its blossoms,  
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward,  
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,  
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,  
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,  
Speaking almost as a man speaks;  
And in long lines waving, bending  
Like a bow-string snapped asunder,  
Came the white goose, Waw-be-wawa;  
And in pairs, or singly flying,  
Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,  
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows  
Piped the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
On the summit of the lodges  
Sang the robin, the Opechee,  
In the covert of the pine-trees  
Cooed the pigeon, the Omemee,  
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,  
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,  
Heard their voices calling to him,  
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,  
Stood and gazed into the heaven,  
Gazed upon the earth and waters.

From his wanderings far to eastward,  
From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun,  
Homeward now returned Iagoo,  
The great traveller, the great boaster,  
Full of new and strange adventures,  
Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village  
Listened to him as he told them  
Of his marvellous adventures,  
Laughing answered him in this wise:  
"Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!  
No one else beholds such wonders!"

He had seen, he said, a water  
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,  
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,  
Bitter so that none could drink it!  
At each other looked the warriors,  
Looked the women at each other,  
Smiled, and said, "It cannot be so!  
Kaw!" they said, "it cannot be so!"

O'er it, said he, o'er this water  
Came a great canoe with pinions,  
A canoe with wings came flying,  
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,  
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!  
And the old men and the women  
Looked and tittered at each other;  
"Kaw!" they said, "we don't believe it!"

From its mouth, he said, to greet him,  
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,  
Came the thunder, Annemeekee!  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;  
"Kaw!" they said, "what tales you tell us!"

In it, said he, came a people,  
In the great canoe with pinions  
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;  
Painted white were all their faces,  
And with hair their chins were covered!  
And the warriors and the women  
Laughed and shouted in derision,  
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,  
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.  
"Kaw!" they said, "what lies you tell us!  
Do not think that we believe them!"

Only Hiawatha laughed not,  
But he gravely spake and answered  
To their jeering and their jesting:  
"True is all Iagoo tells us;  
I have seen it in a vision,  
Seen the great canoe with pinions,



Seen the people with white faces,  
Seen the coming of this bearded  
People of the wooden vessel  
From the regions of the morning,  
From the shining land of Wabun.

“ Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Sends them hither on his errand,  
Sends them to us with his message.  
Wheresoe'er they move, before them  
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,  
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker ;  
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them  
Springs a flower unknown among us,  
Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.

“ Let us welcome, then, the strangers,  
Hail them as our friends and brothers,  
And the heart's right hand of friendship  
Give them when they come to see us.  
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,  
Said this to me in my vision.

“ I beheld, too, in that vision,  
All the secrets of the future,  
Of the distant days that shall be.  
I beheld the westward marches  
Of the unknown, crowded nations.  
All the land was full of people,  
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,  
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling  
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.  
In the woodlands rang their axes,  
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,  
Over all the lakes and rivers  
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

“ Then a darker, drearier vision,  
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like,  
I beheld our nations scattered,  
All forgetful of my counsels,  
Weakened, warring with each other ;

Saw the remnants of our people  
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,  
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,  
Like the withered leaves of autumn!"

## XXII.

### HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
In the pleasant Summer morning,  
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,  
All the earth was bright and joyous,  
And before him, through the sunshine,  
Westward toward the neighboring forest  
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,  
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,  
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,  
Level spread the lake before him ;  
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,  
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine ;  
On its margin the great forest  
Stood reflected in the water,  
Every tree-top had its shadow,  
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha  
Gone was every trace of sorrow,  
As the fog from off the water,  
As the mist from off the meadow.  
With a smile of joy and triumph,  
With a look of exultation,  
As of one who in a vision  
Sees what is to be, but is not,  
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,  
Both the palms spread out against it,  
And between the parted fingers  
Fell the sunshine on his features,  
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,  
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree  
Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,  
Something in the hazy distance,  
Something in the mists of morning,  
Loomed and lifted from the water,  
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,  
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis the diver?  
Was it the pelican, the Shada?  
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?  
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,  
With the water dripping, flashing  
From its glossy neck and feathers?

It was neither goose nor diver,  
Neither pelican nor heron,  
O'er the water floating, flying,  
Through the shining mist of morning,  
But a birch canoe with paddles,  
Rising, sinking on the water,  
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine,  
And within it came a people  
From the distant land of Wabun,  
From the farthest realms of morning  
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,  
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,  
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,  
With his hands aloft extended,  
Held aloft in sign of welcome,  
Waited, full of exultation,  
Till the birch canoe with paddles  
Grated on the shining pebbles,  
Stranded on the sandy margin,

Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,  
With the cross upon his bosom,  
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha  
Cried aloud and spake in this wise :

“ Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
When you come so far to see us !  
All our town in peace awaits you,  
All our doors stand open for you ;  
You shall enter all our wigwams,  
For the heart's right hand we give you.

“ Never bloomed the earth so gayly,  
Never shone the sun so brightly,  
As to-day they shine and blossom  
When you come so far to see us !  
Never was our lake so tranquil,  
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars ;  
For your birch canoe in passing  
Has removed both rock and sand-bar !

“ Never before had our tobacco  
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,  
Never the broad leaves of our corn-fields  
Were so beautiful to look on,  
As they seem to us this morning,  
When you come so far to see us ! ”

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,  
Stammered in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar :  
“ Peace be with you, Hiawatha,  
Peace be with you and your people,  
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,  
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary ! ”

Then the generous Hiawatha  
Led the strangers to his wigwam,  
Seated them on skins of bison,  
Seated them on skins of ermine,  
And the careful, old Nokomis  
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,  
Water brought in birchen dippers,

And the calumet, the peace-pipe,  
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,  
All the warriors of the nation,  
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,  
The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the medicine-men, the Medas,  
Came to bid the strangers welcome ;  
“ It is well,” they said, “ O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us ! ”

In a circle round the doorway,  
With their pipes they sat in silence,  
Waiting to behold the strangers,  
Waiting to receive their message ;  
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,  
From the wigwam came to greet them,  
Stammering in his speech a little,  
Speaking words yet unfamiliar ;  
“ It is well,” they said, “ O brother,  
That you come so far to see us ! ”

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,  
Told his message to the people,  
Told the purport of his mission,  
Told them of the Virgin Mary,  
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,  
How in distant lands and ages  
He had lived on earth as we do ;  
How he fasted, prayed, and labored ;  
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,  
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him ;  
How he rose from where they laid him,  
Walked again with his disciples,  
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying :  
“ We have listened to your message,  
We have heard your words of wisdom,  
We will think on what you tell us.  
It is well for us, O brothers,  
That you come so far to see us ! ”

Then they rose up and departed  
Each one homeward to his wigwam,  
To the young men and the women  
Told the story of the strangers  
Whom the Master of Life had sent them  
From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence  
Grew the afternoon of Summer ;  
With a drowsy sound the forest  
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,  
With a sound of sleep the water  
Rippled on the beach below it ;  
From the corn-fields shrill and ceaseless  
Sang the grasshopper, Pah-Puk-keena ;  
And the guests of Hiawatha,  
Weary with the heat of Summer,  
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape  
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,  
And the long and level sunbeams  
Shot their spears into the forest,  
Breaking through its shields of shadow,  
Rushed into each secret ambush,  
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow ;  
Still the guests of Hiawatha  
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,  
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,  
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,  
Did not wake the guests, that slumbered :

“ I am going, O Nokomis,  
On a long and distant journey,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.  
But these guests I leave behind me,  
In your watch and ward I leave them ;  
See that never harm comes near them,  
See that never fear molests them,

Never danger nor suspicion,  
Never want of food or shelter,  
In the lodge of Hiawatha !”

Forth into the village went he,  
Bade farewell to all the warriors,  
Bade farewell to all the young men,  
Spake persuading, spake in this wise :

“ I am going, O my people,  
On a long and distant journey ;  
Many moons and many winters  
Will have come, and will have vanished,  
Ere I come again to see you.

But my guests I leave behind me ;  
Listen to their words of wisdom,  
Listen to the truth they tell you,  
For the Master of Life has sent them  
From the land of light and morning !”

On the shore stood Hiawatha,  
Turned and waved his hand at parting ;  
On the clear and luminous water  
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,  
From the pebbles of the margin  
Shoved it forth into the water ;  
Whispered to it, “ Westward ! westward !”  
And with speed it darted forward.

And the evening sun descending  
Set the clouds on fire with redness,  
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,  
Left upon the level water  
One long track and trail of splendor,  
Down whose stream, as down a river,  
Westward, westward Hiawatha  
Sailed into the fiery sunset,  
Sailed into the purple vapors,  
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin  
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,  
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted  
High into that sea of splendor,



Till it sank into the vapors  
Like the new moon slowly, slowly  
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, "Farewell forever!"

Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

And the forests, dark and lonely,  
Moved through all their depths of darkness,  
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

And the waves upon the margin  
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,  
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her haunts among the fen-lands,  
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

Thus departed Hiawatha,  
Hiawatha the Beloved,  
In the glory of the sunset,  
In the purple mists of evening,  
To the regions of the home-wind,  
Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter!



## VOCABULARY.

- Adjidau/mo, *the red squirrel.*  
 Ahdeck!, *the reindeer.*  
 Ahkose/win, *fever.*  
 Ahmeek!, *the beaver.*  
 Algon/quin, *Ojibway.*  
 Annemee/kee, *the thunder.*  
 Apuk/wa, *a bulrush.*  
 Baim-wa/wa, *the sound of the thunder.*  
 Bemah/gut, *the grape-vine.*  
 Be/na, *the pheasant.*  
 Big-Sea-Water, *Lake Superior.*  
 Bukada/win, *famine.*  
 Cheemaun!, *a birch canoe.*  
 Chetowaik!, *the plover.*  
 Chibia/bos, *a musician; friend of Hiawatha; ruler in the Land of Spirits.*  
 Dahin/da, *the bull-frog.*  
 Dush-kwo-nel-she, or Kwo-nel-she, *the dragon-fly.*  
 Esa, *shame upon you.*  
 Ewa-yeal, *lullaby.*  
 Ghee/zis, *the sun.*  
 Gitche Gu/mee, *the Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior.*  
 Gitche Man/ito, *the Great Spirit, the Master of Life.*  
 Gushkewau!, *the darkness.*  
 Hiawa/tha, *the Wise Man, the Teacher; son of Mudjekeewis, the West Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis.*  
 Ia/goo, *a great boaster and storyteller.*  
 Inin/ewug, *men, or pawns in the Game of the Bowl.*  
 Ishkoodah!, *fire; a comet.*  
 Jee/bi, *a ghost, a spirit.*  
 Joss/akeed, *a prophet.*  
 Kabibonok/ka, *the North-Wind.*  
 Kagh, *the hedgehog.*  
 Ka/go, *do not.*  
 Kahgahgeel, *the raven.*  
 Kaw, *no.*  
 Kaween!, *no indeed.*  
 Kayoshk!, *the sea-gull.*  
 Kee/go, *a fish.*  
 Keeway/din, *the Northwest Wind, the Home-wind.*  
 Kena/beek, *a serpent.*  
 Keneu!, *the great war-eagle.*  
 Kenozha, *the pickerel.*  
 Ko/ko-ko/ho, *the owl.*  
 Kuntasool, *the Game of Plum-stones.*  
 Kwa/sind, *the Strong Man.*  
 Kwo-nel-she, or Dush-kwo-nel-she, *the dragon-fly.*  
 Mahnahbe/zee, *the swan.*  
 Mahng, *the loon.*  
 Mahn-go-tay/see, *loon-hearted, brave.*  
 Mahnomo/nee, *wild rice.*  
 Ma/ma, *the woodpecker.*  
 Maskenozha, *the pike.*  
 Me/da, *a medicine-man.*  
 Meenah/ga, *the blueberry.*  
 Megissog/won, *the great Pearl-Feather, a magician, and the Manito of Wealth.*  
 Meshinau/wa, *a pipe-bearer.*  
 Minjekah/wun, *Hiawatha's mittens.*  
 Minneha/ha, *Laughing Water; a water-fall on a stream running into the Mississippi, between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony.*

- Minneha/ha, *Laughing Water* ;  
*wife of Hiawatha.*  
 Minne-wa/wa, *a pleasant sound,*  
*as of the wind in the trees.*  
 Mishe-Mo/kwa, *the Great Bear.*  
 Mishe-Nah/ma, *the Great Stur-*  
*geon.*  
 Miskodeed!, *the Spring-Beauty,*  
*the Claytonia Virginica.*  
 Monda/min, *Indian corn.*  
 Moon of Bright Nights, *April.*  
 Moon of Leaves, *May.*  
 Moon of Strawberries, *June.*  
 Moon of the Falling Leaves,  
*September.*  
 Moon of Snow-Shoes, *Novem-*  
*ber.*  
 Mudjekeel/wis, *the West-Wind* ;  
*father of Hiawatha.*  
 Mudway-aush/ka, *sound of*  
*waves on a shore.*  
 Mushkoda/sa, *the grouse.*  
 Nah/ma, *the sturgeon.*  
 Nah/ma-wusk, *spearmint.*  
 Na/gow Wudj'oo, *the Sand*  
*Dunes of Lake Superior.*  
 Nee-ba-naw/-baigs, *water-spir-*  
*its.*  
 Nenemool/sha, *sweetheart.*  
 Nepah/win, *sleep.*  
 Noko/mis, *a grandmother* ;  
*mother of Wenonah*  
 No/sa, *my father.*  
 Nush/ka, *look! look!*  
 Odah/min, *the strawberry.*  
 Okahah/wis, *the fresh-water*  
*herring.*  
 Ome/me, *the pigeon.*  
 Ona/gon, *a bowl.*  
 Onaway!, *awake.*  
 Ope/chee, *the robin.*  
 Osse'o, *Son of the Evening*  
*Star.*  
 Owais/sa, *the blue-bird.*  
 Oweeneel *wife of Osseo.*  
 Ozawa/beek, *a round piece of*  
*brass or copper in the Game*  
*of the Bowl.*  
 Pah-puk-kee/na, *the grasshop-*  
*per.*  
 Pau/guk, *death.*  
 Pau-Puk-Kee/wis, *the hand-*  
*some Yenadizze, the Storm*  
*Fool.*  
 Pauwa'ting, *Saut Sainte Marie.*  
 Pe/boan, *Winter.*  
 Pemi/can, *meat of the deer or*  
*buffalo dried and pounded.*  
 Pezhekeel, *the bison.*  
 Pishnekuh!, *the brant.*  
 Pone/mah, *hereafter.*  
 Pugasaing!, *Game of the Bowl.*  
 Puggawau/gun, *a war-club.*  
 Puk-Wudj'ies, *little wild men*  
*of the woods* ; *pigmies.*  
 Sah-sah-je/-wun, *rapids.*  
 Sah/wa, *the perch.*  
 Segwun!, *Spring.*  
 Sha/da, *the pelican.*  
 Shahbo/min, *the gooseberry.*  
 Shah-shah, *long ago.*  
 Shaugoda/ya, *a coward.*  
 Shawgashee, *the craw-fish.*  
 Shawonda/see, *the South-Wind.*  
 Shaw/shaw, *the swallow.*  
 Shesh-ebwug, *ducks* ; *pieces in*  
*the Game of the Bowl.*  
 Shin/gebis, *the diver, or grebe.*  
 Showain/ neme/shin, *pity me.*  
 Shuh-shuh/gah, *the blue heron.*  
 Soan-ge-ta/ha, *strong-hearted.*  
 Subbeka/she, *the spider.*  
 Suggest/ma, *the mosquito.*  
 To/tem, *family coat-of-arms.*  
 Ugh, *yes.*  
 Ugudwash!, *the sun-fish.*  
 Unktaheel, *the God of Water.*  
 Wabas/so, *the rabbit* ; *the North*  
 Wabe/no, *a magician, a juggler.*  
 Wabe/no-wusk, *yarrow.*  
 Wa/bun, *the East-Wind.*  
 Wa/bun An/nung, *the Star of*  
*the East, the Morning Star.*  
 Wahono/win, *a cry of lamenta-*  
*tion.*  
 Wah-wah-tay/see, *the fire-fly.*  
 Wam/pum, *beads of shell.*  
 Waubewylon, *a white skin*  
*wrapper.*  
 Wa/wa, *the wild-goose.*  
 Waw/beek, *a rock.*  
 Waw-be-wa/wa, *the white goose.*  
 Wawonais/sa, *the whippoorwill.*  
 Way-muk-kwa/na, *the cater-*  
*pillar.*  
 Wen/digoes, *giants.*  
 Wenol/nah, *Hiawatha's mother,*  
*daughter of Nokomis.*  
 Yenadiz/ze, *an idler and gam-*  
*bler* ; *an Indian dandy.*

NOTES.



## NOTES.

**THE GOLDEN LEGEND.** The old *Legenda Aurea*, or Golden Legend, was originally written in Latin, in the thirteenth century, by Jacobus de Voragine, a Dominican friar, who afterwards became Archbishop of Genoa, and died in 1292.

He called his book simply "Legends of the Saints." The epithet of Golden was given it by his admirers; for, as Wynkin de Worde says, "Like as passeth gold in value all other metals, so this Legend exceedeth all other books." But Edward Leigh, in much distress of mind, calls it "a book written by a man of a leaden heart for the baseness of the errors, that are without wit or reason, and of a brazen forehead, for his impudent boldness in reporting things so fabulous and incredible."

This work, the great text book of the legendary lore of the Middle Ages, was translated into French in the fourteenth century by Jean de Vignay, and in the fifteenth into English by William Caxton. It has lately been made more accessible by a new French translation: *La Légende Dorée, traduite du Latin, par M. G. B.* Paris, 1850. There is a copy of the original, with the *Gesta Longobardorum* appended, in the Harvard College Library, Cambridge, printed at Strasburg, 1496. The title-page is wanting; and the volume begins with the *Tabula Legendorum*.

I have called this poem the Golden Legend, because the story upon which it is founded seems to me to surpass all other legends in beauty and significance. It exhibits, amid the corruptions of the Middle Ages, the virtue of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, and the power of Faith, Hope, and Charity, sufficient for all the exigencies of life and death. The story is told, and perhaps invented, by Hartmann von der Aue, a Minnesinger of the twelfth

century. The original may be found in Mailáth's, *All-deutsche Gedichte*, with a modern German version. There is another in Marbach's *Volksbücher*, No. 32.

Page 82. *For these bells have been anointed,  
And baptized with holy water!*

The Consecration and Baptism of Bells is one of the most curious ceremonies of the church in the Middle Ages. The Council of Cologne ordained as follows:—

“Let the bells be blessed, as the trumpets of the Church militant, by which the people are assembled to hear the word of God; the clergy to announce his mercy by day, and his truth in their nocturnal vigils: that by their sound the faithful may be invited to prayers, and that the spirit of devotion in them may be increased. The fathers have also maintained that demons, affrighted by the sound of bells calling Christians to prayers, would flee away; and when they fled, the persons of the faithful would be secure: that the destruction of lightnings and whirlwinds would be averted, and the spirits of the storm defeated.”—*Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, Art. *Bells*. See also Scheible's *Kloster*, VI. 776.

Page 115. *It is the malediction of Eve!*

“Nec esses plus quam femina, quæ nunc etiam viros transcendis, et quæ maledictionem Evæ in benedictionem vertisti Mariæ.”—*Epistola Abælardi Heloissæ*.

Page 139. *To come back to my text!*

In giving this sermon of Friar Cuthbert as a specimen of the *Risus Paschales*, or street-preaching of the monks at Easter, I have exaggerated nothing. This very anecdote, offensive as it is, comes from a discourse of Father Barletta, a Dominican friar of the fifteenth century, whose fame as a popular preacher was so great, that it gave rise to the proverb,

*Nescit predicare  
Qui nescit Barlettare.*

“Among the abuses introduced in this century,” says Tiraboschi, “was that of exciting from the pulpit the laughter of the hearers: as if that were the same thing as converting them. We have examples of this, not only in Italy, but also in France, where the sermons of Menot and Maillard, and of others, who would make a better appearance on the stage than in the pulpit, are still celebrated for such follies.”

If the reader is curious to see how far the freedom of speech was carried in these popular sermons, he is referred to Scheible's *Kloster*, Vol. I., where he will find



extracts from Abraham a Sancta Clara, Sebastian Frank, and others; and in particular an anonymous discourse called *Der Gräuel der Verwüstung*, The Abomination of Desolation, preached at Ottakring, a village west of Vienna, November 25, 1782, in which the license of language is carried to its utmost limit.

See also *Prédicatoriana, ou Révélations singulières et amusantes sur les Prédicateurs; par G. P. Philomneste.* (Menin.) This work contains extracts from the popular sermons of St. Vincent Ferrier, Barletta, Menot, Maillard, Marini, Raulin, Valladier, De Besse, Camus, Père André, Bening, and the most eloquent of all, Jacques Brydaine.

My authority for the spiritual interpretation of bell-ringing, which follows, is Durandus, *Ration. Divin. Offic.*, Lib. I. cap. 4.

Page 143. THE NATIVITY: a Miracle-Play.

A singular chapter in the history of the Middle Ages is that which gives account of the early Christian Drama, the Mysteries, Moralities, and Miracle-Plays, which were at first performed in churches, and afterwards in the streets, on fixed or movable stages. For the most part, the Mysteries were founded on the historic portions of the Old and New Testaments, and the Miracle-Plays on the lives of Saints; a distinction not always observed, however, for in Mr. Wright's "Early Mysteries and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries," the Resurrection of Lazarus is called a Miracle, and not a Mystery. The Moralities were plays, in which the Virtues and Vices were personified.

The earliest religious play, which has been preserved, is the *Christos Paschon* of Gregory Nazianzen, written in Greek, in the fourth century. Next to this come the remarkable Latin plays of Roswitha, the Nun of Gandersheim, in the tenth century, which, though crude and wanting in artistic construction, are marked by a good deal of dramatic power and interest. A handsome edition of these plays, with a French translation, has been lately published, entitled *Théâtre de Roswitha, Religieuse allemande du X<sup>e</sup> Siècle.* Par Charles Magnin. Paris, 1845.

The most important collections of English Mysteries and Miracle-Plays are those known as the Townley, the Chester, and the Coventry Plays. The first of these collections has been published by the Surtees Society, and the other two by the Shakespeare Society. In his Introduction to the Coventry Mysteries, the editor, Mr. Halliwell, quotes the following passage from Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*:—

“ Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city was very famous for the pageants, that were played therein, upon Corpus-Christi day; which, occasioning very great confluence of people thither, from far and near, was of no small benefit thereto; which pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friars of this house, had theaters for the severall scenes, very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of spectators: and contain'd the story of the New Testament, composed into old English Rithme, as appeareth by an ancient MS. intituled *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Conventricæ*. I have been told by some old people, who in their younger years were eyewitnesses of these pageants so acted, that the yearly confluence of people to see that shew was extraordinary great, and yielded no small advantage to this city.”

The representation of religious plays has not yet been wholly discontinued by the Roman Church. At Ober-Ammergau, in the Tyrol, a grand spectacle of this kind is exhibited once in ten years. A very graphic description of that which took place in the year 1850, is given by Miss Anna Mary Howitt, in her “ Art-Student in Munich,” Vol. I. Chap. IV. She says:—

“ We had come expecting to feel our souls revolt at so material a representation of Christ, as any representation of him we naturally imagined must be in a peasant's Miracle-Play. Yet so far, strange to confess, neither horror, disgust, nor contempt was excited in our minds. Such an earnest solemnity and simplicity breathed throughout the whole of the performance, that to me, at least, any thing like anger, or a perception of the ludicrous, would have seemed more irreverent on my part than was this simple, childlike rendering of the sublime Christian tragedy. We felt at times as though the figures of Cimabue's, Giotto's, and Perugino's pictures had become animated, and were moving before us; there was the same simple arrangement and brilliant color of drapery,—the same earnest, quiet dignity about the heads, whilst the entire absence of all theatrical effect wonderfully increased the illusion. There were scenes and groups so extraordinarily like the early Italian pictures, that you could have declared they were the works of Giotto and Perugino, and not living men and women, had not the figures moved and spoken, and the breeze stirred their richly colored drapery, and the sun cast long, moving shadows behind them on the stage. These effects of sun-

shine and shadow, and of drapery fluttered by the wind, were very striking and beautiful; one could imagine how the Greeks must have availed themselves of such striking effects in their theatres open to the sky."

Mr. Bayard Taylor, in his "Eldorado," gives a description of a Mystery he saw performed at San Lionel, in Mexico. See Vol. II. Chap. XI.

"Against the wing-wall of the Hacienda del Mayo, which occupied one end of the plaza, was raised a platform, on which stood a table covered with scarlet cloth. A rude bower of cane-leaves, on one end of the platform, represented the manger of Bethlehem; while a cord, stretched from its top across the plaza to a hole in the front of the church, bore a large tinsel star, suspended by a hole in its centre. There was quite a crowd in the plaza, and very soon a procession appeared, coming up from the lower part of the village. The three kings took the lead; the Virgin, mounted on an ass that gloried in a gilded saddle and rose-besprinkled mane and tail, followed them, led by the angel; and several women, with curious masks of paper, brought up the rear. Two characters of the harlequin sort—one with a dog's head on his shoulders, and the other a bald-headed friar, with a huge hat hanging on his back—played all sorts of antics for the diversion of the crowd. After making the circuit of the plaza, the Virgin was taken to the platform, and entered the manger. King Herod took his seat at the scarlet table, with an attendant in blue coat and red sash, whom I took to be his Prime Minister. The three kings remained on their horses in front of the church; but between them and the platform, under the string on which the star was to slide, walked two men in long white robes and blue hoods, with parchment folios in their hands. These were the Wise Men of the East, as one might readily know from their solemn air, and the mysterious glances which they cast towards all quarters of the heavens.

"In a little while, a company of women on the platform, concealed behind a curtain, sang an angelic chorus to the tune of 'O pescator dell'onda.' At the proper moment, the Magi turned towards the platform, followed by the star, to which a string was conveniently attached, that it might be slid along the line. The three kings followed the star till it reached the manger, when they dismounted, and inquired for the sovereign whom it had led them to visit. They were invited upon the platform, and introduced to Herod, as the only king: this did not seem

to satisfy them, and, after some conversation, they retired. By this time the star had receded to the other end of the line, and commenced moving forward again, they following. The angel called them into the manger, where, upon their knees, they were shown a small wooden box, supposed to contain the sacred infant; they then retired, and the star brought them back no more. After this departure, King Herod declared himself greatly confused by what he had witnessed, and was very much afraid this newly found king would weaken his power. Upon consultation with his Prime Minister, the Massacre of the Innocents was decided upon, as the only means of security,

“The angel, on hearing this, gave warning to the Virgin, who quickly got down from the platform, mounted her bespangled donkey, and hurried off. Herod’s Prime Minister directed all the children to be handed up for execution. A boy, in a ragged sarape, was caught and thrust forward; the Minister took him by the heels in spite of his kicking, and held his head on the table. The little brother and sister of the boy, thinking he was really to be decapitated, yelled at the top of their voices, in an agony of terror, which threw the crowd into a roar of laughter. King Herod brought down his sword with a whack on the table, and the Prime Minister, dipping his brush into a pot of white paint which stood before him, made a flaring cross on the boy’s face. Several other boys were caught and served likewise; and, finally, the two harlequins, whose kicks and struggles nearly shook down the platform. The procession then went off up the hill, followed by the whole population of the village. All the evening there were fandangos in the méson, bonfires and rockets on the plaza, ringing of bells, and high mass in the church, with the accompaniment of two guitars, tinkling to lively polkas.”

In 1852 there was a representation of this kind by Germans in Boston: and I have now before me the copy of a play-bill, announcing the performance, on June 10, 1852, in Cincinnati, of the “Great Biblico-Historical Drama, the Life of Jesus Christ,” with the characters and the names of the performers.

Page 165. THE SCRIPTORIUM.

A most interesting volume might be written on the Calligraphers and Chrysographers, the transcribers and illuminators of manuscripts in the Middle Ages. These men were for the most part monks, who labored, sometimes for pleasure and sometimes for penance, in multiplying copies of the classics and the Scriptures.

“Of all bodily labors, which are proper for us,” says Cassiodorus, the old Calabrian monk, “that of copying books has always been more to my taste than any other. The more so, as in this exercise the mind is instructed by the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and it is a kind of homily to the others, whom these books may reach. It is preaching with the hand, by converting the fingers into tongues; it is publishing to men in silence the words of salvation; in fine, it is fighting against the demon with pen and ink. As many words as a transcriber writes, so many wounds the demon receives. In a word, a recluse, seated in his chair to copy books, travels into different provinces, without moving from the spot, and the labor of his hands is felt even where he is not.”

Nearly every monastery was provided with its Scriptorium. Nicolas de Clairvaux, St. Bernard's secretary, in one of his letters describes his cell, which he calls Scriptorium, where he copied books. And Mabillon, in his *Études Monastiques*, says that in his time were still to be seen at Citeaux “many of those little cells, where the transcribers and bookbinders worked.”

Silvestre's *Paléographie Universelle* contains a vast number of fac-similes of the most beautiful illuminated manuscripts of all ages and all countries; and Montfaucon in his *Palæographia Græca* gives the names of over three hundred calligraphers. He also gives an account of the books they copied, and the colophons, with which, as with a satisfactory flourish of the pen, they closed their long-continued labors. Many of these are very curious; expressing joy, humility, remorse; entreating the reader's prayers and pardon for the writer's sins; and sometimes pronouncing a malediction on any one who should steal the book. A few of these I subjoin:—

“As pilgrims rejoice, beholding their native land, so are transcribers made glad, beholding the end of a book.”

“Sweet is it to write the end of any book.”

“Ye who read, pray for me, who have written this book, the humble and sinful Theodulus.”

“As many therefore as shall read this book, pardon me, I beseech you, if aught I have erred in accent acute and grave, in apostrophe, in breathing soft or aspirate; and may God save you all! Amen.”

“If any thing is well, praise the transcriber; if ill, pardon his unskilfulness.”

“Ye who read, pray for me, the most sinful of all men, for the Lord's sake.”

“The hand that has written this book shall decay, alas! and become dust, and go down to the grave, the corrupter

of all bodies. But all ye who are of the portion of Christ, pray that I may obtain the pardon of my sins. Again and again I beseech you with tears, brothers and fathers, accept my miserable supplication, O holy choir! I am called John, woe is me! I am called Hieruus, or Sacerdos, in name only, not in unction."

"Whoever shall carry away this book, without permission of the Pope, may he incur the malediction of the Holy Trinity, of the Holy Mother of God, of Saint John the Baptist, of the one hundred and eighteen holy Nicene Fathers, and of all the Saints; the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah; and the halter of Judas! Anathema, amen."

"Keep safe, O Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, my three fingers, with which I have written this book."

"Mathusalas Machir transcribed this divinest book in toil, infirmity, and dangers many."

"Bacchius Barbardorius and Michael Sophianus wrote this book in sport and laughter, being the guests of their noble and common friend Vincentius Pinellus, and Petrus Nunnus, a most learned man."

This last colophon, Montfaucon does not suffer to pass without reproof. "Other calligraphers," he remarks, "demand only the prayers of their readers, and the pardon of their sins; but these glory in their wantonness."

Page 175. *Drink down to your peg!*

One of the canons of Archbishop Anselm, promulgated at the beginning of the twelfth century, ordains "that priests go not to drinking-bouts, nor drink to pegs." In the times of the hard-drinking Danes, King Edgar ordained that "pins or nails should be fastened into the drinking-cups or horns at stated distances, and whosoever should drink beyond those marks at one draught should be obnoxious to a severe punishment."

Sharpe, in his History of the Kings of England, says: "Our ancestors were formerly famous for computation; their liquor was ale, and one method of amusing themselves in this way was with the peg-tankard. I had lately one of them in my hand. It had on the inside a row of eight pins, one above another, from top to bottom. It held two quarts, and was a noble piece of plate, so that there was a gill of ale, half a pint Winchester measure, between each peg. The law was, that every person that drank was to empty the space between pin and pin, so that the pins were so many measures to make the company all drink alike, and to swallow the same quantity of liquor. This was a pretty sure method of making all the company drunk, especially if it be considered that the rule was, that whoever drank short of his

pin, or beyond it, was obliged to drink again, and even as deep as to the next pin."

Page 177. *The convent of St. Gildas de Rhuy.*

Abelard, in a letter to his friend Philintus, gives a sad picture of this monastery. "I live," he says, "in a barbarous country, the language of which I do not understand; I have no conversation but with the rudest people. my walks are on the inaccessible shore of a sea, which is perpetually stormy. my monks are only known by their dissoluteness, and living without any rule or order. could you see the abby, Philintus, you would not call it one. the doors and walls are without any ornament, except the heads of wild boars and hinds feet, which are nailed up against them, and the hides of frightful animals. the cells are hung with the skins of deer. the monks have not so much as a bell to wake them, the cocks and dogs supply that defect. in short, they pass their whole days in hunting; would to heaven that were their greatest fault! or that their pleasures terminated there! I endeavour in vain to recall them to their duty; they all combine against me, and I only expose myself to continual vexations and dangers. I imagine I see every moment a naked sword hang over my head. sometimes they surround me, and load me with infinite abuses; sometimes they abandon me, and I am left alone to my own tormenting thoughts. I make it my endeavour to merit by my sufferings, and to appease an angry God. sometimes I grieve for the loss of the house of the Paraclete, and wish to see it again. ah Philintus, does not the love of Heloise still burn in my heart? I have not yet triumphed over that unhappy passion. in the midst of my retirement I sigh, I weep, I pine, I speak the dear name Heloise, and am pleased to hear the sound."—*Letters of the Celebrated Abelard and Heloise. Translated by Mr. John Hughes. Glasgow, 1751.*

Page 199. *Were it not for my magic garters and staff.*

The method of making the Magic Garters and the Magic Staff is thus laid down in *Les Secrets Merveilleux du Petit Albert*, a French translation of *Alberti Parvi Lucii Libellus de Mirabilibus Naturæ Arcanis*:—

"Gather some of the herb called motherwort, when the sun is entering the first degree of the sign of Capricorn; let it dry a little in the shade, and make some garters of the skin of a young hare; that is to say, having cut the skin of the hare into strips two inches wide, double them, sew the before-mentioned herb between, and wear them on your legs. No horse can long keep up with a man on foot, who is furnished with these garters."—p. 128.

“Gather, on the morrow of All-Saints, a strong branch of willow, of which you will make a staff, fashioned to your liking. Hollow it out, by removing the pith from within, after having furnished the lower end with an iron ferule. Put into the bottom of the staff the two eyes of a young wolf, the tongue and heart of a dog, three green lizards, and the hearts of three swallows. These must all be dried in the sun, between two papers, having been first sprinkled with finely pulverized saltpetre. Besides all these, put into the staff seven leaves of vervain, gathered on the eve of St. John the Baptist, with a stone of divers colors, which you will find in the nest of the lapwing, and stop the end of the staff with a pomel of box, or of any other material you please, and be assured, that this staff will guarantee you from the perils and mishaps which too often befall travellers, either from robbers, wild beasts, mad dogs, or venomous animals. It will also procure you the good-will of those with whom you lodge.”—p. 130.

Page 206. *Saint Elmo's stars.*

So the Italian sailors call the phosphorescent gleams that sometimes play about the masts and rigging of ships.

Page 208. THE SCHOOL OF SALERNO.

For a history of the celebrated schools of Salerno and Monte-Cassino, the reader is referred to Sir Alexander Croke's Introduction to the *Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum*; and to Kurt Sprengel's *Geschichte der Arzneikundè*, I. 463, or Jourdan's French translation of it, *Histoire de la Médecine*, II. 354.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.—This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenawagon, and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algic Researches*, Vol. I. p. 134; and in his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States*, Part. III. p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in res-



cuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians.

The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

Page 232. *In the Vale of Tawasentha.*

This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York:

Page 235. *On the Mountains of the Prairie.*

Mr. Catlin, in his *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians*, Vol. II. p. 160, gives an interesting account of the *Côteau des Prairies*, and the Red Pipe-stone Quarry. He says:

"Here (according to their traditions) happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the continent; which has visited every warrior, and passed through its reddened stem the irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here, also, the peace-breathing calumet was born, and fringed with the eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and soothed the fury of the relentless savage.

"The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and, standing on the precipice of the red pipe-stone rock, broke from its wall a piece, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the North, the South, the East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red,—that it was their flesh,—that they must use it for their pipes of peace,—that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet (Tso-mec-cos-tee and Tso-me-cos-te-won-dee), answering to the invocations of the high-priests or medicine-men, who consult them when they are visitors to this sacred place."

Page 241. *Hark you, Bear! you are a coward.*

This anecdote is from Heckewelder. In his account of the *Indian Nations*, he describes an Indian hunter as addressing a bear in nearly these words. "I was present," he says, "at the delivery of this curious invective; when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought that poor animal could understand what he said to it? 'O,' said he in answer, 'the bear understood me

very well; did you not observe how *ashamed* he looked while I was upbraiding him?"—*Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. I. p. 240.

Page 250. *Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!*

Heckewelder, in a letter published in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, Vol. IV. p. 260, speaks of this tradition as prevalent among the Mohicans and Delawares.

"Their reports," he says, "run thus: that among all animals that had been formerly in this country, this was the most ferocious; that it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied; all over, (except a spot of hair on its back of a white color,) naked. . . . ."

"The history of this animal used to be a subject of conversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a hunting. I have also heard them say to their children when crying: 'Hush! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you.'"

Page 261. *Where the Falls of Minnehaha, &c.*

"The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The Falls of St. Anthony are familiar to travellers, and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the 'Little Falls,' forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians called them Mine-hah-hah, or 'laughing waters.'"—Mrs. Eastman's *Dacotah, or Legends of the Sioux*, Introd. p. ii.

Page 306. *Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo.*

A description of the *Grand Sable*, or great sand dunes of Lake Superior, is given in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II. p. 131.

"The Grand Sable possesses a scenic interest little inferior to that of the Pictured Rocks. The explorer passes abruptly from a coast of consolidated sand to one of loose materials; and although in the one case the cliffs are less precipitous, yet in the other they attain a higher altitude. He sees before him a long reach of coast, resembling a vast sand-bank, more than three hundred and fifty feet in height, without a trace of vegetation. Ascending to the top, rounded hillocks of blown sand are observed, with occasional clumps of trees, standing out like oases in the desert."

Page 306. *Onaway! Awake, beloved!*

The original of this song may be found in Littell's *Living Age*, Vol. XXV. p. 45.

Page 310. *Or the Red Swan floating, flying.*

The fanciful tradition of the Red Swan may be found

in Schoolcraft's *Algic Researches*, Vol. II. p. 9. Three brothers were hunting on a wager to see who would bring home the first game.

"They were to shoot no other animal," so the legend says, "but such as each was in the habit of killing. They set out different ways; Odjibwa, the youngest, had not gone far before he saw a bear, an animal he was not to kill, by the agreement. He followed him close, and drove an arrow through him, which brought him to the ground. Although contrary to the bet, he immediately commenced skinning him, when suddenly something red tinged all the air around him. He rubbed his eyes, thinking he was perhaps deceived; but without effect, for the red hue continued. At length he heard a strange noise at a distance. It first appeared like a human voice, but after following the sound for some distance, he reached the shores of a lake, and soon saw the object he was looking for. At a distance out in the lake sat a most beautiful Red Swan, whose plumage glittered in the sun, and who would now and then make the same noise he had heard. He was within long bow-shot, and, pulling the arrow from the bowstring up to his ear, took deliberate aim and shot. The arrow took no effect; and he shot and shot again till his quiver was empty. Still the swan remained, moving round and round, stretching its long neck and dipping its bill into the water, as if heedless of the arrows shot at it. Odjibwa ran home, and got all his own and his brother's arrows, and shot them all away. He then stood and gazed at the beautiful bird. While standing, he remembered his brother's saying that in their deceased father's medicine-sack were three magic arrows. Off he started, his anxiety to kill the swan overcoming all scruples. At any other time, he would have deemed it sacrilege to open his father's medicine-sack; but now he hastily seized the three arrows and ran back, leaving the other contents of the sack scattered over the lodge. The swan was still there. He shot the first arrow with great precision, and came very near to it. The second came still closer; as he took the last arrow, he felt his arm firmer, and, drawing it up with vigor, saw it pass through the neck of the swan a little above the breast. Still it did not prevent the bird from flying off, which it did, however, at first slowly, flapping its wings and rising gradually into the air, and then flying off toward the sinking of the sun."—pp. 10-12.

Page 318. *When I think of my beloved.*

The original of this song may be found in *Oneóta*, p. 15.

Page 320. *Sing the mysteries of Mondamin.*

The Indians hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. "They esteem it so important and divine a grain," says Schoolcraft, "that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Odjibwa-Algonquins, who call it Mon-dá-min, that is, the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, or coming to manhood.

"It is well known that corn-planting, and corn-gathering, at least among all the still *uncolonized* tribes, are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labor is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equivalent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labor of the other sex, in providing meats, and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies, and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this a part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honor her husband's hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge guests."—*Oneóta*, p. 82.

Page 321. *Thus the fields shall be more fruitful.*

"A singular proof of this belief, in both sexes, of the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman on the vegetable and insect creation, is found in an ancient custom, which was related to me, respecting corn-planting. It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or overclouded evening to perform a secret circuit, *sans habilement*, around the field. For this purpose she slipped out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely disrobed. Then, taking her matchecota, or principal garment, in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to insure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed they could not creep over the charmed line."—*Oneóta*, p. 83.

Page 324. *With his prisoner-string he bound him.*

"These cords," says Mr. Tanner, "are made of the bark of the elm-tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. . . . The leader of a war party commonly carries several fastened about his waist, and if, in the course of the fight, any one of his young men takes a

prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief, to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safe-keeping."—*Narrative of Captivity and Adventures*, p. 412.

Page 325. *Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields,*  
*Paimosaid, the skulking robber.*

"If one of the young female huskers finds a red ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be *crooked*, and tapering to a point, no matter what color, the whole circle is set in a roar, and *wa-ge-min* is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the corn-field. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot. Had the chisel of Praxiteles been employed to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry group the idea of a pilferer of their favorite *mondámin*. . . .

"The literal meaning of the term is, a mass, or crooked ear of grain; but the ear of corn so called is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in a corn-field. It is in this manner that a single word or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful parent of many ideas. And we can thus perceive why it is that the word *wagemin* is alone competent to excite merriment in the husking circle.

"This term is taken as the basis of the cereal chorus, or corn song, as sung by the Northern Algonquin tribes. It is coupled with the phrase *Paimosaid*,—a permutative form of the Indian substantive, made from the verb *pim-o-sa*, to walk. Its literal meaning is, *he who walks*, or *the walker*; but the ideas conveyed by it are, *he who walks by night to pilfer corn*. It offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the preceding term."—*Oneóta*, p. 254.

Page 339. *Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.*

This Game of the Bowl is the principal game of hazard among the Northern tribes of Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft gives a particular account of it in *Oneóta*, p. 85. "This game," he says, "is very fascinating to some portions of the Indians. They stake at it their ornaments, weapons, clothing, canoes, horses, every thing in fact they possess; and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, and even to forfeit their own liberty. Of such desperate stakes I have seen no examples, nor do I think the game itself in common use. It is rather confined to certain persons, who hold the relative rank of gamblers in Indian society,—men who are not noted as hunters or warriors, or steady providers for their families. Among these are persons who bear the term of *Ienadizze-wug*,

that is, wanderers about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed with the popular games of amusement, by which skill and dexterity are acquired. I have generally found the chiefs and graver men of the tribes, who encouraged the young men to play ball, and are sure to be present at the customary sports, to witness, and sanction, and applaud them, speak lightly and disparagingly of this game of hazard. Yet it cannot be denied that some of the chiefs, distinguished in war and the chase, at the West, can be referred to as lending their example to its fascinating power."

See also his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes*, Part II. p. 72.

Page 352. *To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone.*

The reader will find a long description of the Pictured Rocks, in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, Part II. p. 124. From this I make the following extract:—

"The Pictured Rocks may be described, in general terms, as a series of sandstone bluffs extending along the shore of Lake Superior for about five miles, and rising, in most places, vertically from the water, without any beach at the base, to a height varying from fifty to nearly two hundred feet. Were they simply a line of cliffs, they might not, so far as relates to height or extent, be worthy of a rank among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky strata, washed by the waves of the great lake, would not, under any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the voyager, coasting along their base in his frail canoe, they would, at all times, be an object of dread; the recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast, affording, for miles, no place of refuge,—the lowering sky, the rising wind,—all these would excite his apprehension, and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are, first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated, and worn away by the action of the lake, which, for centuries, has dashed an ocean-like surf against their base; and, second, the equally curious manner in which large portions of the surface have been colored by bands of brilliant hues.

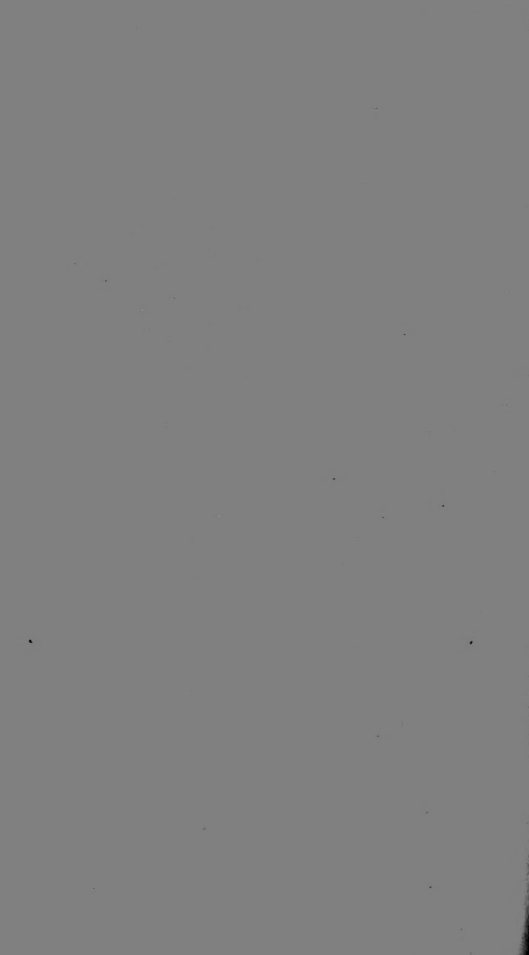
"It is from the latter circumstance that the name, by which these cliffs are known to the American traveller, is derived; while that applied to them by the French voyageurs ('Les Portails') is derived from the former, and by far the most striking peculiarity.

“The term *Pictured Rocks* has been in use for a great length of time; but when it was first applied, we have been unable to discover. It would seem that the first travellers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colors on the surface, than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs themselves have been worn. . . . .

“Our voyageurs had many legends to relate of the pranks of the *Menni-bojou* in these caverns, and, in answer to our inquiries, seemed disposed to fabricate stories, without end, of the achievements of this Indian deity.”

Page 378. *Toward the sun his hands were lifted.*

In this manner, and with such salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinois. See his *Voyages et Découvertes*, Section V.





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