

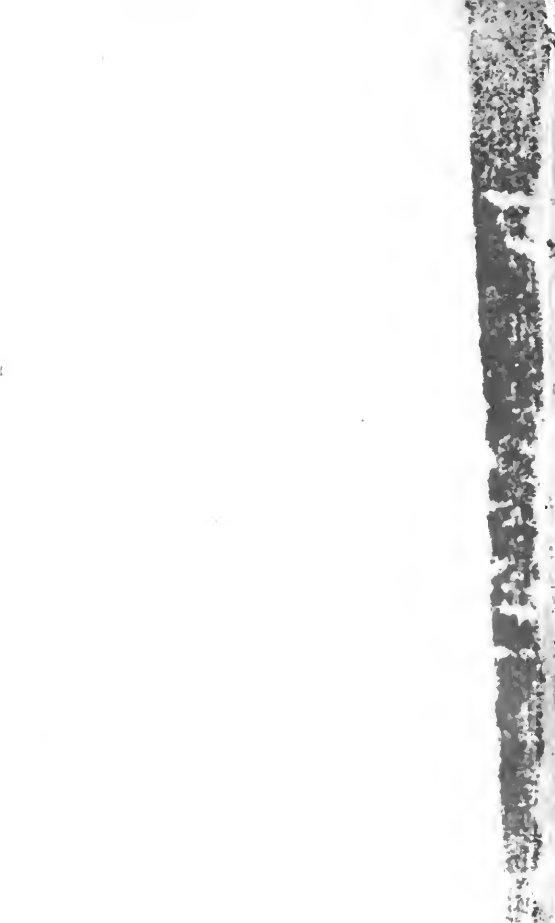
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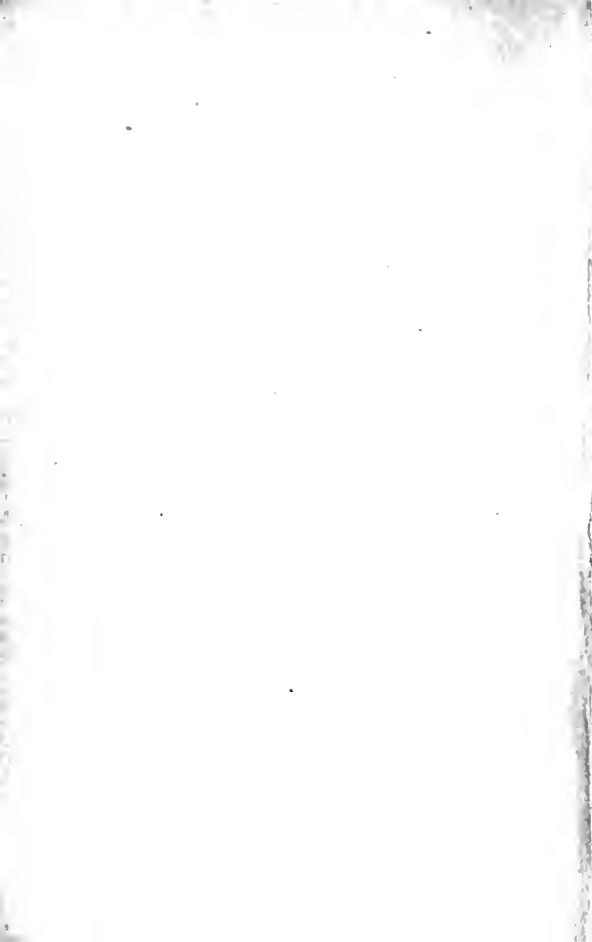
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LONGFELLOW'S

POETICAL WORKS.



THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

AUTHOR OF "HYPERION" ETC.

LONDON:

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & CO., SOHO SQUARE

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VOICES OF THE NIGHT

Πότνια, πότνια νύξ,
ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,
'Ερεβόθεν ἴθι· μόλε μόλε κατάπτερος
'Αγαμεμόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον·
ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς
διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

EURIPIDES.

PRELUDE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

And, loving still these quaint old themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- “ Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,
 Not mountains capped with snow,
 Nor forests sounding like the sea,
 Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
 Where the woodlands bend to see
 The bending heavens below.
- “ There is a forest, where the din
 Of iron branches sounds!
 A mighty river roars between,
 And whosoever looks therein
 Sees the heavens all black with sin,—
 Sees not its depths, nor bounds.
- “ Athwart the swinging branches cast,
 Soft rays of sunshine pour;
 Then comes the fearful wintry blast;
 Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;
 Pallid lips say, ‘ It is past!
 We can return no more!’
- “ Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
 Yes, into life’s deep stream!
 All forms of sorrow and delight,
 All solemn Voices of the Night,
 That can soothe thee, or affright,—
 Be these henceforth thy theme.”

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

Ἄσπασιη, τριλλιστος.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO
THE PSALMIST.

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

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

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;

But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

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

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

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

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

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

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall;

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

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

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

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

With a slow and noiseless footstep,
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,

Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, thou oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of old;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars, which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,

Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.
And with child-like, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand ;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better laud.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING
 YEAR.

YES, the Year is growing old,
 And his eye is pale and bleared !
 Death, with frosty hand and cold,
 Plucks the old man by the beard,
 Sorely,—sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling,
 Solemnly and slow ;
 " Caw ! caw ! " the rooks are calling,
 It is a sound of woe,
 A sound of woe !

Through woods and mountain passes
 The winds, like anthems, roll ;
 They are chanting solemn masses,
 Singing : " Pray for this poor soul,
 Pray,—pray ! "

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
 Tell their beads in drops of rain,
 And patter their doleful prayers ;—
 But their prayers are all in vain,
 All in vain !

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

Then comes the summer-like day,
 Bids the old man rejoice !
 His joy ! his last ! O, the old man gray
 Loveth that ever soft voice,
 Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,—
 To the voice gentle and low
 Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,—
 " Pray do not mock me so !
 Do not laugh at me ! "

And now the sweet day is dead ;
 Cold in his arms it lies ;
 No stain from his breath is spread
 Over the glassy skies,
 No mist or stain !

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
“ Vex not his ghost !”

Then comes with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind !

Howl ! howl ! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away !
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O Soul, could thus decay,
And be swept away !

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day ;
And the stars, from heaven down cast,
Like red leaves be swept away !
Kyrie, eleyson !
Christe, cleyson !

BALLADS.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

[THE following Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous, a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armour ; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord*, for 1838-1839, says:—

“ There is no mistaking, in this instance, the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or ante-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century ; that style, which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon, and sometimes Norman architecture.

“ On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all, who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture, will concur, that **THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.** This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received ; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building, which cannot be mistaken.

and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses; for example, as the sub-structure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fire-place, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad; though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim, with Sancho, "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill; and nobody could mistake it, but one who had the like in his head."]

“SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
 Who, with thy hollow breast
 Still in rude armour drest,
 Comest to daunt me!
 Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
 But with thy fleshless palms
 Stretched, as if asking alms,
 Why dost thou haunt me?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Once, as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning, yet tender;

And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendour.

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

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

“While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

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

- " Scarce had I put to sea,
 Bearing the maid with me,—
 Fairest of all was she
 Among the Norsemen!
 When on the white sea-strand,
 Waving his armed hand,
 Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen.
- " Then launched they to the blast,
 Bent like a reed each mast,
 Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us;
 And with a sudden flaw
 Came round the gusty Skaw,
 So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.
- " And as to catch the gale,
 Round veered the flapping sail,
 Death! was the helmsman's hail,
 Death without quarter!
 Mid-ships with iron keel
 Struck we her ribs of steel;
 Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water!
- " As with his wings aslant,
 Sails the fierce cormorant,
 Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden,
 So toward the open main,
 Beating to sea again,
 Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden.
- " Three weeks we westward bore,
 And when the storm was o'er,
 Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward;

There for my lady's bower
 Built I the lofty tower,
 Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking scaward.

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

“Still grew my bosom then,
 Still as a stagnant fen!
 Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful!
 In the vast forest here,
 Clad in my warlike gear,
 Fell I upon my spear,
 O, death was grateful!

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

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?”

“ 'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast! ”—
And he steered for the open sea.

“ O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be? ”

“ Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea! ”

“ O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be? ”

But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

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

ENDYMION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

No hay Pájaros en los nidos de Antaño.—*Spanish Proverb.*

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

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

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

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

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,
 Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;
 Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
 For O ! it is not always May !

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,
 To some good angel leave the rest ;
 For Time will teach thee soon the truth,
 There are no birds in last year's nest.

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
 The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
 And the day is dark and dreary.

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

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

 GOD'S ACRE.

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

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

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

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

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

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

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

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

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

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

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

Not for this alone I love thee,
 Nor because thy waves of blue
 From celestial seas above thee
 Take their own celestial hue.

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

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

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

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

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
 Of Jericho in darkness waits;
 He hears the crowd;—he hears a breath
 Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth!"
 And calls, in tones of agony,
Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με!

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

Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
 The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands?"
 And he replies, "O give me light!
 Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight!"
 And Jesus answers, *Ὑπάγε·*
Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!

Ye that have eyes, and cannot see,
 In darkness and in misery,
 Recall those mighty Voices Three,
 Ἰησοῦ, ἐλέησόν με !
 Θάρσει, ἔγειραι, ὕπαγε !
 Ἡ πίστις σου σεσωκέ σε !

MAIDENHOOD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXCELSIOR.

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

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

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

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

“ O stay ! ” the maiden said, “ and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast ! ”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior !

“ Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche ! ”
This was the peasant’s last good night !
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior !

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

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

IN the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry
old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it
watches o'er the town.

As the summer-morn was breaking, on that lofty
tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the
weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with
streams and vapours gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and
vast the landscape lay.

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

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

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

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

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the
nuns sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the
chanting of a friar.

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

All the Foresters of Flanders,²—mighty Baldwin
Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de
Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned
those days of old;
Stately dames, like queens attended,³ knights
who bore the Fleece of Gold;⁴

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

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on
the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary,⁵ hunting with her
hawk and hound;

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

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and
 Juliers bold,
 Marching homeward from the bloody battle of
 the Spurs of Gold;⁶

Saw the fight at Minnewater,⁷ saw the White
 Hoods moving west,
 Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden
 Dragon's nest.⁸

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

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and
 dyke of sand,
 "I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in
 the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The
 awakened city's roar
 Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into
 their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and,
 before I was aware,
 Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-
 illumined square.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my steed,
 Let me review the scene,
 And summon from the shadowy Past
 The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite
 Beneath Time's flowing tide,

Like foot-prints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.

Here runs the highway to the town;
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
O gentlest of my friends!

The shadow of the linden-trees
Lay moving on the grass;
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow, thou didst pass.

Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they;
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.

I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,
The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

"Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born!"
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

Through the closed blinds the golden sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.

And ever and anon the wind,
Sweet-scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves
That on the window lay.

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

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

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

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

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

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched
 asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

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

Were half the power that fills the world with
 terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and
 courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

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

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then
cease!

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
"Peace!"

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

NUREMBERG.

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

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

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

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in
their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand
through every clime.⁹

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

On the square the oriel window, where in old
 heroic days
 Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maxi-
 milian's praise.¹⁰

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous
 world of Art,—
 Fountains wrought with richest sculpture stand-
 ing in the common mart;

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

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined
 his holy dust,¹¹
 And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from
 age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix
 of sculpture rare,¹²
 Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through
 the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple,
 reverent heart,
 Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evan-
 gelist of Art;

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

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

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

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

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

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the
mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to
the anvil's chime ;

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

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet, laureate of
the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters,¹³ in huge
folios sang and laughed.

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

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam
Puschman's song,¹⁴
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his
great beard white and long.

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

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

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

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

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

THE NORMAN BARON.

Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes à son image.—THIERRY : *Conquête de l'Angleterre*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,

And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
 "Miserere, Domine!"

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

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
 Falsehood and deceit were banished,
 Reason spake more loud than passion,
 And the truth wore no disguise.

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

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

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

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

THE DAY IS DONE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,

And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music.
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:
From Bermuda's reefs; from edges
Of sunken ledges,
In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing,
Surges of San Salvador;
From the tumbling surf, that buries
The Orkneyan Skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;—
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
 Strike the ocean
 Of the poet's soul, ere long
 From each cave and rocky fastness,
 In its vastness,
 Floats some fragments of a song:
 From the far-off isles enchanted,
 Heaven has planted
 With the golden fruit of Truth;
 From the flashing surf, whose vision
 Gleams Elysian
 In the tropic clime of Youth;
 From the strong Will, and the Endeavour
 That for ever
 Wrestles with the tides of Fate;
 From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
 Tempest-shattered,
 Floating waste and desolate;
 Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
 On the shifting
 Currents of the restless heart;
 Till at length in books recorded,
 They, like hoarded
 Household words, no more depart.

 L'ENVOI.

YE voices, that arose
 After the Evening's close,
 And whispered to my restless heart repose!
 Go, breathe it in the ear
 Of all who doubt and fear,
 And say to them, "Be of good cheer!"

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

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

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

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

EARLIER POEMS.

[THESE Poems were written, for the most part, during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names, and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches, on a similar occasion: "I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb."]

AN APRIL DAY.

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

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

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and coloured
wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope
throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And, when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide,
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows
throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

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

AUTUMN.

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

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

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

WOODS IN WINTER.

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

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

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
 The summer vine in beauty clung,
 And summer winds the stillness broke,
 The crystal icicle is hung.

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

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

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

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

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM,

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

WHEN the dying flame of day
 Through the chancel shot its ray,
 Far the glimmering tapers shed
 Faint light on the cowed head;
 And the censer burning swung,
 Where, before the altar, hung

The blood-red banner, that with prayer
 Had been consecrated there.
 And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
 Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

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

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

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

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

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

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.

The clouds were far beneath me;—bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded
height,

And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered
lance,

And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade;
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,—
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland
fills,

Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin
smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle
broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
 With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
 If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
 Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
 Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
 Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
 That dwells where'er the gentle south wind
 blows;
 Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
 The wild flowers bloom, or kissing the soft air,
 The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
 With what a tender and impassioned voice
 It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
 When the fast ushering star of morning comes
 O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;
 Or when the cowed and dusky-sandaled Eve,
 In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
 Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves
 In the green valley, where the silver brook,
 From its full laver, pours the white cascade;
 And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
 Slips down through moss-grown stones with
 endless laughter.
 And frequent, on the everlasting hills,
 Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
 In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
 And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here,
 amid
 The silent majesty of these deep woods,
 Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
 As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air
 Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted
 bards

Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
 For them there was an eloquent voice in all
 The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
 The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
 Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,—
 The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
 Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,—
 Groves, through whose broken roof the sky
 looks in,
 Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
 The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,
 In many a lazy syllable, repeating
 Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
 The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,
 My busy fancy oft embodies it,
 As a bright image of the light and beauty
 That dwell in nature,—of the heavenly forms
 We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
 That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the
 clouds

When the sun sets. Within her eye
 The heaven of April, with its changing light,
 And when it wears the blue of May, is hung;
 And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair
 Is like the summer tresses of the trees,
 When twilight makes them brown; and on her
 cheek

Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
 With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
 It is so like the gentle air of Spring,
 As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
 Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
 To have it round us,—and her silver voice
 Is the rich music of a summer bird,
 Heard in the still night, with its passionate
 cadence.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

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

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

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

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

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

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death-dirge of the slain;

Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress.
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

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

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

THE NOBLE HORSE,
THAT, IN HIS FIERY YOUTH, FROM HIS WIDE NOSTRILS
NEIGHED COURAGE TO HIS RIDER, AND BRAKE THROUGH
GROVES OF OPPOSED PIKES, BEARING HIS LORD
SAFE TO TRIUMPHANT VICTORY, OLD OR WOUNDED,
WAS SET AT LIBERTY AND FREED FROM SERVICE.
THE ATHENIAN MULES, THAT FROM THE QUARRY DREW
MARBLE, HEWED FOR THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS,
THE GREAT WORK ENDED, WERE DISMISSED AND FED
AT THE PUBLIC COST; NAY, FAITHFUL DOGS HAVE FOUND
THEIR SEPULCHRES; BUT MAN, TO MAN MORE CRUEL,
APPOINTS NO END TO THE SUFFERINGS OF HIS SLAVE.

Massinger

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

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

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

Well done! Thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me,

Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.

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

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

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

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

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

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

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—

A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

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

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

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

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

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

THE GOOD PART THAT SHALL NOT
BE TAKEN AWAY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Long since beyond the Southern Sea
Their outbound sails have sped,

While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

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

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

IN dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
The hunted Negro lay !

He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp,
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

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

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

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

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

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

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE WITNESSES.

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

Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships, with all their crews,
No more to sink or rise.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE QUADROON GIRL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her eyes were, like a falcon's, gray,
Her arms and neck were bare;
No garment she wore, save a kirtle gay
And her own long, raven hair.

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

“The soil is barren—the farm is old,”
 The thoughtful Planter said;
 Then looked upon the Slaver’s gold,
 And then upon the maid.

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

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

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

THE WARNING.

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

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

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

Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,
Till the vast temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

A Play, in Three Acts.

WHAT'S DONE WE PARTLY MAY COMPUTE,
BUT KNOW NOT WHAT'S RESISTED.

Burns.

[THE subject of the following Play is taken in part from the beautiful tale of Cervantes, *La Gitanilla*. To this source, however, I am indebted for the main incident only, the love of a Spanish student for a Gipsy girl, and the name of the heroine, *Preciosa*. I have not followed the story in any of its details.

In Spain this subject has been twice handled dramatically; first by Juan Perez de Montalvan, in *La Gitanilla*, and afterwards by Antonio de Solis y Rivadeneira, in *La Gitanilla de Madrid*.

The same subject has also been made use of by Thomas Middleton, an English gentleman of the seventeenth century. His play is called *The Spanish Gipsy*. The main plot is the same as in the Spanish pieces; but there runs through it a tragic underplot of the loves of Rodrigo and Doña Clara, which is taken from another tale of Cervantes, *La Fuerza de la Sangre*.

The reader who is acquainted with *La Gitanilla* of Cervantes, and the plays of Montalvan, Solis, and Middleton, will perceive that my treatment of the subject differs entirely from theirs.]

Dramatis Personæ.

VICTORIAN, } <i>Students of</i>	PEDRO CRESPO, <i>Alcalde.</i>
HYPOLITO, } <i>Alcalá.</i>	PANCHO, <i>Alguacil.</i>
THE COUNT OF	FRANCISCO, <i>Lara's Serrant.</i>
LARA, } <i>Gentlemen</i>	CHISPA, <i>Victorian's Servant.</i>
DON CARLOS, } <i>of Madrid.</i>	BALTASAR, <i>Innkeeper.</i>
THE ARCHBP. OF TOLEDO.	
A CARDINAL.	PRECIOSA, <i>A Gipsy girl.</i>
BELTRAN CRUZADO, <i>Count</i>	ANGELICA, <i>A poor girl.</i>
<i>of the Gipsies.</i>	MARTINA, <i>The Padre Cura's</i>
BARTOLOME ROMAN, <i>A young</i>	<i>niece.</i>
<i>Gipsy.</i>	DOLORES, <i>Preciosa's maid.</i>
THE PADRE CURA OF GUA-	
DARRAMA.	<i>Gipsies, Musicians, &c.</i>

ACT I.

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

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

Don Car. I had engagements elsewhere.

Pray who was there?

Lara. Why, all the town and court.

The house was crowded; and the busy fans
 Among the gaily dressed and perfumed ladies
 Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.

There was the Countess of Medina Celi;
 The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,
 Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol,
 And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

Don Car. What was the play?

Lara. It was a dull affair;
 One of those comedies in which you see,
 As Lope says,¹⁵ the history of the world [ment.
 Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judg-
 There were three duels fought in the first act,
 Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,
 Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying,
 "O, I am dead!" a lover in a closet,
 An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
 A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,
 Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,
 Who looks intently where he knows she is not!

Don Car. Of course the Preciosa danced to-
 night?

Lara. And never better. Every footstep fell
 As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.
 I think the girl extremely beautiful.

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

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

Don Car. Why do you ask?

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

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

Lara. How credulous you are! Why look
 you, friend,
 There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,
 In this whole city! And would you persuade me
 That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself,
 Nightly, half-naked, on the stage, for money,

And with voluptuous motions fires the blood
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held
A model for her virtue?

Don Car. You forget

She is a Gipsy girl.

Lara. And therefore won
The easier.

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

Lara. And does that prove
That Preciosa is above suspieion? [pulsed

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

Lara. Yet Preeiosa would have taken the gold.

Don Car. (*rising*). I do not think so.

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

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

Lara. Yes; persuade me.

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

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

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

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

(*Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.*)

Well, Francisco,
What speed with Preciosa?
Francisco. None, my lord.
She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you
She is not to be purchased by your gold. [*her.*
Lara. Then I will try some other way to win
Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

Francisco. Yes, my lord;
I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.
Lara. What was he doing there?

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

Lara. Was there another like it?
Francisco. One so like it
I could not choose between them.

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

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

Chispa. Abernuncio Satanas!¹⁶ and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drink-

ing the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (*To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once, be not loud but pathetic; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

1st Mus. Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

Chispa. Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee?

1st Mus. Why so?

Chispa. Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the Tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as

thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

1st Mus. An Arragonese bagpipe.

Chispa. Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedí for playing, and ten for leaving off?

1st Mus. No, your honour.

Chispa. I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

2nd & 3rd Mus. We play the bandurria.

Chispa. A pleasing instrument. And thou?

4th Mus. The fife.

Chispa. I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus. We are the singers, please your honour.

Chispa. You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdoba? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*PRECIOSA'S chamber. She stands at the open window.*

Prec. How slowly through the lilac scented air
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down
The vapoury clouds float in the peaceful sky;
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.
And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like
sounds,
Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!
 Far in yon azure deeps,
 Hide, hide your golden light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
 Far down yon western steeps,
 Sink, sink in silver light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
 Where yonder woodbine creeps,
 Fold, fold thy pinions light!
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
 Tell her, her lover keeps
 Watch! while in slumbers light
 She sleeps!
 My lady sleeps!
 Sleeps!

Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.

Vict. Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a
 leaf? [tremble!

Prec. I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I
 I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!
 Did no one see thee?

Vict. None, my love, but thou.

Prec. 'Tis very dangerous; and when thou art
 I chide myself for letting thee come here [gone

Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been?
Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

Vict. Since yesterday I've been in Alcalá.
Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,
When that dull distance shall no more divide us;
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now. [givest.

Prec. An honest thief, to steal but what thou

Vict. And we shall sit together unmolested,
And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,
As singing birds from one bough to another.

Prec. That were a life indeed to make time
envious!

I knew that thou wouldst visit me to-night.
I saw thee at the play.

Vict. Sweet child of air!
Never did I behold thee so attired
And garmented in beauty as to-night!
What hast thou done to make thee look so fair?

Prec. Am I not always fair?

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

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

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

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

Vict. Thou comest between me and those books
I see thy face in every thing I see! [too often!
The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,
The canticles are changed to sarabands,
And with the learned doctors of the schools
I see thee dance cachuchas.

Prec. In good sooth,

I dance with learned doctors of the schools
To-morrow morning.

Vict. And with whom, I pray?

Prec. A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his
Grace

The Archbishop of Toledo.

Vict. What mad jest

Is this?

Prec. It is no jest; indeed it is not.

Vict. Prithee, explain thyself.

Prec. Why, simply thus.

Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain
To put a stop to dances on the stage.

Vict. I have heard it whispered.

Prec. Now the Cardinal,

Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold
With his own eyes these dances; and the Arch-

Has sent for me — [bishop

Vict. That thou may'st dance before them!

Now viva la eachucha! It will breathe

The fire of youth into these gray old men!

'Twill be thy proudest conquest!

Prec. Saving one.

And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,

And Preciosa be once more a beggar. [alms;

Vict. The sweetest beggar that e'er asked for
With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee
I gave my heart away!

Prec. Dost thou remember

When first we met?

Vict. It was at Córdoba,

In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting

Under the orange trees, beside a fountain.

Prec. 'Twas Easter Sunday. The full-blos-
somed trees

Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy:

The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,

And then anon the great cathedral bell.
 It was the elevation of the Host.
 We both of us fell down upon our knees,
 Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.
 I never had been happy till that moment.

Vict. Thou blessed angel!

Prec. And when thou wast gone
 I felt an aching here. I did not speak
 To any one that day. But from that day
 Bartolomé grew hateful unto me. [shadow

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

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

Vict. That was the first sound in the song of
 love!

Scarcely more than silence is, and yet a sound.
 Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
 Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
 And play the prelude of our fate. We hear
 The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

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

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

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

Vict. Thou little sceptic!
Dost thou still doubt? What I most prize in
woman

Is her affections, not her intellect!
The intellect is finite; but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.
Compare me with the great men of the earth;
What am I? Why, a pigmy among giants!
But if thou lovest,—mark me! I say lovest,—
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not!
The world of the affections is thy world,
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy,
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame. The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,
But burns as brightly in a Gipsy camp
As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

Prec. Yes, that I love thee, as the good love
heaven;
But not that I am worthy of that heaven.
How shall I more deserve it?

Vict. Loving more.

Prec. I cannot love thee more; my heart is
full.

Vict. Then let it overflow, and I will drink it.
As in the summer-time the thirsty sands
Drink the swift waters of a mountain torrent,
And still do thirst for more.

A Watchman (in the street). Ave Maria
Purissima! 'Tis midnight and serene!

Vict. Hear'st thou that cry?

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

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

Prec. Pray, do not go!

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

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

Vict. (*giving her a ring*). And to remind thee
of my love, take this;

A serpent, emblem of Eternity;
A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

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

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

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

Vict. Good night! good night! Thou art my
guardian angel!

I have no other saint than thou to pray to!
(*He descends by the balcony.*)

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

Vict. (*from the garden*). Safe as my love for
thee! But art thou safe?

Others can climb a balcony by moonlight
As well as I. Pray, shut thy window close;
I am jealous of the perfumed air of night
That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

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

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

Prec. Make not thy voyage long.

Vict. To-morrow night

Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star
 To guide me to an anchorage. Good night!
 My beauteous star! My star of love, good
Prec. Good night! [night!
Watchman (at a distance). Ave Maria Puris-
 sima!

SCENE IV.—*An inn on the road to Alcalá.*
BALTASAR asleep on a bench. Enter CHISPA.

Chispa. And here we are, half way to Alcalá, between coeks and midnight. Body o' me! what an inn this is! The lights out, and the landlord asleep. Holá! ancient Baltasar!

Bal. (waking). Here I am.

Chispa. Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a town without inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have supper.

Bal. Where is your master?

Chispa. Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment to breathe our horses; and, if he chooses to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?

Bal. (setting a light on the table). Stewed rabbit.

Chispa (eating). Conscience of Portalegre! Stewed kitten, you mean!

Bal. And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

Chispa (drinking). Ancient Baltasar, amigo! You know how to ery wine and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but *Vino Tinto* of La Mancha, with a tang of the swine-skin.

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

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

Bal. Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa. And more noise than nuts.

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

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

Bal. Why does he go so often to Madrid?

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

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

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

Vict. (without). Chispa!

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

Vict. Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

Chispa. Ea! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—VICTORIAN'S chamber at Alcalá.

HYPOLITO asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.

Hyp. I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!

And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!

Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,
 Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled
 Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!
 The candles have burned low; it must be late.
 Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carrillo,¹⁷
 The only place in which one cannot find him
 Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom
 Feels the caresses of its master's hand.
 Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument!
 And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(He plays and sings.)

Padre Francisco!¹⁸

Padre Francisco!

What do you want of Padre Francisco?

Here is a pretty young maiden

Who wants to confess her sins!

Open the door and let her come in,

I will shrive her from every sin.

Enter VICTORIAN.

Vict. Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!

Hyp. What do you want of Padre Hypolito?

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

Hyp. The same old tale
 Of the old woman in the chimney corner,
 Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here, my
 child;

I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."

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

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

Vict. Nay, like the Sybil's volumes, thou shouldst say;

Those that remained, after the six were burned,
Being held more precious than the nine together.
But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember
The Gipsy girl we saw at Córdoba
Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

Hyp. Thou meanest Preciosa.

Vict. Ay, the same.

Thou knowest how her image haunted me
Long after we returned to Alcalá.
She's in Madrid.

Hyp. I know it.

Vict. And I'm in love.

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

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

Hyp. Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.
Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard
His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa,—
Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me,
lover,

How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?
Write her a song, beginning with an *Ave*;
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

*Ave! cujus calcem clare*¹⁹

Nec centenni commendare

Sciret Seraph studio!

Vic. Pray, do not jest! This is no time for it!
I am in earnest!

Hyp. Seriously enamoured?
What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá

Enamoured of a Gipsy? Tell me frankly,
How meanest thou?

Vict. I mean it honestly.

Hyp. Surely thou wilt not marry her!

Vict. Why not?

Hyp. She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,
If I remember rightly, a young Gipsy
Who danced with her at Córdoba.

Vict. They quarrelled,
And so the matter ended.

Hyp. But in truth
Thou wilt not marry her.

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

Hyp. If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy
'Twill be indeed a wonder. [forehead,

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

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

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

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

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

Hyp. And wouldst thou venture?

Vict. Ay, indeed I would!

Hyp. Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected

How much lies hidden in that one word, *now*?

Vict. Yes; all the awful mystery of Life!

I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,

That could we, by some spell of magic, change

The world and its inhabitants to stone,

In the same attitudes they now are in,

What fearful glances downward might we cast

Into the hollow chasms of human life! [bed,

What groups should we behold about the death-

Putting to shame the group of Niobe!

What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells!

What stony tears in those congealed eyes!

What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks!

What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows!

What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling!

What lovers with their marble lips together!

Hyp. Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love,

That is the very point I most should dread.

This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,

Might tell a tale were better left untold.

For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,

The Lady Violante, bathed in tears

Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,

Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,

Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,

Desertest for this Glaucè.

Vict. Hold thy peace!

She cares not for me. She may wed another,

Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,

Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

Hyp. (*rising*) And so, good night! Good morning, I should say. [Clock strikes three.

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of
Time

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

Vict. Good night!

But not to bed; for I must read awhile.

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

Must read, or sit in reverie and watch
 The changing colour of the waves that break
 Upon the idle seashore of the mind!
 Visions of Fame! that once did visit me, [ye?
 Making night glorious with your smile, where are
 O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
 Juices of those immortal plants that bloom
 Upon Olympus, making us immortal? [grows,
 Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake
 Whose magic root, torn from the earth with
 groans,

At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
 And make the mind prolific in its fancies?
 I have the wish, but want the will, to act!
 Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words
 Have come to light from the swift river of Time,
 Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
 Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?
 From the barred visor of Antiquity
 Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
 As from a mirror! All the means of action—
 The shapeless masses—the materials—
 Lie everywhere about us. What we need
 Is the celestial fire to change the flint
 Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
 That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
 At evening in his smoky cot, and draws

With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
 The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
 And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
 He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
 And, by the magic of his touch at once
 Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
 And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
 It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
 Rude popular traditions and old tales
 Shine as immortal poems, at the touch [bard,
 Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering
 Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
 But there are brighter dreams than those of
 Fame [heart
 Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the
 Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
 As from some woodland fount a spirit rises,
 And sinks again into its silent deeps,
 Ere the enamoured knight can touch her robe!
 'Tis this ideal that the soul of man,
 Like the enamoured knight beside the fountain,
 Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream;
 Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
 Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
 Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore,
 But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
 Yet I, born under a propitious star,
 Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
 Yes, she is ever with me. I can feel,
 Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
 Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel
 The pressure of her head! God's benison
 Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,
 Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at
 night
 With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!
 (*Gradually sinks asleep.*)

over the

I see
 her rise
 from the
 fountain

so have I
 most co-
 -quise

ACT II.

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

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

Ang. The Count of Lara.

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

Ang. You know him, then!

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

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

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

Ang. Angelica.

Prec. That name
 Was given you, that you might be an angel
 To her who bore you! When your infant smile
 Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.
 O, be an angel still! She needs that smile.
 So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.
 No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,
 Whom chance has taken from the public streets.

I have no other shield than mine own virtue.
That is the charm which has protected me!
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

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

Prec. Thank me by following it.

Ang. Indeed I will.

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

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

Prec. Some other time then, when we meet
again.

You must not go away with words alone.

(Gives her a purse.)

Take this. Would it were more.

Ang. I thank you, lady.

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

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

Prec. I deserve no thanks.

Thank Heaven, not me.

Ang. Both Heaven and you.

Prec. Farewell!

Remember that you come again to-morrow.

Ang. I will. And may the blessed Virgin
guard you,

And all good angels. *[Exit.*

Prec. May they guard thee too,

And all the poor; for they have need of angels.

Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña,
My richest maja dress,—my dancing dress,
And my most precious jewels! Make me look
Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize
To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(*Enter* BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

Cruz. Ave Maria!

Prec. O God! my evil genius!
What seek'st thou here to day?

Cruz. Thyself,—my child!

Prec. What is thy will with me?

Cruz. Gold! gold!

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

Cruz. The gold of the Busné,²¹—give me his

Prec. I gave the last in charity to-day. [gold!

Cruz. That is a foolish lie.

Prec. It is the truth.

Cruz. Curses upon thee! Thou art not my
child!

Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?

Not to thy father? To whom, then?

Prec. To one

Who needs it more.

Cruz. No one can need it more.

Prec. Thou art not poor.

Cruz. What, I, who lurk about

In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;

I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;

I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;

I, who am clothed in rags,—Beltran Cruzado,—

Not poor!

Prec. Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.

Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst
thou more? [gold!

Cruz. The gold of the Busné! give me his

Prec. Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all.

I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,

I gave it to thee freely, at all times;

Never denied thee; never had a wish

But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace!

Be merciful, be patient, and, ere long,

Thou shalt have more.

Cruz. And if I have it not,
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,
Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,
And live in idleness; but go with me,
Dance the Romalis in the public streets,
And wander wild again o'er field and fell;
For here we stay not long.

Prec. What! march again?

Cruz. Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!

I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!
Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
'The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain tops.
Then I am free and strong,—once more myself,
Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calées!²¹ [not go.

Prec. God speed thee on thy march!—I can-

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

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

Cruz. O child, child, child!
Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.

I will not leave thee here in the great city
 To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready
 To go with us; and until then remember
 A watchful eye is on thee. [Exit.

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

SCENE II. *A Room in the ARCHBISHOP'S Palace.*
The ARCHBISHOP and a CARDINAL seated.

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

Card. Know and approve.

Archb. And farther,
 That, by a mandate from his holiness,
 The first have been suppressed.

Card. I trust for ever.
 It was a cruel sport.

Archb. A barbarous pastime,
 Disgraceful to the land that calls itself
 Most Catholic and Christian.

Card. Yet the people
 Murmur at this; and, if the public dances
 Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,
 Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.
 As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry,
 Among the Roman populace of old,
 So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.

Hence I would act advisedly herein;
 And therefore have induced your grace to see
 These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(Enter a Servant.)

Serv. The dancing-girl, and with her the
 musicians

Your grace was pleased to order, wait without.

Archb. Bid them come in. Now shall your
 eyes behold

In what angelic yet voluptuous shape
 The devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

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

Card. (aside).—O, what a fair and ministering
 angel

Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell!

Prec. (Kneeling before the Archbishop).—

I have obeyed the order of your grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours,

I proffer this excuse, and here beseech

Your holy benediction.

Archb. May God bless thee,

And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

Card. (aside).—Her acts are modest, and her
 words discreet!

I did not look for this! Come hither, child.

Is thy name Preciosa?

Prec. Thus I am called.

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

Prec. Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

Archb. I have a dim remembrance of that man;

He was a bold and reckless character,

A sun-burnt Ishmael!

Card. Dost thou remember

Thy earlier days?

Prec. Yes; by the Darro's side

My childhood passed. I can remember still
 The river, and the mountains capped with snow;
 The villages, where, yet a little child,
 I told the traveller's fortune in the street; [herd;
 The smuggler's horse, the brigand, and the shep-
 The march across the moor; the halt at noon;
 The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted
 The forest where we slept; and farther back,
 As in a dream, or in some former life,
 Gardens and palace walls.

Archb. 'Tis the Alhambra,
 Under whose towers the gipsy tent was pitched.
 But the time wears; and we would see thee dance.

Prec. Your grace shall be obeyed.

(She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other: and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)

SCENE III. *The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening. DON CARLOS and HYPOLITO meeting.*

Don Car. Holà! good evening, Don Hypolito.

Hyp. And a good evening to my friend, Don Carlos.

Some lucky star has led my steps this way.
 I was in search of you.

Don Car. Command me always.

Hyp. Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams,

The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,
Asks if his money-bags would rise?²²

Don Car. I do?

But what of that?

Hyp. I am that wretched man.

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

Hyp. And amen! said the Cid Campeador.²³

Don Car. Pray, how much need you?

Hyp. Some half dozen ounces.

Which, with due interest— [Jew,

Don Car. (*giving his purse*). What, am I a
To put my moneys out at usury?

Here is my purse.

Hyp. Thank you. A pretty purse,
Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;
Perhaps a keepsake.

Don Car. No, 'tis at your service.

Hyp. Thank you again. Lie there, good Saint
Chrysostom,
And with thy golden mouth remind me often
I am the debtor of my friend.

Don Car. But tell me,

Come you to day from Alcalá?

Hyp. This moment.

Don Car. And pray, how fares the brave
Victorian?

Hyp. Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.
A damsel has ensnared him with the glances
Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch
A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.
He is in love.

Don Car. And is it faring ill
To be in love?

Hyp. In this case very ill.

Don Car. Why so? [most,

Hyp. For many reasons. First and fore-
Because he is in love with an ideal;

A creature of his own imagination ;
 A child of air ; an echo of his heart ;
 And, like a lily on a river floating,
 She floats upon the river of his thoughts !²⁴ [is

Don Car. A common thing with poets. But who
 This floating lily ? For, in fine, some woman,
 Some living woman,—not a mere ideal,—
 Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.
 Who is it ? Tell me.

Hyp. Well, it is a woman !
 But, look you, from the coffer of his heart
 He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,
 As pious priests adorn some favourite saint
 With gems and gold, until at length she gleams
 One blaze of glory. Without these, you know,
 And the priest's benediction, 'tis a doll.

Don Car. Well, well ! who is this doll ?

Hyp. Why, who do you think ?

Don Car. His cousin Violante,

Hyp. Guess again.
 To ease his labouring heart, in the last storm
 He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

Don Car. I cannot guess : so tell me who it is.

Hyp. Not I.

Don Car. Why not ? [Franca²⁵

Hyp. (*mysteriously*). Why ? Because Mari
 Was married four leagues out of Salamanca !

Don Car. Jesting aside, who is it ?

Hyp. Preciosa.

Don Car. Impossible ! The Count of Lara tells
 She is not virtuous. [me

Hyp. Did I say she was ?
 The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife
 Whose name was Messalina, as I think ;
 Valeria Messalina was her name.

But, hist ! I see him yonder through the trees,
 Walking as in a dream.

Don Car. He comes this way. -

Hyp. It has been truly said by some wise man,
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.

Enter VICTORIAN in front.

Vict. Where'er thy step has passed is holy
ground!

These groves are sacred! I behold thee walking
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked
At evening, and I feel thy presence now;
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee,
And is for ever hallowed.

Hyp. Mark him well!

See how he strides away with lordly air,
Like that odd guest of stone, that grim Commander
Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

Don Car. What ho! Victorian!

Hyp. Wilt thou sup with us?

Vict. Holá! amigos! Faith, I did not see you.
How fares Don Carlos?

Don Car. At your service ever.

Vict. How is that young and green-eyed
That you both wot of? [Gaditana

Don Car. Ay, soft, emerald eyes!²⁶
She has gone back to Cadiz.

Hyp. *Ay de mí!*

Vict. You are much to blame for letting her go
A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes [back.
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
In evening skies.

Hyp. But speaking of green eyes,
Are thine green?

Vict. Not a whit. Why so?

Hyp. I think
The slightest shade of green would be becoming,
For thou art jealous.

Vict. No, I am not jealous.

Hyp. Thou shouldst be.

Vict. Why?

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

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

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

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

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

Vict. How's this, Don Carlos?

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

Vict. Death and damnation!
I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,
And throw it to my dog! But no, no, no!
This cannot be. You jest—indeed you jest.
Trifle with me no more. For otherwise
We are no longer friends. And so, farewell! [*Exit,*

Hyp. Now what a coil is here! The Avenging
Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death, [*Child*²⁷
And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode
To Paris for the ears of Oliver,
Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth!
But come: we will not follow. Let us join
The crowd that pours into the Prado. There
We shall find merrier company; I see
The Marialonzos and the Almavivas,
And fifty fans, that beckon me already. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. PRECIOSA'S chamber. She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The COUNT OF LARA enters behind unperceived.

Prec. (reads).

“All are sleeping, weary heart!²⁸
Thou, thou only sleepless art!”

Heigho! I wish Victorian was here.

I know not what it is makes me so restless!

(The bird sings.)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,
That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,
Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,
I have a gentle gaoler. Lack-a-day!

“All are sleeping, weary heart!
Thou, thou only, sleepless art!
All this throbbing, all this aching,
Evermore shall keep thee waking,
For a heart in sorrow breaking
Thinketh ever of its smart!”

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say. In distant villages
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage
Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,
And grow in science, and in silence perish.
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?
Or who takes note of every flower that dies?
Heigho! I wish Victorian would come.
Dolores!

*(Turns to lay down her book, and perceives
the COUNT.)*

Ha!

Lara. Señora, pardon me!

Prec. How's this? Dolores!

Lara. Pardon me —

Prec. —Dolores!

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

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

Lara. My dear lady,
First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!
'Tis for your good I come.

Prec. (*Turning towards him with indignation.*)
Begone! begone!

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

Lara. Be calm; I will not harm you.

Prec. Because you dare not.

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

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

Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to tell you
What strange reports are current here in town.
For my own self, I do not credit them:

But there are many who, not knowing you,
Will lend a readier ear.

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

Lara. Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.

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

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

Prec. How mean you?
Lara. Nay, nay; I will not wound your gentle
By the report of idle tales. [soul

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lara.

Listen to me.

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

VICTORIAN enters behind.

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

Lara. O sweet angel!*Prec.*

Ay, in truth,

Far better than you love yourself or me. [token

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

Prec.

Nay, come no nearer.

The words I utter are its sign and token.
 Misunderstand me not! Be not deceived!
 The love wherewith I love you is not such
 As you would offer me. For you come here
 To take from me the only thing I have—
 My honour. You are wealthy, you have friends
 And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes
 That fill your heart with happiness; but I

Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,
 And you would take that from me, and for what?
 To flatter your own vanity, and make me
 What you would most despise. O Sir, such love,
 That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.
 Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
 Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.
 It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
 Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,
 And bids you look into your heart, and see
 How you do wrong that better nature in you,
 And grieve your soul with sin.

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

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

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

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

Lara. Are you the master here?

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

Prec. (To Lara.) Go! I beseech you, go!

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

Lara. You cannot come too soon! [*Exit.*]

Prec. Victorian!

O we have been betrayed!

Vict. Ha! ha! betrayed!

'Tis I have been betrayed, not we!—not we!

Prec. Dost thou imagine——

Vict. I imagine nothing;

I see how 'tis thou whilst the time away
When I am gone!

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

Vict. 'Twas not meant to flatter.

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

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

Prec. I did not heed his words.

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

Prec. Hadst thou heard all——

Vict. I heard enough.

Prec. Be not so angry with me.

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

Prec. If thou wilt let me speak——

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

Prec. In my casket.

Vict. There let it rest! I would not have thee
wear it!

I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!

Prec. I call the Heavens to witness——

Vict. Nay! nay! nay!

Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!
They are forsworn!

Prec. Victorian! dear Victorian!

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

[*He casts her from him, and rushes out.*

Prec. And this from thee! [Scene closes.

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

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

Enter FRANCISCO.

Well, Francisco.

What tidings from Don Juan?

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

Lara. And the Duke of Lermos?

Fran. Was not at home.

Lara. How with the rest?

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

Lara. Bravely done.

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

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

Vict. O shame! O shame! Why do I walk
 abroad
 By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,
 And voices and familiar sights and sounds
 Cry, "Hide thyself!" O what a thin partition

Doth shut out from the curious world the know-
ledge

Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!
Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are
windows,

Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face
Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
And in derision seems to smile at me!

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

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

Hyp. And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

Vict. She does not love him! 'Tis for gold!
for gold!

Hyp. Ay, but remember, in the public streets
He shows a golden ring the Gipsy gave him,
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth. [false!

Vict. She had that ring from me. God! she is
But I will be revenged! The hour is passed.
Where stays the coward?

Hyp. Nay, he is no coward;
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.

I've seen him play with swords; it is his pastime.
And therefore be not over-confident;

He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

Enter LARA, followed by FRANCISCO.

Lara. Good evening, gentlemen.

Hyp. Good evening, Count.

Lara. I trust I have not kept you long in
waiting.

Vict. Not long, and yet too long. Are you

Lara. I am. [prepared?

Hyp. It grieves me much to see this quarrel
Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way

Left open to accord this difference,
But you must make one with your swords?

Vict. No! none!

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,
Stand not between me and my foe. Too long
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues
of steel

End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count.

[*They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT.*
Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold
From sending your vile soul to its account? [me

Lara. Strike! strike!

Vict. You are disarmed. I will not kill you.
I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

[*FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his sword, and
HYPOLITO interposes.*

Hyp. Enough! Let it end here! The Count of
Lara

Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian
A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.
Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you,
Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing
To move you to extremes.

Lara. I am content.

I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,
Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

Vict. Nay, something more than that.

Lara. I understand you.

Therein I did not mean to cross your path.
To me the door stood open, as to others.
But, had I known this girl belonged to you,
Never would I have sought to win her from you.
The truth stands now revealed; she has been
To both of us. [false

Vict. Ay, false as hell itself!

Lara. In truth I did not seek her; she sought
And told me how to win her, telling me [me;
The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

Vict. Say, can you prove this to me? O pluck
out
These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!
Let me know all! all! all!

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

Fran. Ay, my lord.

Lara. If farther proof
Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

Vict. Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!

[Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.]

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!
Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample
Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,
We both have been abused, been much abused!
I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.
Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me
pain,

Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.
I now can see the folly I have done,
Though 'tis, alas! too late. So fare you well!
To-night I leave this hateful town for ever.
Regard me as your friend. Once more, farewell!

Hyp. Farewell, Sir Count.

[Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.]

Lara. Farewell! farewell!
Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!
I have none else to fear; the fight is done,
The citadel is stormed, the victory won!

[Exit with FRANCISCO.]

SCENE VII. *A lane in the suburbs. Night.*

Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.

Cruz. And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

Bart. In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

Cruz. And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

Bart. There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

Cruz. Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

Bart. First tell me what keeps thee here?

Cruz. Preeiosa.

Bart. And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

Cruz. The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

Bart. I hear she has a Busné lover.

Cruz. That is nothing.

Bart. I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

Cruz. Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

Bart. Meanwhile, show me her house.

Cruz. Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to night.

Bart. No matter. Show me the house.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. *The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sounds of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers PRECIOSA in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha, Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. PRECIOSA faints.*

SCENE. IX. *The COUNT of LARA'S chambers. LARA and his friends at supper.*

Lara. So, Caballeros, once more many thanks! You have stood me bravely in this matter. Pray fill your glasses.

Don Juan. Did you mark, Don Luis, How pale she looked, when first the noise began, And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated! Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom Tumultuous as the sea!

Don Luis. I pitied her.

Lara. Her pride is humbled; and this very night I mean to visit her.

Don Juan. Will you serenade her?

Lara. No music! no more music!

Don Luis. Why not music? It softens many hearts.

Lara. Not in the humour She now is in. Music would madden her.

Don Juan. Try golden cymbals.

Don Luis. Yes, try Don Dinero; A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

Lara. To tell the truth, then, I have bribed But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine. [her maid. A bumper, and away; for the night wears. A health to Preciosa!

(They rise and drink.)

All. Preciosa!

Lara. (*Holding up his empty glass.*)—
Thou bright and flaming minister of love!
Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen
My secret from me, and 'mid sighs of passion
Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,
Her precious name! O never more henceforth
Shall mortal lips press thine; and never more
O mortal name be whispered in thine ear.
Go! keep my secret!

(*Dashes the goblet down.*)

Don Juan. *Ite! missa est!*

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE X. *Street and garden wall. Night.*
Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.

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

Bart. Why not?

Cruz. Because she is not at home.

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

SONG.

Good night! Good night, beloved!²⁹

I come to watch o'er thee!

To be near thee,—to be near thee,

Alone, is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,

Thy lips are crimson flowers!

Good night! Good night, beloved,

While I count the weary hours.

Cruz. They are not coming this way.

Bart. Wait, they begin again.

SONG, (*coming nearer.*)

Ah! thou moon that shinest

Argent-clear above!

All night long enlighten

My sweet lady-love!

Moon that shinest,

All night long enlighten!

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

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

SONG, (*dying away.*)

The nuns in the cloister

Sang to each other;

For so many sisters

Is there not one brother!

Ay, for the partridge, mother!

The cat has run away with the partridge!

Puss! puss! puss!

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

[*Exeunt.* On the opposite side enter the COUNT of LARA and gentlemen, with FRANCISCO.

Lara. The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,

And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.

Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale

Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns.

Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter CRUSADO and BARTOLOMÉ.

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

(*They climb the wall.*)

SCENE XI. PRECIOSA'S *bed-chamber*. *Midnight.*
She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress.
 DOLORES *watching her.*

Dol. She sleeps at last!

(*Opens the window and listens.*)

All silent in the street,

And in the garden. Hark!

Prec. (*in her sleep*).— I must go hence!
 Give me my cloak!

Dol. He comes! I hear his footsteps!

Prec. Go tell him that I cannot dance to-night;
 I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever
 That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.

(*Signal from the garden.*)

Dol. (*From the window*).—Who's there?

Voice. (*From below*).— A friend.

Dol. I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

Prec. I must go hence. I pray you do not harm
 me!

Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!

Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.

I'm ready now,—give me my castanets.

Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!

They glare upon me like an evil eye.

I cannot stand. Hark! how they mock at me!

They hiss at me like serpents! Save! save me!

(*She wakes.*)

How late is it, Dolores?

Dol. It is midnight. [for me.

Prec. We must be patient. Smoothe this pillow
 (*She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and
 voices.*)

Voice. Mucra!

Another Voice. O villains! villains!

Lara. So! have at you!

Voice. Take that!

Lara. O, I am wounded!

Dol. (*shutting the window*). Jesu Maria!

ACT III.

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

SONG.

Ah, Love!

Perjured, false, treacherous Love.

Enemy

Of all that mankind may not rue!

Most untrue

To him who keeps most faith with thee.

Woe is me!

The falcon has the eyes of the dove.

Ah, Love!

Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

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

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

SONG (*continued*).

Thy deceits

Give us clearly to comprehend,

Whither tend

All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!

They are cheats,
Thorns below and flowers above.

Ah, Love!

Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

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

Hyp. It suits thy case.

Vict. Indeed, I think it does.

What wise man wrote it?

Hyp. Lopez Maldonado.

Vict. In truth, a pretty song.

Hyp. With much truth in it.

I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest

Try to forget this lady of thy love.

Vict. I will forget her! All dear recollections
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,
Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!

I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,

When she shall learn how heartless is the world,

A voice within her will repeat my name,

And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!"

O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,

That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,
The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,

The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,

And a swift death, might make me deaf for ever
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart! [more!

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

Vict. Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain

I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword

That pierces me; for, like Excalibar,

With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.

There rises from below a hand that grasps it,

And waves it in the air: and wailing voices

Are heard along the shore.

Hyp. And yet at last

Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.

This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.

Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,
 To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,
 Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.
 Thou art too young, too full of lusty health,
 To talk of dying.

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

Hyp. We shall all be soon.

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

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

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

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

(*Sound of a village bell in the distance.*)

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

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

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

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

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

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

Padre. Good day, and God be with you!

Pray, what is it? [sies.]

Pedro. An act of banishment against the Gipsies.
(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)

Pancho. Silence!

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

You hear the law! Obey and disappear! [gone.]

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

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

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

Pedro. I thank you heartily.

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

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

Padre. Why, look you:

They came with Hercules from Palestine,
And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,

As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.
 And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says
 There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor
 Is not a Christian, so 'tis with the Gipsies.
 They never marry, never go to mass,
 Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,
 Nor see the inside of a church,—nor—nor——

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

Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.

Padre. And pray, whom have we here!

Pedro. More vagrants! By St. Lazarus, more
 vagrants! [darrama?

Hyp. Good evening, gentlemen! Is this Gua-

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

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

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

Hyp. We are poor students, travelling in vaca-
 You know this mark? [tion.

(*Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.*)

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

Pedro (aside). Soup-eaters! By the mass!
 The worst of vagrants!

And there's no law against them. Sir, your ser-
 vant. [*Exit.*

Padre. Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

Hyp. Padre Cura,

From the first moment I beheld your face,
 I said within myself, "This is the man!"
 There is a certain something in your looks,
 A certain scholar-like and studious something,—

You understand,—which cannot be mistaken ;
Which marks you as a very learned man,
In fine, as one of us.

Vict. (Aside.) What impudence ! [nion,

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

Padre. Ah ! said you so ?

Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde !

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

Padre. That is true.

He is out of humour with some vagrant Gipsies,
Who have their camp here in the neighbourhood.
There is nothing so undignified as anger.

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

Padre. I pray you !

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

Hyp. 'Tis Ovid, is it not ?

Padre. No, Cicero.

Hyp. Your Grace is right. You are the better
scholar.

Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid !
But hang me if it is not ! (*Aside.*)

Padre. Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was Cicero !
Pray you, go in, go in ! no ceremony. [*Exeunt.*]

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

Padre. So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá
 I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hyp. And left behind an honoured name, no
 doubt.

How may I call your Grace?

Padre. Gerónimo

De Santillana, at your honour's service.

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

Padre. From the Marquis,
 Not from the poet.

Hyp. Why, they were the same.
 Let me embrace you! O, some lucky star
 Has brought me hither! Yet once more!—
 once more!

Your name is ever green in Alcalá,
 And our professor, when we are unruly,
 Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas!
 It was not so in Santillana's time!" [there.

Padre. I did not think my name remembered

Hyp. More than remembered; it is idolized.

Padre. Of what professor speak you?

Hyp. Timoneda.

Padre. I don't remember any Timoneda.

Hyp. A grave and sombre man, whose beetling
 brow

O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech
 As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

Padre. Indeed, I have. O those were pleasant
 days!

Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!
 I had not buried then so many hopes!
 I had not buried then so many friends!
 I've turned my back on what was then before me;
 And the bright faces of my young companions

Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.

Do you remember Cueva?

Hyp. Cueva? Cueva? [time.

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

Hyp. I should not like to try my strength with
Padre. Well, well. But I forget; you must
be hungry.

Martina! ho! Martina! 'Tis my niece.

Enter MARTINA.

Hyp. You may be proud of such a niece as that.
I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores.* (*aside.*)

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Your servant, fair Martina.

Mar. Servant, sir.

Padre. This gentleman is hungry. See thou
Let us have supper. [to it.

Mar. 'Twill be ready soon.

Padre. And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas
Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself.

Pray you, Señor, excuse me. [*Exit.*

Hyp. Hist! Martina!

One word with you. Bless me! what handsome
eyes!

To-day there have been Gipsies in the village.
Is it not so?

Mar. There have been Gipsies here.

Hyp. Yes, and they told your fortune.

Mar. (*Embarrassed.*) Told my fortune?

Hyp. Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me
your hand. [said,

I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they
The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown.

And him you should not marry. Was it not?

Mar. (*Surprised.*) How know you that?

Hyp. O, I know more than that.

What a soft, little hand! And then they said,

A cavalier from court, handsome and tall,
 And rich, should come one day to marry you,
 And you should be a lady. Was it not?
 He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

[*Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter*

VICTORIAN, with a letter.

Vict. The muleteer has come.

Hyp.

So soon?

Vict.

I found him

Sitting at supper by the tavern door.

And, from a pitcher that he held aloft [wine.
 His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red

Hyp. What news from court?

Vict. He brought this letter only. [*Reads.*

O cursed perfidy! Why did I let

That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,

Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

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

Vict.

O, most infamous!

The Count of Lara is a damnéd villain!

Hyp. That is no news, forsooth.

Vict.

He strove in vain

To steal from me the jewel of my soul,

The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,

He swore to be revenged; and set on foot

A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.

She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,

Her reputation stained by slanderous lies

Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar,

She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,

Housing with Gipsies!

Hyp.

To renew again

The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains

Desperate with love, like Gaspar Gil's Diana.

Redit et Virgo!

Vict.

Dear Hypolito,

How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart!

I will go seek for her; and with my tears
Wash out the wrong I've done her!

Hyp.

O beware!

Act not that folly o'er again.

Vict.

Ay, folly,

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

Enter the PADRE CURA.

Hyp.

Tell us, Padre Cura,

Who are these Gipsies in the neighbourhood?

Padre. Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

Vict.

Kind Heaven,

I thank thee! She is found! is found again!

Hyp. And have they with them a pale, beauti-
Called Preciosa? [ful girl,

Padre.

Ay, a pretty girl.

The gentleman seems moved.

Hyp.

Yes, moved with hunger;

He is half famished with his long day's journey.

Padre. Then, pray you come this way. The
supper waits. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter CHISPA, cracking a whip, and singing the Cachuca.*

Chispa. Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gipsy

girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning.

Enter DON CARLOS.

Don Car. Are not the horses ready yet?

Chispa. I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses! horses! horses!

[He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.]

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

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

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

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

Mosq. No; she has a beard.

Chispa. Go to! go to!

Mosq. Are you from Madrid?

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

Mosq. What's the news at Court?

Chispa. Why, the latest news is, that I'm going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip. *[Strikes him round the legs.]*

Mosq. Oh! oh! you hurt me!

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

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

Don Car. And where?

Mosq. Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. *[Exit.]*

Don Car. Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gipsy camp.

Chispa. Are you not afraid of the evil eye?³⁰ Have you a stag's horn with you?

Don Car. Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

Chispa. And sleep like the squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

Don Car. I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

Chispa. Among the Squires?

Don Car. No; among the Gipsies, blockhead!

Chispa. I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trowsers. Yonder come the horses. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*The Gipsy camp in the forest. Night.*

Gipsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.

Gipsies (at the forge sing).—

On the top of a mountain I stand,³¹
With a crown of red gold in my hand,
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,
O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee,
O how from their fury shall I flee?

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

Gipsies (at the forge sing).—

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

First Gipsy. (Playing). There you are in your moroeco!

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

First Gipsy. Have at you, Chirelin.

Gipsies (at the forge sing).—

At midnight, when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gipsy man,
The Gipsy lassie came.

Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.

Cruz. Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (*Speaking to the right.*) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

Gipsies. Ay!

Cruz. (to the left). And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

Gipsies. Ay!

Cruz. As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

Gipsies. Ay!

Cruz. Keep your lanterns open, and if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. "Vineyards and Dancing John" is the word. Am I comprehended?

Gipsies. Ay! ay!

Cruz. Away, then!

Exeunt severally. CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. *Enter PRECIOSA.*

Prec. How strangely gleams through the
gigantic trees [shadows
The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning
Stalk through the forest ever and anon
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,
Then flitting into darkness! So within me

Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,
 My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being,
 As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!
 How still it is about me, and how lonely!

BARTOLOMÉ *rushes in.*

Bart. Ho! Preciosa!

Prec. O, Bartolomé!

Thou here?

Bart. Lo! I am here.

Prec. Whence comest thou?

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

Prec. O touch me not!

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

Bart. Ay, and I've wandered long
 Among the mountains; and for many days
 Have seen no human face, save the rough swine-
 herd's.

The wind and rain have been my sole companions.
 I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,
 And the loud echo sent it back to me,
 Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,
 And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

Prec. Betray thee? I betray thee?

Bart. Preciosa!

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

Prec. Speak of that no more. I cannot.
 I am thine no longer.

Bart. O, recal the time

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bart. Come, come with me.

Prec. Hark! I hear footsteps.

Bart. I entreat thee, come!

Prec. Away! It is in vain.

Bart. Wilt thou not come?

Prec. Never!

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

Prec. All holy angels keep me in this hour!
 Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!
 Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!
 Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me!
 Yet why should I fear death? What is't to die?
 To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,
 To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,
 All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
 And be at rest for ever! O, dull heart,
 Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,
 Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.

Vict. 'Tis she! Behold, how beautiful she
 Under the tent-like trees! [stands

Hyp. A woodland nymph!

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

Hyp. Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

Vict. (*Disguising his voice.*) Hist! Gipsy!

Prec. (*Aside, with emotion.*)

That voice! that voice from heaven!

Who is it calls?

Vict. A friend.

Prec. (*Aside.*) 'Tis he! 'tis he!

I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my
 prayer,

And sent me this protector! Now be strong,
 Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.
 False friend or true?

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

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

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

Prec. Is't silver?

Vict. No, 'tis gold.

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

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

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

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

Prec. How know you that?

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

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

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

(*Tries to take the ring.*)

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

Vict. Why, 'tis but a ring.
I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it,
Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

Prec. Why would you have this ring?

Vict. A traveller's fancy,
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it
As a memento of the Gipsy camp
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller

Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.
Pray, let me have the ring.

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

Vict. How? dead?

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

Vict. (Aside.) Be still, my swelling heart! one
moment, still!
Why, 'tis the folly of a love-sick girl.
Come, give it me, or I will say 'tis mine,
And that you stole it.

Prec. O, you will not dare
To utter such a fiendish lie!

Vict. Not dare?
Look in my face, and see if there is aught
I have not dared, I would not dare for thee!

(She rushes into his arms.)

Prec. 'Tis thou! 'tis thou! Yes; yes; my
heart's elected!
My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!
Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou
leave me?

Vict. Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.
Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Prec. Hadst thou not come——

Vict. I pray thee, do not chide me!

Prec. I should have perished here among
these Gipsies. [thee suffer.

Vict. Forgive me, sweet! for what I made
Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,
Thou being absent? O, believe it not!
Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,

For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!
Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive me?

Prec. I have forgiven thee. Ere those words
of anger

Were in the book of Heaven writ down against
I had forgiven thee. [thee,

Vict. I'm the veriest fool

That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.
It was the Count of Lara——

Prec. That bad man

Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not
heard——

Vict. I have heard all. And yet speak on,
speak on!

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;
For every tone, like some sweet incantation,
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.

Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,
Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(They walk aside.)

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

And this sweet Gipsy lass, fair Preciosa!

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

Hyp. Not to-night;

For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,
And send me back to marry maids forlorn,
My wedding day would last from now till
Christmas. [Beltran Cruzado!

Chispa. *(Within.)* What ho! the Gipsies, ho!
Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.)

Vict.

What now?

Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

Chispa. Ay, robbed and murdered; and good
My worthy masters. [evening to you,*Vict.* Speak: what brings thee here?*Chispa.* (*To Preciosa.*) [Cruzado,
Good news from Court; good news! Beltran
The Count of the Calés, is not your father,
But your true father has returned to Spain
Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gipsy.*Vict.* Strange as a Moorish tale!*Chispa.* And we have all
Been drinking at the tavern to your health,
As wells drink in November, when it rains.*Vict.* Where is the gentleman?*Chispa.* As the old song says,His body is in Segovia,
His soul is in Madrid.*Prec.* Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream,
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!
Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived!
Say that I do not dream! I am awake;
This is the Gipsy camp; this is Victorian,
And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak!
Let me not wake and find it all a dream!*Vict.* It is a dream, sweet child! A waking
A blissful certainty, a vision bright [dream,
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou
As thou wast ever beautiful and good; [rich,
And I am now the beggar.*Prec.* (*Giving him her hand.*) I have still
A hand to give.*Chispa* (*Aside.*) And I have two to take.
I've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven
gives almonds
To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to crack.
I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds.

Vict. What more of this strange story?

Chispa. Nothing more.

Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alealde,
The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,
Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed;
And probably they'll hang her for the erime,
To make the celebration more complete.

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

Hyp. So farewell,
The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades.
Sung under ladies' windows in the night,
And all that makes vacation beautiful!
To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,
To you, ye radiant visions of romance,
Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,
The Bachelor Hypolito returns,
And leaves the Gipsy with the Spanish Student.

SCENE VI.—*A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.*

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,³²
Awake and open thy door,
'Tis the break of day, and we must away,
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet;
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

[*Disappears down the pass.*]

Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.

Monk. Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá! good

Shep. Olá! [man!

Monk. Is this the road to Segovia?

Shep. It is, your reverence.

Monk. How far is it?

Shep. I do not know.

Monk. What is that yonder in the valley?

Shep. San Ildefonso.

Monk. A long way to breakfast.

Shep. Ay, marry.

Monk. Are there robbers in these mountains?

Shep. Yes, and worse than that.

Monk. What?

Shep. Wolves.

Monk. Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

Shep. What wilt thou give me?

Monk. An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

[*They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, with a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass, singing.*

SONG.

Worn with speed is my caballo,
 And I march me hurried, worried;
 Onward, caballito mio,
 With the white star in thy forehead!
 Onward, for here comes the Ronda,
 And I hear their rifles crack!
 Ay, jaléo! Ay, ay, jaléo!
 Ay, jaléo! They cross our track.

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

Viet. This is the highest point. Here let us
 See, Preciosa, see how all about us [rest.

Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains
Receive the benediction of the sun!

O glorious sight!

Prec. Most beautiful indeed!

Hyp. Most wonderful!

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

Prec. And which way lies
Segovia?

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

Prec. No. I do not see it.

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

Hyp. 'Tis a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors;
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas
Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. O, many a time
Out of its grated windows have I looked
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Erasma,
That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,
Glides at its foot.

Prec. O, yes! I see it now,
Yet rather with my heart, than with mine eyes,
So faint it is. And all my thoughts sail thither,
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward
Against all stress of accident, as, in [urged
The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide,
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Moun-
tains,

And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea!
(*She weeps.*)

Vict. O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear un-
moved.

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

Prec.

Stay no longer!

My father waits. Methinks I see him there,
 Now looking from the window, and now watching
 Each sound of wheels or foot-fall in the street,
 And saying, "Hark! she comes!" O father
 father!

(They descend the pass. CHISPA remains behind.)

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

[*A pause. Then enter BARTOLOMÉ wildly, a in pursuit, with a carbine in his hand.*

Bart. They passed this way! I hear their horses' hoofs.

Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo, This serenade shall be the Gipsy's last!

(Fires down the pass.)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo! Well whistled!—I have missed her!—O my God.

(The shot is returned. BARTOLOMÉ falls.)

EVANGELINE:

A Tale of Acadie.

THE beautiful poem of "EVANGELINE" cannot fail to awaken painful feelings in the mind of every thoughtful Englishman. It recalls to recollection one of those deplorable acts of cruelty and unfeeling tyranny which too frequently marked the career of our early colonization and conquest. British history takes little notice of the transaction; but on the North Western shores of the Atlantic, the scene of the afflicting events, it is still remembered, and portrayed in vivid colours, forming one of the most interesting portions of household narrative and tradition.

As many of the readers of "Evangeline" are not acquainted with the facts upon which the poem is founded, a short statement of them is prefixed, which will in some measure explain the Tale, and increase the pleasure of its perusal.

Previous to 1713, Great Britain had not obtained any permanent hold of those extensive colonies, situated in North America, which are now subject to her sway, and which form a most important part of her colonial empire. In that year, Acadia, now called Nova Scotia, was formally ceded to her by France. The inhabitants, whose feelings or interests seem to have been little considered in the matter, were induced to take the oath of allegiance to their new masters only on the express reservation that they would not be called on to take up arms at any time against the French or the Indians in defence of the province. This condition was insisted on, because of their natural unwillingness to take up arms, either against the former, who were their friends, or the latter, who had long been connected with them by treaties of friendship and alliance. The British Government, it is said, objected to this arrangement, when proposed of it; but be this as it may, the oaths were never rescinded, nor for years afterwards were they ever proposed in any different form.

Subsequently to the annexation of Acadia to the English settlements, at the termination of the "war of succession," when the British extended their dominion still further in that quarter by the capture of the French fort Beau Séjour, the Acadians were charged with having forfeited their neutrality, in supplying the French and Indians with intelligence, provisions, and quarters, and by a body of them, amounting to three hundred, being found in arms, and assisting at Beau Séjour.

Whether the charges alleged were true or false, we have now no means of satisfactorily ascertaining, but the result was most disastrous to the primitive, simple-minded Acadians. The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, with his Council, and the British Admirals, deeming it more than probable that, if they drove the inhabitants away from the country, they would join, and thus recruit, the French army in Canada, determined to disperse them among the distant British colonies, where they could not unite in any offensive measures. This iniquitous decision was carefully concealed from the Acadians until they had gathered in their harvest, which the British required for stores; when a proclamation was issued, calling on the people to assemble in their different villages to hear the King's orders. The melancholy sequel cannot be better narrated than in the words of the writers of the day. Minot says:—

"At Grand Pré, where Colonel Winslow had the immediate command, four hundred and eighteen of their best men assembled.

"These being shut into the church (for that had become an arsenal), he placed himself, with his officers, in the centre, and addressed them:

"Gentlemen, — I have received from his Excellency Governor Lawrence the King's commission, which I have in my hand, and by his orders you are convened together, to manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province of Nova Scotia, who, for almost half a century, have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions; what use you have made of it you yourselves best know.

"The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species.

"But it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive; and therefore, without hesitation, shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely:—

“That your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown; with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods; and you yourselves to be removed from this his province.

“Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants be removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power, that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also that whole families shall go in the same vessel; and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a good deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable, and happy people.

“I must also inform you, that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security, under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honour to command.”

With this quaint, but significant address, Colonel Winslow declared them the King's prisoners, and they were detained in the church for several days. “In consequence of their earnest entreaties, the prisoners were permitted, ten at once, to return to visit their wretched families, and to look for the last time upon their beautiful fields and their loved and lost homes.”

The close of the affecting narrative of Minot is as follows:—

“The whole number of persons collected at Grand Pré finally amounted to four hundred and eighty-three men, and three hundred and thirty-seven women, heads of families; and their sons and daughters, to five hundred and twenty-seven of the former, and five hundred and seventy-six of the latter; making, in the whole, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three souls. Their stock was upwards of five thousand horned cattle, four hundred and ninety-three horses, and twelve thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven sheep and swine.

“As some of these wretched inhabitants escaped to the woods, all possible measures were adopted to force them back to captivity. The country was laid waste, to prevent their subsistence. In the district of Minas, where numbers had fled, they were quickly dispersed, according to the original plan, among the several British Colonies. One thousand arrived in Massachusetts Bay, and became a public

expense, owing in a great degree to an unchangeable antipathy to their situation, which prompted them to reject the usual beneficiary, but humiliating, establishment of paupers for their children."

Another writer describes the moment of embarkation in the following terms:—

"The preparations having been all completed, the 10th of September was fixed upon as the day of departure. The prisoners were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to go first on board of the vessels. This they instantly and peremptorily refused to do, declaring that they would not leave their parents; but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. Their request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance towards the prisoners; a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children, who, on their knees, greeted them as they passed with their tears and their blessings; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns. This detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of sorrow and distress. In this manner was the whole male population of the district of Minas put on board of five transports, stationed in the River Gaspereau, each vessel being guarded by six non-commissioned officers and eighty privates. As soon as the other vessels arrived, their wives and children followed, and the whole were transported from Nova Scotia."

In speaking of the distresses which these ill-fated people endured, Hutchinson says:—"In several instances, the husbands who happened to be at a distance from home, were put on board vessels bound to one of the English colonies, and their wives and children on board other vessels, bound to other colonies, remote from the first. One of the most sensible of them, describing his case, said, 'It was the hardest which had happened since our Saviour was upon earth.'"

Another writer, Mr. Sabine, says:—"In another section of the colony, two hundred and fifty-three houses were set on fire at one time, and their owners beheld the awful calamity from the neighbouring woods in unspeakable agony; when, at length, an attempt was made to burn the

church, they suddenly emerged from the forest, slew and maimed about thirty of their enemies, and quickly returned to 'God's first temples.'"

Whatever may have been the crimes of some of the Acadians, it is undeniable that, as a people, they were treated with unnecessary cruelty. And though the circumstances are wellnigh obliterated from the pages of authentic history, they have an imperishable record in the pages of "Evangeline."

We may merely mention, that some of the characters in the piece are not altogether imaginary personages. The René Leblanc, for instance, was a Notary Public, as the Poet represents, and had formerly suffered for his allegiance to the English crown. The Indians had carried him into captivity on that account, and detained him a prisoner four years. At the time of the events described, he was a vigorous old man, with twenty children, and one hundred and fifty grandchildren. Despite of a promise made to him by Winslow, he was sent to New York, with his wife and his two youngest children only, the others having been dispersed elsewhere. With this small band he set out in search of others of his family, and succeeded in joining three of them in Philadelphia. But here he was exhausted. The wrongs and sufferings which he and his compatriots had endured bowed his spirit to the dust, and he died broken-hearted and in despair.]

JANUARY, 1849.

PART THE FIRST.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring
 pines and the hemlocks,
 Bearded with moss, and in garments green, in-
 distinct in the twilight,
 Stand like Druids of old, 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 thatched-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
 for ever departed!
 Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty
 blasts of October
 Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle
 them far o'er the ocean.
 Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful
 village of Grand 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.

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 labour incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated
seasons the flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will
o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and
orchards and cornfields,
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and
away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on
the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the
mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their
station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the
Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of
oak and of chesnut,
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 affectionate
welcome.
Then came the labourers 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 near the
Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of
Grand Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him,
directing his household,

Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride
of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of
seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered
with snow-flakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks
as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen
summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on
the thorn by the 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 heir-loom,
Handed down from mother to child, through
long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal
beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when,
after confession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's
benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing
of exquisite music.
Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of
the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea;
and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine
wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath;
and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared
in the meadow.
Under the sycamore tree where hives overhung
by a pent-house,
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 dovecot stood, with its meek and
innocent inmates

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the
variant breezes

Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang
of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the
farmer of Grand 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
deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the
hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness
befriended,
And as he knocked, and waited to hear the sound
of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the
knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the
village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance
as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the
music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only
was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the black-
smith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and
honoured of all men;

For since the birth of time, throughout all ages
and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute
by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children
from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and
Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had
taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the
church and plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily
lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil
the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering
eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as
a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the
tire of the cart wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of
cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the
gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through
every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the
labouring bellows,
And as its pantings ceased, and the sparks ex-
pired 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
 children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights
 grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion
 enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air,
 from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical
 islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the
 winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old
 with the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and
inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had
hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian
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
childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the
restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were
in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks
in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing
of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of
love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden
vapours around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet
and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering
tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned
with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affec-
tion and stillness.

Day with its burden and heat had departed, and
twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and
the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their
necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the
freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful
heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that
waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human
affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating
flocks from the sea-side,
Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them
followed the watch-dog.
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride
of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and
superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the
stragglers ;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ;
their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry
silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains
from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its
odour.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their
manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and
ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with
tassels of crimson,

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy
with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded
their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in
regular cadence
Into the sounding pail the foaming streamlets
descended.
Lowling 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 creaking sound, the valves
of the barn doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was
silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouth fire-place,
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 ges-
tures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away
into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his
arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter
plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of
armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols
of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers
before him

Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of a choir at interval 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 they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold.
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling

Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and
 jovial face gleams,
 Round and red as the harvest moon through the
 mist of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered
 Basil the blacksmith,
 Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the
 fireside :—

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

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

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

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

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evan-
 geline 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 meantime

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

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

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

By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have
 been blighted,

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

"Not so think 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
weapons of all kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and
the scythe of the mower."

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

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

Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the
ocean,

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

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children ;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,

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

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

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

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

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,

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

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

Then with modest demeanour made answer the notary public,—

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

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

Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention

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

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

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

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

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

“ Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice

Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that
often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort
of Port Royal.”
This was the old man’s favourite tale, and he
loved to repeat it
Whenever neighbours complained that any in-
justice was done them.
“Once in an ancient city, whose name I no
longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of
Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales
in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that
justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and
homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales
of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the
sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land
were corrupted:
Might took the place of right, and the weak were
oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a
nobleman’s palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long
a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the
household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on
scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue
of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit
ascended,

Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts
of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath
from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering
scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of
a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls
was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was
ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but
findeth no language;
And all his thoughts congealed into lines on his
face, as the vapours
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 cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well
were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun
on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw
on the table

Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of
silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride
and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale, and drank to
their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly
bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by
the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out
of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly conten-
tion the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful
manceuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach
was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile, apart, in the twilight gloom of a
window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, behold-
ing 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
feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of
clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room
for a moment.
And as she gazed from the window she saw
serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star
follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wan-
dered 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
clamorous labour
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
numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of
wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or
passed on the highway.

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

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

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

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

For with this simple people, who lived like
brothers together,

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

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed
more abundant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her
father;

Bright was her face with smiles, and words of
welcome and gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup
as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the
orchard,

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 bee-hives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest
of hearts and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the trees 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.
 Gaily 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 dizzy-
 ing 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, Bene-
 dict'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 church-yard,
 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 march-
 ing proudly among them
 Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dis-
 sonant clangour
 Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from
 ceiling and casement,—
 Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous
 portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will
of the soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and 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
enclosures;

So on the hearts of the people descended the
words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder,
and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and
anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed
to the door-way.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce
imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er
the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil
the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the
billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion;
and wildly he shouted,—
“Down with the tyrants of England! we never
have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on
our homes and our harvests!”
More he fain would have said, but the merciless
hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him
down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry
contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father
Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the
steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture, he
awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake
to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents
measured and mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly
the clock strikes.
"What is this that ye do, my children? what
madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I laboured among
you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one
another!
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and
prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love
and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and
would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing
with hatred?
Lo! where the erueified 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
Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers
gleamed from the altar.
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest,
and the people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and
the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their
souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah as-
cending 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 splen-
dour, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and em-
blazoned its windows.
Lo! 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 forgive-
ness, and patience!

Then, all-forgotten 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,
glimmering vapours
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, over-
come 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 whisper-
ing rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore
tree by the window.

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of
the neighbouring thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed
the world he created !
Then she remembered the tales she had heard of
the justice of heaven :
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peace-
fully 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 mourn-
ful 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 woodlands.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged
on the oxen.
While in their little hands they clasped some
fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ;
and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the
peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did
the boats ply ;

All day long the wains came labouring 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 journeyed 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 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 sub-
mission 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 reflux 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 Aca-
dian 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 odour 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 milk-maid.
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 flicker-
ing 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
mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge
shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs
of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships
that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of
flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like
the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the 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
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 coeks 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 away 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 mourn-
fully 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 fune-
ral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer
of Grand Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service
of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a
vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar
with the dirges.
’Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste
of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and
hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise
of embarking ;

And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out
of the harbour,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and
the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

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 north-east
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the
Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered
from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry
southern savannahs,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands
where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them
down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones
of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many,
despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a
friend nor a fireside.

Written their history stands on tablets of stone
in the 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, im-
perfect, 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 tomb-stones,
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 rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate
whisper,

Came with its airy hand to point and beckon
her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen
her beloved and known him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or
forgotten.

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

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

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

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

He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisi-
ana.”

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 Saint
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 labour; accomplish
thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient
endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labour 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
laboured and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge
of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice
that whispered, “Despair not!”
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and
cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns
of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer’s
footsteps;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful
year of existence;
But as a traveller follows a streamlet’s course
through the valley;
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the
gleam of its water

Here and there, in some open space, and at
intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan
glooms that conceal it,
Though he beheld it not, he can hear its con-
tinuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it
reaches an outlet.

II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beau-
tiful 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 down the turbulent
river;

Night after night, by their blazing fires, en-
camped 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 they lost in a maze of sluggish and
devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in
every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous
boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid
air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of
ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save
by the herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning
at sunset,
Or by the owl as he greeted the moon with
demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it 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 forebod-
ings 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 per-
adventure
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 rever-
berant 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, and then singing familiar Cana-
dian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian
rivers.
And through the night were heard the mys-
terious 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 un-
dulations
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 a Wachita willow, that
grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered
about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary tra-
vellers 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
thoughtful and careworn,
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow,
and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was
legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who weary with waiting, unhappy
and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and
of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of
the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen
of palmettoes,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay con-
cealed 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 vapours arose ; and sky and water
and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and
mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges
of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping 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 deli-
cious 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 revels of
frenzied Bacchantes.
Then single notes were 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 Têche, where it flows
through the green Opelousas.
And through the amber air, above the crest of
the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a 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 mystic mistletoe
flaunted,
Such as the druids cut down with golden hatchets
at yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, in the house of the
herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant
blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself
was of timbers
Hewn from the cyprus tree, and carefully fitted
together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender
columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spa-
cious verandah,
Haunt of the humming bird and the bee, ex-
tended 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 conten-
tions 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 oaks 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 cotton-trees, with cordage of
grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf
of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle
and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet
of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under
the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look
of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine,
that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the
vapoury freshness
That arose 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 recognised
Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to
the garden.
There in an arbour of roses with endless ques-
tion 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, some-
what 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 trou-
bled, 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 trap-
ping 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 verandah,
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 land-
scape 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 Fe-
lician, astounded,

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

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

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

For it is not like that of our cold Acadian
climate,

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

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

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

It was the neighbouring creoles and small Aca-
dian 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 me-
lodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children
delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave them-
selves 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 irre-
pressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth
into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall
of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.
On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a
tremulous gleam of the moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened
and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers
of the garden
Poured out their souls in odours, 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
measureless prairie,
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and
fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and
infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in
the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to
marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls
of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon
them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars
and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried,—“O Gabriel!
O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot
behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice
does not reach me?”

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to
the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the
woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from
labour,
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 whip-
poor-will sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the
neighbouring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped
into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks, from oracular
caverns of darkness;
And from the moonlit meadow a sigh responded,
"To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the
flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and
anointed his 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 back 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
Rumours alone were their guides through a
wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of
Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned
from the garrulous landlord,
That on the day before, with horses and guides
and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the
prairies.

IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where
the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and
luminous summits.
Down from their desolate, deep ravines, where
the gorge, like a gateway,
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the
emigrant's waggon,
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway
and Owhyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-
river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate
leaps the Nebraska;

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

And over all this the sky, the clear and crystalline
heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above
them.

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

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there
silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose
features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as
great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman, returning home to
her people
From the far-off hunting grounds of the cruel
Camanches,

Where her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-bois, had been murdered.
Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and
wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed
from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the
sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed
far into the forest,
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed
like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was
wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge,
in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered
love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume
through the forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again by
her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evan-
geline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the
region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy
guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the
moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious
splendour
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and
filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and
the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible
whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's
heart, but a secret,

Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite
terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest
of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region
of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt
for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing
a phantom.
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 west-
ward 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 Evange-
line 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 aërial roof, arose the chant of their
vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and
sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers,
nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the
evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the bene-
diction had fallen
From the hands of the priest, like seeds 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 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 interlac-
ing, 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 cornfield.
 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 flower 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
 odour 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 rumour
 was wafted
 Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of
 blossom.

Far to the north and east, it is said, in the
Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Sagi-
naw river.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes
of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the
Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous
marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the
Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen
to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in
seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering
maiden;—
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian
Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of
the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous
cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away
unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the
long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment
it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from
her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom
and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of
gray o'er her forehead,

Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her 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 country,
Where all men were equal, and all were bro-
thers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed
endeavour,

Ended, to recommence no more upon earth,
uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her
thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the
morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape
below us,
Sun illumined, with shining rivers and cities and
hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the
world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and
the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and
fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart
was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last
she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence
and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for
it was not.
Over him years had no power: he was not
changed, but transfigured ;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead,
and not absent ;
Patience, and abnegation of self, and devotion to
others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had
taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odor-
ous 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 the meek, pale face, returning home from
its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on
the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by
flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in
their craws but an acorn,
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of
September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a
lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural
margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of
existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to
charm, the oppressor ;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his
anger;—
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends
nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the
homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of
meadows and woodlands;—
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its
gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendour, 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 splendour,
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 odour of
flowers in the garden;

And she paused on her way to gather the fairest
among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their
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,
And, 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 con-
cealing 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 for ever.
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 colourless lips apart,
while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the
flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and
bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such
terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from
their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form
of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that
shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the 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, for ever sinking
and sinking.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied
reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush
that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and
saint-like,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into
silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home
of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers
among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and,
walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in
his vision.
Tears came 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 for ever,
 Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no
 longer are busy,
 Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have
 ceased from their labours,
 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.

TRANSLATIONS.

—
Swedish.
—

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.³³

FROM BISHOP TEGNÉR.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The
church of the village
Stood gleaming white in the morning's sheen.
On the spire of the belfry
Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames
of the Spring-sun
Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by
Apostles aforetime.
Clear was the heaven, and blue; and May, with
her cap crowned with roses,
Stood in her holiday dress in the fields; and the
wind and the brooklet
Murmured gladness and peace, God's peace!
With lips rosy-tinted
Whispered the race of the flowers; and merry,
on balancing branches,
Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn
to the Highest.
Swept and clean was the church-yard. Adorned
like a leaf-woven arbour
Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within, upon
each cross of iron,

Hung was a sweet-scented garland, new-twined
by the hands of affection.
Even the dial, that stood on a fountain among
the departed,
(There full a hundred years had it stood,) was
embellished with blossoms.
Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith
and the hamlet,
Who on his birth-day is crowned by children
and children's children;
So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his
pencil of iron
Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the
swift-changing moment,
While all around at his feet an eternity slum-
bered in quiet.
Also the church within was adorned, for this
was the season
In which the young, their parents' hope, and the
loved ones of heaven,
Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of
their baptism.
Therefore each nook and corner was swept and
cleaned, and the dust was
Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the
oil-painted benches.
There stood the church like a garden; the Feast
of the Leafy Pavilions³⁴
Saw we in living Presentiment. From noble
arms on the church wall
Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's
pulpit of oak-wood
Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rock
before Aaron.
Wreathed thereon was the Bible w th leaves,
and the dove, washed with silver,
Under its canopy fastened, a necklace had on of
wind-flowers.

But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece
 painted by Hörberg,³⁵
 Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling
 tresses of angels
 Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, out of the
 shadowy leaf-work.
 Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked
 from the ceiling;
 And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set
 in the sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging
 crowd was assembled
 Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy
 preaching.
 Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones
 from the organ.
 Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible
 spirits.
 Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from
 him his mantle,
 Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth;
 and with one voice
 Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem
 immortal
 Of the sublime Wallin,³⁶ of David's harp in the
 Northland,
 Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its
 powerful pinions
 Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to
 heaven,
 And every face did shine like the Holy One's
 face upon Tabor.
 Lo! there entered then into the church the
 Reverend Teacher.
 Father he hight and he was in the parish; a
 Christianly plainness

Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of
seventy winters.
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the
heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds; but still a con-
templative grandeur
Lay on his forehead, as clear as on moss-covered
grave-stone a sun-beam.
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that
faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the
day of creation,)
Th' artist, the friend of heaven, imagines St.
John when in Patmos,
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed
then the old man:
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were
his tresses of silver.
All the congregation arose in the pews that were
numbered:
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left
hand, the old man,
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the
innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the
Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent dis-
course from the old man:
Many a moving word and warning, that out of
the heart came,
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on
those in the desert.
Afterwards, when all was finished, the Teacher
re-entered the chancel,
Followed therein by the young. On the right-
hand the boys had their places,

Delicate figures, with close curling hair, and
 cheeks rosy-blooming.
 But on the left hand of these there stood the
 tremulous lilies,
 Tinged with the blushing light of the morning,
 the diffident maidens,—
 Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes
 cast down on the pavement.
 Now came, with question and answer, the
 catechism. In the beginning
 Answered the children with troubled and falter-
 ing voice, but the old man's
 Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and
 the doctrines eternal
 Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear
 from lips unpolluted.
 Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as
 they named the Redeemer,
 Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens
 all courtesied.
 Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of
 light there among them.
 And to the children explained he the Holy, the
 Highest, in few words,
 Thorough, yet simple and clear,—for sublimity
 always is simple,—
 Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its
 meaning.
 Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when
 Spring-tide approaches,
 Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed by the
 radiant sunshine,
 Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the
 perfected blossom
 Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its
 crown in the breezes,
 So was unfolded here the Christian lore of sal-
 vation,

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

Now went the old man up to the altar;—and
 straightway transfigured
 (So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate
 Teacher.
 Like the Lord's prophet sublime, and awful as
 Death and as Judgment,
 Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-
 searcher, earthward descending.
 Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts that to
 him were transparent,
 Shot he; his voice was deep, was low, like the
 thunder afar off.
 So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he
 spake and he questioned.

“ This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the
 Apostles delivered;
 This is, moreover, the faith whereunto I baptized
 you, while still ye
 Lay on your mother's breasts, and nearer the
 portals of heaven.
 Slumbering received you then the Holy Church
 in its bosom;
 Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light,
 in its radiant splendour,
 Rains from the heaven downward;—to-day on
 the threshold of childhood
 Kindly she frees you again, to examine and
 make your election,
 For she knows naught of compulsion, and only
 conviction desireth.

This is the hour of your trial, the turning point
of existence,

Seed for the coming days; without revocation
departeth

Now from your lips the confession: bethink ye,
before ye make answer!

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

Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests
upon falsehood.

Enter not with a lie on Life's journey; the
multitude hears you,

Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon
earth is and holy

Standeth before your sight as a witness; the
Judge everlasting

Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels
in waiting beside him

Grave your confession in letters of fire, upon
tablets eternal.

Thus then,—Believe ye in God, in the Father
who this world created?

Him who redeemed it, the Son? and the Spirit,
where both are united?

Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise!) to
cherish

God more than all things earthly, and every man
as a brother?

Will ye promise me here, to confirm your faith
by your living,

Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to for-
give, and to suffer,

Be what it may your condition, and walk before
God in uprightness?

Will ye promise me this before God and man?"—
With a clear voice

Answered the young men, Yes! and Yes! with
lips softly-breathing

Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from
 the brow of the Teacher
 Clouds with the thunders therein, and he spake
 on in accents more gentle,
 Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Baby-
 lon's rivers.

“ Hail, then, hail to you all ! To the heirdom
 of heaven be ye welcome !
 Children no more from this day, but by covenant
 brothers and sisters !
 Yet,—for what reason not children ? Of such is
 the kingdom of heaven.
 Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in
 heaven one Father,
 Ruling them as his own household—forgiving in
 turn and chastising,
 That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has
 taught us.
 Blessed are the pure before God ! Upon purity
 and upon virtue
 Resteth the Christian faith ; she herself from on
 high is descended.
 Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum
 of the doctrine
 Which the Godlike delivered, and on the cross
 suffered and died for.
 O ! as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred
 asylum
 Downward and ever downward, and deeper in
 Age's chill valley,
 O ! how soon will ye come,—too soon !—and
 long to turn backward
 Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined,
 where Judgment
 Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad
 like a mother,

Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart
 was forgiven:
 Life was a play, and your hands grasped after
 the roses of heaven!
 Seventy years have I lived already; the Father
 Eternal
 Gave to me gladness and care; but the loveliest
 hours of existence,
 When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes,
 I have instantly known them,
 Known them all, all again;—they were my child-
 hood's acquaintance.
 Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the
 paths of existence,
 Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Inno-
 cence, bride of man's childhood.
 Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the
 world of the blessed,
 Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roar-
 ing billows
 Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in
 the ship she is sleeping.
 Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men;
 in the desert
 Angels descend and minister unto her; she her-
 self knoweth
 Naught of her glorious attendance; but follows
 faithful and humble,
 Follows so long as she may her Friend; O do
 not reject her,
 For she cometh from God and she holdeth the
 keys of the heavens.—
 Prayer is Innocence' friend; and willingly flieth
 incessant
 'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon
 of heaven.
 Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile,
 the spirit

Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like
flames ever upward.
Still he recalls with emotion his Father's mani-
fold mansions,
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blos-
somed more freshly the flowers,
Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with
the winged angels.
Then grows the earth too narrow, too close;
and homesick for heaven
Longs the wanderer again; and the spirit's
longings are worship;
Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and
its tongue is entreaty.
Ah! when the infinite burden of life descendeth
upon us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth,
in the grave-yard,—
Then it is good to pray unto God; for his
sorrowing children
Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and
helps and consoles them.
Yet it is better to pray when all things are
prosperous with us,
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful
Fortune
Kneel's down before the Eternal's throne; and
with hands interfolded,
Praises, thankful and moved, the only giver of
blessings.
Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that
comes not from Heaven?
What has mankind, forsooth, the poor! that it
has not received?
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The
seraphs adoring
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of
Him who

Hung his masonry pendant on naught, when the
 world he created.
 Earth declareth his might, and the firmament
 uttereth his glory.
 Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward
 from heaven,
 Downward like withered leaves; at the last
 stroke of midnight, millenniums
 Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees
 them, but counts them as nothing.
 Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath of
 the Judge is terrific,
 Casting the insolent down at a glance. When
 he speaks in his anger
 Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap
 like the roebuck.
 Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children? This
 awful Avenger,
 Ah! is a merciful God! God's voice was not
 in the earthquake,
 Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the
 whispering breezes.
 Love is the root of creation; God's essence;
 worlds without number
 Lie in his bosom like children; he made them
 for this purpose only.
 Only to love and to be loved again, he breathed
 forth his Spirit
 Into the slumbering dust, and upright-standing,
 it laid its
 Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a
 flame out of heaven.
 Quench, O quench not that flame! It is the
 breath of your being.
 Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father,
 nor mother
 Loved you, as God has loved you; for 't was that
 you may be happy

Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down
his head in the death-hour
Solemnized Love its triumph; the sacrifice then
was completed.
Lo! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the
temple, dividing
Earth and heaven apart, and the dead, from their
sepulchres rising,
Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears
of each other
Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's
enigma—Atonement!
Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for
Love is Atonement.
Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the
merciful Father;
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from
fear, but affection;
Fear is the virtue of slaves; but the heart that
loveth is willing;
Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and
Love only.
Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest
thou likewise thy brethren;
One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is
love also.
Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp
on his forehead?
Readest thou not in his face thine origin? Is
he not sailing
Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he
not guided
By the same stars that guide thee? Why
shouldst thou hate then thy brother?
Hateth he thee, forgive! For 't is sweet to
stammer one letter
Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is called
Forgiveness!

Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the
 crown of thorns round his temples;
 Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers?
 Say, dost thou know him?
 Ah! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise
 his example,
 Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over
 his failings,
 Guide the erring aright; for the good, the
 heavenly Shepherd
 Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back
 to its mother.
 This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits
 that we know it.
 Love is the creature's welfare with God; but
 Love among mortals
 Is but an endless sigh! He longs, and endures,
 and stands waiting,
 Suffers, and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears
 on his eyelids.
 Hope,—so is called upon earth his recompence.
 —Hope, the befriending,
 Does what she can, for she points evermore up
 to heaven, and faithful
 Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the
 grave, and beneath it
 Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a
 sweet play of shadows!
 Races, better than we, have leaned on her waver-
 ing promise,
 Having naught else beside Hope. Then praise
 we our Father in heaven,
 Him, who has given us more; for to us has
 Hope been illumined,
 Groping no longer in night; she is Faith, she is
 living Assurance.
 Faith is enlightened Hope; she is light, is the
 eye of affection,

Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves
their visions in marble.
Faith is the sun of life; and her countenance
shines like the Prophet's,
For she has looked upon God; the heaven on its
stable foundation
Draws she with chains down to earth, and the
new Jerusalem sinketh
Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapours
descending.
There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the
figures majestic,
Fears not the winged crowd, in the midst of them
all is her homestead.
Therefore love and believe; for works will follow
spontaneous,
Even as day does the sun; the Right from the
Good is an offspring,
Love in a bodily shape; and Christian works are
no more than
Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the
animate Spring-tide.
Works do follow us all unto God; there stand
and bear witness
Not what they seemed, but what they were only.
Blessed is he who
Hears their confession secure; they are mute
upon earth until death's hand
Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children,
does Death e'er alarm you?
Death is the brother of Love, and twin-brother
is he, and is only
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips
that are fading
Takes he the soul, and departs; and, rocked in
the arms of affection,
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the
face of its Father.

Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly
 his pinions,
 Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon
 them! I fear not before him.
 Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On
 His bosom
 Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast; and
 face to face standing
 Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by
 vapours;
 Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits
 majestic,
 Nobler, better than I; they stand by the throne
 all transfigured,
 Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are
 singing an anthem,
 Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language
 spoken by angels.
 You, in like manner, ye children beloved, He
 one day shall gather,
 Never forgets he the weary;—then welcome, ye
 loved ones, hereafter!
 Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget
 not the promise,
 Wander from holiness onward to holiness; earth
 shall ye heed not;
 Earth is but dust and heaven is light: I have
 pledged you to heaven.
 God of the universe, hear me! thou Fountain of
 Love everlasting,
 Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my
 prayer to thy heaven!
 Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one
 spirit of all these,
 Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved
 them all like a father.
 May they bear witness for me that I taught them
 the way of salvation,

Faithful, so far as I knew of thy word; again
 may they know me,
 Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy
 face may I place them,
 Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and
 exclaiming with gladness,
 'Father, lo! I am here, and the children whom
 thou hast given me!'"

Weeping he spake in these words: and now
 at the beck of the old man
 Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round
 the altar's enclosure.
 Kneeling he read then the prayers of the conse-
 cration, and softly
 With him the children read; at the close, with
 tremulous accents,
 Asked he the peace of heaven, a benediction
 upon them.
 Now should have ended his task for the day; the
 following Sunday
 Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's
 holy Supper.
 Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the
 Teacher silent, and laid his
 Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward;
 while thoughts high and holy
 Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes
 glanced with wonderful brightness.
 "On the next Sunday, who knows! perhaps I
 shall rest in the graveyard!
 Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken
 untimely,
 Bow down his head to the earth;—why delay I?
 the hour is accomplished.
 Warm is the heart;—I will so! for to-day grows
 the harvest of heaven.

What I began accomplish I now; for what
 failing therein is
 I, the old man, will answer to God and the
 reverend Father.
 Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-
 come in heaven,
 Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of
 Atonement?
 What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have
 told it you often.
 Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atonement
 a token,
 Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by
 his sins and transgressions
 Far has wandered from God, from his essence.
 'T was in the beginning
 Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it
 hangs its crown o'er the
 Fall to this day: in the Thought is the Fall; in
 the Heart the Atonement.
 Infinite is the Fall, the Atonement infinite
 likewise.
 See! behind me, as far as the old man remembers,
 and forward
 Far as hope in her flight can reach with her
 wearied pinions,
 Sin and Atonement incessant go through the life-
 time of mortals.
 Brought forth is sin full grown; but Atonement
 sleeps in our bosoms
 Still as the cradled babe; and dreams of heaven
 and of angels
 Cannot awake to sensation; is like the tones in
 the harp's strings,
 Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the
 deliverer's finger.
 Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the
 Prince of Atonement,

Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands
now with eyes all resplendent,
Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with
Sin and o'ercomes her.
Downward toward earth he came, and trans-
figured, thence re-ascended;
Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still
lives in the Spirit,
Loves and atones evermore. So long as time is,
is Atonement.
Therefore with reverence receive this day her
visible token.
Tokens are dead if the things do not live. The
light everlasting
Unto the blind man is not, but is born of the eye
that has vision.
Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart
that is hallowed
Lieth forgiveness enshrined; the intention alone
of amendment,
Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things,
and removes all
Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his
arms wide extended,
Penitence weeping and praying; the Will that is
tried, and whose gold flows
Purified forth from the flames; in a word, man-
kind by Atonement
Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh
Atonement's wine-cup.
But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with
hate in his bosom,
Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's
blessed body,
And the Redeemer's blood! To himself he
eateth and drinketh
Death and doom! And from this preserve us,
thou heavenly Father!

Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of
 Atonement?"

Thus with emotion he asked; and together
 answered the children,
 "Yes!" with deep sobs interrupted. Then read
 he the due supplications,
 Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed
 the organ and anthem:
 O! Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our
 transgressions,
 Hear us! give us thy peace! have mercy, have
 mercy upon us!
 Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly
 pearls on his eyelids,
 Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt
 round the mystical symbols.
 O! then seemed it to me as if God, with the
 broad eye of mid-day,
 Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the
 trees in the church-yard
 Bowed down their summits of green, and the
 grass on the graves 'gan to shiver.
 But in the children (I noted it well; I knew it),
 there ran a
 Tremour of holy rapture along through their
 icy-cold members.
 Decked like an altar before them, there stood the
 green earth, and above it
 Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen;
 there saw they
 Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right
 hand the Redeemer.
 Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings,
 and angels from gold clouds
 Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with
 their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task; and with
 heaven in their hearts and their faces,
 Up rose the children all, and each bowed him,
 weeping full sorely,
 Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of
 them pressed he
 Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his
 hands full of blessings,
 Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent
 tresses.

Danish.

KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.

FROM JOHANNES EVALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
 In mist and smoke;
 His sword was hammering so fast,
 Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
 Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
 In mist and smoke.
 "Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
 Who braves of Denmark's Christian
 The stroke?"

Nils Juel³⁷ gave heed to the tempest's roar,
 Now is the hour!
 He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
 And smote upon the foe full sore,
 And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
 "Now is the hour!"
 "Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
 Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
 The power?"

North sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
 Thy murky sky!
 Then champions to thine arms were sent;
 Terror and Death glared where he went;
 From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
 Thy murky sky!
 From Denmark, thunders Tordenskiol',
 Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
 And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might!
 Dark-rolling wave!
 Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
 Goes to meet danger with despite,
 Proudly as though the tempest's might,
 Dark-rolling wave!
 And amid pleasures and alarms,
 And war and victory, be thine arms
 My grave!

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

[THE following strange and somewhat mystic ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.]

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,
 Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide,
 But never, ah never can meet with the man
 A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hill-side
 A Knight full well equipped;
 His steed was black, his helm was barred;
 He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
Twelve little golden birds;
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail
Twelve little golden wheels;
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew;
And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was poised in rest;
And it was sharper than diamond stone,
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
A wreath of ruddy gold;
And that gave him the Maidens Three,
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eftsoon
If he were come from heaven down:
"Art thou Christ of Heaven?" quoth he,
"So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,
Thou shalt not yield thee yet;
I am an Unknown Knight,
Three modest Maidens have me bedight."

"Art thou a Knight elected,
And have three Maidens thee bedight;
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
For all the Maidens' honour!"

The first tilt they together rode,
They put their steeds to the test;
The second tilt they together rode,
They proved their manhood best.

The third tilt they together rode,
Neither of them would yield;

The fourth tilt they together rode,
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
And their blood runs unto death;
Now sit the maidens in the high tower,
The youngest sorrows till death.

Anglo-Saxon.

THE GRAVE.

For thee was a house built
Ere thou wast born,
For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
Highly timbered,
It is unhigh and low;
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh.
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh.
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
 And dark it is within ;
 There thou art fast detained,
 And Death hath the key.
 Loathsome is that earth-house,
 And grim within to dwell.
 There thou shalt dwell,
 And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,
 And leavest thy friends ;
 Thou hast no friend,
 Who will come to thee,
 Who will ever see
 How that house pleaseth thee,
 Who will ever open
 The door for thee
 And descend after thee,
 For soon thou art loathsome
 And hateful to see.

German.

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD.

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

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

But, when the maid departed,
A Swabian raised his hand,
And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
“ Long live the Swabian land !

“ The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare ;
With all the stout and hardy men
And the nut-brown maidens there.”

“ Ha !” cried a Saxon, laughing,—
And dashed his beard with wine,—
“ I had rather live in Lapland,
Than that Swabian land of thine !

“ The goodliest land on all this earth,
It is the Saxon land !
There have I as many maidens
As fingers on this hand !”

“ Hold your tongues ! both Swabian and
Saxon !”
A bold Bohemian cries ;
“ If there’s a heaven upon this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.

“ There the tailor blows the flute,
And the cobbler blows the horn,
And the miner blows the bugle,
Over mountain gorge and bourn.”

And then the landlord’s daughter
Up to heaven raised her hand,
And said, “ Ye may no more contend,—
There lies the happiest land !”

THE WAVE.

FROM TIEDGE.

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

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

THE DEAD.

FROM KLOPSTOCK.

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

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

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM MÜLLER.

“THE rivers rush into the sea,
By castle and town they go;
The winds behind them merrily
Their noisy trumpets blow.

“The clouds are passing far and high,
We little birds in them play;
And everything that can sing and fly
Goes with us, and far away.

“I greet thee, bonny boat! Whither, or whence,
With thy fluttering golden band?”—

“I greet, thee, little bird! To the wide sea
I haste from the narrow land.

“Full and swollen is every sail;
I see no longer a hill,
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
And it will not let me stand still.

“And wilt thou, little bird, go with us?
Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,
For full to sinking is my house
With merry companions all.”—

I need not and seek not company,
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone;
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

“High over the sails, high over the mast,
Who shall gainsay these joys?
When the merry companions are still, at last,
Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

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

“ Thus do I sing my weary song,
 Wherever the four winds blow;
 And this same song, my whole life long,
 Neither poet nor printer may know.”

WHITHER?

FROM MÜLLER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
 From its rocky fountain near,
 Down into the valley rushing,
 So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
 Nor who the counsel gave;
 But I must hasten downward,
 All with my pilgrim-stave;

Downward, and ever farther,
 And ever the brook beside;
 And ever fresher murmured,
 And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going?
 Whither, O brooklet, say!
 Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
 Murmured my senses away.

What do I say of a murmur?
 That can no murmur be;
 'T is the water-nymphs, that are singing
 Their roundelays under me.

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,
And wander merrily near;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

BEWARE!

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,

Take care!

She can both false and friendly be,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,

Take care!

She gives a side-glance and looks down,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,

Take care!

And what she says, it is not true,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,

Take care!

She knows how much it is best to show,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

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

SONG OF THE BELL.

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

Bell! thou soundest merrily:
 Tellest thou at evening,
 Bed-time draweth nigh!
 Bell! thou soundest mournfully:
 Tellest thou the bitter
 Parting hath gone by!

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

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

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM UHLAND.

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

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

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

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel’s rhyme?”

“The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly,
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.”

“And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?”

“Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there;
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?”

“ Well saw I the ancient parents,
 Without the crown of pride;
 They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
 No maiden was by their side !”

THE BLACK KNIGHT

FROM UHLAND.

’Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
 When woods and fields put off all sadness,
 Thus began the King, and spake :
 “ So from the halls
 Of ancient Hofburg’s walls,
 A luxuriant Spring shall break.”

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
 Wave the crimson banners proudly,
 From balcony the King looked on;
 In the play of spears,
 Fell all the cavaliers,
 Before the monarch’s stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
 Rode at last a sable Knight.
 “ Sir Knight ! your name and ’scutcheon, say !”
 “ Should I speak it here,
 Ye would stand aghast with fear;
 I ’m a Prince of mighty sway !”

When he rode into the lists,
 The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
 And the castle ’gan to rock.
 At the first blow,
 Fell the youth from saddle-bow,
 Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,
 Torch-light through the high halls glances;

Waves a mighty shadow in;
 With manner bland
 Doth ask the maiden's hand,
 Doth with her the dance begin,

Danced in sable iron sark,
 Danced a measure weird and dark,
 Coldly clasped her limbs around.
 From breast and hair
 Down fall from her the fair
 Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
 Every Knight and every Dame
 'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
 With mournful mind
 The ancient King reclined,
 Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
 But the guest a beaker took:
 "Golden wine will make you whole!"
 The children drank,
 Gave many a courteous thank;
 "O that draught was very cool!"

Each the father's breast embraces,
 Son and daughter; and their faces
 Colourless grew utterly.
 Whichever way
 Looks the fear-struck father gray,
 He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both
 Takest thou in the joy of youth;
 Take me, too, the joyless father!"
 Spake the grim Guest,
 From his hollow, cavernous breast:
 "Roses in the spring I gather!"

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM SALIS.

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

Into the Silent Land !
 To you, ye boundless regions
 Of all perfection ! Tender morning-visions
 Of beauteous souls ! The future's pledge and
 band !
 Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
 Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
 Into the Silent Land !

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

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

FROM UHLAND.

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

OF Edenhall, the youthful Lord
 Bids sound the festal trumpet's call ;

He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again,
The drinking glass of crystal tall:
They call it The Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The gray-beard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light,
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it: *If this glass doth fall,
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!*

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

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

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

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;

And through the rift the wild flames start :
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword :
He in the night had scaled the wall ;
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

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

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

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM PFIZER.

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

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

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

The end lies ever in my thought:

To a grave so cold and deep

The mother beautiful was brought;

Then dropped the child asleep.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,

I bathe mine eyes and see;

And wander through the world once more,

A youth so light and free.

Two locks—and they are wondrous fair—

Left me that vision mild:

The brown is from the mother's hair,

The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,

Pale grows the evening-red;

And when the dark lock I behold,

I wish that I were dead.

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM JULIUS MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are standing

The cathedral door above;

Yet I saw but one among them

Who hath soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle,—wound about him,

As their robes the sowers wind,—

Bore he swallows and their fledglings,

Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And so stands he, calm and childlike,

High in wind and tempest wild;

O, were I like him exalted,

I would be, like him, a child!

And my songs, green leaves and blossoms,
Up to heaven's door would bear,
Calling, even in storm and tempest,
Round me still these birds of air.

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

FROM JULIUS MOSEN.

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

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

Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease,
From the cross 't would free the Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.

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

And that bird is called the crossbill;
Covered quite with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

O HEMLOCK tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful
are thy branches!

Green not alone in summer time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful
are thy branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is
thy bosom!

To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is
thy bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou takest for
thine example;

So long as summer laughs she sings,
But in the autumn spreads her wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou takest for
thine example;

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror
of thy falsehood!

It flows so long as falls the rain,
In drought its springs soon dry again.

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror
of thy falsehood.

ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM SIMON DACH.

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

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

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

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come
snow,

We will stand by each other, however it blow.

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

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains
fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and
strong,

Through crosses, through sorrows, through mani-
fold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me, to wander alone
In a desolate land, where the sun is scarce
known,—

Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea
flows,

Through ice, and through iron, through armies
of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth,
and one hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife,
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love;
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;
 I am king of the household, thou art its queen.
 It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
 That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.
 This turns to heaven the hut where we dwell,
 While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM HEINRICH HEINE.

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

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

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

POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.—
 SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MONEY.

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

THE BEST MEDICINES.

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

SIN.

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

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

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

LAW OF LIFE.

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

CREEDS.

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

THE RESTLESS HEART.

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

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

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

ART AND TACT.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are com-
 bined;
 Often in a wooden house a golden-room we find.

RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they
 grind exceeding small;
 Though with patience He stands waiting, with
 exactness grinds He all.

TRUTH.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle
 but a torch's fire,
 Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus Truth
 silences the liar.

RHYMES.

If perhaps these rhymes of mine sound not well
 in strangers' ears,
 They have only to bethink them that it happens
 so with theirs;
 For so long as words, like mortals, call a father-
 land their own,
 They will be most highly valued where they are
 best and longest known.

Spanish.

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.³⁹

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake;
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death come softly stealing on,
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away, °
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past,—the past,—
More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope and all her shadowy train
Will not decay;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.

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

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

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth,—the Good and Wise,—
To Him I cry.

Who shared on earth our common lot,
But the world comprehended not
His deity.

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

Our cradle is the starting-place,
In life we run the onward race,
And reach the goal ;
When, in the mansions of the blessed,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes,—the glad Messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came ;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery !
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, chances strange,
Disastrous accidents, and change,
That come to all :
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate ;
The strongest fall.

Tell me—the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lips and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they ?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
In life's first stage ;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary Age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
In long array.
How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away !

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

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

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

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded baubles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey.
Let none on such poor hopes rely ;
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they ?

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

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they, all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall ?

No foe, no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay—but onward speed
With loosened rein ;
And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace ;

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power !
What ardour show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within
In weeds of woe !

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng?
On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes ;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
Though we have heard so oft, and read,
Their histories.

Little avails it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled :
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the king, Don Juan ? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Arragon ?
Where are the courtly gallantries,
The deeds of love, and high emprise
In battle done ?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume—
What were they but a pageant scene ?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb ?

Where are the high-born dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odours sweet ?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent flame,
Low at their feet ?

Where is the song of Troubadour ?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore ?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore ?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride ;
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside !

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

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

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array—
Where shall we seek them now? Alas!
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train.

But he was mortal; and the breath
That flamed from the hot forge of Death
Blasted his years;
Judgment of God! that flame by thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears!

Spain's haughty Constable—the true
And gallant Master,—whom we knew
Most loved of all,—
Breathe not a whisper of his pride;
He on the gloomy scaffold died,—
Ignoble fall!

The countless treasures of his care,
His hamlets green and cities fair,
His mighty power ;—
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart, when came
The parting hour ?

His other brothers, proud and high,
Masters, who, in prosperity,
Might rival kings ;
Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings ;

What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride ?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died ?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and Count of spotless fame,
And Baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield ;
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
In the dark grave !

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms
When thou durst show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh—
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed ;
High battlements entrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep,—
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life that thou dost give
Were life indeed!

Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief;
And sorrows, neither few nor brief,
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom,

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid
As Virtue's son—
Roderic Manrique—he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion;

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy—
Ye saw his deeds!
Why should their praise in verse be sung?
The name that dwells on every tongue
No minstrel needs.

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

What prudence with the old and wise;
What grace in youthful gaieties;
In all how sage!
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call;
His, Scipio's virtue; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness; his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws;
The arm of Hector; and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause;

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will;

In tented field and bloody fray,
In Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command;
The faith of Constantine; ay, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate;
He fought the Moors—and, in their fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honoured and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'T was his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that more
And fairer regions than before
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half-effaced,
Which with the hand of youth he traced
On history's page;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
 And veteran service to the state,
 By worth adored,
 He stood, in his high dignity,
 The proudest knight of chivalry,
 Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
 Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
 And cruel power;
 But, by fierce battle and blockade,
 Soon his own banner was displayed
 From every tower.

By the tried valour of his hand,
 His monarch and his native land
 Were nobly served;—
 Let Portugal repeat the story,
 And proud Castile, who shared the glory
 His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
 His life upon the fatal throw
 Had been cast down;
 When he had served, with patriot zeal,
 Beneath the banner of Castile,
 His sovereign's crown;

And done such deeds of valour strong,
 That neither history nor song
 Can count them all;
 Then, on Ocana's castled rock,
 Death at his portal came to knock,
 With sudden call,—

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

- “ Since thou hast been, in battle strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.
- “ Think not the struggle that draws near
Too terrible for man,—nor fear
To meet the foe;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.
- “ A life of honour and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,—
’T is but a name;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.
- “ The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate;
The soul in dalliance laid—the spirit
Corrupt with sin—shall not inherit
A joy so great.
- “ But the good monk, in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears;
And the brave knight, whose arm endures
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.
- “ And thou, brave knight, whose hand has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O’er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

- “Cheered onward by this promise sure,
 Strong in the faith, entire and pure,
 Thou dost profess,
 Depart,—thy hope is certainty,—
 The third—the better life on high
 Shalt thou possess.”
- “O Death, no more, no more delay;
 My spirit longs to flee away,
 And be at rest;
 The will of Heaven my will shall be,—
 I bow to the Divine decree,
 To God’s behest.
- “My soul is ready to depart,
 No thought rebels, the obedient heart
 Breathes forth no sigh;
 The wish on earth to linger still
 Were vain, when ’tis God’s sovereign will
 That we shall die.
- “O thou, that for our sins didst take
 A human form, and humbly make
 Thy home on earth;
 Thou, that to thy divinity
 A human nature didst ally
 By mortal birth,
- “And in that form didst suffer here
 Torment and agony, and fear,
 So patiently;
 By thy redeeming grace alone,
 And not for merits of my own,
 O, pardon me!”
- As thus the dying warrior prayed,
 Without one gathering mist or shade
 Upon his mind;
 Encircled by his family,
 Watched by affection’s gentle eye
 So soft and kind;

His soul to Him who gave it rose;
 God led it to its long repose,
 Its glorious rest!
 And, though the warrior's sun has set,
 Its light shall linger round us yet,
 Bright, radiant, blest.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM LOPE DE VEGA.

SHEPHERD! that with thine amorous, sylvan
 song
 Hast broken the slumber which encompassed
 me,—
 That madest thy crook from the accursed tree,
 On which thy powerful arms were stretched so
 long!
 Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing fountains;
 For thou my Shepherd, guard, and guide shalt
 be;
 I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
 Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.
 Here, Shepherd!—thou who for thy flock art
 dying,
 O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
 Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's vow.
 O, wait!—to thee my weary soul is crying,—
 Wait for me!—Yet why ask it, when I see,
 With feet nailed to the cross, thou 'rt waiting
 still for me!

TO-MORROW.

FROM LOPE DE VEGA.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
 Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,
 Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
 And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
 O strange delusion!—that I did not greet
 Thy blest approach, and O, to heaven how lost,
 If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
 Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet,
 How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
 "Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
 How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"
 And, O! how often to that voice of sorrow,
 "To-morrow we will open," I replied,
 And when the morrow came, I answered still,
 "To-morrow."

THE NATIVE LAND.

FROM FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

CLEAR fount of light! my native land on high,
 Bright with a glory that shall never fade,
 Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,
 Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye,
 There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
 Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;
 But, sentinel'd in heaven, its glorious presence
 With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.
 Beloved country! banished from thy shore,
 A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
 The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!
 Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
 Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
 That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwell-
 ing be.

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

O LORD! thou seest, from yon starry height,
 Centred in one, the future and the past,
 Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
 The world obscures in me what once was bright!
 Eternal Sun! the warmth which thou hast given,
 To cheer life's flowery April, fast decays;
 Yet, in the hoary winter of my days,
 For ever green shall be my trust in Heaven.
 Celestial King! O let thy presence pass
 Before my spirit, and an image fair
 Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
 As the reflected image in a glass
 Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
 And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

THE BROOK.

LAUGH of the mountain!—lyre of bird and
 tree!
 Pomp of the meadows! mirror of the morn!
 The soul of April, unto whom are born
 The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
 Although, where'er thy devious current strays.
 The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
 To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
 Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's
 gaze.
 How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
 As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
 Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles
 count!

How, without malice murmuring, glides thy
current!

O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in
limpid fount!

french.

SPRING.

FROM CHARLES D'ORLEANS.—XV. CENTURY

GENTLE Spring!—in sunshine clad,

Well dost thou thy power display!

For winter maketh the light heart sad.

And thou—thou makest the sad heart gay.

He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,

The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the
rain;

And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,

When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,

Their beards of icicles and snow;

And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,

We must cower over the embers low;

And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,

Mope like birds that are changing feather.

But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,

When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky

Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud;

But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh;

Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,

And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,
 Who has toiled for nought both late and early,
 Is banished afar by the new-born year,
 When thy merry step draws near.

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
 Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed!
 Sleep, little one! and closely, gently place
 Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
 Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
 I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;
 'Tis sweet to watch for thee—alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow,
 His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of
 harm.

Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
 Would you not say he slept on Death's cold
 arm?

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

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

Italian.

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE.—PURGATORIO, II.

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

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

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

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

My master yet had uttered not a word,
While the first brightness into wings unfolded;
But, when he clearly recognised the pilot,
He cried aloud: “Quick, quick, and bow the
knee!

Behold the Angel of God! fold up thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!

“See, how he scorns all human arguments,
So that no oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores!

“See, how he holds them, pointed straight to
heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!”

And then, as nearer and more near us came
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,
So that the eye could not sustain his presence,

But down I cast it; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,
So that the water swallowed nought thereof.

Upon the stern stood the celestial pilot!
Beatitude seemed written in his face!
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.

“*In exitu Israel* out of Egypt!”
Thus sang they altogether in one voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.

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

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.

FROM DANTE.—PURGATORIO, XXVIII.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

All waters that on earth most limpid are,
 Would seem to have within themselves some
 mixture

Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,
 Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,
 Under the shade perpetual, that never
 Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

BEATRICE.

FROM DANTE.—PURGATORIO, XXX. XXXI.

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

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

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

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

And the sun’s face uprising, overshadowed,
 So that, by temperate influence of vapours,
 The eye sustained his aspect for long while ;

Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,
 Which from those hands angelic were thrown up,
 And down descended inside and without,

With crown of olive o’er a snow-white veil,
 Appeared a lady, under a green mantle.
 Vested in colours of the living flame.

Even as the snow, among the living rafters
 Upon the back of Italy, congeals,
 Blown on and beaten by Slavonian winds,

And then, dissolving, filters through itself,
 Whene’er the land that loses shadow breathes,
 Like as a taper melts before a fire ;

Even such I was, without a sigh or tear,
 Before the song of those who chime for ever
 After the chiming of the eternal spheres ;

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

The ice, that was about my heart, congealed,
 To air and water changed, and, in my anguish,
 Through lips and eyes came gushing from my
 breast.

Confusion and dismay, together mingled,
Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out of my mouth,
To understand it one had need of sight.

Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 'tis discharged,
Too tensely drawn the bow-string and the bow,
And with less force the arrow hits the mark ;

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

ADDITIONAL POEMS.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

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

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs !
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout !
Across the window pane
It pours and pours ;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain !

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

From the neighbouring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise
And commotion ;

And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Engulphs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

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

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

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

Walking the fenceless fields of air ;
And from each ample fold
Of the clouds about him rolled
Scattering everywhere
The showery rain,
As the farmer scatters his grain.

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

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

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

The day is ending.
 The night is descending ;
 The marsh is frozen,
 The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes,
 The red sun flashes
 On village windows
 That glimmer red.

The snow recommences ;
 The buried fences
 Mark no longer
 The road o'er the plain ;

While through the meadows,
 Like fearful shadows,
 Slowly passes
 A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,
 And every feeling
 Within me responds
 To the dismal knell ;

Shadows are trailing,
 My heart is bewailing
 And tolling within,
 Like a funeral bell.

 WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,
 When he left this world of ours,
 Laid his body in th' cloister,
 Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,
Gave them all with this behest:
They should feed the birds at noontide
Daily on his place of rest;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels
I have learned the art of song:
Let me now repay the lessons
They have taught so well and long."

Thus the bard of love departed:
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the war of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?
Be it changed to loaves henceforward
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,
From the walls and woodland nests,

When the minster bells rang noontide,
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

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

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

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

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

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

Like the astrologers of eld,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries.
I saw, with its celestial keys,
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,
From earth unto the fixed stars.
And through the dewy atmosphere,
Not only could I see, but hear,

Its wondrous and harmonious strings,
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,
From Dian's circle light and near,
Onward to vaster and wider rings,
Where, chanting through his beard of snows,
Majestic, mournful Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And with its chorus seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east;
And, slow, ascending one by one,
The kindling constellations shone.
Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast!
His sword hung gleaming by his side,
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.
The moon was pallid, but not faint;
Yet beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharmed with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars
That were to prove her strength, and try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,
She reached the station of Orion
Aghast he stood in strange alarm!

And suddenly from his outstretched arm
Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.

His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull; but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by CEnopion,
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,
And, climbing up the mountain gorge,
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead,
An angel with a trumpet said,
“ For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o’er !”
And, like an instrument that flings
Its music on another’s strings.
The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
And on from sphere to sphere the words
Re-echoed down the burning chords,—
“ For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o’er !”

THE BRIDGE.

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

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

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,

The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

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

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

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

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

How often, O, how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

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

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

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

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

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

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



TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty
 Omawhaws;
 Gloomy and dark, as the driving cloud, whose
 name thou hast taken!
 Wrapt in the scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk
 through the city's
 Narrow and populous streets, as once by the
 margin of rivers
 Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us
 only their footprints.
 What, in a few short years, will remain of thy
 race but the footprints?
 How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast
 trod the green turf of the prairies?
 How canst thou breathe in this air, who hast
 breathed the sweet air of the mountains?

Ah! 't is vain that with lordly looks of disdain
thou dost challenge
Looks of dislike in return, and question these
walls and these pavements,
Claiming the soil for thy hunting grounds, while
down-trodden millions
Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from
its caverns that they, too,
Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim
its division!
Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions
west of the Wabash!
There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn
the leaves of the maple
Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and
in summer
Pine trees waft through its chambers the odorous
breath of their branches.
There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer
of horses?
There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks
of the Elk-horn,
Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where
the Omawhaw
Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like
a brave of the Blackfeet!

Hark! what murmurs arise from the heart of
those mountainous deserts!
Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the
mighty Behemoth,
Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the
bolts of the thunder,
And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of
the red man?
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the
Crows and the Foxes;

Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the
tread of Behemoth.

Lo! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts
the Missouri's

Merciless current! and yonder, afar on the prai-
ries, the camp-fires

Gleam through the night; and the cloud of dust
in the gray of the daybreak

Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's
dexterous horse-race;

It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell
the Camanches!

Ha! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts,
like the blast of the east wind,

Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes
of thy wigwams!

CARILLON.

In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
Changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.
Then, with deep sonorous clangour
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,

On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher, home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

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

And I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in vain,
On the roofs and stones of cities!
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night

Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.
Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

TO A CHILD.

DEAR child! how radiant on thy mother's knee,
With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,
Thou gazest at the painted tiles,
Whose figures grace,
With many a grotesque form and face,
The ancient chimney of thy nursery!
The lady with the gay macaw,
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw,
With bearded lip and chin;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command
Thou shakest in thy little hand
The coral rattle with its silver bells,
Making a merry tune!

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

But, lo! thy door is left ajar!
Thou hearest footsteps from afar!
And, at the sound,
Thou turnest round
With quick and questioning eyes,
Like one, who, in a foreign land,
Beholds on every hand
Some source of wonder and surprise!
And, restlessly, impatiently,
Thou strivest, strugglest to be free.
The four walls of thy nursery
Are now like prison walls to thee.

No more thy mother's smiles,
No more the painted tiles,
Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,
That won thy little beating heart before;
Thou strugglest for the open door.

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

Once, ah, once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of this country, dwelt.
And yonder meadows broad and damp
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares.
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to thee?
Out, out! into the open air!
Thy only dream is liberty,
Thou carest little how or where.
I see thee eager at thy play,
Now shouting to the apples on the tree,
With cheeks as round and red as they;
And now among the yellow stalks,
Among the flowering shrubs and plants,
As restless as the bee.

Along the garden walks,
The tracks of thy small carriage wheels I trace;
And see at every turn how they efface
Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,
That rise like golden domes
Above the cavernous and secret homes
Of wandering and nomadic tribes of ants.
Ah! cruel little Tamerlane,
Who, with thy dreadful reign,
Dost persecute and overwhelm
These hapless Troglodytes of thy realm!

What! tired already! with those suppliant looks,
And voice more beautiful than poet's books,
Or murmuring sound of water as it flows,
Thou comest back to parley with repose!
This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,
With its o'er-hanging golden canopy
Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,
And shining with the argent light of dews,
Shall for a season be our place of rest.
Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest,
From which the laughing birds have taken wing,
By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing.
Dream-like the waters of the river gleam;
A sailless vessel drops adown the stream,
And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,
Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! on thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison!
Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.
I see its valves expand,

As at the touch of Fate!
Into those realms of love and hate,
Into that darkness blank and drear,
By some prophetic feeling taught,
I launch the bold, adventurous thought,
Freighted with hope and fear;
As upon subterranean streams,
In caverns unexplored and dark,
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,
Laden with flickering fire,
And watch its swift-receding beams,
Until at length they disappear,
And in the distant dark expire.
By what astrology of fear or hope
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!
Like the new moon thy life appears;
A little strip of silver light,
And widening outward into night
The shadowy disk of future years!
And yet upon its outer rim,
A luminous circle, faint and dim,
And scarcely visible to us here,
Rounds and completes the perfect sphere;
A prophecy and intimation,
A pale and feeble adumbration,
Of the great world of light, that lies
Behind all human destinies.

Ah! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,
Should be to wet the dusty soil
With the hot tears and sweat of toil—
To struggle with imperious thought,
Until the overburdened brain,
Weary with labour, faint with pain,
Like a jarred pendulum, retain
Only its motion, not its power,—
Remember, in that perilous hour,

When most afflicted and oppressed,
From labour there shall come forth rest.

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

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

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

WELCOME, my old friend,
Welcome to a foreign fireside,
While the sullen gales of autumn
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,
Made by hands that clasped thee rudely,
At the ale-house.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Once some ancient Scald,
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,
Chanted staves of these old ballads
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,
At the court of old King Hamlet,
Yorick and his boon companions
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard
Sang them in their smoky barracks;—
Suddenly the English cannon
Joined the chorus!

Peasants in the field,
Sailors on the roaring ocean,
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend;
They, alas! have left thee friendless!
Yet at least by one warm fireside
Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,
So thy twittering songs shall nestle
In my bosom,—

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

DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.

COME, old friend! sit down and list'n!
From the pitcher, placed between us,
How the waters laugh and glisten
In the head of old Silenus!

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,
Led by his inebriate Satyrs;
On his breast his head is sunken,
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow;
Ivy crowns that brow supernal
As the forehead of Apollo,
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,
Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations,
Bloodless victories, and the farmer
Bore, as trophies and oblations,
Vines for banners, ploughs for armour.

Judged by no o'er-zealous rigour,
Much this mystic throng expresses:
Bacchus was the type of vigour,
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,
Of a faith long since forsaken;
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,
Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains
Point the rods of fortune-tellers;

Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,—
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons,
And huge tankards filled with Rhenish,
From that fiery blood of dragons
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,
Never drank the wine he vaunted
In his dithyrambic sallies.

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

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

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux : "Toujours ! jamais ! Jamais ! toujours !"

JAKES BRIDAINÉ.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall
An ancient time-piece says to all,—
"Forever—never !
Never—forever !"

Halfway up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeletons at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased,
 “Forever—never!
 Never—forever!”

There groups of merry children played,
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
O precious hours! O golden prime,
And affluence of love and time!

Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow!
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead;
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
“Ah! when shall they all meet again!”
As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!

The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—

“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

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

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

THE EVENING STAR.

Lo ! in the painted oriel of the west,
 Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,
 Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
 The evening star, the star of love and rest !
 And then anon she doth herself divest
 Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
 Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,
 With slumber and soft dreams of love oppress'd.
 O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus !
 My morning and my evening star of love !
 My best and gentlest lady ! even thus,
 As that fair planet in the sky above,
 Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,
 And from thy darkened window fades the light.

AUTUMN.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
 With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
 Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
 And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain !
 Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,⁴⁰

Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
 Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
 Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain.
 Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
 So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;
 Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended,
 Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
 And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
 Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden
 leaves!

DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realm of
 gloom,
 With thoughtful pace, and sad majestic eyes,
 Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,
 Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
 Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;
 Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
 What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
 The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!
 Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,
 By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
 As up the convent walls, in golden streaks,
 The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease;
 And as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
 Thy voice along the cloister whispers, "Peace!"

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
 Working in these walls of time;
 Some with massive deeds and great,
 Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low,
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these,
Leave no yawning gaps between :
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods are everywhere.

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

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of time ;
Broken stair-ways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base,
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

CURFEW.

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The curfew Bell
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,
And put out the light ;
Toil comes with the morning,
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire ;
Sound fades into silence,—
All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall !
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all !

II.

The book is completed,
And, closed, like the day ;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies ;
Forgotten they lie ;
Like coals in the ashes,
They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,
The story is told,
The windows are darkened,
The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall ;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

WHEN the summer harvest was gathered in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Looked down where the valley lay stretched
below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet,
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods,
As the sun stole out from their solitudes ;
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,
And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red
Where the trees withered leaves around it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn ;
The mower sung loud by the meadow side,
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide ;
And the voice of the herdsman came up the lea,
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,

And heard, by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak—
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind,
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white,—
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,
And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore,
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on, by that still lake side,
The fisher looked down through the silver tide,
And there, on the smooth yellow sand displayed,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,
And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and
slow,
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

THE SEA DIVER.

My way is on the bright blue sea,
My sleep upon its rocky tide;
And many an eye has followed me,
Where billows clasp the worn sea side.

My plumage bears the crimson blush,
When ocean by the sun is kissed!
When fades the evening's purple flush,
My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath
The bright arch of the splendid deep,
My ear has heard the sea shell breathe
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
And by the pearly diadem,
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown
The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night, upon my storm-drenched wing,
I poised above a helmless bark,
And soon I saw the shattered thing
Had passed away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm had done,
A ship, that had rode out the gale,
Sunk down—without a signal gun,
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart—
The cloud resign its golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart
The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made
Beneath the bright and silver sea!
Peace that their relics there were laid,
With no vain pride and pageantry.

THE
SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.

DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,
And, seeing not the forms from which they come,
Pauses from time to time, and turns and
hearkens;

So walking here in twilight, O my friends!
I hear your voices softened by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
His words of friendship, comfort and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,
Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousand fold,
By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
Friends are around us, though no words be
spoken.

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

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

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,
With eye of sense, your outward form and
semblance ;

Therefore to me ye never will grow old,
But live for ever young in my remembrance ;

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away !
Your gentle voices will flow on for ever,
When life grows bare and tarnished with decay
As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,
Being oftentimes of different tongues and
nations,

But the endeavour for the selfsame ends,
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,
Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion ;
Not interrupting with intrusive talk,
The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are
lighted,

To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited !

BY THE SEASIDE.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

“ BUILD me straight, O worthy Master !
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !”

The merchant's word,
Delighted the Master heard ;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace to every Art.
A quiet smile played round his lips.
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships,
That steadily at anchor ride.
And with a voice that was full of glee
He answered, “ Ere long we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea !”
And first, with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature ;
That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labour might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.
And as he laboured, his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of yore,

And above them all, and strangest of all,
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,
With bows and stern raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that frown
From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.
And he said with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,
Shall be of another form than this!"

It was of another form, indeed ;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft ;
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm ;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the shipyard stood the Master,
With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around ;
Timber of chesnut, and elm, and oak,
And, scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees ;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke !
Ah ! what a wondrous thing it is

To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion !
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall !

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day.
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch the slightest meaning.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth.
The old man and the fiery youth !
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modelled o'er and o'er again ;—
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.

“ Thus,” said he, “ will we build this ship !
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care ;
Of all that is unsound beware ;

For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the UNION be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shone on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair.
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach;
But he
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!

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

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the shipyard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side;

Plied so deftly and so well,
That ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip,
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labour well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide!

And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the Master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still.
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,
The father sat, and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales,
Of pirates upon the Spanish Main,
And ships that never came back again;
The chance and change of a sailor's life,
Want and plenty, rest and strife,
His roving fancy, like the wind,
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind;
And the magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,
Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.
And the trembling maiden held her breath
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,
With all its terror and mystery,
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,
That divides, and yet unites mankind!
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illumine
The silent group in the twilight gloom,

And thoughtful faces, as in a dream ;
And for a moment one might mark
What had been hidden by the dark,
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
Tenderly, on the young man's breast !

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

With oaken brace and copper band,
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole ;
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
Would reach down, and grapple with the land,
And immovable and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast !

And at the bows an image stood,
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white, that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mould,
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,
But modelled from the Master's daughter !
On many a dreary and misty night,
'Twill be seen by the rays of the signal light,
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright !

Behold at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place ;⁴¹
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast !

Long ago,
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain
Lay the snow,
They fell,—those lordly pines !
Those grand, majestic pines !
Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar

Would remind them for evermore
Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poised aloft in the air,
And at the mast head,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbours shall behold
That flag unrolled,
'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and
 endless!

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendours dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,

Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honour of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray, old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said.
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head:
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor—
The shepherd of that wandering flock,
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock—
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such resistless undertow,

And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course.
Therefore he spake, and thus said he:—

“Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its outer rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level, and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!”

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand.
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!

She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,—
“Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!”

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!

Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear!

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,

Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge and what a heat
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
 'T is of the wave, and not the rock;
 'T is but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale!
 In spite of rock and tempest roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

THE EVENING STAR.

JUST above yon sandy bar,
 As the day grows fainter and dimmer,
 Lonely and lovely, a single star
 Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.
 Into the ocean faint and far
 Falls the trail of its golden splendour,
 And the gleam of that single star
 Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.
 Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,
 Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,
 Leaving the arms of Callirrhœ,
 For ever tender, soft, and tremulous.
 Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
 Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly;
 Is it a God, or is it a star,
 That, entranced, I gaze on nightly!

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me,
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams, come back to me.

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

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

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft, monotonous cadence,
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley
Onward steering to the land;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
Poised upon the mast to hear

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried, with impulse strong,—
“Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!”

“Wouldst thou,”—so the helmsman answered,
“Learn the secret of the sea?”

Only those who brave its dangers
 Comprehend its mystery!"

In each sail that skims the horizon,
 In each landward-blowing breeze,
 I behold that stately galley,
 Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing
 For the secret of the sea,
 And the heart of the great ocean
 Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
 The wind blows wild and free,
 And like the wings of sea-birds
 Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
 There shines a ruddier light,
 And a little face at the window
 Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
 As if those childish eyes
 Were looking into the darkness,
 To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
 Is passing to and fro,
 Now rising to the ceiling,
 Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
 And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
 As they beat at the crazy casement,
 Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
 And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
 As they beat at the heart of the mother,
 Drive the colour from her cheek?

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.⁴²

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

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

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

Eastward from Campobello
 Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
 Three days or more seaward he bore,
 Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
 And ice-cold grew the night;
 And never more, on sea or shore,
 Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
 The Book was in his hand;
 "Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
 He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
 Without a signal's sound,

Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

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

Southward, through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish Main;
Yet there seems no change of place.

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

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

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

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremour of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light,
With strange, unearthly splendour in its glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher, it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night-o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

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

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

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

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

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,

Blinded and maddened by the light within,
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

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

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

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

WE sat within the farm-house old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—
The light-house,—the dismantled fort,—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives, thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap, and then expire.

And, as their splendour flashed and failed,
We thought of wrecks upon the main,—
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,—
The ocean, roaring up the beach,—
The gusty blast,—the bickering flames,—
All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the brain,—
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!
They were indeed too much akin,
The drift-wood fire without that burned,
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
About those deserts blown !
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known !

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
His favourite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread ;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
Scattered it as they sped ;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
Illumed the wilderness ;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
Pacing the Red Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
In half articulate speech ;

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart ;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,
And resolute in heart !

These have passed over it, or may have passed !
Now in this crystal tower

Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand;—
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert, with its shifting sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And born aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow run,
Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain;
The half-hour's sand is run!

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

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

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

But the night is fair,
And everywhere
A warm soft vapour fills the air,
And distant sounds seem near;

And above in the light
Of the star-lit night.
Swift birds of passage wing their flight
Through the dewy atmosphere.

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

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

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

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

This is the cry
Of souls, that high
On toiling, beating pinions fly,
Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight
Through realms of light,
It falls into our world of night
With the murmuring sound of rhyme.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
 Stood silent in the shade,
 And on the gravell'd pathway
 The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
 Wide open to the air!
 But the faces of the children,
 They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
 Was standing by the door;
 He looked for his little playmates,
 Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
 They played not in the hall;
 But shadow, and silence, and sadness
 Were hanging over all.

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

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

 KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

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

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

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass ;
In their beards the red wine glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

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

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

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

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

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

Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried, " Fill high the goblet!
We must drink to one Saint more!"

GASPAR BECERRA.

By his evening fire the artist
Pondered o'er his secret shame ;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.
'T was an image of the Virgin
That had tasked his utmost skill ;
But, alas ! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.
From a distant Eastern island
Had the precious wood been brought :
Day and night the anxious master
At his toil untiring wrought ;
Till discouraged and desponding,
Sat he now in shadows deep,
And the day's humiliation
Found oblivion in sleep.
Then a voice cried, " Rise, O master !
From the burning brand of oak
Shape the thought that stirs within thee!"
And the startled artist woke,—
Woke, and from the smoking embers
Seized and quenched the glowing wood ;
And therefrom he carved an image,
And he saw that it was good.
O thou sculptor, painter, poet !
Take this lesson to thy heart :
That is best which lieth nearest ;
Shape from that thy work of art.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village.

Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
Strayed the poet's winged steed.

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

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

Not the less he saw the landscape,
In its gleaming vapour veiled ;
Not the less he breathed the odours
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
By the school-boys he was found ;
And the wise men, in their wisdom,
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
Rich and poor, and young and old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
Winged steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening
Fell, with vapours cold and dim ;
But it brought no food nor shelter,
Brought no straw nor stall for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,
Looked he through the wooden bars,
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
Saw the tranquil, patient stars ;
Till at length the bell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighbouring farm-yard,
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.
Then, with nostrils wide distended.
Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
To those stars he soared again.
On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor where.
But they found upon the greensward
Where his struggling hoofs had trod,
Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
From the hoof-marks in the sod.
From that hour, the fount unfailing
Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its waters,
While it soothes them with its sound.

TEGNÉR'S DEATH.

I HEARD a voice, that cried,
" Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead !"
And through the misty air
Passed like the mournful cry
Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse
Of the dead sun
Borne through the Northern sky.
Blasts from Niffelheim
Lifted the sheeted mists
Around him as he passed.

And the voice for ever cried,
"Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead!"
And died away
Through the dreary night,
In accents of despair.

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

All things in earth and air
Bound were by magic spell
Never to do him harm;
Even the plants and stones;
All save the misletoe,
The sacred misletoe!

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

They laid him in his ship,
With horse and harness,
As on a funeral pyre.
Odin placed
A ring upon his finger,
And whispered in his ear

They launched the burning ship!
It floated far away
Over the misty sea,
Till like the moon it seemed,
Sinking beneath the waves.
Balder returned no more!

So perish the old Gods!
But out of the sea of Time
Rises a new land of song,
Fairer than the old.
Over the meadows green
Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,
O ye bards,
Fairer than before!
Ye fathers of the new race,
Feed upon morning dew,
Sing the new Song of Love!

The law of force is dead!
The law of love prevails!
Thor, the thunderer,
Shall rule the earth no more,
No more, with threats,
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,
O ye bards of the North,
Of Vikings and of Jarls!
Of the days of Eld
Preserve the freedom only,
Not the deeds of blood!

SONNET.

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

O PRECIOUS evenings! all too swiftly sped!
 Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
 Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
 And giving tongues unto the silent dead!
 How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,
 Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages
 Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,
 Anticipating all that shall be said!
 O happy Reader! having for thy text
 The magic book, whose Sibylline leaves have
 caught
 The rarest essence of all human thought!
 O happy Poet! by no critic vexed!
 How must thy listening spirit now rejoice
 To be interpreted by such a voice!

 THE SINGERS.

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

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

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

A gray, old man, the third and last,
 Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,

While the majestic organ rolled
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three,
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, "I see
No best in kind, but in degree:
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own!
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!
Our little life is but a gust,
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust!

HYMN

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said: "Yet one thing
more;

If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor,
And come and follow me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way,
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm, and say,
"Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John,
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ.⁴³

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

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

I.

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

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

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,
Seemed from the clouds descending ;
When lo ! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
Each one with her attendant swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain ;
Resembling there, so near unto the sky,

Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven had sent
For their delight and our encouragement.

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

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

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,
With garlands for the bridal laden!
The sky was blue; without one cloud of gloom,
The sun of March was shining brightly,
And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,
A rustic bridal, ah! how sweet it is!
To sounds of joyous melodies,
That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom,
A band of maidens
Gaily frolicking,
A band of youngsters
Wildly rollicking!
Kissing,
Caressing,
With fingers pressing,
Till in the veriest

Madness of mirth, as they dance,
 They retreat and advance,
 Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest:
 While the bride, with roguish eyes,
 Sporting with them, now escapes and cries.
 "Those who catch me
 Married verily
 This year shall be!"

And all pursue with eager haste,
 And all attain what they pursue,
 And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,
 And the linen kirtle round her waist
 Meanwhile, whence comes it that among,
 These youthful maidens fresh and fair,
 So joyous, with such laughing air,
 Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?
 And yet the bride is fair and young!
 Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,
 That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall
 O, no! for a maiden frail, I trow
 Never bore so lofty a brow!
 What lovers! they give not a single caress!
 To see them so careless and cold to-day
 These are grand people, one would say.
 What ails Baptiste? what grief doth him oppress?

It is, that, half way up the hill
 In yon cottage, by whose walls
 Stand the cart-house and the stalls,
 Dwelleth the blind orphan still,
 Daughter of a veteran old;
 And you must know, one year ago,
 That Margaret, the young and tender,
 Was the village pride and splendour,
 And Baptiste her lover bold.
 Love, the deceiver, them ensnared
 For them the altar was prepared;

But alas! the summer's blight,
 The dread disease that none can stay,
 The pestilence that walks by night,
 Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was changed;
 Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged.
 Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled;
 Returned but three short days ago,
 The golden chain they round him throw,
 He is enticed, and onward led
 To marry Angela, and yet
 Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
 "Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate!
 Here comes the cripple Jane!" And by a
 fountain's side
 A woman, bent and gray with years,
 Under the mulberry trees appears,
 And all towards her run, as fleet
 As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
 Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.
 She telleth fortunes, and none complain.
 She promises one a village swain,
 Another a happy wedding-day,
 And the bride a lovely boy straightway.
 All comes to pass as she avers!
 She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer
 Wears a countenance severe,
 And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white
 Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
 Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,
 Who, like a statue, stands in view.

Changing colour, as well he might,
 When the beldame wrinkled and gray
 Takes the young bride by the hand,
 And, with the tip of her reedy wand
 Making the sign of the Cross, doth say:—
 “Thoughtless Angela, beware!
 Lest, when thou weddest this false bride-
 groom,
 Thou diggest for thyself a tomb!”
 And she was silent; and the maidens fair
 Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear;
 But on a little streamlet silver-clear,
 What are two drops of turbid rain?
 Saddened a moment, the bridal train
 Resumed the dance and song again;
 The bridegroom only was pale with fear;—
 And down green alleys
 Of verdurous valleys,
 With merry sallies,
 They sang the refrain:—

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

II.

And by suffering worn and weary,
 But beautiful as some fair angel yet
 Thus lamented Margaret,
 In her cottage lone and dreary:—

“He has arrived! arrived at last!
 Yet Jane has named him not these three days
 past;
 Arrived! yet keeps aloof so far!
 And knows that of my night he is the star!

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

For ever night! for ever night!

When he is gone 't is dark! my soul is sad!
 I suffer! O my God! come, make me glad.
 When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude;
 Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes
 Within them shines for me a heaven of love,
 A heaven all happiness, like that above,

No more of grief! no more of lassitude!

Earth I forget,—and heaven, and all distresses,
 When seated by my side my hand he presses;

But when alone, remember all!

Where is Baptiste? he hears not when I call!
 A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,

I need some bough to twine around!

In pity come! be to my suffering kind!

True love, they say, in grief doth more abound!

What then—when one is blind!

“Who knows? perhaps I am forsaken!

Ah! woe is me! then bear me to my grave!

O God! what thoughts within me waken

Away! he will return! I do but rave!

He will return! I need not fear!

He swore it by our Saviour dear;

He could not come at his own will;

Is weary, or perhaps is ill!

Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,

Prepares for me some sweet surprise!

But some one comes! Though blind, my heart
 can see!

And that deceives me not! 'tis he! 'tis he!”

And the door ajar is set,
 And poor, confiding Margaret
 Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes;
 'Tis only Paul, her brother, who thus cries:—

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

“Angela married! and not send
 To tell her secret unto me!
 O, speak! who may the bridegroom be?”
 “My sister, 'tis Baptiste, thy friend!”

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said;
 A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks;
 An icy hand, as heavy as lead,
 Descending, as her brother speaks,
 Upon her heart, that has ceased to beat,
 Suspends awhile its life and heat.
 She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,
 A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again
 Brings her back to her sorrow and pain.

“Hark! the joyous airs are ringing!
 Sister, dost thou hear them singing?
 How merrily they laugh and jest!
 Would we were bidden with the rest!
 I would don my hose of homespun gray,
 And my doublet of linen striped and gay;
 Perhaps they will come; for they do not wed
 Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said!”

“I know it!” answered Margaret;
 Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet,
 Mastered again; and its hand of ice
 Held her heart crushed, as in a vice!

“Paul, be not sad! 'Tis a holiday;
 To-morrow put on thy doublet gay!

But leave me now for a while alone."
 Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul,
 And, as he whistled along the hall,
 Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful heat!
 I am faint, and weary, and out of breath!
 But thou art cold—art chill as death;
 My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?"
 "Nothing! I heard them singing home the bride;
 And, as I listened to the song,
 I thought my turn would come ere long,
 Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.
 Thy cards forsooth can never lie,
 To me such joy they prophesy,
 Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide
 When they behold him at my side.
 And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou?
 It must seem long to him;—methinks I see him
 now!"

Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press:
 "Thy love I cannot all approve;
 We must not trust too much to happiness;—
 Go, pray to God, that thou mayst love him less!"
 "The more I pray, the more I love!
 It is no sin, for God is on my side!"
 It was enough; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold;
 But to deceive the beldame old
 She takes a sweet, contented air.
 Speak of foul weather or of fair,
 At every word the maiden smiles!
 Thus the beguiler she beguiles;
 So that, departing at the evening's close,
 She says, "She may be saved! she nothing
 knows!"

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

III.

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating,
 And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,
 Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,
 How differently!

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,
 The one puts on her cross and crown,
 Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,
 And flaunting, fluttering up and down,
 Looks at herself, and cannot rest.

The other, blind, within her little room,
 Has neither crown nor flower's perfume;
 But in their stead for something gropes apart,
 That in a drawer's recess doth lie,
 And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,
 Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,
 'Mid kisses ringing,
 And joyous singing,
 Forgets to say her morning prayer!

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,
 Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,
 And whispers, as her brother opes the door,
 "O God! forgive me now!"

And then the Orphan, young and blind,
 Conducted by her brother's hand,
 Towards the church, through paths un-
 scanned,
 With tranquil air, her way doth wind.

Odours of laurel, making her faint and pale,
 Round her at times exhale,
 And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,
 But brumal vapours gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,
 Crowded with sculptures old, in every part,
 Marvels of nature and of art,
 And proud of its name of high degree,
 A little chapel, almost bare
 At the base of the rock, is builded there;
 All glorious that it lifts aloof.
 Above each jealous cottage roof,
 Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,
 And its blackened steeple high in air,
 Round which the osprey screams and sails.

“ Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by!”
 Thus Margaret said. “ Where are we? we
 ascend!”

“ Yes; seest thou not our journey's end?
 Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry?
 The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know!
 Dost thou remember when our father said,
 The night we watched beside his bed,
 ‘ O daughter, I am weak and low;
 Take care of Paul; I feel that I am dying!’
 And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying?
 Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud;
 And here they brought our father in his shroud.
 There is his grave; there stands the cross we set;
 Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret?
 Come in! The bride will be here soon:
 Thou tremblest! O my God! thou art going to
 swoon!

She could no more,—the blind girl, weak and
 weary!
 A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,

“What wouldst thou do, my daughter?”—and
she started;

And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted;
But Paul, impatient, urges evermore
Her steps towards the open door;
And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid
Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,
And with her head, as Paul talks on again,
Touches the crown of filigrane
Suspended from the low-arched portal,
No more restrained, no more afraid,
She walks, as for a feast arrayed,
And in the ancient chapel's sombre night
They both were lost to sight.

At length the bell,
With booming sound,
Sends forth, resounding round,
Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell.
It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain;
And yet the guests delay not long,
For soon arrives the bridal train,
And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth deceit maketh no mortal gay,
For lo! Baptiste on this triumphant day,
Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,
Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis;
To be a bride is all! The pretty lisper
Feels her heartswell to hear all round her whisper,
“How beautiful! how beautiful she is!

But she must calm that giddy head,
For already the Mass is said;
At the holy table stands the priest;
The wedding ring is blessed; Baptiste receives it;
Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,
He must pronounce one word at least!

'Tis spoken ; and sudden at the groomsman's side,
 " 'Tis he ! " a well-known voice has cried.

And while the wedding guests all hold their breath.
 Ope the confessional, and the blind girl, see !

" Baptiste," she said, " since thou hast wished
 my death,

As holy water be my blood for thee ! "

And calmly in the air a knife suspended !

Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,

For anguish did its work so well,

That, ere the fatal stroke descended,

Lifeless she fell !

At eve, instead of bridal verse,

The De Profundis filled the air :

Decked with flowers, a simple hearse

To the church-yard forth they bear ;

Village girls in robes of snow

Follow, weeping as they go :

Nowhere was a smile that day,

No, ah no ! for each one seemed to say :—

" The roads should mourn and be veiled in gloom,

So fair a corpse shall leave its home !

Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away !

So fair a corpse shall pass to-day ! "

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. ⁴⁴

FROM THE NOEL BOURGUIGNON DE GUI BARÔZIA.

I HEAR along our street

Pass the minstrel throngs :

Hark ! they play so sweet,

On their hautboys, Christmas songs !

Let us by the fire

Ever higher

Sing them till the night expire !

In December ring
 Every day the chimes ;
 Loud the gleemen sing
 In the streets their merry rhymes.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire !

Shepherds at the grange,
 Where the Babe was born,
 Sang, with many a change,
 Christmas carols until morn.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire !

These good people sang
 Songs devout and sweet,
 While the rafters rang,
 There they stood with freezing feet.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire.

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

Washerwomen old,
 To the sound they beat,
 Sing by rivers cold,
 With uncovered heads and feet.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire !

Who by the fireside stands
Stamps his feet and sings ;
But he who blows his hands
Not so gay a carol brings.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

NOTES.

¹ Page 21.—*Skoal! to the Northland! Skoal!*

IN Scandinavia, "Skoal" is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

² Page 38.—*All the Foresters of Flanders.*

The title of "Foresters" was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. Lyderick du Bucq, in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them; and Beaudoin Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and married her in Bruges, was the last. After him, the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsace, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crécy, coming later in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land, as a Crusader, and died of the plague at St. Jean d'Acre, shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Compiègne. Louis de Crécy was son and successor of Robert de Bethune, who strangled his wife, Yolande de Bourgogne, with the bridle of his horse, for having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche d'Anjou.

³ Page 38.—*Stately dames, like queens attended.*

When Philippe-le-Bel, King of France, visited Flanders, with his queen, she was so astonished at the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed, "Je croyais être seule reine ici, mais il paraît que ceux Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont labillées comme des princesses et des reines."

When the burgomasters of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres went to Paris, to pay homage to King John, in 1351, they were received with great pomp and distinction; but, being

invited to a festival, they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions; whereupon, to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they folded their richly-embroidered cloaks, and seated themselves upon them. On rising from table, they left their cloaks behind them, and being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon van Eertrycke, burgomaster of Bruges, replied, "We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner."

4 Page 38.—*Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold.*

Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal, on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day instituted the famous Order of the Fleece of Gold.

5 Page 38.—*I beheld the gentle Mary.*

Marie de Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by the death of her father, Charles-le-Téméraire, at the age of twenty, the richest heiress of Europe. She came to Bruges, as Countess of Flanders, in 1477, and, in the same year, was married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian. According to the custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria, Maximilian's substitute, slept with the princess. They were both in complete dress, separated by a naked sword, and attended by four armed guards. Isabella was adored by her subjects for her gentleness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, and is the same person mentioned afterwards in the poem of *Nuremberg*, as the Kaiser Maximilian, and the hero of Pfinzing's poem of *Teuerdank*. Having been imprisoned by the revolted Burghers of Bruges, they refused to release him, till he consented to kneel in the public square, and to swear on the Holy Evangelists, and the body of St. Donatus, that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

6 Page 39.—*The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.*

This battle, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls of Courtray, on the 11th of July, 1302, between the French and the Flemings, the former commanded by Robert, Comte d'Artois, and the latter by Guillaume de Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The French army was completely routed, with a loss of twenty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry; among

whom were sixty-three princes, dukes, and counts, seven hundred lords-banneret, and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower of the French nobility perished on that day ; to which history has given the name of the *Journée des Eperons d'Or*, from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred of them were hung up as a trophy in the church of *Nôtre Dame de Courtray* ; and, as the cavaliers of that day wore but a single spur each, these vouched to God for the violent and bloody death of seven hundred of his creatures.

⁷ Page 39.—*Saw the fight at Minnewater.*

When the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal at Minnewater, to bring the waters of the Lys from Deynze to their city, they were attacked and routed by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been much injured by the canal. They were led by Jean Lyons, captain of a military company at Ghent, called the *chaperons blancs*. He had great sway over the turbulent populace, who, in those prosperous times of the city, gained an easy livelihood by labouring two or three days in the week, and had the remaining four or five to devote to public affairs. The fight at Minnewater was followed by open rebellion against Louis de Maele, the Count of Flanders, and Protector of Bruges. His superb château of Wondelghem was pillaged and burnt ; and the insurgents forced the gates of Bruges, and entered in triumph, with Lyons mounted at their head. A few days afterwards he died suddenly, perhaps by poison.

Meanwhile the insurgents received a check at the village Nevèle ; and two hundred of them perished in the church, which was burnt by the count's orders. One of the chiefs, Jean de Lannoy, took refuge in the belfry. From the summit of the tower, he held forth his purse filled with gold, and begged for deliverance. It was in vain. His enemies cried to him from below to save himself as best he might ; and, half suffocated with smoke and flame, he threw himself from the tower and perished at their feet. Peace was soon afterwards established, and the count retired to faithful Bruges.

⁸ Page 39.—*The Golden Dragon's nest.*

The Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is, "*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*" My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.

⁷ Page 43.—*That their great imperial city stretched its hands through every clime.*

An old popular proverb of the town runs thus:—

“ <i>Nürnberg’s hand</i>	Nuremberg’s hand
<i>Geht durch alle land.</i> ”	Goes through every land.

¹⁰ Page 44.—*Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian’s praise.*

Melchior Pfinzing was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his *Teuerdank* was the reigning emperor, Maximilian; and the poem was to the Germans of that day, what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the *Belfry of Bruges*. See note on page 38.

¹¹ Page 44.—*In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.*

The tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who laboured upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty.

¹² Page 44.—*In the church of Sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare.*

This pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the sacrament, is by the hand of Adam Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture, in white stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. It stands in the choir, whose richly-painted windows cover it with varied colours.

¹³ Page 45.—*Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters.*

The twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Master-singers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Master-singers, as well as the

most voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century; and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.

¹⁴ Page 45.—*As in Adam Puschman's song.*

Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision :

“ An old man,
Gray and white, and dove-like,
Who had, in sooth, a great beard,
And read in a fair, great book,
Beautiful with golden clasps.”

¹⁵ Page 75.—*As Lope says.*

“ La cólera
de un Español sentado no se templa,
si no le representan en dos horas
hasta el final juicio desde el Génesis.”
Lope de Vega.

¹⁶ Page 77.—*Abernuncio Satanas.*

“ Digo, Señora, respondió Sancho, lo que tengo dicho, que de los azotes abernuncio. Abrenuncio habeis de decir, Sancho, y no como decís, dijo el Duque.”—*Don Quixote*, Part II., c. xxxv.

¹⁷ Page 88.—*Fray Carrillo.*

The allusion here is to a Spanish Epigram.

“ Siempre, Fra Carrillo, estás
cansándonos acá fuera ;
quién en tu celda estuviera
para no verte jamás !”
Böhl de Faber. Floresta, No. 611.

¹⁸ Page 88.—*Padre Francisco.*

This is from an Italian popular song.

“ ‘ Padre Francesco,
Padre Francesco !’
—Cosa volete del Padre Francesco—

‘V’è una bella ragazzina

Che si vuole confessar !’

Fatte l’entrare, fatte l’entrare !

Che la voglio confessare !”

Kopisch.—*Volksthümliche Poesien aus allen Mundarten Italiens und seiner Inseln*, p. 194.

¹⁹ Page 89.—*Ave! cujus calcem clare.*

From a monkish hymn of the twelfth century, in Sir Alexander Croke’s *Essay on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Rhyming Latin Verse*, p. 109.

²⁰ Page 96.—*The gold of the Busné.*

Busné is the name given by the Gipsies to all who are not of their race.

²¹ Page 97.—*Count of the Calés.*

The Gipsies call themselves Calés. See Borrow’s valuable and extremely interesting work, *The Zincali; or an Account of the Gipsies in Spain*. London, 1841.

²² Page 101.—*Asks if his money-bags would rise.*

“Y volviéndome á un lado, vi á un avariento, que estaba preguntando á otro, (que por haber sido embalsamado, y estar léjos sus tripas, no hablaba porque no habian llegado si habian de resucitar aquel día todos los enterrados,) ¿ si resucitarian unos bolsones suyos?”— *El Sueno de las Calaveras*.

²³ Page 101.—*And Amen! said the Cid Campeador.*

A line from the ancient *Poema del Cid*.

“Amen, dijo Mio Cid el Campeador.”

Line 3044.

²⁴ Page 104.—*The river of his thoughts*

This expression is from Dante.

“Si che chiaro

Per essa scenda della mente il fiume.”

Byron has likewise used the expression; though I do not recollect in which of his poems.

25 Page 102.—*Mari Franca.*

A common Spanish proverb, used to turn aside a question one does not wish to answer.

“Porque casó Mari-Franca
cuatro leguas de Salamanca.”

26 Page 103.—*Ay, soft, emerald eyes.*

The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this colour of the eye as beautiful, and celebrate it in song; as, for example, in the well known *Villancico*:

“¡Ay ojuelos verdes,
ay los mis ojuelos,
ay hagan los cielos
que de mí te acuerdes!

Tengo confianza
de mis verdes ojos.”

Böhl de Faber. Floresta. No. 255.

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds. *Purgatorio*, xxxi. 116. Lami says, in his *Annotazioni*, “Erano i suoi occhi d' un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare.”

27 Page 104.—*The Avenging Child.*

See the ancient ballads of *El Infante Vengador*, and *Calaynos*.

28 Page 105.—*All are sleeping.*

From the Spanish. *Böhl's Floresta*, No. 282.

29 Page 117.—*Good night.*

From the Spanish; as are likewise the songs immediately following, and that which commences the first scene of Act III.

30 Page 132.—*The evil eye.*

“In the Gitano language, casting the evil eye is called *Querelar Nasula*, which simply means making sick, and which, according to the common superstition, is accomplished by casting an evil look at people, especially children, who, from the tenderness of their constitution, are supposed

to be more easily blighted than those of a more mature age. After receiving the evil glance, they fall sick, and die in a few hours.

“The Spaniards have very little to say respecting the evil eye, though the belief in it is very prevalent, especially in Andalusia, amongst the lower orders. A stag’s horn is considered a good safeguard, and on that account a small horn, tipped with silver, is frequently attached to the children’s necks by means of a cord braided from the hair of a black mare’s tail. Should the evil glance be cast, it is imagined that the horn receives it, and instantly snaps asunder. Such horns may be purchased in some of the silversmiths’ shops at Seville.”—BORROW’S *Zincali*, Vol. I., c. ix.

³¹ Page 132.—*On the top of a mountain I stand.*

This and the following scraps of song are from Borrow’s *Zincali*; or an account of the Gipsies in Spain.

The Gipsy words in the same scene may be thus interpreted:

<i>John-Dorados</i> , pieces of gold.	<i>Planets</i> , candles.
<i>Pigeon</i> , a simpleton.	<i>Commandments</i> , the fingers.
<i>In your morocco</i> , stripped.	<i>St. Martin asleep</i> , to rob a person asleep.
<i>Doves</i> , sheets.	<i>Lanterns</i> , eyes.
<i>Moon</i> , a shirt.	<i>Goblin</i> , police officer.
<i>Chirelin</i> , a thief.	<i>Papagayo</i> , a spy.
<i>Murcigalleros</i> , those who steal at nightfall.	<i>Vineyards and Dancing John</i> , to take flight.
<i>Rastilleros</i> , foot-pads.	
<i>Hermit</i> , highway-robber.	

²² Page 141.—*If thou art sleeping, maiden.*

From the Spanish; as is likewise the song of the *Contra-bandista* on page 142.

²⁵ Page 227.—*The Children of the Lord’s Supper.*

There is one poem in this volume, in reference to which a few introductory remarks may be useful. It is the *Children of the Lord’s Supper*, from the Swedish of Bishop Tegnér; a poem which enjoys no inconsiderable reputation in the North of Europe, and for its beauty and simplicity merits the attention of English readers. It is an *Idyl*, descriptive of scenes in a Swedish village; and belongs to the same class of poems as the *Luisa* of Voss, and the *Hermann*

und *Dorothea* of Göethe. But the Swedish poet has been guided by a surer taste than his German predecessors. His tone is pure and elevated; and he rarely, if ever, mistakes what is trivial for what is simple.

There is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden, which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that Northern land—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Over head hang the long, fan-like branches, trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves: and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream; and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry "God bless you." The houses in the villages and smaller towns are all built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and brings you her heavy silver spoon—an heirloom—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes, baked some months before; or bread with aniseed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine bark.

Meanwhile, the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths; and, hanging around their necks in front, a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank notes of the country, as large as your two hands. You meet, also, groups of Dalekarlian peasant women, travelling homeward or townward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadside, each in its own little garden of Gethsemane. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font, or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers;

and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, representing a dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others, only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes, that came lifeless into the world, were carried in the arms of grey-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child, that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, 'How quietly they rest, all the departed!'

Near the church-yard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower that went forth to sow. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

I will endeavour to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers; and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air; and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom, with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom, with yellow hair, arises in the south. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead,

and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighbouring farms come riding in, their blue coats streaming to the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber; and then to horse and away, towards the village where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen; and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage-waggon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers, and ribbons, and evergreens; and, as they pass beneath it, the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops. And straight from every pocket flies a black-jack, filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd: provisions are brought from the wagon; and after eating and drinking, and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighbouring forest, and pray for hospitality. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the host replies, "Yes; were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome; and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and, soon after, the whole jovial company comes storming into the farmer's yard, and, riding round the May-pole, which stands in the centre, alights amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall sits the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist; and around her neck, strings of golden beads, and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! Thou art poor. The very ornaments thou wearest are not thine. They have been hired for this great day. Yet art thou rich; rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first, young, fervent love. The blessing of heaven be upon thee! So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together

the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying, in deep, solemn tones — “I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honour, and to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit; and all the rights which Upland’s laws provide, and the holy king Erik gave.”

The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The Spokesman delivers an oration, after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible; and invites the Saviour to be present at this marriage feast, as he was at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerly on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses; and here and there a pipe is smoked, while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but, as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the Last Dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of the married women who endeavour to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After long struggling they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head, and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced, and her kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin clad all in white she goes, but it is to her marriage chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.

Nor must I forget the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long and lingering spring, unfolding leaf and blossom one by one; no long and lingering autumn, pompous with many-coloured leaves and the glow of Indian summers. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter, from the folds of trailing clouds, sows broad-cast over the land, snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan; and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and under the silent solemn stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaiters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at

first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colours come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Twofold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapoury folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded in the first Christmas. And in memory of that day, the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsman come to their wedding. Merry Christmas, indeed! For pious souls there shall be church songs and sermons; but for Swedish peasants, brandy and nut brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yulecake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast. They may tell tales too, of Jöns Lundsbracka, and Lunkenfus, and the great Riddar Finke of Pingsdaga.*

And now the glad, leafy Midsummer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! Saint John has taken the flowers and festival of heathen Balder; and in every village there is a Maypole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribands streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top, to tell the village whence the wind cometh, and whither it goeth. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless, yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness. How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which, like a silver clasp, unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower, in the public square, the bell tolls the hour, with a soft musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast in his horn for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, to the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice, he chaunts—

* Titles of Swedish popular Tales.

“ Ho! watchman, ho!
 Twelve is the clock!
 God keep our town
 From fire and brand,
 And hostile hand!
 Twelve is the clock!”

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north, the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning glass.

I trust that these remarks will not be deemed irrelevant to the poem, but will lead to a clearer understanding of it. The translation is literal, perhaps to a fault. In no instance have I done the author a wrong, by introducing into his work any supposed improvements or embellishments of my own. I have preserved even the measure: that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English Muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains; and, perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing-dog, “the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all.”

Esaias Tegnér, the author of this poem, was born in the parish of By, in Wärrmland, in the year 1792. In 1799, he entered the University of Lund, as a student; and, in 1812, was appointed Professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824, he became Bishop of Wexiö, which office he still holds. He stands first among all the poets of Sweden, living or dead. His principal work is Frithiofs Saga, one of the most remarkable poems of the age. This modern Scald has written his name in immortal runes. He is the glory and boast of Sweden; a prophet, honoured in his own country, and adding one more to the list of great names that adorn her history.

³⁴ Page 228.—*The Feast of the Leafy Pavilions.*

The Feast of the Tabernacles: in Swedish, *Lof-hyddo högtiden*, the Leaf-hut's-high-tide.

³⁵ Page 229.—*The altar-piece painted by Hörberg.*

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

³⁶ Page 229.—*Of the sublime Wallin.*

A distinguished pulpit orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

³⁷ Page 246.—*Nils Juel.*

Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish Admiral; and Peder Wessel, a Vice-Admiral, who for his great prowess received the popular title of Tordenskiold, or *Thunder-shield*. In childhood he was a tailor's apprentice, and rose to his high rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

³⁸ Page 270.—*Coplas de Manrique.*

Don Jorge Manrique, the author of this poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his history of Spain, makes honourable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valour. He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame."

He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476, according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on—calm, dignified, and majestic.

This poem of Manrique is a great favourite in Spain. No less than four poetic Glosses, or running commentaries upon it, have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepenas, is the best. It is known as the *Glosa del Cartujo*. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranada.

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

“ O World, so few the years we live,
 Would that the life which thou dost give
 Were life indeed !
 Alas ! thy sorrows fall so fast,
 Our happiest hour is when at last
 The soul is freed.

“ Our days are covered o'er with grief,
 And sorrows neither few nor brief
 Veil all in gloom ;
 Left desolate of real good,
 Within this cheerless solitude
 No pleasures bloom.

“ Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
 And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
 Or dark despair :
 Midway so many toils appear,
 That he who lingers longest here
 Knows most of care.

“ Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
 By the hot sweat of toil alone,
 And weary hearts ;
 Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
 But with a lingering step and slow
 Its form departs.”

³⁹ Page 297.—*Walter von der Vogelweid.*

Walter von der Vogelweid, or Bird Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen, in that poetic contest at the Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the “ War of Wartburg.”

⁴⁰ Page 319.—*Like in perial Charlemagne.*

Charlemagne may be called by pre-eminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance, his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge, at Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards. During his lifetime he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, “ to sell the eggs from the farmyards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens ; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns.”

4. Page 334.—*Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place.*

I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage, by stating that sometimes, though not usually, vessels are launched fully rigged and sparrred. I have availed myself of the exception, as better suited to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic license. On this subject a friend in Portland, Maine, writes me thus:—

“In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make a show. There was a fine large ship launched last summer at Ellsworth, fully rigged and sparrred. Some years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day, and—was never heard of again! I hope this will not be the fate of your poem!”

- 42 Page 342.—*Sir Humphrey Gilbert.*

“When the wind abated, and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the Hind to say, ‘We are as near heaven by sea as by land.’ In the following night, the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good lookout for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22nd of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral.”—BELKNAP’S *American Biography*, i. 203.

- 43 Page 362.—*The blind girl of Castèl-Cuillè.*

Jasmin, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland,—the representative of the heart of the people,—one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (*la bouco pleno d’aouzelous*). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs!

The following description of his person and way of life is taken from the graphic pages of "Béarn and the Pyrenees," by Louisa Stuart Costello, whose charming pen has done so much to illustrate the French provinces and their literature:—

"At the entrance of the promenade du Gravier, is a row of small houses,—some *cafés*, others shops, the indication of which is a painted cloth, placed across the way, with the owner's name in bright gold letters, in the manner of the arcades in the streets, and their announcements. One of the most glaring of these was, we observed, a bright blue flag, bordered with gold; on which, in large gold letters, appeared the name of 'Jasmin, Coiffeur.' We entered, and were welcomed by a smiling, dark-eyed woman, who informed us that her husband was busy at that moment, dressing a customer's hair, but he was desirous to receive us, and begged we would walk into his parlour at the back of the shop.

She exhibited to us a laurel crown of gold, of delicate workmanship, sent from the city of Clemence Isaure, Toulouse, to the poet; who will probably one day take his place in the *capitoul*. Next came a golden cup, with an inscription in his honour, given by the citizens of Auch; a gold watch, chain, and seals, sent by the king, Louis-Philippe; an emerald ring, worn and presented by the lamented Duke of Orleans; a pearl pin, by the graceful Duchess, who, on the poet's visit to Paris, accompanied by his son, received him in the words he puts into the mouth of Henri Quatre:—

'Brabes Gascous !

A moun amou per bous aou dibes creyre :

Benès ! benès ! ey plazé de bous beyre :

Aproucha bous !'

A fine service of linen, the offering of the town of Pau, after its citizens had given fêtes in his honour, and loaded him with caresses and praises; and nicknacks and jewels of all descriptions, offered to him by lady ambassadors, and great lords; English 'misses' and 'miladis;' and French, and foreigners of all nations who did or did not understand Gascon.

"All this, though startling, was not convincing; Jasmin, the barber, might only be a fashion, a *furore*, a caprice, after all; and it was evident that he knew how to get up a scene well. When we had become nearly tired of looking over

these tributes to his genius, the door opened, and the poet himself appeared. His manner was free and unembarrassed, well-bred, and lively; he received our compliments naturally, and like one accustomed to homage; said he was ill, and unfortunately too hoarse to read anything to us, or should have been delighted to do so. He spoke with a broad Gascon accent, and very rapidly and eloquently; ran over the story of his successes; told us that his grandfather had been a beggar, and all his family very poor; that he was now as rich as he wished to be; his son placed in a good position at Nantes; then showed us his son's picture, and spoke of his disposition, to which his brisk little wife added, that, though no fool, he had not his father's genius, to which truth Jasmin assented as a matter of course. I told him of having seen mention made of him in an English review; which he said had been sent him by Lord Durham, who had paid him a visit; and I then spoke of 'Mi cal mouri' as known to me. This was enough to make him forget his hoarseness and every other evil: it would never do for me to imagine that that little song was his best composition; it was merely his first; he must try to read to me a little of 'L'Abuglo,'—a few verses of 'Françonnette;'—'You will be charmed,' said he; 'but if I were well, and you would give me the pleasure of your company for some time, if you were not merely running through Agen, I would kill you with weeping,—I would make you die with distress for my poor Margarido,—my pretty Françonnette!'

"He caught up two copies of his book, from a pile lying on the table, and making us sit close to him, he pointed out the French translation on one side, which he told us to follow, while he read in Gascon. He began in a rich, soft voice, and as he advanced, the surprise of Hamlet on hearing the player-king recite the disasters of Heecuba was but a type of ours, to find ourselves carried away by the spell of his enthusiasm. His eyes swam in tears; he became pale and red; he trembled; he recovered himself; his face was now joyous, now exulting, gay, jocular, in fact, he was twenty actors in one; he rang the changes from Rachel to Prouffé; and he finished by delighting us, besides beguiling us of our tears, and overwhelming us with astonishment.

"He would have been a treasure on the stage; for he is still, though his first youth is past, remarkably good-looking and striking; with black, sparkling eyes of intense expression; a fine ruddy complexion; a countenance of wondrous mobility; a good figure; and action full of fire and grace; he has handsome hands, which he uses with infinite effect; and,

on the whole, he is the best actor of the kind I ever saw. I could now quite understand what a troubadour or *jongleur* might be, and I look upon Jasmin as a revived specimen of that extinct race. Such as he is might have been Gaucelm Faidit, of Avignon, the friend of Cœur de Lion, who lamented the death of the hero in such moving strains; such might have been Bernard de Ventadour, who sang the praises of Queen Elinore's beauty; such Geoffrey Rudel, of Blaye, on his own Garonne; such the wild Vidal: certain it is, that none of these troubadours of old could more move, by their singing or reciting, than Jasmin, in whom all their long-smothered fire and traditional magic seems reilluminated.

"We found we had stayed hours instead of minutes with the poet; but he would not hear of any apology,—only regretted that his voice was so out of tune, in consequence of a violent cold, under which he was really labouring, and hoped to see us again. He told us our country-women of Pau had laden him with kindness and attention, and spoke with such enthusiasm of the beauty of certain 'misses,' that I feared his little wife would feel somewhat piqued; but, on the contrary, she stood by, smiling and happy, and enjoying the stories of his triumphs. I remarked that he had restored the poetry of the troubadours; asked him if he knew their songs; and said he was worthy to stand at their head. 'I am, indeed, a troubadour,' said he, with energy; 'but I am far beyond them all; they were but beginners; they never composed a poem like my *Françonnette*! there are no poets in France now,—there cannot be; the language does not admit of it; where is the fire, the spirit, the expression, the tenderness, the force of the Gascon? French is but the ladder to reach the first floor of Gascon,—how can you get up to a height except by a ladder?"

"I returned by Agen, after an absence in the Pyrenees of some months, and renewed my acquaintance with Jasmin and his dark-eyed wife. I did not expect that I should be recognised; but the moment I entered the little shop I was hailed as an old friend. 'Ah!' cried Jasmin, 'enfin la voilà encore!' I could not but be flattered by this recollection, but soon found it was less on my own account that I was thus welcomed, than because a circumstance had occurred to the poet which he thought I could perhaps explain. He produced several French newspapers, in which he pointed out to me an article headed, '*Jasmin à Londres*;' being a translation of certain notices of himself, which had appeared in a leading English literary journal. He had, he said, been

informed of the honour done him by numerous friends, and assured me his fame had been much spread by this means; and he was so delighted on the occasion, that he had resolved to learn English, in order that he might judge of the translations from his works, which, he had been told, were well done. I enjoyed his surprise, while I informed him I knew who was the reviewer and translator; and explained the reason for the verses giving pleasure in an English dress to be the superior simplicity of the English language over modern French, for which he has a great contempt, as unfitted for lyrical composition. He inquired of me respecting Burns, to whom he had been likened; and begged me to tell him something of Moore. The delight of himself and his wife was amusing, at having discovered a secret which had puzzled them so long.

“He had a thousand things to tell me; in particular, that he had only the day before received a letter from the Duchess of Orleans, informing him that she had ordered a medal of her late husband to be struck, the first of which would be sent to him: she also announced to him the agreeable news of the king having granted him a pension of a thousand francs. He smiled and wept by turns, as he told all this; and declared, much as he was elated at the possession of a sum which made him a rich man for life, the kindness of the Duchess gratified him even more.

“He then made us sit down while he read us two new poems; both charming, and full of grace and *naïveté*; and one very affecting, being an address to the king, alluding to the death of his son. As he read, his wife stood by, and fearing we did not quite comprehend his language, she made a remark to that effect: to which he answered impatiently, ‘Nonsense,—don’t you see they are in tears.’ This was unanswerable; and we were allowed to hear the poem to the end; and I certainly never listened to anything more feelingly and energetically delivered.

“We had much conversation, for he was anxious to detain us, and, in the course of it, he told me that he had been by some accused of vanity. ‘O,’ he rejoined, ‘what would you have! I am a child of nature, and cannot conceal my feelings; the only difference between me and a man of refinement is, that he knows how to conceal his vanity and exultation at success, which I let everybody see.’—*Béarn and the Pyrenees*, i. 369, *et seq.*

44 Page 373.—*A Christmas Carol.*

The following description of Christmas in Burgundy is from M. Fertiault's *Coup d'œil sur les Noëls en Bourgogne*, prefixed to the Paris edition of *Les Noëls Bourguignons de la Monnoye* (Gui Barózi), 1842:—

“Every year, at the approach of Advent, people refresh their memories, clear their throats, and begin preluding, in the long evenings by the fireside, those carols whose invariable and eternal theme is the coming of the Messiah. They take from old closets pamphlets, little collections begrimed with dust and smoke, to which the press, and sometimes the pen, has consigned these songs; and as soon as the first Sunday of Advent sounds, they gossip, they gad about, they sit together by the fireside, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, taking turns in paying for the chestnuts and white wine, but singing with one common voice the grotesque praises of the *Little Jesus*. There are very few villages even, which, and during all the evenings of Advent, do not hear some of these curious canticles shouted in their streets, to the nasal drone of bagpipes. In this case the minstrel comes as a reinforcement to the singers at the fireside; he brings and adds his dose of joy (spontaneous or mercenary, it matters little which,) to the joy which breathes around the hearthstone; and when the voices vibrate and resound, one voice more is always welcome. There, it is not the purity of the notes which makes the concert, but the quantity,—*non qualitas sed quantitas*; then, (to finish at once with the minstrel,) when the Saviour has at length been born in the manger, and the beautiful Christmas eve is passed, the rustic piper makes his round among the houses, where every one compliments and thanks him, and, moreover, gives him in small coin the price of the shrill notes with which he has enlivened the evening entertainments.

“More or less, until Christmas Eve, all goes on in this way among our devout singers, with the difference of some gallons of wine or some hundreds of chestnuts. But this famous eve once come, the scale is pitched upon a higher key; the closing evening must be a memorable one. The toilet is begun at nightfall; then comes the hour of supper, admonishing divers appetites; and groups, as numerous as possible, are formed, to take together this comfortable evening repast. The supper finished, a circle gathers around the hearth, which is arranged and set in order this evening after a particular fashion, and which at a later hour of the night

is to become the object of special interest to the children. On the burning brands an enormous log has been placed. This log assuredly does not change its nature, but it changes its name during this evening; it is called the *Suche* (the Yule-log). 'Look you,' say they to the children, 'if you are good this evening, Noel' (for with children one must always personify) 'will rain down sugar-plums in the night.' And the children sit demurely, keeping as quiet as their turbulent little natures will permit. The groups of older persons, not always as orderly as the children, seize this good opportunity to surrender themselves with merry hearts and boisterous voices to the chanted worship of the miraculous Noel. For this final solemnity, they have kept the most powerful, the most enthusiastic, the most electrifying carols. Noel! Noel! Noel! This magic word resounds on all sides; it seasons every sauce; it is served up with every course. Of the thousands of canticles which are heard on this famous eve, ninety-nine in a hundred begin and end with this word; which is, one may say, their Alpha and Omega, their crown and footstool. This last evening, the merry-making is prolonged. Instead of retiring at ten or eleven o'clock, as is generally done on all the preceding evenings, they wait for the stroke of midnight: this word sufficiently proclaims to what ceremony they are going to repair. For ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, the bells have been calling the faithful with a triple-bob-major; and each one, furnished with a little taper streaked with various colours, (the Christmas Candle,) goes through the crowded streets, where the lanterns are dancing like Will-o'-the-wisps, at the impatient summons of the multitudinous chimes. It is the Midnight Mass. Once inside the church, they hear with more or less piety the Mass, emblematic of the coming of the Messiah. Then in tumult and great haste they return homeward, always in numerous groups; they salute the Yule-log; they pay homage to the hearth; they sit down at table; and, amid songs which reverberate louder than ever, make this meal of after-Christmas, so long looked for, so cherished, so joyous, so noisy, and which it has been thought fit to call, we hardly know why, *Rosignon*. The supper, eaten at nightfall, is no impediment, as you may imagine, to the appetite's returning; above all, if the going to and from church has made the devout eaters feel some little shafts of the sharp and biting north-wind. *Rosignon* then goes on merrily,—sometimes far into the morning hours; but, nevertheless, gradually throats grow hoarse, stomachs are filled, the Yule-log burns out, and at last the

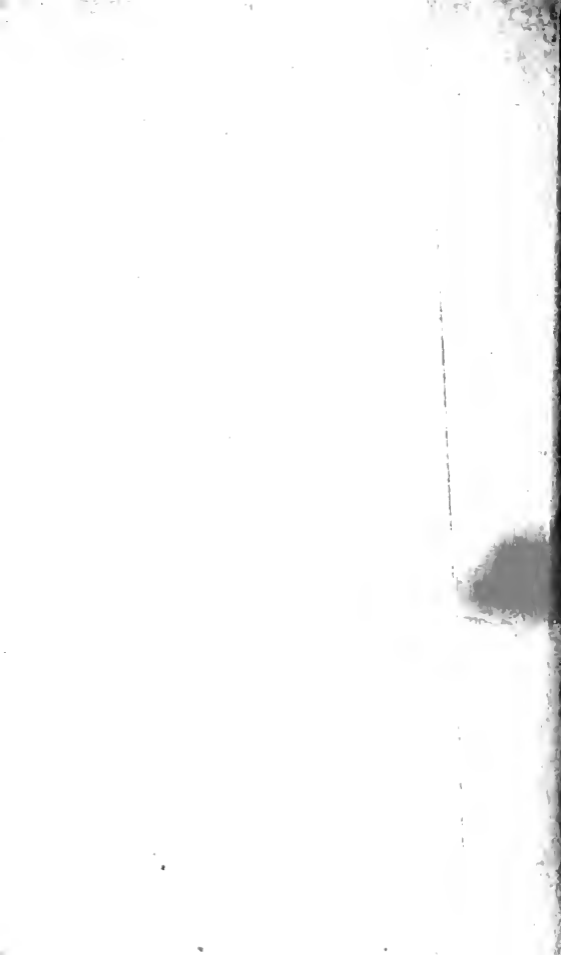
hour arrives when each one, as best he may, regains his domicile and his bed, and puts with himself, between the sheets, the material for a good sore throat, or a good indigestion, for the morrow. Previous to this, care has been taken to place in the slippers, or wooden shoes, of the children, the sugar plums, which shall be for them, on their waking, the welcome fruits of the Christmas log."

In the Glossary, the *Suche*, or Yule-log, is thus defined:—

"This is a huge log, which is placed on the fire on Christmas Eve, and which in Burgundy is called, on this account, *lai Suche de Noel*. Then the father of the family, particularly among the middle classes, sings solemnly Christmas carols with his wife and children, the smallest of whom he sends into the corner to pray that the Yule-log may bear him some sugar-plums. Meanwhile, little parcels of them are placed under each end of the log, and the children come and pick them up, believing, in good faith, that the great log has borne them."

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