















Henry W. Longfellow







THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A NEW EDITION,  
ILLUSTRATED WITH UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED DESIGNS.  
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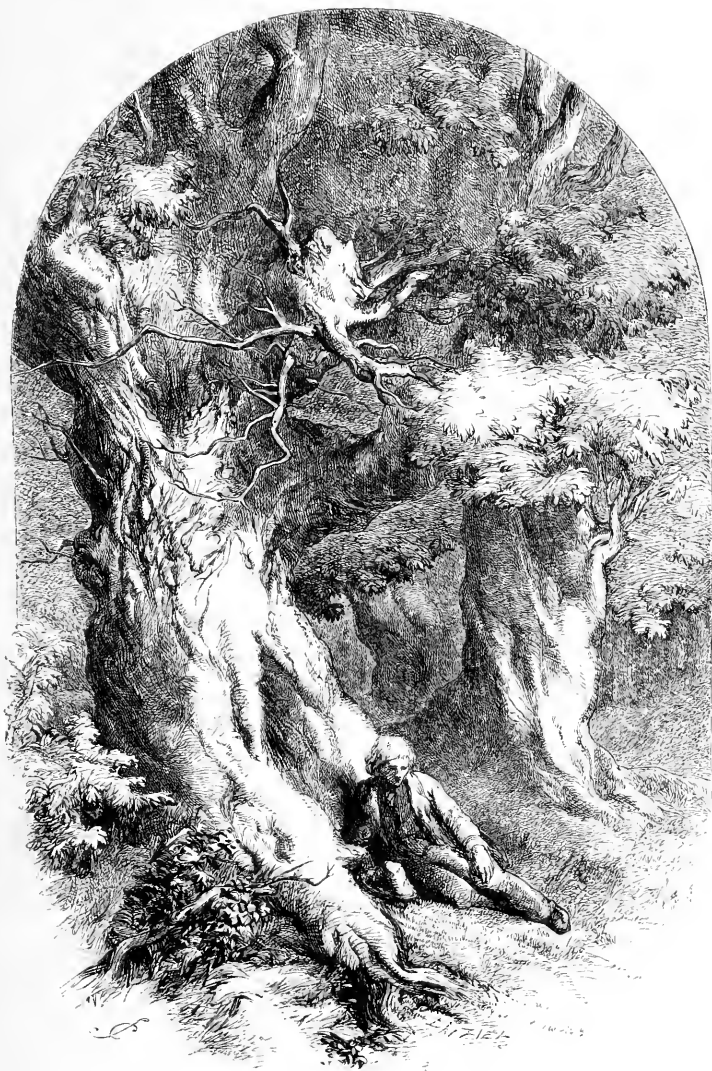


VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

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P R E L U D E.





PRELUDE.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,  
And winds were soft and low,

PRELUDE.

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 bishop's-caps have golden rings,  
 Musing upon many things,  
 I sought the woodlands wide.

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

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

PRELUDE.

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 sombre pines;  
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,  
And, where the sunshine darted through,  
Spread a vapour soft and blue,  
    In long and sloping lines.

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

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

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

PRELUDE.

“ 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.”

---





VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Πότνια, πότνια νύξ,  
ἵπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,  
Ἐρεβόθεν ἴθι· μόλε μόλε κατάπτερος  
Ἄγαμεμόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον·  
ἵπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ἵπό τε συμφορᾶς  
διωιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

EURIPIDES.



## HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

*Ἄσπασιν, 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!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

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.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

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  
Find us farther than to-day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

## THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

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

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

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

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

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 mailèd 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!

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

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

---



### FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and 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 sunlight 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 gayly 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 childlike, credulous affection  
 We behold their tender buds expand;  
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

## THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

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

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

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 alarmèd air.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

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!



MIDNIGHT MASS.

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, despisèd 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 its breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist or stain!

MIDNIGHT MASS.

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, eleyson!

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,

AN APRIL DAY.

'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

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

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.

## AUTUMN.

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 threshing-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.

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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 cowlèd head;  
And the censer burning swung,  
Where, before the altar, hung  
The blood-red banner, that with prayer  
Had been consecrated there.

And the nun's 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.

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

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

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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,

## SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

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.

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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-usher 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 wings,—  
 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.

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### BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

Ox 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

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

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

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

Before, a dark-haired virgin train  
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;  
Behind, the long procession came  
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,  
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,  
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial dress,  
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,  
With darting eye, and nostril spread,  
And heavy and impatient tread,  
He came; and oft that 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.

TRANSLATIONS.

### COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

[Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his History of Spain, makes 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 Canavette, 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 Ocana. 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.]



FROM THE SPANISH.

O LET the soul her slumbers break,  
Let thought be quickened, and awake;

Awake to see  
 How soon this life is past and gone,  
 And death comes softly stealing on,  
 How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,  
 Our hearts recall the distant day  
 With many sighs;  
 The moments that are speeding fast  
 We heed not, but the past,—the past,—  
 More highly prize.

Onward its course the present keeps,  
 Onward the constant current sweeps,  
 Till life is done;  
 And, did we judge of time aright,  
 The past and future in their flight  
 Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,  
 That Hope and all her shadowy train  
 Will not decay;  
 Fleeting as were the dreams of old,  
 Remembered like a tale that's told,  
 They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free  
 To that unfathomed, boundless sea,  
 The silent grave!  
 Thither all earthly pomp and boast  
 Roll, to be swallowed up and lost  
 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 blest,  
 Death leaves to its eternal rest  
 The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,  
 This world would school each wandering thought  
 To its high state.  
 Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,  
 Up to that better world on high,  
 For which we wait.

Yes,—the glad messenger of love,  
 To guide us to our home above,  
 The Saviour came;

Born amid mortal cares and fears,  
 He suffered in this vale of tears  
 A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth  
 The bubbles we pursue on earth,  
 The shapes we chase,  
 Amid a world of treachery!  
 They vanish ere death shuts the eye,  
 And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us,—chances strange,  
 Disastrous accidents, and change,  
 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 lip 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 Aragon?  
 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 odors 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?

TRANSLATIONS.

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 dew-drops 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 dost show,  
 O Death, thy stern and angry face,  
 One stroke of thy all-powerful mace  
 Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,  
 Pennon and standard flaunting high,  
 And flag displayed;  
 High battlements intrenched around,  
 Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,  
 And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep,—  
 All these cannot one victim keep,  
 O Death, from thee,  
 When thou dost battle in thy wrath,  
 And thy strong shafts pursue their path  
 Unerringly.

O World! 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.

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,  
 An 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 honored and exalted grade  
 His worth had gained,  
 So, in the dark, disastrous hour,  
 Brothers and bondsmen of his power  
 His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,  
 In the stern warfare, which of old  
 'Twas his to share,  
 Such noble leagues he made, that 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 valor 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 valor strong,  
 That neither history nor song  
 Can count them all ;  
 Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,  
 Death at his portal came to knock,  
 With sudden call,—

Saying, " Good Cavalier, prepare  
 To leave this world of toil and care  
 With joyful 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 honor and of worth  
 Has no eternity on earth,—  
 ’Tis but a name;  
 And yet its glory far exceeds  
 That base and sensual life, which leads  
 To want and shame.
- “ The eternal life, beyond the sky,  
 Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high  
 The 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 lead 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.\*

\* 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 Valdepeñas, is the best. It is known as the *Glossa del Cartejo*. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda.

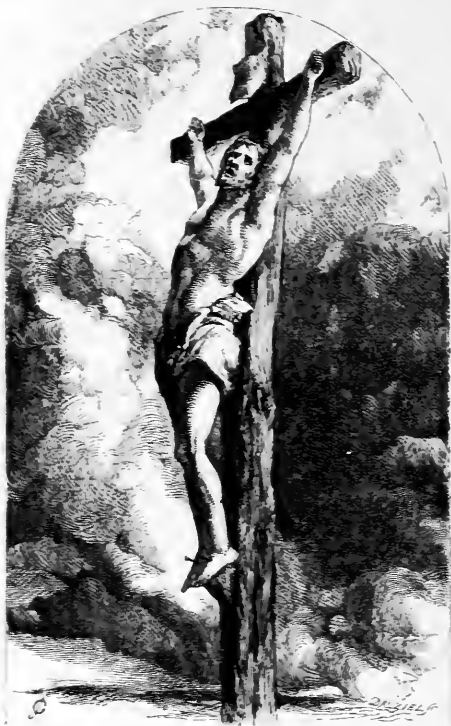
The following stanzas of the poem were found in the author's pocket, after his death on the field of battle.

" O world ! so few the years we live,  
 Would that the life 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."



### THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

SHEPHERD! that with thine amorous, sylvan song  
Hast broken the slumber which encompassed me,—  
That mad'st 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.

Hear, 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 THE SPANISH OF 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 THE SPANISH OF 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.  
 Belovèd 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 dwelling be.

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### THE IMAGE OF GOD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

O LORD! that 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.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LAUGH of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!  
Pomp of the meadow! 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!



## THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, II.

AND now, behold! as at the approach of morning,  
 Through the gross vapors, 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 all together in one voice,  
 With whatso in that Psalm is after written.

Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,  
 Whereat all cast themselves upon the 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,

TRANSLATIONS.

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.



## SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

XV. CENTURY.

GENTLE Spring!—in sunshine clad,  
Well dost thou thy power display !

TRANSLATIONS.

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 tearst away the mournful shroud,  
And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,  
Who has toiled for nought both late and early,  
Is banished afar by the new-born year,  
When thy merry step draws near.

---



## THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH.

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,  
Sleep on the bosom, that thy lips have pressed!  
Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place  
Thy drowsy 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!—Unclose  
Thine eye but for one moment on the light!  
Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

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

---



## THE GRAVE.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

FOR thee was a house built  
Ere thou wast born,  
For thee was a mould meant  
Ere 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 GRAVE.

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.

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## KING CHRISTIAN.

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK.—FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES EVALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast  
In mist and smoke;  
His sword was hammering so fast,  
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;

Then sank each hostile hulk and mast.

In mist and smoke.

“Fly!” shouted they, “fly, he who can!

Who braves of Denmark’s Christian

The stroke?”

Nils Juel\* 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, seorning flight,

Goes to meet danger with despite,

Proudly as thou the tempest’s might,

Dark-rolling wave!

And amid pleasures and alarms,

And war and victory, be thine arms

My grave!

\* 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.



FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,  
By an alchouse 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!"



FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

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

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



## THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF 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!



THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

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

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF 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 thy merry companions are still, at last,  
 Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

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

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

## WHITHER?

FROM THE GERMAN OF 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;

WHITHER ?

Downward, and ever farther,  
And ever the brook beside;  
And ever fresher murmured,  
And ever clearer, the tide.

Is this the way I was going!  
Whither, O brooklet, say!  
'Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,  
Murmured my senses away.

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

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,  
And wander merrily near;  
The wheels of a mill are going  
In every brooklet clear.



BEWARE!

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,  
Take care!

BEWARE!

She can both false and friendly be,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,  
Take care!  
She gives a side-glance and looks down,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!

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

She has a bosom as white as snow,  
Take care!  
She knows how much it is best to show,  
Beware! Beware!  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee!

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

SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN

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

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 THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

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

TRANSLATIONS.

“ 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 THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

'Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,  
When woods and fields put off all sadness.  
Thus began the King and spake;

TRANSLATIONS.

“ 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 am a Prince of mighty sway!”

When he rode into the lists,  
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,  
And the castle ’gan to rock.  
At the first blow,  
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,  
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,  
Torch-light through the high hall 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.

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

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;  
    “ Oh, that draught was very cool!”

Each the father's breast embraces,  
Son and daughter; and their faces  
    Colourless grow utterly.  
Whichever way  
Looks the fear-struck father 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!”

TRANSLATIONS.

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF 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!

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!

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BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

1842.





## PREFACE.



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 *Luiſe* of Voss and the *Hermann und Dorothea* of Göthe. 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, wood-land landscape. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead 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 roads 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

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brings you her heavy silver spoons,—an heirloom,—to dip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before; or bread with anise-seed 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 road-side, 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 the 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 gray-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 cloaks 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-wagon 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 ribands 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 hurraing, 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 boddice and kirtle, with loose linnen 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 honor, 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 minnet together. Not till after midnight comes the Last Dance. The girls form a ring around the bride, to keep her from the hands of

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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 boddice 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-colored 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 broadcast 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 skaters 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 colors 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 vapory folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded 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 mid-summer, 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 May-pole 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,—

“ 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

\* Titles of Swedish popular tales.

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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 1782. 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, honored in his own country, and adding one more to the list of great names, that adorn her history.

## 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 Daues 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 substructure 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.”]





THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

“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 seemed to rise,  
As when the Northern skies  
    Gleam in December;  
And, like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
    From the heart's chamber.

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

"Far in the Northern Land,  
By the wild Baltic's strand,  
I, with my childish hand,  
    Tamed the 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,  
     Chaunting his glory;  
 When of old Hildebrand  
 I asked his daughter’s hand,  
 Mute did the minstrels stand  
     To hear my story.

“ While the brown ale he quaffed,  
 Loud then the champion laughed,  
 And as the wind-gusts waft  
     The sea-foam brightly,  
 So the loud laugh of 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!—

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

When on the white-sea strand,  
Waving his armèd 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 lee-ward;

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

“ 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 sun-light 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,  
*Skool!* to the Northland ! *skool!*” \*  
 — Thus the tale ended.

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



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 mouth of May.

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

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.



THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

“ 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 turned 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 wave,  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of 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!

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## THE LUCK OF EDENHALL

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND

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 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.]



## THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

FROM THE DANISH.

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' honor!"

THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

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.

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[This strange and somewhat mystical 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.]





THE  
CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

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FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNÉR.





PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village  
Gleaming stood 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 churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbour  
 Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross of iron  
 Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of affection.  
 Even the dial, that stood on a hillock 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 time and its changes,  
 While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet.  
 Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season  
 When the young, their parent's 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 Pavilions<sup>1</sup>  
 Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall  
 Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood  
 Budded once more anew, as aforesaid the rod before Aaron.  
 Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with silver,  
 Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wind-flowers.  
 But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg,<sup>2</sup>  
 Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of angels  
 Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy leaf-work.  
 Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling,  
 And for lights there were lilies of 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,<sup>3</sup> of David's harp in the North-land  
Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its powerful pinions  
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,  
And every face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.  
Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.  
Father he hight and he was in the parish; a christianly plainness  
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.  
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel  
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur  
Lay on his forehead as clear, as on moss-covered grave-stone a sunbeam.  
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 Saint 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 discourse 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 reëntered 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 faltering voice, but the old man's  
 Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal  
 Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.  
 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 salvation,  
 Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers  
 Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each well-worded answer.



Now went the old man up to the altar;—and straightway transfigured (So did it 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 splendor  
 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 nought of compulsion, and only conviction desireth.  
 This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of existence,  
 Seed for the coming days; without revocation departeth  
 Now from your lips the confession; Bethink ye, before ye make answer!  
 Think not, 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 forgive, 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 in accents more gentle,  
 Soft as the evening’s breath, as harps by Babylon’s rivers.

“Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome!  
 Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters!



Yet,—for what reason not children? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.  
 Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father,  
 Ruling them all as his household,—forgiving in turn and chastising,  
 That is of human life a 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 Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the cross 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 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 again;—They were my childhood's acquaintance.  
 Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,  
 Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.  
 Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,  
 Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring 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 herself knoweth  
 Nought 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 manifold mansions,  
 Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the flowers,  
 Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the wingèd 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 is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,  
 Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune  
 Kneels down before the Eternal's throne; and, with hands interfolded,  
 Praises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings.  
 Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven?  
 What has mankind forsooth, the poor! that it has not received?  
 Therefore, fall in the dust and pray! The seraphs adoring  
 Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of him who  
 Hung his masonry pendant on nought, when the world he created.  
 Earth declareth his might, and the firmament uttereth his glory.  
 Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven,  
 Downward like withered leaves; at the last stroke of midnight, millenniums  
 Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them, but counts them as nothing.  
 Who shall stand in his presence? The wrath of the judge is terrific,  
 Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he speaks in his anger  
 Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roe-buck.  
 Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children? This awful 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 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 'twas that you may be happy  
 Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down his head in the death-hour  
 Solemnised Love its triumph; the sacrifice then was completed.  
 Lo! then was rent on a sudden the vail 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 'tis sweet to stammer one letter  
 Of the Eternal's language;—on earth it is called Forgiveness!  
 Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns round his 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 recompense,—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 wavering promise,  
 Having naught else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,  
 Him, who has given us more; for to us has Hope been transfigured,  
 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 Hebrew'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 vapors descending.

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic,  
 Fears not the wingèd 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, 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 vapors;  
 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 consecration, and softly  
 With him the children read; at the close, with tremulous accents,  
 Asked he the peace of heaven, a benediction upon them.

Now should have ended his task for the day; the following Sunday  
 Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.  
 Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent and laid his  
 Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward; while thoughts high and holy  
 Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful  
 brightness.

“On the next Sunday, who knows! perhaps I shall rest in the grave-yard!  
 Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,

Bow down his head to the earth; why delay I? the hour is accomplished.  
 Warm is the heart;—I will so! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven.

What I began accomplish I now; for what failing therein is  
 I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.

Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven,  
 Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement?

What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often.

Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atonement a token,  
 Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgressions  
 Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'Twas in the beginning  
 Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the  
 Fall to this day; in the Thought is the Fall; in the Heart the Atonement.  
 Infinite is the Fall, the Atonement infinite likewise.

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 to earth he came and transfigured, thence reascended,  
 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, mankind 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 churchyard  
 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  
 Tremor of holy rapture along through their icy-cold members.  
 Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it  
 Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; they saw there  
 Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.  
 Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from 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.

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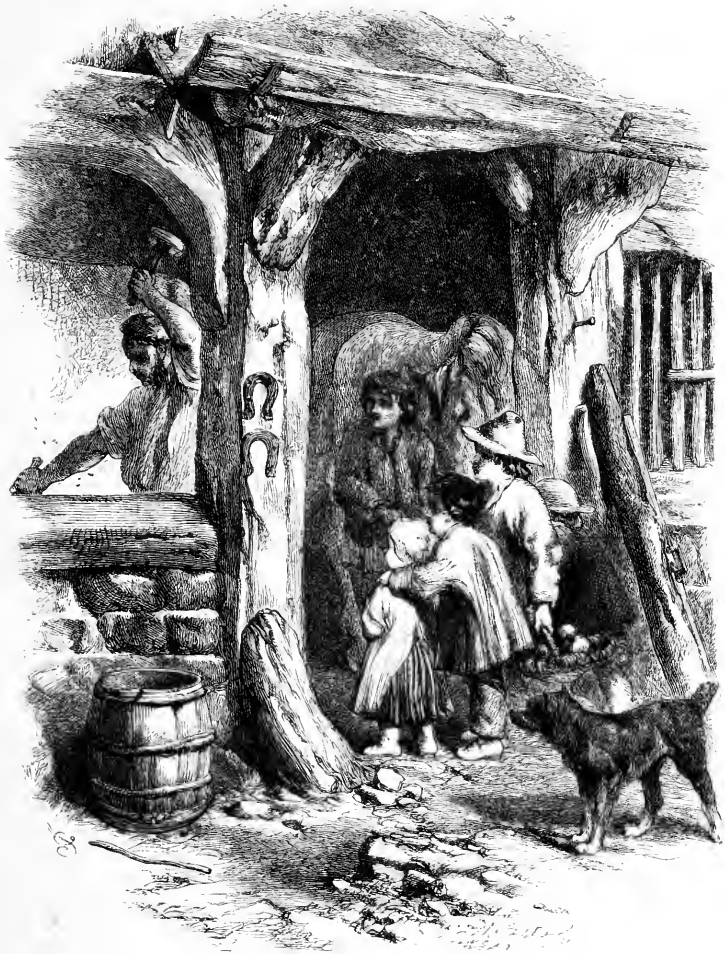
#### NOTES.

- (1) The Feast of the Tabernacles; in Swedish, *Löfhyddohögtiden*, the Leaf-huts<sup>1</sup>-high-tide.
- (2) The peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.
- (3) A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.



MISCELLANEOUS.





THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands ;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,

With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

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

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

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

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

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

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 ! ”

---

### THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

NO HAY PÁJAROS EN LOS NIDOS 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.

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

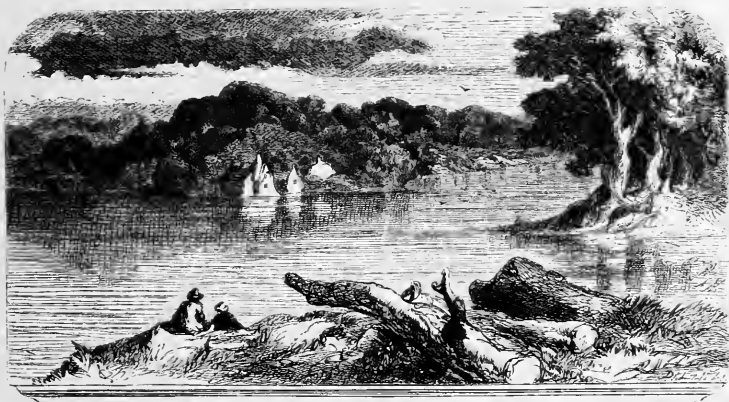
God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown  
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,  
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

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

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

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, ἔγειραι, 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, *Ὑπαγε·*  
*Ἡ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε!*

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

## THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

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

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



THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

Mingled it in their daily food;  
And he who battled and subdued,  
    A wreath of fennel wore.

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



MAIDENHOOD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

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.



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!

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS.

“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!

POEMS ON SLAVERY.

1842.

[THE following Poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October. 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 rode  
Along the Niger's bank;  
His bridle-reins were golden chains,  
And, with a martial clank,  
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel  
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,  
The bright flamingoes flew ;  
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 foretells  
When all men shall be free;  
And musical, as silver bells,  
Their falling chains shall be.

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

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



THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

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 nor rise.

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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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

Her eyes were large, and full of light,  
 Her arms and neck were bare ;  
 No garment she wore, save a kirtle bright,  
 And her own long, raven hair.

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 Samson in this land,  
Shorn of his strength, and bound in bonds of steel,  
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,  
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal,  
Till the vast Temple of our liberties  
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish lies.



THE BELFRY OF BRUGES,

AND OTHER POEMS.

1846.





## CARILLON.

In the ancient town of Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city,  
As the evening shades descended  
Low and loud and sweetly blended,  
Low at times and loud at times,  
And changing like a poet's rhymes,  
Rang the beautiful wild chimes  
From the Belfry in the market  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor  
Calmly answering their sweet anger,  
When the wrangling bells had ended,  
Slowly struck the clock eleven,  
And, from out the silent heaven,  
Silence on the town descended.  
Silence, silence everywhere,  
On the earth and in the air,  
Save that footsteps here and there  
Of some burgher home returning,  
By the street lamps faintly burning,  
For a moment woke the echoes  
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But 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.

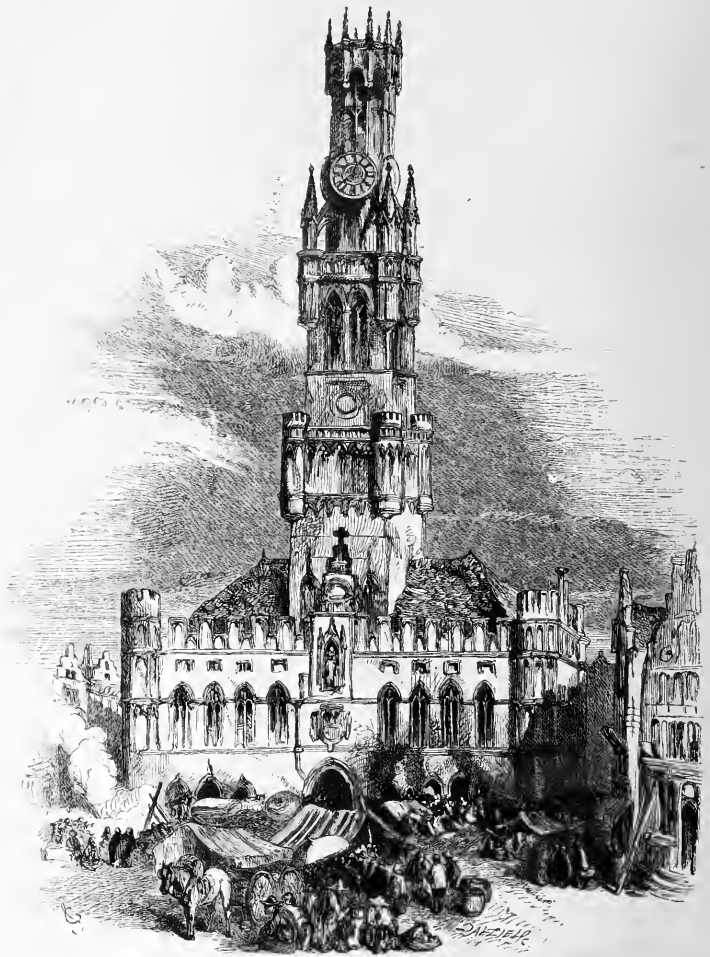
Yet perchance a sleepless wight,  
 Lodging at some humble inn  
 In the narrow lanes of life,  
 When the dusk and hush of night  
 Shut out the incessant din  
 Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
 May listen with a calm delight  
 To the poet's melodies,  
 Till he hears, or dreams he hears,

CARILLON.

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.

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THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown ;  
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuild'd, 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 vapors 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, ghost-like, into air.

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

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

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

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

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

All the Foresters of Flanders,<sup>1</sup>—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,<sup>2</sup> knights who bore the Fleece of Gold ;<sup>3</sup>

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,<sup>4</sup> 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 ;<sup>5</sup>

Saw the fight at Minnewater,<sup>6</sup> saw the White Hoods moving west,  
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.<sup>7</sup>

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

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike 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-illuminated square.

## NOTES.

(1.) *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 Bueq, in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them ; and Beaudoin Bas-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.

(2.) *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 de Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées 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 the 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."*

(3.) *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.

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

### (4.) *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. Marie 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 Saint Donatas, that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

### (5.) *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 Éperons 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 Notre 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.

### (6.) *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 of Nevèle; and two hundred of them perished in the church, which was burned 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 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.

### (7.) *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 leep is er brand, and als ik luy is er viclorie in het land.*" "My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land."



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 footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.



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

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

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

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

“ Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born ! ”  
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 swift keys !  
 What loud lament and dismal Miserere  
 Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

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

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamor,  
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-drums 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 for 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 forevermore 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.

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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.<sup>1</sup>

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

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days  
 Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.<sup>2</sup>

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

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

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,<sup>3</sup>  
 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,<sup>4</sup>  
 Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

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

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

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

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,  
 That he once has 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 Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.

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

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,  
 And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's 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,<sup>5</sup> 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,<sup>6</sup>  
 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 splendor, 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 labor,—the long pedigree of toil.

## NOTES.

(1.) *That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.*

An old popular proverb of the town runs thus :—

“ <i>Nürnberg's Hand</i> <i>Geht durch alle Land.</i> ”	“Nuremberg's hand Goes through every land.”
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(2.) *Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.*

Melchior Pfünzing 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 page 181.

(3.) *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.

(4.) *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.

(5.) *Wiseest of the Twelve Wise Masters.*

The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Mastersingers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Mastersingers, 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.

(6.) *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.”



### 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 glows and gleams immortal,  
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

## 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

Engulfs 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 vapors 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 colors 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.

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 Potosi's o'erhanging 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 the burning, tropic skies,  
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,  
Himself as swift and wild,  
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,  
The fibres of whose shallow root,  
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed  
The silver veins beneath it laid,  
The buried treasures of dead centuries.

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 his 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 a poet's books,  
 Or murmuring sound of water as it flows,  
 Thou comest back to parley with repose!  
 This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,  
 With its o'erhanging golden canopy  
 Of leaves illuminate with autumnal hues,  
 And shining with the argent light of dews,  
 Shall for a season be our place of rest.  
 Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent nest,  
 From which the laughing birds have taken wing,  
 By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant swing.  
 Dream-like the waters of the rivers 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,  
 Freight with hope and fear;



TO A CHILD.

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 labor, 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 labor there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate  
On thy advancing steps await,  
Still let it ever be thy pride

POEMS.

To linger by the laborer'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 Acastes' shaft of old,  
The swift thought kindles as it flies,  
And burns to ashes in the skies.

## THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.<sup>1</sup>

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  
 And beautiful as some fair saint,  
 Serenely moving on her way  
 In hours of trial and dismay.  
 As if she heard the voice of God,  
 Unharm'd 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,  
“Forevermore, forevermore,  
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  
Reëchoed down the burning chords,—  
“Forevermore, forevermore,  
The reign of violence is o'er!”

---

(1) Astronomically speaking, this title is incorrect; as I apply to a constellation what can properly be applied to some of its stars only. But my observation is made from the hill of song, and not from that of science; and will, I trust, be found sufficiently accurate for the present purpose.



### 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 sea-weed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing  
 Among the wooden piers,  
 A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
 That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, 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.

POEMS.

To linger by the laborer'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  
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True beauty in utility ;  
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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.

POEMS.

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

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

Ah ! 'tis in 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 prairies, 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 !

---



SEA-WEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the equinox,  
Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with sea-weed 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 ;—

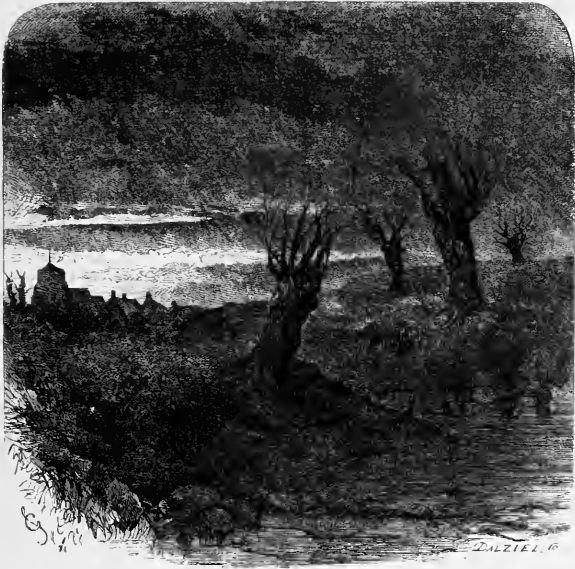
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
 On the shifting  
 Currents of the restless main ;  
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
 Of sandy beaches,  
 All have found repose again.

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 fragment 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 forever  
 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.



### THE DAY IS DONE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 labor,  
 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.



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.

POEMS.

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.





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 alehouse.

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.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID.<sup>1</sup>

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,  
When he left this world of ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Würtzburg's minster towers.

And he gave the monks his treasures,  
Gave them all with this behest :  
They should feed the birds at noontide  
Daily on his place of rest ;

Saying, "From these wandering minstrels  
I have learned the art of song ;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long."

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 bell rang noontide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

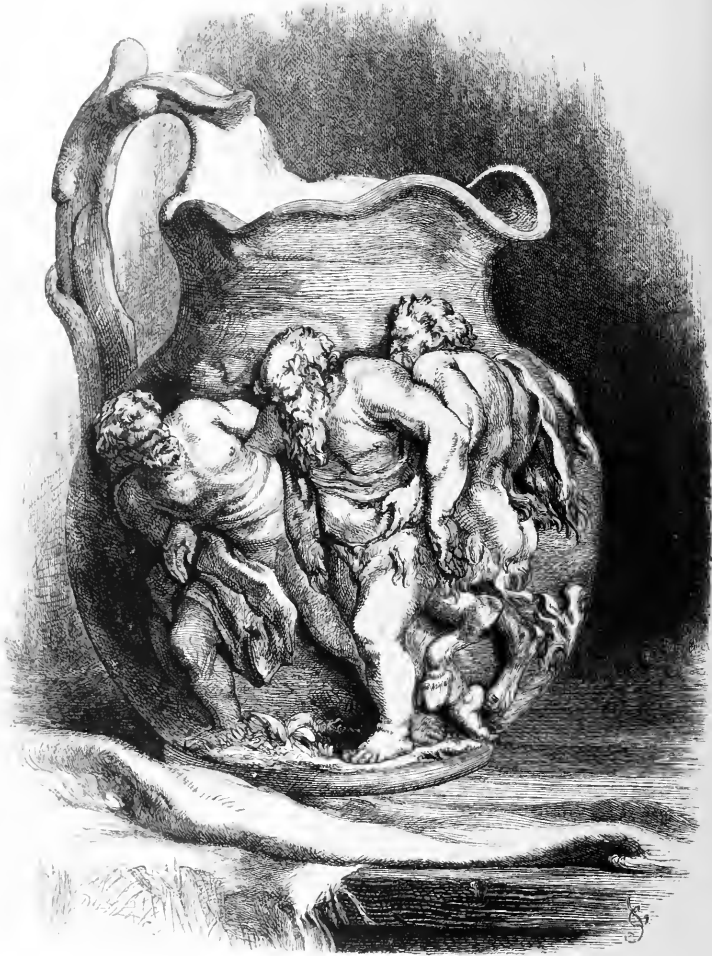
Then in vain, with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,  
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
For the children of the choir.

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.

---

(1) 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 Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.



## DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE PITCHER.

Come, old friend! sit down and listen!  
From the pitcher, placed between us,

How the waters laugh and glisten  
 In the head of old Silenus !

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,  
 Led by his inebriate Satyrs ;  
 On his breast his head is sunken,  
 Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow ;  
 Ivy crowns that brow supernal  
 As the forehead of Apollo,  
 And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,  
 Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,  
 Wild from Naxian groves, or Zante's  
 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 armor.

Judged by no o'erzealous rigor,  
 Much this mystic throng expresses :  
 Bacchus was the type of vigor,  
 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 dragous  
Never would his own replenish.

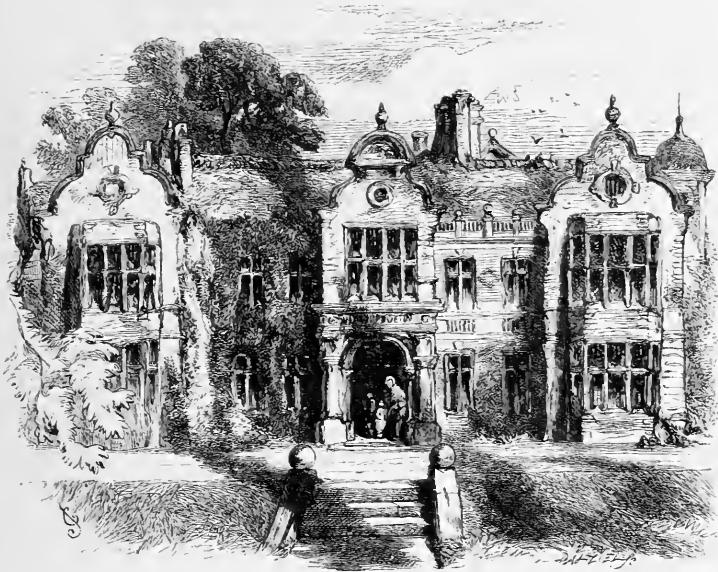
Even Redi, though he chaunted  
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,  
Never drank the wine he vaunted  
In his dithyrambic sallies.

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!"—JACQUES BRIDAINE.

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 timepiece 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 skeleton at the feast,  
 That warning timepiece never ceased,—  
     “Forever—never!  
     Never—forever!”

There groups of merry children played,  
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;

O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
And 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 knew not where ;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song ?

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

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## 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,<sup>1</sup>  
 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!

---

D A N T E.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the realms 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!"

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(1) Charlemagne may be called by preeminence 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 farm-yards 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."



### 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 oppressed.  
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.

## THE HEMLOCK-TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

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 tak'st for thine example!

So long as summer laughs she sings,

But in the autumn spreads her wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!

It flows so long as falls the rain,

In drought its springs soon dry again.

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!

## ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON DACH.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,

She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again

To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.



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

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

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

As the 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 manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone  
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,—

Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows,  
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,  
The threads of our two lives are 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!

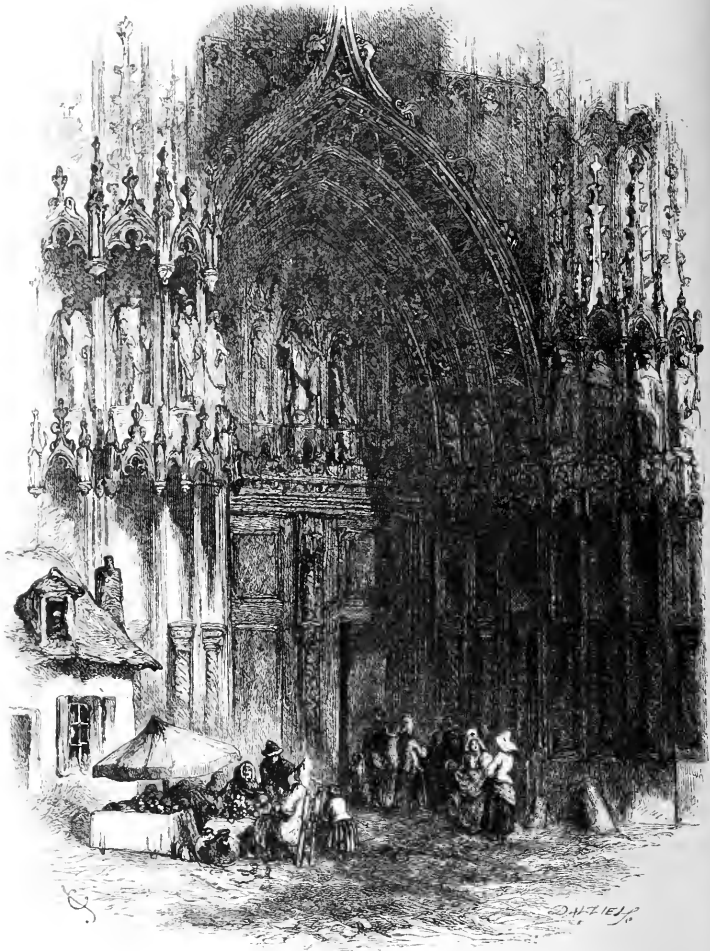
Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife;  
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

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, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,  
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell;  
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.



THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

Forms of saints and kings are standing  
The cathedral door above ;

Yet I saw but one among them  
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

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

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

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

## THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

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

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

Stained with blood and never tiring,  
With its beak it doth not cease,  
From the cross 'twould free the Saviour,  
Its Creator's Son release.

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

And that bird is called the crossbill ;  
Covered all with blood so clear,  
In the groves of pine it singeth  
Songs, like legends, strange to hear.



## THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.

THE 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.

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### 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.

## POETIC APHORISMS.

### CREEDS.

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

### THE RESTLESS HEART.

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

### CHRISTIAN LOVE.

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

### ART AND TACT.

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

### RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding 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 should sound not well in strangers' ears,  
They have only to bethink them that it happens so with theirs ;  
For so long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland their own,  
They will be most highly valued where they are best and longest known.



## 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.



## CURFEW.

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.



EVANGELINE,

A TALE OF ACADIE.

1847.

[THE story of "Evangeline" is founded on a painful occurrence which took place in the early period of British colonization in the northern part of America.

In the year 1713, Acadia, or as it is now named, Nova Scotia, was ceded to Great Britain by the French. The wishes of the inhabitants seem to have been little consulted in the change, and they with great difficulty were induced to take the oaths of allegiance to the British government. Some time after this, war having again broken out between the French and British in Canada, the Acadians were accused of having assisted the French, from whom they were descended, and connected by many ties of friendship, with provisions and ammunition, at the siege of Beau Sejour. Whether the accusation was founded on fact or not, has not been satisfactorily ascertained; the result, however, was most disastrous to the primitive, simple-minded Acadians. The British government ordered them to be removed from their native colony, and dispersed throughout the other colonies, at a distance from their much loved land. This resolution was not communicated to the inhabitants till measures had been matured to carry it into immediate effect; when the Governor of the colony, having issued a summons, calling the whole people to a meeting, informed them that their lands, tenements, and cattle of all kinds were forfeited to the British crown, that he had orders to remove them in vessels to distant colonies, and they must remain in custody till their embarkation.

The poem is descriptive of the fate of some of the persons involved in these calamitous proceedings.]



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EVANGELINE.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,  
 Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the flood-gates  
 Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.  
 West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields  
 Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain, and away to the northward  
 Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains  
 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic  
 Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.  
 There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.  
 Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,  
 Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.  
 Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables projecting  
 Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-way.  
 There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset  
 Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,  
 Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles  
 Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden  
 Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors  
 Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.  
 Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children  
 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.  
 Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose matrons and maidens,  
 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.  
 Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank  
 Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry  
 Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village  
 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,  
 Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.  
 Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—  
 Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from





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

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,  
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,

EVANGELINE.

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,

EVANGELINE.

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,  
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.  
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.  
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.



Firmly buildd with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer  
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and a shady  
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.  
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and a footpath  
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.  
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,  
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.  
 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown  
 Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.  
 Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard.  
 There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows ;  
 There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his feathered seraglio,  
 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame  
 Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.  
 Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one  
 Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a staircase,  
 Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.  
 There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates  
 Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes  
 Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the 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 blacksmith,  
 Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men ;  
 For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,



Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.  
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood  
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,  
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters  
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.  
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.  
 There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him  
 Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,  
 Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel  
 Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.  
 Oft on autumnal 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 laboring bellows,  
 And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,  
 Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.  
 Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,  
 Down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.  
 Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,  
 Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow  
 Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings ;  
 Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow !  
 Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.  
 He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,  
 Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.  
 She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.  
 "Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called ; for that was the sunshine  
 Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples ;  
 She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,  
 Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of 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 vapors around him ;

While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest

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

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.

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

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





Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,  
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the 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 odor.  
 Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,  
 While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,  
 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with 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 pails the foaming streamlets descended.  
 Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farm-yard,  
 Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness ;  
 Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,  
 Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed 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 gestures fantastic,  
 Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.  
 Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair  
 Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser  
 Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.  
 Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,  
 Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him



Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.  
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,  
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.  
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,  
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,  
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.  
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,  
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,  
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, 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 cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with  
 Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.  
 Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."  
 Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,  
 And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—  
 "Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors  
 Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.  
 What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded  
 On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate  
 Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean time  
 Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."  
 Then made answer the farmer:—"Perhaps some friendlier purpose  
 Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England  
 By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,  
 And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."  
 "Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,  
 Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—  
 "Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.  
 Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,  
 Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.



Arms have been taken from us, and warlike 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, breaking the glebe round about them,  
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.  
 Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"  
 As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,  
 Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,  
 And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered.

## III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,  
 Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public ;  
 Shocks of yellow hairs, 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 at Port Royal."

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

When his neighbours complained that any injustice was done them.

"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of 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 the scaffold,

Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.

As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,

Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder

Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,



And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a 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;  
 All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors  
 Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,  
 Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed  
 Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;  
 While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-horn,  
 Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,  
 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.  
 Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,  
 And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.  
 Then from his leathern pouch the 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 contention the old men  
 Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,  
 Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.  
 Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window’s embrasure,  
 Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise  
 Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.  
 Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,  
 Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the belfry  
 Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway  
 Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.  
 Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step  
 Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.  
 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 Evangeline 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 wandered with Hagar!



#### IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.  
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,  
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.  
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor  
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.  
Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighbouring haulets,  
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 labor were silenced.  
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.  
 Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted ;  
 For with this simple people, who lived like 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 beehives,  
 Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.  
 Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white  
 Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler  
 Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.  
 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 dizzying dances  
 Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;  
 Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.  
 Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!  
 Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

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

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch ;  
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds,



Forfeited be to the crown ; and that you yourselves from this province  
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people !

Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his Majesty's pleasure !”

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures ;

So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,

And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er the heads of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and wildly he shouted,—

“ Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have sworn them allegiance !

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests !”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,

Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician

Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the 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 alarm, distinctly the clock strikes.

“ What is this that ye do, my children ? what madness has seized you ?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,



Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!  
 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?  
 Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?  
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it  
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?  
 Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!  
 See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!  
 Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'  
 Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,  
 Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people  
 Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak;  
 And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O 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 ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides  
 Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.  
 Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand  
 Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,  
 Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each  
 Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.  
 Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;  
 There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;  
 There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;  
 And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.



Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset  
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial meadows.  
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,  
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!  
 Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,  
 Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,  
 As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,  
 Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.  
 Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors  
 Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.  
 Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church *Évangeline* lingered.  
 All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows  
 Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,  
 "Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer  
 Came from the graves of the dead; nor the gloomier grave of the living.  
 Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.  
 Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper untasted,  
 Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.  
 Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.  
 In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall  
 Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.  
 Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder  
 Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created!  
 Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of heaven;  
 Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

## V.

FOUR times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day  
 Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.



*Acadian Women*

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,  
Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,  
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,  
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,  
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.  
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,  
While in their little hands they clasped some 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 laboring down from the village.  
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,  
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the church-yard.  
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors

Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession  
 Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.  
 Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,  
 Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and way-worn,  
 So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended  
 Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.  
 Foremost the young men came ; and, raising together their voices,  
 Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions :—  
 “ Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible fountain !  
 Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission 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 mischances 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 confusion  
 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 Acadian farmers.  
 Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,  
 Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving  
 Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.  
 Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;  
 Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;  
 Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard,—  
 Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.  
 Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,  
 Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,  
 Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.  
 Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,  
 Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.  
 Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,  
 Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,



Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.  
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,  
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,

Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,  
 E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.  
 Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,  
 Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,  
 But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.  
 " *Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.  
 More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents  
 Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,  
 Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.  
 Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,  
 Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them  
 Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of 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 burning thatch, and, uplifting,  
 Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops  
 Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.  
 Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,  
 " We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"  
 Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,



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

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden  
 Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them ;  
 And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,  
 Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore  
 Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.  
 Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden  
 Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.  
 Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.  
 Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber ;  
 And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.  
 Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her.  
 Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.  
 Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,  
 Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,  
 And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.  
 Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—  
 "Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season  
 Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,  
 Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the church-yard."  
 Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the sea-side,  
 Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,

EVANGELINE.

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.



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PART THE SECOND.

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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,

## EVANGELINE.

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 savannas,—  
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters  
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,  
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.  
Friends they sought and homes; and many, 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, imperfect, 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 with the fever within her,  
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,  
She would commence again her endless search and endeavour;  
Sometimes in church-yards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,  
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.  
 Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,  
 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.  
 Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,  
 But it was long ago, in some far-off place or 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 Louisiana."  
 Then would they say,—“Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?  
 Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others  
 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?  
 Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee  
 Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!  
 Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses.”  
 Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,—“I cannot!  
 Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.  
 For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,  
 Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.”  
 And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,  
 Said, with a smile,—“O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!  
 Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;  
 If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning  
 Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;  
 That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.  
 Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!  
 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike,  
 Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike.  
 Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!”

## EVANGELINE.

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.  
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,  
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"  
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and 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 behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;  
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

## II.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,  
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,  
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,  
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.  
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked  
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,  
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;  
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,  
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers  
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.  
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.  
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,





Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;  
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.  
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike  
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,  
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars  
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,  
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.  
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,  
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,  
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.  
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,  
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,  
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course ; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,  
 Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,  
 Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.  
 Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress  
 Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air  
 Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.  
 Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons  
 Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,  
 Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.  
 Lovely the moonlight was as it 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 shrinking mimosa,  
 So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,  
 Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.  
 But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly  
 Floated before her 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 wandered 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 peradventure  
 Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.  
 Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,  
 Breaking the seal of 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 distance,  
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches ;  
But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;  
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.  
Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,  
 Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.  
 And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,  
 Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,  
 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades ; and before them  
 Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.  
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations  
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus  
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.  
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,  
 And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan islands,  
 Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,  
 Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.  
 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.  
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,  
 Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the greensward,  
 Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.  
 Over them 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 slumbered beneath it.  
 Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven  
 Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,  
 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 palmettos,  
 So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows,  
 And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers ;  
 Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.  
 Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.  
 After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,  
 As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden  
 Said with a sigh to the friendly priest,—“O Father Felician !  
 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.  
 Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?  
 Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit ?”  
 Then, with a blush, she added,—“Alas for my credulous fancy !  
 Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning.”  
 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered,—  
 “Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to me without meaning.  
 Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats on the surface  
 Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.  
 Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.  
 Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the southward,  
 On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.  
 There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,  
 There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees ;  
 Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens  
 Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.  
 They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.  
 Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon  
 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape ;  
 Twinkling vapors arose ; and sky and water and forest  
 Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.  
 Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,  
 Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.  
 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.  
 Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling  
 Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.  
 Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,  
 Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,  
 Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,  
 That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.  
 Plaintive at first were the tones and sad ; then soaring to madness  
 Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.  
 Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation ;  
 Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,  
 As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops  
 Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.  
 With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,  
 Slowly they entered the Tèche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,  
 And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,  
 Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbouring dwelling ;—  
 Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

## III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches  
 Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,  
 Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,  
 Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden  
 Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,  
 Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers  
 Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.  
 Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,  
 Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,  
 Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.  
 At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,  
 Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,  
 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.  
 Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine  
 Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,  
 And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding  
 Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.  
 In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway  
 Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,  
 Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.  
 Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas  
 Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,  
 Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,  
 Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,

Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.  
 Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero  
 Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.  
 Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing  
 Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness  
 That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.  
 Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding  
 Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded  
 Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.  
 Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle  
 Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.  
 Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,  
 And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.  
 Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden  
 Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.  
 Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward  
 Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder ;  
 When they beheld his face, they recognised Basil the Blacksmith.  
 Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.  
 There in an arbour of roses with endless question and answer  
 Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,  
 Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.  
 Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not ; and now dark doubts and misgivings  
 Stole o'er the maiden's heart ; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,  
 Broke the silence and said,—“ If you came by the Atchafalaya,  
 How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous ?”  
 Over Eyangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.  
 Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,—  
 “ Gone ? is Gabriel gone ?” and, concealing her face on his shoulder,  
 All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.





Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—  
“ Be of good cheer, my child ; it is only to-day he departed.  
Foolish boy ! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.

Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit  
 Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.  
 Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,  
 Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,  
 He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,  
 Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him  
 Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.  
 Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,  
 Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.  
 Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow the fugitive lover ;  
 He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.  
 Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning  
 We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,  
 Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.  
 Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,  
 Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.  
 Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.  
 "Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"  
 As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession ; and straightway  
 Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man  
 Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,  
 Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,  
 Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.  
 Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,  
 All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanour ;  
 Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,  
 And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them ;  
 Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.



Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the airy veranda,  
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil  
Waited his late return ; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.  
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with silver,

Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars, but within doors,  
 Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering 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 unclaimed in the prairies ;  
 Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber  
 With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.  
 After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,  
 No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,  
 Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle.”  
 Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,  
 And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,  
 So that the guests all started ; and Father Felician, astounded,  
 Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.  
 But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer :—  
 “Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever !  
 For it is not like that of our cold Acadian 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 veranda.  
 It was the neighbouring Creoles and small Acadian planters,



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

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman  
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;



While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her  
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music  
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible 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 odors, that were their prayers and confessions  
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.  
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,  
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight  
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,

As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees,  
 Passed she along the path to the edge of the 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 labor,  
 Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers.  
 When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"  
 Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded  
 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighbouring thickets,  
 Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.  
 "Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;  
 And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden  
 Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses  
 With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.  
 "Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;  
 "See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,  
 And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."  
 "Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended



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





IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains  
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.

Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,  
 Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,  
 Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and the Owyhee.  
 Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,  
 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska ;  
 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,  
 Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,  
 Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,  
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.  
 Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,  
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,  
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.  
 Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck ;  
 Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses ;  
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel ;  
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,  
 Staining the desert with blood ; and above their terrible war-trails  
 Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,  
 Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,  
 By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.  
 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders ;  
 Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers ;  
 And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,  
 Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side,  
 And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,  
 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,  
 Gabriel 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, Evangeline listened

To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her  
 Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.  
 Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,  
 Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor  
 Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.  
 With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches  
 Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.  
 Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,  
 Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,  
 As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.  
 It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits  
 Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment  
 That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.  
 And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee  
 Said, as they journeyed along,—“On the western 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, Evangeline 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 ærial 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 benediction had fallen  
 Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,  
 Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them  
 Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,  
 Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,  
 And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.  
 There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-cake  
 Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.  
 Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:—  
 “Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated  
 On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,  
 Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!”  
 Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;  
 But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter the snow-flakes  
 Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.  
 “Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest; “but in autumn,  
 When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”  
 Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,—  
 “Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”  
 So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,  
 Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,  
 Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—  
 Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,  
 Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming  
 Cloisters for mendicant <sup>ledgers</sup> crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.  
 Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens  
 Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,  
 But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.  
 Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.  
 "Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be  
 answered!

Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,  
 See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet:  
 It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended  
 Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey  
 Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.  
 Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,  
 Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,  
 But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.  
 Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter  
 Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

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

## EVANGELINE.

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 brothers and sisters.  
 So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavour,  
 Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,  
 Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.  
 As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning  
 Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,  
 Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,  
 So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,  
 Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway  
 Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.  
 Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,  
 Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,  
 Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.  
 Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.  
 Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;  
 He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;  
 Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,  
 This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.  
 So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,  
 Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.  
 Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow  
 Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.  
 Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting  
 Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,  
 Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,  
 Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.  
 Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated  
 Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,

High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.

Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs  
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,  
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings. ✓

○ Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,  
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,  
Darkening the sun in their flight, with nought 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 splendor, its humble walls seem to echo  
Softly the words of the Lord :—“ The poor ye always have with you.”  
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying  
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there  
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,  
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,  
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.  
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,  
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,  
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.

Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden ;  
 And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,  
 That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.  
 Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,  
 Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,  
 While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted  
 Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.  
 Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit ;  
 Something within her said,—“At length thy trials are ended ;”  
 And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness,  
 Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,  
 Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence  
 Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing 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 colorless 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!"

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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 labors,  
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey !

Still stands the forest primeval ; but under the shade of its branches  
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.  
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic  
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile  
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.  
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy ;  
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,  
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,  
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighbouring ocean  
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

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THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.

1850.



## 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 word be spoken.

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

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

## DEDICATION.

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!  
Staunch 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 unto 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 staunch,  
 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 labor might be brought  
 To answer to his inward thought.  
 And as he labored, 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 ship-yard stood the Master,  
 With the model of the vessel,  
 That should laugh at all disaster,  
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !

Covering many a rood of ground,  
 Lay the timber piled around ;  
 Timber of chestnut, 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 his 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 ship-yard's bounds  
 Were heard the intermingled sounds  
 Of axes and of mallets, plied  
 With vigorous arms on every side ;  
 Plied so deftly and so well,  
 That, ere the shadows of evening fell,  
 The keel of oak for a noble 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 labor 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 BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

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 clamors  
Of clattering hammers,  
He who listened heard now and then  
The song of the Master and his men :—

“Build me straight, O worthy Master,  
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle !”

With oaken brace and copper band,  
Lay the 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,<sup>1</sup>  
 Each tall and tapering mast  
 Is swung into its place ;  
 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  
 Poise aloft in the air,  
 And at the mast head,  
 White, blue, and red,  
 A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

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 splendors 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 honor 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 distant rim to rise



THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

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 within 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,  
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,

## THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

And not a rent made by the gale!  
In spite of rock and tempest's 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!

---

### NOTE.

- (1.) *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 sparred. 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 sparred. 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!”

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 splendor,  
And the gleam of that single star  
Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

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

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far  
Trailed the gleam of his falchion brightly ;  
Is it a God, or is it a star  
That, entranced, I gaze on nightly !

---

## THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

AH! what pleasant visions haunt me  
As I gaze upon the sea!  
All the old romantic legends,  
All my dreams, come back to me.

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

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

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,  
Where the sand as silver shines,  
With a soft, monotonous cadence,  
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,  
With his hawk upon his hand,  
Saw a fair and stately galley,  
Steering onward to the land;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman  
Chant a song so wild and clear,  
That the sailing sea-bird slowly  
Poised upon the mast to hear,

BY THE SEASIDE.

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.

BY THE SEASIDE.

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 color from her cheek?



SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.<sup>1</sup>

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.



SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

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,  
Scemed 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.

BY THE SEASIDE.

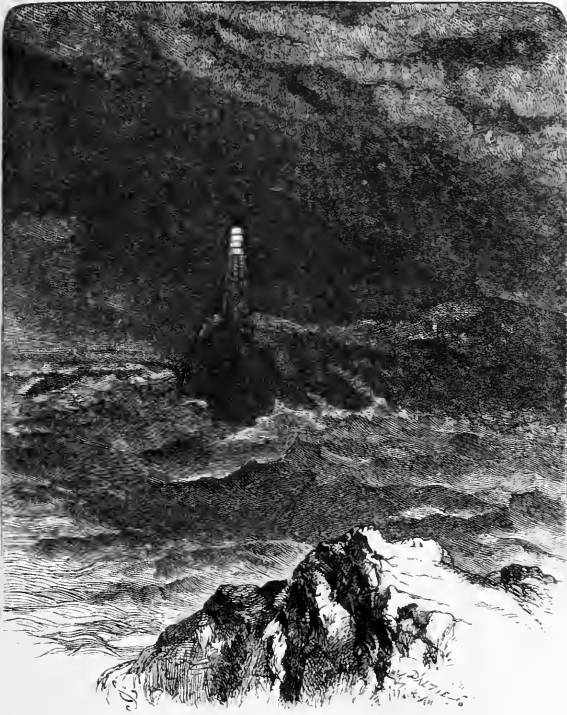
Southward through day and dark,  
They drift in close embrace,  
With mist and rain, to the Spanish Main ;  
Yet there seems no change of place.

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

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NOTE.

(1.) "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 look-out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22d 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.



### 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 tremor 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 splendor 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!

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

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 lighthouse,—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 FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

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 splendor 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 vapors,  
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.

## THE BUILDERS.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;  
For when with raptures wild  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace ;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay ;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

---

## THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of Time ;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;  
Each thing in its place is best ;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled ;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;  
Leave no yawning gaps between ;  
Think not, because no man sees,  
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part ;  
For the Gods see everywhere.

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 stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base ;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
To those turrets, where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.

---



SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot clime  
Of Arab deserts brought,  
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,  
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been  
About those deserts blown !  
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,  
How many histories known !

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite  
Trampled and passed it o'er,  
When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight  
His favorite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,  
Crushed it beneath their tread ;  
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air  
Scattered it as they sped ;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth  
Held close in her caress,  
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith  
Illumed the wilderness ;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms  
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,  
And singing slow their old Armenian psalms  
In half-articulate speech ;

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.



SAND OF THE DESERT.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand ;—  
    Before my dreamy eye  
Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,  
    Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,  
    This little golden thread  
Dilates into a column high and vast,  
    A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,  
    Across the boundless plain,  
The column and its broader shadow run,  
    Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes ! These walls again  
    Shut out the lurid sun,  
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain ;  
    The half-hour's sand is run !



BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

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

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

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

But the night is fair,  
And everywhere  
A warm, soft vapor 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 gravelled pathway  
The light and shadow played.

## THE OPEN WINDOW.

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,—

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

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.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

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 ;

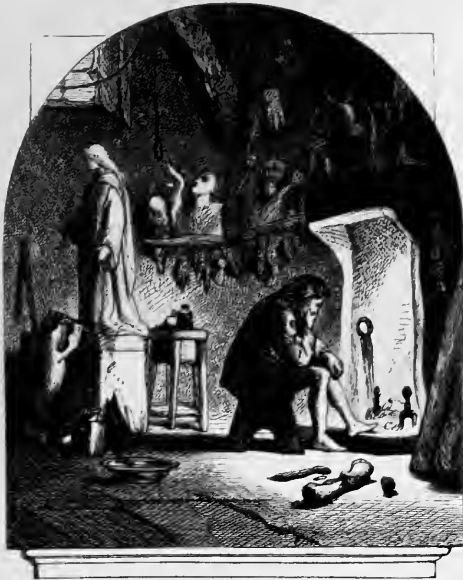
Till the great bells of the convent,  
From their prison in the tower,  
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,  
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

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.

'Twas an image of the Virgin  
That had tasked his utmost skill ;  
But alas ! his fair ideal  
Vanished and escaped him still.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

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 wingèd steed.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

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 labor,  
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,  
In its gleaming vapor veiled ;  
Not the less he breathed the odors  
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  
Wingèd steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening  
Fell, with vapors 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 ;

PEGASUS IN POUND.

Till at length the bell at midnight  
Sounded from its dark abode,  
And, from out a neighbouring farm-yard,  
Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

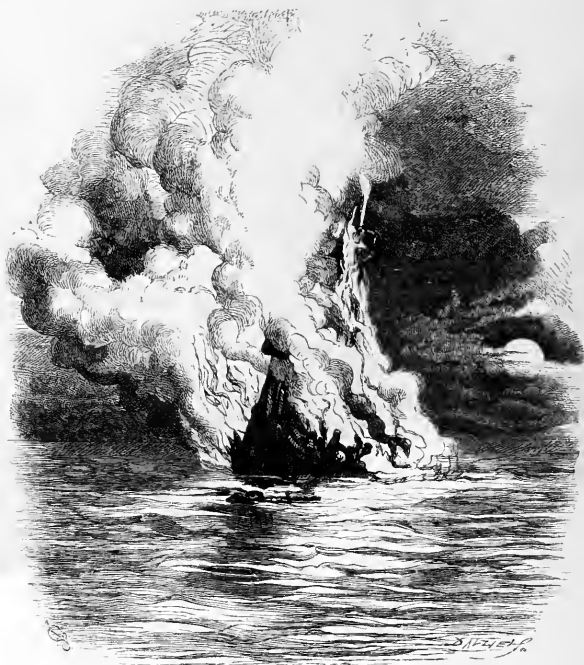
Then, with nostrils wide distended,  
Breaking from his iron chain,  
And unfolding far his pinions,  
To those stars he soared again.

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.

---



TEGNER'S DRAPA.

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 mistletoe,  
 The sacred mistletoe!

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 mistletoe,  
 The accursed mistletoe!

They laid him in his ship,  
 With horse and harness,  
 As on a funeral pyre.  
 Odin placed

BY THE FIRESIDE.

A ring upon his finger,  
And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship!  
It floated far away  
Over the misty sea,  
Till like the sun it seemed,  
Sinking beneath the waves.  
Balder returned no more!

So perish the old Gods!  
But out of the sea of Time  
Rises a new land of song,  
Fairer than the old.  
Over its meadows green  
Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,  
O ye bards,  
Fairer than before!  
Ye fathers of the new race,  
Feed upon morning dew,  
Sing the new Song of Love!

The law of force is dead!  
The law of love prevails!  
Thor, the thunderer,  
Shall rule the earth no more,  
No more, with threats,  
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,  
O ye bards of the North,  
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!

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## 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.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

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  
Contribution 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!

BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ.

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

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



## THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ.

### 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 has sent  
For their delight and our encouragement.

Together blending,  
And soon descending  
The narrow sweep  
Of the hill-side steep,  
They wind aslant  
Toward 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,



THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ.

A band of maidens  
Gayly 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 splendor,  
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 ;

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ.

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 color, as well he might,  
When the beldame wrinkled and gray  
Takes the young bride by the hand,  
And, with the tip of her reedy wand  
Making the sign of the cross, doth say:—  
“Thoughtless Angela, beware!  
Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,  
Thou diggest for thyself a tomb!”



And she was silent ; and the maidens fair  
Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear ;  
But on a little streamlet silver-clear,  
    What are two drops of turbid rain ?  
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 'tis 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 !

BY THE FIRESIDE.

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,

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ.

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 boddice 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 unscanned,  
 With tranquil air, her way doth wind.  
 Odors of laurel, making her faint and pale,  
 Round her at times exhale,  
 And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,  
 But brumal vapors 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 ever more  
 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 are 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 heart swell to hear all round her whisper,  
 "How beautiful! how beautiful she is!"

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ.

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 groomsmen's side  
" 'Tis he ! " a well-known voice has cried.  
And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,  
Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see !  
" Baptiste," she said, " since thou hast wished my 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 single 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 ! "

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## NOTE.

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 honor, 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 Gascons !

A moun amou per bous aou dibes creyre :

Benès ! benès ! ey plazé de bous beyre :

Aroucha bous !'

A fine service of linen, the offering of the town of Pau, after its citizens had given fêtes in his honor, 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 *furor*, 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 any thing 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 'Me cal mourri' 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 'Françouneto';—'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 Françouneto!'

"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 Hecuba 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, jocose; in fact, he was twenty actors in one; he rang the changes from Rachel to Bouffé; 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 laboring, and hoped to see us again. He told us our countrywomen 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 Françouneto! 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 to 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

BY THE FIRESIDE.

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 honor 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 that 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 any thing 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 every body see.'—*Béarn and the Pyrenees*, I. 369, *et seq.*





## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FROM THE NOËI BOURGUIGNON DE GUI BARÓZAI.

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 !

BY THE FIRESIDE.

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.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

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!

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## NOTE.

THE following description of Christmas in Burgundy is from M. Fertiault's *Coup d'œil sur les Noël's en Bourgogne*, prefixed to the Paris edition of *Les Noël's Bourguignons de Bernard de la Monnoye* (*Gui Barózaï*), 1842.

"Every year, at the approach of Advent, people refresh their memories, clear their throats, and begin prelude, 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 con-signed 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, 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 hearth-stone; 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 sance, 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

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

have been calling the faithful with a triple-bob-major; and each one, furnished with a little taper streaked with various colors, (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, *Rossignon*. 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. *Rossignon* 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 Noci*. 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."

THE END.













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