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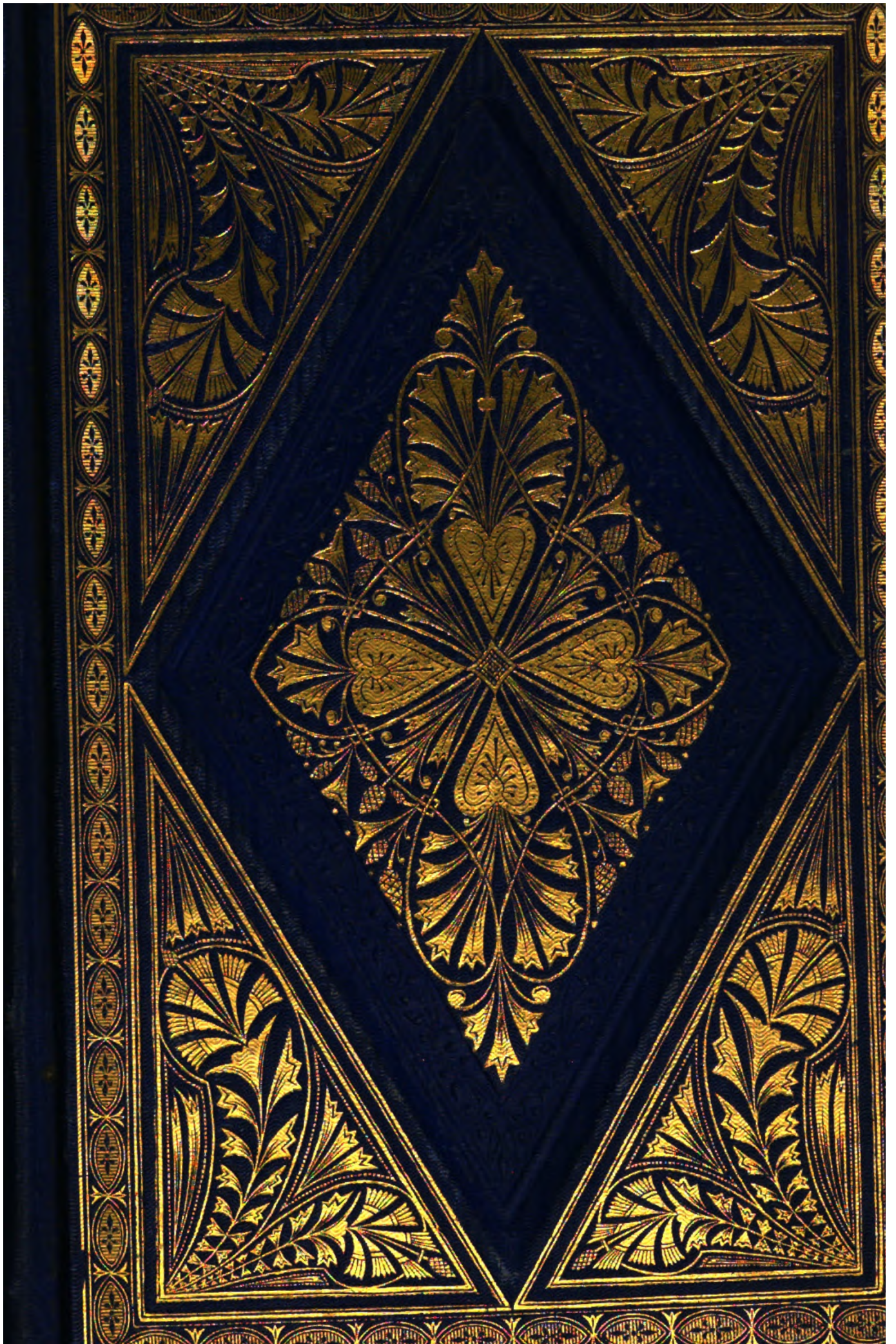
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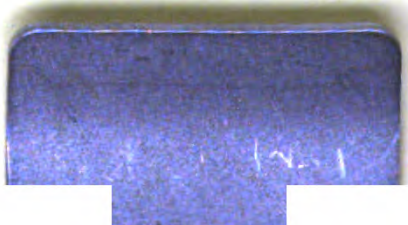


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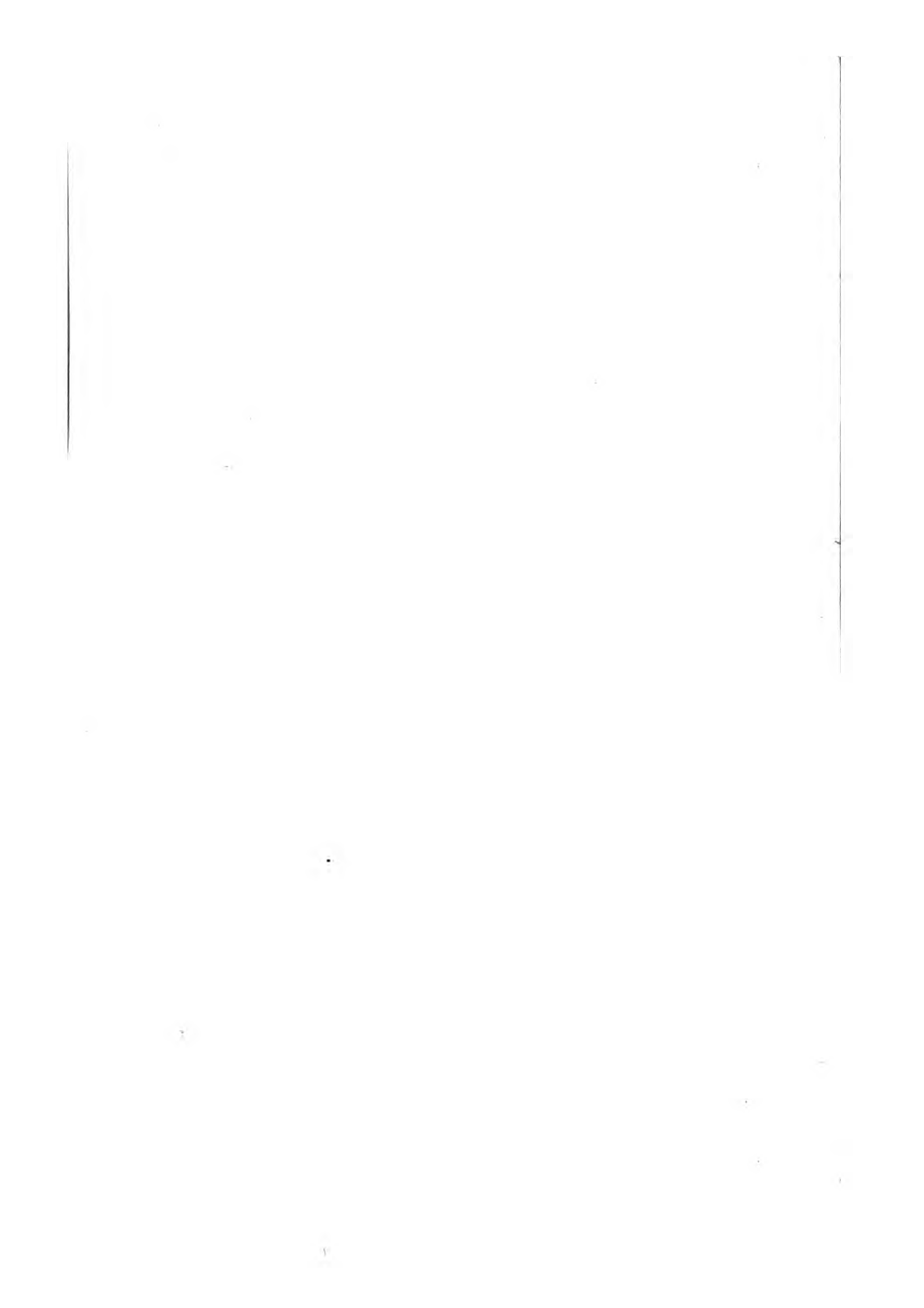


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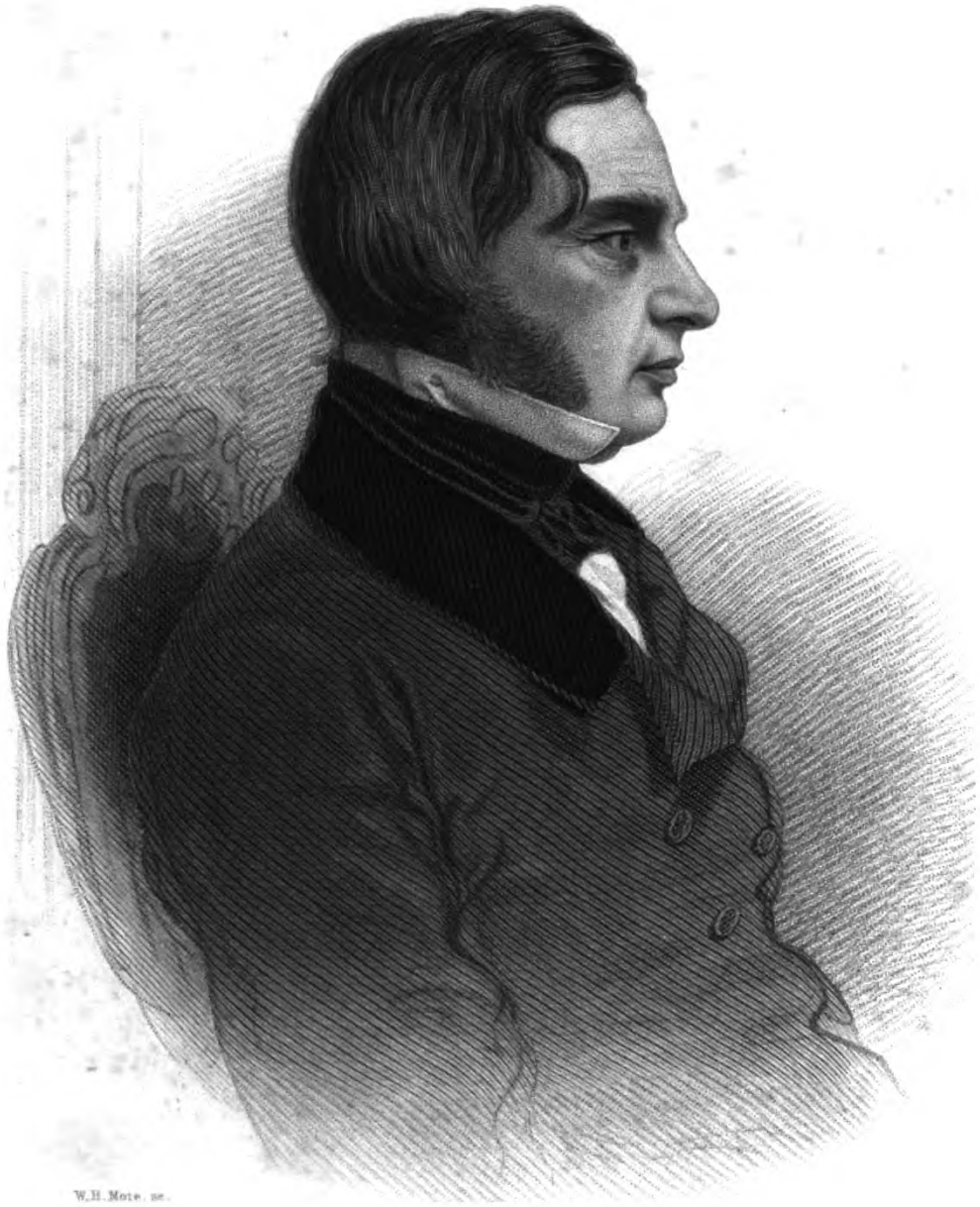


P O E M S









W.H. Mote. sc.

*Wm. Lloyd Garrison*

Jan 6th. 20 page Fleet Street. March 1. 1841.





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*Cde Marie Bodkin*  
*With Mother's fond love June 21<sup>st</sup>*  
*1900*

POETICAL WORKS

OF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

EVANGELINE.—VOICES OF THE NIGHT.  
THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.—THE GOLDEN LEGEND.  
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ILLUSTRATED

WITH UPWARDS OF ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,

FROM DESIGNS BY JANE E. BENHAM, BIRKET FOSTER, ETC.

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III. "Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them."	BIRKET FOSTER.	3
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# EVANGELINE.



## PART THE FIRST.

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

This is the forest primeval ; but where are the hearts that beneath it  
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the  
    hunter?

Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—  
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,  
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven ?  
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever departed !  
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October  
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.  
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

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





I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré  
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.  
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates  
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the north-  
ward

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 pro-  
jecting

Over the basement below, protected and shaded the doorway.  
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 cap, 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 whirl of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children  
 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.  
 Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,  
 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.  
 Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun  
 sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry  
 Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village  
 Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,  
 Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.  
 Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—  
 Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from  
 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.  
 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;  
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;  
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,  
 Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,  
 Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,  
 Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.  
 Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;  
 Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes;  
 White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak  
 leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.  
 Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside,  
 Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her  
 tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.  
 When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide  
 Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.  
 Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret  
 Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop  
 Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,  
 Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,  
 Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-loom,  
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.  
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—  
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.



When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.  
Firmly built 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 roadside,



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  
 farmyard.  
 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 Lejeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,  
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honoured of all men ;  
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,  
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.  
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood  
Grew up together as brother and sister ; and Father Felician,



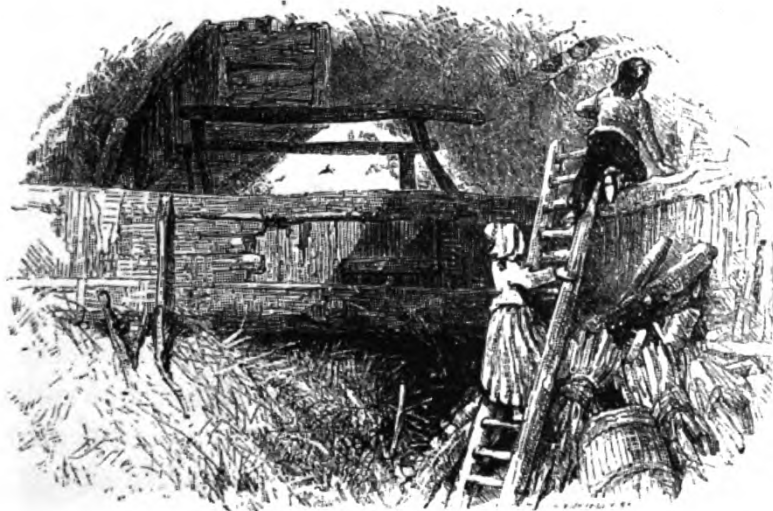
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters  
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-  
song.

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

EVANGELINE.



Take in his leather lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything.  
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel  
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.  
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness  
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice  
Warm by the forge within they watched the labouring bellows,  
And as its 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 hillside 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.

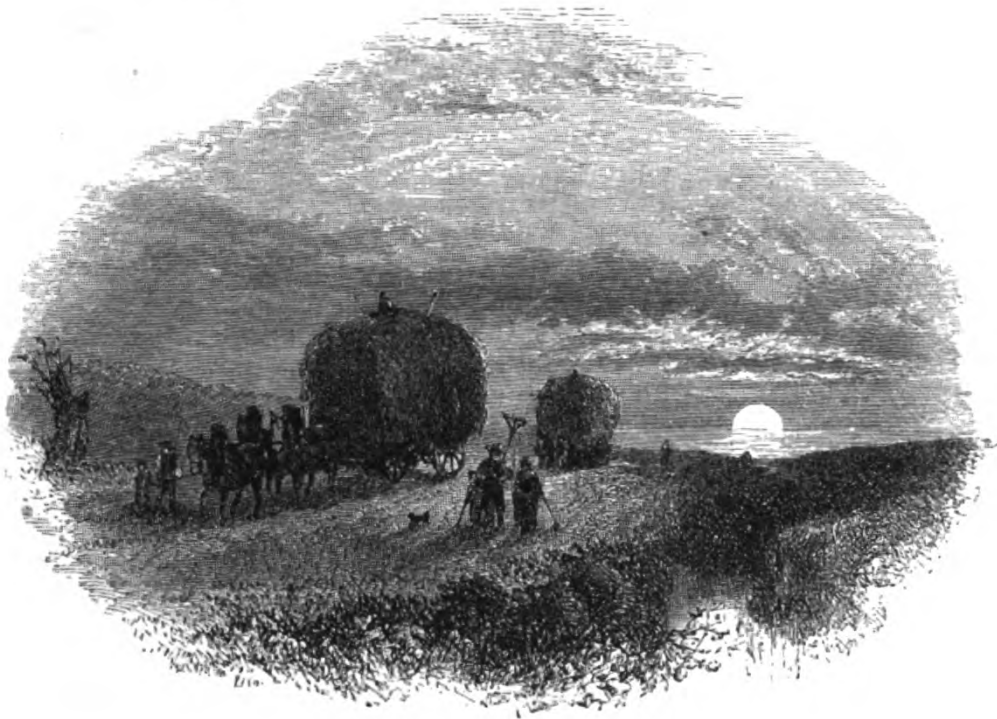




## II.

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 farmyards,  
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,  
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun  
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around him;  
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,  
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest  
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and 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 watchdog,  
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,  
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly  
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;  
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,  
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves  
howled.



Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,  
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odour.

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

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

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer  
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-  
wreaths

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,  
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,  
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.  
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair  
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser  
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.  
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,  
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers 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 meantime  
 Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people.”

Then made answer the farmer ;—“ Perhaps some friendlier purpose  
 Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England  
 By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,  
 And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children.”

“ Not so thinketh the folk in the village,” said, warmly, the black-  
 smith,

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 labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,  
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public ;  
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung  
Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and glasses with horn  
bow

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 nut-shell,  
 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 where-  
 fore ?

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 favourite 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 black-  
     smith  
 Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;  
 All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the  
     vapours  
 Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,  
 Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed  
 Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-  
     Pré;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-horn,  
 Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,  
 Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and 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  
Pass'd 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 labour  
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.  
Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighbouring  
hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.  
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk  
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,  
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,



Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.  
 Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labour were silenced.  
 Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-  
     doors  
 Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.  
 Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;  
 For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,  
 All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.  
 Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:  
 For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;  
 Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness  
 Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,  
 Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.  
 There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary  
     seated;  
 There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.

Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,  
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waist-  
coats.

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 clangour  
 Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—  
 Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal  
 Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.  
 Then up rose 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 enclosures ;  
 So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.  
 Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose  
 Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,  
 And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the 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 arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,  
 As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.  
 Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and wildly he shouted,  
 "Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them  
 allegiance!  
 Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"  
 More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier  
 Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,  
 Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician  
 Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.  
 Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence  
 All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to his people ;  
 Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured and mournful  
 Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes.  
 "What is this that ye do, my children ? what madness has seized you ?  
 Forty years of my life have I laboured among you, and taught you,  
 Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!  
 Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations ?  
 Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness ?  
 This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it  
 Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred ?  
 Lo! where the 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 ardour 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 splendour, 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 vapours  
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.  
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.  
All was silent within ; and in vain at the door and the windows  
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, 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 chair and the floor of her chamber.  
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall  
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.  
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder  
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created!  
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;  
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.



V.

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

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-  
beach  
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.

All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply ;  
 All day long the wains came labouring down from the village.  
 Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,  
 Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.  
 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 Evángeline 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 odour of milk from their udders ;  
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard,—  
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 winds seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and,  
 uplifting,

Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops  
 Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on ship-  
 board.

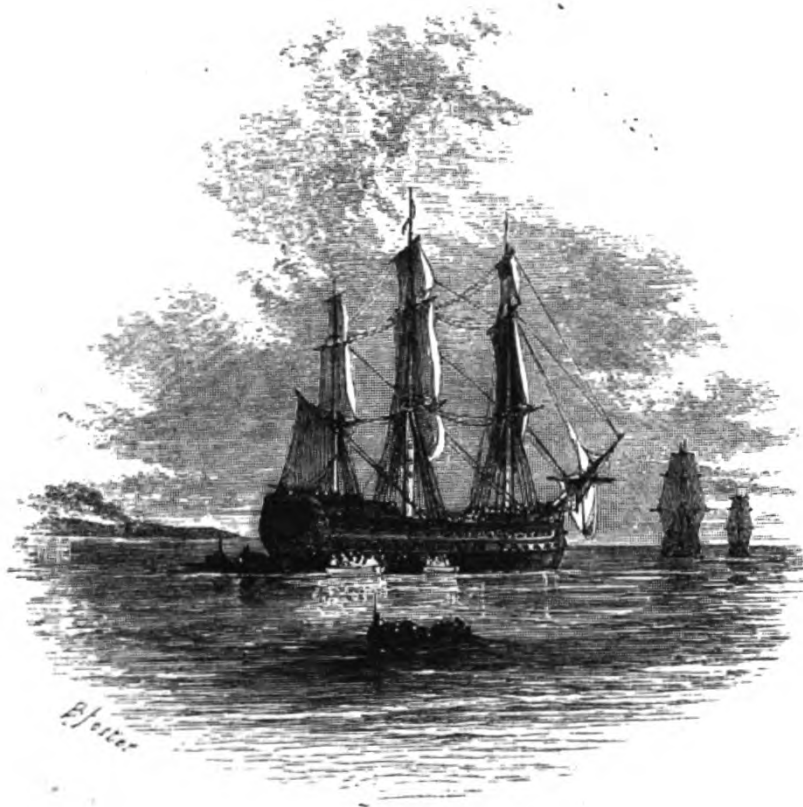
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,  
 "We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"  
 Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,  
 Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle  
 Came on the evening breeze, by the barking 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 herd 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 churchyard."  
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside  
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,  
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.  
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,  
Lo! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,  
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.  
'T was the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,  
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.  
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking;  
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbour,  
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.





## PART THE SECOND.

### I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,  
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,  
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,  
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.  
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ;  
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the  
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 churchyards.  
 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 by the fever within  
     her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,  
 She would commence again her endless search and endeavour;  
 Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tomb-  
     stones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom  
 He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.

Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,  
 Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known  
     him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

"Gabriel Lejeunesse!" said they; "O, yes! we have seen him.

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

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

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

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

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

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others  
 Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?  
 Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee  
 Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!  
 Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."  
 Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,—“I cannot!  
 Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not else-  
 where.

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 refresh-  
 ment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.  
 Patience; accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy work of affection!  
 Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.  
 Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart is made godlike,  
 Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of  
 heaven!”

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline laboured and waited.  
 Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,  
 But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, “Despair  
 not!”

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,  
 Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.  
 Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—  
 Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;  
 But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:  
 Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water  
 Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;  
 Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,  
 Though he 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 plume-  
like  
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 wimp-  
 ling 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, ex-  
 tended 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 un-  
 broken, 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, and 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 num-  
 berless 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 ?

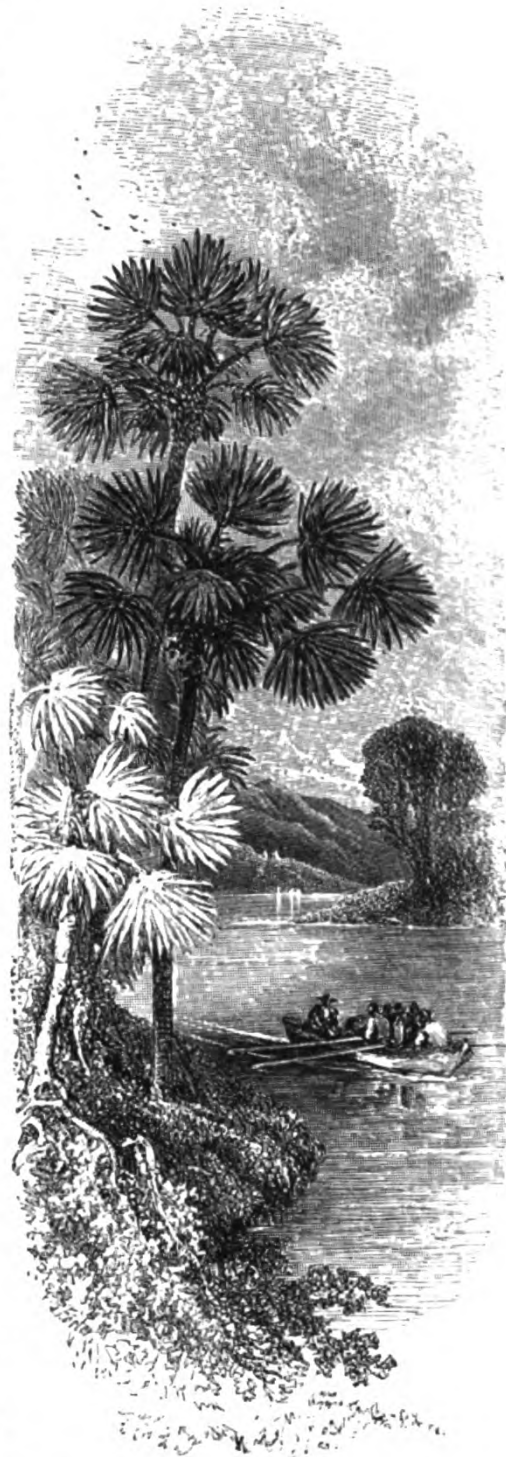
Or has an angel passed, and revealed  
 the truth to my spirit ? ”

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 vapours arose; and sky and water and forest  
 Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.  
 Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,  
 Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.  
 Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.  
 Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling  
 Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.  
 Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,  
 Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,  
 Shook from his little throat such floods of 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 phrenzied 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 Têche, where it flows through the green  
 Opelousas,  
 And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,  
 Saw the column of smoke that arose from a 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 vapoury 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 Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.  
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,—  
“ Gone ? is Gabriel gone ? ” and, concealing her face on his shoulder,  
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.  
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—  
“ Be of good cheer, my child ; it is only to-day he departed.  
Foolish boy ! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.  
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit  
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.  
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,  
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,  
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,  
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him  
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.  
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,  
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.  
Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow the fugitive lover ;  
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.  
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning  
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison.”



Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,  
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.  
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,  
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.  
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.  
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"



As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession ; and straightway  
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, 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  
lamp-light.

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.  
Smoothely 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 home-  
steads,

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 herds-  
     man

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 odours, that were their prayers and con-  
     fessions  
 Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.  
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-  
     dews,  
 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,  
 As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak  
   trees,  
 Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.  
 Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies  
 Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.  
 Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,  
 Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,  
 Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,  
 As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."  
 And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,  
 Wandered alone, and she cried,—“ O Gabriel! O my beloved!  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee ?  
 Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me ?  
 Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!  
 Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around  
   me!  
 Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labour,  
 Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!  
 When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee ?”  
 Loud, and sudden, and near, the note of a Whip-poor-will sounded  
 Like a flute in the woods : and anon, through the neighbouring  
   thickets,  
 Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.  
 “Patience!” whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness :  
 And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, “To-morrow !”

Bright rose the sun next-day ; and all the flowers of the garden  
 Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses  
 With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.  
 “Farewell!” said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold ;  
 “See that you bring 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  
Rumours alone were their guides through a wild and desolate  
country ;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,

Weary and worn, they alighted, and learnt 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 gate-  
way,  
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon,  
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.  
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,  
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska ;  
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,  
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,  
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,  
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.  
Spreading between these streams are the 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 wrapt 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 enchan-  
tress.



Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,  
 Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendour  
 Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland,  
 With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches  
 Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.  
 Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a  
 secret,

Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,  
 As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.  
 It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits  
 Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment  
 That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.  
 And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had  
 vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed; and the Shawnee  
 Said, as they journeyed along,—“On the 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 moun-  
 tains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,  
 And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,  
 Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.  
 Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,  
 Knelt the Black-robe Chief with his children. A crucifix fastened  
 High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape vines,  
 Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath  
 it.

This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches  
 Of its aërial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,  
 Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.  
 Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,  
 Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.



But when the service was done, and the 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 expres-  
     sion,  
 Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,  
 And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.  
 There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-  
     ear  
 Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.  
 Soon was their story told ; and the priest with solemnity answered :—  
 “ Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated  
 On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,

Told me this same sad tale ; then arose and continued his journey !”  
 Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of  
 kindness ;  
 But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as in winter the snow-  
 flakes  
 Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.  
 “ Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest ; “ but in  
 autumn  
 When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”  
 Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,—  
 “ Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”  
 So seemed it wise and well unto all ; and betimes on the morrow,  
 Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,  
 Homeward Bazil 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 medicant 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 hath suspended  
 Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller’s journey  
 Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.  
 Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,  
 Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,  
 But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odour is deadly.  
 Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter  
 Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of  
 nepenthe.”

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



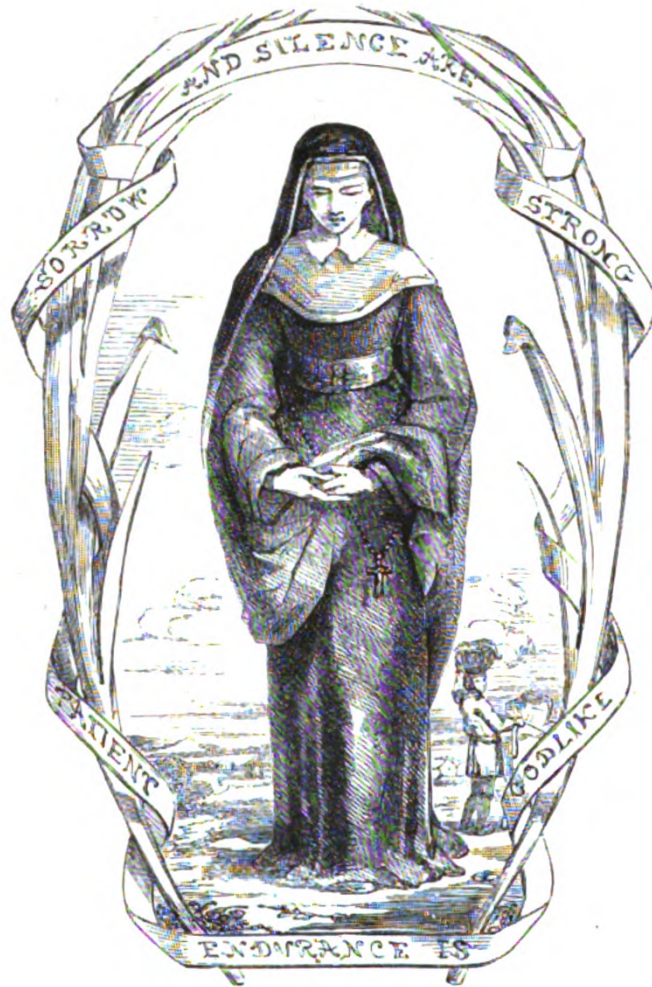
V.

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 re-echo 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-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,

So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,  
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway  
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.  
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence and absence.  
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.  
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;  
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;  
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,  
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.  
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,  
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.  
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow  
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.  
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting  
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,  
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,  
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.  
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated



Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,  
 High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.  
 Day after day in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs



Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,  
 Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,  
 Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,  
 Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an  
 acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,  
 Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,  
 So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,

Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.  
 Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor ;  
 But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger ;—  
 Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,  
 Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.  
 Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands ;—  
 Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gateway and wicket,  
 Meek, in the midst of splendour, its humble walls seem to echo  
 Softly the words of the Lord :—“The poor ye always have with  
 you.”

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The  
 dying  
 Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there  
 Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendour,  
 Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,  
 Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.  
 Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,  
 Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,  
 Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.  
 Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the garden ;  
 And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,  
 That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.  
 Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east  
 wind,

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ  
 Church,  
 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 colourless lips apart, while a shudder  
 Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flow'rets dropped from  
 her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.  
 Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,  
 That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.  
 On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.  
 Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples ;  
 But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment  
 Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood ;  
 So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.  
 Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,  
 As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,  
 That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.  
 Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted  
 Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,  
 Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking.  
 Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,  
 Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded  
 Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,  
 " Gabriel ! O my beloved ! " and died away into silence.  
 Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood ;  
 Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,  
 Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and, walking under their  
 shadow,  
 As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.  
 Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,  
 Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.  
 Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered  
 Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have  
 spoken.



Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,  
 Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.  
 Sweet was the light of his eyes ; but it suddenly sank into darkness,  
 As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.  
 All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,  
 All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,  
 All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience !  
 And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,  
 Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, " Father, I thank Thee ! "

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

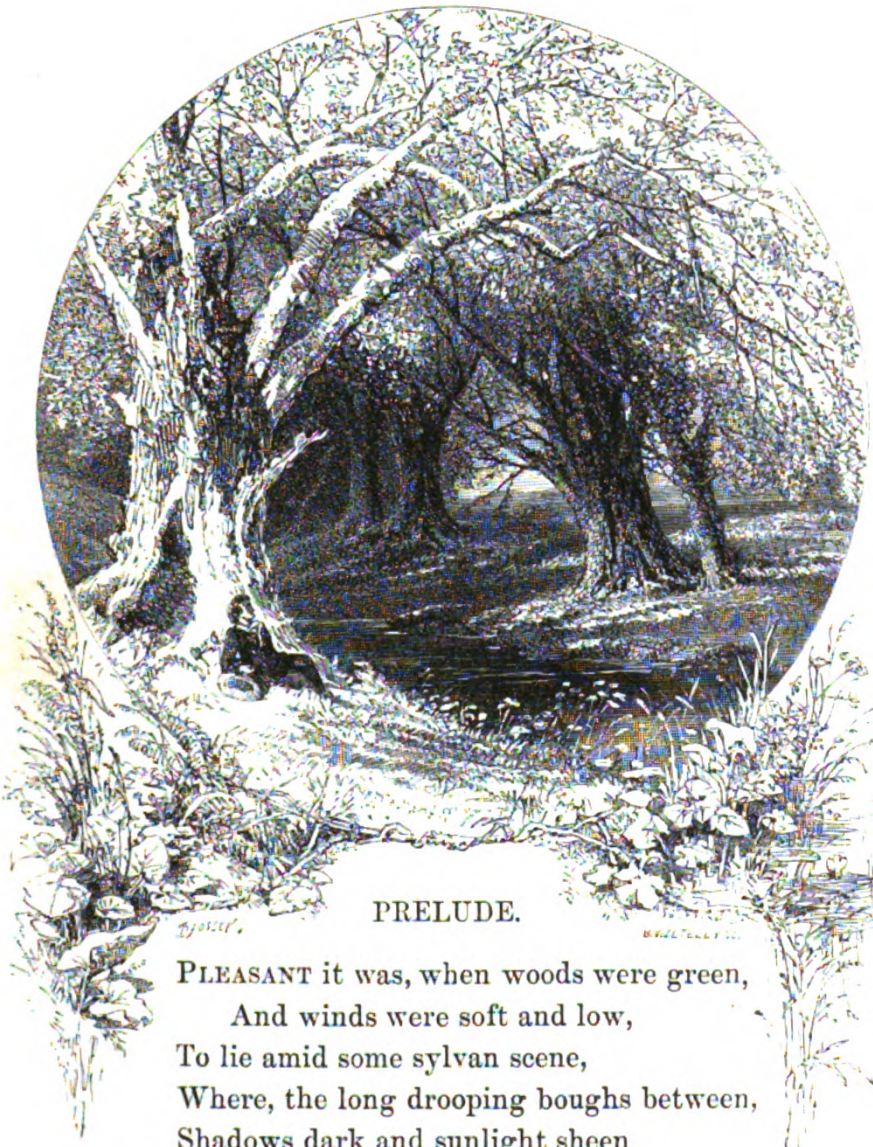


Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches  
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.  
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic  
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile  
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom. 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



## VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

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



### PRELUDE.

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

Or where the denser grove receives  
No sunlight from above,  
But the dark foliage interweaves

In one unbroken roof of leaves,  
 Underneath whose sloping eaves  
 The shadows hardly move.

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

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

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

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

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

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings  
 The Spring, clothed like a bride,  
 When nestling buds unfold their wings,

And 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 ;  
O, I could not choose but go  
Into the woodlands hoar ;

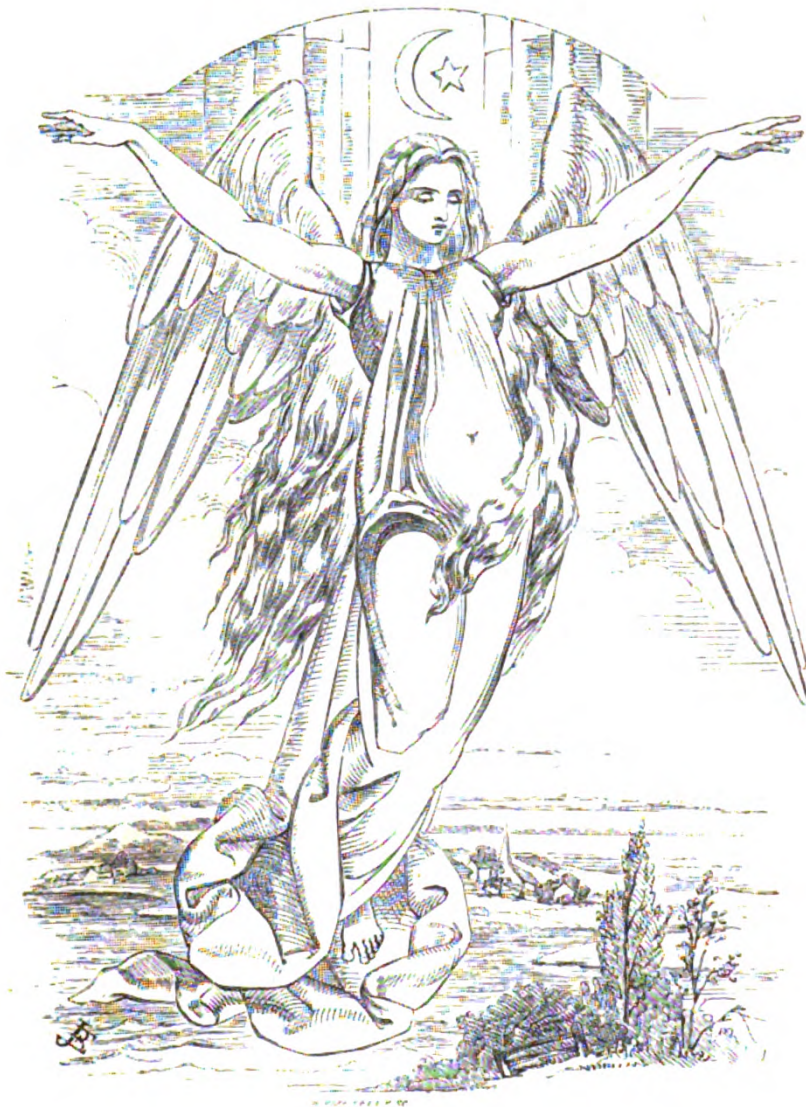
Into the blithe and breathing air,  
Into the solemn wood,  
Solemn and silent everywhere !  
Nature with folded hands seemed there,  
Kneeling at her evening prayer !  
Like one in prayer I stood.

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

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

Visions of childhood ! Stay, O stay !  
Ye were so sweet and wild !  
And distant voices seemed to say,

- “ It cannot be! They pass away!  
 Other themes demand thy lay;  
 Thou art no more a child!
- “ The land of Song within thee lies,  
 Watered by living springs;  
 The lids of Fancy’s sleepless eyes  
 Are gates unto that Paradise,  
 Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,  
 Its clouds are angels’ wings.
- “ Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,  
 Not mountains capped with snow,  
 Nor forests sounding like the sea,  
 Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,  
 Where the woodlands bend to see,  
 The bending heavens below.
- “ There is a forest where the din  
 Of iron branches sounds!  
 A mighty river roars between,  
 And whosoever looks therein,  
 Sees the heavens all black with sin,—  
 Sees not its depths, nor bounds.
- “ Athwart the swinging branches cast,  
 Soft rays of sunshine pour;  
 Then comes the fearful wintry blast;  
 Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;  
 Pallid lips say, ‘ It is past!  
 We can return no more!’
- “ Look, then, into thine heart, and write!  
 Yes, into Life’s deep stream!  
 All forms of sorrow and delight,  
 All solemn Voices of the Night,  
 That can soothe thee, or affright,—  
 Be these henceforth thy theme.”



### HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

*Ἄσπασίη, τρίλλιστος.*

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night  
Sweep through her marble halls!

I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light  
From the celestial walls!

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

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



## VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

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

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

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

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



## A PSALM OF LIFE.

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

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

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

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 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 ;  
'T was an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.



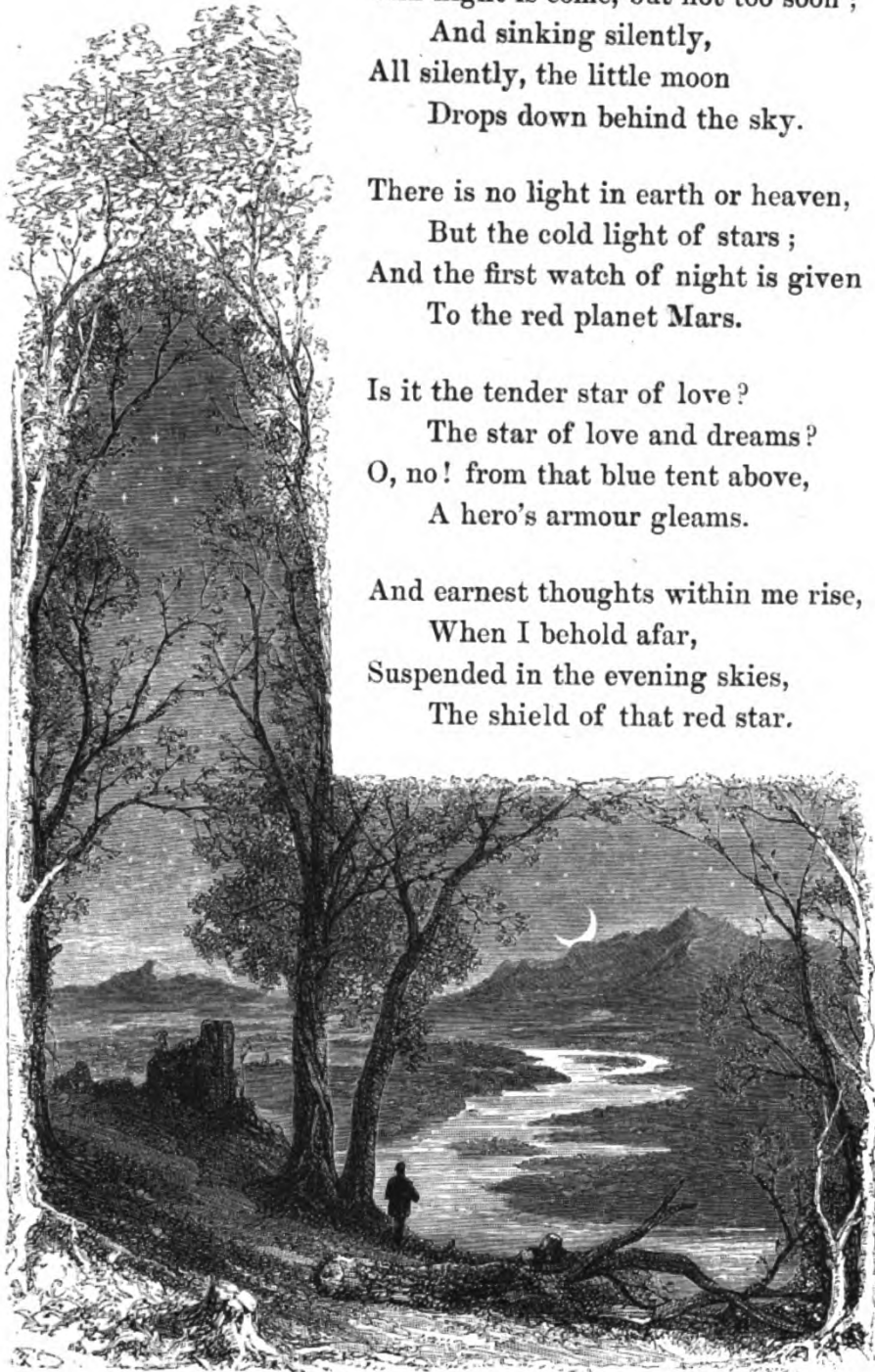
## THE LIGHT OF STARS.

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

There is no light in earth or heaven,  
 But the cold light of stars ;  
 And the first watch of night is given  
 To the red planet Mars.

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

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

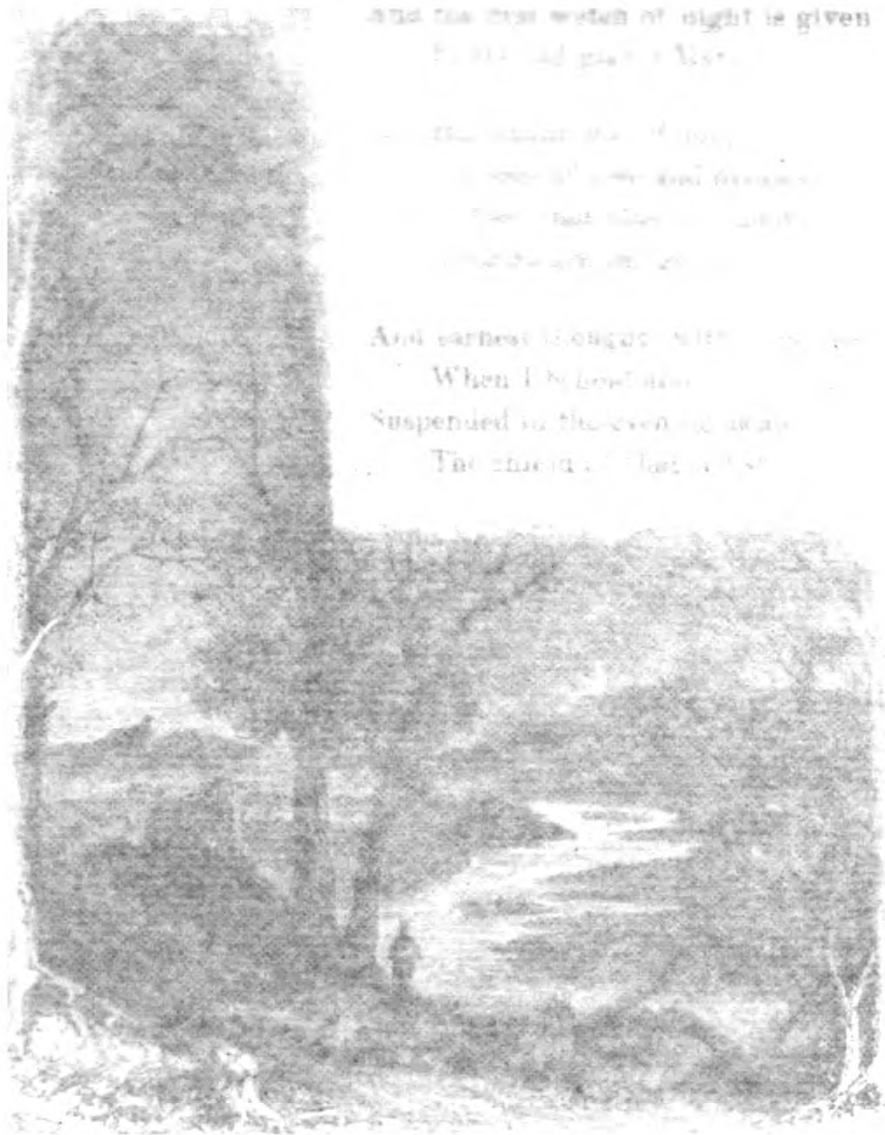




and the first watch of night is given  
To the old man's eye.

The sunset is of gold,  
The moon is of silver and diamonds,  
The stars are of diamonds and rubies,  
The night is of rubies and emeralds.

And earnest thought will be given  
When I know that  
Suspended in the even air  
The music of the stars is given



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

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

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

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

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



## FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

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

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

Then the forms of the departed  
 Enter at the open door;



The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more;

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

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

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

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

And she sits and gazes at me  
With those deep and tender eyes,  
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,  
Looking downward from the skies.

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

O, 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 eld;  
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 while pavilions rose and fell  
On the alarmed air.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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!





## THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.

---

### DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,  
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,  
And seeing not the forms from which they come,  
Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens ;

So walking here in twilight, O my friends !  
I hear your voices, softened by the distance,  
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends  
His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,  
Has ever given delight or consolation,  
Ye have repaid me back a thousand fold,  
By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown !  
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,  
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,  
Friends are around us, though no 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 !

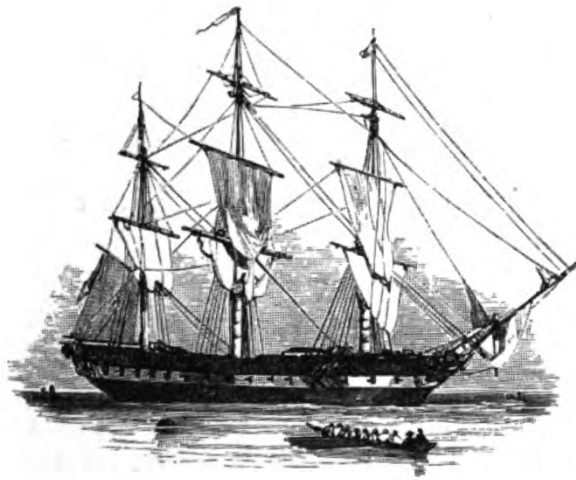
Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,  
With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance ;  
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,  
But live for ever young in my remembrance.

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 self-same ends,  
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,  
Saddened, and most 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 labour might be brought  
To answer to his inward thought.  
And as he laboured, his mind ran o'er  
The various ships that were built of yore,  
And above them all, and strangest of all,  
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,  
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,  
With bows and stern raised high in air,  
And balconies hanging here and there,  
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,  
And eight round towers, like those that frown  
From some old castle, looking down  
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.  
And he said with a smile, " Our ship, I wis,  
Shall be of another form than this ! "

It was of another form, indeed ;  
Built for freight, and yet for speed,  
A beautiful and gallant craft ;  
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,  
Pressing down upon sail and mast,  
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm ;  
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft  
With graceful curve and slow degrees,  
That she might be docile to the helm,  
And that the currents of parted seas,  
Closing behind, with mighty force,  
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the 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 labour well begun,  
 And not perplexed and multiplied,  
 By idly waiting for time and tide !

And when the hot, long day was o'er,  
The young man at the Master's door  
Sat with the maiden calm and still.  
And within the porch, a little more  
Removed beyond the evening chill,  
The father sat, and told them tales  
Of wrecks in the great September gales,

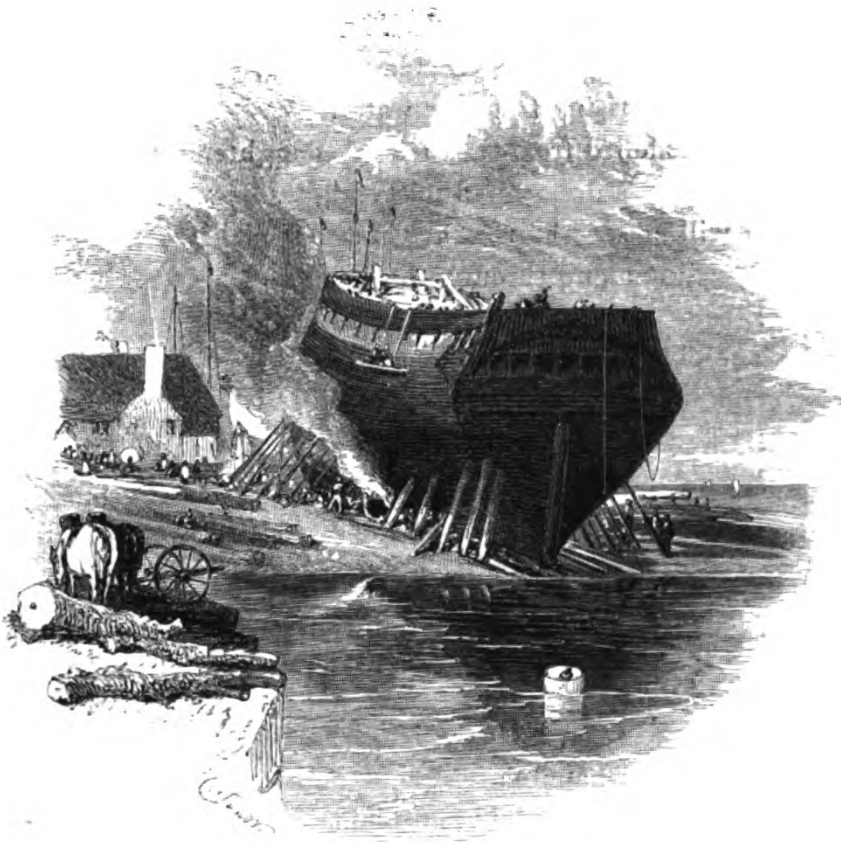


Of pirates upon the Spanish Main,  
And ships that never came back again,  
The chance and change of a sailor's life,  
Want and plenty, rest and strife,  
His roving fancy, like the wind,  
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,  
And the magic charm of foreign lands,  
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,



Where the tumbling surf,  
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,  
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,  
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.  
And the trembling maiden held her breath  
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,  
With all its terror and mystery,  
The dim, dark sea, so like unto Death,  
That divides and yet unites mankind!  
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam  
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illumine  
The silent group in the twilight gloom,  
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream;  
And for a moment one might mark,  
What had been hidden by the dark,  
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,  
Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew,  
With timbers fashioned strong and true,  
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,  
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,  
A skeleton ship rose up to view!  
And around the bows and along the side  
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,  
Till after many a week, at length,  
Wonderful for form and strength,  
Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!  
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,  
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething  
Caldron, that glowed,  
And overflowed  
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.  
And amid the clamours  
Of clattering hammers,  
He who listened heard now and then  
The song of the Master and his men:—



“ Build me straight, O worthy Master,  
 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,  
 'T will be seen by the rays of the signal light,  
 Speeding along through the rain and the dark,  
 Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,  
 The pilot of some phantom bark,  
 Guiding the vessel, in its flight,  
 By a path none other knows aright!  
 Behold, at last,  
 Each tall and tapering mast  
 Is swung into its place ;  
 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.  
 Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,  
 In foreign harbours shall behold  
 That flag unrolled,  
 'T will be as a friendly hand  
 Stretched out from his native land,  
 Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length  
 Has come the bridal day  
 Of beauty and of strength.  
 To-day the vessel shall be launched!  
 With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,  
 And o'er the bay,  
 Slowly, in all his splendours dight,  
 The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The Ocean old,  
 Centuries old,  
 Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
 Paces restless to and fro,  
 Up and down the sands of gold.  
 His beating heart is not at rest;  
 And far and wide,  
 With ceaseless flow,  
 His beard of snow  
 Heaves with the heaving of his breast.  
 He waits impatient for his bride.  
 There she stands,  
 With her foot upon the sands,  
 Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
 In honour of her marriage day,  
 Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,  
 Round her like a veil descending,  
 Ready to be  
 The bride of the gray, old sea.

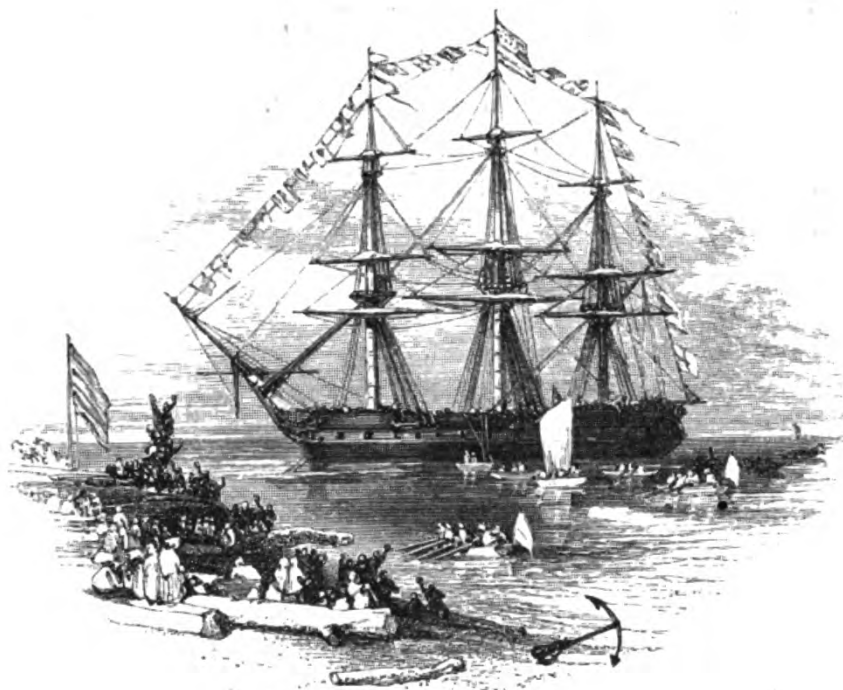
On the deck another bride  
 Is standing by her lover's side.  
 Shadows from the flags and shrouds,  
 Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
 Broken by many a sunny fleck,  
 Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,  
 The service read,  
 The joyous bridegroom bows his head ;  
 And in tears the good old Master  
 Shakes the brown hand of his son,  
 Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek  
 In silence, for he cannot speak,  
 And ever faster  
 Down his own the tears begin to run.  
 The worthy pastor—  
 The shepherd of that wandering flock,  
 That has the ocean for its wold,  
 That has the vessel for its fold,  
 Leaping ever from rock to rock—  
 Spake, with accents mild and clear,  
 Words of warning, words of cheer,  
 But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.  
 He knew the chart  
 Of the sailor's heart,  
 All its pleasures and its griefs,  
 All its shallows and rocky reefs,  
 All those secret currents, that flow  
 With such resistless undertow,  
 And lift and drift, with terrible force,  
 The will from its moorings and its course.  
 Therefore he spake, and thus said he :—

“ Like unto ships far off at sea,  
 Outward or homeward bound, are we.  
 Before, behind, and all around,  
 Floats and swings the horizon's bound,  
 Seems at its distant rim to rise

And climb the crystal wall of the skies,  
And then again to turn and sink,  
As if we could slide from its outer brink.  
Ah! it is not the sea,  
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,  
But ourselves  
That rock and rise  
With endless and uneasy motion,  
Now touching the very skies,  
Now sinking into the depths of ocean,  
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing  
Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
Ever level and ever true  
To the toil and the task we have to do,  
We shall sail securely, and safely reach  
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach  
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,  
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,  
With a gesture of command,  
Waved his hand;  
And at the word,  
Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,  
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
And see! she stirs!  
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And, spurning with her foot the ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms!  
And lo! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,  
That to the ocean seemed to say,—  
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth and all her charms!"



How beautiful she is! How fair  
 She lies within those arms, that press  
 Her form with many a soft caress  
 Of tenderness and watchful care!  
 Sail forth into the sea, O ship!  
 Through wind and wave, right onward steer!  
 The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
 Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
 O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
 And safe from all adversity  
 Upon the bosom of that sea  
 Thy comings and thy goings be!  
 For gentleness and love and trust  
 Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;  
 And in the wreck of noble lives  
 Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
 Sail on, O UNION, strong and great:

Humanity with all its fears,  
 With all the hopes of future years,  
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!  
 We know what Master laid thy keel,  
 What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,  
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,  
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
 In what a forge and what a heat  
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!  
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,  
 'Tis of the wave and not the rock;  
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
 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!

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 THE EVENING STAR.

JUST above yon sandy bar,  
     As the day grows fainter and dimmer,  
 Lonely and lovely, a single star  
     Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Into the ocean faint and far  
     Falls the trail of its golden splendour,  
 And the gleam of that single star  
     Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor rising out of the sea,  
     Showed thus glorious and thus emulous,  
 Leaving the arms of 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.

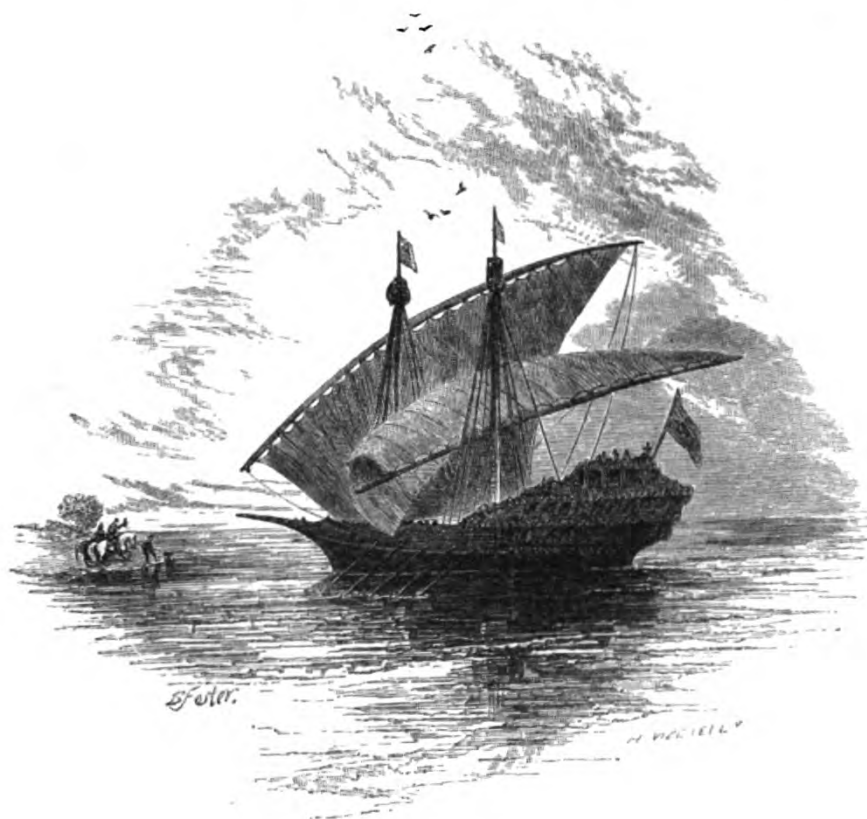
Sails of silk and robes of sendal,  
 Such as gleam in ancient lore ;  
 And the singing of the sailors,  
 And the answer from the shore !

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.



Till his soul was full of longing,  
 And he cried, with impulse strong,—  
 “ Helmsman! for the love of Heaven,  
 Teach me, too, that wondrous song!”

“ Wouldst thou,”—so the helmsman answered,  
 “ Learn the secret of the sea?  
 Only those who brave its dangers  
 Comprehend its mystery!”

In each sail that skims the horizon,  
 In each landward-blowing breeze,  
 I behold that stately galley,  
 Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing  
 For the secret of the sea,  
 And the heart of the great ocean  
 Sends a thrilling pulse through me.



## TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,  
The wind blows wild and free,  
And like the wings of sea-birds  
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage  
There shines a ruddier light,  
And a little face at the window  
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,  
As if those childish eyes  
Were looking into the darkness,  
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow  
 Is passing too and fro,  
 Now rising to the ceiling,  
 Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,  
 And the night-wind, bleak and wild,  
 As they beat at the crazy casement,  
 Tell to that little child ?

And why do the roaring ocean,  
 And the night-wind, wild and bleak,  
 As they beat at the heart of the mother,  
 Drive the colour from her cheek ?



## SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice  
 Sailed the corsair Death ;  
 Wild and fast blew the blast,  
 And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice  
 Glistened in the sun ;  
 On each side, like pennons wide,  
 Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist  
Dripped with silver rain ;  
But where he passed there were cast  
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello  
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;  
Three days or more seaward he bore,  
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,  
And ice-cold grew the night ;  
And never more, on sea or shore,  
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,  
The Book was in his hand ;  
"Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,"  
He said, " by water as by land ! "

In the first watch of the night,  
Without a signal's sound,  
Out of the sea, mysteriously,  
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star  
Were hanging in the shrouds ;  
Every mast, as it passed,  
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,  
At midnight black and cold !  
As of a rock was the shock ;  
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

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

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



## THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,  
 And on its outer point, some miles away,  
 The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,  
 A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,  
 Upheaving, break unheard along its base,  
 A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides  
 In the white lip and tremour of the face.

And as the evening, darkens, lo! how bright,  
Through the deep purple of the twilight air,  
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light  
With strange, unearthly splendour in its glare!

Not one alone; from each projecting cape  
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,  
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,  
Holding its lantern o'er the restless surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands  
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,  
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,  
The night o'ertaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,  
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,  
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,  
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

They come forth from the darkness, and their sails  
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,  
And eager faces, as the light unveils,  
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they gaze.

The mariner remembers when a child,  
On his first voyage, he saw it fade and sink;  
And when, returning from adventures wild,  
He saw it rise again o'er ocean's brink.

Steadfast, serene, immoveable, the same  
Year after year, through all the silent night,  
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,  
Shines on that inextinguishable light!

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp  
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace;  
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,  
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it ; the storm  
 Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,  
 And steadily against its solid form  
 Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din  
 Of wings and winds and solitary cries,  
 Blinded and maddened by the light within,  
 Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,  
 Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,  
 It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,  
 But hails the mariner with words of love.

“Sail on!” it says, “sail on, ye stately ships !  
 And with your floating bridge the ocean span ;  
 Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,  
 Be yours to bring man nearer unto man !”

---

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

WE sat within the farm-house old,  
 Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,  
 Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,  
 An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,—  
 The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—  
 The 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 very tones in which we spake  
    Had something strange, I could but mark :  
The leaves of memory seemed to make  
    A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,  
    As suddenly, from out the fire  
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,  
    The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendour flashed and failed,  
    We thought of wrecks upon the main,—  
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed  
    And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,—  
    The ocean, roaring up the beach,—  
The gusty blast,—the bickering flames,—  
    All mingled vaguely in our speech ;

Until they made themselves a part  
    Of fancies floating through the brain,—  
The long-lost ventures of the heart,  
    That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts that yearned !  
    They were indeed too much akin,  
The drift-wood fire without that burned,  
    The thoughts that burned and glowed within.



BY THE FIRESIDE.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there !  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead ;  
The heart of Rachael, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours ;  
Amid these earthly damps  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose Portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ Himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

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

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

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

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

---

THE BUILDERS.

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

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

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

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

In the elder days of Art,  
 Builders wrought with greatest care  
 Each minute and unseen part  
 For the Gods 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 favourite son they bore.

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

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



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

Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate  
With westward steps depart ;  
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,  
And resolute in heart !

These have passed over it, or may have passed !  
Now in this crystal tower  
Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,  
It counts the passing hour.

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

And 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.

But the night is fair,  
 And everywhere  
 A warm, soft vapour fills the air,  
 And distant sounds seem near ;

And above, in the light  
 Of the star-lit night,  
 Swift birds of passage wing their flight  
 Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat  
 Of their pinions fleet,  
 As from the land of snow and sleet  
 They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry  
Of their voices high  
Falling dreamily through the sky,  
    But their forms I cannot see.

O, say not so!  
Those sounds that flow  
In murmurs of delight and woe  
    Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs  
Of the poet's songs,  
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and wrongs,  
    The sound of wingèd 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.

I saw the nursery windows  
    Wide open to the air;  
But the faces of the children,  
    They were no longer there.





The large Newfoundland house-dog  
 Was standing by the door ;  
 He looked for his little playmates,  
 Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,  
 They played not in the hall ;  
 But shadow, and silence, and sadness  
 Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,  
 With sweet, familiar tone ;  
 But the voices of the children  
 Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walked beside me,  
 He could not understand  
 Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,  
 I pressed his warm, soft hand !



## KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,  
 Ere yet his last he breathed,  
 To the merry monks of Croyland  
 His drinking-horn bequeathed,—

That, whenever they sat at their revels,  
 And drank from the golden bowl,  
 They might remember the donor,  
 And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,  
 And bade the goblet pass;  
 In their beards the red wine glistened  
 Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,  
 They drank to Christ the Lord,  
 And to each of the Twelve Apostles,  
 Who had preached His holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs  
 Of the dismal days of yore,  
 And as soon as the horn was empty  
 They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the pulpit,  
 Like the murmur of many bees,  
 The legend of good Saint Guthlac,  
 And Saint Basil's homilies ;

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

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,  
 And the Abbot bowed his head,  
 And the flamelets flapped and flickered,  
 But the Abbot was stark and dead.

Yet still in his pallid fingers  
 He clutched the golden bowl,  
 In which, like a pearl dissolving,  
 Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels  
 The jovial monks forbore,  
 For they cried, " Fill high the goblet !  
 We must drink to one Saint more ! "

---

GASPAR BECERRA.

By his evening fire the artist  
 Pondered o'er his secret shame ;  
 Baffled, weary, and disheartened,  
 Still he mused, and dreamed of fame.

'T was an image of the Virgin  
 That had tasked his utmost skill ;  
 But alas ! his fair ideal  
 Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant eastern island  
 Had the precious wood been brought ;  
 Day and night the anxious master  
 At his toil untiring wrought ;

Till, discouraged and desponding,  
 Sat he now in shadows deep,  
 And the day's humiliation  
 Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a Voice cried, " Rise, O master !  
 From the burning brand of oak  
 Shape the thought that stirs within thee !"  
 And the startled artist woke,—

Woke, and from the smoking embers  
 Seized and quenched the glowing wood ;  
 And therefrom he carved an image,  
 And he saw that it was good.

O thou sculptor, painter, poet !  
 Take this lesson to thy heart :  
 That is best which lieth nearest ;  
 Shape from that thy work of art.

---

PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village,  
 Without haste and without heed,  
 In the golden prime of morning,  
 Strayed the poet's wingèd steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant  
 Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,  
 And, like living coals, the apples  
 Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing  
 From its belfry gaunt and grim ;

'T was the daily call to labour,  
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,  
It its gleaming vapour veil'd ;  
Not the less he breathed the odours  
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,  
By the schoolboys 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 vapours cold and dim ;  
But it brought no food nor shelter,  
Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,  
Looked he through the wooden bars,  
Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,  
Saw the tranquil, patient stars ;

Till at length the bell at midnight  
Sounded from its dark abode,  
And, from out a neighbouring farmyard,  
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.

---

TEGNETERS 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  
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!



## THE SINGERS.

GOD sent His Singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,  
Held in his hand a golden lyre ;



Through groves he wandered, and by streams,  
Playing the music of our dreams.



The second, with a bearded face,  
Stood singing in the market place,  
And stirred with accents deep and loud  
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray, old man, the third and last,  
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,  
While the majestic organ rolled  
Contrition from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three  
Disputed which the best might be ;  
For still their music seemed to start  
Discordant echoes in each heart.



But the great Master said, "I see  
No best in kind but in degree;  
I gave a various gift to each,  
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

"These are the three great chords of might,  
And he whose ear is tuned aright  
Will hear no discord in the three,  
But the most perfect harmony."



#### SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death! and bear away  
Whatever thou canst call thine own!

Thine image, stamped upon this clay,  
Doth give thee that, but that alone!

Take them, O Grave! and let them lie  
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,  
As garments by the soul laid by,  
And precious only to ourselves!

Take them, O great Eternity!  
Our little life is but a gust,  
That bends the branches of thy tree,  
And trails its blossoms in the dust!



## HYMN,

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said: "Yet one thing more  
If thou wouldst perfect be,  
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,  
And come and follow Me!"

Within this temple Christ again, unseen,  
Those sacred words hath said,  
And His invisible hands to-day have been  
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way  
The unseen Christ shall move,  
That he may lean upon His arm and say,  
"Dost Thou, dear Lord, approve?"

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,  
To make the scene more fair;  
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane  
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!  
Like the beloved John  
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast  
And thus to journey on!

## POEMS ON SLAVERY.

---

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

---



### TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

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

Well done! Thy words are great and bold ;  
At times they seem to me,  
Like Luther's, in the days of old,  
Half-battles for the free.

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

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

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

---

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

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

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

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen  
 Among her children stand;  
 They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,  
 They held him by the hand!—  
 A tear burst from the sleeper's lids  
 And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he 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 laboured in her lands.

Long since beyond the Southern Sea  
 Their outbound sails have sped,  
 While she, in meek humility,  
 Now earns her daily bread.

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

---

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp  
 The hunted Negro lay ;  
 He saw the fire of the midnight camp,  
 And heard at times a horse's tramp  
 And a bloodhound's distant bay.

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

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



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

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

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

## THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

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

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

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

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

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

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



## THE WITNESSES.

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

Beyond the fall of dews,  
 Deeper than plummet lies,  
 Float ships, with all their crews,  
 No more to sink nor rise.

There the black Slave-ship swims,  
 Freightèd 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!"

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THE QUADROON GIRL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her eyes were 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.

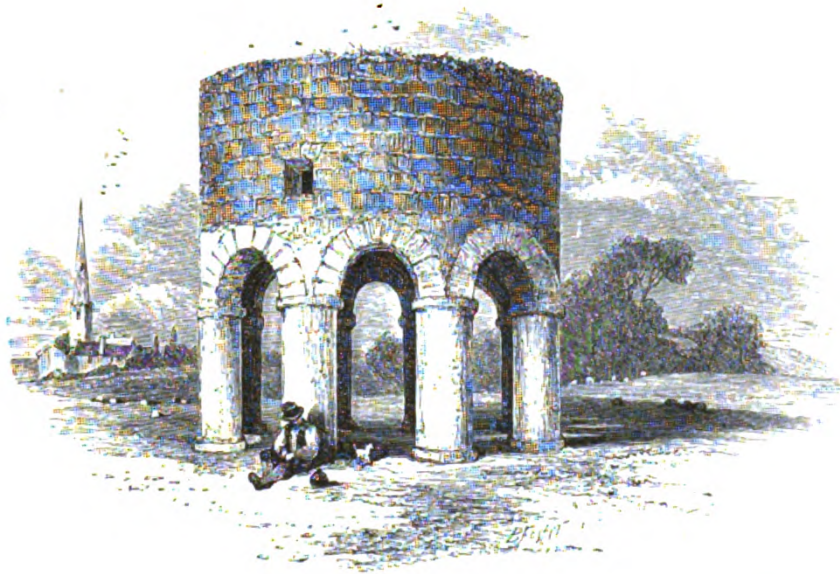
BEWARE! The Israelite of old, who tore  
The lion in his path,—when, poor and blind,  
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,  
Shorn of his noble strength and forced to grind  
In prison, and at last led forth to be  
A pander to Philistine revelry,—

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.

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## BALLADS, SONGS, AND SONNETS.



### BALLADS.

#### THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

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

“There is no mistaking, in this instance, the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or Ante-Gothic Architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the 12th 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."

"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 waters 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 Scald 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 !—  
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 leeward ;  
There for my lady's bower  
Built I the lofty tower,  
Which, to this very hour,  
    Stands looking seaward.

“ 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,  
*Skoal!* to the Northland! *skaol!*” \*  
—Thus the tale ended.



#### THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

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

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,

\* In Scandanavia 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.

And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month 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 Sailór,  
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 Northeast ;  
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 daughter,  
And do not tremble so ;  
For I can weather the roughest gale,  
That ever wind did blow.”

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

“ O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,  
O say, what may it be ?”  
“ 'T is 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 !





## SONGS.

### SEAWEED.

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the equinox,  
Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with seaweed from the rocks :  
From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges  
Of sunken ledges,  
In some far-off, bright Azore ;  
From Bahama, and the dashing,  
Silver-flashing  
Surges of San Salvador ;

From the tumbling surf, that buries  
 The Orkneyan skerries,  
 Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;  
 And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
 Spars, uplifting  
 On the desolate, rainy seas ;—  
 Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
 On the shifting  
 Currents of the restless main ;  
 Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
 Of sandy beaches,  
 All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion  
 Strike the ocean  
 Of the poet's soul, ere long  
 From each cave and rocky fastness,  
 In its vastness,  
 Floats some 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 labour,  
And nights devoid of ease,

Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

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

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

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

—♦—

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,  
The night is descending ;  
The marsh is frozen,  
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes,  
The red sun flashes  
On village windows  
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences ;  
The buried fences  
Mark no longer  
The road o'er the plain ;

While through the meadows,  
Like fearful shadows,  
Slowly passes  
A funeral train.

The bell is pealing,  
 And every feeling  
 Within me responds  
     To the dismal knell;

Shadows are trailing,  
 My heart is bewailing,  
 And toiling 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 ale-house.

Soiled and dull thou art ;  
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,  
As the russet, rain molested  
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine  
Scattered from hilarious goblets,  
As these leaves with the libations  
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall  
Days departed, half-forgotten,  
When in dreamy youth I wandered  
By the Baltic,—

When I paused to hear  
The old ballad of King Christian  
Shouted from suburban taverns  
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,  
Who, in solitary chambers,  
And with hearts by passion wasted,  
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes,  
Where thy songs of love and friendship  
Made the gloomy Northern winter  
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,  
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,  
Chanted staves of these old ballads  
To the Vikings.



Once in Elsinore,  
 At the court of old King Hamlet,  
 Yorick and his boon companions  
 Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard  
 Sang them in their smoky barracks ;—  
 Suddenly the English cannon  
 Joined the chorus !

Peasants in the field,  
 Sailors on the roaring ocean,  
 Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,  
 All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend ;  
 They, alas ! have left thee friendless !  
 Yet at least by one warm fireside  
 Art thou welcome.

And, as swallows build  
 In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,  
 So thy twittering songs shall nestle  
 In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm,  
 Sheltered from all molestation,  
 And recalling by their voices  
 Youth and travel.

—◆—

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

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

And he gave the monks his treasures,  
Gave them all with this behest :  
They should feed the birds at noon-tide  
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 Vogelweide.

Till at length the portly Abbot  
Murmured, "Why this waste of food?  
Be it changed to loaves henceforward  
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret,  
From the walls and woodland nests,  
When the minster bells rang noontide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

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

Time has long effaced the inscriptions  
On the cloister's funeral stones,  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweide.



## 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 armour.

Judged by no o'er-zealous rigour,  
 Much this mystic throng expresses:  
 Bacchus was the type of vigour,  
 And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,  
 Of a faith long since forsaken,  
 Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,  
 Frighten mortals wine-o'ertaken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains  
 Point the rods of fortune-tellers;  
 Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,—  
 Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons  
 And huge tankards filled with Rhenish,  
 From that fiery blood of dragons  
 Never would his own replenish.

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

Then with water fill the pitcher  
 Wreathed about with classic fables;  
 Ne'er Falernian threw a richer  
 Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen,  
 As it passes thus between us,  
 How its wavelets laugh and glisten  
 In the head of old Silenus!



#### THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

*L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots  
 seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux: "Toujours; jamais! Jamais! toujours!"*

*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.





## SONNETS.

### 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,  
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!

## 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.



## DANTE.

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 checks.  
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 ! "



DANTE : FROM THE FRESCO BY GIOTTI.

## EARLIER POEMS.

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

### AN APRIL DAY.

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

I love the season well,  
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds 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.

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.



#### 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 cowled 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.

“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 midway round the wooded height,  
And, in their fading glory, shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,  
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,  
And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.  
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below  
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow  
Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
Or glistened in the white cascade;  
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,  
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,  
I saw the current whirl and flash,—  
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,  
The woods were bending with a silent reach.

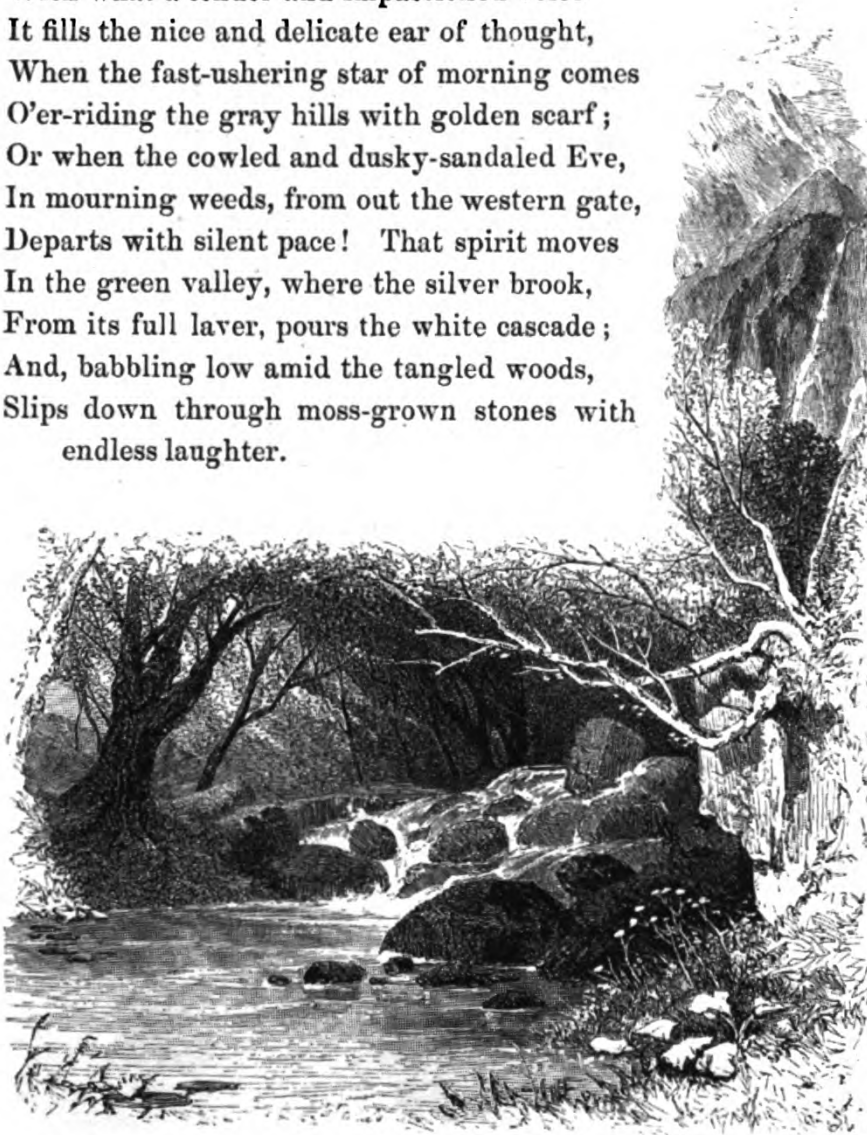


Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,  
The music of the village bell  
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;  
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,  
Was ringing to the merry shout,  
That faint and far the glen sent out,  
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,  
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

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

## THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,  
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows ;  
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,  
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,  
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.  
With what a tender and impassioned voice  
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,  
When the fast-usher star of morning comes  
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf ;  
Or when the cowed and dusky-sandaled Eve,  
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,  
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves  
In the green valley, where the silver brook,  
From its full laver, pours the white cascade ;  
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,  
Slips down through moss-grown stones with  
endless laughter.



And frequent, on the everlasting hills,  
 Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself  
 In all the dark embroidery of the storm,  
 And shouts the stern, strong wind. And here, amid  
 The silent majesty of these deep woods,  
 Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,  
 As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air  
 Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards  
 Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.  
 For them there was an eloquent voice in all  
 The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,  
 The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,  
 Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,—  
 The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun  
 Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,—  
 Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,  
 Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,  
 The distant lake, fountains,—and mighty trees,  
 In many a lazy syllable, repeating  
 Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill  
 The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,  
 My busy fancy oft embodies it,  
 As a bright image of the light and beauty  
 That dwell in nature,—of the heavenly forms  
 We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues  
 That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds  
 When the sun sets. Within her eye  
 The heaven of April, with its changing light,  
 And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,  
 And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair  
 Is like the summer tresses of the trees,  
 When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek  
 Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,  
 With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,  
 It is so like the gentle air of Spring,  
 As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes

Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy  
 To have it round us,—and her silver voice  
 Is the rich music of a summer bird,  
 Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

—◆—

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

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

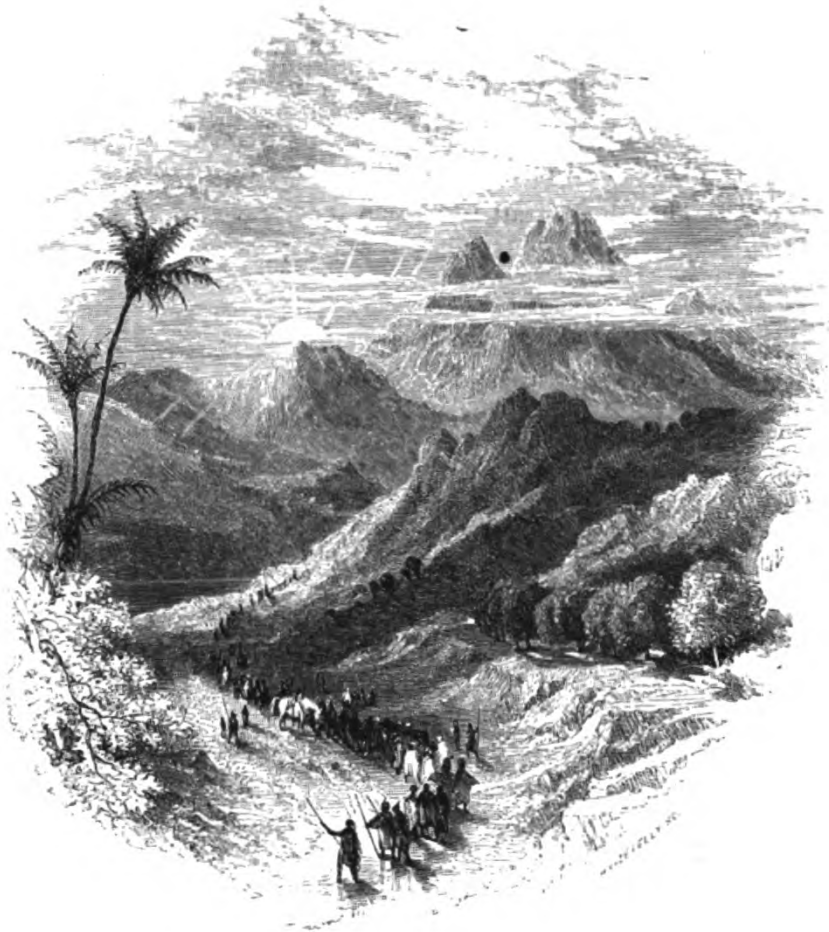
Far upward in the mellow light  
 Rose the blue hills. One cloud of white,  
 Around a far uplifted cone,  
 In the warm blush of evening shone;  
 An image of the silver lakes,  
 By which the Indian's soul awakes.

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

They sang, that by 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.





MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



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,  
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 !




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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 Diana'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 PAJAROS EN LOS NIDOS DE ANTAÑO.—*Spanish Proverb.*

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

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



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

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

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

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




---

THE RAINY DAY.

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

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



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



GOD'S-ACRE.

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

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts  
 Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown  
 The seed, that they 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.

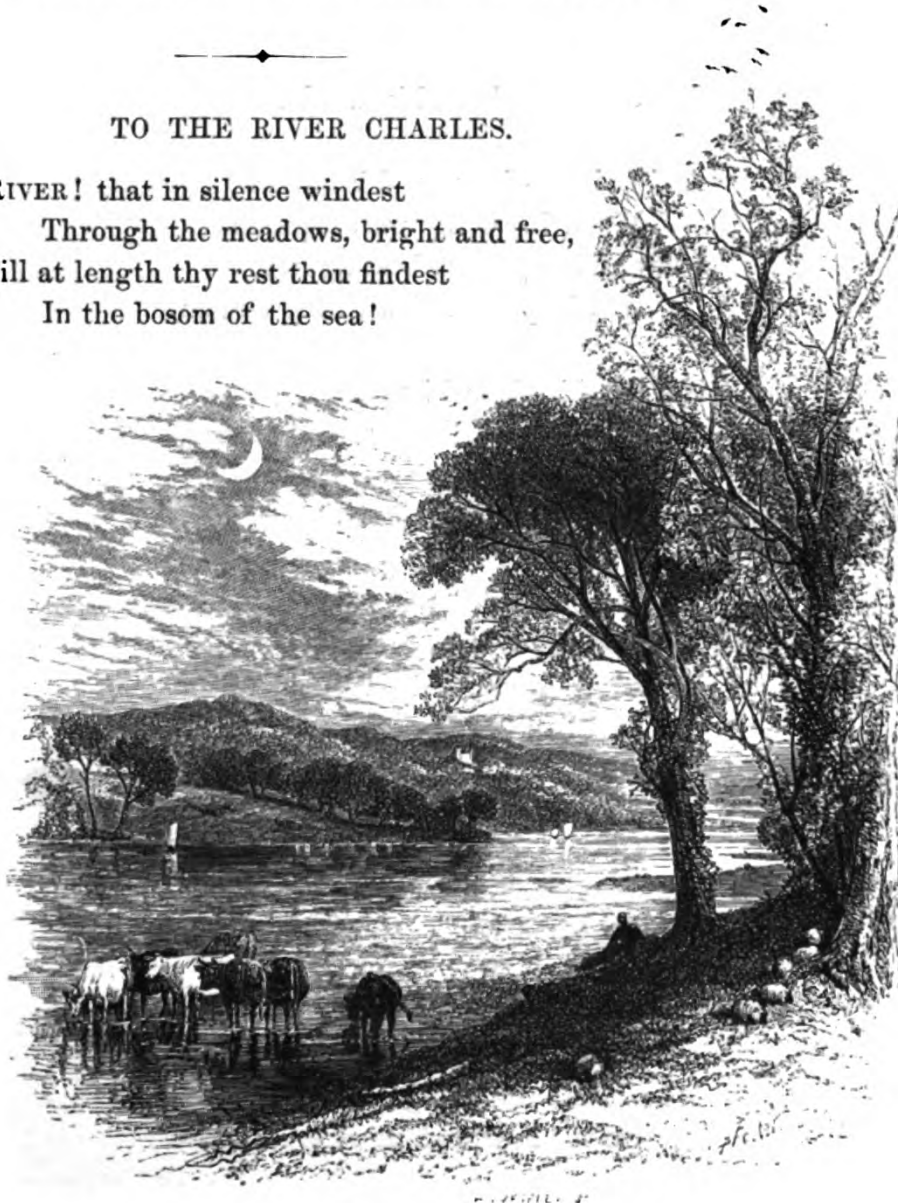
Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,  
 In the fair gardens of that second birth ;  
 And each bright blossom, mingle its perfume  
 With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

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!

'T is 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 chant a melancholy hymn  
    With solemn voice and slow.

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

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

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

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

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

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


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

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

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

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

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





**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.

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

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

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

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds, that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal ;  
And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.





EXCELSIOR.

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

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,  
Flashed like a falchion 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 glanciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior !

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

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

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

At break of day, as heavenward  
The pious monks of St. 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 !

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

But amid my broken slumbers  
Still I heard those magic numbers,  
As they loud proclaimed the flight  
And stolen marches of the night ;  
Till their chimes in sweet collision  
Mingled with each wandering vision,  
Mingled with the fortune-telling  
Gipsy bands of dreams and fancies,  
Which amid the waste expanses  
Of the silent land of trances  
Have their solitary dwelling.  
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,  
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes  
Are the poet's airy rhymes,  
All his rhymes and roundelays,  
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,  
From the belfry of his brain,  
Scattered downward, though in vain,  
On the roofs and stones of cities!  
For by night the drowsy ear  
Under its curtains cannot hear,  
And by day men go their ways,  
Hearing the music as they pass,  
But deeming it no more, alas!  
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,  
Lodging at some humble inn  
In the narrow lanes of life,  
When the dusk and hush of night,  
Shut out the incessant din  
Of daylight and its toil and strife,  
May listen with a calm delight  
To the poet's melodies,  
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,  
Intermingled with the song,  
Thoughts that he has cherished long ;  
Hears amid the chime and singing  
The bells of his own village ringing,  
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes  
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay  
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,  
Listening with a wild delight  
To the chimes that, through the night,  
Rang their changes from the Belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city.



### THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

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

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

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours  
gray,

Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,  
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, 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 days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain ;  
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again ;

All the Foresters of Flanders,—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, knights who bore the Fleece of  
Gold ;

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, hunting with her hawk and hound ;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,  
And the armèd 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 ;

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

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote !  
And again the wild alarum 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-illumined square.





A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

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

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like foot-prints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

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

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

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

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

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

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

And ever and anon, the wind,  
Sweet-scented with the hay,  
Turn'd 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.

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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 forests roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamour,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,  
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-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 of arsenals nor forts :

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

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
 The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease ;  
 And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say, " Peace ! "

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



## NUREMBERG.

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

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

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

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

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.

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,  
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,  
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, 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,  
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and  
long.

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

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

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

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

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



ALBRECHT DÜRER.

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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 dryer grain  
How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand ;  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapours that arise  
From the well watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil

Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain,



As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,  
The Poet sees!  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told,—  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers under ground;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colours seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange,  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.





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: CONQUETE 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 cloister,  
 Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal  
 Held, that night, their Christmas wassail ;



Many a carol, old and saintly,  
 Sang the minstrels and the waits.

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

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

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

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

And the lightning showed the sainted  
 Figures on the casement painted,  
 And exclaimed the shuddering baron,  
     “Miserere, Domine!”

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

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

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

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

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

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



## TO A CHILD.

DEAR child! how radiant on thy mother's knee,  
 With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles,  
 Thou gazest at the painted tiles,

Whose figures grace,  
With many a grotesque form and face,  
The ancient chimney of thy nursery!  
The lady with the gay Macaw,  
The dancing girl, the grave bashaw  
With bearded lip and chin;  
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,  
Beneath the imperial fan of state  
The Chinese Mandarin.

With what a look of proud command  
Thou shakest in thy little hand  
The coral rattle with its silver bells,  
Making a merry tune!  
Thousands of years in Indian seas  
That coral grew, by slow degrees,  
Until some deadly and wild monsoon  
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand!

Those silver bells  
Reposed of yore,  
As shapeless ore,  
Far down in the deep-sunken wells  
Of darksome mines,  
In some obscure and sunless place,  
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,  
Or steep Potosi's mountain pines!  
And thus for thee, O little child,  
Through many a danger and escape,  
The tall ships passed the stormy cape;  
For thee in foreign lands remote,  
Beneath a burning, tropic clime,  
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,  
Himself as swift and wild,  
In falling, clutched the frail arbut,   
The fibres of whose shallow root,  
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed  
The silver veins beneath it laid,  
The buried treasure of the miser, Time.

But, lo! thy door is left ajar!  
Thou hearest footsteps from afar!  
And, at the sound,  
Thou turnest round  
With quick and questioning eyes,  
Like one, who, in a foreign land,  
Beholds on every hand  
Some source of wonder and surprise!  
And, restlessly, impatiently,  
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free.  
The four walls of thy nursery  
Are now like prison walls to thee.  
No more thy mother's smiles,  
No more the painted tiles,  
Delight thee, nor the playthings on the floor,  
That won thy little, beating heart before;  
Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls  
Thy pattering footstep falls.  
The sound of thy merry voice  
Makes the old walls



Jubilant, and they rejoice  
 With the joy of thy young heart,  
 O'er the light of whose gladness  
 No shadows of sadness  
 From the sombre background of memory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls  
 One whom memory oft recalls,  
 The Father of 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 river gleam ;  
 A sail-less 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 ;  
 As upon subterranean streams,  
 In caverns unexplored and dark,  
 Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,  
 Laden with flickering fire,  
 And watch its swift-receding beams,  
 Until at length they disappear,  
 And in the distant dark expire.

By what astrology of fear or hope  
 Dare I to cast thy horoscope !  
 Like the new moon thy life appears ;  
 A little strip of silver light,  
 And widening outward into night  
 The shadowy disk of future years ;  
 And yet upon its outer rim,  
 A luminous circle, faint and dim,  
 And scarcely visible to us here,  
 Rounds and completes the perfect sphere ;  
 A prophecy and intimation,  
 A pale and feeble adumbration,  
 Of the great world of light, that lies  
 Behind all human destinies.

Ah ! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,  
 Should be to wet the dusty soil  
 With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—  
 To struggle with imperious thought,  
 Until the overburdened brain,  
 Weary with labour, faint with pain,  
 Like a jarred pendulum, retain  
 Only its motion, not its power,—  
 Remember, in that perilous hour,  
 When most afflicted and oppressed,  
 From labour there shall come forth rest.

And if a more auspicious fate  
 On thy advancing steps await,

Still let it ever be thy pride  
 To linger by the labourer's side ;  
 With words of sympathy or song  
 To cheer the dreary march along  
 Of the great army of the poor,  
 O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.  
 Nor to thyself the task shall be  
 Without reward ; for thou shalt learn  
 The wisdom early to discern  
 True beauty in utility ;  
 As great Pythagoras of yore,  
 Standing beside the blacksmith's door,  
 And hearing the hammers, as they smote  
 The anvils with a different note,  
 Stole from the varying tones, that hung  
 Vibrant on every iron tongue,  
 The secret of the sounding wire,  
 And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough ! I will not play the Seer ;  
 I will no longer strive to ope  
 The mystic volume, where appear  
 The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,  
 And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.  
 Thy destiny remains untold ;  
 For, like Acastes' shaft of old,  
 The swift thought kindles as it flies,  
 And burns to ashes in the skies.

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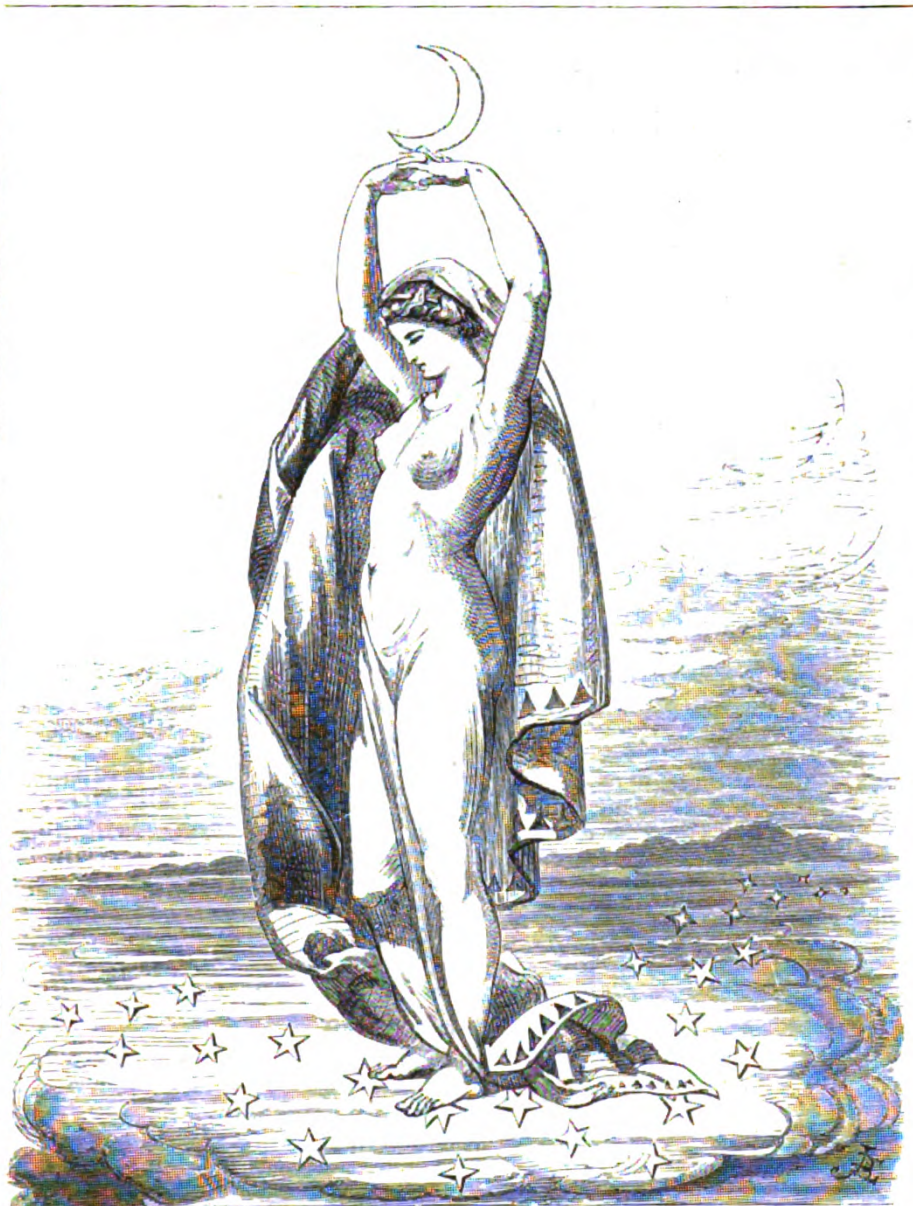
 THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,  
 The balance in the hand of Time.  
 O'er East and West its beam impended ;  
 And day, with all its hours of light,  
 Was slowly sinking out of sight,  
 While, opposite, the scale of night  
 Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of old,  
 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 fixèd 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 reach'd 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!"

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THE BRIDGE.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,  
     As the clocks were striking the hour,  
 And the moon rose o'er the city,  
     Behind the dark church tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
     In the waters under me,  
 Like a golden goblet falling  
     And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance  
     Of that lovely night in June,  
 The blaze of the flaming furnace  
     Gleamed redder than the moon.



Among the long, black rafters  
 The wavering shadows lay,  
 And the current that came from the ocean  
 Seemed to lift and bear them away ;  
 As, sweeping and eddying through them,  
 Rose the belated tide,  
 And, streaming into the moonlight,  
 The seaweed floated wide.

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

How often, O, how often,  
 In the days that had gone by,  
 I had stood on that bridge at midnight,  
 And gazed on that wave and sky !

How often, O, how often,  
I had wished that the ebbing tide  
Would bear me away on its bosom  
O'er the ocean wild and wide !

For my heart was hot and restless,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,  
It is buried in the sea ;  
And only the sorrow of others  
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river  
On its bridge with wooden piers,  
Like the odour of brine from the ocean  
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands  
Of care-encumbered men,  
Each bearing his burden of sorrow  
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession  
Still passing to and fro,  
The young heart hot and restless,  
And the old subdued and slow !

And forever and forever,  
As long as the river flows,  
As long as the heart has passions,  
As long as life has woes ;

The moon and its broken reflection  
And its shadows shall appear,  
As the symbol of love in heaven,  
And its wavering image here.

## TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omawhaws!  
Gloomy and dark, as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken!  
Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's  
Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers  
Stalked these birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints.  
What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints?

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

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

Ah! 't is in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge  
Looks of dislike in return, and question these walls and these pave-  
ments,

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!

◆

#### THE PHANTOM SHIP.

IN Mather's Magnalia Christi,  
 Of the old colonial time,  
 May be found in prose the legend  
 That is here set down in rhyme.

A ship sailed from New Haven,  
 And the keen and frosty airs,  
 That filled her sails at parting,  
 Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord! if it be Thy pleasure,"  
 Thus prayed the old divine,  
 "To bury our friends in the ocean,  
 Take them, for they are Thine!"

But Master Lamberton muttered  
 And under his breath said he—  
 "This ship is so crank and wolty,  
 I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from England,  
 When the winter months were gone,  
 Brought no tidings of this vessel  
 Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying  
 That the Lord would let them hear  
 What, in His greater wisdom,  
 He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered:—

It was in the month of June,  
An hour before the sunset  
Of a windy afternoon;

When steadily steering landward  
A ship was seen below,  
And they knew it was Lamberton, Master,  
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,  
Right against the wind that blew,  
Until the eye could distinguish  
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining top-masts,  
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,  
And her sails were loosened and lifted,  
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,  
Fell slowly one by one,  
And the hulk dilated and vanished,  
As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this marvel,  
Each said unto his friend,  
That this was the mould of their vessel,  
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village  
Gave thanks to God in prayer,  
That to quiet their troubled spirits  
He had sent this Ship of Air.

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THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things—each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end ;  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire—the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less ;  
The revel of the giddy wine,  
And all occasions of excess.

The longing for ignoble things,  
The strife for triumph more than truth,  
The hardening of the heart, that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth!

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thought of ill,  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will!

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright field of Fair Renown  
The right of eminent domain!

We have not wings—we cannot soar—  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees—by more and more—  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear  
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight ;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern, unseen before,  
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If rising on its wrecks, at last,  
To something nobler we attain.



## CURFEW.

## I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,  
Dealing its dole,  
The Curfew Bell  
Is beginning to toll.

Cover the embers,  
 And put out the light ;  
 Toil comes with the morning,  
 And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,  
 And quenched is the fire ;  
 Sound fades into silence,—  
 All footsteps retire.

No voice in the chambers,  
 No sound in the hall !  
 Sleep and oblivion  
 Reign over all !

## II.

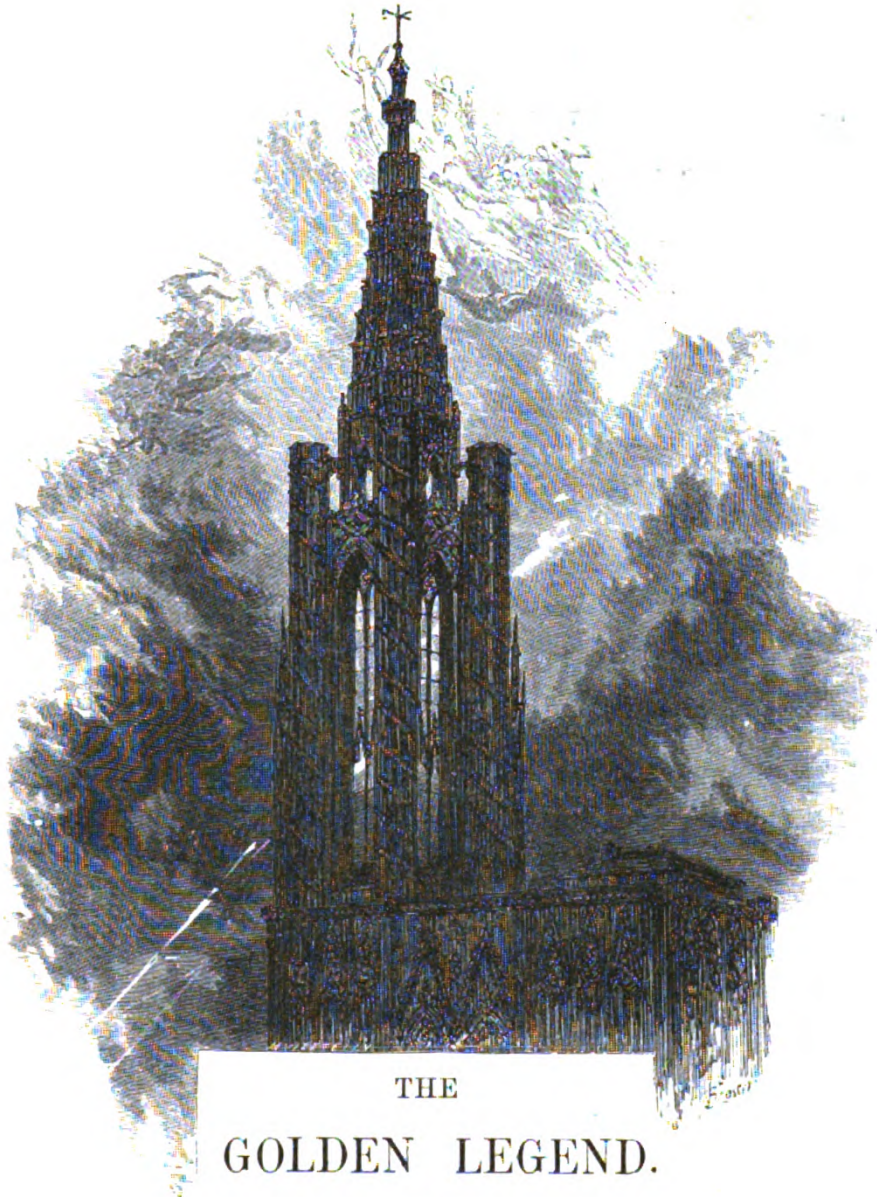
The book is completed,  
 And closed, like the day ;  
 And the hand that has written it  
 Lays it away.

Dim grow its fancies ;  
 Forgotten they lie  
 Like coals in the ashes,  
 They darken and die.

Song sinks into silence,  
 The story is told,  
 The windows are darkened,  
 The hearth-stone is cold.

Darker and darker  
 The black shadows fall ;  
 Sleep and oblivion  
 Reign over all.





THE  
GOLDEN LEGEND.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE:—THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

*Night and storm.* LUCIFER, *with the powers of the air trying to tear down the Cross.*

LUCIFER.

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

VOICES.

O, we cannot!  
For around it

All the Saints and Guardian Angels  
Throng in legions to protect it ;  
They defeat us everywhere !

THE BELLS.

Laudo Deum verum !  
Plebem voco !  
Congrego clerum !

LUCIFER.

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

VOICES.

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

THE BELLS.

Defunctos ploro !  
Pestem fugo !  
Festa decoro !

LUCIFER.

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

VOICES.

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

## THE BELLS.

Funera plango!  
Fulgura frango!  
Sabbata pango!

## LUCIFER.

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

## VOICES.

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

## THE BELLS.

Excito lentos!  
Dissippo ventos!  
Paco cruentos!

## LUCIFER.

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

## VOICES.

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

*They sweep away. Organ and Gregorian Chant.*

## CHOIR.

Nocte surgentes  
Vigilemus omnes!





## I. .

SCENE:—THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE RHINE.

*A Chamber in a Tower. PRINCE HENRY, sitting alone, ill and restless.  
Midnight.*

PRINCE HENRY.

I CANNOT sleep! my fervid brain  
Calls up the vanished Past again,  
And throws its misty splendours deep  
Into the pallid realms of sleep!  
A breath from that far-distant shore  
Comes freshening ever more and more,

And wafts o'er intervening seas  
Sweet odours from the Hesperides!  
A wind, that through the corridor  
Just stirs the curtain, and no more,  
And, touching the Æolian strings,  
Faints with the burden that it brings!  
Come back! ye friendships long-departed!  
That like o'erflowing streamlets started,  
And now are dwindled, one by one,  
To stony channels in the sun!  
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended!  
Come back, with all that light attended,  
Which seemed to darken and decay  
When ye arose and went away!

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,  
The airy crowds of long-ago,  
The dreams and fancies known of yore,  
That have been, and shall be no more.  
They change the cloisters of the night  
Into a garden of delight;  
They make the dark and dreary hours  
Open and blossom into flowers!  
I would not sleep! I love to be  
Again in their fair company;  
But ere my lips can bid them stay,  
They pass and vanish quite away!  
Alas! our memories may retrace  
Each circumstance of time and place,  
Season and scene come back again,  
And outward things unchanged remain;  
The rest we cannot reinstate;  
Ourselves we cannot re-create,  
Nor set our souls to the same key  
Of the remembered harmony!  
Rest! rest! O, give me rest and peace!  
The thought of life that ne'er shall cease  
Has something in it like despair,  
A weight I am too weak to bear!

Sweeter to this afflicted breast  
 The thought of never-ending rest !  
 Sweeter the undisturbed and deep  
 Tranquillity of endless sleep !

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

LUCIFER.

All hail, Prince Henry !

PRINCE HENRY, *starting.*

Who is it speaks ?

Who and what are you ?

LUCIFER.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

When came you in ?

LUCIFER.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

I did not hear you.

LUCIFER.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

What may your wish or purpose be ?

LUCIFER.

No thing or everything, as it please  
 Your Highness. You behold in me  
 Only a travelling Physician ;

One of the few who have a mission  
To cure incurable diseases,  
Or those that are called so.

PRINCE HENRY.

Can you bring  
The dead to life?

LUCIFER.

Yes; very nearly.  
And, what is a wiser, and better thing,  
Can keep the living from ever needing  
Such an unnatural, strange proceeding,  
By showing conclusively and clearly  
That death is a stupid blunder merely,  
And not a necessity of our lives.  
My being here is accidental;  
The storm, that against your casement drives,  
In the little village below waylaid me.



And there I heard, with a secret delight,  
 Of your maladies physical and mental,  
 Which neither astonished nor dismayed me.  
 And I hastened hither, though late in the night,  
 To proffer my aid!

PRINCE HENRY, *ironically*.

For this you came!  
 Ah, how can I ever hope to requite  
 This honour from one so erudite?

LUCIFER.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

But not till then.

LUCIFER.

What is your illness?

PRINCE HENRY.

It has no name.  
 A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame,  
 As in a kiln, burns in my veins,  
 Sending up vapours to the head;  
 My heart has become a dull lagoon,  
 Which a kind of leprosy drinks and drains;  
 I am accounted as one who is dead,  
 And, indeed, I think that I shall be soon.

LUCIFER.

And has Gordonius the Divine,  
 In his famous Lily of Medicine,—  
 I see the book lies open before you,—  
 No remedy potent enough to restore you?

PRINCE HENRY.

None whatever!

LUCIFER.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

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

LUCIFER.

That sounds oracular !

PRINCE HENRY.

Unendurable !

LUCIFER.

What is their remedy ?

PRINCE HENRY.

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

LUCIFER, *reading*.

“ Not to be cured, yet not incurable !  
 The only remedy that remains  
 Is the blood that flows from a maiden’s veins,  
 Who of her own free will shall die,  
 And give life as the price of yours ! ”  
 This is the strangest of all cures,

And one, I think, you will never try ;  
 The prescription you may well put by,  
 As something impossible to find  
 Before the world itself shall end !  
 And yet who knows ? One cannot say  
 That into some maiden's brain that kind  
 Of madness will not find its way.  
 Meanwhile permit me to recommend,  
 As the matter admits of no delay,  
 My wonderful Catholicon,  
 Of very subtle and magical powers !

## PRINCE HENRY.

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

## LUCIFER.

Both of the Old and of the New !  
 The school of Hermes Trismegistus,  
 Who uttered his oracles sublime  
 Before the Olympiads, in the dew  
 Of the early dawn and dusk of Time,  
 The reign of dateless old Hephæstus !  
 As northward, from its Nubian springs,  
 The Nile, for ever new and old,  
 Among the living and the dead,  
 Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled ;  
 So, starting from its fountain-head  
 Under the lotus-leaves of Isis,  
 From the dead demi-gods of eld,  
 Through long, unbroken lines of kings,  
 Its course the sacred art has held,  
 Unchecked, unchanged by man's devices.  
 This art the Arabian Gebir taught,  
 And in alembics, finely wrought,  
 Distilling herbs and flowers, discovered

The secret that so long had hovered  
Upon the misty verge of Truth,  
The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,  
Called Alcohol, in the Arab speech!  
Like him, this wondrous lore I teach!

PRINCE HENRY.

What! an adept?

LUCIFER.

Nor less, nor more!

PRINCE HENRY.

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

LUCIFER, *showing a flask.*

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

PRINCE HENRY.

How limpid, pure, and crystalline,  
How quick, and tremulous, and bright,  
The little wavelets dance and shine,  
As were it the Water of Life in sooth!

LUCIFER.

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



## THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

PRINCE HENRY.

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

LUCIFER.

Will you not taste it ?

PRINCE HENRY.

Will one draught  
 Suffice ?

LUCIFER.

If not, you can drink more.

PRINCE HENRY.

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

LUCIFER, *pouring*.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

I am as one who on the brink  
 Of a dark river stands, and sees  
 The waters flow, the landscape dim  
 Around him waver, wheel, and swim,  
 And, ere he plunges, stops to think  
 Into what whirlpools he may sink ;  
 One moment pauses, and no more,  
 Then madly plunges from the shore !  
 Headlong into the mysteries  
 Of life and death I boldly leap,  
 Nor fear the fateful current's sweep,  
 Nor what in ambush lurks below !  
 For death is better than disease !

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

ANGEL.

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

LUCIFER, *disappearing.*

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

PRINCE HENRY, *drinking.*

It is like a draught of fire!  
 Through every vein  
 I feel again  
 The fever of youth, the soft desire;  
 A rapture that is almost pain  
 Throbs in my heart and fills my brain!  
 O joy! O joy! I feel  
 The band of steel  
 That so long and heavily has pressed  
 Upon my breast  
 Uplifted, and the malediction  
 Of my affliction  
 Is taken from me, and my weary breast  
 At length finds rest.

THE ANGEL.

It is but the rest of the fire, from which the air has been taken!  
 It is but the rest of the sand, when the hour-glass is not shaken!

It is but the rest of the tide between the ebb and the flow!  
 It is but the rest of the wind between the flaws that blow!

With fiendish laughter,  
 Hereafter,  
 This false physician  
 Will mock thee in thy perdition.

PRINCE HENRY.

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

*Drinks again.*

THE ANGEL.

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

PRINCE HENRY, *sinking back.*

O thou voice within my breast!  
 Why entreat me, why upbraid me,  
 When the steadfast tongues of truth  
 And the flattering hopes of youth

Have all deceived me and betrayed me?  
 Give me, give me rest, O, rest!  
 Golden visions wave and hover,  
 Golden vapours, waters streaming,  
 Landscapes moving, changing, gleaming,  
 I am like a happy lover  
 Who illumines life with dreaming!  
 Brave physician! rare physician!  
 Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission!

*His head falls on his book.*

THE ANGEL, *receding.*

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





SCENE:—COURT-YARD OF THE CASTLE.

HUBERT *standing by the gateway.*

HUBERT.

How sad the grand old castle looks!  
O'erhead, the unmolested rooks  
Upon the turret's windy top  
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop;  
Here in the court-yard springs the grass,  
So few are now the feet that pass;  
The stately peacocks, bolder grown,  
Come hopping down the steps of stone.

As if the castle were their own ;  
 And I, the poor old seneschal,  
 Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall.  
 Alas ! the merry guests no more  
 Crowd through the hospitable door ;  
 No eyes with youth and passion shine,  
 No cheeks grow redder than the wine ;  
 No song, no laugh, no jovial din  
 Of drinking wassail to the pin ;  
 But all is silent, sad, and drear,  
 And now the only sounds I hear  
 Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,  
 And horses stamping in their stalls !

*A horn sounds.*

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

*Enter WALTER, the Minnesinger.*

WALTER.

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

HUBERT.

Ah ! Master Walter !

WALTER.

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

HUBERT.

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

WALTER.

How is the Prince ?

HUBERT.

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

WALTER.

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

HUBERT.

No, if you please ;  
A strange, mysterious disease  
Fell on him with a sudden blight.  
Whole hours together he would stand  
Upon the terrace in a dream,  
Resting his head upon his hand,  
Best pleased when he was most alone,  
Like St. John Nepomuck in stone,  
Looking down into a stream.  
In the Round Tower, night after night,  
He sat, and bleared his eyes with books ;  
Until one morning we found him there  
Stretched on the floor, as if in a swoon  
He had fallen from his chair.  
We hardly recognised his sweet looks !

WALTER.

Poor Prince !

HUBERT.

I think he might have mended ;  
And he did mend : but very soon

The Priests came flocking in, like rooks  
 With all their croziers and their crooks,  
 And so at last the matter ended.

WALTER.

How did it end ?

HUBERT.

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

WALTER.

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

HUBERT.

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



WALTER.

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

HUBERT.

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

WALTER.

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

And their lips speak to me, and all  
The vast and shadowy banquet-hall  
Is full of looks and words divine!

*Leaning over the parapet.*

The day is done ; and slowly from the scene  
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,



And puts them back into his golden quiver !  
Below me in the valley, deep and green  
As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts  
We drink its wine, the swift and mantling river  
Flows on triumphant through those lovely regions,

Etched with the shadows of its sombre margent,  
 And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent !  
 Yes, there it flows, for ever, broad and still,  
 As when the vanguard of the Roman legions  
 First saw it from the top of yonder hill!  
 How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,  
 Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,  
 The consecrated chapel on the crag,  
 And the white hamlet gathered round its base,  
 Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet,  
 And looking up at His beloved face!  
 O friend! O best of friends! thy absence more  
 Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er!

— ◆ —

II.

*SCENE:—A FARM IN THE ODENWALD.*

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

PRINCE HENRY, *reading.*

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

Vines that wandered,  
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

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

‘ I believe, O God,  
What herein I have read,  
But alas! I do not understand !’

“ And lo! he heard  
The sudden singing of a bird,  
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud  
Dropped down,  
And among the branches brown  
Sat singing



H. VIZETELL V. SC.

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

" In the convent there was a change!  
 He looked for each well-known face,  
 But the faces were new and strange;  
 New figures sat in the oaken stalls,  
 New voices chanted in the choir;  
 Yet the place was the same place,  
 The same dusky walls  
 Of cold, gray stone,  
 The same cloisters and belfry and spire.

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

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

“‘Years!’ said a voice close by.  
It was an aged monk who spoke,  
From a bench of oak  
Fastened against the wall ;—  
He was the oldest monk of all.  
For a whole century  
Had he been there,  
Serving God in prayer,  
The meekest and humblest of His creatures.  
He remembered well the features  
Of Felix, and he said,  
Speaking distinct and slow :  
‘One hundred years ago,  
When I was a novice in this place,  
There was here a monk, full of God’s grace,  
Who bore the name  
Of Felix, and this man must be the same.’

“And straightway  
They brought forth to the light of day  
A volume old and brown,  
A huge tome, bound  
In brass and wild-boar’s hide,  
Wherein were written down  
The names of all who had died  
In the convent, since it was edified.

And there they found,  
Just as the old monk said,  
That on a certain day and date,  
One hundred years before,  
Had gone forth from the convent gate  
The Monk Felix, and never more  
Had entered that sacred door.  
He had been counted among the dead!  
And they knew, at last,  
That, such had been the power  
Of that celestial and immortal song,  
A hundred years had passed,  
And had not seemed so long  
As a single hour!"



*ELSIE comes in with flowers.*

ELSIE.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

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

ELSIE.

But these will fade.

PRINCE HENRY.

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

ELSIE.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

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

ELSIE.

Early in the morning  
The Sultan's daughter



Walked in her father's garden,  
Gathering the bright flowers,  
All full of dew.

PRINCE HENRY.

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

ELSIE.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

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

ELSIE.

And at midnight,  
As she lay upon her bed,  
She heard a voice  
Call to her from the garden,  
And, looking forth from her window,  
She saw a beautiful Youth  
Standing among the flowers.  
It was the Lord Jesus ;  
And she went down to Him,

And opened the door for Him ;  
 And He said to her, " O maiden !  
 Thou hast thought of Me with love,  
 And for thy sake  
 Out of My Father's kingdom  
 Have I come hither :  
 I am the Master of the Flowers.  
 My garden is in Paradise,  
 And if thou wilt go with Me,  
 Thy bridal garland  
 Shall be of bright red flowers."  
 And then He took from His finger  
 A golden ring,  
 And asked the Sultan's daughter  
 If she would be His bride.  
 And when she answered Him with love,  
 His wounds began to bleed,  
 And she said to Him,  
 " O Love ! how red Thy heart is,  
 And Thy hands are full of roses."  
 " For thy sake," answered He,  
 " For thy sake is My heart so red,  
 For thee I bring these roses.  
 I gathered them at the cross  
 Whereon I died for thee !  
 Come, for My Father calls.  
 Thou art My elected bride !"  
 And the Sultan's daughter  
 Followed Him to His Father's garden.

PRINCE HENRY.

Wouldst thou have done so, Elsie ?

ELSIE.

Yes, very gladly.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then the Celestial Bridegroom  
 Will come for thee also.  
 Upon thy forehead He will place,  
 Not His crown of thorns,  
 But a crown of roses.

In thy bridal chamber,  
 Like Saint Cecilia,  
 Thou shalt hear sweet music,  
 And breathe the fragrance  
 Of flowers immortal!  
 Go now and place these flowers  
 Before her picture.



SCENE:—A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.

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

URSULA.

DARKER and darker! Hardly a glimmer  
 Of light comes in at the window-pane ;

Or is it my eyes are growing dimmer?  
 I cannot disentangle this skein,  
 Nor wind it rightly upon the reel.  
 Elsie!

GOTTLIEB, *starting*.

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

URSULA.

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

ELSIE, *within*.

In a moment!

GOTTLIEB.

Where are Bertha and Max?

URSULA.

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

GOTTLIEB.

And where is the Prince?

URSULA.

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

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

EVENING SONG.

O gladsome light  
 Of the Father Immortal,

And of the celestial  
Sacred and blessed  
Jesus, our Saviour !

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

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

PRINCE HENRY, *at the door.*

Amen !

URSULA.

Who was it said Amen ?

ELSIE.

It was the Prince : he stood at the door,  
And listened a moment, as we chanted  
The evening song. He is gone again.  
I have often seen him there before.

URSULA.

Poor Prince !

GOTTLIEB.

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

MAX.

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

BERTHA.

I love him too !

GOTTLIEB.

Ah, yes! we all  
Love him, from the bottom of our hearts;  
He gave us the farm, the house, and the grange,  
He gave us the horses and the carts,  
And the great oxen in the stall,



The vineyard, and the forest range!  
We have nothing to give him but our love!

BERTHA.

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

GOTTLIEB.

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

ELSIE.

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

GOTTLIEB.

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

ELSIE.

And must he die ?

URSULA.

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

GOTTLIEB.

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

ELSIE.

I will !

URSULA.

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

ELSIE.

I mean it, truly !

MAX.

O father, this morning,  
Down by the mill, in the ravine,

Hans killed a wolf, the very same  
That in the night to the sheepfold came,  
And ate up my lamb, that was left outside.

GOTTLIEB.

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

MAX.

And I am going to have his hide !

BERTHA.

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

URSULA.

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

MAX.

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

GOTTLIEB.

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

URSULA.

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

GOTTLIEB.

Good night !



MAX *and* BERTHA.

Good night!

*They go out with* ELSIE.

URSULA, *spinning*.

She is a strange and wayward child,  
That Elsie of ours. She looks so old,  
And thoughts and fancies, weird and wild,  
Seem of late to have taken hold  
Of her heart, that was once so docile and mild!

GOTTLIEB.

She is like all girls.

URSULA.

Ah, no, forsooth!

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

GOTTLIEB.

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

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SCENE:—ELSIE'S CHAMBER.

*Night.* ELSIE *praying*.

ELSIE.

My Redeemer and my Lord,  
I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee,  
Guide me in each act and word,



That hereafter I may meet thee,  
Watching waiting, hoping, yearning,  
With my lamp well trimmed and burning!

Interceding,  
With these bleeding  
Wounds upon Thy hands and side,  
For all who have lived and erred  
Thou hast suffered, Thou hast died,  
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,  
And in the grave hast Thou been buried!

If my feeble prayer can reach Thee,  
O my Saviour, I beseech Thee,

Even as Thou hast died for me,  
 More sincerely  
 Let me follow where Thou leadest,  
 Let me, bleeding as Thou bleedest,  
 Die, if dying I may give  
 Life to one who asks to live,  
 And more nearly,  
 Dying thus, resemble Thee !



SCENE:—THE CHAMBER OF GOTTLIEB AND URSULA.

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

GOTTLIEB.

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

ELSIE.

It is I.

URSULA.

Elsie ! what ails thee, my poor child ?

ELSIE.

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

GOTTLIEB.

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

ELSIE.

Nay, He has put it into mine,  
And into my heart.

GOTTLIEB.

Thy words are wild.

URSULA.

What dost thou mean? my child! my child!

ELSIE.

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

URSULA.

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

ELSIE.

'Tis the cessation of our breath.  
Silent and motionless we lie;  
And no one knoweth more than this.  
I saw our little Gertrude die;



She left off breathing, and no more  
 I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.  
 She was more beautiful than before.  
 Like violets faded were her eyes ;  
 By this we knew that she was dead.  
 Through the open window looked the skies  
 Into the chamber where she lay,  
 And the wind was like the sound of wings,  
 As if angels came to bear her away.  
 Ah! when I saw and felt these things,  
 I found it difficult to stay ;  
 I longed to die, as she had died,  
 And go forth with her, side by side.  
 The Saints are dead, the Martyrs dead,  
 And Mary, and our Lord ; and I  
 Would follow in humility  
 The way by them illumined.

URSULA.

My child! my child! thou must not die!

ELSIE.

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

URSULA.

It is the malediction of Eve!

ELSIE.

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

GOTTLIEB.

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

URSULA.

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

ELSIE.

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

URSULA.

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

GOTTLIEB.

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

URSULA.

Not now! not now!

ELSIE.

Christ died for me, and shall not I  
Be willing for my Prince to die?  
You both are silent; you cannot speak.  
This said I, at our Saviour's feast,

After confession, to the priest,  
 And even he made no reply.  
 Does he not warn us all to seek  
 The happier, better land on high,  
 Where flowers immortal never wither;  
 And could he forbid me to go thither?

GOTTLIEB.

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

ELSIE.

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

GOTTLIEB.

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

URSULA.

Ah, then  
 Gainsay it dare we not.

GOTTLIEB.

Amen!

Elsie! the words that thou hast said  
 Are strange and new for us to hear,  
 And fill our hearts with doubt and fear.  
 Whether it be a dark temptation  
 Of the Evil One, or God's inspiration,  
 We in our blindness cannot say.  
 We must think upon it, and pray;  
 For evil and good it both resembles.

If it be of God, His will be done!  
 May He guard us from the evil one!  
 How hot thy hand is! how it trembles!  
 Go to thy bed, and try to sleep.

URSULA.

Kiss me. Good night; and do not weep!

*ELSIE goes out.*

Ah, what an awful thing is this!  
 I almost shuddered at her kiss,  
 As if a ghost had touched my cheek.  
 I am so childish and so weak!  
 As soon as I see the earliest gray  
 Of morning glimmer in the east,  
 I will go over to the priest,  
 And hear what the good man has to say

SCENE:—A VILLAGE CHURCH.

*A Woman kneeling at the Confessional.*

THE PARISH PRIEST, *from within.*

Go, sin no more! Thy penance o'er,  
 A new and better life begin!  
 God maketh thee for ever free  
 From the dominion of thy sin!  
 Go, sin no more! He will restore  
 The peace that filled thy heart before,  
 And pardon thine iniquity!

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

O blessed Lord! how much I need  
 Thy light to guide me on my way!  
 So many hands, that, without heed,  
 Still touch Thy wounds, and make them bleed!  
 So many feet, that, day by day,





Still wander from Thy fold astray!  
 Unless Thou fill me with Thy light,  
 I cannot lead Thy flock aright;  
 Nor, without Thy support, can bear  
 The burden of so great a care,  
 But am myself a castaway!

*A Pause.*

The day is drawing to its close;  
 And what good deeds since first it rose,  
 Have I presented, Lord, to Thee,  
 As offerings of my ministry?  
 What wrong repressed, what right maintained,  
 What struggle passed, what victory gained,  
 What good attempted and attained?  
 Feeble, at best, is my endeavour!  
 I see, but cannot reach, the height  
 That lies for ever in the light.

And yet for ever and for ever,  
 When seeming just within my grasp,  
 I feel my feeble hands unclasp,  
 And sink discouraged into night!  
 For Thine own purpose, Thou hast sent  
 The strife and the discouragement!

*A Pause.*

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

*A Pause.*

The evening air grows dusk and brown;  
 I must go forth into the town,  
 To visit beds of pain and death,  
 Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,  
 And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes  
 That see, through tears, the sun go down,  
 But never more shall see it rise.  
 The poor in body and estate,  
 The sick and the disconsolate,  
 Must not on man's convenience wait.

*Goes out.*

*Enter LUCIFER, as a Priest.*

LUCIFER, *with a genuflection, mocking.*

This is the Black Pater-noster.  
 God was my foster,

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

*Looking round the Church.*

What a darksome and dismal place !  
 I wonder that any man has the face  
 To call such a hole the House of the Lord,  
 And the Gate of Heaven,—yet such is the word.  
 Ceiling, and walls, and windows old,  
 Covered with cobwebs, blackened with mould ;  
 Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs,  
 Dust on the benches, and stalls, and chairs !  
 The pulpit, from which such ponderous sermons  
 Have fallen down on the brains of the Germans,  
 With about as much real edification,  
 As if a great Bible, bound in lead,  
 Had fallen, and struck them on the head ;  
 And I ought to remember that sensation !  
 Here stands the holy-water stoup !  
 Holy-water it may be to many,  
 But to me, the veriest Liquor Gehennæ !  
 It smells like a filthy fast-day soup !  
 Near it stands the box for the poor ;  
 With its iron padlock, safe and sure.  
 I and the priest of the parish know  
 Whither all these charities go ;  
 Therefore, to keep up the institution,  
 I will add my little contribution !

*He puts in Money.*

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

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

*Sits himself in the Confessional.*

Here sits the priest; and faint and low,  
 Like the sighing of an evening breeze,  
 Comes through these painted lattices  
 The ceaseless sound of human woe;  
 Here, while her bosom aches and throbs  
 With deep and agonizing sobs,  
 That half are passion, half contrition,  
 The luckless daughter of perdition  
 Slowly confesses her secret shame!  
 The time, the place, the lover's name!  
 Here the grim murderer, with a groan,  
 From his bruised conscience rolls the stone,  
 Thinking that thus he can atone  
 For ravages of sword and flame!  
 Indeed, I marvel, and marvel greatly,  
 How a priest can sit here so sedately,

Reading, the whole year out and in,  
 Naught but the catalogue of sin,  
 And still keep any faith whatever  
 In human virtue! Never! never!

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

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

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

LUCIFER.

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

Or have thy passion and unrest  
Vanished for ever from thy mind?

PRINCE HENRY.

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

LUCIFER.

Alas! we are but eddies of dust,  
Uplifted by the blast, and whirled  
Along the highway of the world  
A moment only, then to fall  
Back to a common level all,  
At the subsiding of the gust!

PRINCE HENRY.

O holy Father! pardon in me  
The oscillation of a mind  
Unsteadfast, and that cannot find  
Its centre of rest and harmony!  
For evermore before mine eyes  
This ghastly phantom flits and flies,

And as a madman through a crowd,  
 With frantic gestures and wild cries,  
 It hurries onward, and aloud  
 Repeats its awful prophecies!  
 Weakness is wretchedness! To be strong  
 Is to be happy! I am weak,  
 And cannot find the good I seek,  
 Because I feel and fear the wrong!

## LUCIFER.

Be not alarmed! The Church is kind,  
 And in her mercy and her meekness  
 She meets half-way her children's weakness,  
 Writes their transgressions in the dust!  
 Though in the Decalogue we find  
 The mandate written, "Thou shalt not kill!"  
 Yet there are cases when we must.  
 In war, for instance, or from scathe  
 To guard and keep the one true Faith!  
 We must look at the Decalogue in the light  
 Of an ancient statute, that was meant  
 For a mild and general application,  
 To be understood with the reservation,  
 That, in certain instances, the Right  
 Must yield to the Expedient!  
 Thou art a Prince. If thou shouldst die,  
 What hearts and hopes would prostrate lie!  
 What noble deeds, what fair renown,  
 Into the grave with thee go down!  
 What acts of valour and courtesy  
 Remain undone, and die with thee!  
 Thou art the last of all thy race!  
 With thee a noble name expires,  
 And vanishes from the earth's face  
 The glorious memory of thy sires!  
 She is a peasant. In her veins  
 Flows common and plebeian blood;  
 It is such as daily and hourly stains  
 The dust and the turf of battle plains,  
 By vassals shed in a crimson flood,

Without reserve, and without reward,  
 At the slightest summons of their lord!  
 But thine is precious; the fore-appointed  
 Blood of kings, of God's anointed!  
 Moreover, what has the world in store  
 For one like her, but tears and toil?  
 Daughter of sorrow, serf of the soil,  
 A peasant's child, and a peasant's wife,  
 And her soul within her sick and sore  
 With the roughness and barrenness of life!  
 I marvel not at the heart's recoil  
 From a fate like this in one so tender,  
 Nor at its eagerness to surrender  
 All the wretchedness, want, and woe,  
 That await it in this world below,  
 For the unutterable splendour  
 Of the world of rest beyond the skies.  
 So the Church sanctions the sacrifice:  
 Therefore inhale this healing balm,  
 And breathe this fresh life into thine;  
 Accept the comfort and the calm  
 She offers, as a gift divine;  
 Let her fall down and anoint thy feet  
 With the ointment costly and most sweet  
 Of her young blood, and thou shalt live.

## PRINCE HENRY.

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

## LUCIFER.

In ancient records it is stated  
 That, whenever an evil deed is done,



Another devil is created,  
 To scourge and torment the offending one!  
 But evil is only good perverted,  
 And Lucifer, the Bearer of Light,  
 But an Angel fallen and deserted,  
 Thrust from his Father's house with a curse  
 Into the black and endless night.

PRINCE HENRY.

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

LUCIFER.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

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

LUCIFER.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

Give me thy holy benediction.

LUCIFER, *stretching forth his hand and muttering.*

Maledictione perpetua  
 Maledicat vos  
 Pater eternus!

THE ANGEL, *with the Æolian harp.*

Take heed! take heed!  
 Noble art thou in thy birth,

By the good and the great of earth  
 Hast thou been taught!  
 Be noble in every thought  
 And in every deed!  
 Let not the illusion of thy senses  
 Betray thee to deadly offences.  
 Be strong! be good! be pure!  
 The right only shall endure,  
 All things else are but false pretences  
 I entreat thee, I implore  
 Listen no more  
 To the suggestions of an evil spirit,  
 That even now is there,  
 Making the foul seem fair,  
 And selfishness itself a virtue and a merit!

—◆—

*SCENE:—A ROOM IN THE FARM-HOUSE.*

GOTTLIEP.

It is decided! For many days,  
 And nights as many, we have had  
 A nameless terror in our breast,  
 Making us timid, and afraid  
 Of God, and His mysterious ways!  
 We have been sorrowful and sad;  
 Much have we suffered, much have prayed  
 That He would lead us as is best,  
 And show us what His will required.  
 It is decided; and we give  
 Our child, O Prince, that you may live!

URSULA.

It is of God. He has inspired  
 This purpose in her; and through pain,  
 Out of a world of sin and woe,  
 He takes her to Himself again.  
 The mother's heart resists no longer;

With the Angel of the Lord in vain  
It wrestled, for he was the stronger.

GOTTLIEB.

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

*URSULA hides her face.*

ELSIE.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

And the giver!

GOTTLIEB

Amen!

PRINCE HENRY

I accept it!

GOTTLIEB.

Where are the children?

URSULA.

They are already asleep.

GOTTLIEB.

What if they were dead?

SCENE:— IN THE GARDEN.

ELSIE.

I HAVE one thing to ask of you.

PRINCE HENRY.

What is it?

It is already granted.

ELSIE.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

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

ELSIE.

Will you not promise ?

PRINCE HENRY.

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

'ELSIE.

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

K K

## PRINCE HENRY.

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

## III.

SCENE:—A STREET IN STRASBURG.

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

## PRINCE HENRY.

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

CRIER OF THE DEAD, *ringing a bell.*

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

## PRINCE HENRY.

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

## CRIER OF THE DEAD.

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

## PRINCE HENRY.

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

## CRIER OF THE DEAD.

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

## PRINCE HENRY.

Wake not, beloved! be thy sleep  
 Silent as night is, and as deep!  
 There walks a sentinel at thy gate  
 Whose heart is heavy and desolate,

And the heavings of whose bosom number  
 The respirations of thy slumber,  
 As if some strange, mysterious fate,  
 Had linked two hearts in one, and mine  
 Went madly wheeling about thine,  
 Only with wider and wilder sweep!

CRIER OF THE DEAD, *at a distance.*

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

PRINCE HENRY.

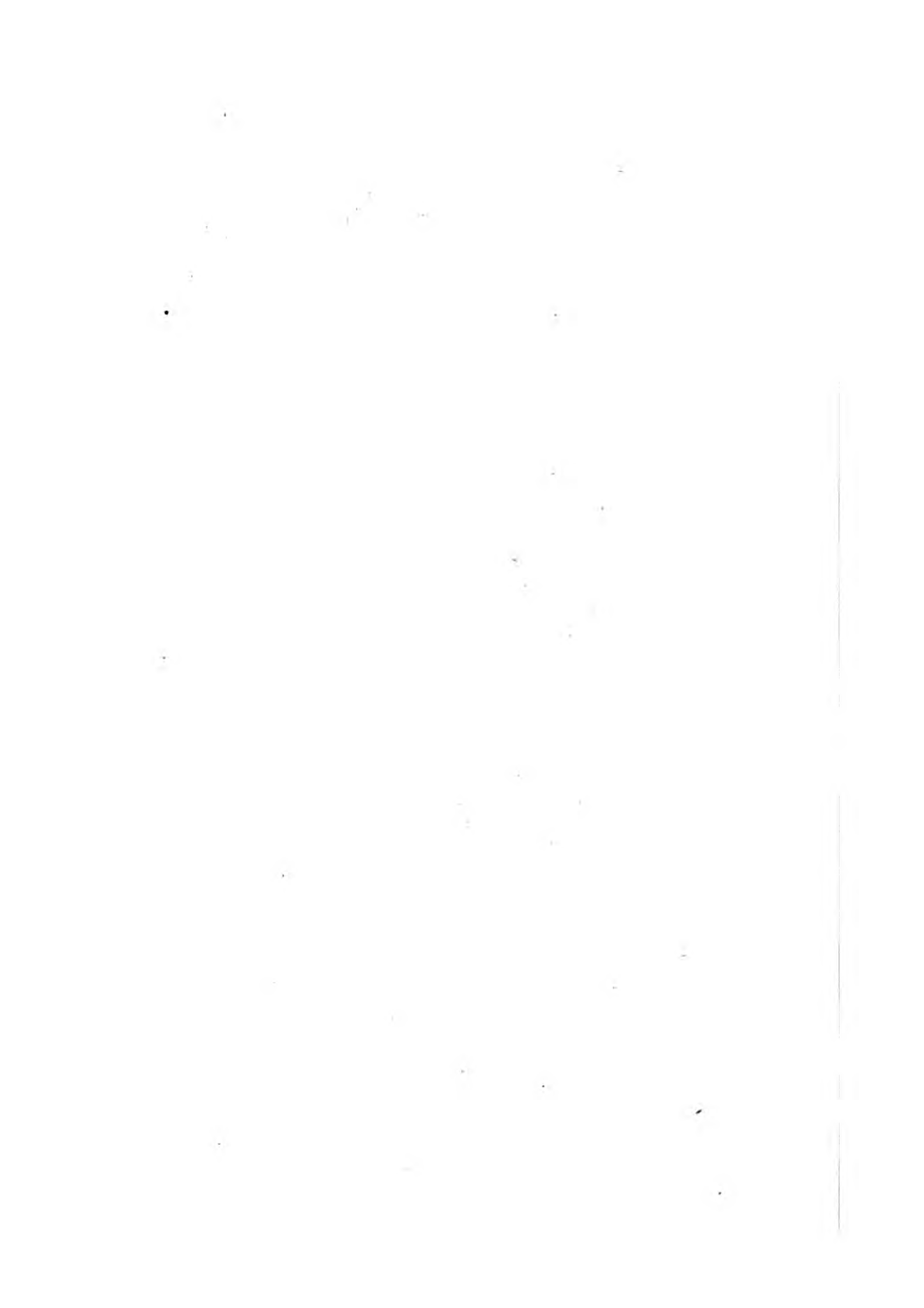
Lo! with what depth of blackness thrown  
 Against the clouds, far up the skies,  
 The walls of the cathedral rise,  
 Like a mysterious grove of stone,  
 With fitful lights and shadows blending,  
 As from behind, the moon, ascending,  
 Lights its dim aisles and paths unknown!  
 The wind is rising;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

WALTER, *the Minnesinger.*

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









PRINCE HENRY.

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

WALTER.

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

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

PRINCE HENRY.

Ay, the same.

WALTER, *embracing him.*

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

PRINCE HENRY.

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

WALTER.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

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

WALTER.

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

An arrow, that shall be, perchance,  
Like the arrow of the Israelite king  
Shot from the window towards the east,  
That of the Lord's deliverance!

PRINCE HENRY.

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

WALTER.

Be patient: Time will reinstate  
Thy health and fortunes.

PRINCE HENRY.

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

WALTER.

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

PRINCE HENRY, *aside*.

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

WALTER.

To-morrow, at the dawn of day,  
I shall again be on my way.  
Come with me to the hostelry,  
For I have many things to say.  
Our journey into Italy

Perchance together we may make;  
Wilt thou not do it for my sake?

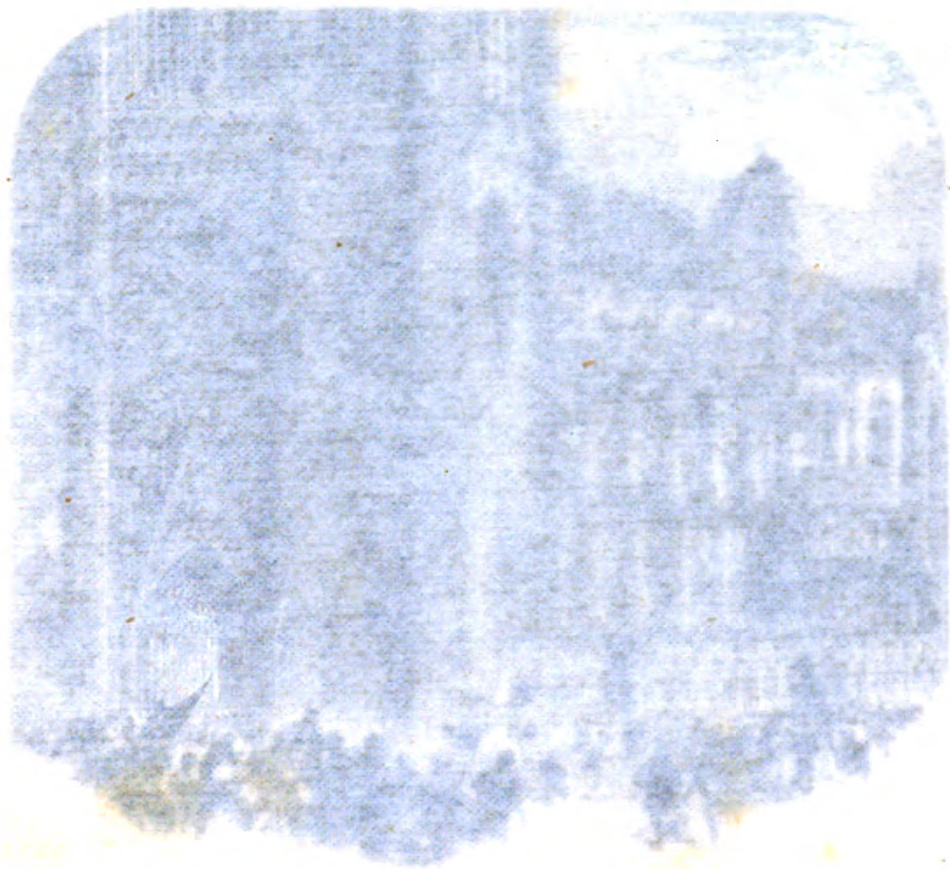
PRINCE HENRY.

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

*They go out.*

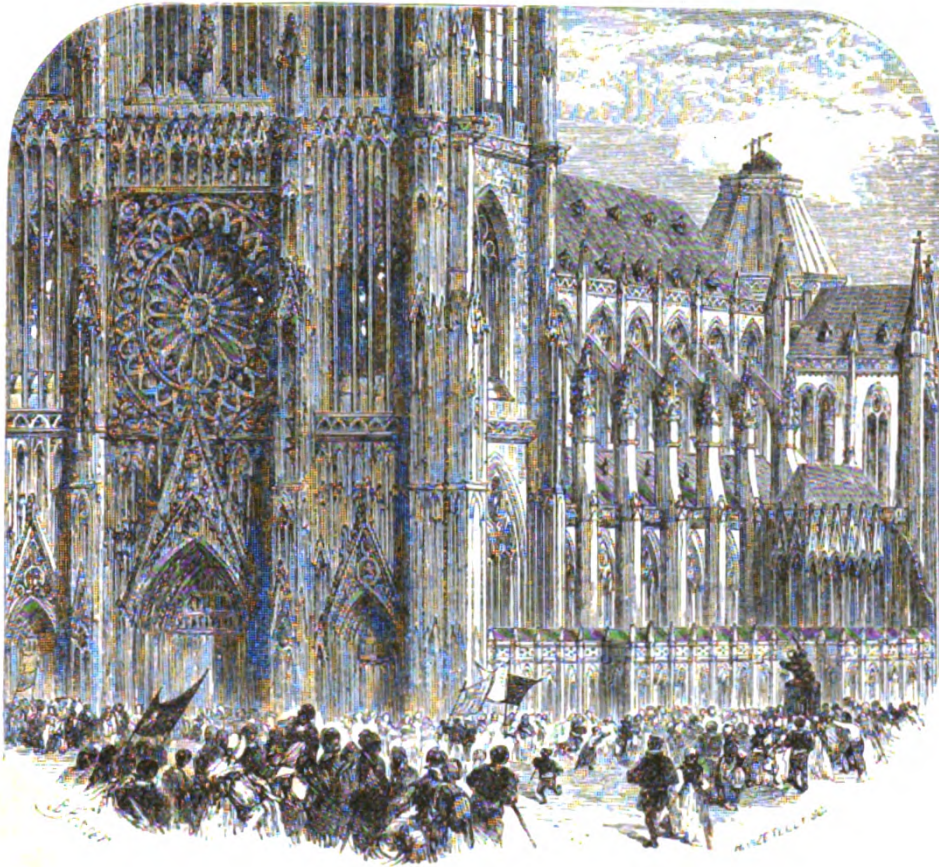
LUCIFER, *flying over the City.*

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



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SCENE:—SQUARE IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

THIS is the day, when from the dead  
Our Lord arose ; and everywhere,  
Out of their darkness and despair,  
Triumphant over fears and foes,  
The hearts of His disciples rose,  
When to the women, standing near,  
The Angel in shining vesture said,  
“ The Lord is risen ; He is not here ! ”  
And, mindful that the day is come,  
On all the hearths in Christendom  
The fires are quenched, to be again



Rekindled from the sun, that high  
 Is dancing in the cloudless sky.  
 The churches are all decked with flowers,  
 The salutations among men  
 Are but the Angel's words divine,  
 "Christ is arisen!" and the bells  
 Catch the glad murmur, as it swells,  
 And chant together in their towers.  
 All hearts are glad; and free from care  
 The faces of the people shine.  
 See what a crowd is in the square,  
 Gaily and gallantly arrayed!

ELSIE.

Let us go back; I am afraid!

PRINCE HENRY.

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

ELSIE.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

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

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

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

“Christ is arisen!” Whence come you? “From court.”  
Then I do not believe it; you say it in sport.

*Cracks his whip again.*

Ah! here comes another, riding this way;  
We soon shall know what he has to say.  
Courier! what are the tidings to-day?  
“Christ is arisen!” Whence come you? “From town.”  
Then I do not believe it; away with you, clown.

*Cracks his whip more violently.*

And here comes a third, who is spurring amain;  
What news do you bring with your loose-hanging rein,  
Your spurs wet with blood, and your bridle with foam?  
“Christ is arisen!” Whence come you? “From Rome.”  
Ah, now I believe. He is risen, indeed.  
Ride on with the news, at the top of your speed!

*Great applause among the crowd. The Cathedral bells ring.*

But hark! the bells are beginning to chime,  
And I feel that I am growing hoarse;  
I will put an end to my discourse,  
And leave the rest for some other time.  
For the bells themselves are the best of preachers;  
Their brazen lips are learned teachers,  
From their pulpit of stone, in the upper air,  
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,  
Shriller than trumpets under the Law,  
Now a sermon, and now a prayer.  
The clangorous hammer is the tongue,  
This way, that way, beaten and swung,  
That from Mouth of Brass, as from Mouth of Gold,  
May be taught the Testaments, New and Old.  
And above it the great cross-beam of wood  
Representeth the Holy Rood,  
Upon which, like the bell, our hopes are hung.  
And the wheel wherewith it is swayed and rung  
Is the mind of man, that round and round  
Sways, and maketh the tongue to sound!

And the rope, with its twisted cordage three,  
Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity  
Of Morals, and Symbols, and History ;  
And the upward and downward motions show  
That we touch upon matters high and low ;  
And the constant change and transmutation  
Of action and of contemplation :  
Downward, the Scripture brought from on high,  
Upward, exalted again to the sky ;  
Downward, the literal interpretation,  
Upward, the Vision and Mystery !  
And now, my hearers, to make an end,  
I have only one word more to say ;  
In the church, in honour of Easter Day,  
Will be represented a Miracle-Play ;  
And I hope you will all have the grace to attend.  
Christ bring us at last to His felicity !  
Pax vobiscum ! et Benedicite !





*SCENE:—IN THE CATHEDRAL.*

CHANT.

Kyrie Eleison!  
Christe Eleison!

ELSIE.

I AM at home here in my Father's house,  
These paintings of the saints upon the walls  
Have all familiar and benignant faces.

PRINCE HENRY.

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

ELSIE.

How very grand it is and wonderful!  
Never have I beheld a church so splendid!

Such columns, and such arches, and such windows.  
 So many tombs and statues in the chapels,  
 And under them so many confessionals.  
 They must be for the rich. I should not like  
 To tell my sins in such a church as this.  
 Who built it ?

PRINCE HENRY.

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

ELSIE.

How beautiful is the column that he looks at !

PRINCE HENRY.

That, too, she sculptured. At the base of it  
 Stand the Evangelists ; above their heads  
 Four Angels blowing upon marble trumpets,  
 And over them the blessed Christ, surrounded  
 By His attendant ministers, upholding  
 The instruments of His passion.

ELSIE.

O my Lord !  
 Would I could leave behind me upon earth  
 Some monument to Thy glory, such as this !

PRINCE HENRY.

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

ELSIE.

And, in the gallery, the perfect line of statues,  
 Christ with His twelve Apostles watching us.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

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

---

## THE NATIVITY: A MIRACLE-PLAY.

INTROITUS.

PRÆCO.

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

*Blows his trumpet.*



## I. HEAVEN.

MERCY, *at the feet of God.*

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

JUSTICE.

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

MERCY.

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

JUSTICE.

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

GOD.

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

THE FOUR VIRTUES.

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

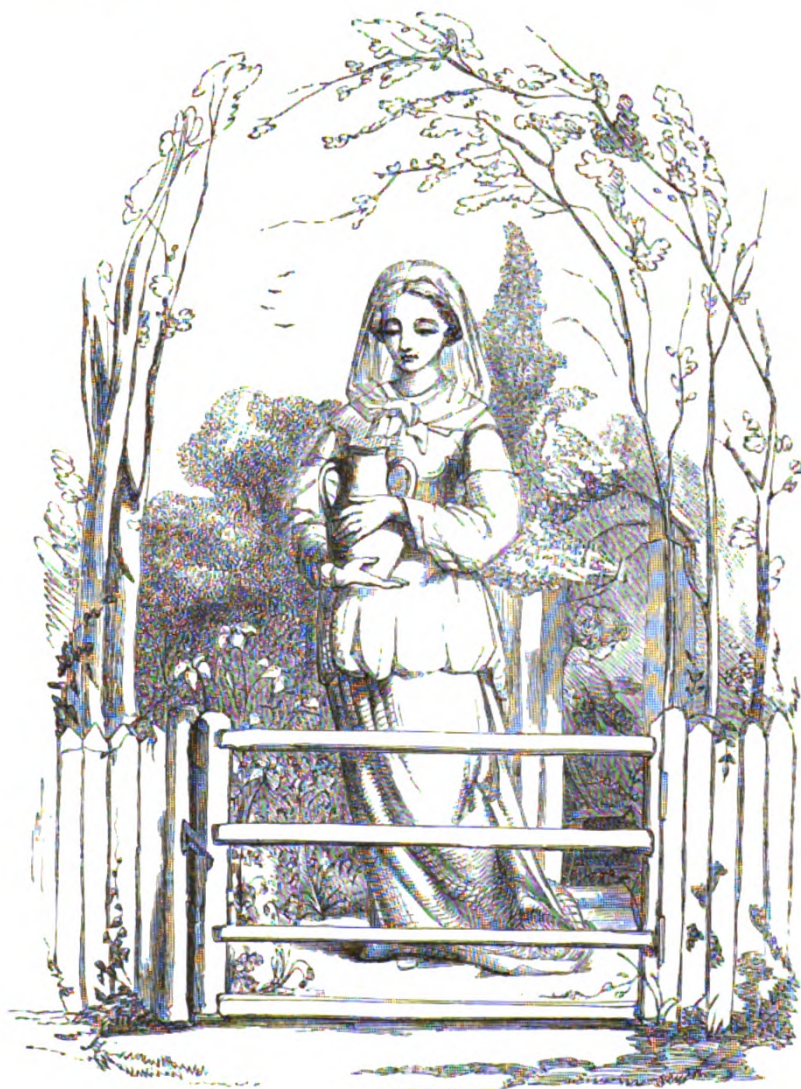
WISDOM.

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

GOD.

Go, then, O my beloved Son!  
It can by thee alone be done ;  
By thee the victory shall be won  
O'er Satan and the Fall!

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



II. MARY AT THE WELL.

MARY.

ALONG the garden walk, and thence  
Through the wicket in the garden fence,  
I steal with quiet pace,

M M



## THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

My pitcher at the well to fill,  
That lies so deep and cool and still  
In this sequestered place.

These sycamores keep guard around ;  
I see no face, I hear no sound,  
Save bubblings of the spring,  
And my companions, who within  
The threads of gold and scarlet spin,  
And at their labour sing.

## THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

Hail, Virgin Mary, full of grace !

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

## MARY.

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

## GABRIEL.

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

MARY, *setting down the pitcher.*

What can this mean ? No one is near,  
And yet such sacred words I hear,  
I almost fear to stay.

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

## GABRIEL.

Fear not, O Mary ! but believe !  
For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive  
A child this very day.  
Fear not, O Mary ! from the sky  
The Majesty of the Most High  
Shall overshadow thee !

## MARY.

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

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

## III. THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN PLANETS,

*Bearing the Star of Bethlehem.*

## THE ANGELS.

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

## RAPHAEL.

I am the Angel of the Sun,  
 Whose flaming wheels began to run  
 When God's almighty breath  
 Said to the Darkness, and the Night,  
 Let there be light! and there was light!  
 I bring the gift of Faith.

## GABRIEL.

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

## ANAEL.

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

## ZOBIACHEL.

The Planet Jupiter is mine!  
 The mightiest star of all that shine,  
 Except the sun alone!

He is the High Priest of the Dove,  
And sends, from his great throne above,  
Justice, that shall atone!

MICHAEL.

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

URIEL.

I am the Minister of Mars,  
The strongest star amongst the stars!  
My songs of power prelude  
The march and battle of man's life,  
And for the suffering and the strife,  
I give him Fortitude!

ORIFEL.

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

*A sudden Light shines from the Windows of the Stable in the Village  
below.*

---

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

*The Stable of the Inn. The VIRGIN and CHILD. Three Gypsy Kings,  
GASPAR, MELCHIOR, and BELSHAZZAR, shall come in.*

GASPAR.

HAIL to thee, Jesus of Nazareth!  
Though in a manger thou drawest thy breath,

Thou art greater than Life and Death,  
Greater than Joy or Woe!  
This cross upon the line of life  
Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife,  
And through a region with dangers rife  
In darkness shalt thou go!

MELCHIOR.

Hail to thee, King of Jerusalem!  
Though humbly born in Bethlehem  
A sceptre and a diadem  
Await thy brow and hand!



The sceptre is a simple reed,  
The crown will make thy temples bleed,  
And in thy hour of greatest need,  
Abashed thy subjects stand!

## BELSHAZZAR.

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

## THE CHILD CHRIST.

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

## THE VIRGIN.

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

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

## V. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

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

## MARY.

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

## JOSEPH.

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

MARY.

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

JOSEPH.

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

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



MARY.

O Joseph ! I am much afraid,  
For men are sleeping in the shade ;

I fear that we shall be waylaid,  
And robbed, and beaten sore!

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

DUMACHUS.

Cock's soul! deliver up your gold!

JOSEPH.

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

DUMACHUS.

Give up your money!

TITUS.

Prithee cease!  
Let these good people go in peace!

DUMACHUS.

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

TITUS.

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

MARY.

May God be merciful to thee  
Upon the Judgment Day!

JESUS.

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

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

## VI. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

KING HEROD.

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

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

What ho! I fain would drink a can  
 Of the strong wine of Canaan!  
 The wine of Helbon bring,  
 I purchased at the Fair of Tyre,  
 As red as blood, as hot as fire,  
 And fit for any king!

*He quaffs great goblets of wine.*

Now at the window will I stand  
 While in the street the armèd band  
 The little children slay:  
 The babe just born in Bethlehem  
 Will surely slaughtered be with them,  
 Nor live another day!

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

RACHEL.

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

HEROD.

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

RAHAB.

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



HEROD.

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

SOLDIERS, *in the street.*

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

THE NURSE MEDUSA.

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

HEROD.

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

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

---

## VII. JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS SCHOOLMATES.

JESUS.

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

JUDAS.

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

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

JESUS.

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

JUDAS

That can'st thou not. They are but clay,  
 They cannot sing, nor fly away  
     Above the meadow lands !

JESUS.

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

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

JUDAS.

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

*He strikes JESUS on the right side.*

JESUS.

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

*Here JOSEPH shall come in, and say :*

JOSEPH.

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



### VIII. THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

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

RABBI.

I AM the Rabbi Ben Israel,  
Throughout this village known full well,  
And, as my scholars all will tell,  
Learned in things divine ;  
The Kabala and Talmud hoar  
Than all the Prophets prize I more,  
For water is all Bible lore,  
But Mishna is strong wine.

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

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

JUDAS.

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

RABBI.

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

JUDAS.

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

RABBI.

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

JUDAS.

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

RABBI.

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

JESUS.

Aleph.

RABBI.

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

JESUS.

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

RABBI.

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

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

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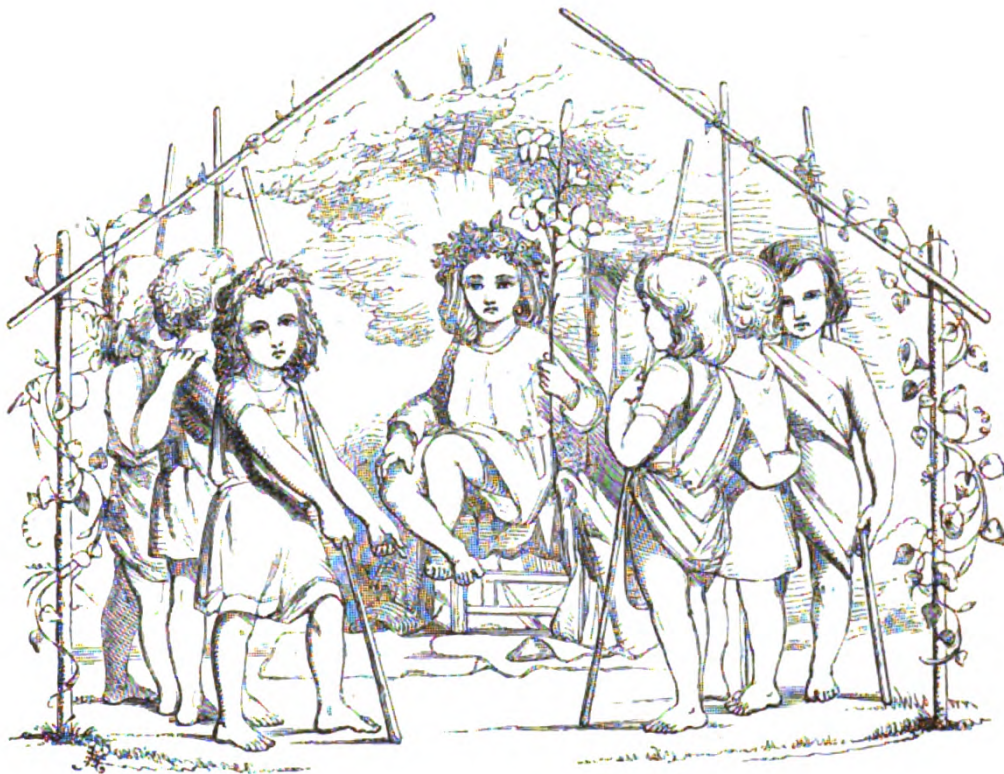
#### IX. CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.

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

BOYS.

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

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



## BOYS.

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

## TRAVELLER.

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

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

## BOYS.

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

## THE BEARERS.

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

## JESUS.

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

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

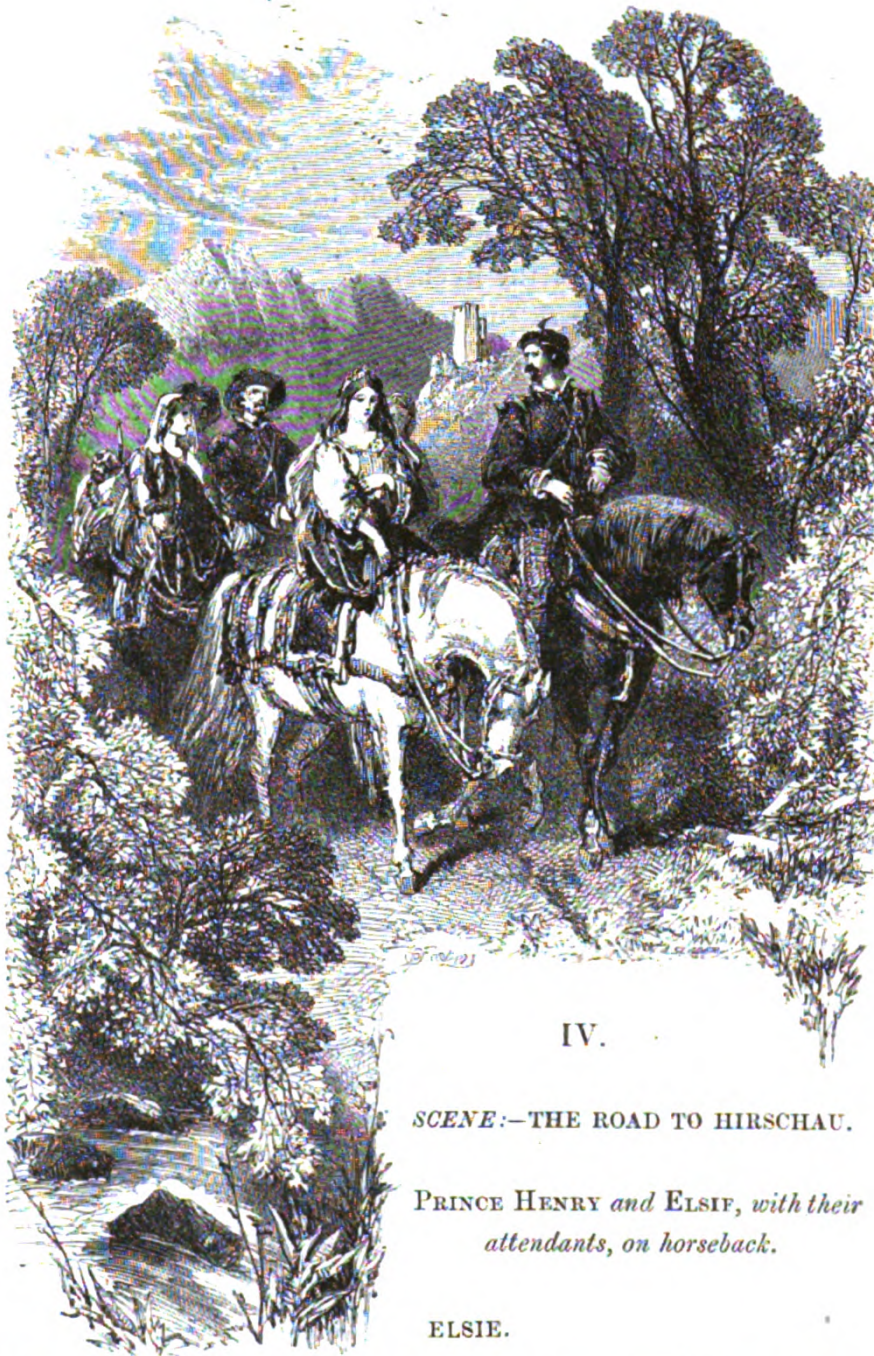
Cease to lament ! I can foresee  
 That thou hereafter known shalt be,  
 Among the men who follow me,  
 As Simon the Canaanite !



## EPILOGUE.

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





IV.

SCENE:—THE ROAD TO HIRSCHAU.

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

ELSIE.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

This life of ours is a wild Æolian harp of many a joyous  
strain,

o o



But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of  
souls in pain.

ELSIE.

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

PRINCE HENRY.

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

ELSIE.

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



## PRINCE HENRY.

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

## ELSIE.

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

## PRINCE HENRY.

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

## ELSIE.

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

*They turn down a green lane.*



ELSIE.

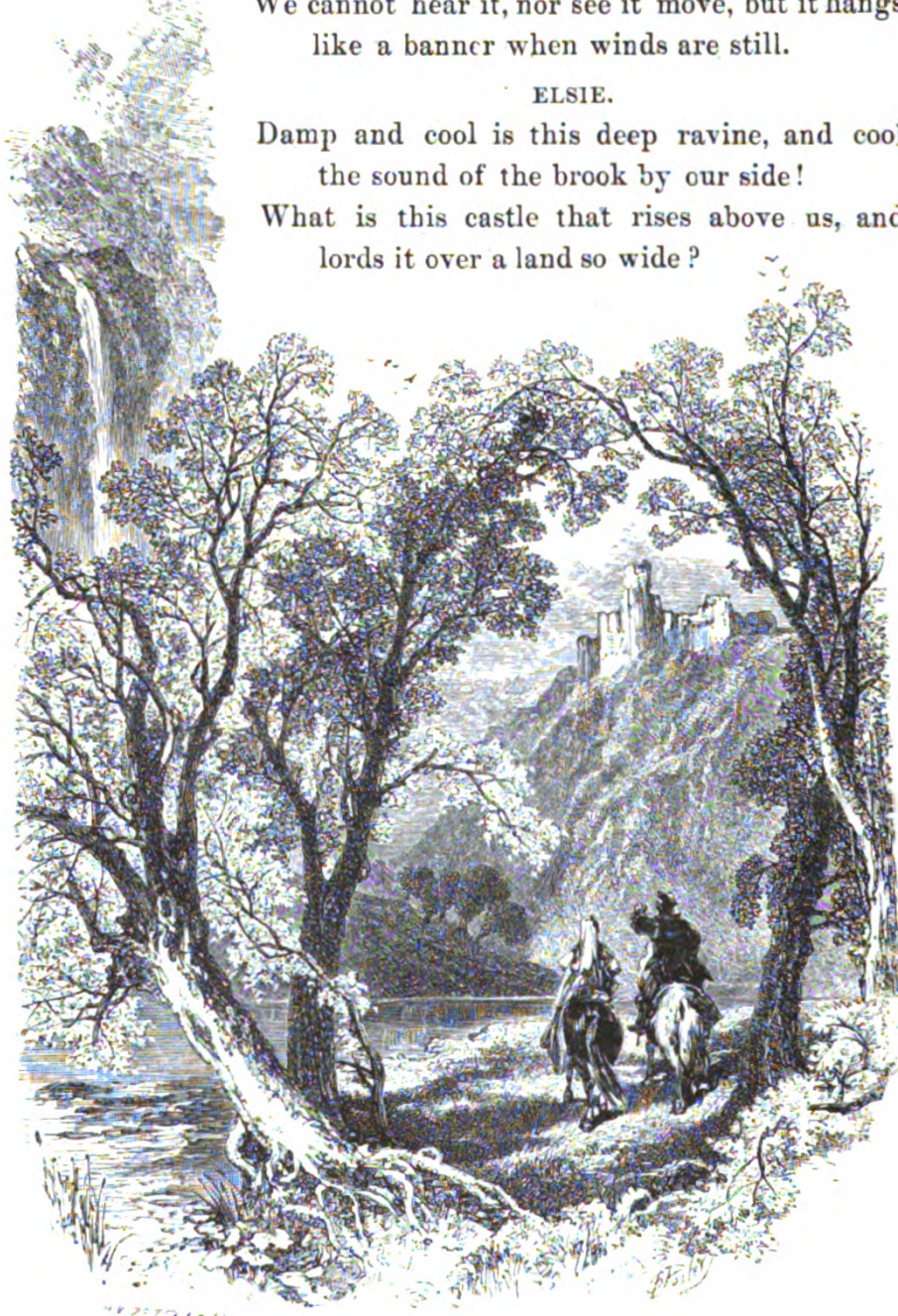
Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the valley stretching  
for miles below  
Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered with  
lightest snow.

PRINCE HENRY.

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

ELSIE.

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



## PRINCE HENRY.

It is the home of the Counts of Calva; well have I known  
these scenes of old,

Well I remember each tower and turret, remember the brook-  
let, the wood and the wold.

## ELSIE.

Hark! from the little village below us the bells of the church  
are ringing for rain!

Priests and peasants in long procession come forth and kneel  
on the arid plain.



## PRINCE HENRY.

They have not long to wait, for I see in the south uprising a  
little cloud,

That before the sun shall be set will cover the sky above us as  
with a shroud.

*They pass on.*

SCENE:—THE CONVENT OF HIRSCHAU IN THE BLACK FOREST.

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

## FRIAR CLAUS.

I ALWAYS enter this sacred place  
With a thoughtful, solemn, and reverent pace,



Pausing long enough on each stair  
 To breath an ejaculatory prayer  
 And a benediction on the vines  
 That prduce these various sorts of wines !

For my part, I am well content  
 That we have got through with the tedious Lent !  
 Fasting is all very well for those  
 Who have to contend with invisible foes ;  
 But I am quite sure it does not agree  
 With a quiet, peaceable man like me,  
 Who am not of that nervous and meagre kind  
 That are always distressed in body and mind !  
 And at times it really does me good  
 To come down among this brotherhood,

Dwelling for ever under ground,  
Silent, contemplative, round and sound;  
Each one old, and brown with mould,  
But filled to the lips with the ardour of youth,  
With the latent power and love of truth,  
And with virtues fervent and manifold.

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

Now here is a cask that stands alone,  
And has stood a hundred years or more,  
Its beard of cobwebs, long and hoar,  
Trailing and sweeping along the floor,  
Like Barbarossa, who sits in his cave,  
Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and grave,  
Till his beard has grown through the table of stone !  
It is of the quick and not of the dead !  
In its veins the blood is hot and red,  
And a heart still beats in those ribs of oak  
That time may have tamed, but has not broke !  
It comes from Bacharach on the Rhine,  
Is one of the three best kinds of wine,  
And costs some hundred florins the ohm ;

But that I do not consider dear,  
 When I remember that every year  
 Four butts are sent to the Pope of Rome,  
 And whenever a goblet thereof I drain,  
 The old rhyme keeps running in my brain :  
     At Bacharach on the Rhine,  
     At Hochheim on the Main,  
     And at Würzburg on the Stein,  
     Grow the three best kinds of wine !

They are all good wines, and better far  
 Than those of the Neckar, or those of the Ahr.  
 In particular, Würzburg well may boast  
 Of its blessed wine of the Holy Ghost,  
 Which of all wines I like the most.  
 This I shall draw for the Abbot's drinking,  
 Who seems to be much of my way of thinking.

*Fills a flagon.*

Ah, how the streamlet laughs and sings !  
 What a delicious fragrance springs  
 From the deep flagon, while it fills,  
 As of hyacinths and daffodils !  
 Between this cask and the Abbot's lips  
 Many have been the sips and slips ;  
 Many have been the draughts of wine,  
 On their way to his, that have stopped at mine ;  
 And many a time my soul has hankered  
 For a deep draught out of his silver tankard,  
 When it should have been busy with other affairs,  
 Less with its longings and more with its prayers.  
 But now there is no such awkward condition,  
 No danger of death and eternal perdition ;  
 So here 's to the Abbot and Brothers all,  
 Who dwell in this convent of Peter and Paul.

*He drinks.*

O cordial delicious ! O soother of pain !  
 It flashes like sunshine into my brain !  
 A benison rests on the Bishop who sends  
 Such a fudder of wine as this to his friends !

And now a flagon for such as may ask  
 A draught from the noble Bacharach cask,  
 And I will be gone, though I know full well  
 The cellar's a cheerfuller place than the cell.  
 Behold where he stands, all sound and good,  
 Brown and old in his oaken hood ;  
 Silent he seems externally  
 As any Carthusian monk may be ;  
 But within, what a spirit of deep unrest !  
 What a seething and simmering in his breast !  
 As if the heaving of his great heart  
 Would burst his belt of oak apart !  
 Let me unloose this button of wood,  
 And quiet a little his turbulent mood.

*Sets it running.*

See! how its currents gleam and shine,  
 As if they had caught the purple hues  
 Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine,  
 Descending and mingling with the dews ;  
 Or as if the grapes were stained with the blood  
 Of the innocent boy, who, some years back,  
 Was taken and crucified by the Jews,  
 In that ancient town of Bacharach ;  
 Perdition upon those infidel Jews,  
 In that ancient town of Bacharach !  
 The beautiful town, that gives us wine  
 With the fragrant odour of Muscadine !  
 I should deem it wrong to let this pass  
 Without first touching my lips to the glass,  
 For here in the midst of the current I stand,  
 Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of the river,  
 Taking toll upon either hand,  
 And much more grateful to the giver.

*He drinks.*

Here, now, is a very inferior kind,  
 Such as in any town you may find,  
 Such as one might imagine would suit  
 The rascal who drank wine out of a boot.



And, after all, it was not a crime,  
For he won thereby Dorf Huffsheim.  
A jolly old toper! who at a pull  
Could drink a postilion's jack-boot full,  
And ask with a laugh, when that was done,  
If the fellow had left the other one!  
This wine is as good as we can afford  
To the friars, who sit at the lower board,  
And cannot distinguish bad wine from good,  
And are far better off than if they could,  
Being rather the rude disciples of beer  
Than of anything more refined and dear!

*Fills the other flagon, and departs.*





SCENE:—THE SCRIPTORIUM.

FRIAR PACIFICUS *transcribing and illuminating.*

FRIAR PACIFICUS.

It is growing dark! Yet one line more,  
And then my work for to-day is o'er.  
I come again to the name of the Lord!  
Ere I that awful name record,  
That is spoken so lightly among men,  
Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen!  
Pure from blemish and blot must it be  
When it writes that word of mystery!

Thus have I laboured on and on,  
Nearly through the Gospel of John.  
Can it be that from the lips  
Of this same gentle Evangelist,  
That Christ Himself perhaps has kissed,

Came the dread Apocalypse!  
 It has a very awful look,  
 As it stands there at the end of the book,  
 Like the sun in an eclipse.  
 Ah me! when I think of that vision divine,  
 Think of writing it, line by line,  
 I stand in awe of the terrible curse,  
 Like the trump of doom, in the closing verse!  
 God forgive me! if ever I  
 Take aught from the book of that Prophecy,  
 Lest my part too should be taken away  
 From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day!

This is well written, though I say it!  
 I should not be afraid to display it,  
 In open day, on the self-same shelf  
 With the writings of St. Thecla herself,  
 Or of Theodosius, who of old  
 Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold!  
 That goodly folio standing yonder,  
 Without a single blot or blunder,  
 Would not bear away the palm from mine,  
 If we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter!  
 St. Ulric himself never made a better!  
 Finished down to the leaf and the snail,  
 Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail!  
 And now as I turn the volume over,  
 And see what lies between cover and cover,  
 What treasures of art these pages hold,  
 All ablaze with crimson and gold,  
 God forgive me! I seem to feel  
 A certain satisfaction steal  
 Into my heart, and into my brain,  
 As if my talent had not lain  
 Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.  
 Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,  
 Here is a copy of Thy Word,  
 Written out with much toil and pain;

Take it, O Lord, and let it be  
As something I have done for Thee!

*He looks from the window.*

How sweet the air is! How fair the scene!  
I wish I had as lovely a green  
To paint my landscapes and my leaves!  
How the swallows twitter under the eaves!  
There, now, there is one in her nest;  
I can just catch a glimpse of her head and breast,  
And will sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,  
For the margin of my Gospel book.

*He makes a sketch.*

I can see no more. Through the valley yonder  
A shower is passing; I hear the thunder  
Mutter its curses in the air,  
The Devil's own and only prayer!  
The dusty road is brown with rain,  
And, speeding on with might and main,  
Hitherward rides a gallant train.  
They do not parley, they cannot wait,  
But hurry in at the convent gate.  
What a fair lady! and beside her  
What a handsome, graceful, noble rider!  
Now she gives him her hand to alight;  
They will beg a shelter for the night.  
I will go down to the corridor,  
And try to see that face once more;  
It will do for the face of some beautiful Saint,  
Or for one of the Maries I shall paint.

*Goes out.*



SCENE:— THE CLOISTERS.

*The ABBOT ERNESTUS pacing to and fro.*

ABBOT.

SLOWLY, slowly up the wall  
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade;



Evening damps begin to fall,  
Evening shadows are displayed.  
Round me, o'er me, everywhere,  
All the sky is grand with clouds,  
And athwart the evening air  
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.  
Shafts of sunshine from the west  
Paint the dusky windows red ;  
Darker shadows, deeper rest,  
Underneath and overhead.  
Darker, darker, and more wan,  
In my breast the shadows fall ;  
Upward steals the life of man,  
As the sunshine from the wall.  
From the wall into the sky,  
From the roof along the spire ;  
Ah, the souls of those that die  
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

*Enter* PRINCE HENRY.

PRINCE HENRY.

Christ is arisen !

ABBOT.

Amen ! He is arisen !

His peace be with you !

PRINCE HENRY.

Here it reigns for ever !

The peace of God, that passeth understanding,  
Reigns in these cloisters and these corridors.  
Are you Ernestus, Abbot of the convent ?

ABBOT.

I am.

PRINCE HENRY.

And I Prince Henry of Hoheneck,  
Who crave your hospitality to-night.

ABBOT.

You are thrice welcome to our humble walls.  
You do us honour ; and we shall requite it,  
I fear, but poorly, entertaining you  
With Paschal eggs, and our poor convent wine,  
The remnants of our Easter holidays.

PRINCE HENRY.

How fares it with the holy monks of Hirschau ?  
Are all things well with them ?

ABBOT.

All things are well.

PRINCE HENRY.

A noble convent ! I have known it long  
By the report of travellers. I now see  
Their commendations lag behind the truth.  
You lie here in the valley of the Nagold  
As in a nest : and the still river, gliding

Along its bed, is like an admonition  
 How all things pass. Your lands are rich and ample,  
 And your revenues large. God's benediction  
 Rests on your convent.

ABBOT.

By our charities  
 We strive to merit it. Our Lord and Master,  
 When He departed, left us in His will,  
 As our best legacy on earth, the poor!  
 These we have always with us ; had we not,  
 Our hearts would grow as hard as are these stones.

PRINCE HENRY.

If I remember right, the Counts of Calva  
 Founded your convent.

ABBOT.

Even as you say.

PRINCE HENRY.

And, if I err not, it is very old.

ABBOT.

Within these cloisters lie already buried  
 Twelve holy Abbots. Underneath the flags  
 On which we stand, the Abbot William lies,  
 Of blessed memory.

PRINCE HENRY.

And whose tomb is that,  
 Which bears the brass escutcheon ?

ABBOT.

A benefactor's.

Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who stood  
 Godfather to our bells.

PRINCE HENRY.

Your monks are learned  
 And holy men, I trust.

ABBOT.

There are among them  
 Learned and holy men. Yet in this age

We need another Hildebrand, to shake  
 And purify us like a mighty wind.  
 The world is wicked, and sometimes I wonder  
 God does not lose His patience with it wholly,  
 And shatter it like glass! Even here, at times,  
 Within these walls, where all should be at peace,  
 I have my trials. Time has laid his hand  
 Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,  
 But as a harper lays his open palm  
 Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.  
 Ashes are on my head, and on my lips  
 Sackcloth, and in my breast a heaviness  
 And weariness of life, that makes me ready  
 To say to the dead Abbots under us,  
 "Make room for me!" Only I see the dusk  
 Of evening twilight coming, and have not  
 Completed half my task; and so at times  
 The thought of my short-comings in this life  
 Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

PRINCE HENRY.

We must all die, and not the old alone;  
 The young have no exemption from that doom.

ABBOT.

Ah, yes! the young may die, but the old must!  
 That is the difference.

PRINCE HENRY.

I have heard much laud  
 Of your transcribers. Your Scriptorium  
 Is famous among all, your manuscripts  
 Praised for their beauty and their excellence.

ABBOT.

That is indeed our boast. If you desire it,  
 You shall behold these treasures. And meanwhile  
 Shall the Refectorarius bestow  
 Your horses and attendants for the night.

*They go in. The Vesper-bell rings.*





*SCENE:—THE CHAPEL.*

*Vespers : after which the Monks retire, a Chorister leading an old Monk who is blind.*

PRINCE HENRY.

THEY are all gone, save one who lingers,  
Absorbed in deep and silent prayer.  
As if his heart could find no rest,  
At times he beats his heaving breast  
With clenched and convulsive fingers,  
Then lifts them trembling in the air.  
A chorister, with golden hair,  
Guides hitherward his heavy pace.  
Can it be so? Or does my sight  
Deceive me in the uncertain light?

Ah, no! I recognise that face,  
 Though Time has touched it in his flight,  
 And changed the auburn hair to white.  
 It is Count Hugo of the Rhine,  
 The deadliest foe of all our race,  
 And hateful unto me and mine!

## THE BLIND MONK.

Who is it that doth stand so near,  
 His whispered words I almost hear?

## PRINCE HENRY.

I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck,  
 And you, Count Hugo of the Rhine!  
 I know you, and I see the scar,  
 The brand upon your forehead, shine  
 And redden, like a baleful star!

## THE BLIND MONK.

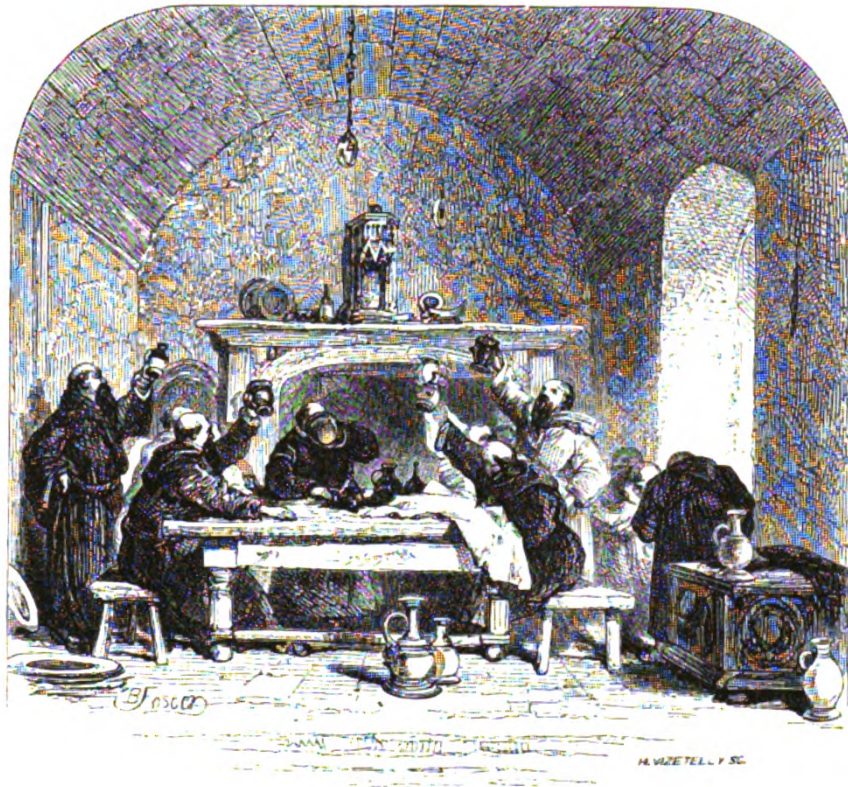
Count Hugo once, but now the wreck  
 Of what I was. O Hoheneck!  
 The passionate will, the pride, the wrath,  
 That bore me headlong on my path,  
 Stumbled and staggered into fear,  
 And failed me in my mad career,  
 As a tired steed some evil-doer,  
 Alone upon a desolate moor,  
 Bewildered, lost, deserted, blind,  
 And hearing loud and close behind  
 The o'ertaking steps of his pursuer.  
 Then suddenly from the dark there came  
 A voice that called me by my name,  
 And said to me, "Kneel down and pray!"  
 And so my terror passed away,  
 Passed utterly away for ever.  
 Contrition, penitence, remorse,  
 Came on me, with o'erwhelming force;  
 A hope, a longing, an endeavour,  
 By days of penance and nights of prayer,  
 To frustrate and defeat despair!

Calm, deep, and still is now my heart,  
 With tranquil waters overflowed ;  
 A lake whose unseen fountains start,  
 Where once the hot volcano glowed.  
 And you, O Prince of Hoheneck !  
 Have known me in that earlier time,  
 A man of violence and crime,  
 Whose passions brooked no curb nor check.  
 Behold me now, in gentler mood,  
 One of this holy brotherhood.  
 Give me your hand ; here let me kneel ;  
 Make your reproaches sharp as steel ;  
 Spurn me, and smite me on each cheek ;  
 No violence can harm the meek,  
 There is no wound Christ cannot heal !  
 Yes ; lift your princely hand, and take  
 Revenge, if 'tis revenge you seek ;  
 Then pardon me, for Jesus' sake !

PRINCE HENRY.

Arise, Count Hugo ! let there be  
 No further strife nor enmity  
 Between us twain ; we both have erred !  
 Too rash in act, too wroth in word,  
 From the beginning have we stood  
 In fierce, defiant attitude,  
 Each thoughtless of the other's right,  
 And each reliant on his might.  
 But now our souls are more subdued ;  
 The hand of God, and not in vain,  
 Has touched us with the fire of pain.  
 Let us kneel down, and side by side  
 Pray, till our souls are purified,  
 And pardon will not be denied !

*They kneel.*



SCENE:—THE REFECTORY.

*Gaudolium of Monks at Midnight. LUCIFER disguised as a Friar.*

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

AVE ! color vini clari,  
Dulcis potus, non amari,  
Tua nos inebriari  
Digneris potentia!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Not so much noise, my worthy frères,  
You'll disturb the Abbot at his prayers.

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

O ! quam placens in colore !  
O ! quam fragrans in odore !  
O ! quam sapidum in ore !  
Dulce linguæ vinculum !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

I should think your tongue had broken its chain !

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

Felix venter quem intrabis!

Felix gutter quod rigabis!

Felix os quod tu lavabis!

Et beata labia!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Peace! I say, peace!

Will you never cease?

You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell you again!

FRIAR JOHN.

No danger; to-night he will let us alone,

As I happen to know he has guests of his own.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Who are they?

FRIAR JOHN.

A German Prince and his train,

Who arrived here just before the rain.

There is with him a damsel fair to see,

As slender and graceful as a reed!

When she alighted from her steed,

It seemed like a blossom blown from a tree.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

None of your pale-faced girls for me!

None of your damsels of high degree!

FRIAR JOHN.

Come, old fellow, drink down to your peg!

But do not drink any farther, I beg!

FRIAR PAUL *sings.*

In the days of gold,

The days of old,

Cross of wood

And bishop of gold!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

What an infernal racket and riot!

Can you not take your wine in quiet?

Why fill the convent with such scandals,  
As if you were so many drunken Vandals ?

FRIAR PAUL *continues.*

Now we have changed  
That law so good,  
To cross of gold  
And bishop of wood!

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Well, then, since you are in the mood  
To give your noisy humours vent,  
Sing and shout to your heart's content!

*Chorus of monks.*

Funde vinum, funde!  
Tanquam sint fluminis undæ,  
Nec quæras unde,  
Sed fundas semper abunde!

FRIAR JOHN.

What is the name of yonder friar,  
With an eye that glows like a coal of fire,  
And such a black mass of tangled hair ?

FRIAR PAUL.

He who is sitting there,  
With a rollicking  
Devil-may-care,  
Free-and-easy look and air,  
As if he were used to such feasting and frolicking ?

FRIAR JOHN.

The same.

FRIAR PAUL.

He's a stranger. You had better ask his name,  
And where he is going, and whence he came.

FRIAR JOHN.

Hallo! Sir Friar!

FRIAR PAUL.

You must raise your voice a little higher,  
 He does not seem to hear what you say.  
 Now, try again! He is looking this way.

FRIAR JOHN.

Hallo! Sir Friar,  
 We wish to inquire  
 Whence you came, and where you are going,  
 And anything else that is worth the knowing.  
 So be so good as to open your head.

LUCIFER.

I am a Frenchman born and bred,  
 Going on a pilgrimage to Rome.  
 My home  
 Is the convent of St. Gildas de Rhuys,  
 Of which, very like, you never have heard.

MONKS.

Never a word!

LUCIFER.

You must know, then, it is in the diocese  
 Called the Diocese of Vannes,  
 In the province of Brittany,  
 From the gray rocks of Morbihan  
 It overlooks the angry sea ;  
 The very sea-shore where,  
 In his great despair,  
 Abbot Abelard walked to and fro,  
 Filling the night with woe,  
 And wailing aloud to the merciless seas  
 The name of his sweet Heloise!  
 Whilst overhead  
 The convent windows gleamed as red  
 As the fiery eyes of the monks within,  
 Who with jovial din  
 Gave themselves up to all kinds of sin!

Ha! that is a convent! that is an abbey!  
 Over the doors,  
 None of your death-heads carved in wood,  
 None of your Saints looking pious and good,  
 None of your Patriarchs old and shabby!  
 But the heads and tusks of boars,  
 And the cells  
 Hung all round with the fells  
 Of the fallow-deer.  
 And then what cheer!  
 What jolly, fat friars,  
 Sitting round the great, roaring fires,  
 Roaring louder than they,  
 With their strong wines,  
 And their concubines,  
 And never a bell,  
 With its swagger and swell,  
 Calling you up with a start of affright  
 In the dead of night,  
 To send you grumbling down dark stairs,  
 To mumble your prayers.  
 But the cheery crow  
 Of cocks in the yard below,  
 After daybreak an hour or so,  
 And the barking of deep-mouthed hounds;  
 These are the sounds  
 That, instead of bells, salute the ear.  
 And then all day  
 Up and away  
 Through the forest, hunting the deer!  
 Ah, my friends! I'm afraid that here  
 You are a little too pious, a little too tame,  
 And the more is the shame.  
 'T is the greatest folly  
 Not to be jolly;  
 That's what I think!  
 Come, drink, drink,  
 Drink, and die game!

MONKS.

And your Abbot What's-his-name?



LUCIFER.

Abelard!

MONKS.

Did he drink hard?

LUCIFER.

O, no! Not he!  
 He was a dry old fellow,  
 Without juice enough to get thoroughly mellow.  
 There he stood,  
 Lowering at us in sullen mood,  
 As if he had come into Brittany  
 Just to reform our brotherhood!

*A roar of laughter.*

But you see  
 It never would do!  
 For some of us knew a thing or two,  
 In the Abbey of St. Gildas de Rhuys!  
 For instance, the great ado  
 With old Fulbert's niece,  
 The young and lovely Heloise!

FRIAR JOHN.

Stop there, if you please,  
 Till we drink to the fair Heloise!

*ALL, drinking and shouting.*

Heloise! Heloise;

*The Chapel-bell tolls.*LUCIFER, *starting.*

What is that bell for? Are you such asses  
 As to keep up the fashion of midnight masses?

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

It is only a poor, unfortunate brother,  
 Who is gifted with most miraculous powers  
 Of getting up at all sorts of hours,  
 And, by way of penance and Christian meekness,  
 Of creeping silently out of his cell  
 To take a pull at that hideous bell;

So that all the monks who are lying awake  
 May murmur some kind of prayer for his sake  
 And adapted to his peculiar weakness.

FRIAR JOHN.

From frailty and fall—

ALL.

Good Lord, deliver us all.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

And before the bell for matins sounds,  
 He takes his lantern, and goes the rounds,  
 Flashing it into our sleepy eyes,  
 Merely to say it is time to arise.  
 But enough of that. Go on, if you please,  
 With your story about St. Gildas de Rhuys.

LUCIFER.

Well, it finally came to pass  
 That, half in fun and half in malice,  
 One Sunday at Mass  
 We put some poison into the chalice.  
 But, either by accident or design,  
 Peter Abelard kept away  
 From the chapel that day,  
 And a poor, young friar, who in his stead  
 Drank the sacramental wine,  
 Fell on the steps of the altar, dead !  
 But look ! do you see at the window there  
 That face, with a look of grief and despair,  
 That ghastly face, as of one in pain ?

MONKS.

Who ? where ?

LUCIFER.

As I spoke, it vanished away again.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

It is that nefarious  
 Siebald the Refectorarius.

That fellow is always playing the scout,  
 Creeping and peeping and prowling about ;  
 And then he regales  
 The Abbot with scandalous tales.

LUCIFER.

A spy in the convent ? One of the brothers  
 Telling scandalous tales of the others ?  
 Out upon him, the lazy loon !  
 I would put a stop to that pretty soon,  
 In a way he should rue it.

MONKS.

How shall we do it ?

LUCIFER.

Do you, Brother Paul,  
 Creep under the window, close to the wall,  
 And open it suddenly when I call.  
 Then seize the villain by the hair,  
 And hold him there,  
 And punish him soundly, once for all.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

As St. Dunstan of old,  
 We are told,  
 Once caught the devil by the nose !

LUCIFER.

Ha! ha! that story is very clever,  
 But has no foundation whatsoever.  
 Quick! for I see his face again  
 Glaring in at the window-pane ;  
 Now! now! and do not spare your blows.

FRIAR PAUL *opens the window suddenly, and seizes SIEBALD.*

*They beat him.*

FRIAR SIEBALD.

Help! help! are you going to slay me ?

FRIAR PAUL.

That will teach you again to betray me !

FRIAR SIEBALD.

Mercy! mercy!

FRIAR PAUL, *shouting and beating.*

Rumpas bellorum lorum,

Vim confer amorum

Morum verorum, rorum

Tu plena polorum !

LUCIFER.

Who stands in the doorway yonder,  
 Stretching out his trembling hand,  
 Just as Abelard used to stand.  
 The flash of his keen, black eyes,  
 Forerunning the thunder ?

THE MONKS, *in confusion.*

The Abbot ! the Abbot !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

And what is the wonder ?  
 He seems to have taken you by surprise.

FRIAR FRANCIS.

Hide the great flagon  
 From the eyes of the dragon !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Pull the brown hood over your face !  
 This will bring us into disgrace !

ABBOT.

What means this revel and carouse ?  
 Is this a tavern and drinking-house ?  
 Are you Christian monks, or heathen devils,  
 To pollute this convent with your revels ?  
 Were Peter Damian still upou earth,  
 To be shocked by such ungodly mirth,  
 He would write your names, with pen of gall,  
 In his Book of Gomorrah, one and all !  
 Away, you drunkards ! to your cells,  
 And pray till you hear the matin-bells ;

You, Brother Francis, and you, Brother Paul !  
 And as a penance mark each prayer  
 With the scourge upon your shoulders bare :  
 Nothing atones for such a sin  
 But the blood that follows the discipline.  
 And you, Brother Cuthbert, come with me  
 Alone into the sacristy ;  
 You, who should be a guide to your brothers,  
 And are ten times worse than all the others,  
 For you I've a draught that has long been brewing,  
 You shall do a penance worth the doing !  
 Away to your prayers, then, one and all !  
 I wonder the very convent wall  
 Does not crumble and crush you in its fall !

—◆—

SCENE:—THE NEIGHBOURING NUNNERY.

*The ABBESS IRMINGARD sitting with ELISIE in the moonlight.*

IRMINGARD.

THE night is silent, the wind is still,  
 The moon is looking from yonder hill  
 Down upon convent, and grove, and garden ;  
 The clouds have passed away from her face,  
 Leaving behind them no sorrowful trace,  
 Only the tender and quiet grace  
 Of one, whose heart has been healed with pardon !

And such am I. My soul within  
 Was dark with passion and soiled with sin.  
 But now its wounds are healed again ;  
 Gone are the anguish, the terror, and pain ;  
 For across that desolate land of woe,  
 O'er whose burning sands I was forced to go,  
 A wind from heaven began to blow ;  
 And all my being trembled and shook,  
 As the leaves of the tree, or the grass of the field,  
 And I was healed, as the sick are healed,  
 When fanned by the leaves of the Holy Book !



As thou sittest in the moonlight there,  
Its glory flooding thy golden hair,  
And the only darkness that which lies  
In the haunted chambers of thine eyes,  
I feel my soul drawn unto thee,  
Strangely, and strongly, and more and more,  
As to one I have known and loved before ;  
For every soul is akin to me  
That dwells in the land of mystery !  
I am the Lady Irmingard,  
Born of a noble race and name !  
Many a wandering Suabian bard,  
Whose life was dreary, and bleak, and hard,

Has found through me the way to fame.  
Brief and bright were those days, and the night  
Which followed was full of a lurid light.  
Love, that of every woman's heart  
Will have the whole, and not a part,  
That is to her, in Nature's plan,  
More than ambition is to man,  
Her light, her life, her very breath,  
With no alternative but death,  
Found me a maiden soft and young,  
Just from the convent's cloistered school,  
And seated on my lowly stool, · ·  
Attentive while the minstrels sung.

Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,  
Fairest, noblest, best of all,  
Was Walter of the Vogelweid;



And, whatsoever may betide,  
Still I think of him with pride !  
His song was of the summer-time,  
The very birds sang in his rhyme ;  
The sunshine, the delicious air,  
The fragrance of the flowers, were there ;  
And I grew restless as I heard,  
Restless and buoyant as a bird,  
Down soft, aërial currents sailing,  
O'er blossomed orchards, and fields in bloom,  
And through the momentary gloom  
Of shadows o'er the landscape trailing,  
Yielding and borne I knew not where,  
But feeling resistance unavailing.

And thus, unnoticed and apart,  
And more by accident than choice,  
I listened to that single voice  
Until the chambers of my heart  
Were filled with it by night and day.  
One night,—it was a night in May,—  
Within the garden, unawares,  
Under the blossoms in the gloom,  
I heard it utter my own name  
With protestations and wild prayers :  
And it rang through me, and became  
Like the archangel's trump of doom,  
Which the soul hears, and must obey ;  
And mine arose as from a tomb.  
My former life now seemed to me  
Such as hereafter death may be,  
When in the great Eternity  
We shall awake and find it day.

It was a dream, and would not stay ;  
A dream, that in a single night  
Faded and vanished out of sight.  
My father's anger followed fast  
This passion, as a freshening blast



Seeks out and fans the fire, whose rage  
It may increase, but not assuage.  
And he exclaimed : " No wandering bard  
Shall win thy hand, O Irmingard !  
For which Prince Henry of Hoheneck  
By messenger and letter sues."

Gently, but firmly, I replied :

" Henry of Hoheneck I discard !

Never the hand of Irmingard  
Shall lie in his as the hand of a bride !"

This said I, Walter, for thy sake ;

This said I, for I could not choose.

After a pause, my father spake

In that cold and deliberate tone

Which turns the hearer into stone,

And seems itself the act to be

That follows with such dread certainty ;

" This, or the cloister and the veil !"

No other words than these he said,

But they were like a funeral wail ;

My life was ended, my heart was dead.

That night from the castle-gate went down,

With silent, slow, and stealthy pace,

Two shadows, mounted on shadowy steeds,

Taking the narrow path that leads

Into the forest dense and brown.

In the leafy darkness of the place,

One could not distinguish form nor face,

Only a bulk without a shape,

A darker shadow in the shade ;

One scarce could say it moved or stayed.

Thus it was we made our escape !

A foaming brook, with many a bound,

Followed us like a playful hound ;

Then leaped before us, and in the hollow

Paused, and waited for us to follow,

And seemed impatient, and afraid

That our tardy flight should be betrayed

By the sound our horses' hoof-beats made.



And when we reached the plain below,  
We paused a moment and drew rein  
To look back at the castle again ;  
And we saw the windows all aglow  
With lights, that were passing to and fro ;  
Our hearts with terror ceased to beat ;  
The brook crept silent to our feet ;  
We knew what most we feared to know.  
Then suddenly horns began to blow ;  
And we heard a shout, and a heavy tramp,  
And our horses snorted in the damp  
Night-air of the meadows green and wide,  
And in a moment, side by side,

So close, they must have seemed but one,  
The shadows across the moonlight run,  
And another came, and swept behind,  
Like the shadow of clouds before the wind!  
How I remember that breathless flight  
Across the moors, in the summer night!  
How under our feet the long, white road,  
Backward like a river flowed,  
Sweeping with it fences and hedges,  
Whilst farther away, and overhead,  
Paler than I, with fear and dread,  
The moon fled with us, as we fled  
Along the forest's jagged edges!

All this I can remember well;  
But of what afterwards befell  
I nothing farther can recall  
Than a blind, desperate, headlong fall;  
The rest is a blank and darkness all.  
When I awoke out of this swoon,  
The sun was shining, not the moon,  
Making a cross upon the wall  
With the bars of my windows narrow and tall;  
And I prayed to it, as I had been wont to pray,  
From early childhood, day by day,  
Each morning, as in bed I lay!  
I was lying again in my own room!  
And I thanked God, in my fever and pain,  
That those shadows on the midnight plain  
Were gone, and could not come again!  
I struggled no longer with my doom!

This happened many years ago.  
I left my father's home to come,  
Like Catherine to her martyrdom,  
For blindly I esteemed it so.  
And when I heard the convent door  
Behind me close, to open no more,  
I felt it smite me like a blow.  
Through all my limbs a shudder ran,

And on my bruised spirit fell  
The dampness of my narrow cell,  
As night-air on a wounded man,  
Giving intolerable pain.

But now a better life began.  
I felt the agony decrease  
By slow degrees, then wholly cease,  
Ending in perfect rest and peace!  
It was not apathy, nor dulness,  
That weighed and pressed upon my brain,  
But the same passion I had given  
To earth before, now turned to heaven  
With all its overflowing fulness.

Alas! the world is full of peril!  
The path that runs through the fairest meads,  
On the sunniest side of the valley, leads  
Into a region bleak and sterile!  
Alike in the high-born and the lowly,  
The will is feeble, and passion strong.  
We cannot sever right from wrong;  
Some falsehood mingles with all truth;  
Nor is it strange the heart of youth  
Should waver and comprehend but slowly  
The things that are holy and unholy!  
But in this sacred and calm retreat,  
We are all well and safely shielded  
From winds that blow, and waves that beat,  
From the cold, and rain, and blighting heat,  
To which the strongest hearts have yielded.  
Here we stand as the Virgins Seven,  
For our celestial bridegroom yearning;  
Our hearts are lamps for ever burning,  
With a steady and unwavering flame,  
Pointing upward, for ever the same,  
Steadily upward toward the Heaven!

The moon is hidden behind a cloud;  
A sudden darkness fills the room,

And thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,  
 Shine like jewels in a shroud.  
 On the leaves is a sound of falling rain ;  
 A bird, awakened in its nest,  
 Gives a faint twitter of unrest,  
 Then smoothes its plumes and sleeps again.  
 No other sounds than these I hear ;  
 The hour of midnight must be near.  
 Thou art o'erspent with the day's fatigue  
 Of riding many a dusty league ;  
 Sink, then, gently to thy slumber ;  
 Me so many cares encumber,  
 So many ghosts, and forms of fright,  
 Have started from their graves to-night,  
 They have driven sleep from mine eyes away :  
 I will go down to the chapel and pray.

---

V.

*SCENE*:—A COVERED BRIDGE AT LUCERNE.

PRINCE HENRY.

GOD'S blessing on the architects who build  
 The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses,  
 Before impassable to human feet,  
 No less than on the builders of cathedrals,  
 Whose massive walls are bridges thrown across  
 The dark and terrible abyss of Death.  
 Well has the name of Pontifex been given  
 Unto the Church's head, as the chief builder  
 And architect of the invisible bridge  
 That leads from earth to heaven.

ELSIE.

How dark it grows!  
 What are these paintings on the walls around us ?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance Macaber !

ELSIE.

What ?

PRINCE HENRY.

The Dance of Death !

All that go to and fro must look upon it,  
Mindful of what they shall be, while beneath,  
Among the wooden piles, the turbulent river  
Rushes, impetuous as the river of life.  
With dimpling eddies, ever green and bright,  
Save where the shadow of this bridge falls on it.

ELSIE.

O, yes ! I see it now !

PRINCE HENRY.

The grim musician

Leads all men through the mazes of that dance,  
To different sounds in different measures moving ;  
Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes a drum,  
To tempt or terrify.

ELSIE.

What is this picture ?

PRINCE HENRY.

It is a young man singing to a nun,  
Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneeling  
'Turns round to look at him ; and Death, meanwhile,  
Is putting out the candles on the altar !

ELSIE.

Ah, what a pity 't is that she should listen  
Unto such songs, when in her orisons  
She might have heard in heaven the angels singing !

PRINCE HENRY.

Here he has stolen a jester's cap and bells,  
And dances with the Queen.

ELSIE.

A foolish jest !

PRINCE HENRY.

And here the heart of the new-wedded wife,  
Coming from church with her belovèd lord,  
He startles with the rattle of his drum.

ELSIE.

Ah, that is sad! And yet perhaps 't is best  
That she should die, with all the sunshine on her,  
And all the benedictions of the morning,  
Before this affluence of golden light  
Shall fade into a cold and clouded gray,  
Then into darkness!

PRINCE HENRY.

Under it is written,  
"Nothing but death shall separate thee and me!"

ELSIE.

And what is this, that follows close upon it?

PRINCE HENRY.

Death, playing on a dulcimer. Behind him,  
A poor old woman, with a rosary,  
Follows the sound, and seems to wish her feet  
Were swifter to o'ertake him. Underneath,  
The inscription reads, "Better is Death than Life."

ELSIE.

Better is Death than Life! Ah, yes! to thousands  
Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings  
That song of consolation, till the air  
Rings with it, and they cannot choose but follow  
Whither he leads. And not the old alone,  
But the young also hear it, and are still.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yes, in their sadder moments. 'T is the sound  
Of their own hearts they hear, half full of tears,  
Which are like crystal cups, half filled with water,  
Responding to the pressure of a finger  
With music sweet and low and melancholy.  
Let us go forward, and no longer stay

In this great picture-gallery of Death!  
I hate it! ay, the very thought of it!

ELSIE.

Why is it hateful to you?

PRINCE HENRY.

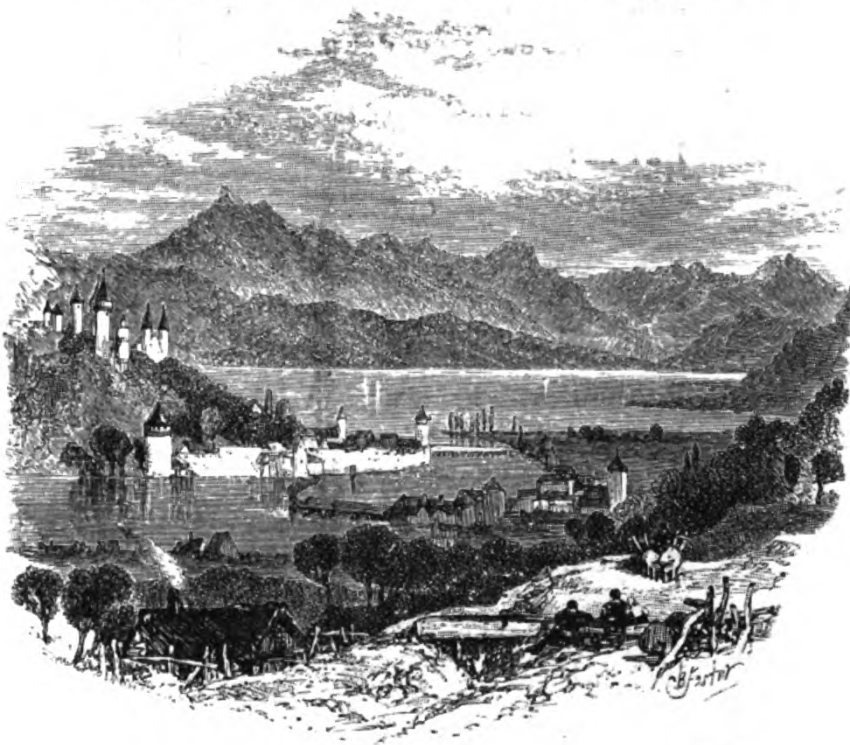
For the reason  
That life, and all that speaks of life, is lovely,  
And death, and all that speaks of death, is hateful.

ELSIE.

The grave itself is but a covered bridge,  
Leading from light to light, through a brief dark ness.

PRINCE HENRY, *emerging from the bridge.*

I breathe again more freely! Ah, how pleasant  
To come once more into the light of day,  
Out of that shadow of death! To hear again  
The hoof-beats of our horses on firm ground,  
And not upon those hollow planks, resounding  
With a sepulchral echo, like the clods  
On coffins in a churchyard! Yonder lies  
The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns, appavelled





In light, and lingering, like a village maiden,  
 Hid in the bosom of her native mountains,  
 Then pouring all her life into another's,  
 Changing her name and being! Overhead,  
 Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,  
 Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

*They pass on.*

---

SCENE:—THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE crossing, with attendants.

GUIDE.

THIS bridge is called the Devil's Bridge.  
 With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,  
 It leaps across the terrible chasm  
 Yawning beneath us, black and deep,  
 As if, in some convulsive spasm,  
 The summits of the hills had cracked,  
 And made a road for the cataract,  
 That raves and rages down the steep!

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha!

GUIDE.

Never any bridge but this  
 Could stand across the wild abyss;  
 All the rest, of wood or stone,  
 By the Devil's hand were overthrown.  
 He toppled crags from the precipice,  
 And whatsoever was built by day  
 In the night was swept away;  
 None could stand but this alone.

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha! ha!



## GUIDE.

I showed you in the valley a boulder  
Marked with the imprint of his shoulder ;  
As he was bearing it up this way,  
A peasant, passing, cried " Herr Jé !"  
And the Devil dropped it in his fright,  
And vanished suddenly out of sight !

LUCIFER, *under the bridge.*

Ha ! ha !

## GUIDE.

Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel,  
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,  
Built this at last, with a single arch,  
Under which, on its endless march,  
Runs the river, white with foam,  
Like a thread through the eye of a needle,  
And the Devil promised to let it stand,  
Under compact and condition  
That the first living thing which crossed  
Should be surrendered into his hand,  
And be beyond redemption lost.

*LUCIFER, under the bridge.*

Ha! ha! perdition!

## GUIDE.

At length the bridge being all completed,  
The Abbot, standing at its head,  
Threw across it a loaf of bread,  
Which a hungry dog sprang after,  
And the rocks re-echoed with peals of laughter  
To see the Devil thus defeated!

*They pass on.*

*LUCIFER, under the bridge.*

Ha! ha! defeated!  
For journeys and for crimes like this  
I let the bridge stand o'er the abyss!



SCENE:—THE ST. GOTHARD PASS.

PRINCE HENRY.

THIS is the highest point. Two ways the rivers  
Leap down to different seas, and as they roll  
Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence  
Becomes a benefaction to the towns



They visit, wandering silently among them,  
Like patriarchs old among their shining tents.

ELSIE.

How bleak and bare it is! Nothing but mosses  
Grow on these rocks.

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yet are they not forgotten ;  
Beneficent Nature sends the mists to feed them.

ELSIE.

See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft  
So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away  
Over the snowy peaks ! It seems to me  
The body of St. Catherine, borne by angels !

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou art St. Catherine, and invisible angels  
Bear thee across these chasms and precipices,  
Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet against a stone !

ELSIE.

Would I were borne unto my grave, as she was,  
Upon angelic shoulders ! Even now  
I seem uplifted by them, light as air !  
What sound is that ?

PRINCE HENRY.

The tumbling avalanches

ELSIE.

How awful, yet how beautiful !

PRINCE HENRY.

These are  
The voices of the mountains ! Thus they ope  
Their snowy lips, and speak unto each other,  
In the primeval language, lost to man.

ELSIE.

What land is this that spreads itself beneath us ?

PRINCE HENRY.

Italy ! Italy !

ELSIE.

Land of the madonna !  
How beautiful it is ! It seems a garden  
Of Paradise !



## PRINCE HENRY.

Nay, of Gethsemane  
 To thee and me, of passion and of prayer!  
 Yet once of Paradise. Long years ago  
 I wandered as a youth among its bowers,  
 And never from my heart has faded quite  
 Its memory, that, like a summer sunset,  
 Encircles with a ring of purple light  
 All the horizon of my youth.

## GUIDE.

O friends ;  
 The days are short, the way before us long ;  
 We must not linger, if we think to reach  
 The inn at Belinzona before vespers !

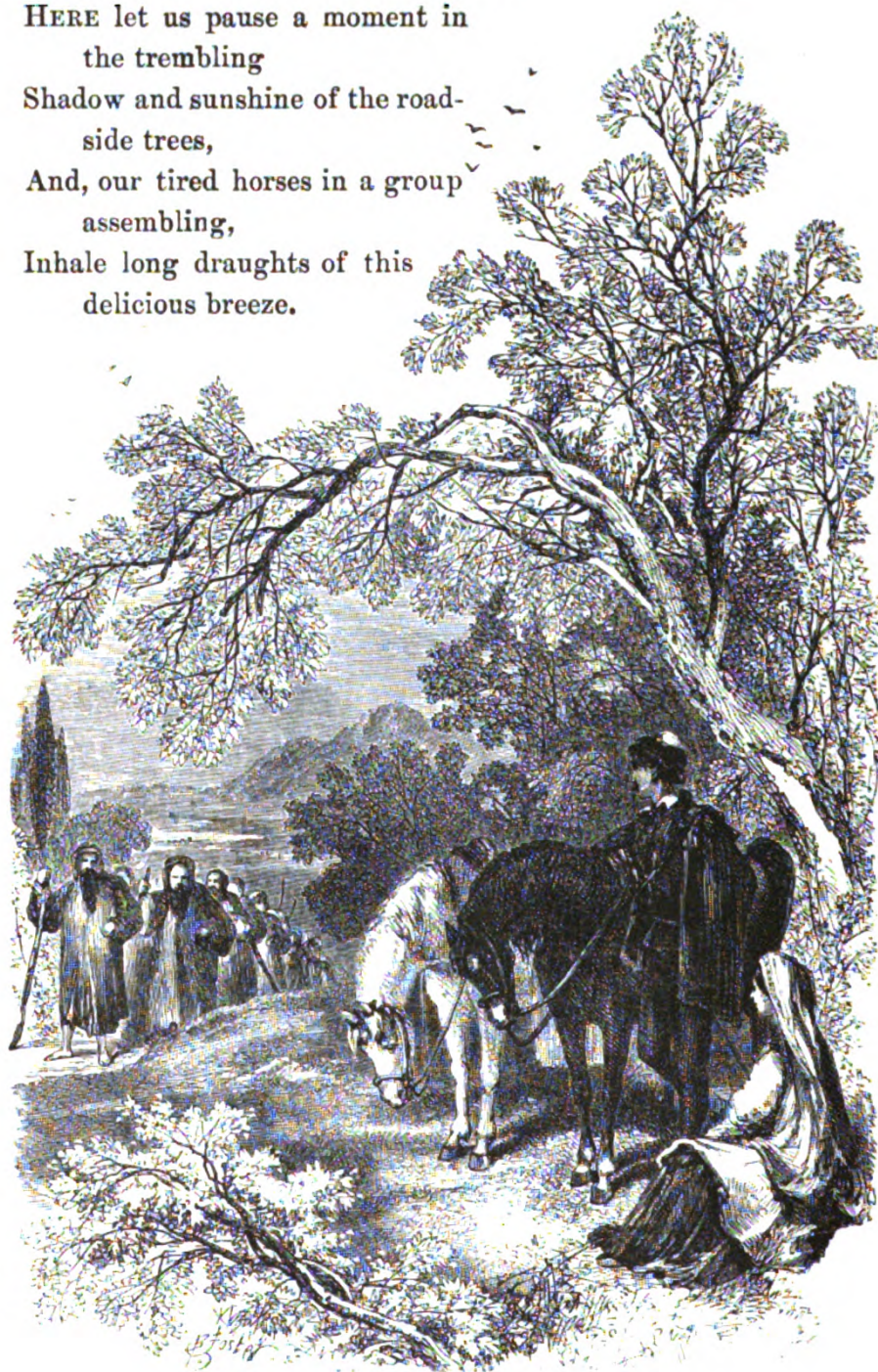
*They pass on.*

*SCENE:—AT THE FOOT OF THE ALPS.*

*A halt under the trees at noon.*

PRINCE HENRY.

HERE let us pause a moment in  
the trembling  
Shadow and sunshine of the road-  
side trees,  
And, our tired horses in a group  
assembling,  
Inhale long draughts of this  
delicious breeze.



Our fleeter steeds have distanced our attendants ;  
 They lag behind us with a slower pace ;  
 We will await them under the green pendants  
 Of the great willows in this shady place.  
 Ho, Barbarossa ! how thy mottled haunches  
 Sweat with this canter over hill and glade !  
 Stand still, and let these overhanging branches  
 Fan thy hot sides and comfort thee with shade !

ELSIE.

What a delightful landscape spreads before us,  
 Marked with a whitewashed cottage here and there !  
 And, in luxuriant garlands drooping o'er us,  
 Blossoms of grape-vines scent the sunny air.

PRINCE HENRY.

Hark ! what sweet sounds are those, whose accents  
                   holy  
 Fill the warm noon with music sad and sweet !

ELSIE.

It is a band of pilgrims, moving slowly  
 On their long journey, with uncovered feet.

PILGRIMS, *chanting the hymn of St. Hildebert.*

Me receptet Sion illa,  
 Sion David, urbs tranquilla,  
 Cujus faber auctor lucis,  
 Cujus portæ lignum crucis,  
 Cujus claves lingua Petri,  
 Cujus cives semper læti,  
 Cujus muri lapis vivus,  
 Cujus custos Rex festivus !

LUCIFER, *as a Friar in the procession.*

Here am I, too, in the pious band,  
 In the garb of a barefooted Carmelite dressed !  
 The soles of my feet are as hard and tanned  
 As the conscience of old Pope Hildebrand,  
 The Holy Satan, who made the wives  
 Of the bishops lead such shameful lives.



All day long I beat my breast,  
 And chant with a most particular zest  
 The Latin hymns, which I understand  
 Quite as well, I think, as the rest.  
 And at night such lodging in barns and sheds,  
 Such a hurly-burly in country inns,  
 Such a clatter of tongues in empty heads,  
 Such a helter-skelter of prayers and sins!  
 Of all the contrivances of the time  
 For sowing broadcast the seeds of crime.  
 There is none so pleasing to me and mine  
 As a pilgrimage to some far-off shrine!

## PRINCE HENRY.

If from the outward man we judge the inner,  
 And cleanliness is godliness, I fear  
 A hopeless reprobate, a hardened sinner,  
 Must be that Carmelite now passing near.

## LUCIFER.

There is my German Prince again,  
 Thus far on his journey to Salern,  
 And the love-sick girl, whose heated brain  
 Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain;  
 But it's a long road that has no turn!  
 Let them quietly hold their way,  
 I have also a part in the play  
 But, first, I must act to my heart's content  
 This mummery and this merriment,  
 And drive this motley flock of sheep  
 Into the fold, where drink and sleep  
 The jolly old friars of Benevent.  
 Of a truth, it often provokes me to laugh  
 To see these beggars hobble along,  
 Lamed and maimed, and fed upon chaff,  
 Chanting their wonderful piff and paff,  
 And, to make up for not understanding the song,  
 Singing it fiercely, and wild, and strong!  
 Were it not for my magic garters and staff,  
 And the goblets of goodly wine I quaff,

And the mischief I make in the idle throng,  
I should not continue the business long.

PILGRIMS, *chanting*.

In hâc urbe, lux solennis,  
Ver æternum, pax perennis ;  
In hâc odor implens cœlos,  
In hâc semper festum melos !

PRINCE HENRY.

Do you observe that monk among the train,  
Who pours from his great throat the roaring bass.  
As a cathedral spout pours out the rain,  
And this way turns his rubicund, round face ?

ELSIE.

It is the same who, on the Strasburg square,  
Preached to the people in the open air.

PRINCE HENRY.

And he has crossed o'er mountain, field, and fell,  
On that good steed, that seems to bear him well,  
The hackney of the Friars of Orders Gray,  
His own stout legs ! He, too, was in the play,  
Both as King Herod and Ben Israel.  
Good morrow, Friar !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Good morrow, noble Sir !

PRINCE HENRY.

I speak in German, for, unless I err,  
You are a German.

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

I cannot gainsay you.  
But by what instinct, or what secret sign,  
Meeting me here, do you straightway divine  
That northward of the Alps my country lies ?

PRINCE HENRY.

Your accent, like St. Peter's, would betray you,  
Did not your yellow beard and your blue eyes.

Moreover, we have seen your face before,  
 And heard you preach at the Cathedral door  
 On Easter Sunday, in the Strasburg square.  
 We were among the crowd that gathered there,  
 And saw you play the Rabbi with great skill,  
 As if, by leaning o'er so many years  
 To walk with little children, your own will  
 Had caught a childish attitude from theirs,  
 A kind of stooping in its form and gait,  
 And could no longer stand erect and straight.  
 Whence come you now ?

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

From the old monastery  
 Of Hirschau, in the forest ; being sent  
 Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent,  
 To see the image of the Virgin Mary,  
 That moves its holy eyes, and sometimes speaks,  
 And lets the piteous tears run down its cheeks,  
 To touch the hearts of the impenitent.

PRINCE HENRY.

O, had I faith, as in the days gone by,  
 That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery !

LUCIFER, *at a distance.*

Ho, Cuthbert ! Friar Cuthbert !

FRIAR CUTHBERT.

Farewell, Prince !  
 I cannot stay to argue and convince.

PRINCE HENRY.

This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,  
 Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer !  
 All hearts are touched and softened at her name ;  
 Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand,  
 The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,  
 The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,

Pay homage to her as one ever present !  
 And even as children, who have much offended  
 A too indulgent father, in great shame,  
 Penitent, and yet not daring unattended  
 To go into his presence, at the gate  
 Speak with their sister, and confiding wait,  
 Till she goes in before and intercedes ;  
 So men, repenting of their evil deeds,  
 And yet not venturing rashly to draw near  
 With their requests an angry Father's ear,  
 Offer to her their prayers and their confession,  
 And she for them in heaven makes intercession.  
 And if our Faith had given us nothing more  
 Than this example of all womanhood,  
 So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,  
 So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,  
 This were enough to prove it higher and truer  
 Than all the creeds the world had known before.

PILGRIMS, *chanting afar off.*

Urbs cœlestis, urbs beata,  
 Supra petram collocata,  
 Urbs in portu satis tuto  
 De longinquo te saluto,  
 Te saluto, te suspiro,  
 Te affecto, te requiro !

SCENE:—THE INN AT GENOA.

*A Terrace overlooking the Sea. Night.*

PRINCE HENRY.

It is the sea, it is the sea,  
 In all its vague immensity,  
 Fading and darkening in the distance !  
 Silent, majestic, and slow,  
 The white ships haunt it to and fro,

With all their ghostly sails unfurled,  
 As phantoms from another world  
 Haunt the dim confines of existence !  
 But ah ! how few can comprehend  
 Their signals, or to what good end  
 From land to land they come and go !  
 Upon a sea more vast and dark  
 The spirits of the dead embark,  
 All voyaging to unknown coasts.  
 We wave our farewells from the shore,  
 And they depart, and come no more,  
 Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.

Above the darksome sea of death  
 Looms the great life that is to be,  
 A land of cloud and mystery,  
 A dim mirage, with shapes of men  
 Long dead, and passed beyond our ken.  
 Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath  
 Till the fair pageant vanisheth,  
 Leaving us in perplexity,  
 And doubtful whether it has been  
 A vision of the world unseen,  
 Or a bright image of our own  
 Against the sky in vapours thrown.

LUCIFER, *singing from the sea.*

Thou didst not make it, thou canst not mend it,  
 But thou hast the power to end it !  
 The sea is silent, the sea is discreet,  
 Deep it lies at thy very feet ;  
 There is no confessor like unto Death !  
 Thou canst not see him, but he is near ;  
 Thou needst not whisper above thy breath,  
 And he will hear ;  
 He will answer the questions,  
 The vague surmises and suggestions,  
 That fill thy soul with doubt and fear !

## PRINCE HENRY.

The fisherman, who lies afloat,  
 With shadowy sail, in yonder boat,  
 Is singing softly to the Night!  
 But do I comprehend aright  
 The meaning of the words he sung  
 So sweetly in his native tongue?  
 Ah, yes! the sea is still and deep.  
 All things within its bosom sleep!  
 A single step, and all is o'er;  
 A plunge, a bubble, and no more;  
 And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be free  
 From martyrdom and agony.

*ELSIE, coming from her chamber upon the terrace.*

The night is calm and cloudless,  
 And as still as still can be,  
 And the stars come forth to listen  
 To the music of the sea.  
 They gather, and gather, and gather,  
 Until they crowd the sky,  
 And listen, in breathless silence,  
 To the solemn litany.  
 It begins in rocky caverns,  
 As a voice that chants alone  
 To the pedals of the organ  
 In monotonous undertone;  
 And anon from shelving beaches,  
 And shallow sands beyond,  
 In snow-white robes uprising  
 The ghostly choirs respond.  
 And sadly and unceasing  
 The mournful voice sings on,  
 And the snow-white choirs still answer  
 Christe eleison!

## PRINCE HENRY.

Angel of God! thy finer sense perceives  
 Celestial and perpetual harmonies!

Thy purer soul, that trembles and believes,  
Hears the archangel's trumpet in the breeze,  
And where the forest rolls, or ocean heaves,  
Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas,  
And tongues of prophets speaking in the leaves.  
But I hear discord only and despair,  
And whispers as of demons in the air!





*SCENE:—AT SEA.*

IL PADRONE.

THE wind upon our quarter lies,  
And on before the freshening gale,  
That fills the snow-white lateen sail,  
Swiftly our light felucca flies.  
Around, the billows burst and foam ;  
They lift her o'er the sunken rock,  
They beat her sides with many a shock,  
And then upon their flowing dome  
They poise her, like a weathercock !  
Between us and the western skies  
The hills of Corsica arise ;  
Eastward, in yonder long, blue line,  
The summits of the Apennine,  
And southward, and still far away,  
Salerno, on its sunny bay.  
You cannot see it, where it lies.



PRINCE HENRY.

Ah, would that never more mine eyes  
Might see its towers by night or day'

ELSIE.

Behind us, dark and awfully,  
There comes a cloud out of the sea,  
That bears the form of a hunted deer,  
With hide of brown, and hoofs of black,  
And antlers laid upon its back,  
And fleeing fast and wild with fear,  
As if the hounds were on its track!

PRINCE HENRY.

Lo! while we gaze, it breaks and falls  
In shapeless masses, like the walls  
Of a burnt city. Broad and red  
The fires of the descending sun  
Glare through the windows, and o'erhead,  
Athwart the vapours, dense and dun,  
Long shafts of silvery light arise,  
Like rafters that support the skies!

ELSIE.

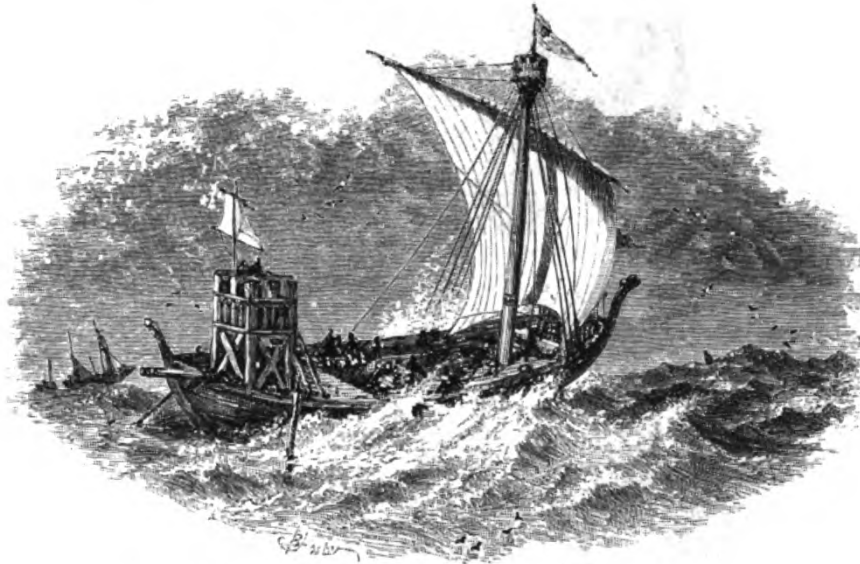
See! from its summit the lurid levin  
Flashes downward without warning,  
As Lucifer, son of the morning,  
Fell from the battlements of heaven!

IL PADRONE.

I must entreat you, friends, below.  
The angry storm begins to blow,  
For the weather changes with the moon.  
All this morning, until noon,  
We had baffling winds, and sudden flaws  
Struck the sea with their cat's-paws.  
Only a little hour ago  
I was whistling to Saint Antonio,  
For a capful of wind to fill our sail,  
And instead of a breeze he has sent a gale.

Last night I saw Saint Elmo's stars,  
With their glimmering lanterns, all at play  
On the tops of the masts and the tips of the spars,  
And I knew we should have foul weather to-day.  
Cheerly, my hearties! yo heave ho!  
Brail up the mainsail, and let her go  
As the winds will and Saint Antonio!

Do you see that Livornese felucca,  
That vessel to the windward yonder,  
Running with her gunwale under?  
I was looking when the wind o'ertook her.



She had all sail set, and the only wonder  
Is, that at once the strength of the blast  
Did not carry away her mast.  
She is a galley of the Gran Duca,  
That through the fear of the Algerines,  
Convoys those lazy brigantines,  
Laden with wine and oil from Lucca.  
Now all is ready, high and low;  
Blow, blow, good saint Antonio.

Ha! that is the first dash of the rain,  
With a sprinkle of spray above the rails,  
Just enough to moisten our sails,  
And make them ready for the strain.

See how she leaps, as the blasts o'ertake her,  
 And speeds away with a bone in her mouth!  
 Now keep her head toward the south,  
 And there is no danger of bank or breaker.  
 With the breeze behind us, on we go ;  
 Not too much, good St. Antonio!



## VI.

SCENE:—THE SCHOOL OF SALERNO.

*A travelling Scholastic affixing his Theses to the gate of the  
 College.*

SCHOLASTIC.

THERE, that is my gauntlet, my banner, my shield,  
 Hung up as a challenge to all the field !  
 One hundred and twenty-five propositions,

Which I will maintain with the sword of the tongue  
 Against all disputants, old and young.  
 Let us see if doctors or dialecticians  
 Will dare to dispute my definitions,  
 Or attack any one of my learned theses.  
 Here stand I ; the end shall be as God pleases.  
 I think I have proved, by profound researches,  
 The error of all those doctrines so vicious  
 Of the old Areopagite Dionysius,  
 That are making such terrible work in the churches,  
 By Michael the Stammerer sent from the East,  
 And done into Latin by that Scottish beast,  
 Erigena Johannes, who dares to maintain,  
 In the face of the truth, the error infernal,  
 That the universe is and must be eternal ;  
 At first laying down, as a fact fundamental,  
 That nothing with God can be accidental ;  
 Then asserting that God before the creation  
 Could not have existed, because it is plain  
 That, had He existed, He would have created ;  
 Which is begging the question that should be debated,  
 And moveth me less to anger than laughter.  
 All nature, he holds, is a respiration  
 Of the Spirit of God, who, in breathing hereafter  
 Will inhale it into His bosom again,  
 So that nothing but God alone will remain.  
 And therein he contradicteth himself ;  
 For he opens the whole discussion by stating,  
 That God can only exist in creating.  
 That question I think I have laid on the shelf!

*He goes out. Two Doctors come in disputing, and followed by Pupils.*

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

I, with the Doctor Seraphic, maintain,  
 That a word which is only conceived in the brain  
 Is a type of eternal Generation ;  
 The spoken word is the Incarnation.

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

What do I care for the Doctor Seraphic,  
 With all his wordy chaffer and traffic ?

## THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

You make but a paltry show of resistance ;  
Universals have no real existence !

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

Your words are but idle and empty chatter !  
Ideas are eternally joined to matter !

DOCTOR SERAFINO.

May the Lord have mercy on your position,  
You wretched, wrangling culler of herbs !

DOCTOR CHERUBINO.

May He send your soul to eternal perdition,  
For your Treatise on the Irregular Verbs !

*They rush out fighting. Two Scholars come in.*

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Monte Cassino, then, is your College.  
What think you of ours here at Salern ?

SECOND SCHOLAR.

To tell the truth I arrived so lately,  
I hardly yet have had time to discern.  
So much, at least, I am bound to acknowledge :  
The air seems healthy, the buildings stately,  
And on the whole I like it greatly.

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Yes, the air is sweet ; the Calabrian hills  
Send us down puffs of mountain air ;  
And in summer-time the sea-breeze fills  
With its coolness cloister, and court, and square.  
Then at every season of the year  
There are crowds of guests and travellers here ;  
Pilgrims, and mendicant friars, and traders  
From the Levant, with figs and wine,  
And bands of wounded and sick Crusaders,  
Coming back from Palestine.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

And what are the studies you pursue?  
What is the course you here go through?

FIRST SCHOLAR.

The first three years of the college course  
Are given to logic alone, as the source  
Of all that is noble, and wise, and true.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

That seems rather strange, I must confess,  
In a Medical School; yet, nevertheless,  
You doubtless have reasons for that.

FIRST SCHOLAR

O, yes!

For none but a clever dialectician  
Can hope to become a great physician;  
That has been settled long ago.  
Logic makes an important part  
Of the mystery of the healing art;  
For without it how could you hope to show  
That nobody knows so much as you know?  
After this there are five years more  
Devoted wholly to medicine,  
With lectures on chirurgical lore,  
And dissections of the bodies of swine.  
As likest the human form divine.

SECOND SCHOLAR.

What are the books now most in vogue?

FIRST SCHOLAR.

Quite an extensive catalogue;  
Mostly, however, books of our own;  
As Gariopontus' Passionarius,  
And the writings of Matthew Platearius;  
And a volume universally known  
As the Regimen of the School of Salern,  
For Robert of Normandy written in terse  
And very elegant Latin verse.

Each of these writings has its turn.  
 And when at length we have finished these,  
 Then comes the struggle for degrees,  
 With all the oldest and ablest critics;  
 The public thesis and disputation,  
 Question, and answer, and explanation  
 Of a passage out of Hippocrates,  
 Or Aristotle's Analytics.  
 There the triumphant Magister stands!  
 A book is solemnly placed in his hands,  
 On which he swears to follow the rule  
 And ancient forms of the good old School;  
 To report if any confectionarius  
 Mingles his drugs with matters various,  
 And to visit his patients twice a-day,  
 And once in the night, if they live in town,  
 And if they are poor, to take no pay.  
 Having faithfully promised these,  
 His head is crowned with a laurel crown;  
 A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his hand,  
 The Magister Artium et Physices  
 Goes forth from the school like a lord from the land.  
 And now, as we have the whole morning before us,  
 Let us go in, if you make no objection,  
 And listen awhile to a learned prelection  
 On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus.

*They go in. Enter LUCIFER as a Doctor.*

LUCIFER.

This is the great School of Salern!  
 A land of wrangling and of quarrels,  
 Of brains that seethe, and hearts that burn,  
 Where every emulous scholar hears,  
 In every breath that comes to his ears,  
 The rustling of another's laurels!  
 The air of the place is called salubrious;  
 The neighbourhood of Vesuvius lends it  
 An odour volcanic, that rather mends it,

And the buildings have an aspect lugubrious,  
 That inspires a feeling of awe and terror  
 Into the heart of the beholder,  
 And befits such an ancient homestead of error,  
 Where the old falsehoods moulder and smoulder,  
 And yearly by many hundred hands  
 Are carried away, in the zeal of youth,  
 And sown like tares in the field of truth,  
 To blossom and ripen in other lands.

What have we here, affixed to the gate?  
 The challenge of some scholastic wight,  
 Who wishes to hold a public debate  
 On sundry questions wrong or right!  
 Ah, now this is my great delight!  
 For I have often observed of late  
 That such discussions end in a fight.  
 Let us see what the learned wag maintains  
 With such a prodigal waste of brains.

*Reads.*

“ Whether angels in moving from place to place  
 Pass through the intermediate space.  
 Whether God Himself is the author of evil,  
 Or whether that is the work of the Devil.  
 When, where, and wherefore Lucifer fell,  
 And whether he now is chained in hell.”

I think I can answer that question well!  
 So long as the boastful human mind  
 Consents in such mills as this to grind,  
 I sit very firmly upon my throne!  
 Of a truth it almost makes me laugh,  
 To see men leaving the golden grain  
 To gather in piles the pitiful chaff  
 That old Peter Lombard thrashed with his brain,  
 To have it caught up and tossed again  
 On the horns of the Dumb Ox of Cologne!

But my guests approach! There is in the air  
 A fragrance, like that of the Beautiful Garden

W W



Of Paradise, in the days that were !  
 An odour of innocence, and of prayer,  
 And of love, and faith that never fails,  
 Such as the fresh young heart exhales  
 Before it begins to wither and harden !  
 I cannot breathe such an atmosphere !  
 My soul is filled with a nameless fear,  
 That, after all my trouble and pain,  
 After all my restless endeavour,  
 The youngest, fairest soul of the twain,  
 The most ethereal, most divine,  
 Will escape from my hands for ever and ever.  
 But the other is already mine !  
 Let him live to corrupt his race,  
 Breathing among them, with every breath,  
 Weakness, selfishness, and the base  
 And pusillanimous fear of death.  
 I know his nature, and I know  
 That of all who in my ministry  
 Wander the great earth to and fro,  
 And on my errands come and go,  
 The safest and subtlest are such as he.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE, with Attendants.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Can you direct us to Friar Angelo ?

LUCIFER.

He stands before you.

PRINCE HENRY.

Then you know our purpose.

I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck, and this  
 The maiden that I spake of in my letters.

LUCIFER.

It is a very grave and solemn business !  
 We must not be precipitate. Does she  
 Without compulsion, of her own free will,  
 Consent to this ?

PRINCE HENRY.

Against all opposition,  
Against all prayers, entreaties, protestations.  
She will not be persuaded.

LUCIFER.

That is strange!  
Have you thought well of it?

ELSIE.

I come not here  
To argue, but to die. Your business is not  
To question, but to kill me. I am ready.  
I am impatient to be gone from here  
Ere any thoughts of earth disturb again  
The spirit of tranquillity within me.

PRINCE HENRY.

Would I had not come here! Would I were dead,  
And thou wert in thy cottage in the forest,  
And hadst not known me! Why have I done this?  
Let me go back and die.

ELSIE.

It cannot be;  
Not if these cold, flat stones on which we tread  
Were coulters heated white, and yonder gateway  
Flamed like a furnace with a sevenfold heat.  
I must fulfil my purpose.

PRINCE HENRY.

I forbid it!  
Not one step farther. For I only meant  
To put thus far thy courage to the proof.  
It is enough. I, too, have courage to die,  
For thou hast taught me!

ELSIE.

O my Prince! remember  
Your promises. Let me fulfil my errand.  
You do not look on life and death as I do.

There are two angels that attend unseen  
 Each one of us, and in great books record  
 Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down  
 The good ones, after every action closes  
 His volume, and ascends with it to God.  
 The other keeps his dreadful day-book open  
 Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,  
 The record of the action fades away,  
 And leaves a line of white across the page.  
 Now if my act be good, as I believe it,  
 It cannot be recalled. It is already  
 Sealed up in heaven, as a good deed accomplished.  
 The rest is yours. Why wait you? I am ready.

*To her Attendants.*

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me.  
 I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone,  
 And you will have another friend in heaven.  
 Then start not at the creaking of the door  
 Through which I pass. I see what lies beyond it.

*To PRINCE HENRY.*

And you, O Prince! bear back my benison  
 Unto my father's house, and all within it.  
 This morning in the church I prayed for them,  
 After confession, after absolution,  
 When my whole soul was white, I prayed for them.  
 God will take care of them, they need me not.  
 And in your life let my remembrance linger,  
 As something not to trouble and disturb it,  
 But to complete it, adding life to life.  
 And if at times beside the evening fire  
 You see my face among the other faces,  
 Let it not be regarded as a ghost  
 That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you.  
 Nay, even as one of your own family,  
 Without whose presence there were something  
 wanting.

I have no more to say. Let us go in.

PRINCE HENRY.

Friar Angelo! I charge you on your life,

Believe not what she says, for she is mad,  
And comes not here to die, but to be healed.

ELSIE.

Alas! Prince Henry!

LUCIFER.

Come with me ; this way.

*ELSIE goes in with LUCIFER, who thrusts PRINCE HENRY back,  
and closes the door.*

PRINCE HENRY.

Gone! and the light of all my life gone with her!  
A sudden darkness falls upon the world!  
O, what a vile and abject thing am I,  
That purchase length of days at such a cost!  
Not by her death alone, but by the death  
Of all that's good and true and noble in me!  
All manhood, excellence, and self-respect,  
All love, and faith, and hope, and heart are dead!  
All my divine nobility of nature  
By this one act is forfeited for ever.  
I am a Prince in nothing but in name!

*To the Attendants.*

Why did you let this horrible deed be done?  
Why did you not lay hold on her, and keep her  
From self-destruction? Angelo! murderer!

*Struggles at the door, but cannot open it.*

ELSIE, *within.*

Farewell, dear Prince! farewell!

PRINCE HENRY.

Unbar the door!

LUCIFER.

It is too late!

PRINCE HENRY.

It shall not be too late!

*They burst open the door, and rush in.*

SCENE:—THE COTTAGE IN THE ODENWALD.

URSULA *spinning. Summer afternoon. A table spread.*

URSULA.

I HAVE marked it well—it must be true,—  
 Death never takes one alone, but two!  
 Whenever he enters in at a door,  
 Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,  
 He always leaves it upon the latch,  
 And comes again ere the year is o'er.  
 Never one of a household only!  
 Perhaps it is a mercy of God,  
 Lest the dead there under the sod,  
 In the land of strangers, should be lonely!  
 Ah me! I think I am lonelier here!  
 It is hard to go,—but harder to stay!  
 Were it not for the children, I should pray  
 That Death would take me within the year!  
 And Gottlieb!—he is at work all day,  
 In the sunny field, or the forest murk,  
 But I know that his thoughts are far away,  
 I know that his heart is not in his work!  
 And when he comes home to me at night,  
 He is not cheery, but sits and sighs,  
 And I see the great tears in his eyes,  
 And try to be cheerful for his sake.  
 Only the children's hearts are light.  
 Mine is weary, and ready to break.  
 God help us! I hope we have done right;  
 We thought we were acting for the best!

*Looking through the open door.*

Who is it coming under the trees?  
 A man, in the Prince's livery dressed!  
 He looks about him with doubtful face,  
 As if uncertain of the place.  
 He stops at the bee-hives;—now he sees  
 The garden-gate;—he is going past!  
 Can he be afraid of the bees?



No; he is coming in at last!  
He fills my heart with strange alarm!  
*Enter a Forester.*

FORESTER.

In this the tenant Gottlieb's farm?

URSULA.

This is his farm, and I his wife.  
Pray sit. What may your business be?

FORESTER.

News from the Prince!

URSULA.

Of death or life?

FORESTER.

You put your questions eagerly !

URSULA.

Answer me, then! How is the Prince ?

FORESTER.

I left him only two hours since  
Homeward returning down the river,  
As strong and well as if God, the Giver,  
Had given him back his youth again.

URSULA, *despairing*.

Then Elsie, my poor child, is dead !

FORESTER.

That, my good woman, I have not said.  
Don't cross the bridge till you come to it,  
Is a proverb old, and of excellent wit.

URSULA.

Keep me no longer in this pain !

FORESTER.

It is true your daughter is no more ;—  
That is, the peasant she was before.

URSULA.

Alas ! I am simple and lowly bred,  
I am poor, distracted, and forlorn,  
And it is not well that you of the court  
Should mock me thus, and make a sport  
Of a joyless mother whose child is dead,  
For you, too, were of mother born !

FORESTER.

Your daughter lives, and the Prince is well!  
You will learn ere long how it all befell.  
Her heart for a moment never failed ;  
But when they reached Salerno's gate,  
The Prince's nobler self prevailed,

And saved her for a nobler fate.  
 And he was healed, in his despair,  
 By the touch of St. Matthew's sacred bones ;  
 Though I think the long ride in the open air,  
 That pilgrimage over stocks and stones,  
 In the miracle must come in for a share!

URSULA.

Virgin! who lovest the poor and lowly,  
 If the loud cry of a mother's heart  
 Can ever ascend to where thou art,  
 Into thy blessed hands and holy  
 Receive my prayer of praise and thanksgiving !  
 Let the hands that bore our Saviour bear it  
 Into the awful presence of God!  
 For thy feet with holiness are shod,  
 And if thou bearest it He will hear it.  
 Our child who was dead again is living !

FORESTER.

I did not tell you she was dead ;  
 If you thought so, 't was no fault of mine ;  
 At this very moment, while I speak,  
 They are sailing homeward down the Rhine,  
 In a splendid barge, with golden prow,  
 And decked with banners white and red  
 As the colours on your daughter's cheek.  
 They call her the Lady Alicia now !  
 For the Prince in Salerno made a vow  
 That Elsie only would he wed.

URSULA.

Jesus Maria! what a change!  
 All seems to me so weird and strange!

FORESTER.

I saw her standing on the deck,  
 Beneath an awning cool and shady ;  
 Her cap of velvet could not hold  
 The tresses of her hair of gold,  
 That flowed and floated like the stream,





And fell in masses down her neck.  
 As fair and lovely did she seem  
 As in a story or a dream  
 Some beautiful and foreign lady.  
 And the Prince looked so grand and proud.  
 And waved his hand thus to the crowd  
 That gazed and shouted from the shore,  
 All down the river, long and loud.

URSULA.

We shall behold our child once more ;  
 She is not dead ! She is not dead !  
 God, listening, must have overheard  
 The prayers, that, without sound or word,  
 Our hearts in secrecy have said !  
 O, bring me to her ; for mine eyes  
 Are hungry to behold her face ;  
 My very soul within me cries ;

My very hands seem to caress her,  
To see her, gaze at her, and bless her ;  
Dear Elsie, child of God and grace !

*Goes out toward the garden.*

FORESTER.

There goes the good woman out of her head ;  
And Gottlieb's supper is waiting here ;  
A very capacious flagon of beer,  
And a very portentous loaf of bread.  
One would say his grief did not much oppress him.  
Here's to the health of the Prince, God bless him !

*He drinks.*

Ha ! it buzzes and stings like a hornet !  
And what a scene there, through the door !  
The forest behind and the garden before,  
And midway an old man of threescore,



With a wife and children that caress him.  
 Let me try still further to cheer and adorn it  
 With a merry, echoing blast of my cornet!

*Goes out blowing his horn.*



*SCENE:—THE CASTLE OF VAUTSBERG ON THE RHINE.*

*PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE standing on the terrace at evening.  
 The sound of bells heard from a distance.*

PRINCE HENRY.

We are alone. The wedding guests  
 Ride down the hill, with plumes and cloaks,  
 And the descending dark invests

The Niederwald, and all the nests  
Among the hoar and haunted oaks.

ELSIE.

What bells are those, that ring so slow,  
So mellow, musical, and low?

PRINCE HENRY.

They are the bells of Geisenheim,  
That with their melancholy chime  
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

ELSIE.

Listen, beloved.

PRINCE HENRY.

They are done!

Dear Elsie! many years ago  
Those same soft bells at eventide  
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,  
As, seated by Fastrada's side  
At Ingelheim, in all his pride,  
He heard their sound with secret pain.

ELSIE.

Their voices only speak to me  
Of peace and deep tranquillity,  
And endless confidence in thee!

PRINCE HENRY.

Thou knowest the story of her ring,  
How, when the court went back to Aix,  
Fastrada died; and how the king  
Sat watching by her night and day,  
Till into one of the blue lakes,  
That water that delicious land,  
They cast the ring, drawn from her hand;  
And the great monarch sat serene  
And sad beside the fated shore,  
Nor left the land for ever more.

ELSIE.

That was true love.

FRINCE HENRY.

For him the queen  
Ne'er did what thou hast done for me.

ELSIE.

Wilt thou as fond and faithful be ?  
Wilt thou so love me after death ?

PRINCE HENRY.

In life's delight, in death's dismay,  
In storm and sunshine, night and day,  
In health, in sickness, in decay,  
Here and hereafter, I am thine !  
Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath  
The calm, blue waters of thine eyes,  
Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,  
And, undisturbed by this world's breath,  
With magic light its jewel's shine !  
This golden ring, which thou hast worn  
Upon thy finger since the morn,  
Is but a symbol and a semblance,  
An outward fashion, a remembrance,  
Of what thou wearest within unseen,  
O my Fastrada, O my queen !  
Behold ! the hill-tops all aglow  
With purple and with amethyst ;  
While the whole valley deep below  
Is filled, and seems to overflow,  
With a fast-rising tide of mist.  
The evening air grows damp and chill ;  
Let us go in.

ELSIE.

Ah, not so soon.  
See yonder fire ! It is the moon  
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.

It glimmers on the forest tips,  
And through the dewy foliage drips  
In little rivulets of light,  
And makes the heart in love with night.

## PRINCE HENRY.

Oft on this terrace, when the day  
Was closing, have I stood and gazed,  
And seen the landscape fade away,  
And the white vapours rise and drown  
Hamlet and vineyard, tower and town,  
While far above the hill-tops blazed.  
But then another hand than thine  
Was gently held and clasped in mine ;  
Another head upon my breast  
Was laid, as thine is now, at rest.  
Why dost thou lift those tender eyes  
With so much sorrow and surprise ?  
A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand,  
Was that which in my own was pressed,  
A manly form usurped thy place,  
A beautiful, but bearded face,  
That now is in the Holy Land,  
Yet in my memory from afar  
Is shining on us like a star.  
But linger not. For while I speak,  
A sheeted spectre white and tall,  
The cold mist climbs the castle wall,  
And lays his hand upon thy cheek.

*They go in.*

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## EPILOGUE.

THE TWO RECORDING ANGELS ASCENDING.

THE ANGEL OF GOOD DEEDS, *with closed book.*

God sent His messenger the rain,  
And said unto the mountain brook,  
“ Rise up, and from thy caverns look  
And leap, with naked, snow-white feet,  
From the cool hills into the heat  
Of the broad, arid plain.

God sent His messenger of faith,  
And whispered in the maiden’s heart,  
“ Rise up, and look from where thou art,  
And scatter with unselfish hands  
Thy freshness on the barren sands  
And solitudes of Death.”

O beauty of holiness,  
 Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness!  
 O power of meekness,  
 Whose very gentleness and weakness  
 Are like the yielding, but irresistible air!  
 Upon the pages  
 Of the sealed volume that I bear,  
 The deed divine  
 Is written in characters of gold,  
 That never shall grow old,  
 But through all ages  
 Burn and shine,  
 With soft effulgence!  
 O God! it is Thy indulgence  
 That fills the world with the bliss  
 Of a good deed like this!

THE ANGEL OF EVIL DEEDS, *with open book.*

Not yet, not yet  
 Is the red sun wholly set,  
 But evermore recedes,  
 While open still I bear  
 The Book of Evil Deeds,  
 To let the breathings of the upper air  
 Visit its pages and erase  
 The records from its face!  
 Fainter and fainter as I gaze  
 In the broad blaze  
 The glimmering landscape shines,  
 And below me the black river  
 Is hidden by wreaths of vapour!  
 Fainter and fainter the black lines  
 Begin to quiver  
 Along the whitening surface of the paper;  
 Shade after shade  
 The terrible words grow faint and fade,  
 And in their place  
 Runs a white space!





Down goes the sun !  
But the soul of one,  
Who by repentance  
Has escaped the dreadful sentence,  
Shines bright below me as I look.  
It is the end !  
With closed Book  
To God do I ascend.

Lo! over the mountain steeps  
A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps  
Beneath my feet ;  
A blackness inwardly brightening  
With sullen heat,  
As a storm-cloud lurid with lightning.  
And a cry of lamentation,  
Repeated and again repeated,  
Deep and loud  
As the reverberation  
Of cloud answering unto cloud,  
Swells and rolls away in the distance,  
As if the sheeted  
Lightning retreated,  
Baffled and thwarted by the wind's resistance.

It is Lucifer,  
The son of mystery ;  
And since God suffers him to be,  
He, too, is God's minister,  
And labours for some good  
By us not understood.

## NOTES.

THE following detail of the facts on which the general incidents of the Poem of *EVANGELINE* are founded, is derived from Haliburton's "History of Nova Scotia."

By the Treaty of Utrecht the province of Acadia, or Nova Scotia, was ceded by the French to the English Government. Nearly half a century, however, was suffered to elapse before any progress was made towards a regular settlement of the colony. In the year 1749 a large body of emigrants, aided by a grant from the Crown, arrived in the colony, and immediately steps were taken by them to clear the ground, and lay the foundation of the town of Halifax. The French settlers who had been located in the province for many years, looked with jealousy on these proceedings, and parties of Indians, headed by French commanders, were engaged to harass the new comers. This state of things continued for some years, but in the mean time the territorial rights of both nations were more distinctly defined, and the Acadians took an oath of fidelity to the British Government; with a reservation, however, that they were not to be called upon to bear arms. Hostilities again commencing between the French and English, Governor Cornwallis, by the advice of his council, issued a proclamation, ordering all the French inhabitants of the English colony to appear within three months, and take the oath of allegiance in the same unreserved and unqualified manner as British subjects; and he held out promises to those who should think proper to accept the same, and who would also engage to obey all future orders of the Government, and render assistance to English settlers, that he would confirm them in the peaceable possession of all their cultivated lands, and in the enjoyment of their religion. He forbade, however, the exportation of corn, cattle, and provisions, to foreign settlements.

Pursuant to the proclamation, deputies arrived at Halifax from several of the French settlements, and were informed by the Governor that the oath of fidelity, formerly accepted of them, would no longer be received as a satisfactory guarantee for their good conduct; that no exemption from bearing arms in time of war could be allowed; that his Majesty would permit none to possess lands whose allegiance and assistance could not be depended upon; and that commissioners would be sent to the country to tender them the oath expressed in the same form as that used by English subjects. To this they replied, that if they should undertake to aid the English in suppressing the Indians, the savages would pursue them with unrelenting hostility; that neither they nor their property would be secure from their vengeance; and that to bear arms against their countrymen was a condition repugnant to the feelings of human nature: they, therefore, requested to be informed, if they chose the alternative of quitting the country, whether they would be permitted to sell their lands and personal effects. They were told in reply, that, by the Treaty of Utrecht, one year was allowed to them for disposing of their property, which period having elapsed, they could now neither part with their effects nor remove from the province. Upon hearing this determination, which required unconditional allegiance, or reduced them to the most abject poverty, they solicited leave to consult the Governors of Canada or Cape Breton as to the course they ought to adopt in this trying emergency, but were instantly threatened with the confiscation of their real estate and effects if they presumed to leave the province until they had first taken the oaths of allegiance.

No immediate steps, however, were taken to carry out this threat, and the English settlers still continued to suffer great annoyance from the predatory attacks of the Indians, who were aided in their excursions by the French colonists. This state of things lasted for some time, until at length the English troops met with a series of reverses,

when it was finally determined by the Government authorities to effect a dislodgment of the Acadians from their settlements, and to disperse the entire French population of the province among the British colonies, where they could not unite in any offensive measures, and where they might be naturalized to the Government and country.

The execution of this unusual and general sentence was allotted chiefly to the New England forces, the commander of which, from the humanity and firmness of his character, was well qualified to carry it into effect. It was without doubt, as he himself declared, disagreeable to his natural make and temper, and his principles of implicit obedience as a soldier were put to a severe test by this ungrateful kind of duty, which required an ungenerous, cunning, and subtle severity, calculated to render the Acadians subservient to the English interests to the latest hour. They were kept entirely ignorant of their destiny, until the moment of their captivity; and were overawed, or allured, to labour at the gathering in of their harvest, which was secretly allotted to the use of their conquerors.

The orders from Lieutenant-Governor Laurence to Captain Murray, who was first on the station, with a plagiarism of the language, without the spirit of Scripture, directed that, if these people behaved amiss, they should be punished at his discretion; and, if any attempts were made to destroy or molest the troops, he should take an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; and, in short, life for life, from the nearest neighbour where the mischief should be performed.

To hunt these people into captivity was a measure as impracticable as cruel; and, as it was not to be supposed they would voluntarily surrender themselves as prisoners, their subjugation became a matter of great difficulty. At a consultation held between Colonel Winslow and Captain Murray, it was agreed that a proclamation should be issued at the different settlements, requiring the attendance of the people at the respective ports on the same day; which proclamation should be so ambiguous in its nature, that the object for which they were to assemble could not be discerned; and so peremptory in its terms as to ensure implicit obedience. This instrument having been drafted and approved, was distributed according to the original plan. That which was addressed to the people inhabiting the country now comprised within the limits of King's County, was as follows:—

“ TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE DISTRICT OF GRAND PRÉ, MINAS, RIVER CANARD, &c., AS WELL ANCIENT AS YOUNG MEN AND LADS.

“ Whereas his Excellency the Governor has instructed us of his late resolution respecting the matter proposed to the inhabitants, and has ordered us to communicate the same in person, his Excellency being desirous that each of them should be fully satisfied of his Majesty's intentions, which he has also ordered us to communicate to you, such as they have been given to him; we therefore order and strictly enjoin, by these presents, all of the inhabitants, as well of the above-named district as of all the other districts, both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church at Grand Pré, on Friday, the fifth instant, at three of the clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them; declaring that no excuse will be admitted on any pretence whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels, in default of real estate.

“ Given at Grand Pré, 2nd September, 1755, and 29th year of his Majesty's reign.

“ JOHN WINSLOW.”

In obedience to this summons, four hundred and eighteen able-bodied men assembled. These being shut into the church (for that, too, had become an arsenal), Colonel Winslow placed himself with his officers in the centre, and addressed them thus:—

“ Gentlemen,—I have received from his Excellency, Governor Laurence, the King's Commission, which I have in my hand; and by his orders you are convened together

to manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his province of Nova Scotia, who, for almost half a century have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions ; what use you have made of it, you yourselves best know. The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you who are of the same species ; but it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive, and, therefore, without hesitation shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely, that your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds, and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown, with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his province.

"Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed ; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off ; also that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit ; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceful and happy people. I must also inform you, that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security, under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honour to command." And he then declared them the King's prisoners.

The whole number of persons collected at Grand Pré finally amounted to four hundred and eighty-three men, and three hundred and thirty-seven women, heads of families ; and their sons and daughters to five hundred and twenty-seven of the former, and five hundred and twenty-six of the latter ; making, in the whole, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three souls. Their stock consisted of one thousand two hundred and sixty-nine oxen, one thousand five hundred and fifty-seven cows, five thousand and seven young cattle, four hundred and ninety-three horses, eight thousand six hundred and ninety sheep, and four thousand one hundred and ninety-seven hogs. As some of these wretched inhabitants escaped to the woods, all possible measures were adopted to force them back to captivity. The country was laid waste to prevent their subsistence. In the district of Minas alone there were destroyed two hundred and fifty-five houses, two hundred and seventy-six barns, one hundred and fifty-five out-houses, eleven mills, and one church ; and the friends of those who refused to surrender were threatened as the victims of their obstinacy.

In short, so operative were the terrors that surrounded them, that of twenty-four young men, deserted from a transport, twenty-two were glad to return of themselves, the others being shot by sentinels ; and one of their friends, who was supposed to have been accessory to their escape, was carried on shore to behold the destruction of his house and effects, which were burned in his presence as a punishment for his temerity and perfidious aid to his comrades. The prisoners expressed the greatest concern at having incurred his Majesty's displeasure, and in a petition, addressed to Colonel Winslow, entreated him to detain a part of them as sureties for the appearance of the rest, who were desirous of visiting their families and consoling them in their distress and misfortunes.

To comply with this request of holding a few as hostages for the surrender of the whole body, was deemed inconsistent with his instructions ; but, as there could be no objection to allow a small number of them to return to their homes, permission was given to them to choose ten for the district of Minas (Horton), and ten for the district of Canard (Cornwallis), to whom leave of absence was given for one day ; and on whose return a similar number were indulged in the same manner. They bore their confine-

ment and received their sentence with a fortitude and resignation altogether unexpected; but when the hour of embarkation arrived, in which they were to leave the land of their nativity for ever—to part with their friends and relatives, without the hope of ever seeing them again, and to be dispersed among strangers whose language, customs, and religion were opposed to their own—the weakness of human nature prevailed, and they were overpowered with the sense of their miseries. The preparations having been all completed, the 10th of September was fixed upon as the day of departure. The prisoners were drawn up six deep, and the young men, one hundred and sixty-one in number, were ordered to go first on board of the vessels. This they instantly and peremptorily refused to do, declaring they would not leave their parents; but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. This request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance towards the prisoners, a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children, who on their knees greeted them as they passed with their tears and their blessings; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns. This detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of sorrow and distress. In this manner was the whole part of the male population of the district of Minas put on board the five transports stationed in the river Gaspereau; each vessel being guarded by six non-commissioned officers and eighty privates. As soon as the other vessels arrived, their wives and children followed, and the whole were transported from Nova Scotia.

The haste with which these measures were carried into execution did not admit of those preparations for their comfort, which, if unmerited by their disloyalty, were at least due in pity to the severity of their punishment. The hurry, confusion, and excitement connected with the embarkation had scarcely subsided, when the provincials were appalled at the work of their own hands. The novelty and peculiarity of their situation could not but force itself upon the attention of even the unreflecting soldiery. Stationed in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country, they suddenly found themselves without a foe to subdue, and without a population to protect. The volumes of smoke which the half-expiring embers emitted, while they marked the site of the peasant's humble cottage, bore testimony to the extent of the work of destruction. For several successive evenings the cattle assembled round the smouldering ruins, as if in anxious expectation of the return of their masters; while all night long the faithful watch-dogs of the neutrals howled over the scene of desolation, and mourned alike the hand that had fed and the house that had sheltered them.

At Annapolis and Cumberland the proclamation was disobeyed by the French, in consequence of an apprehension that they were to be imprisoned or sent captives to Halifax. At the former place, when the ships arrived to convey them from their country, a party of soldiers was despatched up the river to bring them in by force; but they found the houses deserted, and learned that the people had fled to the woods, carrying with them their wives and children. Hunger, fatigue, and distress finally compelled many of them to return and surrender themselves as prisoners, while some retired to the depths of the forest, where they encamped with the Indians, and others wandered through the woods to Chiegnecto, from whence they escaped to Canada. In Cumberland it was found necessary to resort to the most severe measures, and the country presented for several days a dreadful scene of conflagration. Two hundred and fifty-three houses were on fire at one time, in which a great quantity of wheat and flax were consumed. The miserable inhabitants beheld, from the adjoining woods, the destruction of their buildings and household goods with horror and dismay; nor did they venture to offer any resistance, until the wanton attempt was made to burn their chapel. This

they considered as adding insult to injury, and rushing upon the party, who were too intent upon the execution of their orders, to observe the necessary precautions to prevent a surprise, they killed and wounded twenty-nine rank and file, and then retreated again to the cover of the forest. As the different Acadian settlements were too widely dispersed to admit of the plan of subjugation being carried into effect at once, and as it had but partially succeeded at two of the most populous districts, only seven thousand of the inhabitants were collected at this time, and dispersed among the several British colonies. One thousand arrived in Massachusetts Bay, and became a public expense, owing, in a great degree, to an unchangeable antipathy to their situation; which prompted them to reject the usual beneficiary but humiliating establishment of paupers for their children. They landed in a most deplorable condition at Philadelphia. The government of the colony, to relieve itself of the charge such a company of miserable wretches would require to maintain them, proposed to sell them, with their own consent; but when this expedient for their support was offered for their consideration, the neutrals refused it with indignation, alleging that they were prisoners, and expected to be maintained as such, and not forced to labour. But, notwithstanding the severity of the treatment the Acadians had experienced, they sighed in exile to revisit their native land. That portion of them which had been sent to Georgia actually set out on their return, and by a circuitous, hazardous, and laborious coasting voyage, had reached New York, and even Boston, when they were met by orders from Governor Laurence, for their detention, and were compelled to relinquish their design. The others, denying the charges which had been made against them, petitioned his Majesty for a legal hearing.

This petition, which Haliburton gives at full length, sets forth, that by an agreement made between the British commanders in Nova Scotia and the forefathers of the petitioners, about the year 1713, the latter were to be permitted to remain in possession of their lands under an oath of fidelity to the British Government, with an exemption from bearing arms against either French or Indians, and with the allowance of a free exercise of their religion. Seventeen years later this agreement was renewed on the part of the British authorities by the Governor of New England; and again, after the expiration of another seventeen years, in a declaration which the same Governor addressed to the Acadians, in answer to a report at that time current, which stated it to be the intention of the British Government to remove the French inhabitants of Nova Scotia from their settlements in that province. This declaration was further confirmed by a letter written in the same year by the chief commander in Nova Scotia to the Acadian deputies; an extract from which was given by the Acadians in their petition.

After stating the difficulties in which they found themselves placed by the frequent incursions made by the French through that portion of the province inhabited by the Acadian population, for the purpose of annoying the English, who were at that time engaged in fortifying and settling Halifax, the petitioners proceeded to reply to what appears to have been the main charges made against them, and on the presumed truth of which their forcible removal from the province took place. The justification they plead is as follows:—

“We were likewise obliged to comply with the demand of the enemy, made for provision, cattle, &c., upon pain of military execution, which we had reason to believe the Government was made sensible was not an act of choice on our part, but of necessity, as those in authority appeared to take in good part the representations we always made to them after anything of that nature had happened.

“Notwithstanding the many difficulties we thus laboured under, yet we dare appeal to the several Governors, both at Halifax and Annapolis-Royal, for testimonies of our being always ready and willing to obey their orders, and give all the assistance in our power, either in furnishing provisions and materials, or making roads, building forts, &c.,

agreeable to your Majesty's orders and our oath of fidelity, whensoever called upon, or required thereunto.

"It was also our constant care to give notice to your Majesty's commanders of the danger they have been from time to time exposed to by the enemy's troops; and had the intelligence we gave been always attended to, many lives might have been spared, particularly in the unhappy affair which befell Major Noble and his brother at Grand Pré, when they, with great numbers of their men, were cut off by the enemy, notwithstanding the frequent advices we had given them of the danger they were in; and yet we have been very unjustly accused as parties in that massacre.

"And although we have been thus anxiously concerned to manifest our fidelity in these several respects, yet it has been falsely insinuated that it had been our general practice to abet and support your Majesty's enemies; but we trust that your Majesty will not suffer suspicions and accusations to be received as proofs sufficient to reduce some thousands of innocent people from the most happy situation to a state of the greatest distress and misery! No, this was far from our thoughts; we esteemed our situation so happy as by no means to desire a change. We have always desired, and again desire, that we may be permitted to answer our accusers in a judicial way. In the meantime, permit us, Sir, here solemnly to declare that these accusations are utterly false and groundless so far as they concern us as a collective body of people. It hath been always our desire to live as our forefathers have done, as faithful subjects under your Majesty's royal protection, with an unfeigned resolution to maintain our oath of fidelity to the utmost of our power. Yet it cannot be expected, but that amongst us, as well as amongst other people, there have been some weak and false-hearted persons, susceptible of being bribed by the enemy so as to break the oath of fidelity. Twelve of these were outlawed in Governor Shirley's proclamation before mentioned; but it will be found that the number of such false-hearted men amongst us was very few, considering our situation, the number of inhabitants, and how we stood circumstanced in several respects, and it may be easily made appear that it was the constant care of our deputies to prevent and put a stop to such wicked conduct, when it came to their knowledge."

This memorial had not the effect of procuring them redress, and they were left to undergo their punishment in exile, and to mingle with the population among whom they were distributed, with the hope that in time their language, predilections, and even the recollection of their origin, would be lost amidst the mass of English people with whom they were incorporated. Such was the fate of these unfortunate and deluded people. Upon an impartial review of the transactions of this period, it must be admitted, that the transportation of the Acadians to distant colonies, with all the marks of ignomy and guilt peculiar to convicts, was cruel; and although such a conclusion could not then be drawn, yet subsequent events have disclosed that their expulsion was unnecessary. It seems totally irreconcilable with the idea, as at this day entertained, of justice, that those who are not involved in the guilt shall participate in the punishment; or that a whole community shall suffer for the misconduct of a part. It is doubtless a stain on the Provincial Councils, and we shall not attempt to justify that which all good men have agreed to condemn. But we must not lose sight of the offence in pity for the culprits, nor, in the indulgence of our indignation, forget that although nothing can be offered in defence, much may be produced in palliation of this transaction. Had the milder sentence of unrestricted exile been passed upon them, it was obvious that it would have had the effect of recruiting the strength of Canada, and that they would naturally have engaged in those attempts which the French were constantly making for the recovery of the province.

Three hundred of them had been found in arms at one time; and no doubt existed of others having advised and assisted the Indians in those numerous acts of hostility, which, at that time, totally interrupted the settlement of the country. When all were

thus suspected of being disaffected, and many were detected in open rebellion, what confidence could be placed in their future loyalty?

It was also deemed impracticable, in those days of religious rancour, for the English colonists to mingle in the same community with Frenchmen and Catholics. Those persons who are acquainted with the early history of the neighbouring colonies of New England, will easily perceive of what magnitude this objection must have been at that period. Amidst all these difficulties, surrounded by a vigilant and powerful enemy, and burthened with a population whose attachment was more than doubtful, what course could the Governor adopt, which, while it ensured the tranquillity of the colony, should temper justice with mercy to those misguided people? With the knowledge we now possess of the issue of a contest which was then extremely uncertain, it might not be difficult to point to the measures which should have been adopted; but we must admit, that the choice was attended with circumstances of peculiar embarrassment. If the Acadians, therefore, had to lament that they were condemned unheard, that their accusers were also their judges, and that their sentence was disproportioned to their offence; they had also much reason to attribute their misfortunes to the intrigues of their countrymen in Canada, who seduced them from their allegiance to a government which was disposed to extend to them its protection and regard, and instigated them to a rebellion which it was easy to foresee would end in their ruin.

*Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.  
Dikes that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides.—PAGE 3.*

“Hunting and fishing gave way to agriculture, which had been established in the marshes and lowlands, by repelling, with dikes, the sea and rivers which covered these plains. At the same time these immense meadows were covered with numerous flocks.”  
—Haliburton.

*But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;  
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.—PAGE 4.*

“Real misery was wholly unknown, and benevolence anticipated the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved, as it were, before it could be felt, without ostentation on the one hand, and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren.”—*Abbé Reynal*.

*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.—PAGE 15.*

“As soon as a young man arrived at the proper age, the community built him a house, broke up the land about it, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelvemonth. There he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks.”—*Abbé Reynal*.

*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.—PAGE 16.*

“René Leblanc (our public notary) was taken prisoner by the Indians when actually travelling in your Majesty's service, his house pillaged, and himself carried to the French fort, from whence he did not recover his liberty, but with great difficulty, after four years' captivity.”—*Petition of the Acadians to the King*.



*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.—PAGE 30.*

“Parents were separated from children, and husbands from wives, some of whom have not to this day met again; and we were so crowded in the transport vessels, that we had not room even for all our bodies to lie down at once, and, consequently, were prevented from carrying with us proper necessaries, especially for the support and comfort of the aged and weak, many of whom quickly ended their misery with their lives.”  
—*Petition of the Acadians to the King.*

*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 churchyards.—PAGE 36.*

“We have already seen, in this province of Pennsylvania, two hundred and fifty of our people, which is more than half the number that were landed here, perish through misery and various diseases.”—*Petition of the Acadians to the King.*

*There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,  
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.—PAGE 60.*

“René Leblanc, the notary-public before mentioned, was seized, confined, and brought away among the rest of the people, and his family, consisting of twenty children, and about one hundred and fifty grandchildren, were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put on shore at New York, with only his wife and youngest children, in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children at Philadelphia, where he died without any more notice being taken of him than any of us, notwithstanding his many years' labour and deep sufferings for your Majesty's service.”  
—*Petition of the Acadians to the King.*

*Behold, at last  
Each tall and tapering mast  
Is swung into its place.—PAGE 96.*

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 licence. 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!”

*Sir Humphrey Gilbert.—PAGE 105.*

“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 22nd of September, they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral.”  
—BELKNAP'S *American Biography*, I. 203.

*Walter von der Vogelweide.*—PAGE 158.

Walter von der Vogelweide, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Henrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the War of Wartburg.

*Like Imperial Charlemagne.*—PAGE 166.

Charlemagne may be called by præminence 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 corn-fields and the vineyards. During his lifetime, he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, "to sell the eggs from the farmyards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns."

*All the Foresters of Flanders.*—PAGE 203.

The title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the Kings of France. Lyderick du Bucq in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them; and Beaudoin Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and married her in Bruges, was the last. After him, the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsace, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crécy, coming later in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land, as a Crusader, and died of the Plague at St. Jean-d'Acre, shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Compiègne. Louis de Crécy was son and successor of Robert de Béthune, 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.

*Stately dames, like queens attended.*—PAGE 203.

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 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.”

*Knights who bore the Fleece of gold.*—PAGE 203.

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.

*I beheld the gentle Mary.*—PAGE 203.

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. Mary was adored by her subjects for her gentleness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was the 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 Donatus, that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

*The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.*—PAGE 203.

This battle, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls of Courtray, on the 11th of July, 1302, between the French and the Flemings, the former commanded by Robert, Comte d'Artois, and the latter by Guillaume de Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The French army was completely routed, with a loss of twenty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry; among whom were sixty-three princes, dukes, and counts, seven hundred lords-banneret, and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower of the French nobility perished on that day; to which history has given the name of the *Journée des Eperons d'Or*, from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred of them were hung up as a trophy in the church of Nôtre Dame de Courtray; and, as the cavaliers of that day wore but a single spur each, these vouched to God for the violent and bloody death of seven hundred of His creatures.

*Saw the fight at Minnewater.*—PAGE 203.

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 to him from below to save himself as best he might; and half suffocated with smoke and flame, he threw himself from the tower, and perished at their feet. Peace was soon afterwards established, and the Count retired to faithful Bruges.

*The Golden Dragon's nest.*—PAGE 203.

The Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is "*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*" "My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land."

*That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.*—PAGE 208.

An old popular proverb of the town runs thus :—

“ *Nurnberg's hand  
Geht durch alle Land.*”

“ *Nuremberg's hand,  
Goes through every land.*”

*Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.*—PAGE 208.

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 203.

*In the church of Saint Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.*—PAGE 208.

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.

*In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare.*—PAGE 208.

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.

*Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters.*—PAGE 209.

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.

*As in Adam Puschman's song.*—PAGE 209.

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 Occultation of Orion.*—PAGE 223.

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 GOLDEN LEGEND. The old *Legenda Aurea*, or Golden Legend, was originally written in Latin, in the thirteenth century, by Jacobus de Voragine, a Dominican friar, who afterwards became Archbishop of Genoa, and died in 1292.

He called his book simply "Legends of the Saints." The epithet of "Golden" was given it by his admirers; for, as Wynkin de Worde says, "Like as passeth gold in value all other metals, so this Legend exceedeth all other books." But Edward Leigh, in much distress of mind, calls it "a book written by a man of a leaden heart for the baseness of the errors, that are without wit or reason, and of a brazen forehead, for his impudent boldness in reporting things so fabulous and incredible."

This work, the great storehouse of the legendary lore of the Middle Ages, was translated into French in the fourteenth century, by Jean de Vignay, and in the fifteenth into English, by William Caxton. It has lately been made more accessible by a new French translation: *La Légende Dorée, traduite du Latin, par M. G. B.* Paris, 1850. There is a copy of the original, with the *Gesto Longobardorum* appended, in the Harvard College Library, Cambridge, printed at Strasburg, 1496. The title page is wanting; and the volume begins with the *Tabula Legendorum*.

I have called this poem the Golden Legend, because the story upon which it is founded seems to me to surpass all other legends in beauty and significance. It exhibits, amid the corruptions of the Middle Ages, the virtue of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice, and the power of Faith, Hope, and Charity, sufficient for all the exigencies of life and death. The story is told, and perhaps invented, by Hartmann von der Aue, a Minnesinger of the twelfth century. The original may be found in Mailáth's *All deutsche Gedichte*, with a modern German version. There is also one in Marbach's *Volksbücher*, No. 32.

*For these bells have been anointed,  
And baptized with holy water!*—PAGE 236.

The Consecration and Baptism of Bells is one of the most curious ceremonies of the Church in the Middle Ages. The Council of Cologne ordained as follows:—

"Let the bells be blessed, as the trumpets of the Church militant, by which the people are assembled to hear the word of God; the clergy to announce His mercy by day, and His truth in their nocturnal vigils; that by their sound the faithful may be invited to prayers, and that the spirit of devotion in them may be increased. The fathers have also maintained that demons affrighted by the sound of bells calling Christians to prayers, would flee away; and when they fled, the persons of the faithful would be secure: that the destruction of lightnings and whirlwinds would be averted, and the spirits of the storm defeated."—*Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, Art. *Bells*. See also Scheible's *Kloster*, VI. 776.

*It is the malediction of Eve!*—PAGE 274.

"Nec esses plus quam femina, que nunc etiam viros transcendis, et quæ maledictionem Evæ in benedictionem vertisti Mariæ."—*Epistola Abelardi Heloissæ*.

*A Friar who is preaching to the crowd.*—PAGE 298.

In giving this sermon of Friar Cuthbert as a specimen of the *Risus Paschales*, or street preaching of the monks at Easter, I have exaggerated nothing. I have suppressed in this edition an offensive anecdote from a discourse of Father Barletta, a Dominican friar of the fifteenth century, whose fame as a popular preacher was so great, that it gave rise to the proverb,

"Nescit predicare  
Qui nescit Barlettare."

"Among the abuses introduced in this century," says Tiraboschi, "was that of

exciting from the pulpit the laughter of the hearers ; as if that were the same thing as converting them. We have examples of this, not only in Italy, but also in France, where the sermons of Menot and Maillard, and of others, who would make a better appearance on the stage than in the pulpit, are still celebrated for such follies."

If the reader is curious to see how far the freedom of speech was carried in these popular sermons, he is referred to Scheible's *Kloster*, Vol. I., where he will find extracts from Abraham a Sancta Clara, Sebastian Frank, and others ; and in particular an anonymous discourse called *Der Gräuel der Verwüstung* (The Abomination of Desolation), preached at Ottakring, a village west of Vienna, November 25, 1782, in which the license of language is carried to its utmost limit.

See also *Prédicatoriana, ou Révélations singulières et amusantes sur les Prédicateurs* ; par G. P. Philomneste. (Menin.) This work contains extracts from the popular sermons of St. Vincent Ferrier, Barletta, Menot, Maillard, Marini, Raulin, Valladier, De Besse, Camus, Père André, Bening, and the most eloquent of all, Jaques Brydaine.

My authority for the spiritual interpretation of bell-ringing, which follows, is Durandus, as cited by Hone in the Addenda to his "Ancient Mysteries Described."

#### THE NATIVITY, a Miracle-Play.—PAGE 303.

A singular chapter in the history of the Middle Ages, is that which gives account of the early Christian Drama, the Mysteries, Moralities, and Miracle-Plays, which were at first performed in churches ; and afterwards in the streets, on fixed or moveable stages. For the most part, the Mysteries were founded on the historic portions of the Old and New Testaments, and the Miracle-Plays on the Lives of Saints ; a distinction not always observed, however, for in Mr. Wright's "Early Mysteries and other Latin Poems of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries," the Resurrection of Lazarus is called a Miracle, and not a Mystery. The Moralities were plays, in which the Virtues and Vices were personified.

The earliest religious play, which has been preserved, is the *Christos Paschon* of Gregory Nazianzen, written in Greek, in the fourth century. Next to this come the remarkable Latin Plays of Roswitha, the Nun of Gandersheim, in the tenth century, which, though crude and wanting in artistic construction, are marked by a good deal of dramatic power and interest. A handsome edition of these plays, with a French translation, has been lately published, entitled, *Théâtre de Roswitha Religieuse, Allemande du Xe Siècle*. Par Charles Magnin. Paris. 1845.

The most important collections of English Mysteries and Miracle-Plays, are those known as the Townley, the Chester, and the Coventry Plays. The first of these collections has been published by the Surtees Society, and the other two by the Shakspeare Society. In his Introduction to the Coventry Mysteries, the editor, Mr. Halliwell, quotes the following passage from Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire* :—

"Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city was very famous for the pageants, that were played therein, upon Corpus-Christi day ; which, occasioning very great confluence of people thither, from far and near, was of no small benefit thereto ; which pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the friars of this house, had theaters for the severall scenes, very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of spectators : and contain'd the story of the New Testament, composed into Old English Rithme, as appeareth by an ancient MS., intituled *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Conventria*. I have been told by some old people, who, in their younger years, were eye-witnesses of these pageants so acted, that the yearly confluence of people to see that show was extraordinary great, and yielded no small advantage to this city."

The representation of religious plays has not yet been wholly discontinued by the Roman Church. At Ober-Ammergau, in the Tyrol, a grand spectacle of this kind is exhibited once in ten years. A very graphic description of that which took place in the year 1850 is given by Miss Anna Mary Howitt, in her "Art-Student in Munich," Vol. I., Chap. IV. She says:—

"The first view of Ober-Ammergau somewhat disappointed us. It lies in a smiling green valley surrounded by hills rather than mountains, and, excepting for the architecture of the cottages and certain rugged lines of peaks and cliffs telling of Alpine origin, might have passed for a retired Derbyshire dale.

"We had brought from our friend, Professor R., a letter to the peasant, Tobias Flunger, who performed the character of Christ, and this circumstance won for us good respect among our fellow-travellers. The *stell-wagen* drove up to his house, which is the second in the village, and surrounded by a gay little garden. Tobias Flunger came out to receive us, and you may imagine our surprise, when, instead of a peasant, as we had imagined, we beheld a gentleman to all appearance, in a gray sort of undress coat, and with a scarlet Fez on his head. He was certainly handsome, and welcomed us with a calm yet warm-hearted courtesy. As he removed his Fez we saw his dark glossy hair parted above the centre of his brow, and falling in rich waves upon his shoulders, and that his melancholy dark eyes, his pale brow, his emaciated features, his short, black beard, all bore the most strange and startling resemblance to the heads of the Saviour as represented by the early Italian painters.

"There was something to my mind almost fearful in this resemblance, and Tobias Flunger seemed to act and speak like one filled with a mysterious awe. If this be an act of worship in him, this personation of our Lord, what will be its effects upon him in after-life? There was a something so strange, so unspeakably melancholy in his emaciated countenance, that I found my imagination soon busily speculating upon the true reading of its expression.

"At the door we were also met by his wife and little daughter, themselves peasants in appearance, but cheerful and kind in their welcome, as if we had been old friends. The whole cottage was in harmony with its inhabitants; bright, cheerful, and filled with traces of a simple, pious, beautiful existence. We were taken into a little room, half chamber half study: upon the walls were several well-chosen engravings, after Hess and Overbeck; an old-fashioned cabinet, fronted with glass, contained various quaint drinking-glasses and exquisite specimens of carving in wood, an art greatly practised in the village. On one side of the cabinet hung a violin, and above it in another cabinet were arranged casts of hands and feet. On noticing these things to the wife, she said that her husband was a carver in wood by profession, and had brought these with him from Munich to assist him in his art.

"'He is a great carver of crucifixes and Madonnas,' she continued; 'you must see his works.' He was an artist, then, this Tobias Flunger, with his grave, sad countenance, his air of superiority; yes, much was now explained. And no doubt his artist-feeling had been brought into operation for the benefit of the Miracle-Play, in the same manner that the schoolmaster of Ober-Ammergau had taxed his musical skill for the production of the music.

"It was now seven o'clock, and as it yet wanted an hour till the commencement of the play, our kind artistic host, with that strange, melancholy, awe-inspiring countenance of his, insisted upon accompanying us through the village, and showing us specimens of the wood-carving. 'There was yet plenty of time,' he said, 'for him to prepare for the play.'"

"At the sound of a small cannon the motley crowd hastened towards the theatre, which was a large, unsightly wooden enclosure, erected on a broad, green meadow,

within a stone's throw of the village. A few poplars growing on either side of the enclosure, no doubt mark from one ten years to another the precise spot. The brightly painted pediment of the proscenium rose above the wooden fence; crowds of people already thronged the hastily-erected flights of steps leading to the different entrances. A few moments more, and we were seated in the boxes, precisely opposite the front of the stage.

“ With the first feeble notes from the orchestra, and very feeble at first they were, a dead silence sunk down upon the assembled multitude: as people say, ‘you might have heard a pin drop.’ All was breathless expectation. And soon, beneath the blue dome of heaven, and with God’s sunlight showering down upon them, a fantastic vision passed across the stage; their white tunics glanced in the light, their crimson, violet, and azure mantles swept the ground, their plumed head-dresses waved in the breeze;—they looked like some strange flight of fabulous birds. This was the chorus attired to represent angels. Like the antique chorus, they sung the argument of the play. With waving hands and solemn music their united voices pealed forth words of blessing, of ‘Peace on earth and good will towards men;’ they sang of God’s infinite love in sending among men His blessed Son; and their voices rose towards heaven, and echoed among the hills. And whilst they thus sung your hearts were strangely touched, and your eyes wandered away from those singular peasant-angels and their peasant audience, up to the deep, cloudless blue sky above their heads; you heard the rustle of green trees around you, and caught glimpses of mountains, and all seemed a strange, fantastical, poetical dream.

“ But now the chorus retired, and the curtain slowly rose. There is a tread of feet, a hum of voices, a crowd approaches, children shout, wave palm-branches, and scatter flowers. In the centre of the multitude on the stage, riding upon an ass, sits a majestic figure clothed in a long violet-coloured robe, the heavy folds of a crimson mantle falling around him. His hands are laid across his breast; his face is meekly raised towards heaven with an adoring love. Behind solemnly follows a group of grave men, staves in their hands, ample drapery sweeping the ground; you recognise John in the handsome, almost feminine youth, clothed in the green and scarlet robes, and with flowing locks; and there is Peter with his eager countenance; and that man with the brooding look, and wrapped in a flame-coloured mantle, that must be Judas! The children shout and wave their palm-branches, and the procession moves on—and that fatal, triumphal entry is made into Jerusalem.

“ Again appears that tall, majestic figure in his violet robe; his features are lit up with a holy indignation; a scourge is in his hand; he overturns the tables of the money-changers, and drives before him a craven, avaricious crowd! An excited assembly of aged men, with long and venerable beards falling on their breasts, their features inflamed with rage, with gestures of vengeance, horror, and contempt, plot and decide upon his death! He, meantime, sits calmly at Bethany among his friends, and a woman, with beautiful long hair falling around her, kisses his feet, and anoints them with precious ointment from her alabaster vase. And now he sits at a long table, his friends on either hand;—John leans upon his breast; he breaks the bread. Judas, seized by his evil thought, rises from the table, wraps himself closely in his mantle, bows his head, and passes out. Again the scene changes; it is a garden. That sad, grave man gazes with disappointed love upon his sleeping friends; he turns away and prays, bowed in agony. There is a tumult! That figure wrapped in its flame-coloured robe again appears! There is an encounter; a flash of swords! and the majestic, melancholy, violet-robed figure, with meekly bowed head, is borne away! And thus ends the first act of this saddest of all tragedies.

“ We had come expecting to feel our souls revolt at so material a representation of Christ, as any representation of Him we naturally imagined must be in a peasant’s



Miracle-Play. Yet so far, strange to confess, neither horror, disgust, nor contempt was excited in our minds. Such an earnest solemnity and simplicity breathed throughout the whole of the performance, that to me, at least, anything like anger, or a perception of the ludicrous, would have seemed more irreverent on my part than was this simple, child-like rendering of the sublime Christian tragedy. We felt at times, as though the figures of Cimabue, Giotto, and Perugino's pictures had become animated, and were moving before us; there was the same simple arrangement and brilliant colour of drapery—the same earnest, quiet dignity about the heads, whilst the entire absence of all theatrical effect wonderfully increased the illusion. There were scenes and groups so extraordinarily like the early Italian pictures, that you could have declared they were the works of Giotto and Perugino, and not living men and women, had not the figures moved and spoken, and the breezes stirred their richly-coloured drapery, and the sun cast long, moving shadows behind them on the stage. These effects of sunshine and shadow, and of drapery fluttered by the wind, were very striking and beautiful: one could imagine how the Greeks must have availed themselves of such striking effects in their theatres open to the sky.”

“The performance had commenced at eight o'clock, and now it was one, and a pause therefore ensued,—the first pause of any kind during those five long hours,—for *tableau*, and chorus, and acting had succeeded each other in the most rapid, unwearied, yet wearying routine! One felt perfectly giddy and exhausted by such a ceaseless stream of music, colour, and motion. Yet the actors, as if made of iron, appeared untouched by fatigue, and up to the very end of the second part, which lasted from two to five, played with the same earnest energy, and the chorus sang with the same powerful voice.”

“The cannon again sounded, the people again streamed towards the theatre. We were again in our places, and again commenced that long, monotonous exhibition. But the peasant portion of the audience were as unwearied as the actors themselves; to them, indeed, the second part was the most intensely interesting of all—*Eine herzeruhrende, angriefende Geschichte*—whilst to us it became truly revolting and painful. There was no sparing of agony, and blood, and horror; it was our Lord's Passion stripped of all its spiritual suffering—it was the anguish of the flesh—it was the material side of Catholicism. It was a painful, heart-rending, hurrying to and fro, amid brutal soldiery and an enraged mob, of that pale, emaciated, violet-robed figure: then there was his fainting under the cross; the crowning him with thorns; the scourging, the buffeting, the spitting upon him; and the soldiers laughed and scoffed, and derided with fierce brutality, and the people and the high-priest jeered and shouted; and ever he was meek and gentle. Then came the crucifixion; and as the chorus sang of the great agony, you heard from behind the curtain, the strokes of the hammer as the huge nails were driven into the cross, and, as your imagination believed, through his poor, pale hands and feet, and then, as the curtain slowly rose to the dying tones of the chorus, you beheld him hanging on the cross between the two crucified thieves. Both myself and my companion turned away from the spectacle sick with horror. They divided his garments at the foot of the cross; they pierced his side; the blood flowed apparently from the wound, and from his martyred hands and feet. The Virgin and Mary Magdalen, and the disciples, lamented around the foot of the cross, in groups and attitudes such as we see in the old pictures. Then came Joseph of Arimathea; the body was taken down and laid upon white linen, and, quietly, solemnly, and mournfully followed by the weeping women, was borne to the grave. Next came the visit of the women to the sepulchre; the vision of the angels; the surprise and joy of the women; and lastly, as the grand *finale*, the resurrection!

"The Miracle-Play was at an end; and now the peasants began once more to breathe, and to return to common life; and we most heartily rejoiced that this long long martyrdom was over. A martyrdom in two senses, for a more fatiguing summer day's work than the witnessing of this performance, which, but with an hour's pause, had lasted from eight in the morning till five in the evening, cannot be conceived. How the poor peasants managed to endure the burning rays of a July sun striking upon their heads for eight long hours, to say nothing of the heat and fatigue necessarily caused by the close pressure in the pit, I cannot imagine. In the boxes, where the people were secured from the sun by awnings, many a face had, hours before, begun to assume a pale and jaded look, and many an attitude to betray intense fatigue."

"In our moment of hurried departure, however, behold the sad, pale face of Tobias Flunger, bidding us adieu! He had again assumed his Fez and his gray coat—but the face was yet more gentle and dreamy, as though the shadow of the cross still lay upon it—and your eyes sought with a kind of morbid horror for the trace of the stigmata in those thin, white hands, as they waved a parting signal. It was a relief to see at his side the pleasant, bright, kind faces of his wife and little daughter. There was a wholesome look of happiness and common life about them."

Mr. Bayard Taylor, in his "Eldorado," gives a description of a Mystery he saw performed at San Lionel, in Mexico. See Vol. II. Chap. XI. He says:—

"Against the wing-wall of the Hacienda del Mayo, which occupied one end of the plaza, was raised a platform, on which stood a table covered with scarlet cloth. A rude bower of cane-leaves, on one end of the platform, represented the manger of Bethlehem; while a cord, stretched from its top across the plaza to a hole in the front of the church, bore a large tinsel star, suspended by a hole in its centre. There was quite a crowd in the plaza, and very soon a procession appeared, coming up from the lower part of the village. The three kings took the lead; the Virgin mounted on an ass that gloried in a gilded saddle and rose-besprinkled mane and tail, followed them, led by the angel; and several women, with curious masks of paper, brought up the rear. Two characters of the harlequin sort—one with a dog's head on his shoulders and the other a bald-headed friar, with a huge hat hanging on his back—played all sorts of antics for the diversion of the crowd. After making the circuit of the plaza, the Virgin was taken to the platform, and entered the manger. King Herod took his seat at the scarlet table, with an attendant in blue coat and red sash, whom I took to be his Prime Minister. The three kings remained on their horses in front of the church; but between them and the platform, under the string on which the star was to slide, walked two men in long white robes and blue hoods, with parchment folios in their hands. These were the Wise Men of the East, as one might readily know from their solemn air, and the mysterious glances which they cast towards all quarters of the heavens.

"In a little while, a company of women on the platform, concealed behind a curtain, sang an angelic chorus to the tune of 'O pescator dell'onda.' At the proper moment, the Magi turned towards the platform, followed by the star, to which a string was conveniently attached, that it might be slid along the line. The three kings followed the star till it reached the manger, when they dismounted, and inquired for the sovereign whom it had led them to visit. They were invited upon the platform and introduced to Herod, as the only king; this did not seem to satisfy them, and, after some conversation, they retired. By this time the star had receded to the other end of the line, and commenced moving forward again, they following. The angel called them into the manger, where upon their knees, they were shown a small wooden box, supposed to contain the sacred infant; they then retired, and the star brought them back no more. After this departure, King Herod declared himself greatly confused

by what he had witnessed, and was very much afraid this newly-found king would weaken his power. Upon consultation with his Prime Minister, the Massacre of the Innocents was decided upon, as the only means of security.

“The angel, on hearing this, gave warning to the Virgin, who quickly got down from the platform, mounted her bespangled donkey, and hurried off. Herod’s Prime Minister directed all the children to be handed up for execution. A boy, in a ragged sarape, was caught and thrust forward; the Minister took him by the heels in spite of his kicking, and held his head on the table. The little brother and sister of the boy, thinking he was really to be decapitated, yelled at the top of their voices, in an agony of terror, which threw the crowd into a roar of laughter. King Herod brought down his sword with a whack on the table, and the Prime Minister, dipping his brush into a pot of white paint which stood before him, made a flaring cross on the boy’s face. Several other boys were caught, and served likewise; and, finally, the two harlequins, whose kicks and struggles nearly shook down the platform. The procession then went off up the hill, followed by the whole population of the village. All the evening there were fandangoes in the Méson, bonfires and rockets on the plaza, ringing of bells, and high mass in the church, with the accompaniment of two guitars tinkling to lively polkas.”

In 1852 there was a representation of this kind by Germans in Boston: and I have now before me the copy of a play-bill, announcing the performance, on June 10, 1852, in Cincinnati, of the “Great Biblico-Historical Drama, the Life of Jesus Christ.”

#### THE SCRIPTORIUM.—PAGE 321.

A most interesting volume might be written on the Calligraphers and Chrysographers, the transcribers and illuminators of manuscripts in the Middle Ages. These men were for the most part monks, who laboured sometimes for pleasure and sometimes for penance, in multiplying copies of the classics and the Scriptures.

“Of all bodily labours, which are proper for us,” says Cassiodorus, the old Calabrian monk, “that of copying books has always been more to my taste than any other. The more so, as in this exercise the mind is instructed by the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and it is a kind of Homily to the others whom these books may reach. It is preaching with the hand, by converting the fingers into tongues; it is publishing to men in silence the words of salvation; in fine, it is fighting against the demon with pen and ink. As many words as a transcriber writes, so many wounds the demon receives. In a word, a recluse, seated in his chair to copy books, travels into different provinces, without moving from the spot, and the labour of his hands is felt even where he is not.”

Nearly every monastery was provided with its Scriptorium. Nicolas de Clairvaux, St. Bernard’s secretary, in one of his letters describes his cell, which he calls Scriptorium, where he copied books. And Mabillon, in his *Etudes Monastiques*, says, that in his time were still to be seen at Citeaux “many of those little cells, where the transcribers and bookbinders worked.”

Silvestre’s *Paléographie Universelle* contains a vast number of fac-similes of the most beautiful illuminated manuscripts of all ages and all countries; and Montfaucon in his *Palæographia Græca* gives the names of over three hundred calligraphers. He also gives an account of the books they copied, and the colophons with which, as with a satisfactory flourish of the pen, they closed their long-continued labours. Many of these are very curious; expressing joy, humility, remorse; entreating the reader’s prayers and pardon for the writer’s sins; and sometimes pronouncing a malediction on any one who should steal the book. A few of these I subjoin:—

“As pilgrims rejoice, beholding their native land, so are transcribers made glad, beholding the end of a book.”

"Sweet is it to write the end of any book."

"Ye who read, pray for me, who have written this book, the humble and sinful Theodulus."

"As many, therefore, as shall read this book, pardon me, I beseech you, if aught I have erred in accent, acute and grave, in apostrophe, in breathing soft or aspirate; and may God save you all; amen."

"If anything is well, praise the transcriber; if ill, pardon his unskilfulness."

"Ye who read, pray for me, the most sinful of all men, for the Lord's sake."

"The hand that has written this book shall decay, alas! and become dust, and go down to the grave, the corrupter of all bodies. But all ye who are of the portion of Christ, pray that I may obtain the pardon of my sins. Again and again I beseech you with tears, brothers and fathers, accept my miserable supplication, O holy choir! I am called John; woe is me! I am called Hiercus, or Sacerdos, in name only, not in unction."

"Whoever shall carry away this book, without permission of the Pope, may he incur the malediction of the Holy Trinity, of the Holy Mother of God, of St. John the Baptist, of the one hundred and eighteen holy Nicene Fathers, and of all the Saints; the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah; and the halter of Judas; anathema, amen."

"Keep safe, O Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, my three fingers, with which I have written this book."

"Mathusalas Machir transcribed this divinest book, in toil, infirmity, and dangers many."

"Bacchius Barbardorius and Michael Sophianus wrote this book in sport and laughter, being the guests of their noble and common friend Vincentius Pinellus, and Petrus Nunnus, a most learned man."

This last colophon, Montfaucon does not suffer to pass without reproof. "Other calligraphers," he remarks, "demand only the prayers of their readers, and the pardon of their sins; but these glory in their wantonness."

*Drink down to your peg!*—PAGE 342.

One of the canons of Archbishop Anselm, promulgated at the beginning of the twelfth century, ordains "that priests go not to drinking-bouts, nor drink to pegs." In the times of the hard-drinking Danes, King Edgar ordained that "pins or nails should be fastened into the drinking-cups or horns at stated distances, and whosoever should drink beyond those marks at one draught should be obnoxious to a severe punishment."

Sharpe, in his History of the Kings of England, says: "Our ancestors were formerly famous for comotation; their liquor was ale, and one method of amusing themselves in this way was with the peg-tankard. I had lately one of them in my hand. It had on the inside a row of eight pins, one above another, from top to bottom. It held two quarts, and was a noble piece of plate, so that there was a gill of ale, half a pint Winchester measure, between each peg. The law was, that every person that drank was to empty the space between pin and pin, so that the pins were so many measures to make the company all drink alike, and to swallow the same quantity of liquor. This was a pretty sure method of making all the company drunk, especially if it be considered that the rule was, that whosoever drank short of his pin, or beyond it, was obliged to drink again, and even as deep as to the next pin."

*The convent of St. Gildas de Rhuys.*—PAGE 344.

Abelard, in a letter to his friend Philintus, gives a sad picture of this monastery. "I live," he says, "in a barbarous country, the language of which I do not understand: I have no conversation but with the rudest people. My walks are on the

inaccessible shore of a sea, which is perpetually stormy. My monks are only known by their dissoluteness, and living without any rule or order. Could you see the abbey, Philintus, you would not call it one. The doors and walls are without any ornament, except the heads of wild boars and hinds' feet, which are nailed up against them, and the hides of frightful animals. The cells are hung with the skins of deer. The monks have not so much as a bell to wake them; the cocks and dogs supply that defect. In short, they pass their whole days in hunting; would to heaven that were their greatest fault! or that their pleasures terminated there! I endeavour in vain to recall them to their duty; they all combine against me, and I only expose myself to continual vexations and dangers. I imagine I see every moment a naked sword hang over my head. Sometimes they surround me, and load me with infinite abuses; sometimes they abandon me, and I am left alone to my own tormenting thoughts. I make it my endeavour to merit by my sufferings, and to appease an angry God. Sometimes I grieve for the loss of the house of the Paraclete, and wish to see it again. Ah, Philintus, does not the love of Heloise still burn in my heart? I have not yet triumphed over that unhappy passion. In the midst of my retirement I sigh, I weep, I pine, I speak the dear name Heloise, and am pleased to hear the sound."—*Letters of the Celebrated Abelard and Heloise. Translated by Mr. John Hughes. Glasgow, 1751.*

*Were it not for my magic garters and staff.*—PAGE 370.

The method of making the Magic Garters and the Magic Staff is thus laid down in "*Les Secrets Merveilleux du Petit Albert*," a French translation of "*Alberti Parvi Lucii Libellus de Mirabilibus Naturæ Arcanis*."

"Gather some of the herb called motherwort, when the sun is entering the first degree of the sign of Capricorn; let it dry a little in the shade, and make some garters of the skin of a young hare: that is to say, having cut the skin of the hare into strips two inches wide, double them, sew the before-mentioned herb between, and wear them on your legs. No horse can long keep up with a man on foot, who is furnished with these garters."—P. 128.

"Gather, on the morrow of All-Saints, a strong branch of willow, of which you will make a staff, fashioned to your liking. Hollow it out by removing the pith from within, after having furnished the lower end with an iron ferule. Put into the bottom of the staff the two eyes of a young wolf, the tongue and heart of a dog, three green lizards, and the hearts of three swallows. These must all be dried in the sun, between two papers, having been first sprinkled with finely-pulverized saltpetre. Besides all these put into the staff seven leaves of vervain, gathered on the eve of St. John the Baptist, with a stone of divers colours, which you will find in the nest of the lapwing, and stop the end of the staff with a pomel of box, or of any other material you please; and be assured that this staff will guarantee you from the perils and mishaps which too often befall travellers, either from robbers, wild beasts, mad dogs, or venomous animals. It will also procure you the good will of those with whom you lodge."—P. 130.

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