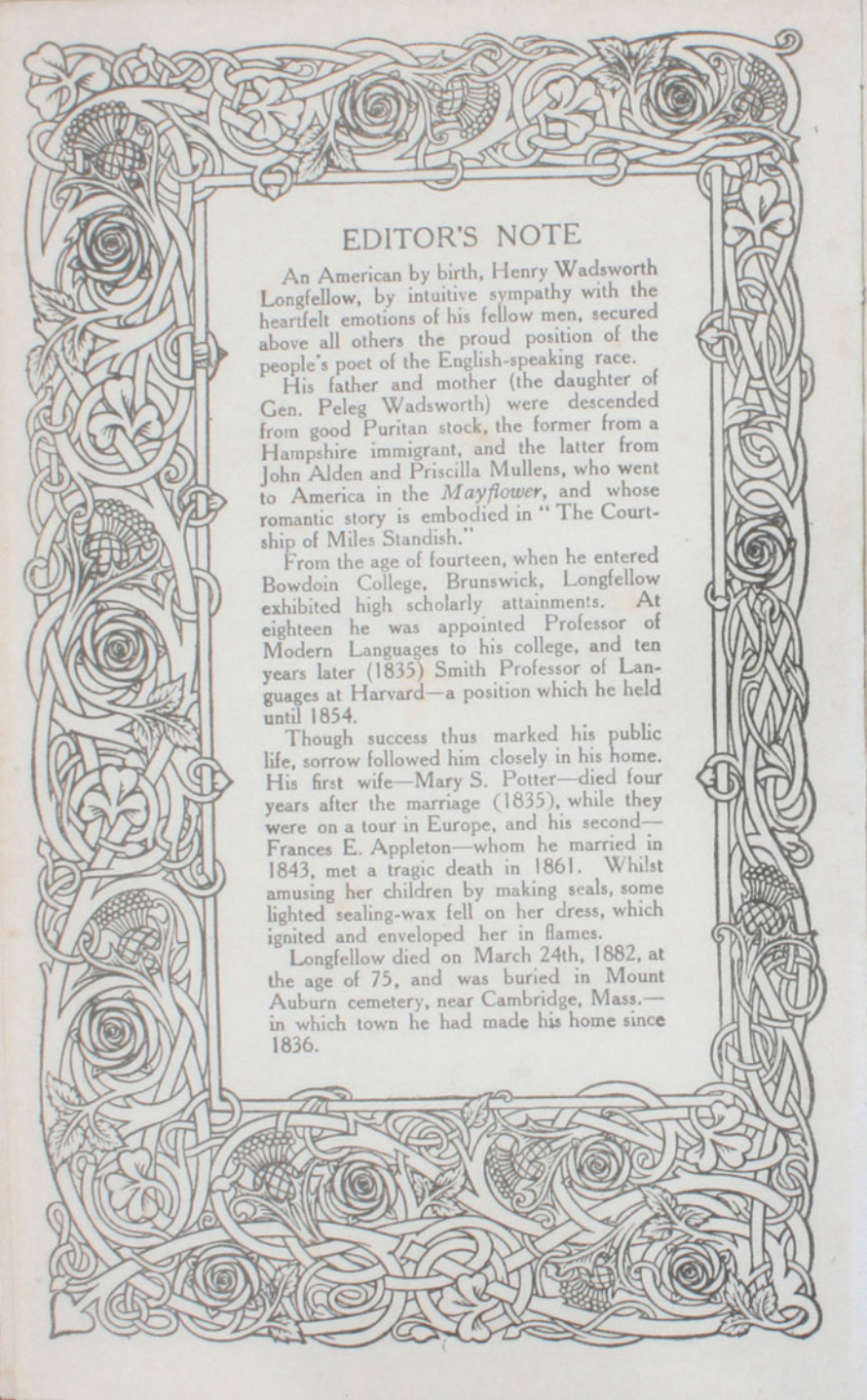




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POETICAL WORKS

H. W. LONGFELLOW



EDITOR'S NOTE

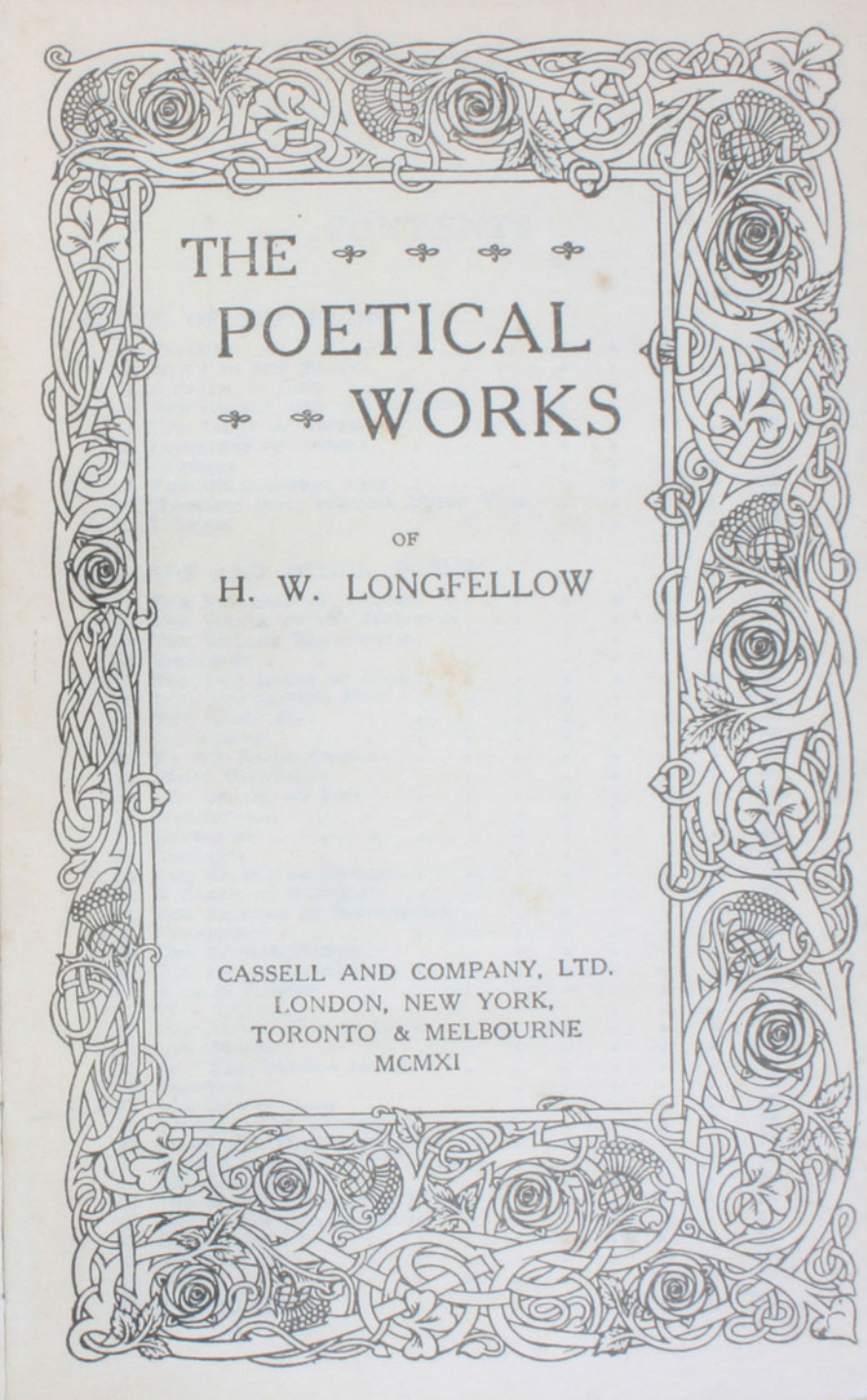
An American by birth, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, by intuitive sympathy with the heartfelt emotions of his fellow men, secured above all others the proud position of the people's poet of the English-speaking race.

His father and mother (the daughter of Gen. Peleg Wadsworth) were descended from good Puritan stock, the former from a Hampshire immigrant, and the latter from John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, who went to America in the *Mayflower*, and whose romantic story is embodied in "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

From the age of fourteen, when he entered Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Longfellow exhibited high scholarly attainments. At eighteen he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages to his college, and ten years later (1835) Smith Professor of Languages at Harvard—a position which he held until 1854.

Though success thus marked his public life, sorrow followed him closely in his home. His first wife—Mary S. Potter—died four years after the marriage (1835), while they were on a tour in Europe, and his second—Frances E. Appleton—whom he married in 1843, met a tragic death in 1861. Whilst amusing her children by making seals, some lighted sealing-wax fell on her dress, which ignited and enveloped her in flames.

Longfellow died on March 24th, 1882, at the age of 75, and was buried in Mount Auburn cemetery, near Cambridge, Mass.—in which town he had made his home since 1836.



THE * * * *
POETICAL
* * WORKS

OF
H. W. LONGFELLOW

CASELL AND COMPANY, LTD.
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MCMXI

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N.B.—The asterisks in the text are inserted to draw the reader's attention to the author's valuable notes which will be found at the end of the volume.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT
BY
THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT
THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT
THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT
THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

1839

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

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

EURIPIDES.

I PRELUDE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 lisplings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

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

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

" 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 heaven 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 afright,—
 Be these henceforth thy theme.”

II

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

Ἄσπασίη, τριλλιστος

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

I felt her presence by its spell of might,
 Stoop o'er me from above ;
 The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
 As of the one I love.

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

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

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

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

III

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.

IV

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.

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

THE LIGHT OF STARS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

VOICES OF THE NIGHT

Oh, 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.

VI

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 depress'd and lonely,
 All my fears are laid aside,
 If I but remember only
 Such as these have lived and died !

VII

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 gaily in the golden light ;
 Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
 Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

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

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

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

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

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

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

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
 How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
 We behold their tender buds expand ;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

VIII

THE BELEAGUERED CITY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IX

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! Oh, 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 !

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

1841-6

BALLADS AND OTHER POEMS

XI

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

This Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armour; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ Once, as I told in glee
 Tales of the stormy sea,
 Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning yet tender ;
 And as the white stars shine
 On the dark Norway pine,
 On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendour.

“ I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
 Yielding, yet half afraid,
 And in the forest's shade
 Our vows were plighted.

Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

“ Bright in her father’s hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chaunting his glory ;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter’s hand,
Mute did the minstrel 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 the 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 sunlight hateful !
 In the vast forest here,
 Clad in my warlike gear,
 Fell I upon my spear,
 Oh, death was grateful !

“ Thus, seamed with many scars,
 Bursting these prison bars,
 Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended !

There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skool! to the Northland! *Skool!*" •
—Thus the tale ended.

XII

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,
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 Sailòr,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
" I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

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

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

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

“ Come hither ! come hither ! my little 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 ? ”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XIII

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 !

XIV

ENDYMION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XV

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.

XVI

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY

NO HAY PÁJAROS EN LOS NIDOS DE ANTAÑO.

SPANISH PROVERB.

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

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

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

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

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

XVII

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.

XVIII

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.

XIX

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 !

For 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 hearthstone of my heart !

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

XX

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
 Ἦ 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, Ὑπαγε !
 Ἦ πίστις σου σέσωκέ σε !

XXI

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 misletoe.

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 learnt 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.

XXII

MAIDENHOOD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XXIII

EXCELSIOR

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

Excelsior !

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

Excelsior !

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

Excelsior !

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

Excelsior !

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

Excelsior !

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

Excelsior !

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

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

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

XXIV

CARILLON

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

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

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

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

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

XXV

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 armed guard around them, and the sword un-
sheathed 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.

XXVI

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XXVII

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

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

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

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

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal 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 accursèd 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.

XXVIII

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 un-
couth 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, tolling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he
lies ;

Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more
fair,

That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has
breathed its air !

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure
and dismal lanes,

Walked of yore the 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 grey 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.

XXIX

THE NORMAN BARON

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

THIERRY : *Conquête de l'Angleterre.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

xxx

THE INDIAN HUNTER

WHEN the summer harvest was gathered in,
 And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
 And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
 Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
 An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
 Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day
 Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,
 But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
 And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet,
 And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,
 As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods,
 As the sun stole out from their solitudes;
 The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
 And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,

And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red
Where the trees withered leaves around it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn ;
The mower sung loud by the meadow side,
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide ;
And the voice of the herdsman came up the lea,
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard, by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak—
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind,
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white,—
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,
And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore,
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on, by that still lake side,
The fisher looked down through the silver tide,
And there on the smooth yellow sand displayed,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,
And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

XXXI

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 its 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 the leopard's tawny and spotted hide,
Stretches the plain,
To the dry grass and the drier grain
How welcome is the rain !

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

xxxii

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 brave bashaw
With bearded lip and chin ;
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,
Beneath the imperial fan of state,
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command
Thou shakest in thy little hand
The coral rattle with its silver bells,
Making a merry tune !
Thousands of years in Indian seas
That coral grew, by slow degrees,
Until some deadly and wild monsoon
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand !
Those silver bells
Reposed of yore,
As shapeless ore,
Far down in the deep-sunken wells
Of darksome mines,
In some obscure and sunless place,
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,
Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines !

And thus for thee, O little child,
Through many a danger and escape,
The tall ships passed the stormy cape ;
For thee in foreign lands remote,
Beneath the burning, tropic clime,
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild goat,
Himself as swift and wild,
In falling, clutched the frail arbut,
The fibres of whose shallow root,
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed
The silver veins beneath it laid,
The buried treasures of the pirate, 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 sailless vessel drops adown the stream,
 And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,
 Thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep.

O child ! O new-born denizen
 Of life's great city ! on thy head
 The glory of the morn is shed,
 Like a celestial benison !
 Here at the portal thou dost stand,
 And with thy little hand
 Thou openest the mysterious gate
 Into the future's undiscovered land.
 I see its valves expand,
 As at the touch of Fate !
 Into those realms of love and hate,
 Into that darkness blank and drear,
 By some prophetic feeling taught,
 I launch the bold, adventurous thought,
 Freight with hope and fear ;
 As upon subterranean streams,
 In caverns unexplored and dark,
 Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,

Laden with flickering fire,
 And watch its swift-receding beams,
 Until at length they disappear,
 And in the distant dark expire.

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

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

And if a more auspicious fate
 On thy advancing steps await,
 Still let it ever be thy pride
 To linger by the labourer's side
 With words of sympathy or song
 To cheer the dreary march along
 Of the great army of the poor,
 O'er desert sand, o'er dangerous moor.
 Nor to thyself the task shall be
 Without reward ; for thou shalt learn
 The wisdom early to discern
 True beauty in utility ;
 As great Pythagoras of yore,
 Standing beside the blacksmith's door,
 And hearing the hammers, as they smote
 The anvils with a different note,

Stole from the varying tones, that hung
 Vibrant on every iron tongue,
 The secret of the sounding wire,
 And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

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

XXXIII

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION*

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

Like the astrologers of eld,
 In that bright vision I beheld
 Greater and deeper mysteries.
 I saw, with its celestial keys,
 Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
 The Samian's great Æolian lyre,
 Rising through all its sevenfold bars,
 From earth unto the fixed stars.
 And through the dewy atmosphere,
 Not only could I see, but hear,
 Its wondrous and harmonious strings,
 In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,
 From Dian's circle light and near,
 Onward to vaster and wider rings,
 Where, chanting through his beard of snows,
 Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,
 And down the sunless realms of space
 Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And with its chorus seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east ;
And, slow ascending one by one,
The kindling constellations shone.
Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast !
His sword hung gleaming by his side.
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint,
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars
That were to prove her strength, and try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,
She reached the station of Orion.
Aghast he stood in strange alarm !
And suddenly from his outstretched arm
Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull ; but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by *Ænopion*,
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,
And, climbing up the mountain gorge,
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead,
An angel with a trumpet said,
" For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er ! "
And like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,
The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,

And on from sphere to sphere the words
 Re-echoed down the burning chords,—
 “ For evermore, for evermore,
 The reign of violence is o'er ! ”

xxxiv

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XXXV

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 those birds unknown, that have left us only their
 footprints.
 What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the
 footprints ?
 How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod the
 green turf of the prairies ?
 How canst thou breathe in this air, who hast breathed the
 sweet air of the mountains ?
 Ah ! 'tis vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost
 challenge
 Looks of dislike in return, and question these walls and these
 pavements,
 Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-
 trodden millions
 Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns
 that they, too,
 Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its
 division !
 Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the
 Wabash !
 There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves
 of the maple
 Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in
 summer
 Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath
 of their branches.
 There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of
 horses !
 There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elk-
 horn,
 Or by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the
 Omawhaw
 Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave
 of the Blackfeet !

Hark ! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts ?
 Is it the cry of Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,
 Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of 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
 Glean 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 !

XXXVI

SEA-WEED

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

And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
 Spars, uplifting
 On the desolate, rainy seas ;—

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

So when storms of wild emotion
 Strike the ocean
 Of the poet's soul, ere long
 From each cave and rocky fastness,
 In its vastness,
 Floats some fragment of a song :

From the far-off isles enchanted,
 Heaven has planted
 With the golden fruit of Truth ;
 From the flashing surf, whose vision
 Gleams Elysian
 In the tropic clime of Youth ;

From the strong Will and the Endeavour
 That for ever
 Wrestle 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.

XXXVII

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.

XXXVIII

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.

XXXIX

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK

WELCOME, my old friend,
 Welcome to a foreign fire-side,
 While the sullen gales of autumn
 Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,
First I met thee.

There are marks of age,
There are thumb-marks on thy margin,
Made by hands that clasped thee rudely
At the alehouse.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

XL

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID •

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

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

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

Thus the bard of love departed ;
And, fulfilling his desire,
On his tomb the birds were feasted
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,
In foul weather and in fair,
Day by day, in vaster numbers,
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches
Overshadowed all the place,
On the pavement, on the tombstone,
On the poet's sculptured face,

On the cross-bars of each window,
On the lintel of each door,
They renewed the War of Wartburg,
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,
Sang their lauds on every side ;
And the name their voices uttered
Was the name of Vogelweid.

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

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

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

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

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

XLI

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 flagons 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 !

XLII

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier dit le 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,
 " For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! "

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,—
 " For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! "

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,—

“ For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! ”

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,—

“ For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! ”

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,—

“ For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! ”

There groups of merry children played,
 There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;
 O precious hours ! O golden prime,
 An affluence of love and time !
 Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—

“ For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! ”

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,—

“ For ever—never !
 Never—for ever ! ”

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,—
“ For ever—never !
Never—for ever ! ”

Never here, for ever there,
Where all parting, pain and care,
And death, and time shall disappear,—
For ever there, but never here !
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,—
“ For ever—never !
Never—for ever ! ”

XLIII

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.

XLIV

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.

XLV

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 !

XLVI

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 its fiery tomb.
 Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom ;
 Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
 What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
 The tender stars their clouded lamps relume !
 Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,
 By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
 As up the convent-walls, in golden streaks,
 The ascending sunbeams mark the day's decrease ;
 And, as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
 Thy voice along the cloister whispers, " Peace ! "

EVANGELINE

1847

XLVII

EVANGELINE*

A TALE OF ACADIE

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 huntsman ?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian
farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the wood-
lands,
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
over 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.

PART THE FIRST

I

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to
the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without
number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmer had raised with labour
incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the
flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the
meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards, and
cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to
the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the
mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty
Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station
descended.
There, in the midst of its farm, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of
chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the
Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows; and gables
projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-
way.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly
the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the
chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within
doors
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the
song 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 times from France, and since, as an
 heirloom,
 Handed down from mother to child, through long
 generations.
 But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
 Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
 confession,
 Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction
 upon her.
 When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite
 music.
 Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
 Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
 Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing
 around it.
 Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a
 footpath
 Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the
 meadow.
 Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a pent-
 house,
 Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side,
 Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
 Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with
 its moss-grown
 Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the
 horses.
 Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the
 barns and the farm-yard.
 There stood the broad-wheeled wains, and the antique
 ploughs and the harrows;
 There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his
 feathered seraglio,
 Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the
 selfsame
 Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
 Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village.
 In each one
 Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,
 Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.

There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of
Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.

Many a youth as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion ;

Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment !

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And as he knocked, and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,

Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron ;

Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.

But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome ;

Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and 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

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the tire of a 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 hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the
 meadow.
 Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the
 rafters,
 Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the
 swallow
 Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its
 fledglings ;
 Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the
 swallow !
 Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were
 children.
 He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the
 morning,
 Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought
 into action.
 She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
 " Sunshine of Saint Eulalie " was she called ; for that was
 the sunshine
 Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards
 with apples ;
 She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and
 abundance,
 Filling it full of love, and the ruddy faces of children.

2

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder
 and longer,
 And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
 Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the
 ice-bound,
 Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
 Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with the winds of
 September
 Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the
 angel.
 All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
 Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their
 honey
 Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters asserted
 Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints !
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light ; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around him ;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow, Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and 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 seaside,
Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers ;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ; their protector,

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

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

Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odour.
Chcerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and
their fetlocks,

While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous
saddles,

Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of
crimson,

Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their
udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud, and in regular
cadence

Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the
farm-yard,

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the
barn-doors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed 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 cheerfulest mood art thou, when others are filled
 with
 Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
 Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a
 horseshoe."
 Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that 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 com-
 manded

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 blacksmith,

Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he
continued:—

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

Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its out-
skirts,

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.

3

BENT like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary
public ;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders ; his forehead was high ; and glasses
with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great
watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished
a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the
English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and
childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children ;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who un-
christened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of
children ;
And how on Christmas-eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and
horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the black-
smith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his
right hand,
" Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, " thou hast heard the
talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships
and their errand."
Then with modest demeanour made answer the notary
public,—
" Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the
wiser ;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace ; and why then molest
us ? "
" God's name ! " shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible
blacksmith ;

" Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and
 the wherefore ?
 Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the
 strongest ! "

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

" Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice
 Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often con-
 soled 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
 blacksmith

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

All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as
the 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
inkhorn,
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 com-
pleted,
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 bride-
groom,
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 straight-
way
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 glad-
ness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the
hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the
maiden,
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of
her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its
clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully
folded
Linen and woollen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline
woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband
in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as
a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant
moonlight
Streamed through the windows and lighted the room, till
the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of
the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood
with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her
chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the
orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and
her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of
sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the
moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a
moment.
And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the
moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her
footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with
Hagar!

4

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 abund-
ant :

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father ;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and
gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she
gave it.

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

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the
beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and
of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his
snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the
fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from
the embers.

Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among
them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the black-
smith!

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 headstones

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 arose their commander, and spake from the steps of
the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal com-
mission.

"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 hail-
stones

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

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

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures ;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the
speaker.

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

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the door-
way.

Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce im-
precations

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

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the black-
smith,

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 forgive-
ness ?

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 as-
cended,—

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 stair and the floor of her
chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the
window.

Keenly the lightning flashed ; and the voice of the echoing
thunder

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world
he created !

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice
of heaven ;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered
till morning.

5

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 Evangeline waited in silence, Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—

Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her.

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—

“ Gabriel, be of good cheer ! for if we love one another, Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen ! ”

Smiling she spake these words ; then suddenly paused, for her father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas, how changed was his aspect !

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom.

But, with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of
embarking.

Busily plied the freighted boats ; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too
late, saw their children

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest
entreaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her
father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and
the twilight

Deepened and darkened around ; and in haste the refluent
ocean

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-
beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery
sea-weed.

Farther back, in the midst of the household goods and the
waggons,

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 wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch,
and, uplifting,

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

Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flames inter-
mingled.

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

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

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

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards,
Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon the lowing of
cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs inter-
rupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping
encampments

Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of
the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.

Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds
and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed
o'er the meadows.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest
and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened
before them ;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent com-
panion,

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 sea-side,
 Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
 But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-
 Pré.
 And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
 Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast con-
 gregation,
 Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the
 dirges.
 'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the
 ocean,
 With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying
 landward.
 Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of
 embarking ;
 And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the
 harbour,
 Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village
 in ruins.

PART THE SECOND

1

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 tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in
its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside
him.
Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved
and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "O, yes! we have seen
him.
He was with Basil the Blacksmith, and both have gone to
the prairies;

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

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

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

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

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

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

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

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

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."

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

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

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

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

And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor, said, with a smile,—“O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted; if it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

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

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

Patience; accomplish thy 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 word, 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 foot-
 steps ;—
 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.

2

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 ship-
 wrecked
 Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
 Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common
 misfortune ;
 Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by
 hearsay,
 Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred
 farmers
 On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
 With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father
 Felician.
 Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre
 with forests,
 Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;
 Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its
 borders.
 Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where
 plumelike
 Cotton trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with
 the current,
 Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
 Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their
 margin,
 Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans
 waded.
 Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual
summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and
citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the
Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the
cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient
cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the
herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac
laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on
the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining
the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks
in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things
around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and
sadness,—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be
compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking
mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has
attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that
faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the
moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of
a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before
her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and
nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the
 oarsmen,
 And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
 Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast
 on his bugle.
 Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the
 blast rang,
 Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the
 forest.
 Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to
 the music.
 Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
 Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches ;
 But not a voice replied ; no answer came from the darkness ;
 And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was
 the silence.
 Then Evangeline slept ; but the boatmen rowed through the
 midnight,
 Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
 Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.
 And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds
 of the desert,
 Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
 Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim
 alligator.
 Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades ;
 and before them
 Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
 Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
 Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the
 lotus
 Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
 Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia
 blossoms,
 And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan islands,
 Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges
 of roses,
 Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
 Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
 Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the
 margin,
 Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the
 greensward,
 Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers
 slumbered.
 Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
 Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the
 grape-vine

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds that flitted from blossom to
blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered
beneath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening
heaven

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and
trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and
beaver.

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and
careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a
sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and
restless,

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in
the willows,

And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen,
were the sleepers ;

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering
maiden.

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the
prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the
distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest,—“ O Father Felician !
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?

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

Then, with a blush, she added,—“ Alas for my credulous
fancy !

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning. ”
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he
answered,—

“ Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to me
without meaning.

Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats on the
surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is
hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls
illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the south-
ward,
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 sheep-
fold.
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 land-
scape ;
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 frenzied Bac-
chantes.
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.

3

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 deer-
skin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish
sombbrero
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 fresh-
ness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the land-
scape.
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 Atcha-
falaya,
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 lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the
herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless
profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches
tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as
they listened:—
“Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been
friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance
than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as a keel
through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and
grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the
prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of
timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into
houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with
harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from your
homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms
and your cattle.”
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his
nostrils,
And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the
table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician,
astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his
nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and
gayer :—
“ Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever !
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one’s neck in a nut-
shell ! ”
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 Herds-
man.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbours :
Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who before
were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael’s melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the
maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the
music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering
garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and
the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o’er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the
garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the
forest,

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the
 river
 Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam
 of the moonlight,
 Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious
 spirit.
 Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the
 garden
 Poured out their souls in odours, that were their prayers
 and confessions
 Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
 Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows
 and night-dews,
 Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical
 moonlight
 Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
 As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of
 the oak-trees,
 Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless
 prairie.
 Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
 Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
 Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
 Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and
 worship,
 Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that
 temple,
 As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Uphar-
 sin."
 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 whippoorwill
 sounded
 Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neigh-
 bouring 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, "Tomorrow!"

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 learned from the garrulous landlord,

That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,

Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

4

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

Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's waggon, 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 vibra-
tions.
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 Moun-
tains,
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 com-
panions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer
and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the
quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped
up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian
accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and
reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been dis-
appointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's
compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was
near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale
of the Mowis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a
maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the
wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into
the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird
incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a
phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush
of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the
maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the
forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around
her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the
enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon
rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious 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 mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices, And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river, Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village, Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,

Looked with its agonised face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.

This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches

Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers, Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,

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

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

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

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

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

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

And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.

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

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

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

"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes, Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey.

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an
 accent of kindness;
 But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the
 snow-flakes
 Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
 "Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest;
 "but in autumn,
 When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
 Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and
 submissive,—
 "Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
 So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the
 morrow,
 Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and
 companions,
 Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the
 Mission.

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

5

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 Pené 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 path-
way
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the
distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his
image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld
him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and
absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power ; he was not changed, but
transfigured ;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not
absent ;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.

Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the
sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watch-
man 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 grey 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 attend-
ants,
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
Glams 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 alms-
house.

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 flowerets
dropped from her fingers,

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of
the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible
anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old
man.

Long, and thin, and grey 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 man-
hood ;

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 sink-
ing.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverbera-
tions,

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.

The first part of the book is devoted to a description of the life of the sailors on board the fleet. The author describes the hardships and dangers of their life, and the loyalty and courage of the men who served on the fleet. He also describes the life of the sailors on the shore, and the way in which they were treated by the authorities. The author's description is based on his own observations and experience, and is a valuable contribution to the history of the fleet.

THE SEASIDE AND THE FLEET

The second part of the book is devoted to a description of the life of the sailors on the shore. The author describes the way in which the sailors were treated by the authorities, and the way in which they lived on the shore. He also describes the life of the sailors on the fleet, and the way in which they were treated by the authorities. The author's description is based on his own observations and experience, and is a valuable contribution to the history of the fleet.

THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE

XLVIII

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 selfsame ends,
 With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,
 Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion ;
 Not interrupting with intrusive talk
 The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
 At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
 To have my place reserved among the rest,
 Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited !

BY THE SEASIDE

XLIX

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,
'Twill be seen by the rays of the signal light,
Speeding along through the rain and the dark,
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright !
Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place ; *
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 stripe and stars.
 Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
 In foreign harbours shall behold
 That flag unrolled,
 'Twill be as a friendly hand
 Stretched out from his native land,
 Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless.

All is finished! and at length
 Has come the bridal day
 Of beauty and of strength.
 To-day the vessel shall be launched!
 With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
 And o'er the bay,
 Slowly, in all his splendours dight,
 The great sun rises to behold the sight.
 The ocean old,
 Centuries old,
 Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
 Paces restless to and fro,
 Up and down the sands of gold.
 His beating heart is not at rest;
 And far and wide,
 With ceaseless flow,
 His beard of snow
 Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
 There she stands,
 With her foot upon the sands,
 Decked with flags and streamers gay,
 In honour of her marriage day,
 Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
 Round her like a veil descending,
 Ready to be
 The bride of the grey, 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 grey,
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 !

L

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 !

LI

THE SECRET OF THE SEA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 secrets 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.

LII

TWILIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

LIII

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.

LIV

THE LIGHTHOUSE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LV

THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD

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

Not far away we saw the port,—
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—
The light-house, the dismantled fort,—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room ;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been,
And who was changed, and who was dead ;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again ;

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark ;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

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

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

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

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

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

BY THE FIRESIDE

LVI

RESIGNATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LVII

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 God 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.

LVIII

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 Dead Sea beach,
 And singing slow their old Armenian psalms
 In half-articulate speech ;

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

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

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 !

LIX

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 sounds of winged words.

This is the cry
Of souls, that high
On toiling, beating pinions, fly,
Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight
Through realms of light
It falls into our world of night,
With the murmuring sound of rhyme.

LX

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 !

LXI

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 St. 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 ! "

LXII

GASPAR BECERRA

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

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

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.

LXIII

PEGASUS IN POUND

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

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

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
From its belfry gaunt and grim ;
'Twas the daily call to labour,
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
In its gleaming vapour veiled ;
Not the less he breathed the odours
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
By the school-boys he was found ;
And the wise men, in their wisdom,
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
Ringing loud his brazen bell,
Wandered down the street proclaiming
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
Rich and poor, and young and old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
Winged steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening
Fell, with vapours cold and dim ;
But it brought no food nor shelter,
Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

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

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

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

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo ! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor where.

But they found, upon the greensward
 Where his struggling hoofs had trod,
 Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
 From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing
 Gladdens the whole region round,
 Strengthening all who drink its waters,
 While it soothes them with its sound.

LXIV

TEGNÈR'S DRAPA

I HEARD a voice that cried,
 " Balder the Beautiful
 Is dead, is dead ! "
 And through the misty air
 Passed like the mournful cry
 Of sunward sailing cranes.

I saw the pallid corpse
 Of the dead sun
 Borne through the Northern sky.
 Blasts from Niffelheim
 Lifted the sheeted mists
 Around him as he passed.

And the voice for ever cried,
 " Balder the Beautiful
 Is dead, is dead ! "
 And died away
 Through the dreary night,
 In accents of despair.

Balder the Beautiful,
 God of the summer sun,
 Fairest of all the Gods !
 Light from his forehead beamed,
 Runes were upon his tongue,
 As on the warrior's sword.

All things in earth and air
 Bound were by magic spell
 Never to do him harm ;
 Even the plants and stones ;

All save the misletoe,
The sacred misletoe !

Hœder, the blind old God,
Whose feet are shod with silence,
Pierced through that gentle breast
With his sharp spear, by fraud
Made of the misletoe,
The accursed misletoe !

They laid him in his ship,
With horse and harness,
As on a funeral pyre.
Odin placed
A ring upon his finger,
And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship !
It floated far away
Over the misty sea,
Till like the 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.

LXV

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 vex't !
 How must thy listening spirit now rejoice
 To be interpreted by such a voice !

LXVI

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 grey 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."

LXVII

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.

LXVIII

HYMN

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION

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

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

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

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

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

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

BY

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

1855

LXIX

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA *

INTRODUCTION

SHOULD you ask me, whence these stories ?
 Whence these legends and traditions,
 With the odours of the forest,
 With the dew and damp of meadows,
 With the curling smoke of wigwams,
 With the rushing of great rivers,
 With their frequent repetitions,
 And their wild reverberations,
 As of thunder in the mountains ?

I should answer, I should tell you,
 " From the forests and the prairies,
 From the great lakes of the Northland,
 From the land of the Ojibways,
 From the land of the Dacotahs,
 From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,
 Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
 I repeat them as I heard them
 From the lips of Nawadaha,
 The musician, the sweet singer."

Should you ask where Nawadaha
 Found these songs, so wild and wayward,
 Found these legends and traditions,
 I should answer, I should tell you,
 " In the birds'-nests of the forests,
 In the lodges of the beaver,
 In the hoof-prints of the bison,
 In the eyry of the eagle !

" All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
 In the moorlands and the fen-lands,
 In the melancholy marshes ;
 Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
 Mahng, the loon, the wild goose, Wawa,
 The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 And the grouse, the Mushkodasa !"

If still further you should ask me,
 Saying, "Who was Nawadaha?
 Tell us of this Nawadaha,"
 I should answer your inquiries
 Straightway in such words as follow.

"In the Vale of Tawasentha,*
 In the green and silent valley,
 By the pleasant water-courses,
 Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
 Round about the Indian village
 Spread the meadows and the corn-fields,
 And beyond them stood the forest,
 Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
 Green in Summer, white in Winter,
 Ever sighing, ever singing.

"And the pleasant water-courses,
 You could trace them through the valley,
 By the rushing in the Spring-time,
 By the alders in the Summer,
 By the white fog in the Autumn,
 By the black line in the Winter;
 And beside them dwelt the singer,
 In the Vale of Tawasentha,
 In the green and silent valley.

"There he sang of Hiawatha
 Sang the song of Hiawatha,
 Sang his wondrous birth and being,
 How he prayed and how he fasted,
 How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
 That the tribes of men might prosper,
 That he might advance his people!"

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
 Love the sunshine of the meadow,
 Love the shadow of the forest,
 Love the wind among the branches,
 And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
 And the rushing of great rivers
 Through their palisades of pine-trees,
 And the thunder in the mountains,
 Whose innumerable echoes
 Flap like eagles in their cyries;—
 Listen to these wild traditions,
 To this song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,
 Love the ballads of a people,
 That like voices from afar off
 Call to us to pause and listen,
 Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
 Scarcely can the ear distinguish

Whether they are sung or spoken ;—
 Listen to this Indian Legend,
 To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
 Who have faith in God and Nature,
 Who believe, that in all ages
 Every human heart is human,
 That in even savage bosoms
 There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
 For the good they comprehend not,
 That the feeble hands and helpless,
 Groping blindly in the darkness,
 Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
 And are lifted up and strengthened ;—
 Listen to this simple story,
 To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles
 Through the green lanes of the country,
 Where the tangled barberry-bushes
 Hang their tufts of crimson berries
 Over stone walls grey with mosses,
 Pause by some neglected graveyard,
 For a while to muse, and ponder
 On a half-effaced inscription,
 Written with little skill of song-craft,
 Homely phrases, but each letter
 Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
 Full of all the tender pathos
 Of the Here and the Hereafter ;—
 Stay and read this rude inscription !
 Read this Song of Hiawatha !

1

THE PEACE-PIPE

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,*
 On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
 Gitche Manito, the mighty,
 He the Master of Life, descending,
 On the red crags of the quarry
 Stood erect, and called the nations,
 Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,
 Leaped into the light of morning,
 O'er the precipice plunging downward
 Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.

And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
 With his finger on the meadow
 Traced a winding pathway for it,
 Saying to it, " Run in this way ! "

From the red stone of the quarry
 With his hand he broke a fragment,
 Moulded it into a pipe-head,
 Shaped and fashioned it with figures ;
 From the margin of the river
 Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
 With its dark-green leaves upon it ;
 Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
 With the bark of the red willow ;
 Breathed upon the neighbouring forest,
 Made its great boughs chafe together,
 Till in flame they burst and kindled ;
 And erect upon the mountains,
 Gitche Manito, the mighty,
 Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
 As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
 Through the tranquil air of morning,
 First a single line of darkness,
 Then a denser, bluer vapour,
 Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
 Like the tree-tops of the forest,
 Ever rising, rising, rising,
 Till it touched the top of heaven,
 Till it broke against the heaven,
 And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
 From the Valley of Wyoming,
 From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
 From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
 From the Northern lakes and rivers,
 All the tribes beheld the signal,
 Saw the distant smoke ascending,
 The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations
 Said : " Behold it, the Pukwana !
 By this signal from afar off,
 Bending like a wand of willow,
 Waving like a hand that beckons,
 Gitche Manito, the mighty,
 Calls the tribes of men together,
 Calls the warriors to his council ! "

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
 Came the warriors of the nations,
 Came the Delawares and Mohawks,

Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omawhaws,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other ;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The Creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity ;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children !

Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand ;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters,
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise :—

“ O my children ! my poor children !
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you !

“ I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes ;
Why then are you not contented ?
Why then will you hunt each other ?

“ I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,

Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions ;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord ;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

“ I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper ;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish !

“ Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward ! ”

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces.
Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending ;
Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,
As if blood were mingled with it !

From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their war-paint ;
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children !

And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life, ascending,

Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe !

2

THE FOUR WINDS

"HONOUR be to Mudjekeewis !"
Cried the warriors, cried the old men,
When he came in triumph homeward
With the sacred Belt of Wampum,
From the regions of the North-Wind,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of Wampum
From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,
From the Great Bear of the mountains,
From the terror of the nations,
As he lay asleep and cumbrous
On the summit of the mountains,
Like a rock with mosses on it,
Spotted brown and grey with mosses.

Silently he stole upon him,
Till the red nails of the monster
Almost touched him, almost scared him,
Till the hot breath of his nostrils
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,
As he drew the Belt of Wampum
Over the round ears, that heard not,
Over the small eyes, that saw not,
Over the long nose and nostrils,
The black muffle of the nostrils,
Out of which the heavy breathing
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his war-club,
Shouted loud and long his war-cry,
Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of the forehead,
Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered,
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains ;
But his knees beneath him trembled,
And he whimpered like a woman,
As he reeled and staggered forward,

As he sat upon his haunches ;
 And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
 Standing fearlessly before him,
 Taunted him in loud derision,
 Spake disdainfully in this wise :—

“ Hark you, Bear ! you are a coward,*
 And no Brave, as you pretended ;
 Else you would not cry and whimper
 Like a miserable woman !
 Bear ! you know our tribes are hostile,
 Long have been at war together ;
 Now you find that we are strongest,
 You go sneaking in the forest,
 You go hiding in the mountains !
 Had you conquered me in battle,
 Not a groan would I have uttered ;
 But you, Bear ! sit here and whimper,
 And disgrace your tribe by crying,
 Like a wretched Shaugodaya,
 Like a cowardly old woman ! ”

Then again he raised his war-club,
 Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa
 In the middle of his forehead,
 Broke his skull, as ice is broken
 When one goes to fish in Winter.
 Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,
 He the Great Bear of the mountains,
 He the terror of the nations.

“ Honour be to Mudjekeewis ! ”
 With a shout exclaimed the people,
 “ Honour be to Mudjekeewis !
 Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,
 And hereafter and for ever
 Shall he hold supreme dominion
 Over all the winds of heaven.
 Call him no more Mudjekeewis,
 Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind ! ”

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen
 Father of the Winds of Heaven.
 For himself he kept the West-Wind,
 Gave the others to his children ;
 Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,
 Gave the South to Shawondasee,
 And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,
 To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun ;
 He it was who brought the morning,
 He it was whose silver arrows
 Chased the dark o'er hill and valley ;

He it was whose cheeks were painted
With the brightest streaks of crimson,
And whose voice awoke the village,
Called the deer and called the hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun ;
Though the birds sang gaily to him,
Though the wild-flowers of the meadow
Filled the air with odours for him,
Though the forests and the rivers
Sang and shouted at his coming,
Still his heart was sad within him,
For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earthward,
While the village still was sleeping,
And the fog lay on the river,
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,
He beheld a maiden walking
All alone upon a meadow,
Gathering water-flags and rushes
By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earthward,
Still the first thing he beheld there
Was her blue eyes looking at him,
Two blue lakes among the rushes.
And he loved the lonely maiden,
Who thus waited for his coming ;
For they both were solitary,
She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses,
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,
With his flattering words he wooed her,
With his sighing and his singing,
Gentlest whispers in the branches,
Softest music, sweetest odours,
Till he drew her to his bosom,
Folded in his robes of crimson,
Till into a star he changed her,
Trembling still upon his bosom ;
And for ever in the heavens
They are seen together walking,
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka
Had his dwelling among icebergs,
In the everlasting snow-drifts,
In the kingdom of Wabasso,
In the land of the White Rabbit.
He it was whose hand in Autumn
Painted all the trees with scarlet,

Stained the leaves with red and yellow ;
 He it was who sent the snow-flakes,
 Sifting, hissing through the forest,
 Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,
 Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,
 Drove the cormorant and curlew
 To their nests of sedge and sea-tang
 In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka
 Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts,
 From his home among the icebergs,
 And his hair, with snow besprinkled,
 Streamed behind him like a river,
 Like a black and wintry river,
 As he howled and hurried southward,
 Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

There among the reeds and rushes
 Found he Shingebis, the diver,
 Trailing strings of fish behind him,
 O'er the frozen fens and moorlands,
 Lingered still among the moorlands,
 Though his tribe had long departed
 To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,
 " Who is this that dares to brave me ?
 Dares to stay in my dominions,
 When the Wawa has departed,
 When the wild-goose has gone southward,
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 Long ago departed southward ?
 I will go into his wigwam,
 I will put his smouldering fire out ! "

And at night Kabibonokka
 To the lodge came wild and wailing,
 Heaped the snow in drifts about it,
 Shouted down into the smoke-flue,
 Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,
 Flapped the curtain of the doorway.
 Shingebis, the diver, feared not,
 Shingebis, the diver, cared not ;
 Four great logs had he for fire-wood,
 One for each moon of the winter,
 And for food the fishes served him.
 By his blazing fire he sat there,
 Warm and merry, eating, laughing,
 Singing, " O Kabibonokka,
 You are but my fellow-mortal ! "

Then Kabibonokka entered,
 And though Shingebis, the diver,

Felt his presence by the coldness,
 Felt his icy breath upon him,
 Still he did not cease his singing,
 Still he did not leave his laughing,
 Only turned the log a little,
 Only made the fire burn brighter,
 Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,
 From his snow-besprinkled tresses,
 Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,
 Making dints upon the ashes,
 As along the eaves of lodges,
 As from drooping boughs of hemlock,
 Drips the melting snow in spring-time,
 Making hollows in the snow-drifts.

Till at last he rose defeated,
 Could not bear the heat and laughter,
 Could not bear the merry singing,
 But rushed headlong through the doorway,
 Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts,
 Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,
 Made the snow upon them harder,
 Made the ice upon them thicker,
 Challenged Shingebis, the diver,
 To come forth and wrestle with him,
 To come forth and wrestle naked
 On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,
 Wrestled all night with the North-Wind,
 Wrestled naked on the moorlands
 With the fierce Kabibonokka,
 Till his panting breath grew fainter,
 Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,
 Till he reeled and staggered backward,
 And retreated, baffled, beaten,
 To the kingdom of Wabasso,
 To the land of the White Rabbit,
 Hearing still the gusty laughter,
 Hearing Shingebis, the diver,
 Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
 You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
 Had his dwelling far to southward,
 In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
 In the never-ending Summer.
 He it was who sent the wood-birds,
 Sent the robin, the Opechee,
 Sent the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
 Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,

Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,
 Sent the melons and tobacco,
 And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke ascending
 Filled the sky with haze and vapour,
 Filled the air with dreamy softness,
 Gave a twinkle to the water,
 Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,
 Brought the tender Indian Summer
 To the melancholy North-land,
 In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee !
 In his life he had one shadow,
 In his heart one sorrow had he.
 Once, as he was gazing northward,
 Far away upon a prairie
 He beheld a maiden standing,
 Saw a tall and slender maiden
 All alone upon a prairie ;
 Brightest green were all her garments,
 And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her,
 Day by day he sighed with passion,
 Day by day his heart within him
 Grew more hot with love and longing
 For the maid with yellow tresses.
 But he was too fat and lazy
 To bestir himself and woo her ;
 Yes, too indolent and easy
 To pursue her and persuade her.
 So he only gazed upon her,
 Only sat and sighed with passion
 For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking northward,
 He beheld her yellow tresses
 Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,
 Covered as with whitest snow-flakes.
 " Ah ! my brother from the North-land,
 From the kingdom of Wabasso,
 From the land of the White Rabbit !
 You have stolen the maiden from me,
 You have laid your hand upon her,
 You have wooed and won my maiden,
 With your stories of the North-land ! "

Thus the wretched Shawondasee
 Breathed into the air his sorrow ;
 And the South-Wind o'er the prairie
 Wandered warm with sighs of passion,
 With the sighs of Shawondasee,

Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes,
 Full of thistle-down the prairie,
 And the maid with hair like sunshine
 Vanished from his sight for ever ;
 Never more did Shawondasee
 See the maid with yellow tresses !

Poor, deluded Shawondasee !
 'Twas no woman that you gazed at,
 'Twas no maiden that you sighed for,
 'Twas the prairie dandelion
 That through all the dreamy Summer
 You had gazed at with such longing,
 You had sighed for with such passion,
 And had puffed away for ever,
 Blown into the air with sighing.
 Ah ! deluded Shawondasee !

Thus the Four Winds were divided,
 Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis
 Had their stations in the heavens ;
 At the corners of the heavens ;
 For himself the West-Wind only
 Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

3

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

DOWNWARD through the evening twilight,
 In the days that are forgotten,
 In the unremembered ages,
 From the full moon fell Nokomis,
 Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
 She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women,
 Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
 When her rival, the rejected,
 Full of jealousy and hatred,
 Cut the leafy swing asunder,
 Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,
 And Nokomis fell affrighted
 Downward through the evening twilight,
 On the Muskoday, the meadow,
 On the prairie full of blossoms.

" See ! a star falls ! " said the people ;
 " From the sky a star is falling ! "
 There among the ferns and mosses,
 There among the prairie lilies,

On the Muskoday, the meadow,
 In the moonlight and the starlight,
 Fair Nokomis bore a daughter,
 And she called her name Wenonah,
 As the first-born of her daughters.
 And the daughter of Nokomis
 Grew up like the prairie lilies,
 Grew a tall and slender maiden,
 With the beauty of the moonlight,
 With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,
 Saying oft, and oft repeating,
 "O, beware of Mudjekeewis ;
 Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis ;
 Listen not to what he tells you ;
 Lie not down upon the meadow,
 Stoop not down among the lilies,
 Lest the West-Wind come and harm you !"

But she heeded not the warning,
 Heeded not those words of wisdom,
 And the West-Wind came at evening,
 Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
 Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
 Bending low the flowers and grasses,
 Found the beautiful Wenonah,
 Lying there among the lilies,
 Wooed her with his words of sweetness,
 Wooed her with his soft caresses,
 Till she bore a son in sorrow,
 Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,
 Thus was born the child of wonder ;
 But the daughter of Nokomis,
 Hiawatha's gentle mother,
 In her anguish died deserted
 By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
 By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly
 Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis ;
 "O that I were dead," she murmured,
 "O that I were dead, as thou art !
 No more work, and no more weeping,
 Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !"

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
 Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
 Dark behind it rose the forest,
 Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,

Rose the firs with cones upon them ;
 Bright before it beat the water,
 Beat the clear and sunny water,
 Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis
 Nursed the little Hiawatha,
 Rocked him in his linden cradle,
 Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
 Safely bound with reindeer sinews ;
 Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
 " Hush ! the Naked Bear will get thee ! " *
 Lulled him into slumber, singing,
 " Ewa-yea ! my little owlet !
 Who is this, that lights the wigwam ?
 With his great eyes lights the wigwam ?
 Ewa-yea ! my little owlet ! "

Many things Nokomis taught him
 Of the stars that shine in heaven ;
 Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
 Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;
 Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
 Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
 Flaring far away to northward
 In the frosty nights of Winter ;
 Showed the broad, white road in heaven,
 Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
 Running straight across the heavens,
 Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on Summer evenings
 Sat the little Hiawatha ;
 Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
 Heard the lapping of the water,
 Sounds of music, words of wonder ;
 " Minne-wawa ! " said the pine-trees,
 " Mudway-aushka ! " said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
 Flitting through the dusk of evening,
 With the twinkle of its candle
 Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
 And he sang the song of children,
 Sang the song Nokomis taught him :
 " Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
 Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
 Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
 Light me with your little candle,
 Ere upon my bed I lay me,
 Ere in sleep I close my eyelids ! "

Saw the moon rise from the water,
 Rippling, rounding from the water,

Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror;
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha—
“ Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers ! ”

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows ;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
“ Do not shoot us, Hiawatha ! ”
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
“ Do not shoot us, Hiawatha ! ”

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
“ Do not shoot me, Hiawatha ! ”

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
“ Do not shoot me, Hiawatha ! ”

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer ;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow ;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,

Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;
 Ah ! the singing, fatal arrow,
 Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him.

Dead he lay there in the forest,
 By the ford across the river ;
 Beat his timid heart no longer,
 But the heart of Hiawatha
 Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
 As he bore the red deer homeward,
 And Iagoo and Nokomis
 Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
 Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
 From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
 Made a banquet in his honour.
 All the village came and feasted,
 All the guests praised Hiawatha,
 Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha !
 Called him Loon-heart, Mahn-go-taysee !

4

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS

Out of childhood into manhood
 Now had grown my Hiawatha,
 Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
 Learned in all the lore of old men,
 In all youthful sports and pastimes,
 In all manly arts and labours.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha ;
 He could shoot an arrow from him,
 And run forward with such fleetness,
 That the arrow fell behind him !
 Strong of arm was Hiawatha ;
 He could shoot ten arrows upward,
 Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
 That the tenth had left the bow-string
 Ere the first to earth had fallen !

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
 Magic mittens made of deer-skin ;
 When upon his hands he wore them,
 He could smite the rock asunder,
 He could grind them into powder.
 He had moccasins enchanted,
 Magic moccasins of deer-skin ;

When he bound them round his ankles,
When upon his feet he tied them,
At each stride a mile he measured !

Much he questioned old Nokomis
Of his father Mudjekeewis ;
Learned from her the fatal secret
Of the beauty of his mother,
Of the falsehood of his father ;
And his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,
" I will go to Mudjekeewis,
See how fares it with my father,
At the doorways of the West-Wind,
At the portals of the Sunset ! "

From his lodge went Hiawatha,
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting ;
Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,
Richly wrought with quills and wampum ;
On his head his eagle-feathers,
Round his waist his belt of wampum,
In his hand his bow of ash-wood,
Strung with sinews of the reindeer ;
In his quiver oaken arrows,
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers ;
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis,
" Go not forth, O Hiawatha !
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,
Lest he harm you with his magic,
Lest he kill you with his cunning ! "

But the fearless Hiawatha
Heeded not her woman's warning ;
Forth he strode into the forest,
At each stride a mile he measured ;
Lurid seemed the sky above him,
Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,
Hot and close the air around him,
Filled with smoke and fiery vapours,
As of burning wood and prairies,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, westward,
Left the fleetest deer behind him,
Left the antelope and bison ;
Crossed the rushing Esconawbaw,
Crossed the mighty Mississippi,

Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,
Came unto the Rocky Mountains,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
Where upon the gusty summits
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha
At the aspect of his father.
On the air about him wildly
Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,
Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,
Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis
When he looked on Hiawatha,
Saw his youth rise up before him
In the face of Hiawatha,
Saw the beauty of Wenonah
From the grave rise up before him.

"Welcome!" said he, "Hiawatha,
To the kingdom of the West-Wind!
Long have I been waiting for you!
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;
You bring back the days departed,
You bring back my youth of passion,
And the beautiful Wenonah!"

Many days they talked together,
Questioned, listened, waited, answered;
Much the mighty Mudjekeewis
Boasted of his ancient prowess,
Of his perilous adventures,
His indomitable courage,
His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,
Listening to his father's boasting;
With a smile he sat and listened,
Uttered neither threat nor menace,
Neither word nor look betrayed him,
But his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis,
Is there nothing that can harm you?
Nothing that you are afraid of?"
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Grand and gracious in his boasting,
Answered, saying, "There is nothing,

Nothing but the black rock yonder,
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek ! ”

And he looked at Hiawatha
With a wise look and benignant,
With a countenance paternal,
Looked with pride upon the beauty
Of his tall and graceful figure,
Saying, “ O my Hiawatha !
Is there anything can harm you ?
Anything you are afraid of ? ”

But the wary Hiawatha
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,
Held his peace, as if resolving,
And then answered, “ There is nothing,
Nothing but the bulrush yonder,
Nothing but the great Apukwa ! ”

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,
Hiawatha cried in terror,
Cried in well-dissembled terror,
“ Kago ! kago ! do not touch it ! ”
“ Ah, kaween ! ” said Mudjekeewis,
“ No, indeed, I will not touch it ! ”

Then they talked of other matters ;
First of Hiawatha's brothers,
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,
Of the North, Kabibonokka ;
Then of Hiawatha's mother,
Of the beautiful Wenonah,
Of her birth upon the meadow,
Of her death, as old Nokomis
Had remembered and related.

And he cried, “ O Mudjekeewis,
It was you who killed Wenonah,
Took her young life and her beauty,
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,
Trampled it beneath your footsteps ;
You confess it ! you confess it ! ”
And the mighty Mudjekeewis
Tossed upon the wind his tresses,
Bowed his hoary head in anguish,
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,
And with threatening look and gesture,
Laid his hand upon the black rock,
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Rent the jutting crag asunder,

Smote and crushed it into fragments,
Hurled them madly at his father,
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,
For his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind
Blew the fragments backward from him,
With the breathing of his nostrils,
With the tempest of his anger,
Blew them back at his assailant ;
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,
Dragged it with its roots and fibres
From the margin of the meadow,
From its ooze, the giant bulrush ;
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha !

Then began the deadly conflict,
Hand to hand among the mountains ;
From his eyrie screamed the eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle ;
Sat upon the crags around them,
Wheeling flapped his wings above them.

Like a tall tree in the tempest
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush ;
And in masses huge and heavy
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek ;
Till the earth shook with the tumult
And confusion of the battle,
And the air was full of shoutings,
And the thunder of the mountains,
Starting, answered, " Baim-wawa ! "

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,
Stumbling westward down the mountains,
Three whole days retreated fighting,
Still pursued by Hiawatha
To the doorways of the West-Wind,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall,
In the melancholy marshes.

" Hold ! " at length cried Mudjekeewis,
" Hold, my son, my Hiawatha !
'Tis impossible to kill me,
For you cannot kill the immortal.
I have put you to this trial,
But to know and prove your courage ;
Now receive the prize of valour !

"Go back to your home and people,
 Live among them, toil among them,
 Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,
 Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,
 Slay all monsters and magicians,
 All the Wendigoes, the giants,
 All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,
 As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,
 Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

"And at last when Death draws near you,
 When the awful eyes of Pauguk
 Glare upon you in the darkness,
 I will share my kingdom with you,
 Ruler shall you be thenceforward
 Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,
 Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin."

Thus was fought that famous battle
 In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,
 In the days long since departed,
 In the kingdom of the West-Wind.
 Still the hunter sees its traces
 Scattered far o'er hill and valley;
 Sees the giant bulrush growing
 By the ponds and water-courses,
 Sees the masses of the Wawbeek
 Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha;
 Pleasant was the landscape round him,
 Pleasant was the air above him,
 For the bitterness of anger
 Had departed wholly from him,
 From his brain the thought of vengeance,
 From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,
 Only once he paused or halted,
 Paused to purchase heads of arrows
 Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
 In the land of the Dacotahs,
 Where the Falls of Minnehaha*
 Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
 Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker
 Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,
 Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
 Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
 Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,
 Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
 Wayward as the Minnehaha,

With her moods of shade and sunshine,
 Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
 Feet as rapid as the river,
 Tresses flowing like the water,
 And as musical a laughter;
 And he named her from the river,
 From the water-fall he named her,
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,
 Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
 Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
 That my Hiawatha halted
 In the land of the Dacotahs?

Was it not to see the maiden,
 See the face of Laughing Water
 Peeping from behind the curtain,
 Hear the rustling of her garments
 From behind the waving curtain,
 As one sees the Minnehaha
 Gleaming, glancing through the branches,
 As one hears the Laughing Water
 From behind its screen of branches?

Who shall say what thoughts and visions
 Fill the fiery brains of young men?
 Who shall say what dreams of beauty
 Filled the heart of Hiawatha?
 All he told to old Nokomis,
 When he reached the lodge at sunset,
 Was the meeting with his father,
 Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;
 Not a word he said of arrows,
 Not a word of Laughing Water!

5

HIAWATHA'S FASTING

You shall hear how Hiawatha
 Prayed and fasted in the forest,
 Not for greater skill in hunting,
 Not for greater craft in fishing,
 Not for triumphs in the battle,
 And renown among the warriors,
 But for profit of the people,
 For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,
 Built a wigwam in the forest,

By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,
 In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
 And, with dreams and visions many,
 Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting
 Through the leafy woods he wandered ;
 Saw the deer start from the thicket,
 Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
 Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,
 Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
 Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
 Building nests among the pine-trees,
 And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,
 Flying to the fen-lands northward,
 Whirring, wailing far above him.
 " Master of Life ! " he cried, desponding,
 " Must our lives depend on these things ? "

On the next day of his fasting
 By the river's brink he wandered,
 Through the Muskoday, the meadow,
 Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
 Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,
 And the strawberry, Odahmin,
 And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
 And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,
 Trailing o'er the alder-branches,
 Filling all the air with fragrance !
 " Master of Life ! " he cried, desponding,
 " Must our lives depend on these things ? "

On the third day of his fasting
 By the lake he sat and pondered,
 By the still, transparent water ;
 Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
 Scattering drops like beads of wampum,
 Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
 Like a sunbeam in the water,
 Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
 And the herring, Okahahwis,
 And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish !
 " Master of Life ! " he cried, desponding,
 " Must our lives depend on these things ? "

On the fourth day of his fasting
 In his lodge he lay exhausted ;
 From his couch of leaves and branches
 Gazing with half-open eyelids,
 Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
 On the dizzy, swimming landscape,

On the gleaming of the water,
On the splendour of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,
Dressed in garments green and yellow,
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendour of the sunset ;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,
Long he looked at Hiawatha,
Looked with pity and compassion
On his wasted form and features,
And, in accents like the sighing
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
Said he, " O my Hiawatha !

All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

" From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labour
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me ! "

Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin ;
At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigour
Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,
And the more they strove and struggled,
Stronger still grew Hiawatha ;
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

" 'Tis enough ! " then said Mondamin,

Smiling upon Hiawatha,
 " But to-morrow, when the sun sets,
 I will come again to try you."
 And he vanished, and was seen not ;
 Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
 Whether rising as the mists rise,
 Hiawatha saw not, knew not,
 Only saw that he had vanished,
 Leaving him alone and fainting,
 With the misty lake below him,
 And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day,
 When the sun through heaven descending,
 Like a red and burning cinder,
 From the hearth of the Great Spirit,
 Fell into the western waters,
 Came Mondamin for the trial,
 For the strife with Hiawatha ;
 Came as silent as the dew comes,
 From the empty air appearing,
 Into empty air returning,
 Taking shape when earth it touches,
 But invisible to all men
 In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together
 In the glory of the sunset,
 Till the darkness fell around them,
 Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 From her nest among the pine-trees,
 Uttered her loud cry of famine,
 And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,
 In his garments green and yellow ;
 To and fro his plumes above him
 Waved and nodded with his breathing,
 And the sweat of the encounter
 Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, " O Hiawatha !
 Bravely have you wrestled with me,
 Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,
 And the Master of Life, who sees us,
 He will give to you the triumph ! "

Then he smiled, and said : " To-morrow
 Is the last day of your conflict,
 Is the last day of your fasting.
 You will conquer and o'ercome me ;
 Make a bed for me to lie in,
 Where the rain may fall upon me,
 Where the sun may come and warm me ;

Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.

"Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine."

And thus saying, he departed ;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,
Perched upon his lonely wigwam ;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,
Talking to the darksome forest ;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided
At the passing of the night-wind,
Heard them, as one hears in slumber
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers :
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha,
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,
Only said to her, "Nokomis,
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,
Fearing lest his strength should fail him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.
He meanwhile sat weary waiting
For the coming of Mondamin,
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
Lengthened over field and forest,
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
Floating on the waters westward,
As a red leaf in the Autumn

Falls and floats upon the water,
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold ! the young Mondamin,
With his soft and shining tresses,
With his garments green and yellow,
With his long and glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.
And as one in slumber walking,
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,
From the wigwam Hiawatha
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,
Sky and forest reeled together,
And his strong heart leaped within him,
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes.
Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle ;
And before him, breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth, and made it
Soft and loose and light above him ;
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish !

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed,
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin ;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it ;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses ;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, " It is Mondamin !
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin ! "

Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food for ever.

And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

6

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
Singled out from all the others,
Bound to him in closest union,
And to whom he gave the right hand
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow ;
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the pathway,
Never grew the grass upon it ;

Singing birds, that utter falsehoods,
 Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
 Found no eager ear to listen,
 Could not breed ill-will between them,
 For they kept each other's counsel,
 Spake with naked hearts together,
 Pondering much and much contriving
 How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
 Was the gentle Chibiabos,
 He the best of all musicians,
 He the sweetest of all singers.
 Beautiful and childlike was he,
 Brave as man is, soft as woman,
 Pliant as a wand of willow,
 Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened ;
 All the warriors gathered round him,
 All the women came to hear him ;
 Now he stirred their souls to passion,
 Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned
 Flutes so musical and mellow,
 That the brook, the Sebowisha,
 Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
 That the wood-birds ceased from singing,
 And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
 And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
 Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
 Pausing, said, " O Chibiabos,
 Teach my waves to flow in music,
 Softly as your words in singing ! "

Yes, the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
 Envious, said, " O Chibiabos,
 Teach me tones as wild and wayward,
 Teach me songs as full of frenzy ! "

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,
 Joyous, said, " O Chibiabos,
 Teach me tones as sweet and tender,
 Teach me songs as full of gladness ! "

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
 Sobbing, said, " O Chibiabos
 Teach me tones as melancholy,
 Teach me songs as full of sadness ! "

All the many sounds of nature
 Borrowed sweetness from his singing ;
 All the hearts of men were softened

By the pathos of his music ;
 For he sang of peace and freedom,
 Sang of beauty, love, and longing ;
 Sang of death, and life undying
 In the Islands of the Blessed,
 In the kingdom of Ponemah,
 In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha
 Was the gentle Chibiabos,
 He the best of all musicians,
 He the sweetest of all singers ;
 For his gentleness he loved him,
 And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
 Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
 He the strongest of all mortals,
 He the mightiest among many ;
 For his very strength he loved him,
 For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
 Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
 Never played with other children,
 Never fished and never hunted,
 Not like other children was he ;
 But they saw that much he fasted,
 Much his Manito entreated,
 Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother,
 "In my work you never help me !
 In the Summer you are roaming
 Idly in the fields and forests ;
 In the Winter you are cowering
 O'er the firebrands in the wigwam !
 In the coldest days of Winter
 I must break the ice for fishing ;
 With my nets you never help me !
 At the door my nets are hanging,
 Dripping, freezing with the water ;
 Go and wring them, Yenadizze !
 Go and dry them in the sunshine !"

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
 Rose, but made no angry answer ;
 From the lodge went forth in silence,
 Took the nets, that hung together,
 Dripping, freezing at the doorway,
 Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,
 Like a wisp of straw he broke them,
 Could not wring them without breaking,
 Such the strength was in his fingers.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said his father,
“In the hunt you never help me;
Every bow you touch is broken,
Snapped asunder every arrow;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward.”

Down a narrow pass they wandered,
Where a brooklet led them onward,
Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,
Till they found all further passage
Shut against them, barred securely
By the trunks of trees uprooted,
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
And forbidding further passage.

“We must go back,” said the old man,
“O'er these logs we cannot clamber;
Not a woodchuck could get through them,
Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!”
And straightway his pipe he lighted,
And sat down to smoke and ponder.
But before his pipe was finished,
Lo! the path was cleared before him;
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
To the right hand, to the left hand,
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said the young men,
As they sported in the meadow;
“Why stand idly looking at us,
Leaning on the rock behind you?
Come and wrestle with the others,
Let us pitch the quoit together!”

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
To their challenge made no answer,
Only rose, and slowly turning,
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
Tore it from its deep foundation,
Poised it in the air a moment,
Pitched it sheer into the river,
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,
Down the rapids of Pauwating,
Kwasind sailed with his companions,
In the stream he saw a beaver,
Saw Ahmeek, the King of Beavers,
Struggling with the rushing currents,
Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,
 Kwasind leaped into the river,
 Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
 Through the whirlpools chased the beaver,
 Followed him among the islands,
 Stayed so long beneath the water,
 That his terrified companions
 Cried, "Alas! good-bye to Kwasind!
 We shall never more see Kwasind!"
 But he reappeared triumphant,
 And upon his shining shoulders
 Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,
 Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you,
 Were the friends of Hiawatha,
 Chibiabos, the musician,
 And the very strong man, Kwasind.
 Long they lived in peace together,
 Spake with naked hearts together,
 Pondering much and much contriving
 How the tribes of men might prosper.

7

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
 Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
 Growing by the rushing river,
 Tall and stately in the valley!
 I a light canoe will build me,
 Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
 That shall float upon the river
 Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
 Like a yellow water-lily!

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
 Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
 For the Summer-time is coming,
 And the sun is warm in heaven,
 And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
 In the solitary forest,
 By the rushing Taquamenaw,
 When the birds were singing gaily,
 In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
 And the sun, from sleep awaking,

Started up and said, "Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,

Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
 Answered wailing, answered weeping,
 "Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
 Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
 Smear'd therewith each seam and fissure,
 Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
 All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
 I will make a necklace of them,
 Make a girdle for my beauty,
 And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
 With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
 Shot his shining quills like arrows,
 Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
 Through the tangle of his whiskers,
 "Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered,
 All the little shining arrows,
 Stained them red and blue and yellow
 With the juice of roots and berries;
 Into his canoe he wrought them,
 Round its waist a shining girdle,
 Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
 On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
 In the valley, by the river,
 In the bosom of the forest;
 And the forest's life was in it,
 All its mystery and its magic,
 All the lightness of the birch-tree,
 All the toughness of the cedar,
 All the larch's supple sinews;
 And it floated on the river
 Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
 Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
 Paddles none he had or needed,
 For his thoughts as paddles served him,
 And his wishes served to guide him;
 Swift or slow at will he glided,
 Veered to right or left at pleasure.

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
 To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
 Saying, "Help me clear this river
 Of its sunken logs and sand-bars."

Straight into the river Kwasind
 Plunged as if he were an otter,

Dived as if he were a beaver,
 Stood up to his waist in water,
 To his arm-pits in the river,
 Swam and shouted in the river,
 Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
 With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
 With his feet the ooze and tangle.

And thus sailed my Hiawatha
 Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
 Sailed through all its bends and windings,
 Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
 While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
 Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,
 In and out among its islands,
 Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
 Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
 Made its passage safe and certain,
 Made a pathway for the people,
 From its springs among the mountains,
 To the waters of Pauwating,
 To the bay of Taquamenaw.

8

HIAWATHA'S FISHING

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumee,
 On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 With his fishing-line of cedar,
 Of the twisted bark of cedar,
 Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,
 Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,
 In his birch canoe exulting
 All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water
 He could see the fishes swimming
 Far down in the depths below him ;
 See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
 Like a sunbeam in the water,
 See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,
 Like a spider on the bottom,
 On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,
 With his fishing-line of cedar ;
 In his plumes the breeze of morning
 Played as in the hemlock branches ;

On the bows, with tail erected,
 Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo ;
 In his fur the breeze of morning
 Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom
 Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
 Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes ;
 Through his gills he breathed the water,
 With his fins he fanned and winnowed,
 With his tail he swept the sand-floor.

There he lay in all his armour ;
 On each side a shield to guard him,
 Plates of bone upon his forehead,
 Down his sides and back and shoulders
 Plates of bone with spines projecting !
 Painted was he with his war-paints,
 Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
 Spots of brown and spots of sable ;
 And he lay there on the bottom,
 Fanning with his fins of purple,
 As above him Hiawatha
 In his birch canoe came sailing,
 With his fishing-line of cedar.

" Take my bait ! " cried Hiawatha,
 Down into the depths beneath him,
 " Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma !
 Come up from below the water,
 Let us see which is the stronger ! "
 And he dropped his line of cedar
 Through the clear, transparent water,
 Waited vainly for an answer,
 Long sat waiting for an answer,
 And repeating loud and louder,
 " Take my bait, O King of Fishes ! "

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,
 Fanning slowly in the water,
 Looking up at Hiawatha,
 Listening to his call and clamour,
 His unnecessary tumult,
 Till he wearied of the shouting ;
 And he said to the Kenozha,
 To the pike, the Maskenozha,
 " Take the bait of this rude fellow,
 Break the line of Hiawatha ! "

In his fingers Hiawatha
 Felt the loose line jerk and tighten ;
 As he drew it in, it tugged so
 That the birch canoe stood endwise,
 Like a birch log in the water,

With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
Coming nearer, nearer to him,
And he shouted through the water,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are but the pike, Kenozha,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"

Reeling downward to the bottom
Sank the pike in great confusion,
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
To the bream, with scales of crimson,
"Take the bait of this great boaster,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
Seized the line of Hiawatha,
Swung with all his weight upon it,
Made a whirlpool in the water,
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,
Round and round in gurgling eddies,
Till the circles in the water
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,
Till the water-flags and rushes
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water,
Lifting up his disk refulgent,
Loud he shouted in derision,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!"
Slowly downward, wavering, gleaming,
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,
Heard his challenge of defiance,
The unnecessary tumult,
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom
Up he rose with angry gesture,
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
Clashing all his plates of armour,
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint;

In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
As a log on some black river
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,
Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,
Heard the water gurgle round him
As he leaped and staggered through it,
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,
In the turmoil and confusion,
Forth he might be hurled and perish.
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chattered very gaily,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha
Till the labour was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,
" O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me ;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
And the name which now he gives you ;
For hereafter and for ever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you ! "

And again the sturgeon, Nahma,
Gasped and quivered in the water,
Then was still, and drifted landward
Till he grated on the pebbles,
Till the listening Hiawatha
Heard him grate upon the margin,
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,
As of many wings assembling,
Heard a screaming and confusion,
As of birds of prey contending,

Saw a gleam of light above him,
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,
Gazing at him through the opening,
Heard them saying to each other,
" 'Tis our brother, Hiawatha ! "

And he shouted from below them,
Cried exulting from the caverns :
" O ye sea-gulls ! O my brothers !
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma ;
Make the rifts a little larger,
With your claws the openings widen,
Set me free from this dark prison,
And henceforward and for ever
Men shall speak of your achievements,
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers ! "

And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls
Toiled with beak and claws together,
Made the rifts and openings wider
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,
And from peril and from prison,
From the body of the sturgeon,
From the peril of the water,
They released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam
On the margin of the water,
And he called to old Nokomis,
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,
With the sea-gulls feeding on him.

" I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,
Slain the King of Fishes ! " said he ;
" Look ! the sea-gulls feed upon him,
Yes, my friend Kayoshk, the sea-gulls
Drive them not away, Nokomis,
They have saved me from great peril
In the body of the sturgeon ;
Wait until their meal is ended,
Till their craws are full with feasting,
Till they homeward fly, at sunset,
To their nests among the marshes ;
Then bring all your pots and kettles,
And make oil for us in Winter. "

And she waited till the sun set,
Till the pallid moon, the night-sun,
Rose above the tranquil water,

Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,
 From their banquet rose with clamour,
 And across the fiery sunset
 Winged their way to far-off islands,
 To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,
 And Nokomis to her labour,
 Toiling patient in the moonlight,
 Till the sun and moon changed places,
 Till the sky was red with sunrise,
 And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,
 Came back from the reedy islands,
 Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alternate
 Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls
 Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,
 Till the waves washed through the rib-bones,
 Till the sea-gulls came no longer,
 And upon the sands lay nothing
 But the skeleton of Nahma.

9

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER

ON the shores of Gitche Gumee,
 Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 Stood Nokomis, the old woman,
 Pointing with her finger westward,
 O'er the water pointing westward,
 To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending
 Burned his way along the heavens,
 Set the sky on fire behind him,
 As war parties, when retreating,
 Burn the prairies on their war-trail ;
 And the moon, the Night-Sun, eastward,
 Suddenly starting from his ambush,
 Followed fast those bloody footprints,
 Followed in that fiery war-trail,
 With its glare upon its features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,
 Pointing with her finger westward,
 Spake these words to Hiawatha :
 " Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather,
 Megissogwon, the Magician,
 Manito of Wealth and Wampum,

Guarded by his fiery serpents,
 Guarded by the black pitch-water.
 You can see his fiery serpents,
 The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
 Coiling, playing in the water ;
 You can see the black pitch-water
 Stretching far away beyond them,
 To the purple clouds of sunset !

" He it was who slew my father,
 By his wicked wiles and cunning,
 When he from the moon descended,
 When he came on earth to seek me.
 He, the mightiest of Magicians,
 Sends the fever from the marshes,
 Sends the pestilential vapours,
 Sends the poisonous exhalations,
 Sends the white fog from the fen-lands,
 Sends disease and death among us !

" Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
 Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
 Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,
 And your mittens, Minjekahwun,
 And your birch canoe for sailing,
 And the oil for Mishe-Nahma,
 So to smear its sides, that swiftly
 You may pass the black pitch-water ;
 Slay this merciless magician,
 Save the people from the fever
 That he breathes across the fen-lands,
 And avenge my father's murder ! "

Straightway then my Hiawatha
 Armed himself with all his war-gear,
 Launched his birch canoe for sailing ;
 With his palm its sides he patted,
 Said with glee, " Cheemaun, my darling,
 O my Birch Canoe ! leap forward,
 Where you see the fiery serpents,
 Where you see the black pitch-water ! "

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,
 And the noble Hiawatha
 Sang his war-song wild and woful,
 And above him the war-eagle,
 The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
 Master of all fowls with feathers,
 Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,
 The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
 Lying huge upon the water,
 Sparkling, rippling in the water,

Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,
Breathing fiery fogs and vapours,
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise :
" Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,
Let me go upon my journey ! "
And they answered, hissing fiercely,
With their fiery breath made answer :
" Back, go back ! O Shaugodaya !
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart ! "

Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents ;
Every twanging of the bow-string
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting :
" Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling !
Onward to the black pitch-water ! "

Then he took the oil of Nahma,
And the bows and sides anointed,
Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly
He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,
Sailed upon that sluggish water,
Covered with its mould of ages,
Black with rotting water-rushes,
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,
In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moonlight,
All the water black with shadow,
And around him the Suggema,
The mosquitos, sang their war-song,
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,
Waved their torches to mislead him ;
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,
Thrust his head into the moonlight,
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,

Sobbed and sank beneath the surface ;
 And anon a thousand whistles
 Answered over all the fen-lands,
 And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 Far off on the reedy margin,
 Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,
 Toward the realm of Megissogwon,
 Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,
 Till the level moon stared at him,
 In his face stared pale and haggard,
 Till the sun was hot behind him,
 Till it burned upon his shoulders,
 And before him on the upland
 He could see the Shining Wigwam
 Of the Manito of Wampum,
 Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,
 To his birch canoe said, " Onward ! "
 And it stirred in all its fibres,
 And with one great bound of triumph
 Leaped across the water-lilies,
 Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,
 And upon the beach beyond them
 Dry-shod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,
 On the sand one end he rested,
 With his knee he pressed the middle,
 Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,
 Took an arrow, jasper-headed,
 Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,
 Sent it singing as a herald,
 As a bearer of his message,
 Of his challenge loud and lofty :
 " Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Feather !
 Hiawatha waits your coming ! "

Straightway from the Shining Wigwam
 Came the mighty Megissogwon,
 Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,
 Dark and terrible in aspect,
 Clad from head to foot in wampum,
 Armed with all his warlike weapons,
 Painted like the sky of morning,
 Streaked with crimson, blue, and yellow,
 Crested with great eagle-feathers !
 Streaming upward, streaming outward.

" Well I know you, Hiawatha ! "
 Cried he in a voice of thunder,
 In a tone of loud derision.

"Hasten back, O Shaugodaya!
Hasten back among the women,
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!
I will slay you as you stand there,
As of old I slew her father!"

But my Hiawatha answered,
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing:
"Big words do not smite like war-clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words are,
Actions mightier than boastings!"

Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war-birds ever witnessed.
All a Summer's day it lasted,
From the sunrise to the sunset;
For the shafts of Hiawatha
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Harmless fell the heavy war-club;
It could dash the rocks asunder,
But it could not break the meshes
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,
Wounded, weary, and desponding,
With his mighty war-club broken,
With his mittens torn and tattered,
And three useless arrows only,
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,
From whose branches trailed the mosses,
And whose trunk was coated over
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-leather,
With the fungus white and yellow.

Suddenly from the boughs above him
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker:
"Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissogwon,
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,
At their roots the long black tresses;
There alone can he be wounded!"

Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,
Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.
Full upon the crown it struck him,
At the roots of his long tresses,

And he reeled and staggered forward,
 Plunging like a wounded bison,
 Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,
 When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow
 In the pathway of the other,
 Piercing deeper than the other,
 Wounding sorer than the other ;
 And the knees of Megissogwon
 Shook like windy reeds beneath him,
 Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow
 Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,
 And the mighty Megissogwon
 Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,
 Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,
 Heard his voice call in the darkness ;
 At the feet of Hiawatha
 Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,
 Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha
 Called the Mama, the woodpecker,
 From his perch among the branches
 Of the melancholy pine-tree,
 And, in honour of his service,
 Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
 On the little head of Mama ;
 Even to this day he wears it,
 Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
 As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wampum
 From the back of Megissogwon,
 As a trophy of the battle,
 As a signal of his conquest.
 On the shore he left the body,
 Half on land, and half in water,
 In the sand his feet were buried,
 And his face was in the water.
 And above him wheeled and clamoured
 The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
 Sailing round in narrower circles,
 Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha
 Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,
 All his wealth of skins and wampum,
 Furs of bison and of beaver,
 Furs of sable and of ermine,
 Wampum belts and strings and pouches,
 Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,

Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,
Homeward through the black pitch-water,
Homeward through the weltering serpents,
With the trophies of the battle,
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,
On the shore stood Chibiabos,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
Waiting for the hero's coming,
Listening to his song of triumph.
And the people of the village
Welcomed him with songs and dances,
Made a joyous feast, and shouted :

" Honour be to Hiawatha !
He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,
Slain the mightiest of Magicians,
Him, who sent the fiery fever,
Sent the white fog from the fen-lands,
Sent disease and death among us ! "

Ever dear to Hiawatha
Was the memory of Mama !
And in token of his friendship,
As a mark of his remembrance,
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem
With the crimson tuft of feathers,
With the blood-red crest of Mama.
But the wealth of Megissogwon,
All the trophies of the battle,
He divided with his people,
Shared it equally among them.

10

HIAWATHA'S WOOING

" As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other ! "

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,

Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"
Warning said the old Nokomis ;
"Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not !
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbour's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers !"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this : "Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight !"

Gravely then said old Nokomis :
"Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling ;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands !"

Smiling answered Hiawatha :
"In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people !"

Still dissuading said Nokomis :
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs !
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open !"

Laughing answered Hiawatha :
"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed for ever !"

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women ;
Striding over moor and meadow,

Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured ;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outran his footsteps ;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
" Pleasant is the sound ! " he murmured,
" Pleasant is the voice that calls me ! "

On the outskirts of the forest,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha ;
To his bow he whispered, " Fail not ! "
To his arrow whispered, " Swerve not ! "
Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck ;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes ;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow ;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa ;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were ;
Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for weapons !

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,

Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom ;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha ?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labour,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
" Hiawatha, you are welcome ! "

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders ;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
" You are welcome, Hiawatha ! "

Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
 To the words of Hiawatha,
 As he talked of old Nokomis,
 Who had nursed him in his childhood,
 As he told of his companions,
 Chibiabos, the musician,
 And the very strong man, Kwasind,
 And of happiness and plenty
 In the land of the Ojibways,
 In the pleasant land and peaceful.

"After many years of warfare,
 Many years of strife and bloodshed,
 There is peace between the Ojibways
 And the tribe of the Dacotahs."

Thus continued Hiawatha,
 And then added, speaking slowly,
 "That this peace may last for ever,
 And our hands be clasped more closely,
 And our hearts be more united,
 Give me as my wife this maiden,
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
 Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
 Paused a moment ere he answered,
 Smoked a little while in silence,
 Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
 Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
 And made answer very gravely:

"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
 Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water
 Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
 Neither willing nor reluctant,
 As she went to Hiawatha,
 Softly took the seat beside him,
 While she said, and blushed to say it,
 "I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing!
 Thus it was he won the daughter
 Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
 In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
 Leading with him Laughing Water;
 Hand in hand they went together,
 Through the woodland and the meadow,
 Left the old man standing lonely
 At the doorway of his wigwam,
 Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
 Calling to them from the distance,

Crying to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labour,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went with them,
O'er the meadow, through the forest;
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;
From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;

Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
 "Happy are you, Hiawatha,
 Having such a wife to love you!"
 Sang the robin, the Opechee,
 "Happy are you, Laughing Water,
 Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant
 Looked upon them through the branches,
 Saying to them, "O my children,
 Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
 Life is chequered shade and sunshine,
 Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,
 Filled the lodge with mystic splendours,
 Whispered to them, "O my children,
 Day is restless, night is quiet,
 Man imperious, woman feeble;
 Half is mine, although I follow;
 Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
 Thus it was that Hiawatha
 To the lodge of old Nokomis
 Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
 Brought the sunshine of his people,
 Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
 Handsomest of all the women
 In the land of the Dacotahs,
 In the land of handsome women.

11

HIAWATHA'S WEDDING-FEAST

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 How the handsome Yenadizze
 Danced at Hiawatha's wedding;
 How the gentle Chibiabos,
 He the sweetest of musicians,
 Sang his songs of love and longing;
 How Iagoo, the great boaster,
 He the marvellous story-teller,
 Told his tales of strange adventure,
 That the feast might be more joyous,
 That the time might pass more gaily
 And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis
 Made at Hiawatha's wedding;

All the bowls were made of bass-wood,
White and polished very smoothly,
All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village
Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation,
As a token of the feasting ;
And the wedding guests assembled,
Clad in all their richest raiment,
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,
Splendid with their paint and plumage,
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,
And the pike, the Maskenozha,
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis ;
Then on pemican they feasted,
Pemican and buffalo marrow,
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,
And the lovely Laughing Water,
And the careful old Nokomis,
Tasted not the food before them,
Only waited on the others,
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had finished,
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,
From an ample pouch of otter,
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking
With tobacco from the South-land,
Mixed with bark of the red willow,
And with herbs and leaves of fragrance.

Then she said, " O Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Dance for us your merry dances,
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gaily,
And our guests be more contented ! "

Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
He the idle Yenadizze,
He the merry mischief-maker,
Whom the people called the Storm-Fool,
Rose among the guests assembled.

Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,
In the merry dance of snow-shoes,
In the play of quoits and ball-play ;
Skilled was he in games of hazard,

In all games of skill and hazard,
 Pugasaing, the Bowl and Counters,
 Kuntassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.

Though the warriors called him **Faint-Heart**,
 Called him coward, Shaugodaya,
 Idler, gambler, Yenadizze,
 Little heeded he their jesting,
 Little cared he for their insults,
 For the women and the maidens
 Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,
 White and soft, and fringed with ermine,
 All inwrought with beads of wampum ;
 He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,
 Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine,
 And in moccasins of buck-skin,
 Thick with quills and beads embroidered.
 On his head were plumes of swan's down,
 On his heels were tails of foxes,
 In one hand a fan of feathers,
 And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,
 Streaks of blue and bright vermilion,
 Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
 From his forehead fell his tresses,
 Smooth, and parted like a woman's,
 Shining bright with oil, and plaited,
 Hung with braids of scented grasses,
 As among the guests assembled,
 To the sound of flutes and singing,
 To the sound of drums and voices,
 Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis,
 And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,
 Very slow in step and gesture,
 In and out among the pine-trees,
 Through the shadows and the sunshine,
 Treading softly like a panther.
 Then more swiftly and still swifter,
 Whirling, spinning round in circles,
 Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
 Eddying round and round the wigwam,
 Till the leaves went whirling with him,
 Till the dust and wind together
 Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin
 Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,
 On he sped with frenzied gestures,
 Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it

Wildly in the air around him ;
 Till the wind became a whirlwind,
 Till the sand was blown and sifted
 Like great snowdrifts o'er the landscape,
 Heaping all the shores with Sand Dunes,
 Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo ! *

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keewis
 Danced his Beggar's Dance to please them,
 And, returning, sat down laughing
 There among the guests assembled,
 Sat and fanned himself serenely
 With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,
 To the friend of Hiawatha,
 To the sweetest of all singers,
 To the best of all musicians,
 " Sing to us, O Chibiabos !
 Songs of love and songs of longing,
 That the feast may be more joyous,
 That the time may pass more gaily,
 And our guests be more contented ! "

And the gentle Chibiabos
 Sang in accents sweet and tender,
 Sang in tones of deep emotion,
 Songs of love and songs of longing ;
 Looking still at Hiawatha,
 Looking at fair Laughing Water,
 Sang he softly, sang in this wise :

" Onaway ! Awake, beloved ! *
 Thou the wild-flower of the forest !
 Thou the wild-bird of the prairie !
 Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like !

" If thou only lookest at me,
 I am happy, I am happy,
 As the lilies of the prairie,
 When they feel the dew upon them !

" Sweet thy breath is as the fragrance
 Of the wild-flowers in the morning,
 As their fragrance is at evening,
 In the Moon when leaves are falling.

" Does not all the blood within me
 Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
 As the springs to meet the sunshine,
 In the Moon when nights are brightest ?

" Onaway ! my heart sings to thee,
 Sings with joy when thou art near me,
 As the sighing, singing branches
 In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries !

" When thou art not pleased, beloved,

Then my heart is sad and darkened,
As the shining river darkens,
When the clouds drop shadows on it !

“ When thou smilest, my beloved,
Then my troubled heart is brightened,
As in sunshine gleam the ripples
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

“ Smiles the earth, and smile the waters,
Smile the cloudless skies above us,
But I lose the way of smiling
When thou art no longer near me !

“ I myself, myself ! behold me !
Blood of my beating heart, behold me !
O awake, awake, beloved !
Onaway ! awake, beloved ! ”

Thus the gentle Chibiabos
Sang his song of love and longing ;
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Jealous of the sweet musician,
Jealous of the applause they gave him,
Saw in all the eyes around him,
Saw in all their looks and gestures,
That the wedding-guests assembled
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iagoo ;
Never heard he an adventure
But himself had met a greater ;
Never any deed of daring
But himself had done a bolder ;
Never any marvellous story
But himself could tell a stranger.

Would you listen to his boasting,
Would you only give him credence,
No one ever shot an arrow
Half so far and high as he had ;
Ever caught so many fishes,
Ever killed so many reindeer,
Ever trapped so many beaver !

None could run so fast as he could,
None could dive so deep as he could,
None could swim so far as he could ;
None had made so many journeys,
None had seen so many wonders,
As this wonderful Iagoo,
As this marvellous story-teller !

Thus his name became a by-word

And a jest among the people ;
 And whene'er a boastful hunter
 Praised his own address too highly,
 Or a warrior, home returning,
 Talked too much of his achievements,
 All his hearers cried, " Iagoo !
 Here's Iagoo come among us ! "

He it was who carved the cradle
 Of the little Hiawatha,
 Carved its framework out of linden,
 Bound it strong with reindeer sinews ;
 He it was who taught him later
 How to make his bows and arrows,
 How to make the bows of ash-tree,
 And the arrows of the oak-tree.
 So among the guests assembled
 At my Hiawatha's wedding
 Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,
 Sat the marvellous story-teller.

And they said, " O good Iagoo,
 Tell us now a tale of wonder,
 Tell us of some strange adventure,
 That the feast may be more joyous,
 That the time may pass more gaily,
 And our guests be more contented ! "

And Iagoo answered straightway,
 " You shall hear a tale of wonder,
 You shall hear the strange adventures
 Of Osseo, the Magician,
 From the Evening Star descended."

12

THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR

CAN it be the sun descending
 O'er the level plain of water ?
 Or the Red Swan floating, flying,*
 Wounded by the magic arrow,
 Staining all the waves with crimson,
 With the crimson of its life-blood,
 Filling all the air with splendour,
 With the splendour of its plumage ?

Yes ; it is the sun descending,
 Sinking down into the water ;
 All the sky is stained with purple,

All the water flushed with crimson !
 No ; it is the Red Swan floating,
 Diving down beneath the water ;
 To the sky its wings are lifted,
 With its blood the waves are reddened !

Over it the Star of Evening
 Melts and trembles through the purple,
 Hangs suspended in the twilight.
 No ; it is a bead of wampum
 On the robes of the Great Spirit,
 As he passes through the twilight,
 Walks in silence through the heavens !

This with joy beheld Iago,
 And he said in haste : " Behold it !
 See the sacred Star of Evening !
 You shall hear a tale of wonder,
 Hear the story of Osseo,
 Son of the Evening Star, Osseo !

" Once, in days no more remembered,
 Ages nearer the beginning,
 When the heavens were closer to us,
 And the Gods were more familiar,
 In the North-land live a hunter,
 With ten young and comely daughters,
 Tall and lithe as wands of willow ;
 Only Oweenee, the youngest,
 She the wilful and the wayward,
 She the silent, dreamy maiden,
 Was the fairest of the sisters.

" All these women married warriors,
 Married brave and haughty husbands ;
 Only Oweenee, the youngest,
 Laughed and flouted all her lovers,
 All her young and handsome suitors,
 And then married old Osseo,
 Old Osseo, poor and ugly,
 Broken with age and weak with coughing,
 Always coughing like a squirrel.

" Ah, but beautiful within him
 Was the spirit of Osseo,
 From the Evening Star descended,
 Star of Evening, Star of Woman,
 Star of tenderness and passion !
 All its fire was in his bosom,
 All its beauty in his spirit,
 All its mystery in his being,
 All its splendour in his language !

" And her lovers, the rejected,
 Handsome men with belts of wampum,

Handsome men with paint and feathers,
Pointed at her in derision,
Followed her with jest and laughter.
But she said: ' I care not for you,
Care not for your belts of wampum,
Care not for your paints and feathers,
Care not for your jests of laughter ;
I am happy with Osseo ! '

" Once to some great feast invited,
Through the damp and dusk of evening,
Walked together the ten sisters,
Walked together with their husbands ;
Slowly followed old Osseo,
With fair Oweenee beside him ;
All the others chatted gaily,
These two only walked in silence.

" At the western sky Osseo
Gazed intent, as if imploring,
Often stopped and gazed imploring
At the trembling Star of Evening,
At the tender Star of Woman ;
And they heard him murmur softly,
' Ah, *showain nemeshin, Nosa !*
Pity, pity me, my father ! '

" ' Listen ! ' said the eldest sister,
' He is praying to his father !
What a pity that the old man
Does not stumble in the pathway,
Does not break his neck by falling ! '
And they laughed till all the forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

" On their pathway through the woodlands
Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,
Buried half in leaves and mosses,
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow.
And Osseo, when he saw it,
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,
Leaped into its yawning cavern,
At one end went in an old man,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly ;
From the other came a young man,
Tall and straight and strong and handsome.

" Thus Osseo was transfigured,
Thus restored to youth and beauty ;
But, alas for good Osseo,
And for Oweenee, the faithful !
Strangely, too, was she transfigured.
Changed into a weak old woman,

With a staff she tottered onward,
 Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly !
 And the sisters and their husbands
 Laughed until the echoing forest
 Rang with their unseemly laughter.

“ But Osseo turned not from her,
 Walked with slower step beside her,
 Took her hand, as brown and withered
 As an oak-leaf is in Winter,
 Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha,
 Soothed her with soft words of kindness,
 Till they reached the lodge of feasting,
 Till they sat down in the wigwam,
 Sacred to the Star of Evening,
 To the tender Star of Woman.

“ Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,
 At the banquet sat Osseo ;
 All were merry, all were happy,
 All were joyous but Osseo.
 Neither food nor drink he tasted,
 Neither did he speak nor listen,
 But as one bewildered sat he,
 Looking dreamily and sadly,
 First at Oweenee, then upward
 At the gleaming sky above them.

“ Then a voice was heard, a whisper,
 Coming from the starry distance,
 Coming from the empty vastness,
 Low, and musical, and tender ;
 And the voice said : ‘ O Osseo !
 O my son, my best beloved !
 Broken are the spells that bound you,
 All the charms of the magicians,
 All the magic powers of evil !
 Come to me ; ascend, Osseo !

“ ‘ Taste the food that stands before you :
 It is blessed and enchanted,
 It has magic virtues in it,
 It will change you to a spirit.
 All your bowls and all your kettles
 Shall be wood and clay no longer ;
 But the bowls be changed to wampum,
 And the kettles shall be silver ;
 They shall shine like shells of scarlet,
 Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

“ ‘ And the women shall no longer
 Bear the dreary doom of labour,
 But be changed to birds, and glisten
 With the beauty of the starlight,

Painted with the dusky splendours
Of the skies and clouds of evening !

“ What Osseo heard as whispers,
What as words he comprehended,
Was but music to the others,
Music as of birds afar off,
Of the whippoorwill afar off,
Of the lonely Wawonaissa
Singing in the darksome forest.

“ Then the lodge began to tremble,
Straight began to shake and tremble,
And they felt it rising, rising,
Slowly through the air ascending,
From the darkness of the tree-tops
Forth into the dewy starlight,
Till it passed the topmost branches ;
And behold ! the wooden dishes
All were changed to shells of scarlet !
And behold ! the earthen kettles
All were changed to bowls of silver !
And the roof-poles of the wigwam
Were as glittering rods of silver,
And the roof of bark upon them
As the shining shards of beetles.

“ Then Osseo gazed around him,
And he saw the nine fair sisters,
All the sisters and their husbands,
Changed to birds of various plumage.
Some were jays and some were magpies,
Others thrushes, others blackbirds ;
And they hopped, and sang, and twittered,
Perked and fluttered all their feathers,
Strutted in their shining plumage,
And their tails like fans unfolded.

“ Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Was not changed, but sat in silence,
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,
Looking sadly at the others ;
Till Osseo, gazing upward,
Gave another cry of anguish,
Such a cry as he had uttered
By the oak-tree in the forest.

“ Then returned her youth and beauty,
And her soiled and tattered garments
Were transformed to robes of ermine,
And her staff became a feather,
Yes, a shining silver feather !

“ And again the wigwam trembled,
Swayed and rushed through airy currents,

Through transparent cloud and vapour,
And amid celestial splendours
On the Evening Star alighted,
As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,
As a leaf drops on a river,
As the thistle-down on water.

"Forth with cheerful words of welcome
Came the father of Osseo,
He with radiant locks of silver,
He with eyes serene and tender.
And he said: 'My son, Osseo,
Hang the cage of birds you bring there,
Hang the cage with rods of silver,
And the birds of glistening feathers,
At the doorway of my wigwam.'

"At the door he hung the bird-cage,
And they entered in and gladly
Listened to Osseo's father,
Ruler of the Star of Evening,
As he said: 'O my Osseo!
I have had compassion on you,
Given you back your youth and beauty,
Into birds of various plumage
Changed your sisters and their husbands;
Changed them thus because they mocked you
In the figure of the old man,
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,
Could not see your heart of passion,
Could not see your youth immortal;
Only Oweence, the faithful,
Saw your naked heart and loved you.

"In that lodge that glimmers yonder
In the little star that twinkles
Through the vapours, on the left hand,
Lives the envious Evil Spirit,
The Wabeno, the magician,
Who transformed you to an old man.
Take heed lest his beams fall on you,
For the rays he darts around him
Are the power of his enchantment,
Are the arrows that he uses.'

"Many years, in peace and quiet,
On the peaceful Star of Evening
Dwelt Osseo with his father;
Many years, in song and flutter,
At the doorway of the wigwam,
Hung the cage with rods of silver,
And fair Oweence, the faithful,
Bore a son unto Osseo,

With the beauty of his mother,
With the courage of his father.

" And the boy grew up and prospered,
And Osseo, to delight him,
Made him little bows and arrows,
Opened the great cage of silver,
And let loose his aunts and uncles,
All those birds with glossy feathers,
For his little son to shoot at.

" Round and round they wheeled and darted,
Filled the Evening Star with music,
With their songs of joy and freedom ;
Filled the Evening Star with splendour,
With the fluttering of their plumage ;
Till the boy, the little hunter,
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,
And a bird, with shining feathers,
At his feet fell wounded sorely.

" But, O wondrous transformation !
'Twas no bird he saw before him,
'Twas a beautiful young woman,
With the arrow in her bosom !

" When her blood fell on the planet,
On the Sacred Star of Evening,
Broken was the spell of magic,
Powerless was the strange enchantment,
And the youth, the fearless bowman,
Suddenly felt himself descending,
Held by unseen hands, but sinking
Downward through the empty spaces,
Downward through the clouds and vapours,
Till he rested on an island,
On an island, green and grassy,
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

" After him he saw descending
All the birds with shining feathers,
Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,
Like the painted leaves of Autumn ;
And the lodge with poles of silver,
With its roof like wings of beetles,
Like the shining shards of beetles,
By the winds of heaven uplifted,
Slowly sank upon the island,
Bringing back the good Osseo,
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

" Then the birds, again transfigured,
Reassumed the shape of mortals,
Took their shape, but not their stature ;

They remained as Little People,
 Like the pigmies, the Puk-Wudjies,
 And on pleasant nights of Summer,
 When the Evening Star was shining,
 Hand in hand they danced together
 On the island's craggy headlands,
 On the sand-beach low and level.

" Still their glittering lodge is seen there,
 On the tranquil Summer evenings,
 And upon the shore the fisher
 Sometimes hears their happy voices,
 Sees them dancing in the starlight ! "

When the story was completed,
 When the wondrous tale was ended,
 Looking round upon his listeners,
 Solemnly Iagoo added :

" There are great men, I have known such,
 Whom their people understand not,
 Whom they even make a jest of,
 Scoff and jeer at in derision.
 From the story of Osseo
 Let us learn the fate of jesters ! "

All the wedding guests delighted
 Listened to the marvellous story,
 Listened laughing and applauding,
 And they whispered to each other
 " Does he mean himself, I wonder ?
 And are we the aunts and uncles ? "

Then again sang Chibiabos,
 Sang a song of love and longing,
 In those accents sweet and tender,
 In those tones of pensive sadness,
 Sang a maiden's lamentation
 For her lover, her Algonquin,

" When I think of my beloved,*
 Ah me ! think of my beloved,
 When my heart is thinking of him,
 O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

" Ah me ! when I parted from him,
 Round my neck he hung the wampum,
 As a pledge, the snow-white wampum,
 O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

" I will go with you, he whispered,
 Ah me ! to your native country ;
 Let me go with you, he whispered,
 O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

" Far away, away, I answered,
 Very far away, I answered,
 Ah me ! is my native country,

O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !
" When I looked back to behold him,
Where we parted, to behold him,
After me he still was gazing,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !
" By the tree he still was standing,
By the fallen tree was standing,
That had dropped into the water,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !
" When I think of my beloved,
Ah me ! think of my beloved,
When my heart is thinking of him,
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin ! "
Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Such the story of Iagoo,
Such the songs of Chibiabos ;
Thus the wedding banquet ended,
And the wedding guests departed,
Leaving Hiawatha happy
With the night and Minnehaha.

13

BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,
Of the happy days that followed,
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful !
Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,*
Sing the Blessing of the Corn-fields !
Buried was the bloody hatchet,
Buried was the dreadful war-club,
Buried were all war-like weapons,
And the war-cry was forgotten.
There was peace among the nations ;
Unmolested roved the hunters,
Built the birch canoe for sailing,
Caught the fish in lake and river,
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver ;
Unmolested worked the women,
Made their sugar from the maple,
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.
All around the happy village
Stood the maize-fields, green and shining,

Waved the green plumes of Mondamin,
 Waved his soft and sunny tresses,
 Filling all the land with plenty.
 'Twas the women who in Spring-time
 Planted the broad fields and fruitful,
 Buried in the earth Mondamin ;
 'Twas the women who in Autumn
 Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,
 Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
 Even as Hiawatha taught them.

Once, when all the maize was planted,
 Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,
 Spake and said to Minnehaha,
 To his wife, the Laughing Water :
 " You shall bless to-night the corn-fields ;
 Draw a magic circle round them,
 To protect them from destruction,
 Blast of mildew, blight of insect,
 Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields,
 Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear !

" In the night, when all is silence,
 In the night, when all is darkness,
 When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
 Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,
 So that not an ear can hear you,
 So that not an eye can see you,
 Rise up from your bed in silence,
 Lay aside your garments wholly,
 Walk around the fields you planted,
 Round the borders of the corn-fields,
 Covered by your tresses only,
 Robed with darkness as a garment.

" Thus the fields shall be more fruitful,*
 And the passing of your footsteps
 Draw a magic circle round them,
 So that neither blight nor mildew,
 Neither burrowing worm nor insect,
 Shall pass o'er the magic circle ;
 Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she,
 Nor the spider, Subbekashe,
 Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena,
 Nor the mighty caterpillar,
 Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-skin,
 King of all the caterpillars ! "

On the tree-tops near the corn-fields
 Sat the hungry crows and ravens,
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 With his band of black marauders,
 And they laughed at Hiawatha,

Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,
With their melancholy laughter
At the words of Hiawatha.
"Hear him!" said they; "hear the Wise Man!
Hear the plots of Hiawatha!"

When the noiseless night descended
Broad and dark o'er field and forest,
When the mournful Wawonaissa,
Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks,
And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,
From her bed rose Laughing Water,
Laid aside her garments wholly,
And with darkness clothed and guarded,
Unashamed and unafrighted,
Walked securely round the corn-fields,
Drew the sacred, magic circle
Of her footprints round the corn-fields.

No one but the Midnight only
Saw her beauty in the darkness,
No one but the Wawonaissa
Heard the panting of her bosom;
Guskewau, the darkness, wrapped her
Closely in his sacred mantle,
So that none might see her beauty,
So that none might boast, "I saw her!"

On the morrow, as the day dawned,
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Gathered all his black marauders,
Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens,
Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,
And descended, fast and fearless,
On the fields of Hiawatha,
On the grave of the Mondamin.

"We will drag Mondamin," said they,
"From the grave where he is buried,
Spite of all the magic circles
Laughing Water draws around it,
Spite of all the sacred footprints
Minnehaha stamps upon it!"

But the wary Hiawatha
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter
When they mocked him from the tree-tops.
"Kaw!" he said, "my friends the ravens!
Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!
I will teach you all a lesson
That shall not be soon forgotten!"

He had risen before the daybreak,

He had spread o'er all the corn-fields
 Snares to catch the black marauders,
 And was lying now in ambush
 In the neighbouring grove of pine-trees,
 Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,
 Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and clamour,
 Rush of wings and cry of voices,
 To their work of devastation,
 Settling down upon the corn-fields,
 Delving deep with beak and talon,
 For the body of Mondamin.
 And with all their craft and cunning,
 All their skill in wiles of warfare,
 They perceived no danger near them,
 Till their claws became entangled,
 Till they found themselves imprisoned
 In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came he,
 Striding terrible among them,
 And so awful was his aspect
 That the bravest quailed with terror.
 Without mercy he destroyed them
 Right and left, by tens and twenties,
 And their wretched, lifeless bodies
 Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows
 Round the consecrated corn-fields,
 As a signal of his vengeance,
 As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 He alone was spared among them
 As a hostage for his people.
 With his prisoner-string he bound him,
 Led him captive to his wigwam,
 Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark
 To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

"Kahgahgee, my raven!" said he,
 "You the leader of the robbers,
 You the plotter of this mischief,
 The contriver of this outrage,
 I will keep you, I will hold you,
 As a hostage for your people,
 As a pledge of good behaviour!"

And he left him, grim and sulky,
 Sitting in the morning sunshine
 On the summit of the wigwam,
 Croaking fiercely his displeasure,
 Flapping his great sable pinions,

Vainly struggling for his freedom,
Vainly calling on his people !

Summer passed, and Shawondasse
Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,
From the South-land sent his ardours,
Wafted kisses warm and tender ;
And the maize-field grew and ripened,
Till it stood in all the splendour
Of its garments green and yellow,
Of its tassels and its plumage,
And the maize-ears full and shining
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of verdure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman,
Spake, and said to Minnehaha :
" 'Tis the Moon when leaves are falling ;
All the wild-rice has been gathered,
And the maize is ripe and ready ;
Let us gather in the harvest,
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,
Of his garments green and yellow ! "

And the merry Laughing Water
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,
And they called the women round them,
Called the young men and the maidens,
To the harvest of the corn-fields,
To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,
Sat the old men and the warriors
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.
In uninterrupted silence
Looked they at the gamesome labour
Of the young men and the women ;
Listened to their noisy talking,
To their laughter and their singing,
Heard them chattering like the magpies,
Heard them laughing like the blue-jays,
Heard them singing like the robins.

And whene'er some lucky maiden
Found a red ear in the husking,
Found a maize-ear red as blood is,
" Nushka ! " cried they all together,
" Nushka ! you shall have a sweetheart,
You shall have a handsome husband ! "
" Ugh ! " the old men all responded,
From their seats beneath the pine-trees.

And whene'er a youth or maiden

Found a crooked ear in husking,
 Found a maize-ear in the husking,
 Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,
 Then they laughed and sang together,
 Crept and limped about the corn-fields,
 Mimicked in their gait and gestures
 Some old man, bent almost double,
 Singing singly or together :
 " Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields !
 Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear ! " *

Till the corn-fields rang with laughter,
 Till from Hiawatha's wigwam
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 Screamed and quivered in his anger,
 And from all the neighbouring tree-tops
 Cawed and croaked the black marauders.
 " Ugh ! " the old men all responded,
 From their seats beneath the pine-trees !

14

PICTURE-WRITING

In those days said Hiawatha,
 " Lo ! how all things fade and perish !
 From the memory of the old men
 Pass away the great traditions,
 The achievements of the warriors,
 The adventures of the hunters,
 All the wisdom of the Medas,
 All the craft of the Wabenos,
 All the marvellous dreams and visions
 Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets !
 " Great men die and are forgotten,
 Wise men speak ; their words of wisdom
 Perish in the ears that hear them,
 Do not reach the generations
 That, as yet unborn, are waiting
 In the great, mysterious darkness
 Of the speechless days that shall be !
 " On the grave-posts of our fathers
 Are no signs, no figures painted ;
 Who are in those graves we know not,
 Only know they are our fathers.
 Of what kith they are and kindred,
 From what old, ancestral Totem,
 Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,

They descended, this we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.

“Face to face we speak together,
But we cannot speak when absent,
Cannot send our voices from us
To the friends that dwell afar off ;
Cannot send a secret message,
But the bearer learns our secret,
May pervert it, may betray it,
May reveal it unto others.”

Thus said Hiawatha, walking
In the solitary forest,
Pondering, musing in the forest,
On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his colours,
Took his paints of different colours,
On the smooth bark of a birch-tree
Painted many shapes and figures,
Wonderful and mystic figures,
And each figure had a meaning,
Each some word or thought suggested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,
He, the Master of Life, was painted
As an egg, with points projecting
To the four winds of the heavens.
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitche Manito the Mighty,
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,
As a serpent was depicted,
As Kenabeek, the great serpent.
Very crafty, very cunning,
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles,
Life was white, but Death was darkened ;
Sun and moon and stars he painted,
Man and beast, and fish and reptile,
Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,
For the sky a bow above it ;
White the space between for day-time,
Filled with little stars for night-time ;
On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
On the top a point for noon-tide,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards a wigwam