

Celestial King! O let thy presence pass
 Before my spirit, and an image fair
 Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,
 As the reflected image in a glass
 Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
 And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

CXXVIII

THE BROOK

FROM THE SPANISH

LAUGH of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!
 Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
 The soul of April, unto whom are born
 The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
 Although, where'er thy devious current strays,
 The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
 To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
 Than golden sands that charm each shepherd's gaze.
 How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
 As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
 Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!
 How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!
 O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
 Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!

CXXIX

THE CELESTIAL PILOT

FROM DANTE, PURGATORIO, II.

AND now, behold! as at the approach of morning,
 Through the gross vapours, Mars grows fiery red
 Down in the west upon the ocean floor,

Appeared to me,—may I again behold it!—
 A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,
 Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.

And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little
 Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,
 Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.

Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared
I knew not what of white, and underneath,
Little by little, there came forth another.

My master yet had uttered not a word,
While the first brightness into wings unfolded ;
But, when he clearly recognised the pilot,

He cried aloud: " Quick, quick, and bow the knee !
Behold the Angel of God ! fold up thy hands !
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers !

" See how he scorns all human arguments,
So that no oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores !

" See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair !"

And then, as nearer and more near us came
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,
So that the eye could not sustain his presence.

But down I cast it ; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,
So that the water swallowed nought thereof.

Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot !
Beatitude seemed written in his face !
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.

" *In exitu Israel out of Egypt !* "
Thus sang they altogether in one voice,
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.

Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

CXXX

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE

FROM DANTE, PURGATORIO, XXVIII.

LONGING already to search in and round
The heavenly forest, dense and living green,
Which to the eyes tempered the new-born day,

Withouten more delay I left the bank,
Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance,

A gently-breathing air, that no mutation
Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead,
No heavier blow, than of a pleasant breeze,

Whereat the tremulous branches readily
Did all of them bow downward towards that side
Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain;

Yet not from their upright direction bent
So that the little birds upon their tops
Should cease the practice of their tuneful art;

But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime
Singing received they in the midst of foliage
That made monotonous burden to their rhymes,

Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells,
Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi,
When Æolus unlooses the Sirocco.

Already my slow steps had led me on
Into the ancient wood so far, that I
Could see no more the place where I had entered.

And lo! my farther course cut off a river
Which, towards the left hand, with its little waves,
Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang.

All waters that on earth most limpid are,
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture,
Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,

Although it moves on with a brown, brown current,
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.

CXXXI

BEATRICE

FROM DANTE, PURGATORIO, XXX. XXXI.

EVEN as the Blessed, in the new covenant,
 Shall rise up quickened, each one from his grave,
 Wearing again the garments of the flesh;

So, upon that celestial chariot,
 A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,
 Ministers and messengers of life eternal.

They all were saying: "*Benedictus qui venis,*"
 And scattering flowers above and round about,
 "*Manibus o date lilia plenis.*"

I once beheld, at the approach of day,
 The orient sky all stained with roseate hues,
 And the other heaven with light serene adorned,

And the sun's face uprising, overshadowed,
 So that, by temperate influence of vapours,
 The eye sustained his aspect for long while;

Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,
 Which from those hands angelic were thrown up,
 And now descended inside and without

With crown of olive o'er a snow-white veil,
 Appeared a lady, under a green mantle,
 Vested in colours of the living flame.

• • • • •
 Even as the snow, among the living rafters
 Upon the back of Italy, congeals,
 Blown on and beaten by Slavonian winds,

And then dissolving, filters through itself,
 Whene'er the land, that loses shadow, breathes,
 Like as a taper melts before a fire,

Even such I was, without a sigh or tear,
 Before the song of those who chime for ever
 After the chiming of the eternal spheres;

But when I heard in those sweet melodies
 Compassion for me, more than they had said,
 "O wherefore, lady, dost thou thus consume him?"

The ice that was about my heart congealed,
 To air and water changed, and, in my anguish,
 Through lips and eyes came gushing from my breast.

• • • • •

Confusion and dismay, together mingled,
 Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out of my mouth,
 To understand it one had need of sight.

Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 'tis discharged,
 Too tensely drawn the bow-string and the bow,
 And with less force the arrow hits the mark;

So I gave way under this heavy burden,
 Gushing forth into bitter tears and sighs,
 And the voice, fainting, flagged upon its passage.

CXXXII

SPRING

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES D'ORLEANS

XV. CENTURY

GENTLE Spring!—in sunshine clad,
 Well dost thou thy power display!
 For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
 And thou,—thou makest the sad heart gay.
 He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
 The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain;
 And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
 When thy merry step draws near.

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,
 Their beards of icicles and snow;
 And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
 We must cower over the embers low;
 And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
 Mope like birds that are changing feather.
 But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
 When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky,
 Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud;
 But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh;
 Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,
 And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,
 Who has toiled for nought both late and early,
 Is banished afar by the new-born year,
 When thy merry step draws near.

CXXXIII

THE CHILD ASLEEP

FROM THE FRENCH

SWEET babe! true portrait of thy father's face,
 Sleep on the bosom, that thy lips have pressed!
 Sleep, little one; and closely, gently place
 Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
 Soft sleep shall come, that cometh not to me!
 I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend;—
 'Tis sweet to watch with thee, alone for thee!

His arms fall down; sleep sits upon his brow;
 His eye is closed; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.
 Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
 Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?

Awake, my boy!—I tremble with affright!
 Awake, and chase this fatal thought!—Unclose
 Thine eye but for one moment on the light!
 Even at the price of thine, give me repose!

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

CXXXIV

THE GRAVE

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON

For thee was a house built
Ere thou wast born,
For thee was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be ;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
Highly timbered,
It is unhigh and low ;
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh.
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh,
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within ;
There thou art fast detained,
And Death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,
And leavest thy friends ;
Thou hast no friend,
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee ;

Who will ever open
The door for thee
And descend after thee,
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.

CXXXV

KING CHRISTIAN

A NATIONAL SONG OF DENMARK

FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES EVALD

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty mast
In mist and smoke;
His sword was hammering so fast,
Through Gothic helm and brain it passed;
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,
In mist and smoke.
"Fly!" shouted they, "fly, he who can!
Who braves of Denmark's Christian
The stroke?"

Nils Juel * gave heed to the tempest's roar,
Now is the hour!
He hoisted his blood-red flag once more,
And smote upon the foe full sore,
And shouted loud, through the tempest's roar,
"Now is the hour!"
"Fly!" shouted they, "for shelter fly!
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
The power?"

North Sea! a glimpse of Wessel rent
Thy murky sky!
Then champions to thine arms were sent;
Terror and Death glared where he went;
From the waves was heard a wail, that rent
Thy murky sky!
From Denmark, thunders Tordenskiol',
Let each to Heaven commend his soul,
And fly!

Path of the Dane to fame and might !
 Dark-rolling wave !
 Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
 Goes to meet danger with despite,
 Proudly as thou the tempest's might,
 Dark-rolling wave !
 And amid pleasures and alarms,
 And war and victory, be thine arms
 My grave !

CXXXVI

THE HAPPIEST LAND

FRAGMENT OF A MODERN BALLAD

FROM THE GERMAN

THERE sat one day in quiet,
 By an alehouse on the Rhine,
 Four hale and hearty fellows,
 And drank the precious wine.

The landlord's daughter filled their cups
 Around the rustic board ;
 Then sat they all so calm and still,
 And spake not one rude word.

But, when the maid departed,
 A Swabian raised his hand,
 And cried, all hot and flushed with wine,
 " Long live the Swabian land !

" The greatest kingdom upon earth
 Cannot with that compare ;
 With all the stout and hardy men
 And the nut-brown maidens there."

" Ha ! " cried a Saxon, laughing,—
 And dashed his beard with wine ;
 " I had rather live in Lapland,
 Than that Swabian land of thine !

" The goodliest land of all this earth,
 It is the Saxon land !
 There have I as many maidens
 As fingers on this hand ! "

“ Hold your tongues ! both Swabian and Saxon ! ”
 A bold Bohemian cries ;
 “ If there’s a heaven upon this earth,
 In Bohemia it lies.
 “ There the tailor blows the flute,
 And the cobbler blows the horn,
 And the miner blows the bugle,
 Over mountain gorge and bourn.”

* * * * *

And then the landlord’s daughter
 Up to heaven raised her hand,
 And said, “ Ye may no more contend,—
 There lies the happiest land ! ”

BALLAD OF A MODERN BALLAD

CXXXVII

THE WAVE

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE

“ WHITHER, thou turbid wave ?
 Whither, with so much haste,
 As if a thief wert thou ? ”
 “ I am the Wave of Life,
 Stained with my margin’s dust ;
 From the struggle and the strife
 Of the narrow stream I fly
 To the Sea’s immensity,
 To wash from me the slime
 Of the muddy banks of Time.”

CXXXVIII

THE DEAD

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLOPSTOCK

How they so softly rest,
 All, all the holy dead,
 Unto whose dwelling-place
 Now doth my soul draw near !
 How they so softly rest,
 All in their silent graves,
 Deep to corruption
 Slowly down sinking !

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

CXXXIX

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER

- “THE rivers rush into the sea,
 By castle and town they go ;
 The winds behind them merrily
 Their noisy trumpets blow.
- “The clouds are passing far and high,
 We little birds in them play ;
 And everything, that can sing and fly,
 Goes with us, and far away.
- “I greet thee, bonny boat ! Whither, or whence,
 With thy fluttering golden band ?”—
- “I greet thee, little bird ! To the wide sea
 I haste from the narrow land.
- “Full and swollen is every sail ;
 I see no longer a hill,
 I have trusted all to the sounding gale,
 And it will not let me stand still.
- “And wilt thou, little bird, go with us ?
 Thou mayest stand on the mainmast tall,
 For full to sinking is my house
 With merry companions all.”—
- “I need not and seek not company,
 Bonny boat, I can sing all alone ;
 For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,
 Bonny boat, I have wings of my own.

"High over the sails, high over the mast,
 Who shall gainsay these joys?
 When thy merry companions are still, at last,
 Thou shalt hear the sound of my voice.

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

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

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER

CXL

WHITHER?

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
 From its rocky fountain near,
 Down into the valley rushing,
 So fresh and wondrous clear.

I know not what came o'er me,
 Nor who the counsel gave;
 But I must hasten downward,
 All with my pilgrim-stave.

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

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

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

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

CXLI

BEWARE!

FROM THE GERMAN

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,
 Take care!
 She can both false and friendly be,
 Beware! Beware!
 Trust her not,
 She is fooling thee!

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

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

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

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

CXLIH
SONG OF THE BELL

FROM THE GERMAN

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

Bell! thou soundest merrily;
Tellest thou at evening,
Bed-time draweth nigh!
Bell! thou soundest mournfully;
Tellest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Thou art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm!

CXLIH
THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND

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

“ And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below ;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening’s crimson glow.”

“ Well have I seen that castle,
That Castle by the Sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.”

“ The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime ?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel’s rhyme ? ”

“ The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly ;
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye.”

“ And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride !
And the wave of their crimson mantles ?
And the golden crown of pride ?

“ Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there ?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair ? ”

“ Well saw I the ancient parents ;
Without the crown of pride ;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side ! ”

CXLIV

THE BLACK KNIGHT

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND

“ TWAS Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness,
Thus began the King and spake ;
“ So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg’s walls,
A luxuriant Spring shall break.”

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly.
From balcony the King looked on ;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers,
Before the monarch's stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable Knight.
" Sir Knight ! your name and scutcheon say ! "
" Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear ;
I am a Prince of mighty sway ! "

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

Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torch-light through the high hall glances ;
Waves a mighty shadow in ;
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin ;

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around.
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every Knight and every Dame.
'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient Knight reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took ;
" Golden wine will make you whole ! "
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank ;
" Oh, that draught was very cool ! "

Each the father's breast embraces,
 Son and daughter; and their faces
 Colourless grow utterly.

Whichever way
 Looks the fear-struck father grey,
 He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both
 Takest thou in the joy of youth;
 Take me, too, the joyless father!"
 Spake the grim Guest,
 From his hollow, cavernous breast,
 "Roses in the spring I gather!"

CXLV

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS

Into the Silent Land!
 Ah! who shall lead us thither?
 Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
 And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand,
 Who leads us with a gentle hand
 Thither, O thither,
 Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
 To you, ye boundless regions
 Of all perfection! Tender morning visions
 Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!
 Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,
 Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
 Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!
 For all the broken-hearted
 The mildest herald by our faith allotted,
 Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
 To lead us with a gentle hand
 Into the land of the great Departed,
 Into the Silent Land!

CXLVI

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER •

FROM THE SWEDISH

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the
 village
 Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of
 the belfry,
 Tipped with a vane of metal, the friendly flames of the
 Spring-sun
 Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles afore-
 time.
 Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap
 crowned by roses,
 Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the
 brooklet
 Murmured gladness and peace, God's-peace! with lips rosy-
 tinted
 Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing
 branches
 Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the
 Highest.
 Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-
 woven arbour
 Stood its old-fashioned gate; and within upon each cross
 of iron
 Hung was a fragrant garland, new twined by the hands of
 affection.
 Even the dial, that stood on a hillock among the departed
 (There full a hundred years had it stood), was embellished
 with blossoms,
 Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the
 hamlet,
 Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's
 children,
 So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of
 iron
 Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and
 its changes,
 While all around at his feet an eternity slumbered in quiet.
 Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season
 When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved ones of
 heaven,
 Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their
 baptism.

Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned,
 and the dust was
 Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted
 benches.
 There stood the church like a garden; the Feast of the
 Leafy Pavilions*
 Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the
 church wall
 Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of
 oak-wood
 Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron.
 Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove,
 washed with silver,
 Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wild-
 flowers.
 But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by
 Hörberg,†
 Crept a garland gigantic; and bright-curling tresses of
 angels
 Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy
 leaf-work.
 Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the
 ceiling,
 And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the
 sockets.

Loud rang the bells already; the thronging crowd was
 assembled
 Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.
 Hark! then roll forth at once the mighty tones from the
 organ,
 Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.
 Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast off from him his
 mantle,
 Even so cast off the soul its garments of earth; and with
 one voice
 Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal
 Of the sublime Wallin,‡ of David's harp in the North-land
 Tuned to the choral of Luther; the song on its powerful
 pinions
 Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,
 And every face did shine like the Holy One's face upon
 Tabor.

* The Feast of the Tabernacles; in Swedish, *Löshyddohögtiden*, the Leaf-huts'-high-tide.

† The Peasant-painter of Sweden. He is known chiefly by his altar-pieces in the village churches.

‡ A distinguished pulpit-orator and poet. He is particularly remarkable for the beauty and sublimity of his psalms.

Lo! there entered then into the church the Reverend
Teacher.

Father he high and he was in the parish; a christianly
plainness

Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy
winters.

Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative

grandeur
Lay on his forehead as clear, as on moss-covered grave-
stone a sunbeam.

As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly
Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of
creation)

Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when
in Patmos,

Grey, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the
old man;

Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of
silver.

All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.
But with a cordial look to the right and the left hand, the
old man

Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost
chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from
the old man.

Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart
came,

Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in
the desert.

Afterwards, when all was finished, the Teacher re-entered
the chancel,

Followed therein by the young. On the right hand the
boys had their places,

Delicate figures, with close-curling hair, and cheeks rosy-
blooming.

But on the left hand of these, there stood the tremulous
lilies,

Tinged with the blushing light of the morning, the diffident
maidens,—

Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on
the pavement.

Now came, with question and answer, the Catechism. In
the beginning,

Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice,
but the old man's

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER 513

Glances of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines
eternal

Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips
unpolluted.

Whene'er the answer was closed, and as oft as they named
the Redeemer,

Lowly louted the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.
Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there
among them,

And to the children explained he the holy, the highest in
few words,

Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is
simple,

Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.
Even as the green-growing bud is unfolded when Spring-
tide approaches,

Leaf by leaf is developed, and, warmed by the radiant
sunshine,

Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected
blossom

Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the
breezes,

So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,
Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and
mothers

Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at each well-
worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar;—and straightway
transfigured

(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.
Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and
as Judgment

Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earth-
ward descending.

Glances, sharp as a sword, into hearts, that to him were
transparent

Shot he; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar
off.

So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake and he
questioned.

"This is the faith of the Fathers, the Faith the Apostles
delivered,

This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while
still ye

Lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of
heaven.

Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom;

Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant
 splendour
 Rains from the heaven downward;—to-day on the threshold
 of childhood
 Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your
 election,
 For she knows nought of compulsion, and only conviction
 desireth.
 This is the hour of your trial, the turning-point of
 existence,
 Seed for the coming days; without revocation departeth
 Now from your lips the confession; Bethink ye, before you
 make answer!
 Think not, O think not with guile to deceive the question-
 ing Teacher,
 Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon false-
 hood.
 Enter not with a lie on Life's journey; the multitude hears
 you,
 Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is
 and holy
 Standeth before your sight as a witness; the Judge ever-
 lasting
 Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting
 beside him
 Grave your confession in letters of fire, upon tablets
 eternal.
 Thus, then,—Believe ye in God, in the Father who this
 world created?
 Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both
 are united?
 Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise!) to cherish
 God more than all things earthly, and every man as a
 brother?
 Will ye promise me here to confirm your faith by your
 living,
 Th' heavenly faith of affection! to hope, to forgive, and to
 suffer,
 Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in
 uprightness?
 Will ye promise me this before God and man?—"with a
 clear voice
 Answered the young men Yes! and Yes! with lips softly
 breathing
 Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow
 of the Teacher
 Clouds with the thunders therein, and he spake in accents
 more gentle,
 Soft as the evening's breath, as harps by Babylon's rivers.

"Hail, then, hail to you all! To the heirdom of heaven
 be ye welcome!
 Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers
 and sisters!
 Yet,—for what reason not children? Of such is the king-
 dom of heaven.
 Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one
 Father,
 Ruling them all as his household,—forgiving in turn and
 chastising,
 That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.
 Blessed are the pure before God! Upon purity and upon
 virtue
 Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is
 descended.
 Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sum of the
 doctrine,
 Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the
 cross for.
 O! as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred
 asylum
 Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill
 valley,
 O! how soon will ye come,—too soon!—and long to turn
 backward
 Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun illumined, where
 Judgment
 Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a
 mother,
 Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was
 forgiven.
 Life was a play, and your hands grasped after the roses of
 heaven!
 Seventy years have I lived already; the Father eternal
 Gave me gladness and care; but the loveliest hours of
 existence,
 When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly
 known them,
 Known them all again;—they were my childhood's
 acquaintance.
 Therefore take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of
 existence,
 Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence,
 bride of man's childhood.
 Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the
 blessed,
 Beautiful, and in her hand a lily; on life's roaring billows
 Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she
 is sleeping.

Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men ; in the
desert

Angels descend and minister unto her ; she herself knoweth
Nought of her glorious attendance ; but follows faithful
and humble,

Follows so long as she may her friend ; O do not reject her,
For she cometh from God and she holdeth the keys of the
heavens.—

Prayer is Innocence' friend ; and willingly flieth incessant
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit
Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flames ever
upward.

Still he recalls with emotion his father's manifold mansions,
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more
freshly the flowers,

Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the wingèd
angels.

Then grows the earth too narrow, too close ; and homesick
for heaven

Longs the wanderer again ; and the Spirit's longings are
worship ;

Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue
is entreaty.

Ah ! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the
grave-yard,—

Then it is good to pray unto God ; for His sorrowing
children

Turns He ne'er from his door, but He heals and helps and
consoles them.

Yet it is better to pray when all things are prosperous
with us,

Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune
Kneels down before the Eternal's throne ; and, with hands
interfolded,

Praises thankful and moved the only Giver of blessings.
Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not
from Heaven ?

What has mankind forsooth, the poor ! that it has not
received ?

Therefore, fall in the dust and pray ! The seraphs adoring
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of Him who
Hung His masonry pendant on nought, when the world He
created.

Earth declareth His might, and the firmament uttereth His
glory.

Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from
heaven,

Downward like withered leaves ; at the last stroke of
 midnight, millenniums
 Lay themselves down at His feet, and He sees them, but
 counts them as nothing.
 Who shall stand in His presence ? The wrath of the Judge
 is terrific,
 Casting the insolent down at a glance. When He speaks
 in His anger
 Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roe-
 buck.
 Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children ? This awful Avenger,
 Ah ! is a merciful God ! God's voice was not in the earth-
 quake,
 Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering
 breezes.
 Love is the root of creation ; God's essence ; worlds without
 number
 Lie in His bosom like children ; He made them for this
 purpose only :
 Only to love and be loved again, He breathed forth His
 spirit
 Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its
 Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with a flame out
 of heaven.
 Quench, O quench not that flame ! It is the breath of
 your being.
 Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father nor mother
 Loved you, as God has loved you ; for 'twas that you may
 be happy
 Gave He His only Son. When He bowed down His head
 in the death-hour
 Solemnized Love its triumph ; the sacrifice then was
 completed.
 Lo ! then was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple,
 dividing
 Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres
 rising,
 Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other
 Th' answer, but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma,—
 Atonement !
 Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atone-
 ment.
 Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful
 Father ;
 Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but
 affection ;
 Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart that loveth is
 willing ;
 Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.

Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou likewise thy brethren ;

One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also. Bears not each human figure the godlike stamp on his forehead ?

Readest thou not in his face thine origin ? Is he not sailing Lost like thyself on an ocean unknown, and is he not guided By the same stars that guide thee ? Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother ?

Hateth he thee, forgive ! For 'tis sweet to stammer one letter

Of the Eternal's language ;—on earth it is called Forgiveness ! Knowest thou Him, who forgave, with the crown of thorns round His temples ?

Earnestly prayed for His foes, for His murderers ? Say, dost thou know Him ?

Ah ! thou confessest His name, so follow likewise His example,

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings, Guide the erring aright ; for the good, the heavenly Shepherd Took the lost lamb in His arms, and bore it back to its mother.

This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.

Love is the creature's welfare, with God ; but love among mortals

Is but an endless sigh ! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting,

Suffers, and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids. Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompense,—Hope, the befriending,

Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful

Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it

Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows !

Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise, Having nought else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,

Him, who has given us more ! for to us has Hope been transfigured,

Groping no longer in night ; she is Faith, she is living assurance.

Faith is enlightened Hope ; she is light, is the eye of affection, Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.

Faith is the sun of life ; and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's,

For she has looked upon God ; the heaven on its stable
 foundation
 Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem
 sinketh
 Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapours descending.
 There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures
 majestic,
 Fears not the wingèd crowd, in the midst of them all is her
 homestead.
 Therefore love and believe ; for works will follow spon-
 taneous,
 Even as day does the sun ; the Right from the Good is an
 offspring,
 Love in a bodily shape ; and Christian works are no more
 than
 Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate spring-
 tide.
 Works do follow us all unto God ; there stand and bear
 witness
 Not what they seemed,—but what they were only. Blessed
 is he who
 Hears their confession secure ; they are mute upon earth
 until Death's hand
 Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death
 e'er alarm you ?
 Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is
 only
 More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are
 fading
 Takes he the soul and departs, and rocked in the arms of
 affection,
 Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its
 father.
 Sounds of its coming already I hear,—see dimly his pinions,
 Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them ! I
 fear not before him.
 Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom
 Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast ; and face to face
 standing,
 Look I on God as He is, a sun unpolled by vapours ;
 Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic,
 Nobler, better than I ; they stand by the throne all trans-
 figured,
 Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing
 an anthem,
 Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by
 angels.
 You, in like manner, ye children beloved, He one day shall
 gather,

Never forgets He the weary ;—then welcome, ye loved
ones, hereafter !

Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the
promise,

Wander from holiness onward to holliness ; earth shall ye
heed not ;

Earth is but dust and heaven is light ; I have pledged you
to heaven.

God of the Universe, hear me ! thou fountain of Love
everlasting,

Hark to the voice of thy servant ! I send up my prayer
to thy heaven !

Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all
these,

Whom thou hast given me here ! I have loved them all
like a father.

May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way
of salvation,

Faithful, so far as I knew of thy word ; again may they
know me,

Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I
place them,

Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming
with gladness,

“ Father, lo ! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast
given me ! ”

Weeping he spake in these words ; and now at the beck
of the old man

Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's
enclosure.

Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration,
and softly

With him the children read ; at the close, with tremulous
accents,

Asked he the peace of heaven, a benediction upon them.
Now should have ended his task for the day ; the following

Sunday
Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy
Supper.

Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent
and laid his

Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward ; while
thoughts high and holy

Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced
with wonderful brightness.

“ On the next Sunday, who knows ! perhaps I shall rest
in the grave-yard !

Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely,

- Bow down his head to the earth ; why delay I ? the hour
is accomplished.
- Warm is the heart ;—I will so ! for to-day grows the harvest
of heaven.
- What I began accomplish I now ; for what failing therein is,
I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father.
- Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in
heaven,
- Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement ?
- What it denoteth, that know ye full well, I have told it you
often.
- Of the new covenant a symbol it is, of Atonement a token,
Stablished between earth and heaven. Man by his sins
and transgressions
- Far has wandered from God, from his essence. 'Twas in
the beginning
- Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its
crown o'er the
- Fall to this day ; in the Thought is the Fall ; in the Heart
the Atonement ;
- Infinite is the Fall, the Atonement infinite likewise.
- See ! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and
forward,
- Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied
pinions,
- Sin and Atonement incessant go through the life-time of
mortals.
- Brought forth is sin full-grown ; but Atonement sleeps in
our bosoms
- Still as the cradled babe ; and dreams of heaven and of
angels,
- Cannot awake to sensation ; is like the tones in the harp's
strings,
- Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer's finger.
- Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of
Atonement,
- Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with
eyes all resplendent,
- Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with sin and
o'ercomes her.
- Downward to earth he came and transfigured, thence
reascended,
- Not from the heart in likewise, for there he still lives in the
Spirit,
- Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement.
- Therefore with reverence receive this day her visible token.
Tokens are dead if the things do not live. The light
everlasting

Unto the blind man is not, but is born of the eye that has
vision.
Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is
hallowed
Lieth forgiveness enshrined ; the intention alone of amend-
ment
Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes
all
Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arm wide
extended,
Penitence weeping and praying ; the Will that is tried, and
whose gold flows
Purified forth from the flames ; in a word, mankind by
Atonement
Breaketh Atonement's bread, and drinketh Atonement's
wine-cup.
But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his
bosom,
Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ's blessed
body,
And the Redeemer's blood ! To himself he eateth and
drinketh
Death and doom ! And from this, preserve us, thou
heavenly Father !
Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement ?"
Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the
children
Yes ! with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due
supplications,
Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ
and anthem ;
O ! Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgres-
sions,
Hear us ! give us thy peace ! have mercy, have mercy
upon us !
Th' old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on
his eyelids,
Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the
mystical symbols.
O ! then seemed it to me, as if God, with the broad eye of
mid-day,
Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the
churchyard
Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the
graves 'gan to shiver.
But in the children (I noted it well ; I knew it) there ran a
Tremor of holy rapture along through their icy-cold
members.

Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green
 earth, and above it
 Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen; they saw
 there
 Radiant in glory the Father, and on His right hand the
 Redeemer.
 Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels
 from gold clouds
 Beckon to them like brothers, and fan with their pinions of
 purple.
 Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their
 hearts and their faces,
 Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full
 sorely,
 Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them
 pressed he
 Moved to his bosom, and laid, with a prayer, his hands full
 of blessings,
 Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

CXLVII

THE HEMLOCK-TREE

FROM THE GERMAN

O HEMLOCK-TREE! O hemlock-tree! how faithful are thy
 branches!

Green not alone in summer time,
 But in the winter's frost and rime!

O hemlock-tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy
 branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!
 To love me in prosperity,
 And leave me in adversity!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!

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

So long as summer laughs she sings,
 But in the autumn spreads her wings!

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

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy
falsehood !
It flows so long as falls the rain,
In drought its springs soon dry again.
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy
falsehood !

CXLVIII

ANNIE OF THARAW

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON DACH

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

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

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

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

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

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

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

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand ?

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

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love ;
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen ;
I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

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

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

CXLIX

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN

FORMS of saints and kings are standing
The cathedral door above ;
Yet I saw but one among them
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

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

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

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

CL

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN

ON the cross the dying Saviour
 Heavenward lifts His eyelids calm,
 Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
 In His pierced and bleeding palm.
 And by all the world forsaken,
 Sees He how with zealous care
 At the ruthless nail of iron
 A little bird is striving there.

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

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

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

CLI

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE

THE sea hath its pearls,
 The heaven hath its stars ;
 But my heart, my heart,
 My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heaven ;
 Yet greater is my heart,
 And fairer than pearls and stars
 Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,
 Come unto my great heart ;
 My heart, and the sea, and the heaven,
 Are melting away with love !

CLII

CURFEW

1

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

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

Dark grow the windows
 And quenched is the fire ;
 Sound fades into silence,—
 All footsteps retire.
 No voice in the chambers,
 No sound in the hall !
 Sleep and oblivion
 Reign over all.

2

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

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

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

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

CLIII

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-CUILLÈ •

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN

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

1

At the foot of the mountain height
 Where is perched Castèl-Cuillè,
 When the apple, the plum, and the almond-tree,
 In the plain below were growing white,
 This is the song one might perceive
 On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve :

“ The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
 So fair a bride shall leave her home !
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day ! ”

This old Te Deum, rustic rites attending,
 Seemed from the clouds descending ;
 When lo ! a merry company
 Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
 Each one with her attendant swain,
 Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain ;
 Resembling there, so near unto the sky,
 Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven had sent
 For their delight and our encouragement.

Together blending,
 And soon descending
 The narrow sweep
 Of the hill-side steep,
 They wind aslant
 Toward Saint Amant,
 Through leafy alleys
 Of verdurous valleys,
 With merry sallies
 Singing their chant.

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
 So fair a bride shall leave her home!
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day!"

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,
 With garlands for the bridal laden!

The sky was blue; without one cloud of gloom,
 The sun of March was shining brightly,
 And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
 Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,
 A rustic bridal, ah! how sweet it is!

To sounds of joyous melodies,
 That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom,
 A band of maidens
 Gaily frolicking,
 A band of youngsters
 Wildly rolicking!

Kissing,
 Caressing,
 With fingers pressing,
 Till in the veriest

Madness of mirth, as they dance,
 They retreat and advance,

Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest;

While the bride, with roguish eyes,
 Sporting with them, now escapes and cries:

"Those who catch me
 Married verily
 This year shall be!"

And all pursue with eager haste,
 And all attain what they pursue,
 And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,
 And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among
 These youthful maidens fresh and fair,
 So joyous, with such laughing air,
 Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue?
 And yet the bride is fair and young!

Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,
 That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall?
 O, no! for a maiden frail, I trow,
 Never bore so lofty a brow!

What lovers ! they give not a single caress !
 To see them so careless and cold to-day,
 These are grand people, one would say.

What ails Baptiste ? what grief doth him oppress ?
 It is, that, half way up the hill,
 In yon cottage, by whose walls
 Stand the cart-house and the stalls,
 Dwelleth the blind orphan still,
 Daughter of a veteran old ;
 And you must know, one year ago,
 That Margaret, the young and tender,
 Was the village pride and splendour,
 And Baptiste, her lover bold.
 Love, the deceiver, them ensnared ;
 For them the altar was prepared ;
 But alas ! the summer's blight,
 The dread disease that none can stay,
 The pestilence that walks by night,
 Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was changed ;
 Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged ;
 Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled ;
 Returned but three short days ago,
 The golden chain they round him throw,
 He is enticed, and onward led
 To marry Angela, and yet
 Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
 " Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate !
 Here comes the cripple Jane ! " And by a fountain's side
 A woman, bent and grey with years,
 Under the mulberry-trees appears,
 And all towards her run, as fleet
 As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
 Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.
 She telleth fortunes, and none complain.
 She promises one a village swain,
 Another a happy wedding-day,
 And the bride a lovely boy straightway.
 All comes to pass as she avers ;
 She never deceives, she never errs.

But for this once the village seer
 Wears a countenance severe,
 And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white

Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
 Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,
 Who, like a statue, stands in view ;
 Changing colour, as well he might,
 When the beldame wrinkled and grey
 Takes the young bride by the hand,
 And, with the tip of her reedy wand,
 Making the sign of the cross, doth say :—
 “ Thoughtless Angela, beware !
 Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,
 Thou diggest for thyself a tomb ! ”

And she was silent ; and the maidens fair
 Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear ;
 But on a little streamlet silver-clear,
 What are two drops of turbid rain ?
 Saddened a moment, the bridal train
 Resumed the dance and song again ;
 The bridegroom only was pale with fear ;—
 And down green alleys
 Of verdurous valleys,
 With merry sallies,
 They sang the refrain :—

“ The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
 So fair a bride shall leave her home !
 Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
 So fair a bride shall pass to-day ! ”

2

And by suffering worn and weary,
 But beautiful as some fair angel yet,
 Thus lamented Margaret,
 In her cottage lone and dreary :—

“ He has arrived ! arrived at last !
 Yet Jane has named him not these three days past ;
 Arrived ! yet keeps aloof so far !
 And knows that of my night he is the star !
 Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted,
 And count the moments since he went away !
 Come ! keep the promise of that happier day,
 That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted !
 What joy have I without thee ? what delight ?
 Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery ;
 Day for the others ever, but for me
 For ever night ! for ever night !

When he is gone 'tis dark ! my soul is sad !
 I suffer ! O my God ! come, make me glad.
 When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude ;
 Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes !
 Within them shines for me a heaven of love,
 A heaven all happiness, like that above.

No more of grief ! no more of lassitude !
 Earth I forget,—and heaven, and all distresses,
 When seated by my side my hand he presses ;
 But when alone, remember all !
 Where is Baptiste ? he hears not when I call !
 A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,
 I need some bough to twine around !
 In pity come ! be to my suffering kind !
 True love, they say, in grief doth more abound !
 What then—when one is blind ?

“ Who knows ? perhaps I am forsaken !
 Ah ! woe is me ! then bear me to my grave !
 O God ! what thoughts within me waken !
 Away ! he will return ! I do but rave !
 He will return ! I need not fear !
 He swore it by our Saviour dear ;
 He could not come at his own will ;
 Is weary, or perhaps is ill !
 Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,
 Prepares for me some sweet surprise !
 But some one comes ! Though blind, my heart can see !
 And that deceives me not ! 'tis he ! 'tis he ! ”

And the door ajar is set,
 And poor, confiding Margaret
 Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes ;
 'Tis only Paul, her brother, who thus cries :—
 “ Angela the bride has passed !
 I saw the wedding guests go by ;
 Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked ?
 For all are there but you and I ! ”

“ Angela married ! and not send
 To tell her secret unto me !
 O, speak ! who may the bridegroom be ? ”
 “ My sister, 'tis Baptiste, thy friend ! ”

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said ;
 A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks ;
 An icy hand, as heavy as lead,
 Descending, as her brother speaks,

Upon her heart, that has ceased to beat,
Suspends awhile its life and heat.
She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,
A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again
Brings her back to her sorrow and pain.

"Hark! the joyous airs are ringing!
Sister, dost thou hear them singing?
How merrily they laugh and jest!
Would we were bidden with the rest!
I would don my hose of homespun grey;
And my doublet of linen striped and gay;
Perhaps they will come; for they do not wed
Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said!"

"I know it!" answered Margaret;
Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet,
Mastered again; and its hand of ice
Held her heart crushed, as in a vice!

"Paul, be not sad! 'Tis a holiday;
To-morrow put on thy doublet gay!
But leave me now for a while alone."
Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul,
And, as he whistled along the hall,
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

"Holy Virgin! what dreadful heat!
I am faint, and weary, and out of breath!
But thou art cold,—art chill as death;
My little friend! what ails thee, sweet?"

"Nothing! I heard them singing home the bride
And, as I listened to the song,
I thought my turn would come ere long,
Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.
Thy cards forsooth can never lie,
To me such joy they prophesy,
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide
When they behold him at my side.

And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou?
It must seem long to him;—methinks I see him now!"
Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press:

"Thy love I cannot all approve;
We must not trust too much to happiness;
Go, pray to God, that thou mayst love him less!"
"The more I pray, the more I love!
It is no sin, for God is on my side!"
It was enough; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold ;
 But to deceive the beldame old
 She takes a sweet, contented air,
 Speaks of foul weather or of fair,
 At every word the maiden smiles !
 Thus the beguiler she beguiles ;
 So that, departing at the evening's close,
 She says, " She may be saved ! she nothing knows ! "

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress !
 Now that thou wouldst, thou art no prophetess !
 This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,
 Thou wast so, far beyond thine art !

3

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating,
 And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,
 Sees in two cottages two maidens waiting,
 How differently !

Queen of a day, by flatters caressed,
 The one puts on her cross and crown,
 Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,
 And flaunting, fluttering up and down,
 Looks at herself, and cannot rest.
 The other, blind, within her little room,
 Has neither crown nor flower's perfume ;
 But in their stead for something gropes apart
 That in a drawer's recess doth lie,
 And, 'neath her boddice of bright scarlet dye,
 Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,
 'Mid kisses ringing,
 And joyous singing,
 Forgets to say her morning prayer !

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,
 Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,
 And whispers, as her brother opes the door,
 " O God ! forgive me now ! "

And then the orphan, young and blind,
 Conducted by her brother's hand,
 Towards the church, through paths unscanned,
 With tranquil air, her way doth wind.

Odours of laurel, making her faint and pale,
 Round her at times exhale,
 And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,
 But brumal vapours grey.

Near that castle, fair to see,
 Crowded with sculptures old, in every part,
 Marvels of nature and of art,
 And proud of its name of high degree,
 A little chapel, almost bare
 At the base of the rock, is builded there ;
 All glorious that it lifts aloof,
 Above each jealous cottage roof,
 Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,
 And its blackened steeple high in air,
 Round which the osprey screams and sails.

“ Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by ! ”
 Thus Margaret said. “ Where are we ? we ascend ! ”
 “ Yes ; seest thou not our journey’s end ?
 Hearest not the osprey from the belfry cry ?
 The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know !
 Dost thou remember when our father said,
 The night we watched beside his bed,
 ‘ O daughter, I am weak and low ;
 Take care of Paul ; I feel that I am dying ! ’
 And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying ?
 Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud ;
 And here they brought our father in his shroud.
 There is his grave ; there stands the cross we set ;
 Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret ?—
 Come in ! The bride will be here soon :
 Thou tremblest ! O my God ! thou art going to swoon ! ”
 She could no more,—the blind girl, weak and weary !
 A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,
 “ What wouldst thou do, my daughter ? ”—and she started ;
 And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted ;
 But Paul, impatient, urges evermore
 Her steps towards the open door ;
 And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid
 Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,
 And with her head, as Paul talks on again,
 Touches the crown of filigrane
 Suspended from the low-arched portal,
 No more restrained, no more afraid,
 She walks, as for a feast arrayed,
 And in the ancient chapel’s sombre night
 They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,
 With booming sound,
 Sends forth, resounding round,
Its hymeneal peal o'er rock and down the dell:
 It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain ;
 And yet the guests delay not long,
 For soon arrives the bridal train,
 And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,
 For lo ! Baptiste on his triumphant day,
 Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,
 Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis ;
 To be a bride is all ! The pretty lisper
 Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper,
 " How beautiful ! how beautiful she is ! "

But she must calm that giddy head,
 For already the Mass is said ;
 At the holy table stands the priest ;
 The wedding ring is blessed ; Baptiste receives it ;
 Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,
 He must pronounce one word at least !
 'Tis spoken ; and sudden at the groomsman's side
 " 'Tis he ! " a well-known voice has cried.
 And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,
 Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see !
 " Baptiste," she said, " since thou hast wished my death,
 As holy water be my blood for thee ! "
 And calmly in the air a knife suspended !
 Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,
 For anguish did its work so well,
 That, ere the fatal stroke descended,
 Lifeless she fell !

At eve, instead of bridal verse,
 The De Profundis filled the air ;
 Decked with flowers a single hearse
 To the churchyard forth they bear ;
 Village girls in robes of snow
 Follow, weeping as they go ;
 Nowhere was a smile that day,
 No, ah no ! for each one seemed to say :—

" The roads shall mourn and be veiled in gloom,
 So fair a corpse shall leave its home !
 Should mourn and should weep, ah, well-away ! !
 So fair a corpse shall pass to-day ! "

CLIV

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL •

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND

OF Edenhall, the youthful lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call ;
He rises at the banquet board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
" Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall ! "

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking glass of crystal tall ;
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the lord : " This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal ! "
The grey-beard with trembling hand obeys ;
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light,
" This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite ;
She wrote in it ; *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall !

" 'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall !
Deep draughts drink we right willingly ;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling ! klang ! to the Luck of Edenhall ! "

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the sound of a nightingale ;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild ;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

" For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall ;
It has lasted longer than is right ;
Kling ! klang ! with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall ! "

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall ;
And through the rift, the wild flames start ;
The guests in dust are scattered all ;
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall !

In storms the foe, with fire and sword ;
He in the night had scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The grey-beard in the desert hall,
He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall ;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride ;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall !"

CLV

THE ELECTED KNIGHT •

FROM THE DANISH

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,
Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide,
But never, ah never can meet with the man
A tilt with him dare ride.

He saw under the hill-side
A knight full well equipped ;
His steed was black, his helm was barred ;
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs
Twelve little golden birds ;
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail
Twelve little golden wheels ;
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,
And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast
A lance that was poised in rest ;
And it was sharper than diamond-stone,
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm
A wreath of ruddy gold ;
And that gave him the maidens three,
The youngest was fair to behold.

Sir Oluf questioned the knight eftsoon
If he were come from heaven down ;
" Art thou Christ of Heaven," quoth he,
" So will I yield me unto thee."

" I am not Christ the Great,
Thou shalt not yield thee yet ;
I am an unknown knight,
Three modest maidens have me bedight."

" Art thou a Knight elected,
And have three maidens thee bedight ;
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,
For all the maidens' honour !"

The first tilt they together rode
They put their steeds to the test ;
The second tilt they together rode,
They proved their manhood best ;

The third tilt they together rode,
Neither of them would yield ;
The fourth tilt they together rode,
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the lords upon the plain,
And their blood runs until death ;
Now sit the maidens in the high tower,
The youngest sorrows till death.

CLVI

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

FROM THE NOEL BOURGUIGNON DE GUI-BARŌZAI

I HEAR along our street
 Pass the minstrel throngs ;
 Hark ! they play so sweet,
 On their hautboys, Christmas songs !
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire !

In December ring
 Every day the chimes ;
 Loud the gleemen sing
 In the streets their merry rhymes.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire.

Shepherds at the grange,
 Where the Babe was born,
 Sang, with many a change,
 Christmas carols until morn.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire !

These good people sang
 Songs devout and sweet ;
 While the rafters rang,
 There they stood with freezing feet.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire.

Nuns in frigid cells
 At this holy tide,
 For want of something else,
 Christmas songs at times have tried.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire !

Washerwomen old,
 To the sound they beat,
 Sing by rivers cold,
 With uncovered heads and feet.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire.

Who by the fireside stands
 Stamps his feet and sings ;
 But he who blows his hands
 Not so gay a carol brings.
 Let us by the fire
 Ever higher
 Sing them till the night expire !

CLVII

POETIC APHORISMS

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.—

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

MONEY

WHEREUNTO is money good ?
 Who has it not wants hardihood,
 Who has it has much trouble and care,
 Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES

Joy and Temperance and Repose
 Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
 Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
 Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
 God-like is it all sin to leave.

LAW OF LIFE

Live I, so live I,
 To my Lord heartily,
 To my Prince faithfully,
 To my Neighbour honestly,
 Die I, so die I.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is ;
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

CREEDS

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

THE RESTLESS HEART

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

CHRISTIAN LOVE

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

ART AND TACT

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

RETRIBUTION

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind
exceeding small ;
Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness
grinds He all.

TRUTH

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's
fire,
Ha ! how soon they all are silent ! Thus Truth silences
the liar.

RHYMES

If perhaps these rhymes of mine should sound not well in
strangers' ears,
They have only to bethink them that it happens so with
theirs ;
For so long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland their
own,
They will be most highly valued where they are best and
longest known.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

It is a book that will be read with interest and profit by all who are interested in the history of the United States.

The author has done his best to make this book as readable and as interesting as possible.

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AUTHOR'S NOTES

[DENOTED IN THE TEXT BY AN ASTERISK]

Page 33. *Skool* to the Northland! *Skool*!

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

Page 50. *All the Foresters of Flanders*

The title of Foresters was given to the early governors of Flanders, appointed by the kings of France. Lyderick du Bucq, in the days of Clotaire the Second, was the first of them; and Beaudoin Bras-de-Fer, who stole away the fair Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, from the French court, and married her in Bruges, was the last. After him, the title of Forester was changed to that of Count. Philippe d'Alsace, Guy de Dampierre, and Louis de Crécy coming later in the order of time, were therefore rather Counts than Foresters. Philippe went twice to the Holy Land as a Crusader, and died of the plague at St. Jean-d'Acre, shortly after the capture of the city by the Christians. Guy de Dampierre died in the prison of Compiègne. Louis de Crécy was son and successor of Robert de Béthune, who strangled his wife, Yolande de Burgogne, with the bridle of his horse, for having poisoned, at the age of eleven years, Charles, his son by his first wife, Blanche d'Anjou.

Page 50. *Stately dames, like queens attended*

When Philippe-le-Bel, king of France, visited Flanders with his queen, she was so astonished at the magnificence of the dames of Bruges, that she exclaimed, " Je croyais être seule reine ici, mais il paraît que ceux de Flandre qui se trouvent dans nos prisons sont tous des princes, car leurs femmes sont habillées comme des princesses et des reines."

When the burgomasters of Ghent, Bruges, and Ypres went to Paris to pay homage to King John, in 1351, they were received with great pomp and distinction; but, being invited to a festival, they observed that their seats at table were not furnished with cushions; whereupon, to make known their displeasure at this want of regard to their dignity, they folded their richly-embroidered cloaks and seated themselves upon them. On rising from table, they left their cloaks behind them, and, being informed of their apparent forgetfulness, Simon van Eertrycke, burgomaster of Bruges, replied: " We Flemings are not in the habit of carrying away our cushions after dinner."

Page 50. *Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold*

Philippe de Burgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal, on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

Page 50. *I beheld the gentle Mary*

Marie de Valois, Duchess of Burgundy, was left by the death of her father, Charles-le-Téméraire, at the age of twenty, the richest heiress of Europe. She came to Bruges, as Countess of Flanders, in 1477, and in the same year was married by proxy to the Archduke Maximilian. According to the custom of the time, the Duke of Bavaria, Maximilian's substitute, slept with the princess. They were both in complete dress, separated by a naked sword, and attended by four armed guards. Marie was adored by her subjects for her gentleness and her many other virtues.

Maximilian was son of the Emperor Frederick the Third, and is the same person mentioned afterwards in the poem of *Nuremberg* as the Kaiser Maximilian, and the hero of Pfinzing's poem of *Teuerdank*. Having been imprisoned by the revolted burghers of Bruges, they refused to release him, till he consented to kneel in the public square, and to swear on the Holy Evangelists and the body of Saint Donatus, that he would not take vengeance upon them for their rebellion.

Page 50. *The bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold*

This battle, the most memorable in Flemish history, was fought under the walls of Courtray, on the 11th of July, 1302, between the French and the Flemings, the former commanded by Robert, Comte d'Artois, and the latter by Guillaume de Juliers, and Jean, Comte de Namur. The French army was completely routed, with a loss of twenty thousand infantry and seven thousand cavalry, among whom were sixty-three princes, dukes, and counts, seven hundred lords-banneret, and eleven hundred noblemen. The flower of the French nobility perished on that day; to which history has given the name of the *Journée des Eperons d'Or* from the great number of golden spurs found on the field of battle. Seven hundred of them were hung up as a trophy in the church of Notre Dame de Courtray; and, as the cavaliers of that day wore but a single spur each, these vouched to God for the violent and bloody death of seven hundred of his creatures.

Page 50. *Saw the fight at Minnewater*

When the inhabitants of Bruges were digging a canal at Minnewater to bring the waters of the Lys from Deynze to their city, they were attacked and routed by the citizens of Ghent, whose commerce would have been much injured by the canal. They were led by Jean Lyons, captain of a military company at Ghent, called the *Chaperons Blancs*. He had great sway over the turbulent populace, who, in those prosperous times of the city, gained an easy livelihood by labouring two or three days in the week, and had the remaining

four or five to devote to public affairs. The fight at Minnewater was followed by open rebellion against Louis de Maele, the Count of Flanders and Protector of Bruges. His superb château of Wondelghem was pillaged and burnt, and the insurgents forced the gates of Bruges, and entered in triumph, with Lyons mounted at their head. A few days afterwards he died suddenly, perhaps by poison.

Meanwhile the insurgents received a check at the village of Nevèle; and two hundred of them perished in the church, which was burned by the Count's orders. One of the chiefs, Jean de Lannoy, took refuge in the belfry. From the summit of the tower he held forth his purse filled with gold, and begged for deliverance. It was in vain. His enemies cried to him from below to save himself as best he might; and, half-suffocated with smoke and flame, he threw himself from the tower, and perished at their feet. Peace was soon afterwards established, and the Count retired to faithful Bruges.

Page 50. *The Golden Dragon's nest*

The Golden Dragon, taken from the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.

The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is, "*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klep is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*" My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.

Page 54. *That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime*

An old popular proverb of the town runs thus:

"*Nürnberg's Hand
Geht durch alle Land.*"

Nuremberg's hand
Goes through every land.

Page 54. *Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise*

Melchior Pfünzing was one of the most celebrated German poets of the sixteenth century. The hero of his *Teuerdank* was the reigning emperor, Maximilian: and the poem was to the Germans of that day what the *Orlando Furioso* was to the Italians. Maximilian is mentioned before, in the *Belfry of Bruges*. See page 50.

Page 54. *In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust*

The tomb of Saint Sebald, in the church which bears his name, is one of the richest works of art in Nuremberg. It is of bronze, and was cast by Peter Vischer and his sons, who laboured upon it thirteen years. It is adorned with nearly one hundred figures, among which those of the Twelve Apostles are conspicuous for size and beauty.

Page 55. *In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare*

This pix, or tabernacle for the vessels of the sacrament, is by the hand of Adam Kraft. It is an exquisite piece of sculpture, in white stone, and rises to the height of sixty-four feet. It stands in the choir, whose richly-painted windows cover it with varied colours.

Page 55. *Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters*

The Twelve Wise Masters was the title of the original corporation of the Master-singers. Hans Sachs, the cobbler of Nuremberg, though not one of the original Twelve, was the most renowned of the Master-singers, as well as the most voluminous. He flourished in the sixteenth century; and left behind him thirty-four folio volumes of manuscript, containing two hundred and eight plays, one thousand and seven hundred comic tales, and between four and five thousand lyric poems.

Page 56. *As in Adam Puschman's song*

Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared in a vision :

" An old man,
Grey and white, and dove-like,
Who had, in sooth, a great beard,
And read in a fair, great book,
Beautiful with golden clasps."

Page 66. THE OCCULTATION OF ORION

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

Page 76. WALTER VON DER VOGELWEID

Walter von der Vogelweid, or Bird-Meadow, was one of the principal Minnesingers of the thirteenth century. He triumphed over Heinrich von Ofterdingen in that poetic contest at Wartburg Castle, known in literary history as the "War of Wartburg."

Page 82. *Like imperial Charlemagne*

Charlemagne may be called by pre-eminence the monarch of farmers. According to the German tradition, in seasons of great abundance his spirit crosses the Rhine on a golden bridge at Bingen, and blesses the cornfields and the vineyards.

During his lifetime he did not disdain, says Montesquieu, "to sell the eggs from the farm-yards of his domains, and the superfluous vegetables of his gardens; while he distributed among his people the wealth of the Lombards and the immense treasures of the Huns."

Page 85. EVANGELINE

The story of "Evangeline" is founded on facts which it will ever be a grief to Great Britain to remember. In the year 1713, Acadia (now called Nova Scotia) was ceded by France to England. The wishes of the Acadians were not consulted in the matter, and it was with difficulty that they could be induced to take the oath of allegiance to the British Government. Some time after, during the war between England and France in Canada, they were suspected of having assisted the French with provisions and ammunition.

The truth of this charge was never established, but the Acadians were cruelly punished on its assumption. The British Government ordered them to be removed from their homes and dispersed through the other Colonies; their lands, tenements, and cattle being confiscated to the Crown.

The story of "Evangeline" begins immediately before the announcement of this doom—perhaps one of the saddest which ever befel a people.

Page 143. *Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place.*

I wish to anticipate a criticism on this passage by stating, that sometimes, though not usually, vessels are launched fully rigged and sparred. I have availed myself of the exception, as better suited to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic licence. On this subject a friend in Portland, Maine, writes me thus:—

"In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make a show. There was a fine, large ship launched last summer at Ellsworth, fully rigged and sparred. Some years ago a ship was launched here, with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo aboard. She sailed the next day and—was never heard of again. I hope this will not be the fate of your poem!"

Page 150. SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

"When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the Hind to say, 'We are as near heaven by sea as by land.' In the following night the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good look-out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22nd of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral."—BELKNAP'S *American Biography*, i. 203.

Page 171. THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manaboza, Tarenawagon, and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algonic Researches*, vol. i. p. 134; and in his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States*, part iii. p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians.

The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

Page 172. *In the Vale of Tawasentha*

This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albany County, New York.

Page 173. *On the Mountains of the Prairie*

Mr. Catlin, in his *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians*, vol. ii. p. 160, gives an interesting account of the *Côteau des Prairies*, and the Red Pipe-stone Quarry. He says:—

“Here (according to their traditions) happened the mysterious birth of the red pipe, which has blown its fumes of peace and war to the remotest corners of the continent; which has visited every warrior, and passed through its reddened stem the irrevocable oath of war and desolation. And here, also, the peace-breathing calumet was born, and fringed with the eagle's quills, which has shed its thrilling fumes over the land, and soothed the fury of the relentless savage.

“The Great Spirit at an ancient period here called the Indian nations together, and, standing on the precipice of the red pipe-stone rock, broke from its wall a piece, and made a huge pipe by turning it in his hand, which he smoked over them, and to the North, the South, the East, and the West, and told them that this stone was red—that it was their flesh—that they must use it for their pipes of peace—that it belonged to them all, and that the war-club and scalping-knife must not be raised on its ground. At the last whiff of his pipe his head went into a great cloud, and the whole surface of the rock for several miles was melted and glazed; two great ovens were opened beneath, and two women (guardian

spirits of the place) entered them in a blaze of fire; and they are heard there yet (Tso-mec-cos-tee and Tso-me-cos-te-won-dee), answering to the invocations of the high-priests or medicine-men, who consult them when they are visitors to this sacred place."

Page 178. *Hark you, Bear! you are a coward*

This anecdote is from Heckewelder. In his account of the *Indian Nations*, he describes an Indian hunter as addressing a bear in nearly these words. "I was present," he says, "at the delivery of this curious invective; when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought that poor animal could understand what he said to it? 'Oh,' said he in answer, 'the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how *ashamed* he looked while I was upbraiding him?'"—*Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, vol. i. p. 240.

Page 185. *Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!*

Heckewelder, in a letter published in the *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, vol. iv. p. 260, speaks of this tradition as prevalent among the Mohicans and Delawares.

"Their reports," he says, "run thus: that among all animals that had been formerly in this country, this was the most ferocious; that it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied; all over (except a spot of hair on its back of a white colour), naked. . . ."

"The history of this animal used to be a subject of conversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a-hunting. I have also heard them say to their children when crying: 'Hush! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you.'"

Page 193. *Where the Falls of Minnehaha, etc.*

"The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The Falls of St. Anthony are familiar to travellers, and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the 'Little Falls,' forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians call them Mine-hah-hah, or 'laughing waters.'"—Mrs. EASTMAN'S *Dacotah, or Legends of the Sioux*, Introd. p. ii.

Page 227. *Sand Hills of the Naggw Wudjoo*

A description of the *Grand Sable*, or great sand-dunes of Lake Superior, is given in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, part ii. p. 131.

"The Grand Sable possesses a scenic interest little inferior to that of the Pictured Rocks. The explorer passes abruptly from a coast of consolidated sand to one of loose materials; and although in the one case the cliffs are less precipitous, yet in the other they attain a higher altitude. He sees before him a long reach of coast, resembling a vast sand-bank, more than three hundred and fifty feet in height,

without a trace of vegetation. Ascending to the top, rounded hillocks of blown sand are observed, with occasional clumps of trees, standing out like oases in the desert."

Page 227. *Onaway! Awake, beloved!*

The original of this song may be found in Littell's *Living Age*, vol. xxv. p. 45.

Page 229. *Or the Red Swan floating, flying*

The fanciful tradition of the Red Swan may be found in Schoolcraft's *Algie Researches*, vol. ii. p. 9. Three brothers were hunting on a wager to see who would bring home the first game.

"They were to shoot no other animal," so the legend says, "but such as each was in the habit of killing. They set out different ways; Odjibwa, the youngest, had not gone far before he saw a bear, an animal he was not to kill, by the agreement. He followed him close, and drove an arrow through him, which brought him to the ground. Although contrary to the bet, he immediately commenced skinning him, when suddenly something red tinged all the air around him. He rubbed his eyes, thinking he was perhaps deceived; but without effect, for the red hue continued. At length he heard a strange noise at a distance. It first appeared like a human voice, but after following the sound for some distance, he reached the shores of a lake, and soon saw the object he was looking for. At a distance out on the lake sat a most beautiful Red Swan, whose plumage glittered in the sun, and who would now and then make the same noise he had heard. He was within long bow-shot, and, pulling the arrow from the bow-string up to his ear, took deliberate aim and shot. The arrow took no effect; and he shot and shot again till his quiver was empty. Still the swan remained, moving round and round, stretching its long neck and dipping its bill into the water, as if heedless of the arrows shot at it. Odjibwa ran home, and got all his own and his brother's arrows, and shot them all away. He then stood and gazed at the beautiful bird. While standing, he remembered his brother's saying that in their deceased father's medicine-sack were three magic arrows. Off he started, his anxiety to kill the swan overcoming all scruples. At any other time he would have deemed it sacrilege to open his father's medicine-sack; but now he hastily seized the three arrows and ran back, leaving the other contents of the sack scattered over the lodge. The swan was still there. He shot the first arrow with great precision, and came very near to it. The second came still closer; as he took the last arrow, he felt his arm firmer, and, drawing it up with vigour, saw it pass through the neck of the swan a little above the breast. Still it did not prevent the bird from flying off, which it did, however, at first slowly, flapping its wings and rising gradually into the air, and then flying off towards the sinking of the sun."—Pp. 10—12.

Page 236. *When I think of my beloved*

The original of this song may be found in *Onebta*, p. 15.

Page 237. *Sing the mysteries of Mondamin*

The Indians hold the maize, or Indian corn, in great veneration. "They esteem it so important and divine a grain," says Schoolcraft, "that their story-tellers invented various tales, in which this idea is symbolized under the form of a special gift from the Great Spirit. The Odjibwa-Algonquins, who call it Mondá-min, that is, the Spirit's grain or berry, have a pretty story of this kind, in which the stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky, under the guise of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayers of a young man at his fast of virility, or coming to manhood.

"It is well known that corn-planting, and corn-gathering, at least among all the still *uncolonized* tribes, are left entirely to the females and children, and a few superannuated old men. It is not generally known, perhaps, that this labour is not compulsory, and that it is assumed by the females as a just equivalent, in their view, for the onerous and continuous labour of the other sex, in providing meats, and skins for clothing, by the chase, and in defending their villages against their enemies, and keeping intruders off their territories. A good Indian housewife deems this part of her prerogative, and prides herself to have a store of corn to exercise her hospitality, or duly honour her husband's hospitality, in the entertainment of the lodge guests."—*Oneóta*, p. 82.

Page 238. *Thus the fields shall be more fruitful*

"A singular proof of this belief, in both sexes, of the mysterious influence of the steps of a woman on the vegetable and insect creation, is found in an ancient custom, which was related to me, respecting corn-planting. It was the practice of the hunter's wife, when the field of corn had been planted, to choose the first dark or overclouded evening to perform a secret circuit, *sans habilement*, around the field. For this purpose she slipped out of the lodge in the evening, unobserved, to some obscure nook, where she completely disrobed. Then, taking her matchecota, or principal garment, in one hand, she dragged it around the field. This was thought to insure a prolific crop, and to prevent the assaults of insects and worms upon the grain. It was supposed they could not creep over the charmed line."—*Oneóta*, p. 83.

Page 240. *With his prisoner-string he bound him*

"These cords," says Mr. Tanner, "are made of the bark of the elm-tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. . . . The leader of a war party commonly carries several fastened about his waist, and if, in the course of the fight, any one of his young men takes a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief, to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safe-keeping."—*Narrative of Captivity and Adventures*, p. 412.

Page 242. *Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields!*
Paimosaid, the skulking robber!

"If one of the young female huskers finds a red ear of corn, it is typical of a brave admirer, and is regarded as a fitting present to some young warrior. But if the ear be *crooked*, and tapering to a point, no matter what colour, the whole circle is set in a roar, and *wa-ge-min* is the word shouted aloud. It is the symbol of a thief in the corn-field. It is considered as the image of an old man stooping as he enters the lot. Had the chisel of Praxiteles been employed to produce this image, it could not more vividly bring to the minds of the merry group the idea of a pilferer of their favourite *mondámin*. . . .

"The literal meaning of the term is, a mass, or crooked ear of grain; but the ear of corn so-called, is a conventional type of a little old man pilfering ears of corn in a corn-field. It is in this manner that a single word or term, in these curious languages, becomes the fruitful parent of many ideas. And we can thus perceive why it is that the word *wagemin* is alone competent to excite merriment in the husking circle.

"This term is taken as the basis of the cereal chorus, or corn-song, as sung by the Northern Algonquin tribes. It is coupled with the phrase *Paimosaid*, a permutative form of the Indian substantive, made from the verb *pimosa*, to walk. Its literal meaning is, *he who walks*, or *the walker*; but the ideas conveyed by it are, *he who walks by night to pilfer corn*. It offers, therefore, a kind of parallelism in expression to the preceding term."—*Oneóta*, p. 254.

Page 252. *Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces*

This Game of the Bowl is the principal game of hazard among the Northern tribes of Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft gives a particular account of it in *Oneóta*, p. 85. "This game," he says, "is very fascinating to some portions of the Indians. They stake at it their ornaments, weapons, clothing, canoes, horses, everything, in fact, they possess; and have been known, it is said, to set up their wives and children, and even to forfeit their own liberty. Of such desperate stakes I have seen no examples, nor do I think the game itself in common use. It is rather confined to certain persons, who hold the relative rank of gamblers in Indian society—men who are not noted as hunters or warriors, or steady providers for their families. Among these are persons who bear the term of *Ienadizzewug*, that is, wanderers about the country, braggadocios, or fops. It can hardly be classed with the popular games of amusement, by which skill and dexterity are acquired. I have generally found the chiefs and graver men of the tribes, who encouraged the young men to play ball, and are sure to be present at the customary sports, to witness, and sanction, and applaud them, speak lightly and disparagingly of this game of hazard. Yet it cannot be denied that some of the chiefs, distinguished in war and the chase, at the West, can be referred to as lending their example to its fascinating power."

See also his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes*, part ii. p. 72.

Page 262. *To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone*

The reader will find a long description of the Pictured Rocks in Foster and Whitney's *Report on the Geology of the Lake Superior Land District*, part ii. p. 124. From this I make the following extract:—

"The Pictured Rocks may be described, in general terms, as a series of sandstone bluffs extending along the shore of Lake Superior for about five miles, and rising in most places vertically from the water, without any beach at the base, to a height varying from fifty to nearly two hundred feet. Were they simply a line of cliffs, they might not, so far as relates to height or extent, be worthy of a rank among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky strata, washed by the waves of the great lake, would not, under any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the voyager coasting along their base in his frail canoe, they would at all times be an object of dread; the recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast, affording for miles no place of refuge—the lowering sky, the rising wind—all these would excite his apprehension, and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are, first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated and worn away by the action of the lake, which for centuries has dashed an ocean-like surf against their base; and second, the equally curious manner in which large portions of the surface have been coloured by bands of brilliant hues.

"It is from the latter circumstance that the name by which these cliffs are known to the American traveller is derived; while that applied to them by the French voyageurs ('Les Portails') is derived from the former, and by far the most striking peculiarity.

"The term *Pictured Rocks* has been in use for a great length of time; but when it was first applied, we have been unable to discover. It would seem that the first travellers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colours on the surface than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs themselves have been worn. . . .

"Our voyageurs had many legends to relate of the pranks of the *Menni-bojou* in these caverns, and, in answer to our inquiries, seemed disposed to fabricate stories without end of the achievements of this Indian deity."

Page 280. *Towards the sun his hands were lifted*

In this manner, and with such salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinois. See his *Voyages et Découvertes*, section v.

Page 293. *That of our vices we can frame
A ladder*

The words of St. Augustine are, "De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus."—Sermon iii. *De Ascensione*.

Page 294. THE PHANTOM SHIP

A detailed account of this "apparition of a Ship in the Air" is given by Cotton Mather in his *Magnalia Christi*, book i. ch. vi. It is contained in a letter from the Rev. James Pierpont, Pastor of New Haven. To this account, Mather adds these words:—

"Reader, there being yet living so many credible gentlemen, that were eye-witnesses of this wonderful thing, I venture to publish it for a thing as undoubted as 'tis wonderful."

Page 304. OLIVER BASSELIN

Oliver Basselin, the "*Père joyeux du Vaudeville*," flourished in the fifteenth century, and gave to his convivial songs the name of his native valleys, in which he sang them, Vaux-de-Vire. This name was afterwards corrupted into the modern *Vaudeville*.

Page 306. VICTOR GALBRAITH

This poem is founded on fact. Victor Galbraith was a bugler in a company of volunteer cavalry; and was shot in Mexico for some breach of discipline. It is a common superstition among soldiers, that no balls will kill them unless their names are written on them. The old proverb says, "Every bullet has its billet."

Page 308. *I remember the sea-fight far away*

This was the engagement between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer*, off the harbour of Portland, in which both captains were slain. They were buried side by side, in the cemetery on Mountjoy.

Page 314. SANTA FILOMENA

"At Pisa the Church of San Francisco contains a chapel dedicated lately to Santa Filomena; over the altar is a picture, by Sabatelli, representing the Saint as a beautiful, nymph-like figure, floating down from heaven, attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath, in the foreground, the sick and maimed, who are healed by her intercession."—MRS. JAMESON, *Sacred and Legendary Art*, ii. 298.

Page 479. COPLAS DE MANRIQUE

Don Jorge Manrique, the author of this poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his *History of Spain*, makes honourable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclès; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valour. He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already

known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Parades and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476, according to Mariana, in the town of Uclès; but according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on—calm, dignified, and majestic.

This poem of Manrique is a great favourite in Spain. No less than four poetic glosses, or running commentaries upon it, have been published, no one of which, however, possesses great poetic merit. That of the Carthusian monk, Rodrigo de Valdepenas, is the best. It is known as the *Glosa del Cartujo*. There is also a prose Commentary by Luis de Aranda.

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

" O World! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

" Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

" Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

" Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs."

Nils Juel was a celebrated Danish Admiral, and Peder Wessel a Vice-Admiral, who for his great prowess received the popular title of Tordenskiold, or *Thundershield*. In childhood he was a tailor's

apprentice, and rose to his higher rank before the age of twenty-eight, when he was killed in a duel.

Page 510. THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

This poem, from the Swedish of Bishop Tegnér, enjoys no inconsiderable reputation in the North of Europe. It is an Idyl descriptive of rural life in Sweden, round which something primeval and picturesque still lingers.

You pass out from the gate of a city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild, woodland landscape. Around you are forests of fir, with their long, fan-like branches; while underfoot is spread a carpet of yellow leaves. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream: and anon come forth into a pleasant land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields. The gates are opened by troops of children, and the peasants take off their hats as you pass. The houses in the villages and smaller towns are built of hewn timber, and are generally painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir-boughs. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty house-wife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible; and she brings you curdled milk from the pan, with oat cakes baked some months before. Meanwhile, the sturdy husband has brought his horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them are smoking pipes, and have hanging around their necks in front, a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco, and the great bank-notes of the country. You meet, also, groups of barefooted Dalekarlian peasant women, travelling in pursuit of work, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch bark.

Frequent, too, are the village churches, standing by the roadside. In the churchyard are a few flowers, and much green grass. The grave-stones are flat, large, low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses; the tenants all sleeping with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in his coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey. Babes that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of grey-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child, that lived and died in her bosom. Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, with a sloping roof over it, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road, listening to their beloved pastor. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. But the young men, like Gallio, care for none of these things. They are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth.

I must not forget to speak of the suddenly changing seasons of the Northern clime. There is no long spring, gradually unfolding leaf and blossom;—no lingering autumn, pompous with many-coloured leaves. But winter and summer are wonderful, and pass into each other. The quail has hardly ceased piping in the corn, when winter from the folds of trailing clouds sows broad-cast over the land snow, icicles, and rattling hail. The days wane apace. Ere long the sun hardly rises above the horizon, or does not rise at all. The moon and the stars shine through the day; only, at noon, they are pale and wan, and in the southern sky a red, fiery glow, as of sunset, burns along the horizon, and then goes out. And pleasantly under the silver moon, and twinkling stars, ring the steel shoes of the skaters on the frozen sea, and voices, and the sound of bells.

And now the Northern Lights begin to burn, faintly at first, like sunbeams playing in the waters of the blue sea. Then a soft crimson glow tinges the heavens. There is a blush on the cheek of night. The colours come and go; and change from crimson to gold, from gold to crimson. The snow is stained with rosy light. Two-fold from the zenith, east and west, flames a fiery sword; and a broad band passes athwart the heavens, like a summer sunset. Soft purple clouds come sailing over the sky, and through their vapoury folds the winking stars shine white as silver. With such pomp as this is Merry Christmas ushered in, though only a single star heralded the first Christmas. And in memory of that day the Swedish peasants dance on straw; and the peasant girls throw straws at the timbered roof of the hall, and for every one that sticks in a crack shall a groomsmen come to their wedding. Merry indeed is Christmas-time for Swedish peasants: brandy and nut-brown ale in wooden bowls; and the great Yulecake crowned with a cheese, and garlanded with apples, and upholding a three-armed candlestick over the Christmas feast.

And now leafy mid-summer, full of blossoms and the song of nightingales, is come! In every village there is a May-pole fifty feet high, with wreaths and roses and ribands streaming in the wind, and a noisy weathercock on top. The sun does not set till ten o'clock at night; and the children are at play in the streets an hour later. The windows and doors are all open, and you may sit and read till midnight without a candle. O how beautiful is the summer night, which is not night, but a sunless yet unclouded day, descending upon earth with dews, and shadows, and refreshing coolness! How beautiful the long, mild twilight, which unites to-day with yesterday! How beautiful the silent hour, when Morning and Evening thus sit together, hand in hand, beneath the starless sky of midnight! From the church-tower in the public square the bell tolls the hour, with a soft, musical chime; and the watchman, whose watch-tower is the belfry, blows a blast on his horn, for each stroke of the hammer, and four times, for the four corners of the heavens, in a sonorous voice he chants,—

“Ho! watchman, ho!
Twelve is the clock!
God keep your town
From fire and brand,
And hostile hand!
Twelve is the clock!”

From his swallow's nest in the belfry he can see the sun all night long; and farther north the priest stands at his door in the warm midnight, and lights his pipe with a common burning-glass.

I trust that these remarks will not seem irrelevant to the poem, but will lead to a clearer understanding of it. The translation is literal perhaps to a fault. In no instance have I done the author a wrong, by introducing into his work any supposed improvements or embellishments of my own. I have preserved even the measure; in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English Muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains; and perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing dog, "the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all."

Esaias Tegnér, the author of this poem, was born in the parish of By, in Wärrmland, in the year 1782. In 1799 he entered the University of Lund, as a student; and in 1812 he was appointed Professor of Greek in that institution. In 1824 he became Bishop of Wexiö. He is the glory and boast of Sweden, and stands first among all her poets living or dead. His principal work is Frithiof's Saga; one of the most remarkable poems of the age. Bishop Tegnér is a prophet, honoured in his own country, adding one more to the list of great names that adorn her history.

Page 528. THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTÈL-GUILLÈ

Jasmin, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the south of France what Burns is to the south of Scotland—the representative of the heart of the people—one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (*la bouco pleno d'aouzelous*). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs!

The following description of his person and way of life is taken from the graphic pages of "Béarn and the Pyrenees," by Louisa Stuart Costello, whose charming pen has done so much to illustrate the French provinces and their literature:—

"At the entrance of the promenade du Gravier is a row of small houses—some *cafés*, others shops, the indication of which is a painted cloth, placed across the way, with the owner's name in bright gold letters, in the manner of the arcades in the streets, and their announcements. One of the most glaring of these was, we observed, a bright blue flag, bordered with gold; on which, in large gold letters, appeared the name of 'Jasmin, coiffeur.' We entered, and were welcomed by a smiling, dark-eyed woman, who informed us that her husband was busy at that moment, dressing a customer's hair, but he was desirous to receive us, and begged we would walk into his parlour at the back of the shop.

"She exhibited to us a laurel crown of gold, of delicate workmanship, sent from the city of Clemence Isaure, Toulouse, to the poet;

who will probably one day take his place in the *capitoul*. Next came a golden cup, with an inscription in his honour, given by the citizens of Auch; a gold watch, chain, and seals, sent by the king, Louis Philippe; an emerald ring, worn and presented by the lamented Duke of Orleans; a pearl pin, by the graceful Duchess, who, on the poet's visit to Paris, accompanied by his son, received him in the words he puts into the mouth of Henri Quatre:—

' Brabes Gascons !

A moun amou per bous nou dibes creyre :

Benès ! benès ! ey plazé de bous beyre :

Aproucha bous !'

A fine service of linen, the offering of the town of Pau, after its citizens had given fêtes in his honour, and loaded him with caresses and praises; and nicknacks and jewels of all descriptions, offered to him by lady-ambassadors and great lords; English 'misses' and 'miladis'; and French and foreigners of all nations who did or did not understand Gascon.

"All this, though startling, was not convincing; Jasmin, the barber, might only be a fashion, a *furor*, a caprice, after all; and it was evident that he knew how to get up a scene well. When we had become nearly tired of looking over these tributes to his genius, the door opened, and the poet himself appeared. His manner was free and unembarrassed, well-bred, and lively; he received our compliments naturally, and like one accustomed to homage; said he was ill, and unfortunately too hoarse to read anything to us, or should have been delighted to do so. He spoke with a broad Gascon accent, and very rapidly and eloquently; ran over the story of his successes; told us that his grandfather had been a beggar, and all his family very poor; that he was now as rich as he wished to be; his son placed in a good position at Nantes; then showed us his son's picture, and spoke of his disposition, to which his brisk little wife added that, though no fool, he had not his father's genius, to which truth Jasmin assented as a matter of course. I told him of having seen mention made of him in an English review; which he said had been sent him by Lord Durham, who had paid him a visit; and I then spoke of 'Mi cal mouri' as known to me. This was enough to make him forget his hoarseness and every other evil: it would never do for me to imagine that that little song was his best composition; it was merely his first; he must try to read to me a little of 'L'Abuglo,' a few verses of 'Françonnète.' 'You will be charmed,' said he; 'but if I were well, and you would give me the pleasure of your company for some time, if you were not merely running through Agen, I would kill you with weeping—I would make you die with distress for my poor Margarido—my pretty Françonnète!'

"He caught up two copies of his book from a pile lying on the table, and making us sit close to him, he pointed out the French translation on one side, which he told us to follow, while he read in Gascon. He began in a rich soft voice, and as he advanced, the surprise of Hamlet on hearing the player-king recite the disasters of Hecuba was but a type of ours, to find ourselves carried away by the spell of his enthusiasm. His eyes swam in tears; he became pale and red; he trembled; he recovered himself; his face was now

joyous, now exulting, gay, jocose; in fact, he was twenty actors in one; he rang the changes from Rachel to Bouffé; and he finished by delighting us, besides beguiling us of our tears, and overwhelming us with astonishment.

"He would have been a treasure on the stage; for he is still, though his first youth is past, remarkably good-looking and striking; with black, sparkling eyes of intense expression; a fine ruddy complexion; a countenance of wondrous mobility; a good figure, and action full of fire and grace; he has handsome hands, which he uses with infinite effect; and, on the whole, he is the best actor of the kind I ever saw. I could now quite understand what a troubadour or *jongleur* might be, and I look upon Jasmin as a revived specimen of that extinct race. Such as he is might have been Gaucelm Faidit, of Avignon, the friend of Cœur de Lion, who lamented the death of the hero in such moving strains; such might have been Bernard de Ventadour, who sang the praises of Queen Elinore's beauty; such Geoffrey Rudel, of Blaye, on his own Garonne; such the wild Vidal; certain it is that none of these troubadours of old could more move, by their singing or reciting, than Jasmin, in whom all their long-smothered fire and traditional magic seems re-illuminated.

"We found we had stayed hours instead of minutes with the poet; but he would not hear of any apology—only regretted that his voice was so out of tune, in consequence of a violent cold, under which he was really labouring, and hoped to see us again. He told us our countrywomen of Pau had laden him with kindness and attention, and spoke with such enthusiasm of the beauty of certain 'misses,' that I feared his little wife would feel somewhat piqued; but, on the contrary, she stood by, smiling and happy, and enjoying the stories of his triumphs. I remarked that he had restored the poetry of the troubadours; asked him if he knew their songs; and said he was worthy to stand at their head. 'I am, indeed, a troubadour,' said he, with energy; 'but I am far beyond them all; they were but beginners; they never composed a poem like my *Françoquette*! there are no poets in France now—there cannot be; the language does not admit of it; where is the fire, the spirit, the expression, the tenderness, the force of the Gascon? French is but the ladder to reach the first floor of Gascon—how can you get up to a height except by a ladder?'

"I returned by Agen, after an absence in the Pyrenees of some months, and renewed my acquaintance with Jasmin and his dark-eyed wife. I did not expect that I should be recognised; but the moment I entered the little shop I was hailed as an old friend. 'Ah!' cried Jasmin, 'enfin la voilà encore!' I could not but be flattered by this recollection, but soon found it was less on my own account than because a circumstance had occurred to the poet which he thought I could perhaps explain. He produced several French newspapers, in which he pointed out to me an article, headed, 'Jasmin à Londres'; being a translation of certain notices of himself, which had appeared in a leading English literary journal. He had, he said, been informed of the honour done him by numerous friends, and assured me his fame had been much spread by this means; and he was so delighted on the occasion,

that he had resolved to learn English, in order that he might judge of the translations from his works, which, he had been told, were well done. I enjoyed his surprise, while I informed him I knew who was the reviewer and translator; and explained the reason for the verses giving pleasure in an English dress to be the superior simplicity of the English language over modern French, for which he has a great contempt, as unfitted for lyrical composition. He inquired of me respecting Burns, to whom he had been likened; and begged me to tell him something of Moore. The delight of himself and his wife was amusing, at having discovered a secret which had puzzled them so long.

"He had a thousand things to tell me; in particular, that he had only the day before received a letter from the Duchess of Orleans, informing him that she had ordered a medal of her late husband to be struck, the first of which would be sent to him: she also announced to him the agreeable news of the king having granted him a pension of a thousand francs. He smiled and wept by turns, as he told all this; and declared, much as he was elated at the possession of a sum which made him a rich man for life, the kindness of the Duchess gratified him even more.

"He then made us sit down while he read us two new poems; both charming, and full of grace and *naïveté*; and one very affecting, being an address to the king, alluding to the death of his son. As he read, his wife stood by, and, fearing we did not quite comprehend his language, she made a remark to that effect: to which he answered, impatiently, 'Nonsense—don't you see they are in tears.' This was unanswerable; and we were allowed to hear the poem to the end; and I certainly never listened to anything more feelingly and energetically delivered.

"We had much conversation, for he was anxious to detain us, and, in the course of it, he told me that he had been by some accused of vanity. 'O,' he rejoined, 'what would you have? I am a child of nature, and cannot conceal my feelings; the only difference between me and a man of refinement is, that he knows how to conceal his vanity and exultation at success, which I let everybody see.'"—*Béarn and the Pyrenees*, i. 369, *et seq.*

Page 537. THE LUCK OF EDENHALL

The tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England.

The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.

Page 538. THE ELECTED KNIGHT

This strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.

Page 540. A CHRISTMAS CAROL

The following description of Christmas in Burgundy is from M. Fertiault's *Coup d'œil sur les Noël's en Bourgogne*, prefixed to the Paris edition of *Les Noël's Bourguignons de la Monnoye (Gul-Barðzai)*, 1842:—

"Every year, at the approach of Advent, people refresh their memories, clear their throats, and begin preluding, in the long evenings by the fireside, those carols whose invariable and eternal theme is the coming of the Messiah. They take from old closets, pamphlets, little collections begrimed with dust and smoke, to which the press, and sometimes the pen, has consigned these songs; and as soon as the first Sunday of Advent sounds, they gossip, they gad about, they sit together by the fireside, sometimes at one house, sometimes at another, taking turns in paying for the chestnuts and white wine, but singing with one common voice the grotesque praises of the *Little Jesus*. There are very few villages even, which, during all the evenings of Advent, do not hear some of these curious canticles shouted in their streets, to the nasal drone of bagpipes. In this case the minstrel comes as a reinforcement to the singers at the fireside; he brings and adds his dose of joy (spontaneous or mercenary, it matters little which), to the joy which breathes around the hearthstone; and when the voices vibrate and resound, one voice more is always welcome. There, it is not the purity of the notes which makes the concert, but the quantity—*non qualitas sed quantitas*; then (to finish at once with the minstrel), when the Saviour has at length been born in the manger, and the beautiful Christmas-eve is passed, the rustic piper makes his round among the houses, where every one compliments and thanks him, and, moreover, gives him in small coin the price of the shrill notes with which he has enlivened the evening entertainments.

"More or less, until Christmas-eve, all goes on in this way among our devout singers, with the difference of some gallons of wine or some hundreds of chestnuts. But this famous eve once come, the scale is pitched upon a higher key; the closing evening must be a memorable one. The toilet is begun at nightfall; then comes the hour of supper, admonishing divers appetites; and groups, as numerous as possible, are formed, to take together this comfortable evening repast. The supper finished, a circle gathers around the hearth, which is arranged and set in order this evening after a particular fashion, and which at a later hour of the night is to become the object of special interest to the children. On the burning brands an enormous log has been placed. This log assuredly does not change its nature, but it changes its name during this evening; it is called the *Suche* (the Yule-log). 'Look you,' say they to the children, 'if you are good this evening, Noël' (for with children one must always personify), 'will rain down sugar-plums in the night.' And the children sit demurely, keeping as quiet as their turbulent little natures will permit. The groups of older persons, not always as orderly as the children, seize this good opportunity to surrender themselves with merry hearts and boisterous voices to the chanted worship of the miraculous Noël. For this final solemnity they have kept the most powerful, the most enthusiastic, the most electrifying

carols. Noël! Noël! Noël! This magic word resounds on all sides; it seasons every sauce; it is served up with every course. Of the thousands of canticles which are heard on this famous eve, ninety-nine in a hundred begin and end with this word; which is, one may say, their Alpha and Omega, their crown and footstool."

THE END

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