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POEMS

Volume II.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

HENRY ALTEMUS

PHILADELPHIA.
POEMS
VOLUME II
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
PHILADELPHIA
HENRY ALTEMUS 1842
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Πότνια, πότνια νύξ,
υπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν.
'Ερεβόθεν ἵδι μόλε μόλε κατάπτερο
Ἀγαμεμνόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον
ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων, ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς
διοιχόμεθα', οἰχόμεθα.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

21
PRELUDE.

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

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

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

"The land of Song within thee lies,
    Watered by living springs;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
    Its clouds are angels' wings.
"Learn, that henceforth thy song shall be,
    Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
    The bending heavens below.

"There is a forest where the din
    Of iron branches sounds!
A mighty river roars between,
And whosoever looks therein
Sees the heavens all black with sin,
    Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

"Athwart the swinging branches cast,
    Soft rays of sunshine pour;
Then comes the fearful wintry blast;
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall fast;
Pallid lips say, 'It is past!
    We can return no more!'

"Look, then, into thine heart, and write!
    Yes, into Life's deep stream!
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright,—
    Be these henceforth thy theme."
VOICES OF THE NIGHT.
HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

'Ασπασις, τριλλιστις.

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

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

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

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

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

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

A PSALM OF LIFE.

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

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

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

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

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

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

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

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

30
THE LIGHT OF STARS.

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

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

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

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

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

There is no light in earth or heaven
But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.
Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armor gleams.

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

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

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

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

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

32
FOOT STEPS OF ANGELS.

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

---

FOOT STEPS OF ANGELS.

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

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

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

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!
FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

34
FLOWERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

36
THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

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

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

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

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

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I have read, in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.
Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
   With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
   The army of the dead.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
   And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
   In the wilderness alone,
    "Vex not his ghost!"
Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

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

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars, from heaven downcast,
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie, eleison!
Christe, eleison!
EARLIER POEMS.
[These poems were written for the most part during my college life, and all of them before the age of nineteen. Some have found their way into schools, and seem to be successful. Others lead a vagabond and precarious existence in the corners of newspapers; or have changed their names and run away to seek their fortunes beyond the sea. I say, with the Bishop of Avranches, on a similar occasion: "I cannot be displeased to see these children of mine, which I have neglected, and almost exposed, brought from their wanderings in lanes and alleys, and safely lodged, in order to go forth into the world together in a more decorous garb." ]
AN APRIL DAY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AUTUMN.

With what a glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life's newness, and earth's garniture spread out;
AUTUMN.

And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

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

O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
WOODS IN WINTER.

Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear.

WOODS IN WINTER.

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

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

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

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs
    Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
    And voices fill the woodland side.
Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
    When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
    And the song ceased not with the day.
But still wild music is abroad,
    Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
    Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.
Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
    Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year, —
    I listen, and it cheers me long.

HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM,

AT THE CONSECRATION OF PULASKI'S BANNER.

When the dying flame of day
    Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
    Faint light on the cowlèd head;

49
HYMN TO THE MORAVIAN NUNS.

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

And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle:

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

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

"Take thy banner! But, when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him!—By our holy vow,
SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him!—he our love hath shared!
Spare him!—as thou wouldst be spared!

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

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

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I stood upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me;—bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,
SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

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

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,—
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods were bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell.
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.
THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

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

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

There is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows;
Where, underneath the white-thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread,
With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
When the fast-ushering star of morning comes
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden scarf;
Or when the cowled and dusky-sandaled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace! That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the wide cascade;
THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THANKSGIVING.¹

When first in ancient time, from Jubal's tongue
The tuneful anthem fill'd the morning air,
To sacred hymnings and elysian song
His music-breathing shell the minstrel woke.
Devotion breathed aloud from every chord: —
The voice of praise was heard in every tone,
And prayer, and thanks to Him the eternal one,
To Him, that with bright inspiration touch'd
The high and gifted lyre of heavenly song,
And warm'd the soul with new vitality.
A stirring energy through Nature breathed: —
The voice of adoration from her broke,
Swelling aloud in every breeze, and heard
Long in the sullen waterfall, — what time
Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw on earth
Its bloom or blighting, — when the Summer
smiled,
Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre mourn'd.
The Deity was there! — a nameless spirit
Moved in the breasts of men to do Him homage;
And when the morning smiled, or evening pale
Hung weeping o'er the melancholy urn,

¹ The following twelve poems first appeared in the United States Literary Gazette in 1824-1826, and have not been included in any volume of Mr. Longfellow's poems.
THANKSGIVING.

They came beneath the broad o'erarching trees,  
And in their tremulous shadow worshipp'd oft,  
Where pale the vine clung round their simple altars,  
And gray moss mantling hung. Above was heard  
The melody of winds, breathed out as the green trees  
Bow'd to their quivering touch in living beauty,  
And birds sang forth their cheerful hymns.  
Below,  
The bright and widely wandering rivulet  
Struggled and gush'd amongst the tangled roots  
That choked its reedy fountain — and dark rocks  
Worn smooth by the constant current. Even there  
The listless wave, that stole with mellow voice  
Where reeds grew rank on the rushy-fringed brink,  
And the green sedge bent to the wandering wind,  
Sang with a cheerful song of sweet tranquillity.  
Men felt the heavenly influence — and it stole  
Like balm into their hearts, till all was peace;  
And even the air they breathed — the light they saw —  
Became religion, — for the ethereal spirit  
That to soft music wakes the chords of feeling,  
And mellows everything to beauty — moved

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THANKSGIVING.

With cheering energy within their breasts,
And made all holy there—for all was love.
The morning stars, that sweetly sang together—
The moon, that hung at night in the mid-sky—
Dayspring—and eventide—and all the fair
And beautiful forms of Nature, had a voice
Of eloquent worship. Ocean with its tides
Swelling and deep, where low the infant storm
Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and heavily beat
The pulses of the sea,—sent forth a voice
Of awful adoration to the spirit
That, wrapt in darkness, moved upon its face.
And when the bow of evening arch’d the east,
Or, in the moonlight pale, the curling wave
Kiss’d with a sweet embrace the sea-worn beach,
And soft the song of winds came o’er the waters,
The mingled melody of wind and wave
Touch’d like a heavenly anthem on the ear;
For it arose a tuneful hymn of worship.
And have our hearts grown cold? Are there on earth
No pure reflections caught from heavenly light?—
Have our mute lips no hymn—our souls no song?—
Let him that in the summer day of youth
Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful feeling,—
AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL.

And him that in the nightfall of his years
Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts in peace
His dim pale eyes on life’s short wayfaring,
Praise Him that rules the destiny of man.

SUNDAY EVENING, October, 1824.

AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL.

ROUND Autumn’s mouldering urn
Loud mourns the chill and cheerless gale,
When nightfall shades the quiet vale,
   And stars in beauty burn.

'Tis the year’s eventide.
The wind, like one that sighs in pain
O' er joys that ne'er will bloom again,
   Mourns on the far hillside.

And yet my pensive eye
Rests on the faint blue mountain long,
And for the fairyland of song,
   That lies beyond, I sigh.

The moon unveils her brow;
In the mid-sky her urn glows bright,
And in her sad and mellowing light
   The valley sleeps below.

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AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL.

Upon the hazel gray
The lyre of Autumn hangs unstrung,
And o'er its tremulous chords are flung
The fringes of decay.

I stand deep musing here,
Beneath the dark and motionless beech,
Whilst wandering winds of nightfall reach
My melancholy ear.

The air breathes chill and free;
A Spirit in soft music calls
From Autumn's gray and moss-grown halls,
And round her wither'd tree.

The hoar and mantled oak,
With moss and twisted ivy brown,
Bends in its lifeless beauty down
Where weeds the fountain choke.

That fountain's hollow voice
Echoes the sound of precious things;—
Of early feeling's tuneful springs
Choked with our blighted joys.

Leaves, that the night-wind bears
To earth's cold bosom with a sigh,
Are types of our mortality,
And of our fading years.

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ITALIAN SCENERY.

The tree that shades the plain,
Wasting and hoar as time decays,
Spring shall renew with cheerful days,—
But not my joys again.

ITALIAN SCENERY.

Night rests in beauty on Mont Alto.
Beneath its shade the beauteous Arno sleeps
In Vallombrosa's bosom, and dark trees
Bend with a calm and quiet shadow down
Upon the beauty of that silent river.
Still in the west a melancholy smile
Mantles the lips of day, and twilight pale
Moves like a spectre in the dusky sky;
While eve's sweet star on the fast-fading year
Smiles calmly: — Music steals at intervals
Across the water, with a tremulous swell,
From out the upland dingle of tall firs,
And a faint foot-fall sounds, where dim and dark
Hangs the gray willow from the river's brink,
O'ershadowing its current. Slowly there
The lover's gondola drops down the stream,
Silent, — save when its dipping oar is heard,
Or in its eddy sighs the rippling wave.
Mouldering and moss-grown, through the lapse of years,
ITALIAN SCENERY.

In motionless beauty stands the giant oak,
Whilst those that saw its green and flourishing youth
Are gone and are forgotten. Soft the fount,
Whose secret springs the starlight pale discloses,
Gushes in hollow music, and beyond
The broader river sweeps its silent way,
Mingling a silver current with that sea,
Whose waters have no tides, coming nor going.
On noiseless wing along that fair blue sea
The halcyon flits,—and where the wearied storm
Left a loud moaning, all is peace again.

A calm is on the deep! The winds that came
O’er the dark sea-surge with a tremulous breathing,
And mourn’d on the dark cliff where weeds grew rank,
And to the autumnal death-dirge the deep sea
Heaved its long billows,—with a cheerless song
Have pass’d away to the cold earth again,
Like a wayfaring mourner. Silently
Up from the calm sea’s dim and distant verge,
Full and unveil’d the moon’s broad disk emerges.
On Tivoli, and where the fairy hues
Of autumn glow upon Abruzzi’s woods,
ITALIAN SCENERY.

The silver light is spreading. Far above,
Encompass'd with their thin, cold atmosphere,
The Apennines uplift their snowy brows,
Glowing with colder beauty, where unheard
The eagle screams in the fathomless ether,
And stays his wearied wing. Here let us
pause!—
The spirit of these solitudes — the soul
That dwells within these steep and difficult
places,—
Speaks a mysterious language to mine own,
And brings unutterable musings. Earth
Sleeps in the shades of nightfall, and the sea
Spreads like a thin blue haze beneath my feet,
Whilst the gray columns and the mouldering
tombs
Of the Imperial City, hidden deep
Beneath the mantle of their shadows, rest.
My spirit looks on earth! — a heavenly voice
Comes silently — "Dreamer, is earth thy dwell-
ing?—
Lo! nursed within that fair and fruitful bosom
Which has sustained thy being, and within
The colder breast of Ocean, lie the germs
Of thine own dissolution! — E'en the air,
That fans the clear blue sky and gives thee
strength,—
Up from the sullen lake of mouldering reeds,
ITALIAN SCENERY.

And the wide waste of forest, where the osier Thrives in the damp and motionless atmosphere, —
Shall bring the dire and wasting pestilence
And blight thy cheek. Dream thou of higher things;
This world is not thy home!" — And yet my eye Rests upon earth again! How beautiful,
Where wild Velino heaves its sullen waves
Down the high cliff of gray and shapeless granite,—
Hung on the curling mist, the moonlight bow Arches the perilous river.—A soft light Silvers the Albanian mountains, and the haze That rests upon their summits mellows down The austerer features of their beauty. Faint And dim-discover'd glow the Sabine hills, And listening to the sea's monotonous shell, High on the cliffs of Terracina stands The castle of the royal Goth in ruins.

But night is in her wane:—day's early flush Glows like a hectic on her fading cheek,
Wasting its beauty. And the opening dawn With cheerful lustre lights the royal city, Where with its proud tiara of dark towers, It sleeps upon its own romantic bay.

1 Theodoric.
THE LUNATIC GIRL.

THE LUNATIC GIRL.

Most beautiful, most gentle! Yet how lost
To all that gladdens the fair earth; the eye
That watch'd her being; the maternal care
That kept and nourish'd her; and the calm light
That steals from our own thoughts, and softly
rests
On youth's green valleys and smooth-sliding
waters.
Alas! few suns of life, and fewer winds,
Had wither'd or had wasted the fresh rose
That bloom'd upon her cheek; but one chill
frost
Came in that early Autumn, when ripe thought
Is rich and beautiful,—and blighted it;
And the fair stalk grew languid day by day,
And droop'd—and droop'd, and shed its many
leaves.
‘Tis said that some have died of love, and some,
That once from beauty's high romance had
caught
Love's passionate feelings and heart-wasting
cares,
Have spurn'd life's threshold with a desperate
foot:
And others have gone mad,—and she was
one!—
THE LUNATIC GIRL.

Her lover died at sea; and they had felt
A coldness for each other when they parted;
But love return'd again, and to her ear
Came tidings that the ship which bore her lover
Had sullenly gone down at sea, and all were lost.
I saw her in her native vale, when high
The aspiring lark up from the reedy river
Mounted on cheerful pinion; and she sat
Casting smooth pebbles into a clear fountain,
And marking how they sunk; — and oft she sigh'd
For him that perish'd thus in the vast deep.
She had a sea-shell, that her lover brought
From the far distant ocean, and she press'd
Its smooth cold lips unto her ear, and thought
It whisper'd tidings of the dark blue sea;
And sad, she cried, "The tides are out! — and now
I see his corse upon the stormy beach!"
Around her neck a string of rose-lipp'd shells
And coral, and white pearl, was loosely hung,
And close beside her lay a delicate fan,
Made of the halcyon's blue wing; and when
She look'd upon it, it would calm her thoughts
As that bird calms the ocean, — for it gave,
Mournful, yet pleasant memory. Once I mark'd,
When through the mountain hollows and green woods,
THE LUNATIC GIRL.

That bent beneath its footsteps, the loud wind
Came with a voice as of the restless deep,
She raised her head, and on her pale cold cheek
A beauty of diviner seeming came:
And then she spread her hands, and smiled, as if
She welcomed a long absent friend, — and then
Shrunk timorously back again, and wept.
I turn'd away: a multitude of thoughts,
Mournful and dark, were crowding on my mind,
And as I left that lost and ruin'd one,
A living monument that still on earth
There is warm love and deep sincerity,—
She gazed upon the west, where the blue sky
Held, like an ocean, in its wide embrace
Those fairy islands of bright cloud, that lay
So calm and quietly in the thin ether.
And then she pointed where, alone and high,
One little cloud sail'd onward, like a lost
And wandering bark, and fainter grew, and fainter
And soon was swallow'd up in the blue depths.
And when it sunk away, she turn'd again
With sad despondency and tears to earth.

Three long and weary months,—yet not a whisper
Of stern reproach for that cold parting! Then
She sat no longer by her favorite fountain!—
She was at rest forever.
THE VENETIAN GONDOLIER.

Here rest the weary oar! — soft airs
Breathe out in the o'erarching sky;
And Night! — sweet Night — serenely wears
A smile of peace; — her noon is nigh.

Where the tall fir in quiet stands,
And waves, embracing the chaste shores,
Move o'er sea-shells and bright sands,—
Is heard the sound of dipping oars.

Swift o'er the wave the light bark springs,
Love's midnight hour draws lingering near:
And list! — his tuneful viol strings
The young Venetian Gondolier.

Lo! on the silver-mirror'd deep,
On earth, and her embosom'd lakes,
And where the silent rivers sweep,—
From the thin cloud fair moonlight breaks.

Soft music breathes around, and dies
On the calm bosom of the sea,
Whilst in her cell the novice sighs
Her vespers to her rosary.
DIRGE OVER A NAMELESS GRAVE.

At their dim altars bow fair forms,
In tender charity for those,
That, helpless left to life’s rude storms,
Have never found this calm repose.

The bell swings to its midnight chime,
Relieved against the deep blue sky!—
Haste!— dip the oar again!— ’tis time
To seek Genevra’s balcony.

DIRGE OVER A NAMELESS GRAVE.

By yon still river, where the wave
Is winding slow at evening’s close,
The beech, upon a nameless grave,
Its sadly-moving shadow throws.

O’er the fair woods the sun looks down
Upon the many-twinkling leaves,
And twilight’s mellow shades are brown,
Where darkly the green turf upheaves.

The river glides in silence there,
And hardly waves the sapling tree:
Sweet flowers are springing, and the air
Is full of balm, — but where is she!
A SONG OF SAVOY.

They bade her wed a son of pride,
   And leave the hopes she cherish'd long:
She loved but one,—and would not hide
   A love which knew no wrong.

And months went sadly on,—and years:—
   And she was wasting day by day:
At length she died,—and many tears
   Were shed, that she should pass away.

Then came a gray old man, and knelt
   With bitter weeping by her tomb:—
And others mourn'd for him, who felt
   That he had seal'd a daughter's doom.

The funeral train has long past on,
   And time wiped dry the father's tear!
Farewell,—lost maiden!—there is one
   That mourns thee yet,—and he is here.

A SONG OF SAVOY.

As the dim twilight shrouds
   The mountain's purple crest,
And summer's white and folded clouds
   Are glowing in the west,
Loud shouts come up the rocky dell,
And voices hail the evening bell.
A SONG OF SAVOY.

Faint is the goatherd's song,
   And sighing comes the breeze:
The silent river sweeps along
   Amid its bending trees,—
And the full moon shines faintly there,
And music fills the evening air.

Beneath the waving firs
   The tinkling cymbals sound;
And as the wind the foliage stirs,
   I see the dancers bound
Where the green branches, arch'd above,
   Bend over this fair scene of love.

And he is there, that sought
   My young heart long ago!
But he has left me,—though I thought
   He ne'er could leave me so.
Ah! lover's vows — how frail are they!—
And his — were made but yesterday.

Why comes he not? I call
   In tears upon him yet;—
'Twere better ne'er to love at all,
   Than love, and then forget!
Why comes he not? Alas! I should
Reclaim him still, if weeping could.
THE INDIAN HUNTER.

But see, — he leaves the glade,
And beckons me away:
He comes to seek his mountain maid! —
I cannot chide his stay.
Glad sounds along the valley swell,
And voices hail the evening bell.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

When the summer harvest was gather'd in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,
Look'd down where the valley lay stretch'd below.

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

The winds of autumn came over the woods
As the sun stole out from their solitudes,
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,
And ripen'd the mellow fruit hung, and red
Were the tree's wither'd leaves round it shed.

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

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

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

When years had pass'd on, by that still lake-side
The fisher look'd down through the silver tide,
JECKOYVA.

And there on the smooth yellow sand display'd,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,
And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

JECKOYVA.

The Indian chief, Jeckoyva, as tradition says, perished alone on the mountain which now bears his name. Night overtook him whilst hunting among the cliffs, and he was not heard of till after a long time, when his half-decayed corpse was found at the foot of a high rock, over which he must have fallen. Mount Jeckoyva is near the White Hills.

They made the warrior's grave beside The dashing of his native tide:
And there was mourning in the glen —
The strong wail of a thousand men —
O'er him thus fallen in his pride,
Ere mist of age — or blight or blast
Had o'er his mighty spirit past.

They made the warrior's grave beneath
The bending of the wild-elm's wreath,
When the dark hunter's piercing eye
Had found that mountain rest on high,
Where, scattered by the sharp wind's breath,
Beneath the rugged cliff were thrown
The strong belt and the mouldering bone.
JECKOYVA.

Where was the warrior's foot, when first
The red sun on the mountain burst? —
Where — when the sultry noon-time came
On the green vales with scorching flame,
  And made the woodlands faint with thirst?
'Twas where the wind is keen and loud,
And the gray eagle breasts the cloud.

Where was the warrior's foot, when night
Veil'd in thick cloud the mountain height?
None heard the loud and sudden crash, —
None saw the fallen warrior dash
  Down the bare rock so high and white! —
But he that droop'd not in the chase
Made on the hills his burial-place.

They found him there, when the long day
Of cold desertion pass'd away,
And traces on that barren cleft
Of struggling hard with death were left —
  Deep marks and footprints in the clay!
And they have laid this feathery helm
By the dark river and green elm.
THE SEA-DIVER.

THE SEA-DIVER.

My way is on the bright blue sea,
   My sleep upon its rocking tide;
And many an eye has follow'd me
   Where billows clasp the worn sea-side.

My plumage bears the crimson blush,
   When ocean by the sea is kiss'd!
When fades the evening's purple flush,
   My dark wing cleaves the silver mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath
   The bright arch of the splendid deep
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe
   O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,
   And by the pearly diadem;
Where the pale sea-grape had o'ergrown
   The glorious dwellings made for them.

At night upon my storm-drench'd wing,
   I poised above a helmless bark,
And soon I saw the shatter'd thing
   Had pass'd away and left no mark.
MUSINGS.

And when the wind and storm were done,
    A ship, that had rode out the gale,
Sunk down — without a signal gun,
    And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart, —
    The cloud resign its golden crown,
When to the ocean's beating heart
    The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are made
    Beneath the bright and silver sea! —
Peace — that their relics there were laid
    With no vain pride and pageantry.

MUSINGS.

I sat by my window one night,
    And watch'd how the stars grew high;
And the earth and skies were a splendid sight
    To a sober and musing eye.

From heaven the silver moon shone down
    With gentle and mellow ray,
And beneath the crowded roofs of the town
    In broad light and shadow lay.
A glory was on the silent sea,
   And mainland and island too,
Till a haze came over the lowland lea,
   And shrouded that beautiful blue.

Bright in the moon the autumn wood
   Its crimson scarf unroll'd,
And the trees like a splendid army stood
   In a panoply of gold!

I saw them waving their banners high,
   As their crests to the night wind bow'd,
And a distant sound on the air went by,
   Like the whispering of a crowd.

Then I watch'd from my window how fast
   The lights all around me fled,
As the wearied man to his slumber pass'd
   And the sick one to his bed.

All faded save one, that burn'd
   With distant and steady light;
But that, too, went out, — and I turn'd
   Where my own lamp within shone bright!

Thus, thought I, our joys must die,
   Yes — the brightest from earth we win:
Till each turns away, with a sigh,
   To the lamp that burns brightly within.
SONG.

SONG.

WHERE, from the eye of day,
The dark and silent river
Pursues through tangled woods a way
O'er which the tall trees quiver;

The silver mist, that breaks
From out that woodland cover,
Betrays the hidden path it takes,
And hangs the current over!

So oft the thoughts that burst
From hidden springs of feeling,
Like silent streams, unseen at first,
From our cold hearts are stealing:

But soon the clouds that veil
The eye of Love, when glowing,
Betray the long unwhisper'd tale
Of thoughts in darkness flowing!
[The following ballad was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Wind-Mill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the Mémoires de la Société Royale des Antiquaires du Nord, for 1838-1839, says:—

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

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining, which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all, who are familiar with Old-Northern architecture, will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses; for example, as the substructure of a wind-mill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same times may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a wind-mill, is what an architect will easily discern."

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

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

Then, from those cavernous eyes  
Pale flashes seemed to rise,  
As when the Northern skies  
Gleam in December;  
And, like the water's flow  
Under December's snow,  
Came a dull voice of woe  
From the heart's chamber.
"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse;
For this I sought thee.

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

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

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
THE SKELLETON IN ARMOR.

O'er the dark sea I flew
   With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
   By our stern orders.

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

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

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
   Our vows were plighted.
THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

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

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

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

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
   I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

Why did they leave that night
   Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,
Fairest of all was she
   Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
   Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
   With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
   When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
   Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
   Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
   Through the black water!"
"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
   With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
   Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
   Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
   Stands looking seaward.

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

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

Hateful to me were men,
    The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
    O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
    My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
    Skoal! to the Northland! skoal!"1
    — Thus the tale ended,

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

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

1 In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.
THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

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

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

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

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

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

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.
"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

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

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steer'd for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
    With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she strove and sank,
    Ho! ho! the breakers roared!
At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
    A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
    Lashed close to a drifting mast.

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

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

---

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

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
    His face is like the tan;
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

The rising moon has hid the stars;  
Her level rays, like golden bars,  
   Lie on the landscape green,  
With shadows brown between.
And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
    Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

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

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

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

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
    And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.
IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

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

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

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

---

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

Spanish Proverb.

No hay pájaros en los nidos de antaño.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE RAINY DAY.

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

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

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

GOD'S-ACRE.

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

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

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

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

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

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

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

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

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

Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,  
In darkness and in misery,  
Recall those mighty Voices Three,  
'Iησου, ἐλέησον με!  
Θάρσει, ἐγείραι, ὑπαγε!  
Ἡ πίσις σου σέσωκέ σε!'  

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAIDENHOOD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXCELSIOR.

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

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

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

"Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
    Excelsior!
"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
   Excelsior!

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

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

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

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
   Excelsior!
POEMS ON SLAVERY.
[The following poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event, the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, a feeble testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]
POEMS ON SLAVERY.

The noble horse,
That, in his fiery youth, from his wide nostrils
Neighed courage to his rider, and brake through
Groves of opposed pikes, bearing his lord
Safe to triumphant victory, old or wounded,
Was set at liberty and freed from service.
The Athenian mules, that from the quarry drew
Marble, hewed for the Temple of the Gods,
The great work ended, were dismissed and fed
At the public cost; nay, faithful dogs have found
Their sepulchres; but man, to man more cruel,
Appoints no end to the sufferings of his slave.

Massinger.

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

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

Well done! Thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me,
Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.
Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity.

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

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

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

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

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE GOOD PART,

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

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

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

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THE GOOD PART.

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

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

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

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

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

Long since beyond the Southern Sea
Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread
It is their prayers, which never cease,
That clothe her with such grace;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face.

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

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

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

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;
Great scars deformed his face;
THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
And the rags, that hid his mangled frame,
   Were the livery of disgrace.

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

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

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

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

In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear,
Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

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

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

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

THE WITNESSES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

All evil thoughts and deeds;
Anger, and lust, and pride;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke Life's groaning tide!
These are the woes of Slaves;
They glare from the abyss;
They cry, from unknown graves,
"We are the Witnesses!"

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

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

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

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow;
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
He seemed in haste to go.
He said, "My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon."

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

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

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

"The soil is barren,—the farm is old;"
The thoughtful planter said;
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

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

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

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

THE WARNING.

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

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

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

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Victorian
Hypolito
The Count of Lara
Don Carlos
The Archbishop of Toledo.
A Cardinal.
Beltran Cruzado
Bartolome Roman
The Padre Cura of Guadarrama.
Pedro Crespo
Pancho
Francisco
Chispa
Baltasar
Preciosa
Angelica
Martina
Dolorbs

Students of Alcalá.
Gentlemen of Madrid.

A young Gypsy.
Count of the Gypsies.
Alcalde.
Alguacil.
Lara's Servant.
Victoria's Servant.
Innkeeper.
A Gypsy Girl.
A poor Girl.
The Padre Cura's Niece.
Preciosa's Maid.

Gypsies, Musicians, etc.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Count of Lara’s chambers.
Night. The Count in his dressing-gown, smoking and conversing with Don Carlos.

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

Don C. I had engagements elsewhere.
Pray who was there?

Lara. Why, all the town and court.
The house was crowded; and the busy fans
Among the gayly dressed and perfumed ladies
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.
There was the Countess of Medina Celi;
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,
Her Lindo Don Diego; Doña Sol,
And Doña Sefína, and her cousins.

Don C. What was the play?

Lara. It was a dull affair;
One of those comedies in which you see,
As Lope says, the history of the world
Brought down from Genesis to the Day of Judgment.
There were three duels fought in the first act,
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,
Laying their hands upon their hearts, and saying,
“O, I am dead!” a lover in a closet,
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,
Who looks intently where he knows she is not!

Don C. Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night?

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

Don C. Almost beyond the privilege of woman!

I saw her in the Prado yesterday.
Her step was royal,—queen-like,—and her face
As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

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

Don C. Why do you ask?

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

Don C. You do her wrong; indeed, you do her wrong!

She is as virtuous as she is fair.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Lara. How credulous you are! Why look you, friend,
There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,
In this whole city! And would you persuade me
That a mere dancing-girl, who shows herself,
Nightly, half-naked, on the stage, for money,
And with voluptuous motions fires the blood
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held
A model for her virtue?

Don C. You forget
She is a Gypsy girl.

Lara. And therefore won
The easier.

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

Lara. And does that prove
That Preciosa is above suspicion?
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Don C. It proves a nobleman may be repulsed,
When he thinks conquest easy. I believe
That woman, in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light!
Lara. Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.
Don C. (rising). I do not think so.
Lara. I am sure of it.

But why this haste? Stay yet a little longer.
And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.
Don C. 'Tis late. I must begone, for if I stay
You will not be persuaded.
Lara. Yes; persuade me.
Don C. No one so deaf as he who will not hear!
Lara. No one so blind as he who will not see!
Don C. And so good-night. I wish you pleasant dreams,
And greater faith in woman. [Exit.
Lara. Greater faith!
I have the greatest faith; for I believe
Victorian is her lover. I believe
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

That I shall be to-morrow; and thereafter
Another, and another, and another,
Chasing each other through her zodiac,
As Taurus chases Aries.

(Enter Francisco with a casket.)

Well, Francisco,

What speed with Preciosa?

Fran. None, my lord.

She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you
She is not to be purchased by your gold.

Lara. Then I will try some other way to win her.

Pray, dost thou know Victorian?

Fran. Yes, my lord;

I saw him at the jeweller’s to-day.

Lara. What was he doing there?

Fran. I saw him buy

A golden ring, that had a ruby in it.

Lara. Was there another like it?

Fran. One so like it

I could not choose between them.

Lara. It is well.

To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.

Do not forget. Now light me to my bed.

[Exeunt.]
**THE SPANISH STUDENT.**

**Scene II. — A street in Madrid. Enter Chispa, followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.**

Chispa. Abernuncio Satanas! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman; yesterday a student, and to-day a lover; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry! marry! marry! Mother, what does marry mean? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. *(To the musicians.*) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic; for it is a
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend?

First Mus. Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

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

First Mus. Why so?

Chispa. Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

First Mus. An Aragonese bagpipe.

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

First Mus. No, your honor.

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

Second and Third Musicians. We play the bandurria.

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THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Chispa. A pleasing instrument. And thou?

Fourth Mus. The fife.

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

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

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

[Exeunt.

Scene III.—Preciosa’s chamber. She stands at the open window.

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

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

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

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

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

(Enter Victorian by the balcony.)

Vict. Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

Prec. I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I tremble!

I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!
Did no one see thee?

Vict. None, my love, but thou.

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

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

_Vict._ Since yesterday I have been in Alcalá. Erelong the time will come, sweet Preciosa, When that dull distance shall no more divide us; And I no more shall scale thy wall by night To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

_Prec._ An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

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

_Prec._ That were a life to make time envious! I knew that thou wouldst come to me to-night. I saw thee at the play.

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

_Prec._ Am I not always fair?

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

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

_Vict._ There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.  
   Prec. And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books!  
   Vict. Thou comest between me and those books too often!  
I see thy face in everything I see!  
The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,  
The canticles are changed to sarabands,  
And with the learned doctors of the schools  
I see thee dance cachuchas.  
   Prec. In good sooth,  
I dance with learned doctors of the schools  
To-morrow morning.  
   Vict. And with whom, I pray?  
   Prec. A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace  
The Archbishop of Toledo.  
   Vict. What mad jest  
Is this?  
   Prec. It is no jest; Indeed it is not.  
   Vict. Prithee, explain thyself.  
   Prec. Why, simply thus.  
Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain  
To put a stop to dances on the stage.  
   Vict. I have heard it whispered.  
   Prec. Now the Cardinal,  
Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold
With his own eyes these dances; and the Archbishop
Has sent for me—

**VICT.** That thou mayst dance before them!
Now viva la cachucha! It will breathe
The fire of youth into these gray old men!
'Twill be thy proudest conquest!

**PREC.** Saving one.
And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,
And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

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

**PREC.** Dost thou remember
When first we met?

**VICT.** It was at Córdova,
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting
Under the orange trees, beside a fountain.

**PREC.** 'Twas Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,
And then anon the great cathedral bell.
It was the elevation of the Host.
We both of us fell down upon our knees,
Under the orange boughs, and prayed together.
I never had been happy till that moment.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Vict. Thou blessed angel!
Prec. And when thou wast gone
I felt an aching here. I did not speak
To any one that day. But from that day
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

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

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

Vict. That was the first sound in the song of love!
Scarcely more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our faith. We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

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

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

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THE SPANISH STUDENT.

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

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

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

Vict. Loving more.

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

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

A Watchman (in the street). Ave Maria

Prec. 'Tis midnight and serene!

Vict. Hear'st thou that cry?

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

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

Prec. Pray, do not go!

Vict. I must away to Alcalá to-night.

Think of me when I am away.

Prec. Fear not!

I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

Vict. (giving her a ring). And to remind thee
of my love, take this;
A serpent, emblem of Eternity;
A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart’s blood.

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

_Vict._ What convent of barefooted Carmelites
Taught thee so much theology?

_Prec._ (layering her hand upon his mouth).
Hush! hush!

_Good-night!_ and may all holy angels guard thee!

_Vict._ Good-night! good-night! Thou art
my guardian angel!
I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

(He descends by the balcony.)

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

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

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

_Prec._ (throwing down her handkerchief).
Thou silly child! Take this to blind thine
eyes.

It is my benison!

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

Prec. Make not thy voyage long.

Vict. To-morrow night
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star
To guide me to an anchorage. Good-night!
My beauteous star! My star of love, good-
night!

Prec. Good-night!

Watchman (at a distance). Ave Maria Puris-
sima!

Scene IV.—An inn on the road to Alcalá.
Baltasar asleep on a bench. Enter Chispa.

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

Bal. (waking). Here I am.

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

Bal. Where is your master?

Chispa. Do not trouble yourself about him.
We have stopped a moment to breathe our
horses; and, if he chooses to walk up and down
in the open air, looking into the sky as one who
hears it rain, that does not satisfy my hunger.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here?  

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bal. Ha! ha! ha!

Chispa. And more noise than nuts.

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

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

Bal. Why does he go so often to Madrid?
**THE SPANISH STUDENT.**

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

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

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

*Vic. (without).* Chispa!

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

*Vic.* Ea! Chispa! Chispa!

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

**Scene V. — Victorian’s chambers at Alcalá.**

*Hypolito asleep in an arm-chair.* He awakes slowly.

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

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

Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,

Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled

Out of Oblivion’s well, a healing draught!

The candles have burned low; it must be late.

Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carillo,

The only place in which one cannot find him

Is his own cell. Here’s his guitar, that seldom
Feels the caresses of its master’s hand.
Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument!
And make dull midnight merry with a song.

*(He plays and sings.)*

Padre Francisco!
Padre Francisco!
What do you want of Padre Francisco?
Here is a pretty young maiden
Who wants to confess her sins!
Open the door and let her come in,
I will shrive her from every sin.

*(Enter Victorian.)*

*Vict.* Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!
*Hyp.* What do you want of Padre Hypolito?
*Vict.* Come, shrive me straight; for, if love be a sin,
I am the greatest sinner that doth live.
I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,
A maiden wooed and won.

*Hyp.* The same old tale
Of the old woman in the chimney-corner,
Who, while the pot boils, says, “Come here, my child;
I’ll tell thee a story of my wedding-day.”

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

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

Vict. Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;
Those that remained, after the six were burned,
Being held more precious than the nine together.
But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember
The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdova
Dance the Romalis in the market-place?
Hyp. Thou meanest Preciosa.
Vict. Ay, the same.
Thou knowest how her image haunted me
Long after we returned to Alcalá.
She's in Madrid.
Hyp. I know it.
Vict. And I'm in love.
Hyp. And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be
In Alcalá.
Vict. O pardon me, my friend,
If I so long have kept this secret from thee;
But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,
And, if a word be spoken ere the time,
They sink again, they were not meant for us.
Hyp. Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.
Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard
His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa —
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me, lover,
How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?
Write her a song, beginning with an Ave;
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary,

\[\textit{Ave! cujus calcem clare}\]
\[\textit{Nec centenni commendare}\]
\[\textit{Sciret Seraph studio!}\]

\textit{Vict.} Pray, do not jest! This is no time for it!
I am in earnest!
\textit{Hyp.} Seriously enamored?
What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá
Enamored of a Gypsy? Tell me frankly,
How meanest thou?
\textit{Vict.} I mean it honestly.
\textit{Hyp.} Surely thou wilt not marry her!
\textit{Vict.} Why not?
\textit{Hyp.} She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,
If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy
Who danced with her at Córdova.
\textit{Vict.} They quarrelled,
And so the matter ended.
\textit{Hyp.} But in truth
Thou wilt not marry her.
\textit{Vict.} In truth I will.
The angels sang in heaven when she was born!
She is a precious jewel I have found
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.
I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,
Set on my forehead like the morning star,
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Hyp.* And wouldst thou venture?

*Vict.* Ay, indeed I would!

*Hyp.* Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now*?
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Vict. Yes; all the awful mystery of Life! I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito, That could we, by some spell of magic, change The world and its inhabitants to stone, In the same attitudes they now are in, What fearful glances downward might we cast Into the hollow chasms of human life! What groups should we behold about the death-bed, Putting to shame the group of Niobe! What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells! What stony tears in those congealed eyes! What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks! What bridal pomps, and what funereal shows! What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling! What lovers with their marble lips together!

Hyp. Ay, there it is! and, if I were in love, That is the very point I most should dread. This magic glass, these magic spells of thine, Might tell a tale were better left untold. For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin, The Lady Violante, bathed in tears Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis, Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut, Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love, Desertest for this Glaucè.

Vict. Hold thy peace! She cares not for me. She may wed another,
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,
Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.
Hyp. (rising). And so, good-night!
Good-morning, I should say.

(Clock strikes three.)

Hark! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time
Knocks at the golden portals of the day!
And so, once more, good-night! We’ll speak
more largely
Of Preciosa when we meet again.
Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,
Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,
In all her loveliness. Good-night!

[Exit.

Vict. . Good-night.

But not to bed; for I must read awhile.
(Throws himself into the arm-chair which Hypo-
Lito has left, and lays a large book open upon
his knees.)

Must read, or sit in revery and watch
The changing color of the waves that break
Upon the idle seashore of the mind!
Visions of Fame! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where
are ye?
O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,
Juices of those immortal plants that bloom
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Upon Olympus, making us immortal?
Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grows
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
And make the mind prolific in its fancies?
I have the wish, but want the will, to act!
Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words:
Have come to light from the swift river of Time,
Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?
From the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
As from a mirror! All the means of action—
The shapeless masses, the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And, by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
Of some poor, houseless, homeless, wandering bard,
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,
Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
And sinks again into its silent deeps,
Ere the enamored knight can touch her robe!
'Tis this ideal that the soul of man,
Like the enamored knight beside the fountain,
Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream;
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore,
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
Yet I, born under a propitious star,
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel
Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel,
The pressure of her head! God's benison
Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Sweet Sleep! and all the flowers that bloom at night
With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

(Gradually sinks asleep.)

ACT II.

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

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

Ang. The Count of Lara.

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

Ang. You know him, then!

Prec. As much
As any woman may, and yet be pure.

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As you would keep your name without a blemish, Beware of him!

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

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

What is your name?

Ang. Angelica.

Prec. That name Was given you, that you might be an angel To her who bore you! When your infant smile Made her home Paradise, you were her angel. O, be an angel still! She needs that smile. So long as you are innocent, fear nothing. No one can harm you! I am a poor girl, Whom chance has taken from the public streets. I have no other shield than mine own virtue. That is the charm which has protected me! Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

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

Prec. Thank me by following it.

Ang. Indeed I will.
Pray, do not go. I have much more to say.

My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.

Some other time, then, when we meet again.

You must not go away with words alone.

(Gives her a purse.)

Take this. Would it were more.

I thank you, lady.

No thanks. To-morrow come to me again.

I dance to-night,—perhaps for the last time.
But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,
If that can save you from the Count of Lara.

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

I deserve no thanks,

Thank Heaven, not me.

Both Heaven and you.

Farewell.

Remember that you come again to-morrow.

I will. And may the Blessed Virgin guard you,
And all good angels.

May they guard thee too,
And all the poor; for they have need of angels.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

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

(Enter Beltran Cruzado.)

Cruz. Ave Maria!
Prec. O God! my evil genius!
What seekest thou here to-day?
Cruz. Thyself, — my child.
Prec. What is thy will with me?
Cruz. Gold! gold!
Prec. I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.
Cruz. The gold of the Busné, — give me his gold!
Prec. I gave the last in charity to-day.
Cruz. That is a foolish lie.
Prec. It is the truth.
Cruz. Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!
Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?
Not to thy father? To whom, then?
Prec. To one
Who needs it more.
Cruz. No one can need it more.
Prec. Thou art not poor.
Cruz. What, I, who lurk about
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;
I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;
I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;
I, who am clothed in rags, — Beltran Cruzado, —
Not poor!

Prec. Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.
Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

Cruz. The gold of the Busné! give me his gold!

Prec. Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all.
I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,
I gave it to thee freely, at all times,
Never denied thee; never had a wish
But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace!
Be merciful, be patient, and ere long
Thou shalt have more.

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

Prec. What! march again?

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

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

Prec. God speed thee on thy march! — I cannot go.

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

Bartolomé Román —

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

Cruz. O child, child, child!
Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.
I will not leave thee here in the great city
To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready
To go with us; and until then remember
A watchful eye is on thee. [Exit.

Prec. Woe is me!

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

SCENE II.—A room in the Archbishop's Palace.
The Archbishop and a Cardinal seated.

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

Card. Know and approve.

Arch. And further,

That, by a mandate from his Holiness,
The first have been suppressed.

Card. I trust forever.

It was a cruel sport.

Arch. A barbarous pastime,
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Disgraceful to the land that calls itself
Most Catholic and Christian.

Card. Yet the people
Murmur at this; and, if the public dances
Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,
Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.
As Panem et Circenses was the cry
Among the Roman populace of old,
So Pan y Toros is the cry in Spain.
Hence I would act advisedly herein;
And therefore have induced your Grace to see
These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(Enter a Servant.)

Serv. The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians
Your Grace was pleased to order, wait without.

Arch. Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold
In what angelic, yet voluptuous shape
The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

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

Card. (aside). O, what a fair and ministering angel
Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Prec. (kneeling before the ARCHBISHOP). I have obeyed the order of your Grace.
If I intrude upon your better hours,
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech
Your holy benediction.

Arch.

May God bless thee,
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.

Card. (aside). Her acts are modest, and her words discreet!
I did not look for this! Come hither, child.
Is thy name Preciosa?

Prec. Thus I am called.

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

Prec. Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés.

Arch. I have a dim remembrance of that man;
He was a bold and reckless character,
A sun-burnt Ishmael!

Card. Dost thou remember Thy earlier days?

Prec. Yes; by the Darro's side
My childhood passed. I can remember still
The river, and the mountains capped with snow;
The villages, where, yet a little child,
I told the traveller's fortune in the street;
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd;
The march across the moor; the halt at noon;
**THE SPANISH STUDENT.**

The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted
The forest where we slept; and, further back,
As in a dream or in some former life,
Gardens and palace walls.

*Arch.*  
'Tis the Alhambra,
Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was pitched.
But the time wears; and we would see thee dance.

*Prec.*  
Your Grace shall be obeyed.

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

**Scene III.** — *The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening, Don Carlos and Hypolito meeting. Don C.*  
Holá! good-evening, Don Hypolito.

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

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

*Don C.*  
Command me always.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Hyp. Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams, The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment, Asks if his money-bags would rise?  
   Don C.    I do,  
But what of that?  
Hyp.    I am that wretched man.  
   Don C. You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?  
Hyp.    And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.  
   Don C. Pray, how much need you?  
Hyp.    Some half-dozen ounces,  
Which, with due interest—  
   Don C. (giving his purse). What, am I a Jew  
To put my moneys out at usury?  
Here is my purse.  
Hyp.    Thank you. A pretty purse.  
Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;  
Perhaps a keepsake.  
   Don C. No, 'tis at your service.  
Hyp.    Thank you again. Lie there, good Chrysostom,  
And with thy golden mouth remind me often,  
I am the debtor of my friend.  
   Don C. But tell me,  
Come you to-day from Alcalá?  
Hyp.    This moment.  
   Don C. And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

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

_Don C._ And is it faring ill To be in love?

_Hyp._ In his case very ill.

_Don C._ Why so?

_Hyp._ For many reasons. First and foremost, Because he is in love with an ideal; A creature of his own imagination; A child of air; an echo of his heart; And, like a lily on the river floating, She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

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

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

Don C. Well, well! who is this doll?
Hyp. Why, whom do you think?
Don C. His cousin Violante.
Hyp. Guess again.

To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm
He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.
Don C. I cannot guess; so tell me who it is.
Hyp. Not I.
Don C. Why not?
Hyp. (mysteriously). Why? Because Mari Franca
Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!
Don C. Jesting aside, who is it?
Hyp. Preciosa.
Don C. Impossible! The Count of Lara tells me
She is not virtuous.
Hyp. Did I say she was?
The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife
Whose name was Messalina, as I think;
Valeria Messalina was her name.
But hist! I see him yonder through the trees,
Walking as in a dream.
Don C. He comes this way.
Hyp. It has been truly said by some wise man,
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

(Enter Victorian in front.)

Vict. Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground!
These groves are sacred! I behold thee walking
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked
At evening, and I feel thy presence now;
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee,
And is forever hallowed.

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

Don C. What ho! Victorian!

Hyp. Wilt thou sup with us?

Vict. Holá! Amigos! Faith, I did not see you.

How fares Don Carlos?

Don C. At your service ever.

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

Don. C. Ay, soft, emerald eyes!

She has gone back to Cadiz.

Hyp. Ay de mi!

Vict. You are much to blame for letting her go back.

A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
In evening skies.

_Hyp._ But, speaking of green eyes,

Are thine green?

_Vict._ Not a whit. Why so?

_Hyp._ I think

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

_Vict._ No, I am not jealous.

_Hyp._ Thou shouldst be.

_Vict._ Why?

_Hyp._ Because thou art in love.

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

_Vict._ Marry, is that all?

Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos.

Thou sayest I should be jealous?

_Hyp._ Ay, in truth
I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard.

I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara
Lays siege to the same citadel.

_Vict._ Indeed!

Then he will have his labor for his pains.

_Hyp._ He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me

He boasts of his success.

_Vict._ How’s this, Don Carlos?
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

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

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

[Exit.

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

[Exeunt.]
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Scene IV.—Preciosa’s chamber. She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The Count of Lara enters behind unperceived.

Prec. (reads).

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

Heigho! I wish Victorian were here.
I know not what it is makes me so restless!

(The bird sings.)

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

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

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say. In distant villages
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage
Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,
And grow in silence, and in silence perish.
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Or who takes note of every flower that dies?
Heigho! I wish Victorian would come.
Dolores!

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

Ha!

Lara. Señora, pardon me!
Prec. How's this? Dolores!
Lara. Pardon me—
Prec. Dolores!
Lara. Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.
If I have been too bold—

Prec. (turning her back upon him). You are too bold!

Retire! retire, and leave me!

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

Prec. (turning toward him with indignation).

Begone! begone!

You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds
Would make the statues of your ancestors
Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor,
Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?
O shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman,
Should be so little noble in your thoughts
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

As to send jewels here to win my love,
And think to buy my honor with your gold!
I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!
Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!
Begone, I say!

Lara. Be calm; I will not harm you.

Prec. Because you dare not.

Lara. I dare anything!

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

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

Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to tell you
What strange reports are current here in town.
For my own self, I do not credit them;
But there are many who, not knowing you,
Will lend a readier ear.

Prec. There was no need
That you should take upon yourself the duty
Of telling me these tales.
Lara. Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.

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

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

Prec. How mean you?

Lara. Nay, nay; I will not wound your gentle soul
By the report of idle tales.

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

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

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

Prec. Beware! beware! I am a Gypsy girl! Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer And I will strike!
Lara. Pray you, put up that dagger. Fear not.

Prec. I do not fear. I have a heart In whose strength I can trust.
Lara. Listen to me. I come here as your friend,—I am your friend,—And by a single word can put a stop To all those idle tales, and make your name Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees, Fair Preciosa! on my knees I swear, I love you even to madness, and that love Has driven me to break the rules of custom, And force myself unasked into your presence.

(VICTORIAN enters behind.)

Prec. Rise, Count of Lara! That is not the place For such as you are. It becomes you not To kneel before me. I am strangely moved To see one of your rank thus low and humbled; For your sake I will put aside all anger, All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

And as my heart now prompts me. I no more
Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me.
But if, without offending modesty
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart
To love you.

_Lara._ O sweet angel!

_Prec._ Ay, in truth,

Far better than you love yourself or me.

_Lara._ Give me some sign of this,—the

slightest token.

Let me but kiss your hand!

_Prec._ Nay, come no nearer.

The words I utter are its sign and token.

Misunderstand me not! Be not deceived!

The love wherewith I love you is not such

As you would offer me. For you come here

To take from me the only thing I have,

My honor. You are wealthy, you have friends

And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes

That fill your heart with happiness; but I

Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,

And you would take that from me, and for what?

To flatter your own vanity, and make me

What you would most despise. O sir, such love,

That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.

Indeed it cannot. But my love for you

Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,
And bids you look into your heart, and see
How you do wrong that better nature in you,
And grieve your soul with sin.

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

Vict. (rushing forward). Hold! hold! This is too much.

What means this outrage?

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

Vict. I too am noble, and you are no more!

Out of my sight!

Lara. Are you the master here?

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

Prec. (to LARA). Go! I beseech you, go!

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

Lara. You cannot come too soon! [Exit.

Prec. Victorian!
O, we have been betrayed!
Vict. Ha! ha! betrayed!
'Tis I have been betrayed, not we!—not we!
Prec. Dost thou imagine—
Vict. I imagine nothing;
I see how 'tis thou whilstest the time away
When I am gone!
Prec. O speak not in that tone!
It wounds me deeply.
Vict. 'Twas not meant to flatter.
Prec. Too well thou knowest the presence of that man
Is hateful to me!
Vict. Yet I saw thee stand
And listen to him, when he told his love.
Prec. I did not heed his words.
Vict. Indeed thou didst,
And answeredst them with love.
Prec. Hadst thou heard all—
Vict. I heard enough.
Prec. Be not so angry with me.
Vict. I am not angry; I am very calm.
Prec. If thou wilt let me speak—
Vict. Nay, say no more.
I know too much already. Thou art false!
I do not like these Gypsy marriages!
Where is the ring I gave thee?
Prec. In my casket.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Vict. There let it rest! I would not have thee wear it:
I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!

Prec. I call the Heavens to witness—

Vict. Nay, nay, nay!
Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!
They are forsworn!

Prec. Victorian! dear Victorian!

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

(He casts her from him and rushes out.)

Prec. And this from thee!

(Scene closes.)

SCENE V. — The Count of Lara's rooms. Enter the Count.

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

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THE SPANISH STUDENT.

(Enter Francisco.)

Well, Francisco,
What tidings from Don Juan?
Fran. Good, my lord;
He will be present.

Lara. And the Duke of Lermos?
Fran. Was not at home.

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

Lara. Bravely done.

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

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A retired spot beyond the city gates.
Enter Victorian and Hypolito.

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

Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge
Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!
Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows,
Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face
Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
And in derision seems to smile at me!

_Hyp._ Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee
I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

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

_Hyp._ And therefore is she cursed, loving him.

_Vict._ She does not love him! 'Tis for gold!

_Hyp._ Ay, but remember, in the public streets
He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

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

_Hyp._ Nay, he is no coward;
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.
I've seen him play with swords; it is his pastime.
And therefore be not over-confident,  
He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.  

(Enter Lara followed by Francisco.)  

Lara. Good-evening, gentlemen.  
Hyp. Good-evening, Count.  
Lara. I trust I have not kept you long in waiting.  

Vict. Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?  
Lara. I am.  

Hyp. It grieves me much to see this quarrel  

Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way  
Left open to accord this difference,  
But you must make one with your swords?  

Vict. No! none!  
I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,  
Stand not between me and my foe. Too long  
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel  
End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count.  

(They fight. Victorian disarms the Count.)  

Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me  

From sending your vile soul to its account?  

Lara. Strike! strike!  

Vict. You are disarmed.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

I will not kill you.
I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(Francisco hands the Count his sword, and Hypolito interposes.)

Hyp. Enough! Let it end here! The Count of Lara
Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian
A generous one as ever. Now be friends.
Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you,
Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing
To move you to extremes.

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

Vicf. Nay, something more than that.

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

Vicf. Ay, false as hell itself!

Lara. In truth, I did not seek her; she sought me;

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And told me how to win her, telling me
The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

*Vicf. Say, can you prove this to me? O,
pluck out
These awful doubts, that goad me into mad-
ness!
Let me know all! all! all!

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

*Fran. Ay, my lord.

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

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

*(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon
it.)*

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!
Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample
Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,
We both have been abused, been much abused!
I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.
Though, like the surgeon's hand; yours gave me
pain,
Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.
I now can see the folly I have done,
Though 'tis alas! too late. So fare you well!

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To-night I leave this hateful town forever.  
Regard me as your friend. Once more farewell!  
_Hyp._ Farewell, Sir Count.  

_[Exeunt Victorian and Hypolito._  
_Lara._ Farewell! farewell! farewell!  
Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!  
I have none else to fear; the fight is done,  
The citadel is stormed, the victory won!  

_[Exit with Francisco._

Scene VII.—_A lane in the suburbs._ Night.  
Enter Cruzado and Bartolome.

_Cruz._ And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?  
_Bart._ In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.  
_Cruz._ And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?  
_Bart._ There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.  
_Cruz._ Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?  
_Bart._ First tell me what keeps thee here?  
_Cruz._ Preciosa.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

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

Cruz. The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

Bart. I hear she has a Busné lover.

Cruz. That is nothing.

Bart. I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busné harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

Cruz. Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

Bart. Meanwhile, show me her house.

Cruz. Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

Bart. No matter. Show me the house.

[Exeunt.

Scene VIII. — The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers Preciosa in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afuera!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. Preciosa faints.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Scene IX. — The Count of Lara's chambers.
Lara and his friends at supper.

Lara. So, Caballers, once more many thanks!
You have stood by me bravely in this matter.
Pray fill your glasses.

Don J. Did you mark, Don Luis,
How pale she looked, when first the noise began,
And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated!
Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom
Tumultuous as the sea!

Don L. I pitied her.

Lara. Her pride is humbled; and this very night
I mean to visit her.

Don J. Will you serenade her?

Lara. No music! no more music!

Don L. Why not music?

It softens many hearts.

Lara. Not in the humor
She now is in. Music would madden her.

Don J. Try golden cymbals.

Don L. Yes, try Don Dinero;

A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

Lara. To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.

But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

A bumper and away; for the night wears.
A health to Preciosa.

(They rise and drink.)

All. Preciosa.

Lara (holding up his glass). Thou bright and
flaming minister of Love!
Thou wonderful magician! who hast stolen
My secret from me, and mid sighs of passion
Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,
Her precious name! O nevermore henceforth
Shall mortal lips press thine; and nevermore
A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.
Go! keep my secret!

(Drinks and dashes the goblet down.)

Don J. Ite! missa est!

(Scene closes.)

Scene X.—Street and garden wall. Night.
Enter Cruzado and Bartolomé.

Cruz. This is the garden wall, and above it,
yonder, is her house. The window in which
thou seest the light is her window. But we will
not go in now.

Bart. Why not?

Cruz. Because she is not at home.

Bart. No matter; we can wait. But how is
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

this? The gate is bolted. (Sound of guitars and voices in a neighboring street.) Hark! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade! Hark!

SONG.

Good-night! Good-night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee!
To be near thee,—to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers!
Good-night! Good-night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

Cruz. They are not coming this way.
Bart. Wait, they begin again.

SONG (coming nearer).

Ah! thou moon that shinest
Argent-clear above!
All night long enlighten
My sweet lady-love!
Moon that shinest,
All night long enlighten!

Bart. Woe be to him, if he comes this way!
Cruz. Be quiet. They are passing down the street.

SONG (dying away).

The nuns in the cloister
Sang to each other;
For so many sisters
Is there not one brother!
Ay, for the patridge, mother!
The cat has run away with the partridge!
Puss! puss! puss!
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Bart. Follow that! follow that! Come with me. Puss! puss!

(Exeunt. On the opposite side enter the Count of Lara and gentlemen, with Francisco.)

Lara. The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,
And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.
Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale
Yon balcony. How now? Her light still burns.
Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(Exeunt. Re-enter Cruzado and Bartolomé.)

Bart. They went in at the gate. Hark! I hear them in the garden. (Tries the gate.)
Bolted again! Vive Cristo! Follow me over the wall.

(They climb the wall.)

Scene XI. — Preciosa’s bedchamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress. Dolores watching her.

Dol. She sleeps at last!

(Opens the window, and listens.)

All silent in the street,
And in the garden. Hark!

Prec. (in her sleep). I must go hence! Give me my cloak!

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Dol. He comes! I hear his footsteps
Prec. Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night;
I am too ill! Look at me! See the fever
That burns upon my cheek! I must go hence.
I am too weak to dance.

(Signal from the garden.)

Dol. (from the window). Who's there?
Voice (from below). A friend.
Dol. I will undo the door. Wait till I come.
Prec. I must go hence. I pray you do not
harm me!
Shame! shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!
Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.
I'm ready now,—give me my castanets.
Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!
They glare upon me like an evil eye.
I cannot stay. Hark! how they mock at me!
They hiss at me like serpents! Save me! Save me!

(Shewakes.)

How late is it, Dolores?
Dol. It is midnight.
Prec. We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

(Shesleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.)
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Voice. Muera!
Another Voice. O villains! villains!
Lara. So! have at you!
Voice. Take that!
Lara. O, I am wounded!
Dol. (shutting the window). Jesu Maria!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. Victorian and Hypolito, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. Hypolito plays and sings.

SONG.
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!
Enemy
Of all that mankind may not rue!
Most untrue
To him who keeps most faith with thee.
Woe is me!
The falcon has the eyes of the dove.
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. Yes, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright, gorgeous flowers, and scenes Arcadian;
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
In never-ending vistas of delight.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Hyp. Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,
Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (continued).
Thy deceits
Give us clearly to comprehend,
Whither tend
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets!
They are cheats,
Thorns below and flowers above.
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

Hyp. It suits thy case.

Vict. Indeed, I think it does.

What wise man wrote it?

Hyp. Lopez Maldonado.

Vict. In truth, a pretty song.

Hyp. With much truth in it.

I hope thou wilt profit by it; and in earnest
Try to forget this lady of thy love.

Vict. I will forget her! All dear recollections
Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,
Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds!
I will forget her! But perhaps hereafter,
When she shall learn how heartless is the world,
A voice within her will repeat my name,
And she will say, "He was indeed my friend!"
O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,
The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,
The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,
And a swift death, might make me deaf forever
To the upbraidings of this foolish heart!

Hyp. Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more!

To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

Vici. Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain
I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword
That pierces me; for, like Excalibar,
With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.
There rises from below a hand that grasps it,
And waves it in the air; and wailing voices
Are heard along the shore.

Hyp. And yet at last
Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.
This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.
Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,
Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health
To talk of dying.

Vic. Yet I fain would die!
To go through life, unloving and unloved;
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse,
And struggle after something we have not
And cannot have; the effort to be strong;
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;
All this the dead feel not,—the dead alone!
Would I were with them!

_Hyp._ We shall all be soon.

_Vict._ It cannot be too soon; for I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as strangers;
Where whispers overheard betray false hearts;
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase
Some form of loveliness, that smiles and beckons,
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us
A mockery and a jest; maddened,—confused,—
Not knowing friend from foe.

_Hyp._ Why seek to know?

Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth!
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
Nor strive to look beneath it.

_Vict._ I confess,
That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
Much like a poor and shipwrecked mariner,
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,
And sinks again into the weltering sea,
Helpless and hopeless!

_Hyp._ Yet thou shalt not perish.
The strength of thine own arm is thy salva-
tion.
Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there
shines
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star!

_(Sound of a village bell in the distance.)_

_Vict._ Ave Maria! I hear the sacristan
Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry!
A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide
Over the red roofs of the cottages,
And bids the laboring hind a-field, the shepherd,
Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,
And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,
And breathe a prayer unto the blessed Virgin!

_Hyp._ Amen! amen! Not half a league from
hence
The village lies.

_Vict._ This path will lead us to it,
Over the wheat-fields, where the shadows sail
Across the running sea, now green, now blue,
And, like an idle mariner on the main,
Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.

_[Exeunt._

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Scene II.—Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front, a group of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter Pancho, followed by Pedro Crespo.

Pancho. Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy thieves! Make room for the Alcalde and for me!

Pedro C. Keep silence all! I have an edict here From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain, Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands, Which I shall publish in the market-place. Open your ears and listen!

(Enter the Padre Cura at the door of his cottage.)

Padre Cura, Good-day! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

Padre C. Good-day, and God be with you! Pray, what is it?

Pedro C. An act of banishment against the Gypsies!

(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)

Pancho. Silence'
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Pedro C. (reads). "I hereby order and command,
That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,
Known by the name of Gypsies, shall henceforth
Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds
And beggars; and if, after seventy days,
Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,
They shall receive a hundred lashes each;
The second time, shall have their ears cut off;
The third, be slaves for life to him who takes
them,
Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."
Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized!
You hear the law! Obey and disappear!

Pancho. And if in seventy days you are not
gone,
Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs
of fear and discontent. Pancho follows.)

Padre C. A righteous law! A very righteous
law!
Pray you, sit down.

Pedro C. I thank you heartily.

(They seat themselves on a bench at the Padre
Cura's door. Sound of guitars heard at a
distance, approaching during the dialogue
which follows.)
A very righteous judgment, as you say.
Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you know all things,—
How came these Gypsies into Spain?

*Padre C.* Why, look you;
They came with Hercules from Palestine,
And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,
As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor
Is not a Christian, so 'tis with the Gypsies.
They never marry, never go to mass,
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,
Nor see the inside of a church,—nor—nor—

*Pedro C.* Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all!
No matter for the other ninety-five.
They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,
They should be burnt.

(Enter Victorion and Hypolito playing.)

*Padre C.* And pray, whom have we here?
*Pedro C.* More vagrants! By Saint Lazarus,
more vagrants!

*Hyp.* Good-evening, gentlemen! Is this Guadarrama?

*Padre C.* Yes, Guadarrama, and good-evening to you.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

_Hyp._ We seek the Padre Cura of the village; And, judging from your dress and reverend mien, You must be he.

_Padre C._ I am. Pray, what's your pleasure?

_Hyp._ We are poor students, travelling in vacation. You know this mark?

(Touching the wooden spoon in his hat-band.)

_Padre C. (joyfully)._ Ay, know it, and have worn it.

_Pedro C. (aside)._ Soup-eaters! by the mass!

The worst of vagrants!

And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant.

[Exit.

_Padre C._ Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

_Hyp._ Padre Cura, From the first moment I beheld your face, I said within myself, "This is the man!"

There is a certain something in your looks, A certain scholar-like and studious something,— You understand,—which cannot be mistaken; Which marks you as a very learned man,

In fine, as one of us.

_Vict. (aside)._ What impudence!
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

_Hyp._ As we approached, I said to my companion,
"This is the Padre Cura; mark my words!"
Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,
"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,
Must be the sacristan."

_Padre C._ Ah! said you so?
Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde!
_Hyp._ Indeed! you much astonish me! His air
Was not so full of dignity and grace
As an alcalde's should be.

_Padre C._ That is true.
He's out of humor with some vagrant Gypsies,
Who have their camp here in the neighborhood.
There's nothing so undignified as anger.

_Hyp._ The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,
If, from his well-known hospitality,
We crave a lodging for the night.

_Padre C._ I pray you!
You do me honor! I am but too happy
To have such guests beneath my humble roof.
It is not often that I have occasion
To speak with scholars; and _Emollit mores_,
_Nec sinit esse feros_, Cicero says.

_Hyp._ 'Tis Ovid, is it not?
_Padre C._ No, Cicero.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Hyp. Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.
Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid!
But hang me if it is not! (Aside.)

Padre C. Pass this way.
He was a very great man, was Cicero!
Pray you, go in, go in! no ceremony. [Exeunt.

Scene III. — A room in the Padre Cura's house. Enter the Padre and Hypolito.

Padre C. So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.
I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hyp. And left behind an honored name, no doubt.

How may I call your Grace?

Padre C. Gerónimo De Santillana, at your Honor's service.

Hyp. Descended from the Marquis Santillana?
From the distinguished poet?

Padre C. From the Marquis,
Not from the poet.

Hyp. Why, they were the same.
Let me embrace you! O some lucky star
Has brought me hither! Yet once more! — once more!

Your name is ever green in Alcalá,
And our professor, when we are unruly,
Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas!
It was not so in Santillana's time!"

*Padre C.* I did not think my name remembered there.

*Hyp.* More than remembered; it is idolized.

*Padre C.* Of what professor speak you?

*Hyp.* Timoneda,

*Padre C.* I don't remember any Timoneda.

*Hyp.* A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow
O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech
As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten?

*Padre C.* Indeed, I have. O, those were pleasant days,
Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!
I had not buried then so many hopes!
I had not buried then so many friends!
I've turned my back on what was then before me;
And the bright faces of my young companions
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.
Do you remember Cueva?

*Hyp.* Cueva? Cueva?

*Padre C.* Fool that I am! He was before your time.

You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Hyp. I should not like to try my strength with you.

Padre C. Well, well. But I forget; you must be hungry.

Martina! ho! Martina! 'Tis my niece.

(Enter Martina.)

Hyp. You may be proud of such a niece as that.

I wish I had a niece. Emollit mores. (Aside.)

He was a very great man, was Cicero!

Your servant, fair Martina.

Mart. Servant, sir.

Padre C. This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.

Let us have supper.

Mart. 'Twill be ready soon.

Padre C. And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas

Out of the cellar. Stay; I'll go myself.

Pray you, Señor, excuse me. [Exit.

Hyp. Hist! Martina! One word with you. Bless me! what handsome eyes!

To-day there have been Gypsies in the village.

Is it not so?

Mart. There have been Gypsies here.

Hyp. Yes, and have told your fortune.

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THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Mart. (embarrassed). Told my fortune?

Hyp. Yes, yes; I know they did. Give me your hand.
I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they said,
The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,
And him you should not marry. Was it not?

Mart. (surprised). How know you that?

Hyp. O, I know more than that.
What a soft, little hand! And then they said,
A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall
And rich, should come one day to marry you,
And you should be a lady. Was it not?
He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter Victor-

Rian, with a letter.)

Vict. The muleteer has come.

Hyp. So soon?

Vict. I found him
Sitting at supper by the tavern door,
And, from a pitcher that he held aloft
His whole arm's length, drinking the blood-red wine.

Hyp. What news from Court?

Vict. He brought this letter only.

(Reads.)
O cursed perfidy! Why did I let
That lying tongue deceive me! Preciosa,
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Sweet Preciosa! how art thou avenged!

_Hyp._ What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale,
And thy hand tremble?

_Vict._ O, most infamous!

The Count of Lara is a worthless villain!

_Hyp._ That is no news, forsooth.

_Vict._ He strove in vain
To steal from me the jewel of my soul,
The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,
He swore to be revenged; and set on foot
A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.
She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,
Her reputation stained by slanderous lies
Too foul to speak of; and, once more a beggar,
She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,
Housing with Gypsies!

_Hyp._ To renew again
The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains
Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana.

_Redit et Virgo!_

_Vict._ Dear Hypolito,
How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart!
I will go seek for her; and with my tears
Wash out the wrong I've done her!

_Hyp._ O beware!

Act not that folly o'er again.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Vict. Ay, folly,
Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,
I will confess my weakness,—I still love her!
Still fondly love her!

(Enter the Padre Cura.)

Hyp. Tell us, Padre Cura,
Who are these Gypsies in the neighborhood?
Padre C. Beltran Cruzado and his crew.
Vict. Kind Heaven,
I thank thee! She is found! is found again!
Hyp. And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,
Called Preciosa?
Padre C. Ay, a pretty girl.
The gentleman seems moved.
Hyp. Yes, moved with hunger,
He is half famished with this long day's journey.
Padre C. Then, pray you, come this way.
The supper waits. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. — A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter Chispa, cracking a whip, and singing the cachucha.

Chispa. Halloo! Don Fulano! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa! what a dog's life dost thou lead! I thought, when I left
my old master Victorian, the student, to serve
my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that
I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman; should
go to bed early, and get up late. For when the
abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the
friars? But, in running away from the thunder,
I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot
chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And
a good beginning of the week it is, as he said
who was hanged on Monday morning.

(Enter Don Carlos.)

Don C. Are not the horses ready yet?

Chispa. I should think not, for the hostler
seems to be asleep. Ho! within there! Horses!
horses! horses! (He knocks at the gate with his
whip, and enter Mosquito, putting on his
jacket.)

Mosq. Pray, have a little patience. I'm not
a musket.

Chispa. Health and pistareens! I'm glad to
see you come on dancing, padre! Pray, what's
the news?

Mosq. You cannot have fresh horses; because
there are none.

Chispa. Cachiporra! Throw that bone to
another dog. Do I look like your aunt?

Mosq. No; she has a beard.

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THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Chispa. Go to! go to!
Mosq. Are you from Madrid?
Chispa. Yes; and going to Estramadura.

Get us horses.
Mosq. What's the news at Court?
Chispa. Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(Strikes him round the legs.)

Mosq. Oh! oh! you hurt me!
Don C. Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (Gives money to Mosquito.) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?
Mosq. Yes; and they are still in the neighborhood.
Don C. And where?
Mosq. Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. [Exit.

Don C. Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp.

Chispa. Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?
Don C. Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

Chispa. And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

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Don C. I hope we may find the Presciosa among them.

Chispa. Among the Squires?

Don C. No; among the Gypsies, blockhead!

Chispa. I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses. [Exeunt.


Gypsies (at the forge sing).

On the top of a mountain I stand,
With a crown of red gold in my hand,
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,
O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?
O how from their fury shall I flee?

First Gypsy (playing). Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier,
And thus his ditty ran;
God send the Gypsy lassie here,
And not the Gypsy man.

First Gypsy (playing). There you are in your morocco!
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Second Gypsy. One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gypsy. Have at you, Chirelin.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

At midnight, when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gypsy man,
The Gypsy lassie came.

(Enter Beltran Cruzado.)

Cruz. Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work. leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (Speaking to the right.) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. (to the left). And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. As soon as you see the planets are out, In with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Gypsies. Ay! ay!
Cruz. Away, then!

(Exeunt severally. Cruzado walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter Preciosa.)

Prec. How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees
The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows
Stalk through the forest, ever and anon
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,
Then flitting into darkness! So within me
Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,
My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being
As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!
How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(Bartolome rushes in.)

Bart. Ho! Preciosa!

Prec. O Bartolome!

Thou here?

Bart. Lo! I am here.

Prec. Whence comest thou?

Bart. From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,
From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold
Come I for thee, my lamb.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Prec. O touch me not!
The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!
Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here!
Thou art in danger! They have set a price
Upon thy head!

Bart. Ay, and I've wandered long
Among the mountains; and for many days
Have seen no human face, save the rough swine-
herd's.
The wind and rain have been my sole companions.
I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,
And the loud echo sent it back to me,
Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,
And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

Prec. Betray thee? I betray thee?

Bart. Preciosa!
I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!
Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!
Fly with me!

Prec. Speak of that no more. I cannot.
I'm thine no longer.

Bart. O, recall the time
When we were children! how we played together,
How we grew up together; how we plighted
Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood!
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.
I'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf!
Fulfil thy promise.

Prec. 'Twas my father's promise
Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,
Nor promised thee my hand!

Bart. False tongue of woman!
And heart more false!

Prec. Nay, listen unto me.
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee;
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,
It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me,
A feeble girl, who have not long to live,
Whose heart is broken? Seek another wife,
Better than I, and fairer; and let not
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee.
Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.
I never sought thy love; never did aught
To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,
That hurried thee to crimes and deeds of blood.
Beware, beware of that.

Bart. For thy dear sake
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

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THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Prec. Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.
Thou must not linger here.
Bart. Come, come with me.
Prec. Hark! I hear footsteps.
Bart. I entreat thee, come!
Prec. Away! It is in vain.
Bart. Wilt thou not come?
Prec. Never!
Bart. Then woe, eternal woe,
upon thee!
Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die.

[Exit.

Prec. All holy angels keep me in this hour!
Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me!
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me!
Christ and the saints, be mercifl unto me!
Yet why should I fear death? What is it to die?
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
And be at rest forever! O dull heart,
Be of good cheer! When thou shalt cease to beat,
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain!

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.)

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THE SPANISH STUDENT.

VICT. 'Tis she! Behold, how beautiful she stands
Under the tent-like trees!

HYP. A woodland nymph!
VICT. I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

HYP. Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

VICT. (disguising his voice). Hist! Gypsy!
PREC. (aside with emotion). That voice! that voice from heaven! O speak again!

Who is it calls?

VICT. A friend.

PREC. (aside). 'Tis he! 'Tis he!

I thank thee, Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,
And sent me this protector! Now be strong,
Be strong, my heart! I must dissemble here.
False friend or true?

VICT. A true friend to the true;
Fear not; come hither. So; can you tell fortunes?

PREC. Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.

Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

VICT. (putting a piece of gold into her hand).

There is the cross.

PREC. Is't silver.
VICT. No, 'tis gold.

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THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Prec. There's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you, And for yourself alone.
Vict. Fie! the old story! Tell me a better fortune for my money; Not this old woman’s tale!
Prec. You are passionate; And this same passionate humor in your blood Has marred your fortune. Yes; I see it now; The line of life is crossed by many marks. Shame! shame! O you have wronged the maid who loved you! How could you do it?
Vict. I never loved a maid; For she I loved was then a maid no more.
Prec. How know you that?
Vict. A little bird in the air Whispered the secret.
Prec. There, take back your gold! Your hand is cold, like a deceiver’s hand! There is no blessing in its charity! Make her your wife, for you have been abused; And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.
Vict. (aside). How like an angel’s speaks the tongue of woman, When pleading in another’s cause her own! That is a pretty ring upon your finger. Pray give it me. (Tries to take the ring.)
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Prec. No; never from my hand
Shall that be taken!

Vict. Why, 'tis but a ring.
I'll give it back to you; or, if I keep it,
Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

Prec. Why would you have this ring?

Vict. A traveller's fancy,
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it
As a memento of the Gypsy camp
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller
Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.
Pray, let me have the ring.

Prec. No, never! never!
I will not part with it, even when I die;
But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,
That it may not fall from them. 'Tis a token
Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

Vict. How? dead?

Prec. Yes; dead to me; and worse than dead.
He is estranged! And yet I keep this ring.
I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,
To prove to him that I was never false.

Vict. (aside). Be still, my swelling heart!
one moment, still!
Why, 'tis the folly of a love-sick girl.
Come, give it me, or I will say 'tis mine,
And that you stole it.
O, you will not dare
To utter such a falsehood!

I not dare?

Look in my face, and say if there is aught
I have not dared, I would not dare for thee!

(She rushes into his arms.)

'Tis thou! 'tis thou! Yes; yes; my

heart's elected!

My dearest-dear Victorian! my soul's heaven!

Where hast thou been so long? Why didst thou

leave me?

Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.

Let me forget we ever have been parted!

Hadst thou not come —

I pray thee, do not chide me!

I should have perished here among

these Gypsies.

Forgive me, sweet! for what I made

thee suffer.

Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's

joy,

Thou being absent? O, believe it not!

Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,

For thinking of the wrong I did to thee!

Dost thou forgive me? Say, wilt thou forgive

me?

I have forgiven thee. Ere those words

of anger
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,
I had forgiven thee.

Vict. I'm the veriest fool
That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.
It was the Count of Lara—

Prec. That bad man
Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard—

Vict. I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on!
Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy;
For every tone, like some sweet incantation,
Calls up the buried past to plead for me.
Speak, my belovèd, speak into my heart,
Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(They walk aside.)

Hyp. All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,
All passionate love scenes in the best romances,
All chaste embraces on the public stage,
All soft adventures, which the liberal stars
Have winked at, as the natural course of things,
Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,
And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa!

Prec. Señor Hypolito! I kiss your hand.
Pray, shall I tell your fortune?

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THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Hyp. Not to-night;
For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,
And send me back to marry maids forlorn,
My wedding day would last from now till Christmas.

Chispa (within). What ho! the Gypsies, ho!
Beltran Cruzado!
Halloo! halloo! halloo! halloo!

(Enters booted, with a whip and lantern.)

Vict. What now?
Why such a fearful din? Hast thou been robbed?

Chispa. Ay, robbed and murdered; and good-evening to you,
My worthy masters.

Vict. Speak; what brings thee here?

Chispa (to Preciosa). Good news from Court; good news! Beltran Cruzado,
The Count of the Calés, is not your father,
But your true father has returned to Spain
Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.

Vict. Strange as a Moorish tale!

Chispa. And we have all
Been drinking at the tavern to your health,
As well drink in November, when it rains.

Vict. Where is the gentleman?

Chispa. As the old song says,

His body is in Segovia,
His soul is in Madrid.

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THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Prec. Is this a dream? O, if it be a dream, Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet! Repeat thy story! Say I'm not deceived! Say that I do not dream! I am awake; This is the Gypsy camp; this is Victorian, And this his friend, Hypolito! Speak! speak! Let me not wake and find it all a dream!

Vict. It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream, A blissful certainty, a vision bright Of that rare happiness, which even on earth Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou rich, As thou wast ever beautiful and good; And I am now the beggar.

Prec. (giving him her hand). I have still A hand to give.

Chispa (aside). And I have two to take. I've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven gives almonds To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to crack. I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds?

Vict. What more of this strange story?

Chispa. Nothing more.

Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag, Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed; And probably they'll hang her for the crime, To make the celebration more complete.

Vct. No; let it be a day of general joy; Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late. Now let us join Don Carlos.

Hyp. So farewell, The student's wandering life! Sweet serenades, Sung under ladies' windows in the night, And all that makes vacation beautiful! To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá, To you, ye radiant visions of romance, Written in books, but here surpassed by truth, The Bachelor Hypolito returns, And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student.

SCENE VI. — A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.

SONG.

If thou art sleeping, maiden, Awake and open thy door, 'Tis the break of day, and we must away, O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers, But come with thy naked feet, We shall have to pass through the dewy grass, And waters wide and fleet.
THE SPANISH STUDENT.

(Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A shepherd appears on the rocks above.)

Monk. Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá! good man!
Shep. Olá!
Monk. Is this the road to Segovia?
Shep. It is, your reverence.
Monk. How far is it?
Shep. I do not know.
Monk. What is that yonder in the valley?
Shep. San Ildefonso.
Monk. A long way to breakfast.
Shep. Ay, marry.
Monk. Are there robbers in these mountains?
Shep. Yes, and worse than that.
Monk. What?
Shep. Wolves.
Monk. Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.
Shep. What wilt thou give me?
Monk. An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.)

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THE SPANISH STUDENT.

SONG.

Worn with speed is my good steed,
And I march me hurried, worried!
Onward, cabillito mio,
With the white star in thy forehead!
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,
And I hear their rifles crack!
Ay, jaleó! Ay, ay, jaleó!
Ay, jaleó! They cross our track.

(Song dies away. Enter Preciosa, on horseback, attended by Victoriano, Hypolito, Don Carlos, and Chispa, on foot, and armed.)

Vict. This is the highest point. Here let us rest.

See, Preciosa, see how all about us
Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains
Receive the benediction of the sun!
O glorious sight!

Prec. Most beautiful indeed.

Hyp. Most wonderful!

Vict. And in the vale below,
Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,
San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,
Sends up a salutation to the morn,
As if an army smote their brazen shields,
And shouted victory!

Prec. And which way lies Segovia?

Vict. At a great distance yonder.

Dost thou not see it?
**THE SPANISH STUDENT.**

**Prec.** No. I do not see it.

**Vict.** The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.

There, yonder!

**Hyp.** 'Tis a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
And an Alcázar, builded by the Moors,
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas
Was fed on *Pan del Rey.* O, many a time
Out of its grated windows have I looked
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,
That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,
Glides at its foot.

**Prec.** O yes! I see it now,
Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes,
So faint it is. And all my thoughts sail thither,
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward urged
Against all stress of accident, as in
The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains,
And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea!

(She weeps.)

**Vict.** O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear un
moved
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee

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Melts thee to tears! O, let thy weary heart
Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted
And filled with my affection.

Prec. Stay no longer!
My father waits. Methinks I see him there,
Now looking from the window, and now watching
Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street,
And saying, "Hark! she comes!" O father! father!

(They descend the pass. Chispa remains behind.)

Chispa. I have a father, too, but he is a dead one. Alas and alack-a-day! Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking; and always as merry as a thunder-storm in the night. And so we plough along, as the fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen? Patience, and shuffle the cards! I am not yet so bald that you can see my brains; and perhaps, after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter. Benedicite!

[Exit.

(A pause. Then enter Bartolome wildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine in his hand.)
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Bart. They passed this way! I hear their horses' hoofs!
Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo,
This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last!

(Fires down the pass.)
Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo!
Well whistled!—I have missed her!—O my God!
(The shot is returned, Bartolomé falls.)
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