

I'll make it beauty's pet and pride,  
And you'll be better off without it."

\* \* \* \* \*

The goddess spoke, and gently stripped  
Her bird of every caudal feather ;  
A strand of gold-bright hair she clipped,  
And bound the glossy plumes together,

And lo, the Fan ! for beauty's hand,  
The lovely queen of beauty made it ;  
The price she named was hard to stand,  
But Venus smiled : the Hebrew paid it.

Jove, Juno, Venus, where are you ?  
Mars, Neptune, Phœbus, Mercury, Saturn ?  
But o'er the world, the Wandering Jew  
Has borne the Fan's celestial pattern.

So everywhere we find the Fan,—  
In lonely isles of the Pacific,  
In farthest China and Japan,—  
Wherever suns are sudorific.

\* \* \* \* \*

Before this new Pandora's gift  
In slavery woman's tyrant kept her,  
But now he kneels her glove to lift,—  
The fan is mightier than the scepter.

\* \* \* \* \*

But every one that swings to-night,  
Of fairest shape, from farthest region,  
May trace its pedigree aright  
To Aphrodite's fan-tailed pigeon.

## GROUP VII.

### *PAGANISM OVERTHROWN BY CHRISTIANITY.*

THE poems contained in this group have been selected with a view to show the effect that the birth of Christ, His life, His teaching, and the religion founded by Him, had upon the worship of false gods.

The conflict between Christianity and Paganism must necessarily have been long and severe, and the great theatre of that struggle was in Rome—"Rome that sat upon her seven hills, and from her throne of empire ruled the world." The birth of Christ is the great landmark in the history of the human race, as the whole civilized world reckons time from that event before and after.

Perhaps we shall be the better prepared to read history, both civil and religious, without prejudice and with minds open to receive truth, by a careful study of these poems.

#### A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

ALFRED DOMMETT.

It was the calm and silent night !  
Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
Had Rome been growing up to might,  
And now was queen of land and sea.

No sound was heard of clashing wars —  
 Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain :  
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars  
 Held undisturbed their ancient reign,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night !  
 The senator of haughty Rome,  
 Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,  
 From lordly revel rolling home ;  
 Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell  
 His breast with thoughts of boundless sway ;  
 What recked the Roman what befell  
 A paltry province far away,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago ?

Within that province far away  
 Went plodding home a weary boor ;  
 A streak of light before him lay,  
 Fallen through a half-shut stable door  
 Across his path. He passed — for naught  
 Told what was going on within ;  
 How keen the stars, his only thought —  
 The air how calm, and cold, and thin,  
 In the solemn midnight,  
 Centuries ago !

O, strange indifference ! low and high  
 Drowsed over common joys and cares ;  
 The earth was still — but knew not why  
 The world was listening, unawares.  
 How calm a moment may precede  
 One that shall thrill the world forever !



*"The night that erst no name had worn  
 To it a happy name is given ;  
 For in that stable lay, new-born,  
 The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven."*

To that still moment, none would heed,  
Man's doom was linked no more to sever —  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago !

It is the calm and solemn night !  
A thousand bells ring out, and throw  
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite  
The darkness — charmed and holy now !  
The night that erst no name had worn,  
To it a happy name is given ;  
For in that stable lay, new-born,  
The peaceful prince of earth and heaven,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago !

THE GODS OF GREECE.

SCHILLER.

I.

Ye in the age gone by,  
Who ruled the world — a world how lovely then ! —  
And guided still the steps of happy men  
In the light leading-strings of careless joy !  
Ah, flourished then your service of delight !  
How different, oh, how different, in the day  
When thy sweet fanes with many a wreath were bright,  
O Venus Amathusia !

II.

Then, the soft veil of dreams  
Round Truth poetic, witching Fancies wreathed ;  
Through all creation overflowed the streams  
Of Life — and things now senseless, felt and breathed.

Man gifted Nature with divinity  
 To lift and link her to the breast of Love ;  
 All things betrayed to the initiate eye  
 The track of gods above !

## III.

Where lifeless, fixed afar,  
 A flaming ball to our dull sense is given,  
 Phœbus Apollo, in his golden car,  
 In silent glory swept the fields of heaven !  
 Then lived the Dryads in yon forest trees ;  
 Then o'er yon mountains did the Oread roam ;  
 And from the urns of gentle Naiades  
 Welled the wave's silver foam.

## IV.

Yon bay chaste Daphne wreathed,  
 Yon stone was mournful Niobe's mute cell.  
 Low through yon sedges pastoral Syrinx breathed,  
 And through those groves melodious Philomel ;  
 The tears of Ceres swelled in yonder rill —  
 Tears shed for Proserpine, to Hades borne ;  
 And for her lost Adonis, yonder hill  
 Heard Cytherea mourn !—

## V.

Celestials left their skies  
 To mingle with thy race, Deucalion ;  
 And Pyrrha's daughters saw in shepherd guise  
 Amid Thessalian vales Latona's son.  
 Beautiful links with gods and heroes then,  
 The Loves uniting, interwove for us ;  
 Heroes and gods were worshippers with men  
 In Cyprian Amathus !

## VI.

Your gentle service gay,  
 Nor self-denial, nor sharp penance knew ;  
 Well might each heart be happy in that day —  
 For were the happy not akin to you ?  
 The beautiful alone the Holy there !  
 No pleasure shamed the gods of that young race ;  
 So that the chaste Camænæ favoring were,  
 And the subduing Grace.

## VII.

Your shrines were palaces ;  
 Your honoring ministrants were heroes crowned ;  
 Your rites were sports — the Isthmian jubilees —  
 And chariots thundering o'er Olympian ground.  
 Fair round the altar where the incense breathed,  
 Moved your melodious dance inspired ; and fair  
 Above victorious brows, the garland wreathed  
 Sweet leaves round odorous hair !

## VIII.

The shouting Thyrsus-swinger,  
 And the wild car the exulting Panthers bore,  
 Announced the presence of the Rapture-Bringer —  
 Bounded the Satyr and blithe Faun before ;  
 And Mænads, as the frenzy stung the soul,  
 Hymned, in their madding dance, the glorious wine —  
 As ever beckoned to the lusty bowl  
 The ruddy host divine !

## IX.

Before the bed of death  
 No ghastly spectre stood :—but from the porch

Of life, the lip — one kiss inhaled the breath,  
 And a mute Genius gently lowered his torch.  
 The judgment-balance of the realms below,  
 A judge, himself of mortal lineage, held ;  
 The very Furies, at the Thracian's woe  
 Were moved and music-spelled.

## x.

In the Elysian grove  
 The Shades renewed the pleasures life held dear ;  
 The faithful spouse rejoined remembered love,  
 And rushed along the meads the charioteer ;  
 There Linus poured the old accustomed strain,  
 Admetus there Alcestis still could greet :  
 His friend once more Orestes could regain,  
 His arrows — Philoctete !

## xi.

More glorious than the meeds  
 To Labor choosing Virtue's path sublime,  
 The grand achievers of renowned deeds  
 Up to the seats of gods themselves could climb,  
 Before the dauntless Rescuer of the dead,  
 Bowed down the silent and immortal Host ;  
 And the twin Stars their guiding lustre shed,  
 On the bark tempest-tost !

## xii.

Art thou fair world, no more ?  
 Return, thou virgin-bloom, on Nature's face.  
 Ah, only on the Minstrel's magic shore,  
 Can we the footstep of sweet Fable trace !  
 The meadows mourn for the old hallowing life ;  
 Vainly we search the earth of gods bereft ;  
 And where the image with such warmth was rife,  
 A shade alone is left !

## xiii.

Cold, from the North, has gone  
 Over the flowers the blast that killed their May,  
 And to enrich the worship of the One,  
 A Universe of gods must pass away.  
 Mourning, I search on yonder starry steeps,  
 But thee no more, Selene, there I see !  
 And through the woods I call, and o'er the deeps.  
 No voice replies to me !

## xiv.

Deaf to the joys she gives —  
 Blind to the pomp of which she is possest —  
 Unconscious of the spiritual Power that lives  
 Around and rules her — by our bliss unblest —  
 Dull to the Art that colors or creates,  
 Like the dead time-piece, godless Nature creeps  
 Her plodding round, and, by the leaden weights,  
 The slavish motion keeps.

## xv.

To-morrow to receive  
 New life, she digs her proper grave to-day ;  
 And icy moons with weary sameness weave  
 From their own light their fulness and decay.  
 Home to the Poet's Land the gods are flown,  
 Light use in them that later world discerns,  
 Which, the diviner leading-strings outgrown,  
 On its own axle turns.

## xvi.

Home ! and with them are gone  
 The hues they gazed on and the tones they heard ;  
 Life's Beauty and life's Melody : — alone  
 Broods o'er the desolate void the lifeless word ;

Yet, rescued from Time's deluge, still thy throng  
Unseen the Pindus they were wont to cherish;  
Ah, that which gains immortal life in song,  
To mortal life must perish!

Mrs. Browning's poem, "The Dead Pan," was written to express thoughts and feelings opposed to those set forth by the German poet, Schiller, in the preceding lyric.

She also embodies in it a legend mentioned by Plutarch, according to which, at the time of our Saviour's agony upon the cross, a cry of "Great Pan is dead!" swept across the waves in the hearing of certain mariners — and the oracles ceased.

In early pagan times Pan was the god of the woods and fields and the particular patron of shepherds. As the name signifies *all*, he came to be regarded in later times a symbol of the universe and a personification of Nature. Finally Pan became a representative of all the Greek gods, and of paganism itself. It is in this last character that we must think of him when we read Mrs. Browning's poem.

## THE DEAD PAN.

MRS. BROWNING.

Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,  
Can ye listen in your silence?  
Can your mystic voices tell us  
Where ye hide? In floating islands,  
With a wind that evermore  
Keeps you out of sight of shore?  
Pan, Pan is dead.

In what revels are ye sunken,  
In old Ethiopia?  
Have the pygmies made you drunken  
Bathing in mandragora  
Your divine pale lips that shiver  
Like the lotus in the river?  
Pan, Pan is dead.

Do ye sit there still in slumber,  
In gigantic Alpine rows?  
The black poppies out of number  
Nodding, dripping from your brows  
To the red lees of your wine,  
And so kept alive and fine?  
Pan, Pan is dead.

Or lie crushed your stagnant corpses  
Where the silver spheres roll on,  
Stung to life by centric forces  
Thrown like rays out from the sun?  
While the smoke of your old altars  
Is the shroud that round you welters?  
Great Pan is dead.

Gods of Hellas, gods of Hellas,  
Said the old Hellenic tongue!  
Said the hero-oaths, as well as  
Poet's songs the sweetest sung,  
Have ye grown deaf in a day?  
Can ye speak not yea or nay —  
Since Pan is dead?

Do ye leave your rivers flowing  
All along, O Naiades,  
While your drenched locks dry slow in

This cold feeble sun and breeze ?  
 Not a word the Naiads say,  
 Though the rivers run for aye,  
                                 For Pan is dead.

From the gloaming of the oak wood,  
 O ye Dryads, could ye flee ?  
 At the rushing thunderstroke, would  
 No sob tremble through the tree ?—  
 Not a word the Dryads say,  
 Though the forests wave for aye,  
                                 For Pan is dead.

Have ye left the mountain places  
 Oreads wild, for other tryst ?  
 Shall we see n<sup>o</sup> sudden faces  
 Strike a glory through the mist ?  
 Not a sound the silence thrills  
 Of the everlasting hills.  
                                 Pan, Pan is dead.

O twelve gods of Plato's vision,  
 Crowned to starry wanderings, —  
 With your chariots in procession,  
 And your silver clash of wings !  
 Very pale ye seem to rise,  
 Ghosts of Grecian deities —  
                                 Now, Pan is dead !

Jove, that right hand is unloaded  
 Whence the thunder did prevail ;  
 While in idiocy of godhead  
 Thou art staring the stars pale !  
 And thine eagle, blind and old,  
 Roughs his feathers in the cold.  
                                 Pan, Pan is dead.

Where, O Juno, is the glory  
 Of thy regal look and tread !  
 Will they lay, forevermore, thee,  
 On thy dim, straight golden bed?  
 Will thy queendom all lie hid  
 Meekly under either lid?  
                                 Pan, Pan is dead.

Ha, Apollo ! Floats his golden  
 Hair all mist-like where he stands ;  
 While the Muses hang enfolding  
 Knee and foot with faint wild hands ?  
 'Neath the clanging of thy bow,  
 Niobe looked lost as thou !  
                                 Pan, Pan is dead.

Shall the casque with its brown iron  
 Pallas' broad blue eyes eclipse,  
 And no hero take inspiring  
 From the God-Greek of her lips?  
 'Neath her olive dost thou sit,  
 Mars, the mighty, cursing it?  
                                 Pan, Pan is dead.

Bacchus, Bacchus ! on the panther  
 He swoons, — bound with his own vines !  
 And his Mænads slowly saunter,  
 Head aside, among the pines,  
 While they murmur dreamingly,  
 "Evohe — ah — evohe — !"  
                                 Ah, Pan is dead.

Neptune lies beside the trident,  
 Dull and senseless as a stone ;  
 And old Pluto deaf and silent

From the piled dark behind :  
 And the sun shrank and grew pale,  
 Breathed against by the great wail —  
Pan, Pan is dead.

And the rowers from the benches  
 Fell, — each shuddering on his face —  
 While departing influences  
 Struck a cold back through the place :  
 And the shadow of the ship  
 Reeled along the passive deep —  
Pan, Pan is dead.

And that dismal cry rose slowly,  
 And sank slowly through the air ;  
 Full of spirit's melancholy  
 And eternity's despair !  
 And they heard the words it said —  
 PAN IS DEAD — GREAT PAN IS DEAD —  
PAN, PAN IS DEAD.

'Twas the hour when One in Sion  
 Hung for love's sake on the cross —  
 When His brow was chill with dying,  
 And His soul was faint with loss ;  
 When His priestly blood dropped downward,  
 And His kingly eyes looked throneward —  
*Then*, Pan was dead.

By the love He stood alone in,  
 His sole Godhead stood complete :  
 And the false gods fell down moaning,  
 Each from off his golden seat —  
 All the false gods with a cry  
 Rendered up their deity —  
Pan, Pan was dead.

Wailing wide across the islands,  
 They rent vest-like their Divine !  
 And their darkness and a silence  
 Quenched the light of every shrine,  
 And Dodona's oak swung lonely  
 Henceforth to the tempest only.  
Pan, Pan was dead.

Pythia staggered, — feeling o'er her  
 Her lost god's forsaken look !  
 Straight her eyeballs filmed with horror,  
 And her crispy fillets shook —  
 And her lips gasped through their foam,  
 For a word that did not come.  
Pan, Pan was dead.

O ye vain, false gods of Hellas,  
 Ye are silent evermore !  
 And I dash down this old chalice,  
 Whence libations ran of yore.  
 See ! the wine crawls in the dust,  
 Wormlike as your glories must !  
Since Pan is dead.

By your beauty, which confesses  
 Some chief Beauty conquering you, —  
 By our grand heroic guesses,  
 Through your falsehood at the True, —  
 We will weep *not!* earth shall roll  
 Heir to each god's aureole —  
And Pan is dead.

Earth outgrows the mythic fancies  
 Sung beside her in her youth :  
 And those debonaire romances



Is cast out into the sun.  
Ceres smileth stern thereat,  
"We *all* now are desolate —"  
Now Pan is dead.

Aphrodite! dead and driven  
As thy native foam thou art,  
With the cestus long done heaving  
On the white calm of thy heart!  
Ai Adonis! At that shriek  
Not a tear runs down her cheek —  
Pan, Pan is dead.

And the Loves we used to know from  
One another, — huddled lie,  
Frore as taken in a snow-storm,  
Close beside her tenderly, —  
As if each had weakly tried  
Once to kiss her as he died.  
Pan, Pan is dead.

What, and Hermes! Time enthralleth  
All thy cunning, Hermes, thus, —  
And the ivy blindly crawleth  
Round thy brave caduceus!  
Hast thou no new message for us,  
Full of thunder and Jove-glories?  
Nay, Pan is dead.

Crownéd Cybele's great turret  
Rocks and crumbles on her head:  
Roar the lions of her chariot  
Towards the wilderness, unfed;  
Scornful children are not mute, —  
"Mother, mother, walk a-foot —  
Since Pan is dead!"

In the fiery-hearted centre  
Of the solemn universe,  
Ancient Vesta, — who could enter  
To consume thee with this curse?  
Drop thy gray chin on thy knee,  
O thou palsied mystery!  
For Pan is dead.

Gods! we vainly do adjure you, —  
Ye return nor voice nor sign:  
Not a votary could secure you  
Even a grave for your Divine!  
Not a grave to show thereby,  
Here these gray old gods do lie!  
Pan, Pan is dead.

Even that Greece who took your wages,  
Calls the obolus outworn;  
And the hoarse, deep-throated ages  
Laugh your godships unto scorn —  
And the Poets do disclaim you,  
Or grow colder if they name you —  
And Pan is dead.

Gods bereavéd, gods belated,  
With your purples rent asunder!  
Gods discrowned and desecrated,  
Disinherited of thunder!  
Now the goats may climb and crop  
The soft grass on Ida's top —  
Now Pan is dead.

Calm, of old, the bark went onward,  
When a cry more loud than wind,  
Rose up, deepened, and swept sunward,