

Only give them food to carry,
 Only give them fire to light them.
 'Four days is the spirit's journey
 To the land of ghosts and shadows,
 Four its lonely night encampments;
 Four times must their fires be lighted.
 Therefore, when the dead are buried,
 Let a fire, as night approaches,
 Four times on the grave be kindled,
 That the soul upon its journey
 May not lack the cheerful firelight,
 May not grope about in darkness.
 'Farewell, noble Hiawatha!
 We have put you to the trial,
 To the proof have put your patience,
 By the insult of our presence,
 By the outrage of our actions.
 We have found you great and noble.
 Fail not in the greater trial,
 Faint not in the harder struggle.'
 When they ceased, a sudden darkness
 Fell and filled the silent wigwam.
 Hiawatha heard a rustle
 As of garments trailing by him,
 Heard the curtain of the doorway
 Lifted by a hand he saw not,
 Felt the cold breath of the night air,
 For a moment saw the starlight;
 But he saw the ghosts no longer,
 Saw no more the wandering spirits
 From the kingdom of Ponemah,
 From the land of the Hereafter.

XX

THE FAMINE

Oh, the long and dreary Winter!
 Oh, the cold and cruel Winter!
 Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
 Froze the ice on lake and river,
 Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
 Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
 Fell the covering snow, and drifted
 Through the forest, round the village.
 Hardly from his buried wigwam
 Could the hunter force a passage;
 With his mittens and his snow-shoes
 Vainly walked he through the forest,
 Sought for bird or beast and found none,
 Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
 In the snow beheld no footprints,
 In the ghastly, gleaming forest

Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
 Perished there from cold and hunger.
 Oh the famine and the fever!
 Oh the wasting of the famine!
 Oh the blasting of the fever!
 Oh the wailing of the children!
 Oh the anguish of the women!
 All the earth was sick and famished;
 Hungry was the air around them,
 Hungry was the sky above them,
 And the hungry stars in heaven
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!
 Into Hiawatha's wigwam
 Came two other guests, as silent
 As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
 Waited not to be invited,
 Did not parley at the doorway,
 Sat there without word of welcome
 In the seat of Laughing Water;
 Looked with baggard eyes and hollow
 At the face of Laughing Water.
 And the foremost said: 'Behold me!
 I am Famine, Bukadawin!
 And the other said: 'Behold me!
 I am Fever, Ahkosewin!
 And the lovely Minnehaha
 Shuddered as they looked upon her,
 Shuddered at the words they uttered,
 Lay down on her bed in silence,
 Hid her face, but made no answer;
 Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
 At the looks they cast upon her,
 At the fearful words they uttered.
 Forth into the empty forest
 Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
 In his heart was deadly sorrow,
 In his face a stony firmness;
 On his brow the sweat of anguish
 Started, but it froze and fell not.
 Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
 With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
 With his quiver full of arrows,
 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
 Into the vast and vacant forest
 On his snow-shoes strode he forward.
 'Gitche Manito, the Mighty!
 Cried he with his face uplifted
 In that bitter hour of anguish,
 'Give your children food, O father!
 Give us food, or we must perish!
 Give me food for Minnehaha,
 For my dying Minnehaha!
 Through the far-resounding forest,
 Through the forest vast and vacant

Rang that cry of desolation,
 But there came no other answer
 Than the echo of his crying,
 Than the echo of the woodlands,
 'Minnehaha! Minnehaha!
 All day long roved Hiawatha
 In that melancholy forest,
 Through the shadow of whose thickets,
 In the pleasant days of Summer,
 Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
 He had brought his young wife home-ward
 From the land of the Dacotahs;
 When the birds sang in the thickets,
 And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
 And the air was full of fragrance,
 And the lovely Laughing Water
 Said with voice that did not tremble,
 'I will follow you, my husband!
 In the wigwam with Nokomis,
 With those gloomy guests that watched
 her,
 With the Famine and the Fever,
 She was lying, the Beloved,
 She, the dying Minnehaha.
 'Hark!' she said; 'I hear a rushing,
 Hear a roaring and a rushing,
 Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
 Calling to me from a distance!
 'No, my child!' said old Nokomis,
 'T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!
 'Look!' she said; 'I see my father
 Standing lonely at his doorway,
 Beckoning to me from his wigwam
 In the land of the Dacotahs!
 'No, my child!' said old Nokomis,
 'T is the smoke, that waves and beckons!
 'Ah!' said she, 'the eyes of Pauguk
 Glare upon me in the darkness,
 I can feel his icy fingers
 Clasping mine amid the darkness!
 Hiawatha! Hiawatha!
 And the desolate Hiawatha,
 Far away amid the forest,
 Miles away among the mountains,
 Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
 Heard the voice of Minnehaha
 Calling to him in the darkness,
 'Hiawatha! Hiawatha!
 Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
 Under snow-encumbered branches,
 Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
 Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
 Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
 'Wahonowin! Wahonowin!

Would that I had perished for you,
 Would that I were dead as you are!
 Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
 And he rushed into the wigwam,
 Saw the old Nokomis slowly
 Rocking to and fro and moaning,
 Saw his lovely Minnehaha
 Lying dead and cold before him,
 And his bursting heart within him
 Uttered such a cry of anguish,
 That the forest moaned and shuddered,
 That the very stars in heaven
 Shook and trembled with his anguish.
 Then he sat down, still and speech-
 less,
 On the bed of Minnehaha,
 At the feet of Laughing Water,
 At those willing feet, that never
 More would lightly run to meet him,
 Never more would lightly follow.
 With both hands his face he covered,
 Seven long days and nights he sat there,
 As if in a swoon he sat there,
 Speechless, motionless, unconscious
 Of the daylight or the darkness.
 Then they buried Minnehaha;
 In the snow a grave they made her,
 In the forest deep and darksome,
 Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
 Clothed her in her richest garments,
 Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
 Covered her with snow, like ermine;
 Thus they buried Minnehaha.
 And at night a fire was lighted,
 On her grave four times was kindled,
 For her soul upon its journey
 To the Islands of the Blessed.
 From his doorway Hiawatha
 Saw it burning in the forest,
 Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
 From his sleepless bed uprising,
 From the bed of Minnehaha,
 Stood and watched it at the doorway,
 That it might not be extinguished,
 Might not leave her in the darkness.
 'Farewell!' said he, 'Minnehaha!
 Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
 All my heart is buried with you,
 All my thoughts go onward with you!
 Come not back again to labor,
 Come not back again to suffer,
 Where the Famine and the Fever
 Wear the heart and waste the body.
 Soon my task will be completed,
 Soon your footsteps I shall follow

To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!

180

XXI

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT

In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as a snow-drift;
Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shook and trembled,
Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered white-skin-wrapper,
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest,
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm,
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

10

All the coals were white with ashes,
And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,
Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,
Bound his forehead was with grasses;
Bound and plumed with scented grasses,
On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,
In his hand a bunch of blossoms
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

20

'Ah, my son!' exclaimed the old man,
'Happy are my eyes to see you.
Sit here on the mat beside me,
Sit here by the dying embers,
Let us pass the night together,
Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands where you have travelled;
I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder.'

30

From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,
Very old and strangely fashioned;
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,
And the stem a reed with feathers;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it,
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,
And began to speak in this wise:
'When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water!'

40

And the young man answered, smiling:

'When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers!'

50

'When I shake my hoary tresses,'
Said the old man darkly frowning,
'All the land with snow is covered;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo! they are not.
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flintstone!'

60

'When I shake my flowing ringlets,'
Said the young man, softly laughing,
'Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back into their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage!'

70

While they spake, the night departed:
From the distant realms of Wabun,
From his shining lodge of silver,
Like a warrior robed and painted,
Came the sun, and said, 'Behold me
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me!'

80

Then the old man's tongue was speechless
And the air grew warm and pleasant,
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

90

And Segwun, the youthful stranger,
More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him;
It was Peboan, the Winter!

From his eyes the tears were flowing,
As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished,
And the young man saw before him,
On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,

100

Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time,
Saw the Beauty of the Spring-time,
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the North-land
After that unheard-of coldness,
That intolerable Winter,
Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

110

Sailing on the wind to northward,
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,
Speaking almost as a man speaks;
And in long lines waving, bending
Like a bow-string snapped asunder,
Came the white goose, Waw-be-wawa;
And in pairs, or singly flying,
Mahng the loon, with clangorous pinions,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

120

In the thickets and the meadows
Piped the bluebird, the Owaissa,
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
In the covert of the pine-trees
Cooed the pigeon, the Omemece;
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,
Heard their voices calling to him,
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,
Stood and gazed into the heaven,
Gazed upon the earth and waters.

130

From his wanderings far to eastward,
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
The great traveller, the great boaster,
Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders.

140

And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing answered him in this wise:
'Ugh! it is indeed Iagoo!
No one else beholds such wonders!'

He had seen, he said, a water
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumece,
Bitter so that none could drink it!
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said, 'It cannot be so!
Kaw!' they said, 'it cannot be so!'

150

'O'er it,' said he, 'o'er this water
Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops!
And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other;

160

'Kaw!' they said, 'we don't believe it!'
From its mouth, he said, to greet him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
Came the thunder, Annemeekie!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo;
'Kaw!' they said, 'what tales you tell
us!'

170

'In it,' said he, 'came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors;
Painted white were all their faces
And with hair their chins were covered!
And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,
Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.
'Kaw!' they said, 'what lies you tell
us!'

180

Do not think that we believe them!

Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting:
'True is all Iagoo tells us;

I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining lands of Wabun.

190

'Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White-man's Foot in blossom.

200

'Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.

Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.
'I beheld, too, in that vision

All the secrets of the future,
 Of the distant days that shall be.
 I beheld the westward marches
 Of the unknown, crowded nations.
 All the land was full of people,
 Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
 Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
 But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
 In the woodlands rang their axes,
 Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
 Over all the lakes and rivers
 Rushed their great canoes of thunder.
 'Then a darker, drearier vision
 Passed before me, vague and cloud-like;
 I beheld our nation scattered,
 All forgetful of my counsels,
 Weakened, warring with each other:
 Saw the remnants of our people
 Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
 Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
 Like the withered leaves of Autumn!' 230

XXII

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 At the doorway of his wigwam,
 In the pleasant summer morning,
 Hiawatha stood and waited.
 All the air was full of freshness,
 All the earth was bright and joyous,
 And before him, through the sunshine,
 Westward toward the neighboring forest
 Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
 Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
 Burning, singing in the sunshine.
 Bright above him shone the heavens,
 Level spread the lake before him;
 From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
 Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
 On its margin the great forest
 Stood reflected in the water,
 Every tree-top had its shadow,
 Motionless beneath the water.
 From the brow of Hiawatha
 Gone was every trace of sorrow,
 As the fog from off the water,
 As the mist from off the meadow.
 With a smile of joy and triumph,
 With a look of exultation,
 As of one who in a vision
 Sees what is to be, but is not,
 Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,¹ 30
 Both the palms spread out against it,
 And between the parted fingers
 Fell the sunshine on his features,
 Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
 As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
 Through the rifted leaves and branches.
 O'er the water floating, flying,
 Something in the hazy distance,
 Something in the mists of morning,
 Loomed and lifted from the water,
 Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
 Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.
 Was it Shingebis the diver?
 Or the pelican, the Shada?
 Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?
 Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
 With the water dripping, flashing.
 From its glossy neck and feathers?
 It was neither goose nor diver,
 Neither pelican nor heron,
 O'er the water floating, flying,
 Through the shining mist of morning,
 But a birch canoe with paddles,
 Rising, sinking on the water,
 Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;
 And within it came a people
 From the distant land of Wabun,
 From the farthest realms of morning
 Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
 He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
 With his guides and his companions.
 And the noble Hiawatha,
 With his hands aloft extended,
 Held aloft in sign of welcome,
 Waited, full of exultation,
 Till the birch canoe with paddles
 Grated on the shining pebbles,
 Stranded on the sandy margin,
 Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
 With the cross upon his bosom,
 Landed on the saudy margin.
 Then the joyous Hiawatha
 Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
 'Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
 When you come so far to see us!
 All our town in peace awaits you,
 All our doors stand open for you;
 You shall enter all our wigwams,
 For the heart's right hand we give you.
 'Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
 Never shone the sun so brightly,

¹ In this manner, and with such salutations, was Father Marquette received by the Illinois. See his *Voyages et Découvertes*, section v. (LONGFELLOW.)

As to-day they shine and blossom
 When you come so far to see us!
 Never was our lake so tranquil,
 Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;
 For your birch canoe in passing
 Has removed both rock and sand-bar.
 'Never before had our tobacco
 Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
 Never the broad leaves of our cornfields
 Were so beautiful to look on,
 As they seem to us this morning,
 When you come so far to see us!'
 And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
 Stammered in his speech a little,
 Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
 'Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
 Peace be with you and your people,
 Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
 Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!' 100
 Then the generous Hiawatha
 Led the strangers to his wigwam,
 Seated them on skins of bison,
 Seated them on skins of ermine,
 And the careful old Nokomis
 Brought them food in bowls of basswood,
 Water brought in birchen dippers,
 And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
 Filled and lighted for their smoking.
 All the old men of the village,
 All the warriors of the nation,
 All the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,
 The magicians, the Wabenos,
 And the Medicine-men, the Medas,
 Came to bid the strangers welcome;
 'It is well,' they said, 'O brothers,
 That you come so far to see us!'
 In a circle round the doorway,
 With their pipes they sat in silence,
 Waiting to behold the strangers,
 Waiting to receive their message;
 Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
 From the wigwam came to greet them,
 Stammering in his speech a little,
 Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
 'It is well,' they said, 'O brother,
 That you come so far to see us!'
 Then the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
 Told his message to the people,
 Told the purport of his mission,
 Told them of the Virgin Mary,
 And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
 How in distant lands and ages
 He had lived on earth as we do;
 How he fasted, prayed, and labored;

How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
 Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
 How he rose from where they laid him,
 Walked again with his disciples,
 And ascended into heaven. 140
 And the chiefs made answer, saying:
 'We have listened to your message,
 We have heard your words of wisdom,
 We will think on what you tell us.
 It is well for us, O brothers,
 That you come so far to see us!'
 Then they rose up and departed
 Each one homeward to his wigwam,
 To the young men and the women
 Told the story of the strangers 150
 Whom the Master of Life had sent
 them
 From the shining land of Wabun.
 Heavy with the heat and silence
 Grew the afternoon of summer;
 With a drowsy sound the forest
 Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
 With a sound of sleep the water
 Rippled on the beach below it;
 From the cornfields shrill and ceaseless
 Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena; 160
 And the guests of Hiawatha,
 Weary with the heat of Summer,
 Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.
 Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
 Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
 And the long and level sunbeams
 Shot their spears into the forest,
 Breaking through its shields of shadow,
 Rushed into each secret ambush,
 Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow; 170
 Still the guests of Hiawatha
 Slumbered in the silent wigwam.
 From his place rose Hiawatha,
 Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
 Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
 Did not wake the guests, that slumbered:
 'I am going, O Nokomis,
 On a long and distant journey,
 To the portals of the Sunset,
 To the regions of the home-wind, 180
 Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin.
 But these guests I leave behind me,
 In your watch and ward I leave them;
 See that never harm comes near them,
 See that never fear molests them,
 Never danger nor suspicion,
 Never want of food or shelter,
 In the lodge of Hiawatha!'

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors, 190
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:
'I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have vanished
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you, 200
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!'
On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, 'Westward! westward!'
And with speed it darted forward. 210
And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward, Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,

MY LOST YOUTH

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town¹
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

¹ From Longfellow's *Journal*: March 29, 1855—At night as I lie in bed, a poem comes into my mind,—a memory of Portland,—my native town, the city by the sea.

Siede la terra dove nato fui
Sulla marina.

March 30—Wrote the poem; and am rather pleased with it, and with the bringing in of the two lines of the old Lapland song,

'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'
(*Life*, vol. ii., p. 284.)

Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening. 220
And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.
And they said, 'Farewell forever!'
Said, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'
And the forests, dark and lonely, 230
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen-lands,
Screamed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'
Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved, 240
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!
June 25, 1854—Mar. 21, 1855. Nov. 1855.

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees, 10
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

I remember the black wharves and the
slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free; 20
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar, 30
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

I remember the sea-fight far away,¹
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died. 41
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of
doves
In quiet neighborhoods. 50
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song 60
Sings on, and is never still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;

¹ This was the engagement between the *Enterprise* and *Boxer* off the harbor of Portland, in which both captains were slain. They were buried side by side in the cemetery on Mountjoy. (LONGFELLOW.)

The fight took place in 1813. The *Enterprise* was an American brig, the *Boxer*, an English one. The fight, which could be seen from the shore, lasted for three quarters of an hour, when the *Enterprise* came into the harbor, bringing her captive with her. (*Cambridge Edition*.)

There are thoughts that make the strong
heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill: 70
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-
known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will, 80
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.'

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,²
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long
thoughts.' 90
1855 (1858.)

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF
AGASSIZ³

MAY 28, 1857

It was fifty years ago
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.'

² See the *Life*, vol. i, p. 25.

³ A dinner was given to Agassiz on his fiftieth birthday, at which Longfellow presided, and poems were read by Longfellow, Holmes, and Lowell.

See Longfellow's 'Noel,' and 'Three Friends of Mine,' Lowell's 'Agassiz,' Whittier's 'The Prayer of Agassiz,' Holmes's 'A Farewell to Agassiz' and 'At the Saturday Club,' and T. W. Parsons's Sonnet, 'Agassiz.'

'Come, wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.' 10

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale. 20

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud;

Though at times he hears in his dreams
The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold;

And the mother at home says, 'Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!' 30
1857. (1858.)

DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, 'O mists, make room for me.'

It hailed the ships, and cried, 'Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone.'

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, 'Awake! it is the day.'

It said unto the forest, 'Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!'

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, 'O bird, awake and sing.' 10

And o'er the farms, 'O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near.'

It whispered to the fields of corn,
'Bow down, and hail the coming morn.'

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
'Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour.'

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, 'Not yet! in quiet lie.' 10
1857. (1858.)

SANTA FILOMENA¹

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs, 10
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp, —

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors. 20

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly, 30
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

¹ For the legend, see Mrs. Jameson's *Legendary Art* (ii, 298). The modern application you will not miss. In Italian, one may say *Filomela* or *Filomena*. (LONGFELLOW.) The 'modern application' is to Florence Nightingale.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good, 40
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore. 1857.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH¹

I

MILES STANDISH

IN the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the
land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and
primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cor-
dovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish
the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his
hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering
weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls
of the chamber, —
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty
sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its
mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowl-
ing-piece, musket, and matchlock. 10
Short of stature he was, but strongly built
and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with
muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet
beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges
sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend
and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of
pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon
complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the
beauty thereof, as the captives

Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed,
'Not Angles, but Angels.'
Youngest of all was he of the men who
came in the Mayflower. 20

Suddenly breaking the silence, the dili-
gent scribe interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles
Standish the Captain of Plymouth.
'Look at these arms,' he said, 'the war-
like weapons that hang here
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for
parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought
with in Flanders; this breastplate,
Well I remember the day! once saved my
life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dint of
the bullet
Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish
arcabucero.
Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgot-
ten bones of Miles Standish
Would at this moment be mould, in their
grave in the Flemish morasses.' 30
Thereupon answered John Alden, but
looked not up from his writing:
'Truly the breath of the Lord hath slack-
ened the speed of the bullet;
He in his mercy preserved you, to be our
shield and our weapon!'
Still the Captain continued, unheeding the
words of the stripling:
'See, how bright they are burnished, as if
in an arsenal hanging;
That is because I have done it myself, and
not left it to others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served,
is an excellent adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your
pens and your inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great,
invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his
rest and his matchlock, 40

¹ Priscilla's reply to John Alden was a well-known tradition before Longfellow took up the story. Longfellow himself, and also the poet Bryant, were descendants of John and Priscilla Alden. For the details of colonial life, Longfellow followed especially Elliott's *History of New England*, which he read in 1857. (*Life*, vol. ii, pp. 328-329.)