

149 FROM THE TRAGEDY OF KING JOHN—CONTINUED.

[Interview of Hubert with Arthur, in which Hubert purposes to fulfill the murderous commission described in the preceding exercise, on which he was sent by King John.]

Hubert. Heat me these irons hot, and look thou stand
Within the arras:¹ when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

¹ *Attendant.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hubert. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.

[*Attendants retire.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arthur. Good-morrow, Hubert.

Hubert. Good-morrow, little prince.

Arthur. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hubert. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arthur. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yêt I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hubert. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:

¹ Ar'ras, tapestry; hangings of tapestry, made first at Arras, in France.

Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

[*Aside.*]

Arthur. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day.

In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hubert. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now, foolish rheum!¹

[*Aside*]

Turning spiteous² torture out of door!

I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.
Can you net read it? Is it not fair writ?

Arthur. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hubert. Young boy, I must.

Arthur. And will you?

Hubert. And I will.

Arthur. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache
I knit my handkerchief about your brows
(The best I had—a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hubert. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

¹ Rheum (rûm), tears.—² Dispit'eous, malicious; furious.

Arthur. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it,
The iron, of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence :
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?
And if an āngel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no¹ tongue but Hubert's.

Hubert. Come förth.

[Stamps.

Reënter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arthur. Oh, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hubert. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arthur. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough ?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the irons angerly ;
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torments you do put me to.

Hubert. Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

1 Atten. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[Attendants retire.

Arthur. Alas! I then have chid away my friend :
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hubert. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arthur. Is there no remedy ?

Hubert. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arthur. O heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,

¹ The two negatives in this line are a poetic license.

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hubert. Is this your promise? Go to; hold your tongue.

Arthur. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes ; oh, spare mine eyes :
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my tröth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hubert. I can heat it, boy.

Arthur. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,—
Being create¹ for comfort—to be used
In undeserved extremes : see else yourself :
There is no malice in this burning coal ;
The breath of heaven hath blown its spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hubert. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arthur. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert ;
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes,
And like a dög that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that does tarre² him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their öffice ; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,—
Creatures³ of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hubert. Well, see to live : I will not touch thine eyes
For all the trëasure that thine uncle owes ;⁴
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same vëry iron to burn them out.

Arthur. Oh, now you look like Hubert! all this while

¹ Cre äte', poetical license for *created*.—² Tärre, to excite ; to set on.—
³ Creature (krët' yer), any thing created ; hence Shakspeare here calls
fire and iron *creatures*.—⁴ Owes, owns.

You were disguised.

Hubert. Peace: no more. Adieu!—
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these döggèd' spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arthur. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hubert. Silence: no more. Go closely in with me:
Much dānger do I undergo for thee.

150. FROM THE TRAGEDY OF KING JOHN—CONCLUDED

[Prince Arthur is supposed to have been assassinated.]

Hubert. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixèd; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hubert. Old men, and beldams,² in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
While he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and mēasure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:
Another lean, unwash'd artificer³

Dög' ged, sullen; sour; severe.—² Bèl' dām, old or scolding woman.
—³ Ar tī' i cer, a mechanic; a contriver.

Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hubert. Had none, my lord! Why, did not you provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dāngerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.

Hubert. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!¹
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhōrr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employed in dānger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death,
And thou, to be endearèd to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hubert. My lord—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in ex'press words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;

¹ Dām nā' tior, condemnation.

Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
 Out of my sight, and never see me more!
 My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
 Ever at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,¹
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hubert. Arm you against your other enemies;
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
 And you have slander'd nature in my form;
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? Oh, haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incens'd rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience!
 Forgive the comment that my passion made
 Upon thy features; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 Oh, answer not; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

SHAKESPEARE.

151. THE HISTORY OF PRINCE ARTHUR.

AT two-and-thirty years of age, in the year 1200, John became king of England. His pretty² little nephew, Arthur,

¹ "Fleshly land," "kingdom," "confine of blood and breath" — these expressions mean his own body, or person. — ² Pretty (prī'ty).

had the best claim to the throne; but John seized the treasure, and made fine promises to the nobility, and got himself crowned at Westminster within a few weeks after his brother Richard's death. I doubt whether the crown could possibly have been put upon the head of a meaner coward, or a more detestable villain, if the country had been searched from end to end to find him out.

2. The French king, Philip, refused to acknowledge the right of John to his new dignity, and declared in favor of Arthur. You must not suppose that he had any generosity of feeling for the fatherless boy; it merely suited his ambitious schemes to oppose the king of England. So John and the French king went to war about Arthur.

3. He was a handsome boy, at that time only twelve years old. He was not born when his father, Geoffrey, had his brains trampled out at the tournament;¹ and, besides the misfortune of never having known a father's guidance and protection, he had the additional misfortune to have a foolish mother (Constance by name), lately married to her third husband. She took Arthur, upon John's accession,² to the French king, who pretended to be very much his friend, and made him a knight,³ and promised him his daughter in marriage; but who cared so little about him in reality, that, finding it his interest to make peace with King John for a time, he did so without the least consideration for the poor little prince, and heartlessly sacrificed⁴ all his interests.

4. Young Arthur, for two years afterward, lived quietly; and in the course of that time his mother died. But the French king, then finding it his interest to quarrel with King John again, again made Arthur his pretense,⁵ and invited the orphan boy to court. "You know your rights, prince," said the French king, "and you would like to be a king. Is it not so?" "Truly," said Prince Arthur, "I should greatly like to be a king!"

¹ Tournament (tēr'na mēt), a mock fight by men on horseback, practiced as a sport in the middle ages. — ² Accession (ak sēsh'ūn), coming to the throne; becoming king. — ³ Knight, a military dignity; an officer of rank in old times. — ⁴ Sacrificed (sāk'ri fīzd) destroyed, or given up for something else. — ⁵ Pre tēnsē', a show of what is not real; a holding out of something feigned or false.

"Then," said Philip, "you shall have two hundred gentlemen who are knights of mine, and with them you shall go to win back the provinces belonging to you, of which your uncle, the usurping king of England, has taken possession. I myself, meanwhile, will head a force against him in Normandy."¹

5. Prince Arthur went to attack the town of Mirebeau,² because his grandmother, Eleanor, was living there, and because his knights said, "Prince, if you can take her prisoner, you will be able to bring the king, your uncle, to terms!" But she was not to be easily taken. She was old enough by this time—eighty; but she was as full of stratagem as she was full of years and wickedness.

6. Receiving intelligence of young Arthur's approach, she shut herself up in a high tower, and encouraged her soldiers to defend it like men. Prince Arthur with his little army besieged the high tower. King John, hearing how matters stood, came up to the rescue with his army. So here was a strange family party! The boy-prince besieging his grandmother, and his uncle besieging him.

7. This position of affairs did not last long. One summer night, King John, by treachery, got his men into the town, surprised Prince Arthur's force, took two hundred of his knights, and seized the prince himself, in his bed. The knights were put in heavy irons, and driven away in open carts, drawn by bullocks, to various dungeons, where they were most inhumanly treated, and where some of them were starved to death. Prince Arthur was sent to the castle of Falaise.³

8. One day, while he was in prison at that castle, mournfully thinking it strange that one so young should be in so much trouble, and looking out of the small window in the deep, dark wall, at the summer sky and the birds, the door was softly opened, and he saw his uncle, the king, standing in the shadow of the archway, looking very grim.

¹ Normandy, an ancient province of France, bounded north and west by the English Channel.—² Mirebeau (Mère bô'), a town of France, department of Vienne, 16 miles N. N. W. of Poitiers (pwa te à').—³ Falaise (fâ lâz'), a town of France. The castle occupies a commanding position, and before the invention of gunpowder was a place of great strength.

9 "Arthur," said the king, with his wicked eyes more on the stone floor than on his nephew, "will you not trust to the gentleness, the friendship, and the truthfulness of your loving uncle?" "I will tell my loving uncle that," replied the boy "when he does me right. Let him restore to me my kingdom of England, and then come to me and ask the question."

10. The king looked at him and went out. "Keep that boy close prisoner," said he to the warden¹ of the castle. Then the king took secret counsel with the worst² of his nobles, how the prince was to be got rid of. Some said, "Put out his eyes and keep him in prison, as Robert of Normandy was kept." Others said, "Have him stabbed." Others, "Have him hanged." Others, "Have him poisoned."

11. King John, feeling that in any case, whatever was done afterward, it would be a satisfaction to his mind to have those handsome eyes burnt out, that had looked at him so proudly, while his own royal eyes were blinking at the stone floor, sent certain ruffians to Falaise to blind the boy with red-hot irons. But Arthur so pathetically entreated them, and shed such piteous tears, and so appealed to Hubert de Bourg, the warden of the castle, who had a love for him, and was a merciful, tender man, that Hubert could not bear it. To his eternal honor, he prevented the torture from being performed; and, at his own risk, sent the savages away.

12. The chafed and disappointed king bethought himself of the stabbing suggestion next; and, with his shuffling manner and his cruel face, proposed it to one William de Bray. "I am a gentleman and not an executioner," said William de Bray, and left the presence with disdain. But it was not difficult for a king to hire a murderer in those days. King John found one for his money, and sent him down to the castle of Falaise. "On what errand dost thou come?" said Hubert to this fellow. "To dispatch young Arthur," he returned. "Go back to him who sent thee," answered Hubert, "and say that I will do it!"

13. King John, very well knowing that Hubert would never do it, but that he evasively sent this reply to save the prince or gain time, dispatched messengers to convey the young prisoner

¹ Warden (wâr' dn), keeper.—² Worst (wêrst).

to the castle of Rouen.¹ Arthur was soon forced from the kind Hubert,—of whom he had never stood in greater need than then,—carried away by night, and lodged in his new prison: where, through his grated window, he could hear the deep waters of the river Seine rippling against the stone wall below.

14. One dark night, as he lay sleeping, dreaming, perhaps, of rescue by those unfortunate gentlemen who were obscurely suffering and dying in his cause, he was roused, and bidden by his jailer to come down the staircase to the foot of the tower. He hurriedly dressed himself, and obeyed. When they came to the bottom of the winding stairs, and the night air from the river blew upon their faces, the jailer trod upon his torch, and put it out. Then Arthur, in the darkness, was hurriedly drawn into a solitary boat; and in that boat he found his uncle and one other man.

15. He knelt to them, and prayed them not to murder him. Deaf to his entreaties, they stabbed him, and sunk his body in the river with heavy stones. When the spring morning broke, the tower-door was closed, the boat was gone, the river sparkled on its way, and never more was any trace of the poor boy beheld by mortal eyes.

CHARLES DICKENS.

152. THE DREAM.

1. I HAD a dream—a strange, wild dream—
Said a dear voice at early light;
And even yet its shadows seem
To linger in my waking sight.
2. Earth green with spring, and fresh with dew,
And bright with morn, before me stood;
And airs just wakened, softly blew
On the young blossoms of the wood.
3. Birds sang within the sprouting shade,
Bees humm'd amid the whispering grass,
And children prattled as they play'd
Beside the rivulet's dimpling glass.

¹ Rou'en, a city of France, 68 miles N. W. of Paris.

4. Fast climb'd the sun! the flowers were flown,
There play'd no children in the glen;
For some were gone, and some were grown
To blooming dames and bearded men.
5. 'Twas noon, 'twas summer; I beheld
Woods darkening in the flush of day,
And that bright rivulet spread and swell'd,
A mighty stream with creek and bay.
6. And here was love, and there was strife,
And mirthful shouts, and wrathful cries,
And strong men, struggling as for life,
With knotted limbs and angry eyes.
7. Now stooped the sun—the shades grew thin;
The rustling paths were piled with leaves;
And sunburnt groups were gathering in
From the shorn field its fruits and sheaves.
8. The river heaved with sullen sounds;
The chilly wind was sad with moans;
Black hearses pass'd, and burial-grounds
Grew thick with monumental stones.
9. Still waned² the day; the wind that chased
The jagged clouds blew chillier yet;
The woods were stripp'd, the fields were waste,
The wintry sun was near its set.
10. And of the young, and strong, and fair,
A lonely remnant, gray and weak,
Linger'd and shiver'd to the air
Of that bleak shore and water bleak.
11. Ah! age is drear, and death is cold!
I turn'd to thee, for thou wert near,
And saw thee wither'd, bow'd, and old,
And woke, all faint with sudden fear.

¹ Monumental, pertaining to a monument or tomb; preserving memory.—² Waned, decreased; wasted.

12. 'Twas thus I heard the dreamer say,
And bade her clear her clouded brow;
"For thou and I, since childhood's day,
Have walked in such a dream till now.
13. "Watch we in calmness, as they rise,
The changes of that rapid dream,
And note its lessons, till our eyes
Shall open in the morning beam." W. C. BRYANT.

153. THE WHITE STONE CANOE.

THERE was once a very beautiful young girl, who died suddenly on the day she was to have been married to a handsome young man. He was also brave, but his heart was not proof against this loss. From the hour she was buried, there was no more joy or peace for him. He went often to visit the spot where the women had buried her, and sat musing there, when, it was thought, by some of his friends, he would have done better to try to amuse himself in the chase, or by diverting his thoughts in the war-path. But war and hunting had both lost their charms for him. His heart was already dead within him. He pushed aside both his war-club and his bow and arrows.

2. He had heard the old people say, that there was a path that led to the land of souls, and he determined to follow it. He accordingly set out, one morning, after having completed his preparations for the journey. At first he hardly knew which way to go. He was only guided by the tradition that he must go south. For a while he could see no change in the face of the country. Forests, and hills, and valleys, and streams had the same looks which they wore in his native place. There was snow on the ground when he set out, and it was sometimes seen to be piled and matted on the thick trees and bushes. At length it began to diminish, and finally disappeared. The forest assumed a more cheerful appearance, the leaves put forth their buds, and before he was aware of the completeness of the change, he found himself surrounded by spring.

3. He had left behind him the land of snow and ice. The air became mild, the dark clouds of winter had rolled away from the sky; a pure field of blue was above him, and as he went he saw flowers beside his path, and heard the songs of birds. By these signs he knew that he was going the right way, for they agreed with the traditions of his tribe. At length he spied a path. It led him through a grove, then up a long and elevated ridge, on the very top of which he came to a lodge. At the door stood an old man, with white hair, whose eyes, though deeply sunk, had a fiery brilliancy. He had a long robe of skins thrown loosely around his shoulders, and a staff in his hands.

4. The young Chippewyan began to tell his story; but the venerable chief arrested him before he had proceeded to speak ten words. "I have expected you," he replied, "and had just risen to bid you welcome to my abode. She whom you seek passed here but a few days since, and being fatigued with her journey, rested herself here. Enter my lodge and be seated, and I will then satisfy your inquiries, and give you directions for your journey from this point." Having done this, they both issued forth to the lodge door. "You see yonder gulf," said he, "and the wide-stretching blue plains beyond. It is the land of souls. You stand upon its borders, and my lodge is the gate of entrance. But you can not take your body along. Leave it here with your bow and arrows, your bundle, and your dog. You will find them safe on your return."

5. So saying, he reentered the lodge, and the freed traveler bounded forward as if his feet had suddenly been endowed with the power of wings. But all things retained their natural colors and shapes. The woods and leaves, and streams and lakes, were only more bright and comely than he had ever witnessed. Animals bounded across his path, with a freedom and a confidence which seemed to tell him there was no blood shed here. Birds of beautiful plumage inhabited the groves, and sported in the waters. There was but one thing in which he saw a very unusual effect. He noticed that his passage was not stopped by trees or other objects. He appeared to walk directly through them. They were, in fact, but the souls or shadows of material trees. He became sensible that he was in a land of shadows.

6. When he had traveled half a day's journey, through a

country which was continually becoming more attractive, he came to the banks of a broad lake, in the center of which was a large and beautiful island. He found a canoe of shining white stone, tied to the shore. He was now sure that he had come the right path, for the aged man had told him of this. There were also shining paddles. He immediately entered the canoe, and took the paddles in his hands, when, to his joy and surprise, on turning round he beheld the object of his search in another canoe, exactly its counterpart in every thing. She had exactly imitated his motions, and they were side by side.

7. They at once pushed out from shore and began to cross the lake. Its waves seemed to be rising, and at a distance looked ready to swallow them up; but just as they entered the whitened edge of them they seemed to melt away, as if they were but the images of waves. But no sooner was one wreath of foam passed, than another, more threatening still, rose up. Thus they were in perpetual fear; and what added to it, was the *clearness of the water*, through which they could see heaps of beings who had perished before, and whose bones lay strewn on the bottom of the lake. The Master of Life had, however, decreed to let them pass, for the actions of neither of them had been bad. But they saw many others struggling and sinking in the waves. Old men and young men, males and females of all ages and ranks, were there; some passed and some sank. It was only the little children whose canoes seemed to meet no waves.

8. At length every difficulty was gone, as in a moment, and they both leaped out on the happy island. They felt that the very air was food. It strengthened and nourished them. They wandered together over the blissful fields, where every thing was formed to please the eye and the ear. There were no tempests—there was no ice, no chilly winds—no one shivered for the want of warm clothes: no one suffered for hunger—no one mourned for the dead. They saw no graves. They heard of no wars. There was no hunting of animals; for the air itself was their food. Gladly would the young warrior have remained there forever, but he was obliged to go back for his body. He did not see the Master of Life, but he heard his voice in a soft breeze.

9. "Go back," said this voice, "to the land from whence you came. Your time has not yet come. The duties for which I made you, and which you are to perform, are not yet finished. Return to your people, and accomplish the duties of a good man. You will be the ruler of your tribe for many days. The rules you must observe will be told you by my messenger, who keeps the gate. When he surrenders back your body, he will tell you what to do. Listen to him and you shall afterward rejoin the spirit, which you must now leave behind. She is accepted and will be ever here, as young and as happy as she was when I first called her from the land of snows." When this voice ceased, the narrātor awoke. It was the fancy work of a dream, and he was still in the bitter land of snows, and hunger, and tears.

H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

154. WHERE IS THE SPIRIT-LAND?

1. ANSWER me, burning stars of night!
Where hath the spirit gone,
That past the reach of human sight,
E'en as a breeze, hath flown?
And the stars answer'd me—"We roll
In light and power on high;
But of the never-dying soul,
Ask things that can not die!"
2. O many-toned and chainless wind,
Thou art a wanderer free,
Tell me if thou its place canst find,
Far over mount and sea?
And the wind murmur'd in reply—
"The blue deep I have cross'd,
And met its barks and billows high,
But not what thou hast lost."
3. Ye clouds that gorgeously repose
Around the setting sun,
Answer! have ye a home for those
Whose earthly race is run?

The bright clouds answer'd—"We depart,
We vanish from the sky;
Ask what is deathless in thy heart
For that which can not die!"

4. Speak, then, thou voice of Gōd within!
Thou of the deep, low tone,
Answer me! through life's restless din,
Where hath the spirit flown?
And the voice answer'd—"Be thou still!
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds, and stars their task fulfill—
Thine is to trust in Heaven!" Mrs. HEMANS.

155. QUEEN ISABELLA, OF SPAIN.

HER person was of the middle height, and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light-blue eyes and auburn hair, a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular, and universally allowed to be uncommonly handsome. The illusion which attaches to rank, more especially when united with engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the encomiums¹ so liberally lavished on her. But they would seem to be in a great measure justified by the portraits that remain of her, which combine a faultless symmetry² of features, with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression.

2. Her manners were most gracious and pleasing. They were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability³ which flowed from the kindness of her disposition. She was the last person to be approached with undue familiarity; yet the respect which she imposed was mingled with the strongest feelings of devotion and love.

3. She showed great tact in accommodating herself to the peculiar situation and character of those around her. She ap-

¹ En cō' mi um, a high commendation; praise.—² Sym' me try, proportion of parts to each other, or to the whole; harmony.—³ Af fa bil' ity, easy of access; readiness to converse

peared in arms at the head of her troops, and shrunk from none of the hardships of war. During the reforms introduced into the religious houses, she visited the nunneries¹ in person, taking her needle-work with her, and passing the day in the society of the inmates. When traveling in Galicia,² she attired herself in the costume³ of the country, borrowing for that purpose the jewels and other ornaments of the ladies there, and returning them with liberal additions. By this condescending and captivating deportment, as well as by her higher qualities, she gained an ascendancy⁴ over her turbulent⁵ subjects, which no king of Spain could ever boast.

4. She spoke the Castilian⁶ with much elegance and correctness. She had an easy fluency of discourse, which, though generally of a serious complexion, was occasionally seasoned with agreeable sallies, some of which have passed into proverbs. She was temperate, even to abstemiousness,⁷ in her diet, seldom or never tasting wine; and so frugal in her table, that the daily expenses for herself and family did not exceed the moderate sum of forty ducats.⁸

5. She was equally simple and economical in her apparel. On all public occasions, indeed, she displayed a royal magnificence;⁹ but she had no relish for it in private, and she freely gave away her clothes and jewels, as presents to her friends. Naturally of a sedate, though cheerful temper, she had little taste for the frivolous amusements which make up so much of a court life; and, if she encouraged the presence of minstrels and musicians in her palace, it was to wean her young nobility from the coarser and less intellectual pleasures to which they were addicted.

¹ Nūn' ner ies, religious houses for females called nuns, who have forsaken the world.—² Galicia (gal ish' e a), an old province of Spain.—³ Cos tūme', established mode of dress; peculiar dress.—⁴ As cēnd' en cy, superior or controlling influence.—⁵ Turbulent (tēr' bu lent), riotous; violent; mutinous.—⁶ Castilian (kas tēl' yan), the language spoken in Castile, considered the most elegant dialect of Spain.—⁷ Ab stē' mi ousness, a sparing use of food, or strong drink.—⁸ Duc' at, a coin of several countries in Europe, struck in territory governed by a duke. A silver ducat is generally of nearly the value of an American dollar, and a gold ducat of twice the value.—⁹ Mag nif' i cence, grandeur of appearance; splendor of show or state.