ABSTRACT
This book contains the first part of English 273. All writings are also available online and linked in Blackboard.

Lisa Ray
English 273

Women in Literature I
An OER Textbook
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Sappho's Hymn to Aphrodite

Iridescent-throned Aphrodite, deathless
Child of Zeus, wile-weaver, I now implore you,
Don't--I beg you, Lady--with pains and torments
Crush down my spirit,
But before if ever you've heard my pleadings
Then return, as once when you left your father's
Golden house; you yoked to your shining car your
Wing-whirring sparrows;
Skimming down the paths of the sky's bright ether
On they brought you over the earth's black bosom,
Swiftly--then you stood with a sudden brilliance,
Goddess, before me;
Deathless face alight with your smile, you asked me
What I suffered, who was my cause of anguish,
What would ease the pain of my frantic mind, and
Why had I called you
To my side: "And whom should Persuasion summon
Here, to soothe the sting of your passion this time?
Who is now abusing you, Sappho? Who is
Treating you cruelly?
Now she runs away, but she'll soon pursue you;
Gifts she now rejects--soon enough she'll give them;
Now she doesn't love you, but soon her heart will
Burn, though unwilling."
Come to me once more, and abate my torment;
Take the bitter care from my mind, and give me
All I long for; Lady, in all my battles
Fight as my comrade.

Notes on the translation

1. "Iridescent-throned". There is disagreement in the manuscripts about whether the first word of Sappho's poem is poikiloTHron' or poikiloPHron'. This difference of one Greek letter is quite significant; poikiloTHron means "on a many-colored, or elaborately-worked, throne", while poikiloPHron means "with a many-colored mind". The choice of reading is, ultimately, a matter of the translator's or editor's own taste.

2. "Golden": In the original, the adjective "golden" is grammatically ambiguous, and could refer either to the house or to the chariot that Sappho asks Aphrodite to yoke. I have tried to preserve this ambiguity by giving the adjective "shining" to the car.

3. "Persuasion". The text is corrupt at this point, and editors differ over whether the word "peitho* should be taken as a verb, so that Aphrodite is saying "Whom should I persuade..." or as a noun. If one takes it as a noun, as I have done here, the next question is whether it refers to the personified goddess Peitho, Persuasion, or simply to the abstract concept. I have chosen to personify the noun by capitalizing it. Again, as with *poikilothron/-phron" in line 1, the final guide is each reader's (or translator's) taste.

4. "She". In the Greek, the sex of Sappho's beloved is indicated by only one word, the feminine participle "etheloisa", "wishing/wanting/willing". Unfortunately, the text may be corrupt at this point and the reading is not absolutely certain, although it is generally accepted.
5. See also Diotima’s bibliography for Sappho (with additional links there).  
Back up to the beginning of the poem.

Explanation of Meter
The "Hymn to Aphrodite" is written in the meter Sappho most commonly used, which is called "Sapphics" or "the Sapphic stanza" after her. Greek meter is quantitative; that is, it consists of alternating long and short syllables in a regular pattern. The Sapphic stanza consists of 3 identical lines and a fourth, shorter line, in the following pattern. (- indicates a long syllable, u a short syllable, and x a "syllable anceps," one that can be either long or short.)

- u - X - u u - u - - - u - X - u u - u - - - u - u -
- u - X - u u - u - - - u - X - u u - u - - - u -

In my translation, I have attempted to represent this quantitative meter by stressed and unstressed syllables. That is, the stressed syllables in my translation correspond to the long syllables in Sappho's original; the unstressed syllables correspond to the short syllables of the original. For further discussion of the use of "accentual templates" to represent quantitative meters, see Steven Willett's introduction to Horace's meters.

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Charaxos and Larichos
BY SAPPHO
TRANSLATED BY WILLIAM LOGAN
Say what you like about Charaxos, that's a fellow with a fat-bellied ship always in some port or other. What does Zeus care, or the rest of his gang?

Now you'd like me on my knees, crying out to Hera, "Blah, blah, blah, bring him home safe and free of warts," or blubbering, "Wah, wah, wah, thank you, thank you, for curing my liver condition."

Good grief, gods do what they like. They call down hurricanes with a whisper or send off a tsunami the way you would a love letter.

If they have a whim, they make some henchmen fix it up, like those idiots in the Iliad. A puff of smoke, a little fog, away goes the hero, it's happily ever after. As for Larichos,

that lay-a-bed lives for the pillow. If for once he'd get off his ass, he might make something of himself. Then from that reeking sewer of my life I might haul up a bucket of spring water.
[I asked myself / What, Sappho, can...]

TRANSLATED BY MARY BARNARD
I asked myself

What, Sappho, can
you give one who
has everything,
like Aphrodite?

[It's no use / Mother dear...]
It's no use

Mother dear, I
can't finish my
weaving
    You may
blame Aphrodite

soft as she is

she has almost
killed me with
love for that boy

One Girl
BY SAPPHO
TRANSLATED BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

I
Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough,
Atop on the topmost twig, — which the pluckers forgot, somehow, —
Forget it not, nay; but got it not, for none could get it till now.

II
Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hills is found,
Which the passing feet of the shepherds for ever tear and wound,
Until the purple blossom is trodden in the ground.

[To an army wife, in Sardis...]
BY SAPPHO
TRANSLATED BY MARY BARNARD
To an army wife, in Sardis:

Some say a cavalry corps,
some infantry, some, again,
will maintain that the swift oars

of our fleet are the finest
sight on dark earth; but I say
that whatever one loves, is.

This is easily proved: did
not Helen—she who had scanned
the flower of the world’s manhood—

choose as first among men one
who laid Troy’s honor in ruin?
warped to his will, forgetting

love due her own blood, her own
child, she wandered far with him.
So Anactoria, although you

being far away forget us,
the dear sound of your footstep
and light glancing in your eyes

would move me more than glitter
of Lydian horse or armored
tread of mainland infantry

Katherine Phillips

An Answer to Another Persuading a Lady to Marriage

BY KATHERINE PHILIPS

Forbear, bold youth, all’s Heaven here,
And what you do aver,
To others, courtship may appear,
’Tis sacrilegious to her.

She is a publick deity,
And were’t not very odd
She should depose her self to be
A pretty household god?

First make the sun in private shine,
And bid the world adieu,
That so he may his beams confine
In complement to you.

But if of that you do despair,
Think how you did amiss,
To strive to fix her beams which are
More bright and large than this.
Epitaph
BY KATHERINE PHILIPS
On her Son H.P. at St. Syth's Church where her body also lies interred
What on Earth deserves our trust?
Youth and Beauty both are dust.
Long we gathering are with pain,
What one moment calls again.
Seven years childless marriage past,
A Son, a son is born at last:
So exactly lim’d and fair,
Full of good Spirits, Meen, and Air,
As a long life promised,
Yet, in less than six weeks dead.
Too promising, too great a mind
In so small room to be confined:
Therefore, as fit in Heaven to dwell,
He quickly broke the Prison shell.
So the subtle Alchemist,
Can’t with Hermes Seal resist
The powerful spirit's subtler flight,
But t'will bid him long good night.
And so the Sun if it arise
Half so glorious as his Eyes,
Like this Infant, takes a shrowd,
Buried in a morning Cloud.

Friendship's Mystery, To my Dearest Lucasia
BY KATHERINE PHILIPS
1
Come, my Lucasia, since we see
That Miracles Mens faith do move,
By wonder and by prodigy
To the dull angry world let’s prove
There’s a Religion in our Love.

2
For though we were design’d t’ agree,
That Fate no liberty destroyes,
But our Election is as free
As Angels, who with greedy choice
Are yet determin’d to their joyes.

3
Our hearts are doubled by the loss,
Here Mixture is Addition grown;
We both diffuse, and both ingross:
And we whose minds are so much one,
Never, yet ever are alone.

4

We court our own Captivity
Than Thrones more great and innocent:
’Twere banishment to be set free,
Since we wear fetters whose intent
Not Bondage is, but Ornament.

5

Divided joyes are tedious found,
And griefs united easier grow:
We are our selves but by rebound,
And all our Titles shuffled so,
Both Princes, and both Subjects too.

6

Our Hearts are mutual Victims laid,
While they (such power in Friendship lies)
Are Altars, Priests, and Off’rings made:
And each Heart which thus kindly dies,
Grows deathless by the Sacrifice.

On the Welsh Language
BY KATHERINE PHILIPS
If honor to an ancient name be due,
Or riches challenge it for one that’s new,
The British language claims in either sense
Both for its age, and for its opulence.
But all great things must be from us removed,
To be with higher reverence beloved.
So landskips which in prospects distant lie,
With greater wonder draw the pleas’d eye.
Is not great Troy to one dark ruin hurled?
Once the fam’d scene of all fighting world.
Where’s Athens now, to whom Rome learning owes,
And the safe laurels that adorned her brows?
A strange reverse of fate she did endure,
Never once greater, than she’s now obscure.
Even Rome her self can but some footsteps show
Of Scipio’s times, or those of Cicero.
And as the Roman and the Grecian state,
The British fell, the spoil of time and fate.
But though the language hath the beauty lost,
Yet she has still some great remains to boast.
For ‘twas in that, the sacred bards of old,
In deathless numbers did their thoughts unfold.
In groves, by rivers, and on fertile plains,
They civilized and taught the listening swains;
Whilst with high raptures, and as great success,
Virtue they clothed in music’s charming dress.
This Merlin spoke, who in his gloomy cave,
Even Destiny her self seemed to enslave.
For to his sight the future time was known,
Much better than to others is their own;
And with such state, predictions from him fell,
As if he did decree, and not foretell.
This spoke King Arthur, who, if fame be true,
Could have compelled mankind to speak it too.
In this once Boadicca valor taught,
And spoke more nobly than her soldiers fought:
Tell me what hero could be more than she,
Who fell at once for fame and liberty?
Nor could a greater sacrifice belong,
Or to her children’s, or her country’s wrong.
This spoke Caractacus, who was so brave,
That to the Roman fortune check he gave:
And when their yoke he could decline no more,
He it so decently and nobly wore,
That Rome her self with blushes did believe,
A Britain would the law of honor give; 
And hastily his chains away she threw,
Lest her own captive else should her subdue.

To Mr. Henry Lawes

BY KATHERINE PHILIPS

Nature, which is the vast creation’s soul,
That steady curious agent in the whole,
The art of Heaven, the order of this frame,
Is only number in another name.
For as some king conqu’ring what was his own,
Hath choice of several titles to his crown;
So harmony on this score now, that then,
Yet still is all that takes and governs men.
Beauty is but composure, and we find
Content is but the concord of the mind,
Friendship the unison of well-turned hearts,
Honor the chorus of the noblest parts,
And all the world on which we can reflect
Music to th’ear, or to the intellect.
If then each man a little world must be,
How many worlds are copied out in thee,
Who art so richly formed, so complete
T’epitomize all that is good and great;
Whose stars this brave advantage did impart,
Thy nature’s as harmonious as thy art?
Thou dost above the poets’ praises live,
Who fetch from thee th’eternity they give.
And as true reason triumphs over sense,
Yet is subjected to intelligence:
So poets on the lower world look down,
But Lawes on them; his height is all his own.
For, like Divinity it self, his lyre
Rewards the wit it did at first inspire.
And thus by double right poets allow
His and their laurel should adorn his brow.
Live then, great soul of nature, to assuage
The savage dulness of this sullen age.
Charm us to sense; for though experience fail
And reason too, thy numbers may prevail.
Then, like those ancients, strike, and so command
All nature to obey thy gen’rous hand.
None will resist but such who needs will be
More stupid than a stone, a fish, a tree.
Be it thy care our age to new-create:
What built a world may sure repair a state.

To Mrs. M. A. Upon Absence
BY KATHERINE PHILIPS
’Tis now since I began to die
Four months, yet still I gasping live;
Wrapp’d up in sorrow do I lie,
Hoping, yet doubting a reprieve.
Adam from Paradise expell’d
Just such a wretched being held.

’Tis not thy love I fear to lose,
That will in spite of absence hold;
But ’tis the benefit and use
Is lost, as in imprison’d gold:
Which though the sum be ne’er so great,
Enriches nothing but conceit.

What angry star then governs me
That I must feel a double smart,
Prisoner to fate as well as thee;
Kept from thy face, link’d to thy heart?
Because my love all love excels,
Must my grief have no parallels?

Sapless and dead as Winter here
I now remain, and all I see
Copies of my wild state appear,
But I am their epitome.
Love me no more, for I am grown
Too dead and dull for thee to own.

**To My Excellent Lucasia, on Our Friendship**
**BY KATHERINE PHILIPS**

I did not live until this time
Crowned my felicity,
When I could say without a crime,
I am not thine, but thee.

This carcass breathed, and walked, and slept,
So that the world believed
There was a soul the motions kept;
But they were all deceived.

For as a watch by art is wound
To motion, such was mine:
But never had Orinda found
A soul till she found thine;

Which now inspires, cures and supplies,
And guides my darkened breast:
For thou art all that I can prize,
My joy, my life, my rest.

No bridegroom’s nor crown-conqueror’s mirth
To mine compared can be:
They have but pieces of the earth,
I’ve all the world in thee.

Then let our flames still light and shine,
And no false fear control,
As innocent as our design,
Immortal as our soul.

**In memory of FP who dyed at Acton 24 May 1660 – 13th of her age**

If I could ever write a lasting verse,
It should be laid, deare Sainte, upon thy herse.
But Sorrow is no muse, and doth confesse
That it least can what most it would expresse.
Yet, that I may some bounds to griefe allow,
I'le try if I can weep in numbers now.
Ah beauteous blossom! too untimely dead!
Whither, ah whither is thy sweetness fled?
Where are the charmes that allwayes did arise
From the prevailing language of thine eyes?
Where is thy modest aire and lovely meen,
And all the wonders that in these were seen?
Alas! in vaine! In vaine on thee I rave;
There is no pitty in the stupid grave ...
Never, ah never let glad parents guesse
At one remove of future happinesse,
But reckon children 'mong those passing joys,
Which one hour gives, and the next hour destroyes.
Alas! we were secure of our content,
But find too late that it was onely lent,
To be a mirrour wherein we might see
How fraile we are, how innocent should be.
But if to thy blest soule my grieve appeares,
Forgive and pitty these injurious teares;
Impute them to affection's sad excessse,
Which will not yeild to nature's tenderness,
Since 'twas through dearest tyes and highest trust
Continu'd from thy cradle to thy dust;
And so rewarded and confirm'd by thine,
(wo is me!) I thought thee too much mine.
But I'le resigne, and follow thee as fast
As my unhappy minutes will make hast.
Till when, the fresh remembrances of thee
Shall be my emblem of mortalitie.
For such a loss as thine, bright soule, is not
Ever to be repaired, or forgot.
So ill can mortals their afflictions spell.
And now (sweet Babe) what can my trembling heart
Suggest to right my doleful fate or thee?
Tears are my Muse, and sorrow all my Art,
So piercing groans must be thy Elogy.
Thus whilst no eye is witness of my mone,
I grieve thy loss (Ah, boy too dear to live!)
And let the unconcerned World alone,
Who neither will, nor can refreshment give.
An Off'ring too for thy sad Tomb I have,
Too just a tribute to thy early Herse;
Receive these gasping numbers to thy grave,
The last of thy unhappy Mother's Verse.

Aphra Ben

Introduction

Behn's work should always be read with an eye toward her contemporary political world. She was a Royalist, and her works frequently treat Puritans and democracy roughly. The subtitle "Banish'd Cavaliers" is a reference to the world of exile that the Cavalier forces experienced during the interregnum.

Behn based her play on Thomas Killigrew's *Thomaso, or The Wanderer* (1664). She was criticised for this, although her play is superior in wit, and she wrote the Postscript in response to her critics.

The play features multiple plots, dealing with the amorous adventures of a group of Englishmen in Naples at Carnival time. The "rover" of the play's title is Willmore, a rake and naval captain, who falls in love with a young woman named Hellena, who has set out to experience love before her brother sends her to a convent. Complications arise when Angellica Bianca, a famous courtesan who falls in love with Willmore, swears revenge on him for his betrayal. In another plot, Hellena's sister Florinda attempts to marry her true love, Colonel Belvile, rather than the man her brother has selected. The third major plot of the play deals with the provincial Blunt, who becomes convinced that a girl has fallen in love with him but is humiliated when she turns out to be a prostitute and a thief.
Willmore (who may have been a parallel to Charles II or John Wilmot, 2nd Earl of Rochester) proved to be an extremely popular character, and four years later Behn wrote a sequel (Part II).

Prologue Written by a Person of Quality.

WITS, like Physicians, never can agree,
When of a different Society;
And Rabel’s Drops were never more cry’d down
By all the Learned Doctors of the Town,
Than a new Play, whose author is unknown:
Nor can those Doctors with more Malice sue
(And powerful Purses) the dissenting Few,
Than those with an insulting Pride do rail
At all who are not of their own Cabal.
If a Young Poet hit your Humour right,
You judge him then out of Revenge and Spite;
So amongst Men there are ridiculous Elves,
Who Monkeys hate for being too like themselves:
So that the Reason of the Grand Debate,
Why Wit so oft is damn’d, when good Plays take,
Is, that you censure as you love or hate.
Thus, like a learned Conclave, Poets sit
Catholic Judges both of Sense and Wit,
And damn or save, as they themselves think fit.
Yet those who to others Faults are so severe,
Are not so perfect, but themselves may err.
Some write correct indeed, but then the whole
(Bating their own dull Stuff i’th’ Play) is stole:
As Bees do suck from Flowers their Honey-dew,
So they rob others, striving to please you.
Some write their Characters genteel and fine,
But then they do so toil for every Line,
That what to you does easy seem, and plain,
Is the hard issue of their labouring Brain.
And some th’ Effects of all their Pains we see,
Is but to mimick good Extempore.
Others by long Converse about the Town,
Have Wit enough to write a leud Lampoon,
But their chief Skill lies in a Baudy Song.
In short, the only Wit that’s now in Fashion
Is but the Gleanings of good Conversation.
As for the Author of this coming Play,
I ask’d him what he thought fit I should say,
In thanks for your good Company to day:
He call’d me Fool, and said it was well known,
You came not here for our sakes, but your own.
New Plays are stuffed with Wits, and with Debauches,
That croud and sweat like Cits in May-day Coaches.
The Rover: Act I, II

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

**MEN.**

Don Antonio, the Vice-Roy's Son,

Don Pedro, a Noble Spaniard, his Friend,

Belvile, an English Colonel in love with Florinda,

Willmore, the ROVER,

Frederick, an English Gentleman, and Friend to Belvile and Blunt,

Blunt, an English Country Gentleman,

Stephano, Servant to Don Pedro,

Philippo, Lucetta's Gallant,

Sancho, Pimp to Lucetta,

Risky and Sebastian, two Bravoes to Angelica.

*Diego, Page to Don Antonio.*

Page to Hellena.

Boy, Page to Belvile.

Blunt's Man.

Officers and Soldiers.

**WOMEN.**

Florinda, Sister to Don Pedro,

Hellena, a gay young Woman design'd for a Nun, and Sister to Florinda,

Valeria, a Kinswoman to Florinda,

Angelica Bianca, a famous Curtezan,
Moretta, her Woman, 
Mrs. Leigh.

Callis, Governess to Florinda and Hellena, 
Mrs. Norris.

Lucetta, a jilting Wench, 
Mrs. Gillow.

Servants, other Masqueraders, Men and Women.

SCENE Naples, in Carnival-time.

ACT I.

SCENE I. A chamber.

Enter Florinda and Hellena.

Flor. What an impertinent thing is a young Girl bred in a Nunnery! How full of Questions! Prithee no more, Hellena; I have told thee more than thou understand'st already.

Hell. The more's my Grief; I wou'd fain know as much as you, which makes me so inquisitive; nor is't enough to know you're a Lover, unless you tell me too, who 'tis you sigh for.

Flor. When you are a Lover, I'll think you fit for a Secret of that nature.

Hell. 'Tis true, I was never a Lover yet—but I begin to have a shrewd Guess, what 'tis to be so, and fancy it very pretty to sigh, and sing, and blush and wish, and dream and wish, and long and wish to see the Man; and when I do, look pale and tremble; just as you did when my Brother brought home the fine English Colonel to see you—what do you call him? Don Belvile.

Flor. Fie, Hellena.

Hell. That Blush betrays you—I am sure 'tis so—or is it Don Antonio the Vice-Roy's Son?—or perhaps the rich old Don Vincentio, whom my father designs for your Husband?—Why do you blush again?

Flor. With Indignation; and how near soever my Father thinks I am to marrying that hated Object, I shall let him see I understand better what's due to my Beauty, Birth and Fortune, and more to my Soul, than to obey those unjust Commands.

Hell. Now hang me, if I don't love thee for that dear Disobedience. I love Mischief strangely, as most of our Sex do, who are come to love nothing else—But tell me, dear Florinda, don't you love that fine Anglese?—for I vow next to loving him my self, 'twill please me most that you do so, for he is so gay and so handsom.

Flor. Hellena, a Maid design'd for a Nun ought not to be so curious in a Discourse of Love.

Hell. And dost thou think that ever I'll be a Nun? Or at least till I'm so old, I'm fit for nothing else. Faith no, Sister; and that which makes me long to know whether you love Belvile, is because I hope he has some mad Companion or other, that will spoil my Devotion; nay I'm resolv'd to provide my self this Carnival, if there be e'er a handsom Fellow of my Humour above Ground, tho I ask first.

Flor. Prithee be not so wild.
Hell. Now you have provided your self with a Man, you take no Care for poor me—Prithee tell me, what dost thou see about me that is unfit for Love—have not I a world of Youth? a Humour gay? a Beauty passable? a Vigour desirable? well shap’d? clean limb’d? sweet breath’d? and Sense enough to know how all these ought to be employ’d to the best Advantage: yes, I do and will. Therefore lay aside your Hopes of my Fortune, by my being a Devotee, and tell me how you came acquainted with this Belvile; for I perceive you knew him before he came to Naples.

Flor. Yes, I knew him at the Siege of Pampelona, he was then a Colonel of French Horse, who when the Town was ransack’d, nobly treated my Brother and my self, preserving us from all Insolencies; and I must own, (besides great Obligations) I have I know not what, that pleads kindly for him about my Heart, and will suffer no other to enter—But see my Brother.

Enter Don Pedro, Stephano, with a Masquing Habit, and Callis.

Pedro. Good morrow, Sister. Pray, when saw you your Lover Don Vincentio?

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Flor. I know not, Sir—Callis, when was he here? for I consider it so little, I know not when it was.

Pedro. I have a Command from my Father here to tell you, you ought not to despise him, a Man of so vast a Fortune, and such a Passion for you—Stephano, my things—[Puts on his Masquing Habit.

Flor. A Passion for me! ’tis more than e’er I saw, or had a desire should be known—I hate Vincentio, and I would not have a Man so dear to me as my Brother follow the ill Customs of our Country, and make a Slave of his Sister—And Sir, my Father’s Will, I’m sure, you may divert.

Pedro. I know not how dear I am to you, but I wish only to be rank’d in your Esteem, equal with the English Colonel Belvile—Why do you frown and blush? Is there any Guilt belongs to the Name of that Cavalier?

Flor. I’ll not deny I value Belvile: when I was expos’d to such Dangers as the licens’d Lust of common Soldiers threatened, when Rage and Conquest flew thro the City—then Belvile, this Criminal for my sake, threw himself into all Dangers to save my Honour, and will you not allow him my Esteem?

Pedro. Yes, pay him what you will in Honour—but you must consider Don Vincentio’s Fortune, and the Jointure he’ll make you.

Flor. Let him consider my Youth, Beauty and Fortune; which ought not to be thrown away on his Age and Jointure.

Pedro. ’Tis true, he’s not so young and fine a Gentleman as that Belvile—but what Jewels will that Cavalier present you with? those of his Eyes and Heart?

Hell. And are not those better than any Don Vincentio has brought from the Indies?

Pedro. Why how now! Has your Nunnery-breeding taught you to understand the Value of Hearts and Eyes?

Hell. Better than to believe Vincentio deserves Value 13from any woman—He may perhaps encrease her Bags, but not her Family.

Pedro. This is fine—Go up to your Devotion, you are not design’d for the Conversation of Lovers.

Hell. Nor Saints yet a while I hope. [Aside] Is’t not enough you make a Nun of me, but you must cast my Sister away too, exposing her to a worse confinement than a religious Life?

Pedro. The Girl’s mad—Is it a Confinement to be carry’d into the Country, to an antient Villa belonging to the Family of the Vincentio’s; these five hundred Years, and have no other Prospect than
that pleasing one of seeing all her own that meets her Eyes—a fine Air, large Fields and Gardens, where she may walk and gather Flowers?

*Hell.* When? By Moon-Light? For I'm sure she dares not encounter with the heat of the Sun; that were a Task only for Don Vincentio and his Indian Breeding, who loves it in the Dog-days—And if these be her daily Divertisements, what are those of the Night? to lie in a wide Moth-eaten Bed-Chamber with Furniture in Fashion in the Reign of King Sancho the First; the Bed that which his Forefathers liv'd and dy'd in.

*Pedro.* Very well.

*Hell.* This Apartment (new furbisht and fitted out for the young Wife) he (out of Freedom) makes his Dressing-room; and being a frugal and a jealous Coxcomb, instead of a Valet to uncase his feeble Carcase, he desires you to do that Office—Signs of Favour, I'll assure you, and such as you must not hope for, unless your Woman be out of the way.

*Pedro.* Have you done yet?

*Hell.* That Honour being past, the Giant stretches it self, yawns and sighs a Belch or two as loud as a Musket, throws himself into Bed, and expects you in his foul Sheets, and e'er you can get your self undrest, calls you with a Snore or two— And are not these fine Blessings to a young Lady?

*Pedro.* Have you done yet?

*Hell.* And this man you must kiss, nay, you must kiss none but him too—and nuzle thro his Beard to find his Lips—and this you must submit to for threescore Years, and all for a Jointure.

*Pedro.* For all your Character of Don Vincentio, she is as like to marry him as she was before.

*Hell.* Marry Don Vincentio! hang me, such a Wedlock would be worse than Adultery with another Man: I had rather see her in the Hostel de Dieu, to waste her Youth there in Vows, and be a Handmaid to Lazers and Cripples, than to lose it in such a Marriage.

*Pedro.* You have consider'd, Sister, that Belvile has no Fortune to bring you to, is banisht his Country, despis'd at home, and pity'd abroad.

*Hell.* What then? the Vice-Roy’s Son is better than that Old Sir Fisty. Don Vincentio! Don Indian! he thinks he’s trading to Gambo still, and wou’d barter himself (that Bell and Bawble) for your Youth and Fortune.

*Pedro.* Callis, take her hence, and lock her up all this Carnival, and at Lent she shall begin her everlasting Penance in a Monastery.

*Hell.* I care not, I had rather be a Nun, than be oblig’d to marry as you wou’d have me, if I were design’d for’t.

*Pedro.* Do not fear the Blessing of that Choice—you shall be a Nun.

*Hell.* Shall I so? you may chance to be mistaken in my way of Devotion—A Nun! yes I am like to make a fine Nun! I have an excellent Humour for a Grate: No, I'll have a Saint of my own to pray to shortly, if I like any that dares venture on me.[Aside.

*Pedro.* Callis, make it your Business to watch this wild Cat. As for you, Florinda, I've only try'd you all this while, and urg'd my Father's Will; but mine is, that you would love Antonio, he is brave and young, and all that can compleat the Happiness of a gallant Maid—This Absence 15 of my Father will give us opportunity to free you from Vincentio, by marrying here, which you must do to morrow.

*Flor.* To morrow!
Pedro. To morrow, or 'twill be too late—'tis not my Friendship to Antonio, which makes me urge this, but Love to thee, and Hatred to Vincentio—therefore resolve upon't to morrow.

Flor. Sir, I shall strive to do, as shall become your Sister.

Pedro. I'll both believe and trust you—Adieu. [Ex. Ped. and Steph.

Hell. As become his Sister!—That is, to be as resolved your way, as he is his—[Hell. goes to Callis.

Flor. I ne'er till now perceiv'd my Ruin near, I've no Defence against Antonio's Love, For he has all the Advantages of Nature, The moving Arguments of Youth and Fortune.

Hell. But hark you, Callis, you will not be so cruel to lock me up indeed: will you?

Call. I must obey the Commands I hate—besides, do you consider what a Life you are going to lead?

Hell. Yes, Callis, that of a Nun: and till then I'll be indebted a World of Prayers to you, if you let me now see, what I never did, the Divertisements of a Carnival.

Call. What, go in Masquerade? 'twill be a fine farewell to the World I take it—pray what wou'd you do there?

Hell. That which all the World does, as I am told, be as mad as the rest, and take all innocent Freedom—Sister, you'll go too, will you not? come prithee be not sad—We'll out-wit twenty Brothers, if you'll be ruled by me—Come put off this dull Humour with your Clothes, and assume one as gay, and as fantastick as the Dress my Cousin Valeria and I have provided, and let's ramble.

Flor. Callis, will you give us leave to go?

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Call. I have a youthful Itch of going my self. [Aside. —Madam, if I thought your Brother might not know it, and I might wait on you, for by my troth I'll not trust young Girls alone.

Flor. Thou see'st my Brother's gone already, and thou shalt attend and watch us.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Madam, the Habits are come, and your Cousin Valeria is drest, and stays for you.

Flor. 'Tis well—'I'll write a Note, and if I chance to see Belvile, and want an opportunity to speak to him, that shall let him know what I've resolv'd in favour of him.

Hell. Come, let's in and dress us. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A Long Street.

Enter Belvile, melancholy, Blunt and Frederick.

Fred. Why, what the Devil ails the Colonel, in a time when all the World is gay, to look like mere Lent thus? Hadst thou been long enough in Naples to have been in love, I should have sworn some such Judgment had befall'n thee.

Belv. No, I have made no new Amours since I came to Naples.

Fred. You have left none behind you in Paris.

Belv. Neither.
Fred. I can’t divine the Cause then; unless the old Cause, the want of Mony.

Blunt. And another old Cause, the want of a Wench—Wou’d not that revive you?

Belv. You’re mistaken, Ned.

Blunt Nay, ’Sheartlikins, then thou art past Cure.

Fred. I have found it out; thou hast renew’d thy Acquaintance with the Lady that cost thee so many Sighs at the Siege of Pampelona—pox on’t, what d’ye call her—her Brother’s a noble Spaniard—Nephew to the dead General—Florinda—ay, Florinda—And will nothing serve thy turn but that damn’d virtuous Woman, whom on my Conscience thou lov’st in spite too, because thou seest little or no possibility of gaining her?

Belv. Thou art mistaken, I have Interest enough in that lovely Virgin’s Heart, to make me proud and vain, were it not abated by the Severity of a Brother, who perceiving my Happiness—

Fred. Has civilly forbid thee the House?

Belv. ’Tis so, to make way for a powerful Rival, the Vice-Roy’s Son, who has the advantage of me, in being a Man of Fortune, a Spaniard, and her Brother’s Friend; which gives him liberty to make his Court, whilst I have recourse only to Letters, and distant Looks from her Window, which are as soft and kind as those which Heav’n sends down on Penitents.

Blunt. Hey day! ’Sheartlikins, Simile! by this Light the Man is quite spoil’d—Frederick, what the Devil are we made of, that we cannot be thus concern’d for a Wench?—’Sheartlikins, our Cupids are like the Cooks of the Camp, they can roast or boil a Woman, but they have none of the fine Tricks to set ’em off, no Hogoes to make the Sauce pleasant, and the Stomach sharp.

Fred. I dare swear I have had a hundred as young, kind and handsom as this Florinda; and Dogs eat me, if they were not as troublesom to me i’th’ Morning as they were welcome o’er night.

Blunt. And yet, I warrant, he wou’d not touch another Woman, if he might have her for nothing.

Belv. That’s thy Joy, a cheap Whore.

Blunt. Why, ’dsheartlikins, I love a frank Soul—When did you ever hear of an honest Woman that took a Man’s Mony? I warrant ’em good ones—But, Gentlemen, you may be free, you have been kept so poor with Parliaments and Protectors, that the little Stock you have is not worth preserving—but I thank my Stars, I have more Grace than to forfeit my Estate by Cavaliering.

Belv. Methinks only following the Court should be sufficient to entitle ’em to that.

Blunt. ’Sheartlikins, they know I follow it to do it no good, unless they pick a hole in my Coat for lending you Mony now and then; which is a greater Crime to my Conscience, Gentlemen, than to the Common-wealth.

Enter Willmore.

Will. Ha! dear Belvile! noble Colone!

Belv. Willmore! welcome ashore, my dear Rover!—what happy Wind blew us this good Fortune?

Will. Let me salute you my dear Fred, and then command me—How is’t honest Lad?

Fred. Faith, Sir, the old Complement, infinitely the better to see my dear mad Willmore again—Prithee why camest thou ashore? and where’s the Prince?
Will. He's well, and reigns still Lord of the watery Element—I must aboard again within a Day or two, and my Business ashore was only to enjoy my self a little this Carnival.

Belv. Pray know our new Friend, Sir, he's but bashful, a raw Traveller, but honest, stout, and one of us./Embraces Blunt.

Will. That you esteem him, gives him an Interest here.

Blunt. Your Servant, Sir.

Will. But well—Faith I'm glad to meet you again in a warm Climate, where the kind Sun has its god-like Power still over the Wine and Woman.—Love and Mirth are my Business in Naples; and if I mistake not the Place, here's an excellent Market for Chapmen of my Humour.

Belv. See here be those kind Merchants of Love you look for.

Enter several Men in masquing Habits, some playing on Musick, others dancing after; Women drest like Curtezans, with Papers pinn’d to their Breasts, and Baskets of Flowers in their Hands.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, what have we here!

Fred. Now the Game begins.

Will. Fine pretty Creatures! may a stranger have leave to look and love?—What’s here—Roses for every Month! [Reads the Paper.

Blunt. Roses for every Month! what means that?

Belv. They are, or wou'd have you think they're Curtezans, who herein Naples are to be hir'd by the Month.

Will. Kind and obliging to inform us—Pray where do these Roses grow? I would fain plant some of 'em in a Bed of mine.

Wom. Beware such Roses, Sir.

Will. A Pox of fear: I'll be bak'd with thee between a pair of Sheets, and that's thy proper Still, so I might but strow such Roses over me and under me—Fair one, wou'd you wou'd give me leave to gather at your Bush this idle Month, I wou'd go near to make some Body smell of it all the Year after.

Belv. And thou hast need of such a Remedy, for thou stinkest of Tar and Rope-ends, like a Dock or Pesthouse.

[The Woman puts herself into the Hands of a Man, and Exit.

Will. Nay, nay, you shall not leave me so.

Belv. By all means use no Violence here.

Will. Death! just as I was going to be damnably in love, to have her led off! I could pluck that Rose out-of his Hand, and even kiss the Bed, the Bush it grew in.

Fred. No Friend to Love like a long Voyage at Sea.

Blunt. Except a Nunnery, Fred.

Will. Death! but will they not be kind, quickly be kind? Thou know' st I'm no tame Sigher, but a rampant Lion of the Forest.

Two Men drest all over with Horns of several sorts, making Grimaces at one another, with Papers pinn’d on their Backs, advance from the farther end of the Scene.
Belv. Oh the fantastical Rogues, how they are dress’d! ’tis a Satir against the whole Sex.

Will. Is this a Fruit that grows in this warm Country?

Belv. Yes: ’Tis pretty to see these Italian start, swell, and stab at the Word Cuckold, and yet stumble at Horns on every Threshold.

Will. See what’s on their Back—Flowers for every Night. [Reads.]
—Ah Rogue! And more sweet than Roses of ev’ry Month! This is a Gardiner of Adam’s own breeding.[They dance.

Belv. What think you of those grave People?—is a Wake in Essex half so mad or extravagant?

Will. I like their sober grave way, ’tis a kind of legal authoriz’d Fornication, where the Men are not chid for’t, nor the Women despis’d, as amongst our dull English; even the Monsieurs want that part of good Manners.

Belv. But here in Italy a Monsieur is the humblest best-bred Gentleman—Duels are so baffled by Bravo’s that an age shews not one, but between a Frenchman and a Hang-man, who is as much too hard for him on the Piazza, as they are for a Dutchman on the new Bridge—But see another Crew.

Enter Florinda, Hellena, and Valeria, drest like Gipsies; Callis and Stephano, Lucetta, Phillippo and Sancho in Masquerade.

Hell. Sister, there’s your Englishman, and with him a handsom proper Fellow—I’ll to him, and instead of telling him his Fortune, try my own.

Will. Gipsies, on my Life—Sure these will prattle if a Man cross their Hands. [Goes to Hellena] —
Dear pretty (and I hope) young Devil, will you tell an amorous Stranger what Luck he’s like to have?

Hell. Have a care how you venture with me, Sir, lest I pick your Pocket, which will more vex your English Humour, than an Italian Fortune will please you.

Will. How the Devil cam’st thou to know my Country and Humour?

Hell. The first I guess by a certain forward Impudence, which does not displease me at this time; and the Loss of your Money will vex you, because I hope you have but very little to lose.

Will. Egad Child, thou’rt i’th’ right; it is so little, I dare not offer it thee for a Kindness—But cannot you divine what other things of more value I have about me, that I would more willingly part with?

Hell. Indeed no, that’s the Business of a Witch, and I am but a Gipsy yet—Yet, without looking in your Hand, I have a parlous Guess, ’tis some foolish Heart you mean, an inconstant English Heart, as little worth stealing as your Purse.

Will. Nay, then thou dost deal with the Devil, that’s certain—Thou hast guess’d as right as if thou hadst been one of that Number it has languisht for—I find you’ll be better acquainted with it; nor can you take it in a better time, for I am come from Sea, Child; and Venus not being propitious to me in her own Element, I have a world of Love in store—Wou’d you would be good-natur’d, and take some on’t off my Hands.

Hell. Why—I could be inclin’d that way—but for a foolish Vow I am going to make—to die a Maid.

Will. Then thou art damn’d without Redemption; and as I am a good Christian, I ought in charity to divert so wicked a design—therefore prithee, dear Creature, let me know quickly when and where I shall begin to set a helping hand to so good a Work.
Hell. If you should prevail with my tender Heart (as I begin to fear you will, for you have horrible loving Eyes) there will be difficulty in't that you'll hardly undergo for my sake.

Will. Faith, Child, I have been bred in Dangers, and wear a Sword that has been employ'd in a worse Cause, 22 than for a handsom kind Woman—Name the Danger—let it be any thing but a long Siege, and I'll undertake it.

Hell. Can you storm?

Will. Oh, most furiously.

Hell. What think you of a Nunnery-wall? for he that wins me, must gain that first.

Will. A Nun! Oh how I love thee for't! there's no Sinner like a young Saint—Nay, now there's no denying me: the old Law had no Curse (to a Woman) like dying a Maid; witness Jeptha's Daughter.

Hell. A very good Text this, if well handled; and I perceive, Father Captain, you would impose no severe Penance on her who was inclin'd to console her self before she took Orders.

Will. If she be young and handsom.

Hell. Ay, there's it—but if she be not—

Will. By this Hand, Child, I have an implicit Faith, and dare venture on thee with all Faults—besides, 'tis more meritorious to leave the World when thou hast tasted and prov'd the Pleasure on't; then 'twill be a Virtue in thee, which now will be pure Ignorance.

Hell. I perceive, good Father Captain, you design only to make me fit for Heaven—but if on the contrary you should quite divert me from it, and bring me back to the World again, I should have a new Man to seek I find; and what a grief that will be—for when I begin, I fancy I shall love like any thing: I never try'd yet.

Will. Egad, and that's kind—Prithee, dear Creature, give me Credit for a Heart, for faith, I'm a very honest Fellow—Oh, I long to come first to the Banquet of Love; and such a swinging Appetite I bring—Oh, I'm impatient. Thy Lodging, Sweetheart, thy Lodging, or I'm a dead man.

Hell. Why must we be either guilty of Fornication or Murder, if we converse with you Men?—And is there no difference between leave to love me, and leave to lie with me?

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Will. Faith, Child, they were made to go together.

Lucet. Are you sure this is the Man?[Pointing to Blunt.

Sancho. When did I mistake your Game?

Lucet. This is a stranger, I know by his gazing; if he be brisk he'll venture to follow me; and then, if I understand my Trade, he's mine: he's English too, and they say that's a sort of good natur'd loving People, and have generally so kind an opinion of themselves, that a Woman with any Wit may flatter 'em into any sort of Fool she pleases.

Blunt. 'Tis so—she is taken—I have Beauties which my false Glass at home did not discover.

[She often passes by Blunt and gazes on him; he struts, and cocks, and walks, and gazes on her.

Flor. This Woman watches me so, I shall get no Opportunity to discover my self to him, and so miss the intent of my coming—But as I was saying, Sir—by this Line you should be a Lover.[Looking in his Hand.
Belv. I thought how right you guess’d, all Men are in love, or pretend to be so—Come, let me go, I’m weary of this fooling.[Walks away.

Flor. I will not, till you have confess’d whether the Passion that you have vow’d Florinda be true or false.[She holds him, he strives to get from her.

Belv. Florinda![Turns quick towards her.

Flor. Softly.

Belv. Thou hast nam’d one will fix me here for ever.

Flor. She’ll be disappointed then, who expects you this Night at the Garden-gate, and if you'll fail not—as let me see the other Hand—you will go near to do—she vows to die or make you happy.[Looks on Callis, who observes ’em.

Belv. What canst thou mean?

Flor. That which I say—Farewel.[Offers to go.

Belv. Oh charming Sybil, stay, complete that Joy, which, as it is, will turn into Distraction!—Where must I be? at the Garden-gate? I know it—at night you say— I’ll sooner forfeit Heaven than disobey.

Enter Don Pedro and other Masquers, and pass over the Stage.

Call. Madam, your Brother’s here.

Flor. Take this to instruct you farther.[Gives him a Letter, and goes off.

Fred. Have a care, Sir, what you promise; this may be a Trap laid by her Brother to ruin you.

Belv. Do not disturb my Happiness with Doubts.[Opens the Letter.

Will. My dear pretty Creature, a Thousand Blessings on thee; still in this Habit, you say, and after Dinner at this Place.

Hell. Yes, if you will swear to keep your Heart, and not bestow it between this time and that.

Will. By all the little Gods of Love I swear, I’ll leave it with you; and if you run away with it, those Deities of Justice will revenge me.[Ex. all the Women except Lucetta.

Fred. Do you know the Hand?

Belv. ’Tis Florinda’s. All Blessings fall upon the virtuous Maid.

Fred. Nay, no Idolatry, a sober Sacrifice I’ll allow you.

Belv. Oh Friends! the welcom’st News, the softest Letter!—nay, you shall see it; and could you now be serious, I might be made the happiest Man the Sun shines on.

Will. The Reason of this mighty Joy.

Belv. See how kindly she invites me to deliver her from the threaten’d Violence of her Brother—will you not assist me?

Will. I know not what thou mean’st, but I’ll make one at any Mischief where a Woman’s concerned—but she’ll be grateful to us for the Favour, will she not?

Belv. How mean you?

Will. How should I mean? Thou know’st there’s but one way for a Woman to oblige me.
Women in Literature I

Belv. Don’t prophane—the Maid is nicely virtuous.

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Will. Who pox, then she’s fit for nothing but a Husband; let her e’en go, Colonel.

Fred. Peace, she’s the Colonel’s Mistress, Sir.

Will. Let her be the Devil; if she be thy Mistress, I’ll serve her—name the way.

Belv. Read here this Postscript,[Gives him a Letter.

Will. [Reads.] At Ten at night—at the Garden-Gate—of which, if I cannot get the Key, I will contrive a way over the Wall—come attended with a Friend or two.—Kind heart, if we three cannot weave a String to let her down a Garden-Wall, ’twere pity but the Hangman wove one for us all.

Fred. Let her alone for that: your Woman’s Wit, your fair kind Woman, will out-trick a Brother or a Jew, and contrive like a Jesuit in Chains—but see, Ned Blunt is stoln out after the Lure of a Damsel.[Ex. Blunt and Lucet.

Belv. So he’ll scarce find his way home again, unless we get him cry’d by the Bell-man in the Market-place, and ’tou’d sound prettily—a lost English Boy of Thirty.

Fred. I hope ’tis some common crafty Sinner, one that will fit him; it may be she’ll sell him for Peru, the Rogue’s sturdy and would work well in a Mine; at least I hope she’ll dress him for our Mirth; cheat him of all, then have him well-favour’dly bang’d, and turn’d out naked at Midnight.

Will. Prithee what Humour is he of, that you wish him so well?

Belv. Why, of an English Elder Brother’s Humour, educated in a Nursery, with a Maid to tend him till Fifteen, and lies with his Grand-mother till he’s of Age; one that knows no Pleasure beyond riding to the next Fair, or going up to London with his right Worshipful Father in Parliament-time; wearing gay Clothes, or making honourable Love to his Lady Mother’s Landry-Maid; gets drunk at a Hunting-Match, and ten to one then gives some Proofs of his Prowess—A pox upon him, he’s our 26Banker, and has all our Cash about him, and if he fail we are all broke.

Fred. Oh let him alone for that matter, he’s of a damn’d stingy Quality, that will secure our Stock.

I know not in what Danger it were indeed, if the Jilt should pretend she’s in love with him, for ’tis a kind believing Coxcomb; otherwise if he part with more than a Piece of Eight—geld him: for which offer he may chance to be beaten, if she be a Whore of the first Rank.

Belv. Nay the Rogue will not be easily beaten, he’s stout enough; perhaps if they talk beyond his Capacity, he may chance to exercise his Courage upon some of them; else I’m sure they’ll find it as difficult to beat as to please him.

Will. ’Tis a lucky Devil to light upon so kind a Wench!

Fred. Thou hadst a great deal of talk with thy little Gipsy, cou’dst thou do no good upon her? for mine was hard-hearted.

Will. Hang her, she was some damn’d honest Person of Quality, I’m sure, she was so very free and witty. If her Face be but answerable to her Wit and Humour, I would be bound to Constancy this Month to gain her. In the mean time, have you made no kind Acquaintance since you came to Town?—You do not use to be honest so long, Gentlemen.

Fred. Faith Love has kept us honest, we have been all fir’d with a Beauty newly come to Town, the famous Paduana Angelica Bianca.

Will. What, the Mistress of the dead Spanish General?
Belv. Yes, she’s now the only ador’d Beauty of all the Youth in Naples, who put on all their Charms to appear lovely in her sight, their Coaches, Liveries, and themselves, all gay, as on a Monarch’s Birth-Day, to attract the Eyes of this fair Charmer, while she has the Pleasure to behold all languish for her that see her.

Fred. ’Tis pretty to see with how much Love the Men regard her, and how much Envy the Women.

Will. What Gallant has she?

Belv. None, she’s exposed to Sale, and four Days in the Week she’s yours—for so much a Month.

Will. The very Thought of it quenches all manner of Fire in me—yet prithee let’s see her.

Belv. Let’s first to Dinner, and after that we’ll pass the Day as you please—but at Night ye must all be at my Devotion.

Will. I will not fail you. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I. The Long Street.

Enter Belvile and Frederick in Masquing-Habits, and Willmore in his own Clothes, with a Vizard in his Hand.

Will. But why thus disguis’d and muzzl’d?

Belv. Because whatever Extravagances we commit in these Faces, our own may not be oblig’d to answer ’em.

Will. I should have chang’d my Eternal Buff too: but no matter, my little Gipsy wou’d not have found me out then: for if she should change hers, it is impossible I should know her, unless I should hear her prattle—a Pox on’t, I cannot get her out of my Head: Pray Heaven, if ever I do see her again, she prove damnable ugly, that I may fortify my self against her Tongue.

Belv. Have a care of Love, for o’ my conscience she was not of a Quality to give thee any hopes.

Will. Pox on ’em, why do they draw a Man in then? She has play’d with my Heart so, that ’twill never lie still till I have met with some kind Wench, that will play the Game out with me—Oh for my Arms full of soft, white, kind—Woman! such as I fancy Angelica.

Belv. This is her House, if you were but in stock to get admittance; they have not din’d yet; I perceive the Picture is not out.

28

Enter Blunt.

Will. I long to see the Shadow of the fair Substance, a Man may gaze on that for nothing.

Blunt. Colonel, thy Hand—and thine, Fred. I have been an Ass, a deluded Fool, a very Coxcomb from my Birth till this Hour, and heartily repent my little Faith.

Belv. What the Devil’s the matter with thee Ned?

Blunt. Oh such a Mistress, Fred, such a Girl!
Will. Ha! where?

Fred. Ay where!

Blunt. So fond, so amorous, so toying and fine! and all for sheer Love, ye Rogue! Oh how she lookt and kiss’d! and sooth’d my Heart from my Bosom. I cannot think I was awake, and yet methinks I see and feel her Charms still—Fred.—Try if she have not left the Taste of her balmy Kisses upon my Lips—[Kisses him.

Belv. Ha, ha, ha!

Will. Death Man, where is she?

Blunt. What a Dog was I to stay in dull England so long—How have I laught at the Colonel when he sigh’d for Love! but now the little Archer has reveng’d him, and by his own Dart, I can guess at all his Joys, which then I took for Fancies, mere Dreams and Fables—Well, I’m resolved to sell all in Essex, and plant here for ever.

Belv. What a Blessing ‘tis, thou hast a Mistress thou dar’st boast of; for I know thy Humour is rather to have a proclaim’d Clap, than a secret Amour.

Will. Dost know her Name?

Blunt. Her Name? No,’sheartlikins: what care I for Names?—She’s fair, young, brisk and kind, even to ravishment: and what a Pox care I for knowing her by another Title?

Will. Didst give her anything?

Blunt. Give her!—Ha, ha, ha! why, she’s a Person of Quality—That’s a good one, give her! ’sheartlikins dost think such Creatures are to be bought? Or are we provided for such a Purchase? Give her, quoth ye? Why she presented me with this Bracelet, for the Toy of a Diamond I us’d to wear: No, Gentlemen, Ned Blunt is not every Body—She expects me again to night.

Will. Egad that’s well; we’ll all go.

Blunt. Not a Soul: No, Gentlemen, you are Wits; I am a dull Country Rogue, I.

Fred. Well, Sir, for all your Person of Quality, I shall be very glad to understand your Purse be secure; ’tis our whole Estate at present, which we are loth to hazard in one Bottom: come, Sir, unload.

Blunt. Take the necessary Trifle, useless now to me, that am belov’d by such a Gentlewoman—’sheartlikins Money! Here take mine too.

Fred. No, keep that to be cozen’d, that we may laugh.

Will. Cozen’d!—Death! wou’d I cou’d meet with one, that wou’d cozen me of all the Love I cou’d spare to night.

Fred. Pox ’tis some common Whore upon my Life.

Blunt. A Whore! yes with such Clothes! such Jewels! such a House! such Furniture, and so attended! a Whore!

Belv. Why yes, Sir, they are Whores, tho they’ll neither entertain you with Drinking, Swearing, or Baudy; are Whores in all those gay Clothes, and right Jewels; are Whores with great Houses richly furnisht with Velvet Beds, Store of Plate, handsome Attendance, and fine Coaches, are Whores and errant ones.
Will. Pox on't, where do these fine Whores live?

Belv. Where no Rogue in Office yclep'd Constables dare give 'em laws, nor the Wine-inspired Bullies of the Town break their Windows; yet they are Whores, tho this Essex Calf believe them Persons of Quality.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, y'are all Fools, there are things about this Essex Calf, that shall take with the Ladies, beyond all your Wits and Parts—This Shape and Size, Gentlemen, are not to be despis'd; my Waste tolerably long, with other inviting Signs, that shall be nameless.

Will. Egad I believe he may have met with some Person of Quality that may be kind to him.

30

Belv. Dost thou perceive any such tempting things about him, should make a fine Woman, and of Quality, pick him out from all Mankind, to throw away her Youth and Beauty upon, nay, and her dear Heart too?—no, no, Angelica has rais'd the Price too high.

Will. May she languish for Mankind till she die, and be damn'd for that one Sin alone.

Enter two Bravoes, and hang up a great Picture of Angelica’s, against the Balcony, and two little ones at each side of the Door.

Belv. See there the fair Sign to the Inn, where a Man may lodge that's Fool enough to give her Price./Will. gazes on the Picture.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, Gentlemen, what's this?

Belv. A famous Curtezan that’s to be sold.

Blunt. A How! to be sold! nay then I have nothing to say to her—sold! what Impudence is practis'd in this Country?—With Order and Decency Whoring's established here by virtue of the Inquisition—Come let's be gone, I'm sure we're no Chapmen for this Commodity.

Fred. Thou art none, I'm sure, unless thou could'st have her in thy Bed at the Price of a Coach in the Street.

Will. How wondrous fair she is—a Thousand Crowns a Month—by Heaven as many Kingdoms were too little. A plague of this Poverty—of which I ne'er complain, but when it hinders my Approach to Beauty, which Virtue ne'er could purchase./Turns from the Picture.

Blunt. What's this?—[Reads] A Thousand Crowns a Month!

—'Sheartlikins, here's a Sum! sure 'tis a mistake.

—Hark you, Friend, does she take or give so much by the Month!


Blunt. Hark ye, Friends, won't she trust?

31

Brav. This is a Trade, Sir, that cannot live by Credit.

Enter Don Pedro in Masquerade, follow'd by Stephano.

Belv. See, here's more Company, let's walk off a while.

[Pedro Reads./Exeunt English.

Enter Angelica and Moretta in the Balcony, and draw a Silk Curtain.

Ped. Fetch me a Thousand Crowns, I never wish to buy this Beauty at an easier Rate./Passes off.
Ang. Prithee what said those Fellows to thee?

Brav. Madam, the first were Admirers of Beauty only, but no purchasers; they were merry with your Price and Picture, laught at the Sum, and so past off.

Ang. No matter, I’m not displeas’d with their rallying; their Wonder feeds my Vanity, and he that wishes to buy, gives me more Pride, than he that gives my Price can make me Pleasure.

Brav. Madam, the last I knew thro all his disguises to be Don Pedro, Nephew to the General, and who was with him in Pampelona.

Ang. Don Pedro! my old Gallant’s Nephew! When his Uncle dy’d, he left him a vast Sum of Money; it is he who was so in love with me at Padua, and who us’d to make the General so jealous.

Moret. Is this he that us’d to prance before our Window and take such care to shew himself an amorous Ass? if I am not mistaken, he is the likeliest Man to give your Price.

Ang. The Man is brave and generous, but of an Humour so uneasy and inconstant, that the victory over his Heart is as soon lost as won; a Slave that can add little to the Triumph of the Conqueror: but inconstancy’s the Sin of all Mankind, therefore I’m resolv’d that nothing but Gold shall charm my Heart.

Moret. I’m glad on’t; ’tis only interest that Women of 32 our Profession ought to consider: tho I wonder what has kept you from that general Disease of our Sex so long, I mean that of being in love.

Ang. A kind, but sullen Star, under which I had the Happiness to be born; yet I have had no time for Love; the bravest and noblest of Mankind have purchas’d my Favours at so dear a Rate, as if no Coin but Gold were current with our Trade—But here’s Don Pedro again, fetch me my Lute—for ’tis for him or Don Antonio the Vice-Roy’s Son, that I have spread my Nets.

Enter at one Door Don Pedro, and Stephano; Don Antonio and Diego [his page], at the other Door, with People following him in Masquerade, antickly attir’d, some with Musick: they both go up to the Picture.

Ant. A thousand Crowns! had not the Painter flatter’d her, I should not think it dear.

Pedro. Flatter’d her! by Heaven he cannot. I have seen the Original, nor is there one Charm here more than adorns her Face and Eyes; all this soft and sweet, with a certain languishing Air, that no Artist can represent.

Ant. What I heard of her Beauty before had fir’d my Soul, but this confirmation of it has blown it into a flame.

Pedro. Ha!

Pag. Sir, I have known you throw away a Thousand Crowns on a worse Face, and tho y’ are near your Marriage, you may venture a little Love here; Florinda—will not miss it.

Pedro. Ha! Florinda! Sure ’tis Antonio.[aside.

Ant. Florinda! name not those distant Joys, there’s not one thought of her will check my Passion here.

Pedro. Florinda scorn’d! and all my Hopes defeated of the Possession of Angelica! [A noise of a Lute above. Ant. gazes up.] Her Injuries by Heaven he shall not boast of.[Song to a Lute above. 33
SONG.

When Damon first began to love,
He languisht in a soft Desire,
And knew not how the Gods to move,
To lessen or increase his Fire,
For Cælia in her charming Eyes
Wore all Love's Sweet, and all his Cruelties.

II.

But as beneath a Shade he lay,
Weaving of Flow'rs for Cælia's Hair,
She chanc'd to lead her Flock that way,
And saw the am'rous Shepherd there.
She gaz'd around upon the Place,
And saw the Grove (resembling Night)
To all the Joys of Love invite,
Whilst guilty Smiles and Blushes drest her Face.
At this the bashful Youth all Transport grew,
And with kind Force he taught the Virgin how
To yield what all his Sighs cou'd never do.

Ant. By Heav'n she's charming fair!

[Angelica throws open the Curtains, and bows to Antonio, who pulls off his Vizard, and bows and blows up Kisses. Pedro unseen looks in his Face.

Pedro. 'Tis he, the false Antonio!

Ant. Friend, where must I pay my offering of Love? [To the Bravo.] My Thousand Crowns I mean.

Pedro. That Offering I have design'd to make,
And yours will come too late.

Ant. Prithee be gone, I shall grow angry else,
And then thou art not safe.

Pedro. My Anger may be fatal, Sir, as yours;
And he that enters here may prove this Truth.

34

Ant. I know not who thou art, but I am sure thou'rt worth my killing, and aiming at Angelica. [They draw and fight.

Enter Willmore and Blunt, who draw and part 'em.

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, here's fine doings.

Will. Tilting for the Wench I'm sure—nay gad, if that wou'd win her, I have as good a Sword as the best of ye—Put up—put up, and take another time and place, for this is design'd for Lovers only. [They all put up.

Pedro. We are prevented; dare you meet me to morrow on the Molo?

For I've a Title to a better quarrel,
That of Florinda, in whose credulous Heart
Thou'lt made an Int'rest, and destroy'd my Hopes.
Ant. Dare?
I'll meet thee there as early as the Day.

Pedro. We will come thus disguis'd, that whosoever chance to get the better, he may escape unknown.

Ant. It shall be so. [Ex. Pedro and Stephano.] Who shou'd this Rival be? unless the English Colonell, of whom I've often heard Don Pedro speak; it must be he, and time he were removed, who lays a Claim to all my Happiness.

[Willmore having gaz'd all this while on the Picture, pulls down a little one.
Will. This posture's loose and negligent,
The sight on't wou'd beget a warm desire
In Souls, whom Impotence and Age had chill'd.
—This must along with me.

Brav. What means this rudeness, Sir?—restore the Picture.

Ant. Ha! Rudeness committed to the fair Angelica!—Restore the Picture, Sir.

Will. Indeed I will not, Sir.

Ant. By Heav'n but you shall.

Will. Nay, do not shew your Sword; if you do, by this dear Beauty—I will shew mine too.

Ant. What right can you pretend to't?

Will. That of Possession which I will maintain—you perhaps have 1000 Crowns to give for the Original.

Ant. No matter, Sir, you shall restore the Picture.

Ang. Oh, Moretta! what's the matter? [Ang. and Moret. above.

Ant. Or leave your Life behind.

Will. Death! you lye—I will do neither.

Ang. Hold, I command you, if for me you fight.

[They fight, the Spaniards join with Antonio, Blunt laying on like mad. They leave off and bow.

Enter Belv. and Fred. who join with the English.

Ang. Hold; will you ruin me?—Biskey, Sebastian, part them. [The Spaniards are beaten off.
Moret. Oh Madam, we’re undone, a pox upon that rude Fellow, he’s set on to ruin us: we shall never see good days, till all these fighting poor Rogues are sent to the Gallies.

_Enter Belvile, Blunt and Willmore, with his shirt bloody._

Blunt. 'Sheartlikins, beat me at this Sport, and I’ll ne’er wear Sword more.

36

Belv. The Devil’s in thee for a mad Fellow, thou art always one at an unlucky Adventure.—Come, let’s be gone whilst we’re safe, and remember these are Spaniards, a sort of People that know how to revenge an Affront.

Fred. You bleed; I hope you are not wounded._To Will._

Will. Not much:—a plague upon your Dons, if they fight no better they’ll ne’er recover Flanders.—What the Devil was’t to them that I took down the Picture?

Blunt. Took it! 'Sheartlikins, we’ll have the great one too; ‘tis ours by Conquest.—Prithee, help me up, and I’ll pull it down.—

Ang. Stay, Sir, and e’er you affront me further, let me know how you durst commit this Outrage—To you I speak, Sir, for you appear like a Gentleman.

Will. To me, Madam?—Gentlemen, your Servant._Belv. stays him._

Belv. Is the Devil in thee? Do’st know the danger of entering the house of an incens’d Curtezan?

Will. I thank you for your care—but there are other matters in hand, there are, tho we have no great Temptation.—Death! let me go.

Fred. Yes, to your Lodging, if you will, but not in here.—Damn these gay Harlots—by this Hand I’ll have as sound and handsome a Whore for a Patacoone.—Death, Man, she’ll murder thee.

Will. Oh! fear me not, shall I not venture where a Beauty calls? a lovely charming Beauty? for fear of danger! when by Heaven there’s none so great as to long for her, whilst I want Money to purchase her.

Fred. Therefore ‘tis loss of time, unless you had the thousand Crowns to pay.

Will. It may be she may give a Favour, at least I shall have the pleasure of saluting her when I enter, and when I depart.

Belv. Pox, she’ll as soon lie with thee, as kiss thee, and sooner stab than do either—you shall not go.

37

Ang. Fear not, Sir, all I have to wound with, is my Eyes.

Blunt. Let him go, 'Sheartlikins, I believe the Gentle-woman means well.

Belv. Well, take thy Fortune, we’ll expect you in the next Street.—Farewell Fool,—farewell—

Will. B’ye Colonel—_Goes in._

Fred. The Rogue’s stark mad for a Wench._Exeunt._

_Scene II. A Fine Chamber._

_Enter Willmore, Angelica, and Moretta._

Ang. Insolent Sir, how durst you pull down my Picture?
Will. Rather, how durst you set it up, to tempt poor amorous Mortals with so much Excellence? which I find you have but too well consulted by the unmerciful price you set upon’t.—Is all this Heaven of Beauty shewn to move Despair in those that cannot buy? and can you think the effects of that Despair shou’d be less extravagant than I have shewn?

Ang. I sent for you to ask my Pardon, Sir, not to aggravate your Crime.—I thought I shou’d have seen you at my Feet imploring it.

Will. You are deceived, I came to rail at you, and talk such Truths, too, as shall let you see the Vanity of that Pride, which taught you how to set such a Price on Sin. For such it is, whilst that which is Love’s due is meanly barter’d for.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha, alas, good Captain, what pity ’tis your edifying Doctrine will do no good upon me—Moretta, fetch the Gentleman a Glass, and let him survey himself, to see what Charms he has,—and guess my Business.[Aside in a soft tone.]

Moret. He knows himself of old, I believe those Breeches and he have been acquainted ever since he was beaten at Worcester.

Ang. Nay, do not abuse the poor Creature.—

Moret. Good Weather-beaten Corporal, will you march off? we have no need of your Doctrine, tho you have of our Charity; but at present we have no Scraps, we can afford no kindness for God’s sake; in fine, Sirrah, the Price is too high i’th’ Mouth for you, therefore troop, I say.

Will. Here, good Fore-Woman of the Shop, serve me, and I’ll be gone.

Moret. Keep it to pay your Landress, your Linen stinks of the Gun-Room; for here’s no selling by Retail.

Will. Thou hast sold plenty of thy stale Ware at a cheap Rate.

Moret. Ay, the more silly kind Heart I, but this is an Age wherein Beauty is at higher Rates.—In fine, you know the price of this.

Will. I grant you ’tis here set down a thousand Crowns a Month—Baud, take your black Lead and sum it up, that I may have a Pistole-worth of these vain gay things, and I’ll trouble you no more.

Moret. Pox on him, he’ll fret me to Death:—abominable Fellow, I tell thee, we only sell by the whole Piece.

Will. ’Tis very hard, the whole Cargo or nothing—Faith, Madam, my Stock will not reach it, I cannot be your Chapman.—Yet I have Countrymen, in Town, Merchants of Love, like me; I’ll see if they’ll put for a share, we cannot lose much by it, and what we have no use for, we’ll sell upon the Friday’s Mart, at—Who gives more? I am studying, Madam, how to purchase you, tho at present I am unprovided of Money.

Ang. Sure, this from any other Man would anger me—nor shall he know the Conquest he has made—Poor angry Man, how I despise this railing.

Will. Yes, I am poor—but I’m a Gentleman, And one that scorns this Baseness which you practise.

Poor as I am, I would not sell my self, No, not to gain your charming high-priz’d Person.

Tho I admire you strangely for your Beauty,
Yet I contemn your Mind.
—And yet I wou’d at any rate enjoy you;
At your own rate—but cannot—See here
The only Sum I can command on Earth;
I know not where to eat when this is gone:
Yet such a Slave I am to Love and Beauty,
This last reserve I’ll sacrifice to enjoy you.
—Nay, do not frown, I know you are to be bought,
And wou’d be bought by me, by me,
For a mean trifling Sum, if I could pay it down.
Which happy knowledge I will still repeat,
And lay it to my Heart, it has a Virtue in’t,
And soon will cure those Wounds your Eyes have made.
—And yet—there’s something so divinely powerful there—
Nay, I will gaze—to let you see my Strength.[Holds her, looks on her, and pauses and sighs.
By Heaven, bright Creature—I would not for the World
Thy Fame were half so fair as is thy Face.[Turns her away from him.

Ang. His words go thro me to the very Soul. [Aside.]—If you have nothing else to say to me.

Will. Yes, you shall hear how infamous you are—
For which I do not hate thee:
But that secures my Heart, and all the Flames it feels
Are but so many Lusts,
I know it by their sudden bold intrusion.
The Fire’s impatient and betrays, ’tis false—
For had it been the purer Flame of Love,
I should have pin’d and languished at your Feet,
E’er found the Impudence to have discover’d it.
I now dare stand your Scorn, and your Denial.

Moret. Sure she’s bewitcht, that she can stand thus tamely, and hear his saucy railing.—Sirrah, will you be gone?

Ang. How dare you take this liberty?—Withdraw. [To Moret.] 40—Pray, tell me, Sir, are not you guilty of the same mercenary Crime? When a Lady is proposed to you for a Wife, you never ask, how fair, discreet, or virtuous she is; but what’s her Fortune—which if but small, you cry—She will not do my business—and basely leave her, tho she languish for you.—Say, is not this as poor?

Will. It is a barbarous Custom, which I will scorn to defend in our Sex, and do despise in yours.

Ang. Thou art a brave Fellow! put up thy Gold, and know,
That were thy Fortune large, as is thy Soul,
Thou shouldst not buy my Love,
Couldst thou forget those mean Effects of Vanity,
Which set me out to sale; and as a Lover, prize
My yielding Joys.
Canst thou believe they’ll be entirely thine,
Without considering they were mercenary?

Will. I cannot tell, I must bethink me first—ha, Death, I’m going to believe her.[Aside.

Ang. Prithee, confirm that Faith—or if thou canst not—flatter me a little, ’twill please me from thy Mouth.

Will. Curse on thy charming Tongue! dost thou return
My feign’d Contempt with so much subtilty?[Aside.
Thou’st found the easiest way into my Heart,
Tho I yet know that all thou say’st is false.[Turning from her in a Rage.
Ang. By all that’s good ’tis real, 
I never lov’d before, tho oft a Mistress.
—Shall my first Vows be slighted?
Will. What can she mean?[Aside.
Ang. I find you cannot credit me.[In an angry tone.
Will. I know you take me for an errant Ass, 
An Ass that may be soothe’d into Belief, 
And then be us’d at pleasure.
—But, Madam I have been so often cheated
By perjur’d, soft, deluding Hypocrites,

That I’ve no Faith left for the cozening Sex, 
Especially for Women of your Trade.
Ang. The low esteem you have of me, perhaps 
May bring my Heart again:
For I have Pride that yet surmounts my Love.[She turns with Pride, he holds her.
Will. Throw off this Pride, this Enemy to Bliss, 
And shew the Power of Love: ’tis with those Arms
I can be only vanquisht, made a Slave.
Ang. Is all my mighty Expectation vanisht?
—No, I will not hear thee talk,—thou hast a Charm
In every word, that draws my Heart away.
And all the thousand Trophies I design’d, 
Thou hast undone—Why art thou soft?
Thy Looks are bravely rough, and meant for War.
Could thou not storm on still?
I then perhaps had been as free as thou.
Will. Death! how she throws her Fire about my Soul?[Aside.
—Take heed, fair Creature, how you raise my Hopes,
Which once assum’d pretend to all Dominion.
There’s not a Joy thou hast in store 
I shall not then command:
For which I’ll pay thee back my Soul, my Life.
Come, let’s begin th’ account this happy minute.
Ang. And will you pay me then the Price I ask?
Will. Oh, why dost thou draw me from an awful Worship, 
By shewing thou art no Divinity?
Conceal the Fiend, and shew me all the Angel; 
Keep me but ignorant, and I’ll be devout, 
And pay my Vows for ever at this Shrine.[Kneels, and kisses her Hand.
Ang. The Pay I mean is but thy Love for mine.
—Can you give that?

Will. Entirely—come, let’s withdraw: where I’ll renew 42my Vows,—and breathe ’em with such
Ardour, thou shall not doubt my Zeal.
Ang. Thou hast a Power too strong to be resisted.[Ex. Will. and Angelica.
Moret. Now my Curse go with you—Is all our Project fallen to this? to love the only Enemy to our Trade? Nay, to love such a Shameroon, a very Beggar; nay, a Pirate-Beggar, whose Business is to rifle and be gone, a No-Purchase, No-Pay Tatterdemalion, an English Piccaroon; a Rogue that fights for daily Drink, and takes a Pride in being loyally lousy—Oh, I could curse now, if I durst—This is the Fate of most Whores.

Trophies, which from believing Fops we win,
Are Spoils to those who cozen us again.

Anne Bradstreet

The Author to Her Book
BY ANNE BRADSTREET

Thou ill-form’d offspring of my feeble brain,
Who after birth didst by my side remain,
Till snatched from thence by friends, less wise than true,
Who thee abroad, expos’d to publick view,
Made thee in raggs, halting to th’ press to trudge,
Where errors were not lessened (all may judg).
At thy return my blushing was not small,
My rambling brat (in print) should mother call,
I cast thee by as on e unfit for light,
Thy Visage was so irksome in my sight;
Yet being mine own, at length affection would
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could:
I wash’d thy face, but more defects I saw,
And rubbing off a spot, still made a flaw.
I stretched thy joynts to make thee even feet,
Yet still thou run’st more hobling then is meet;
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,
But nought save home-spun Cloth, i’ th’ house I find.
In this array ’mongst Vulgars mayst thou roam.
In Criticks hands, beware thou dost not come;
And take thy way where yet thou art not known,
If for thy Father askt, say, thou hadst none:
And for thy Mother, she alas is poor,
Which caus’d her thus to send thee out of door.

A Dialogue between Old England and New
BY ANNE BRADSTREET
New England.
Alas, dear Mother, fairest Queen and best,
With honour, wealth, and peace happy and blest,
What ails thee hang thy head, and cross thine arms,
And sit i’ the dust to sigh these sad alarms?
What deluge of new woes thus over-whelm
The glories of thy ever famous Realm?
What means this wailing tone, this mournful guise?
Ah, tell thy Daughter; she may sympathize.

Old England.
Art ignorant indeed of these my woes,
Or must my forced tongue these griefs disclose,
And must my self dissect my tatter'd state,
Which Amazed Christendom stands wondering at?
And thou a child, a Limb, and dost not feel
My weak'ned fainting body now to reel?
This physic-purging-potion I have taken
Will bring Consumption or an Ague quaking,
Unless some Cordial thou fetch from high,
Which present help may ease my malady.
If I decease, dost think thou shalt survive?
Or by my wasting state dost think to thrive?
Then weigh our case, if 't be not justly sad.
Let me lament alone, while thou art glad.

New England.
And thus, alas, your state you much deplore
In general terms, but will not say wherefore.
What Medicine shall I seek to cure this woe,
If th' wound's so dangerous, I may not know?
But you, perhaps, would have me guess it out.
What, hath some Hengist like that Saxon stout
By fraud and force usurp'd thy flow'ring crown,
Or by tempestuous Wars thy fields trod down?
Or hath Canutus, that brave valiant Dane,
The regal peaceful Sceptre from thee ta'en?
Or is 't a Norman whose victorious hand
With English blood bedews thy conquered Land?
Or is 't intestine Wars that thus offend?
Do Maud and Stephen for the Crown contend?
Do Barons rise and side against their King,
And call in Foreign aid to help the thing?
Must Edward be depos'd? Or is 't the hour
That second Richard must be clapp'd i' th' Tower?
Or is it the fatal jar, again begun,
That from the red, white prickling Roses sprung?
Must Richmond's aid the Nobles now implore
To come and break the tushes of the Boar?
If none of these, dear Mother, what's your woe?
Pray, do not fear Spain's bragging Armado.
Doth your Ally, fair France, conspire your wrack,
Or doth the Scots play false behind your back?
Doth Holland quit you ill for all your love?
Whence is this storm, from Earth or Heaven above?
Is 't drought, is 't Famine, or is 't Pestilence?
Dost feel the smart, or fear the consequence? 
Your humble Child entreats you shew your grief. 
Though Arms nor Purse she hath for your relief—
Such is her poverty,—yet shall be found
A suppliant for your help, as she is bound.

**Old England.**

I must confess some of those Sores you name
My beauteous Body at this present maim,
But foreign Foe nor feigned friend I fear,
For they have work enough, thou knowest, elsewhere.
Nor is it *Alcie’s* son and *Henry’s* Daughter
Whose proud contention cause this slaughter;
Nor Nobles siding to make *John* no King,
French *Louis* unjustly to the Crown to bring;
Nor no *Lancastrians* to renew old strife;
No Crook-backt Tyrant now usurps the Seat,
Whose tearing tusks did wound, and kill, and threat.
No Duke of *York* nor Earl of *March* to soil
Their hands in Kindred’s blood whom they did foil;
No need of *Tud* or *Roses* to unite:
None knows which is the Red or which the White.
*Spain*’s braving Fleet a second time is sunk.
*France* knows how of my fury she hath drunk
By *Edward* third and *Henry* fifth of fame;
Her Lilies in my Arms avouch the same.
My Sister *Scotland* hurts me now no more,
Though she hath been injurious heretofore.
What *Holland* is, I am in some suspense,
But trust not much unto his Excellence.
For wants, sure some I feel, but more I fear;
And for the Pestilence, who knows how near?
Famine and Plague, two sisters of the Sword,
Destruction to a Land doth soon afford.
They’re for my punishments ordain’d on high,
Unless thy tears prevent it speedily.
But yet I answer not what you demand
To shew the grievance of my troubled Land.
Before I tell the effect I’ll shew the cause,
Which are my sins—the breach of sacred Laws:
Idolatry, supplanter of a Nation,
With foolish superstitious adoration,
Are lik’d and countenanc’d by men of might,
The Gospel is trod down and hath no right.
Church Offices are sold and bought for gain
That Pope had hope to find *Rome* here again.
For Oaths and Blasphemies did ever ear
From *Beelzebub* himself such language hear?
What scorning of the Saints of the most high!
What injuries did daily on them lie!
What false reports, what nick-names did they take,
Not for their own, but for their Master's sake!
And thou, poor soul, wast jeer'd among the rest;
Thy flying for the Truth I made a jest.
For Sabbath-breaking and for Drunkenness
Did ever Land profaneness more express?
From crying bloods yet cleansed am not I,
Martyrs and others dying causelessly.
How many Princely heads on blocks laid down
For nought but title to a fading Crown!
'Mongst all the cruelties which I have done,
Oh, Edward's Babes, and Clarence's hapless Son,
O Jane, why didst thou die in flow'ring prime? —
Because of Royal Stem, that was thy crime.
For Bribery, Adultery, for Thefts, and Lies
Where is the Nation I can't paralyze?
With Usury, Extortion, and Oppression,
These be the Hydras of my stout transgression;
These be the bitter fountains, heads, and roots
Whence flow'd the source, the sprigs, the boughs, and fruits.
Of more than thou canst hear or I relate,
That with high hand I still did perpetrate,
For these were threat'ned the woeful day
I mocked the Preachers, put it fair away.
The Sermons yet upon record do stand
That cried destruction to my wicked Land.
These Prophets' mouths (all the while) was stopt,
Unworthily, some backs whipt, and ears crept;
Their reverent cheeks bear the glorious marks
Of stinking, stigmatizing Romish Clerks;
Some lost their livings, some in prison pent,
Some grossly fined, from friends to exile went:
Their silent tongues to heaven did vengeance cry,
Who heard their cause, and wrongs judg'd righteously,
And will repay it sevenfold in my lap.
This is fore-runner of my after-clap.
Nor took I warning by my neighbors' falls.
I saw sad Germany's dismantled walls,
I saw her people famish'd, Nobles slain,
Her fruitful land a barren heath remain.
I saw (unmov'd) her Armies foil'd and fled,
Wives forc'd, babes toss'd, her houses calcined.
I saw strong Rochelle yield'd to her foe,
Thousands of starved Christians there also.
I saw poor Ireland bleeding out her last,
Such cruelty as all reports have past.
Mine heart obdurate stood not yet aghast.
Now sip I of that cup, and just 't may be
The bottom dregs reserved are for me.
New England.
To all you've said, sad mother, I assent.
Your fearful sins great cause there 's to lament.
My guilty hands (in part) hold up with you,
A sharer in your punishment's my due.
But all you say amounts to this effect,
Not what you feel, but what you do expect.
Pray, in plain terms, what is your present grief?
Then let's join heads and hands for your relief.

Old England.
Well, to the matter, then. There's grown of late
'Twixt King and Peers a question of state:
Which is the chief, the law, or else the King?
One saith, it's he; the other, no such thing.
My better part in Court of Parliament
To ease my groaning land shew their intent
To crush the proud, and right to each man deal,
To help the Church, and stay the Common-Weal.
So many obstacles comes in their way
As puts me to a stand what I should say.
Old customs, new Prerogatives stood on.
Had they not held law fast, all had been gone,
Which by their prudence stood them in such stead
They took high Strafford lower by the head,
And to their Laud be 't spoke they held 'n th' Tower
All England's metropolitan that hour.
This done, an Act they would have passed fain
No prelate should his Bishopric retain.
Here tugg'd they hard indeed, for all men saw
This must be done by Gospel, not by law.
Next the Militia they urged sore.
This was denied, I need not say wherefore.
The King, displeased, at York himself absents.
They humbly beg return, shew their intents.
The writing, printing, posting to and fro,
Shews all was done; I'll therefore let it go.
But now I come to speak of my disaster.
Contention's grown 'twixt Subjects and their Master,
They worded it so long they fell to blows,
That thousands lay on heaps. Here bleeds my woes.
I that no wars so many years have known
Am now destroy'd and slaughter'd by mine own.
But could the field alone this strife decide,
One battle, two, or three I might abide,
But these may be beginnings of more woe—
Who knows, the worst, the best may overthrow!
Religion, Gospel, here lies at the stake,
Pray now, dear child, for sacred Zion's sake,
Oh, pity me in this sad perturbation,
My plundered Towns, my houses’ devastation,
My ravisht virgins, and my young men slain,
My wealthy trading fallen, my dearth of grain.
The seedtime’s come, but Ploughman hath no hope
Because he knows not who shall inn his crop.
The poor they want their pay, their children bread,
Their woful mothers’ tears unpitied.
If any pity in thy heart remain,
Or any child-like love thou dost retain,
For my relief now use thy utmost skill,
And recompense me good for all my ill.

*New England.*
Dear mother, cease complaints, and wipe your eyes,
Shake off your dust, cheer up, and now arise.
You are my mother, nurse, I once your flesh,
Your sunken bowels gladly would refresh.
Your griefs I pity much but should do wrong,
To weep for that we both have pray’d for long,
To see these latter days of hop’d-for good,
That Right may have its right, though ‘t be with blood.
After dark Popery the day did clear;
But now the Sun in’ s brightness shall appear.
Blest be the Nobles of thy Noble Land
With (ventur’d lives) for truth’s defence that stand.
Blest be thy Commons, who for Common good
And thy infringed Laws have boldly stood.
Blest be thy Counties, who do aid thee still
With hearts and states to testify their will.
Blest be thy Preachers, who do cheer thee on.
Oh, cry: the sword of God and *Gideon*!
And shall I not on them wish Mero’s curse
That help thee not with prayers, arms, and purse?
And for my self, let miseries abound
If mindless of thy state I e’er be found.
These are the days the Church’s foes to crush,
To root out Prelates, head, tail, branch, and rush.
Let’s bring *Baal’s* vestments out, to make a fire,
Their Mitres, Surplices, and all their tire,
Copes, Rochets, Croziers, and such trash,
And let their names consume, but let the flash
Light Christendom, and all the world to see
We hate *Rome’s* Whore, with all her trumpery.
Go on, brave *Essex*, shew whose son thou art,
Not false to King, nor Country in thy heart,
But those that hurt his people and his Crown,
By force expel, destroy, and tread them down.
Let Gaols be fill’d with th’ remnant of that pack,
And sturdy *Tyburn* loaded till it crack.
And ye brave Nobles, chase away all fear,  
And to this blessed Cause closely adhere.  
O mother, can you weep and have such Peers?  
When they are gone, then drown your self in tears,  
If now you weep so much, that then no more  
The briny Ocean will o’erflow your shore.  
These, these are they (I trust) with Charles our king,  
Out of all mists such glorious days will bring  
That dazzled eyes, beholding, much shall wonder  
At that thy settled Peace, thy wealth, and splendour,  
Thy Church and Weal establish’d in such manner  
That all shall joy that thou display’dst thy banner,  
And discipline erected so, I trust,  
That nursing Kings shall come and lick thy dust.  
Then Justice shall in all thy Courts take place  
Without respect of persons or of case.  
Then bribes shall cease, and suits shall not stick long,  
Patience and purse of Clients for to wrong.  
Then High Commissions shall fall to decay,  
And Pursuivants and Catchpoles want their pay.  
So shall thy happy Nation ever flourish,  
When truth and righteousness they thus shall nourish.  
When thus in Peace, thine Armies brave send out  
To sack proud Rome, and all her vassals rout.  
There let thy name, thy fame, and valour shine,  
As did thine Ancestors’ in Palestine,  
And let her spoils full pay with int’rest be  
Of what unjustly once she poll’d from thee.  
Of all the woes thou canst let her be sped,  
Execute to th’ full the vengeance threatened.  
Bring forth the beast that rul’d th’e world with’s beck,  
And tear his flesh, and set your feet on’s neck,  
And make his filthy den so desolate  
To th’ ‘stonishment of all that knew his state.  
This done, with brandish’d swords to Turkey go,—  
(For then what is it but English blades dare do?)  
And lay her waste, for so’s the sacred doom,  
And do to Gog as thou hast done to Rome.  
Oh Abraham’s seed, lift up your heads on high,  
For sure the day of your redemption’s nigh.  
The scales shall fall from your long blinded eyes,  
And him you shall adore who now despise.  
Then fullness of the Nations in shall flow,  
And Jew and Gentile to one worship go.  
Then follows days of happiness and rest.  
Whose lot doth fall to live therein is blest.  
No Canaanite shall then be found ‘n th’ land,  
And holiness on horses’ bells shall stand.  
If this make way thereto, then sigh no more,  
But if at all thou didst not see ‘t before.
Farewell, dear mother; Parliament, prevail,
And in a while you'll tell another tale.

A Letter to her Husband, absent upon Publick employment
BY ANNE BRADSTREET
My head, my heart, mine Eyes, my life, nay more,
My joy, my Magazine of earthly store,
If two be one, as surely thou and I,
How stayest thou there, whilst I at Ipswich lye?
So many steps, head from the heart to sever
If but a neck, soon should we be together:
I like the earth this season, mourn in black,
My Sun is gone so far in's Zodiack,
Whom whilst I 'joy'd, nor storms, nor frosts I felt,
His warmth such frigid colds did cause to melt.
My chilled limbs now nummed lye forlorn;
Return, return sweet Sol from Capricorn;
In this dead time, alas, what can I more
Then view those fruits which through thy heat I bore?
Which sweet contentment yield me for a space,
True living Pictures of their Fathers face.
O strange effect! now thou art Southward gone,
I weary grow, the tedious day so long;
But when thou Northward to me shalt return,
I wish my Sun may never set, but burn
Within the Cancer of my glowing breast,
The welcome house of him my dearest guest.
Where ever, ever stay, and go not thence,
Till natures sad decree shall call thee hence;
Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy bone,
I here, thou there, yet both but one.

In Honour of that High and Mighty Princess, Queen Elizabeth
BY ANNE BRADSTREET
Proem.
Although great Queen, thou now in silence lie,
Yet thy loud Herald Fame, doth to the sky
Thy wondrous worth proclaim, in every clime,
And so has vow'd, whilst there is world or time.
So great's thy glory, and thine excellence,
The sound thereof raps every human sense
That men account it no impiety
To say thou wert a fleshly Deity.
Thousands bring off rings (though out of date)
Thy world of honours to accumulate.
'Mongst hundred Hecatombs of roaring Verse,
'Mine bleating stands before thy royal Hearse.
Thou never didst, nor canst thou now disdain,
T" accept the tribute of a loyal Brain.
Thy clemency did yerst esteem as much
The acclamations of the poor, as rich,
Which makes me deem, my rudeness is no wrong,
Though I resound thy greatness 'mongst the throng.

The Poem.
No Phoenix Pen, nor Spenser's Poetry,
No Speed's, nor Camden's learned History;
Eliza's works, wars, praise, can e're compact,
The World's the Theater where she did act.
No memories, nor volumes can contain,
The nine Olymp'ades of her happy reign,
Who was so good, so just, so learn'd, so wise,
From all the Kings on earth she won the prize.
Nor say I more than truly is her due.
Millions will testify that this is true.
She hath wip'd off th' aspersion of her Sex,
That women wisdom lack to play the Rex.
Spain's Monarch sa's not so, not yet his Host:
She taught them better manners to their cost.
The Salic Law had not in force now been,
If France had ever hop'd for such a Queen.
But can you Doctors now this point dispute,
She's argument enough to make you mute,
Since first the Sun did run, his ne'er runn'd race,
And earth had twice a year, a new old face;
Since time was time, and man unmanly man,
Come shew me such a Phoenix if you can.
Was ever people better rul'd than hers?
Was ever Land more happy, freed from stirs?
Did ever wealth in England so abound?
Her Victories in foreign Coasts resound?
Ship's more invincible than Spain's, her foe
She rack't, she sack'd, she sunk his Armadoe.
Her stately Troops advanc'd to Lisbon's wall,
Don Anthony in's right for to install.
She frankly help'd Franks' (brave) distressed King.
The States united now her fame do sing.
She their Protectrix was, they well do know,
Unto our dread Virago, what they owe.
Her Nobles sacrific'd their noble blood,
Nor men, nor coin she shap'd, to do them good.
The rude untamed Irish she did quell,
And Tiron bound, before her picture fell.
Had ever Prince such Counsellors as she?
Her self Minerva caus'd them so to be.
Such Soldiers, and such Captains never seen,
As were the subjects of our (Pallas) Queen:
Her Sea-men through all straits the world did round,
Terra incognitæ might know her sound.
Her Drake came laded home with Spanish gold,
Her Essex took Cadiz, their Herculean hold.
But time would fail me, so my wit would too,
To tell of half she did, or she could do.
Semiramis to her is but obscure;
More infamy than fame she did procure.
She plac’d her glory but on Babel’s walls,
World’s wonder for a time, but yet it falls.
Fierce Tomris (Cirus’ Heads-man, Sythians’ Queen)
Had put her Harness off, had she but seen
Our Amazon i’ th’ Camp at Tilbury,
(Judging all valour, and all Majesty)
Within that Princess to have residence,
And prostrate yielded to her Excellence.
Dido first Foundress of proud Carthage walls
(Who living consummates her Funerals),
A great Eliza, but compar’d with ours,
How vanisheth her glory, wealth, and powers.
Proud profuse Cleopatra, whose wrong name,
Instead of glory, prov’d her Country’s shame:
Of her what worth in Story’s to be seen,
But that she was a rich Egyptian Queen.
Zenobia, potent Empress of the East,
And of all these without compare the best
(Whom none but great Aurelius could quell)
Yet for our Queen is no fit parallel:
She was a Phoenix Queen, so shall she be,
Her ashes not reviv’d more Phoenix she.
Her personal perfections, who would tell,
Must dip his Pen i’ th’ Heliconian Well,
Which I may not, my pride doth but aspire
To read what others write and then admire.
Now say, have women worth, or have they none?
Or had they some, but with our Queen is’t gone?
Nay Masculines, you have thus tax’d us long,
But she, though dead, will vindicate our wrong.
Let such as say our sex is void of reason
Know ‘tis a slander now, but once was treason.
But happy England, which had such a Queen,
O happy, happy, had those days still been,
But happiness lies in a higher sphere.
Then wonder not, Eliza moves not here.
Full fraught with honour, riches, and with days,
She set, she set, like Titan in his rays.
No more shall rise or set such glorious Sun,
Until the heaven’s great revolution:
If then new things, their old form must retain,
Eliza shall rule Albion once again.

Her Epitaph.
Here sleeps T H E Queen, this is the royal bed
O’ th’ Damask Rose, sprung from the white and red,
Whose sweet perfume fills the all-filling air,
This Rose is withered, once so lovely fair:
On neither tree did grow such Rose before,
The greater was our gain, our loss the more.

Another.
Here lies the pride of Queens, pattern of Kings:
So blaze it fame, here’s feathers for thy wings.
Here lies the envy’d, yet unparallel’d Prince,
Whose living virtues speak (though dead long since).
If many worlds, as that fantastic framed,
In every one, be her great glory famed.

To My Dear and Loving Husband
Launch Audio in a New Window
BY ANNE BRADSTREET
If ever two were one, then surely we.
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee.
If ever wife was happy in a man,
Compare with me, ye women, if you can.
I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.
My love is such that rivers cannot quench,
Nor ought but love from thee give recompense.
Thy love is such I can no way repay;
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.
Then while we live, in love let’s so persever,
That when we live no more, we may live ever.

Sarah Wentworth Morton
The African Chief - Poem by Sarah Wentworth Apthorp Morton

SEE how the black ship cleaves the main,
High bounding o’er the dark blue wave,
Remurmuring with the groans of pain,
Deep freighted with the princely slave!

Did all the gods of Afric sleep,
Forgetful of their guardian love,
When the white tyrants of the deep,
Betrayed him in the palmy grove.

A chief of Gambia’s golden shore,
Whose arm the band of warriors led,
Or more—the lord of generous power,
By whom the foodless poor were fed.
Does not the voice of reason cry,
"Claim the first right that nature gave,
From the red scourge of bondage fly,
Nor deign to live a burden'd slave."

Has not his suffering offspring clung,
Desponding round his fetter'd knee;
On his worn shoulder, weeping hung,
And urged one effort to be free?

His wife by nameless wrongs subdued,
His bosom's friend to death resign'd;
The flinty path-way drench'd in blood;
He saw with cold and frenzied mind.

Strong in despair, then sought the plain,
To heaven was raised his steadfast eye,
Resolved to burst the crushing chain,
Or 'mid the battle's blast to die.

First of his race, he led the band,
Guardless of danger, hurling round,
Till by his red avenging hand,
Full many a despot stain'd the ground.

When erst Messenia's sons oppress'd,
Flew desperate to the sanguine field,
With iron clothed each injured breast,
And saw the cruel Spartan yield,

Did not the soul to heaven allied,
With the proud heart as greatly swell,
As when the Roman Decius died,
Or when the Grecian victim fell?

Do later deeds quick rapture raise,
The boon Batavia's William won,
Paoli's time-enduring praise,
Or the yet greater Washington!

If these exalt thy sacred zeal,
To hate oppression's mad control,
For bleeding Afric learn to feel,
Whose chieftain claim'd a kindred soul.

Ah, mourn the last disastrous hour,
Lift the full eye of bootless grief,
While victory treads the sultry shore,
And tears from hope the captive chief;
While the hard race of pallid hue,
Unpractised in the power to feel,
Resign him to the murderous crew,
The horrors of the quivering wheel.

Let sorrow bathe each blushing cheek,
Bend piteous o'er the tortured slave,
Whose wrongs compassion cannot speak,
Whose only refuge was the grave.

Ouâbi: Or The Virtues Of Nature. An Indian Tale. In Four Cantos.
By Philenia, A Lady Of Boston

"Fierce Wars and faithful Loves shall moralize my Song."
Spenser's Faerie Queene

DEDICATION
TO THE Hon. JAMES BOWDOIN, Esq. L. L. D. F. R. S. PRESIDENT of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and late GOVERNOR of the Commonwealth of MASSACHUSETTS.

SIR, THE veneration, which your literary and public character demands, and the esteem, which your private and domestic virtues universally receive, are a sufficient apology for the freedom, I now take in laying the following production, which is wholly American, at your feet; convinced, while from your judgment and taste I have much to apprehend, from your candor and benevolence I have every thing to hope.
I have the honor to be, with every sentiment of respect and esteem, Sir, Your very obliged and Humble Servant,
PHILENIA.

INTRODUCTION.

From an idea of being original in my subject, I was induced to undertake the following Tale. The manners and customs of the Aborigines of North America are so limited and simple, that they have scarcely engaged the attention either of the Philosopher or the Poet. Acquainted with some of their interesting ceremonies from tradition, I became desirous of gaining further intelligence, and gratefully acknowledge myself indebted to the obliging communications of General Lincoln, for most of the local rites and customs alluded to, where I have not quoted any other authority. The
opportunity his public commission, in the late negociations between the United States and the Southern Indians, has afforded him to acquire the best information, added to the respectability of his character, will render his authority unquestioned.

As my principal design in attempting the Poem was to amuse my retired hours, and to gratify a few amiable friends, it is alone in compliance with the solicitations of those friends, that I have been prevailed upon to expose it to the public eye; but I am led to presume that, deficient as the Poetry really is, it will convey some information, from the collection of many particulars which are not generally known.

The grades of human nature, and the various propensities and avocations of mankind, in their different states and societies, must always be greatly interesting to the view of the philosopher; and even the most trifling production may become useful, if it serves to throw light on so important a subject. It may perhaps be objected, that I have given my favourite Ouâbi, a degree of insensibility, with respect to the love of Celario, incompatible with the greatness and superiority of his character: To this I reply, that the mind, unpracticed in deception, can never be capable of suspicion; and that not having known the European vices, he could have no idea of their existence.

It may also be imagined, that, considering the exalted virtue and resolution of Azâkia, which could lead her even to death for the man, to whom she was contracted, her ready compliance with the proposition of Ouâbi, and the joy she evinces on that occasion, form an unpardonable contradiction; but it must be remembered, that from the customs and laws of every country its manners and morals are derived. Azâkia, bound to her husband by every tie, would not deceive him; but when he expressed a wish to resign her, she could have no idea of his insincerity; so much is truth the characteristic of a state of nature: It then became a duty, a virtue, to pursue the first wish of her heart.

I am aware it may be considered improbable, that an amiable and polished European should attach himself to the persons and manners of an uncivilized people; but there is now a living instance of a like propensity. A gentleman of fortune, born in America, and educated in all the refinements and luxuries of Great Britain, has lately attached himself to a female savage, in whom he finds every charm I have given my Azâkia; and in consequence of his inclination, has relinquished his own country and connections, incorporated himself into the society, and adopted the manners of the virtuous, though uncultivated Indian.

Many of the outlines of the Fable are taken from a prose story in Mr. Carey's entertaining and instructing Museum; but as the opening scene of that narrative was rather deficient in decency, and the conclusion, in my opinion, very little interesting, I have entirely changed it in those respects, and have introduced a variety of customs, the description of battles, and many other circumstances, which appeared essential to poetry, and necessary to the plot; still I acknowledge myself indebted to that production for many of the events, and for the names of the characters.

Should any be induced to think that I have given too many perfections to a rude uncultivated savage, let them read the following apostrophe by a celebrated French author:

*I glanced my eye rapidly over the scene, and in a vast country, to us hitherto unknown, I saw a naked Indian, having nothing but God and nature above him, enjoying the benefits which offer, without analysing them. His body was supple and robust, his eye lively and piercing, his ear attentive, in his deportment a certain air of haughtiness, of which we have no kind of idea in our degenerate climate. He seems even more graceful and majestic when beside his female companion, his eye is milder, his countenance more serene.*

But the authority by which I have been influenced, and from which I feel myself justified, is William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, whose manners and principles could not admit of exaggeration, or extravagancy of expression. In his letters to his friends in England, he describes the North-American Indians in the following terms.

*For their persons they are generally tall, straight, well built, and of singular proportion: they tread strong and clever, and mostly walk with a lofty chin: the thick lip and flat nose, so frequent with the
East-Indians and blacks, are not common with them; for I have seen as comely, European-like faces among them of both sexes, as on your side the sea. And truly an Italian complexion hath not much more of the white, and the noses of several have as much of the Roman.

They are great concealers of their own resentment, but in liberality they excel; nothing is too good for their friend. Their government is by kings; every king has his council, and that consists of all the old and wise men of his nation; nothing of moment is undertaken without advising with them, and what is more, with the young men too. It is admirable to consider how powerful their kings are, and yet how they move by the breath of the people. I have had occasion to be in council with them; while any one spoke, not a man of them was observed to whisper or smile, the old grave, the young reverend, in their deportment; they speak little, but fervently, and with elegance; I have never seen more natural sagacity, considering them without the help (I was going to say the spoil) of tradition.

Sanctioned by such authorities I flatter myself, allowing for the justifiable embellishments of poetry, that I shall not be considered an enthusiast in my descriptions. The liberal reader will, I trust, make many allowances for the various imperfections of the work, from a consideration of my sex and situation; the one by education incident to weakness, the other from duty devoted to domestic avocations. And I am induced to hope, that the attempting a subject wholly American will in some respect entitle me to the partial eye of the patriot; that, as a young author, I shall be received with tenderness, and, as an involuntary one, be criticized with candor.

Canto I

'Tis not the court, in dazzling splendor gay,  
Where soft luxuriance spreads her silken arms,  
Where garish fancy leads the soul astray,  
And languid nature mourns her slighted charms:  
'Tis not the golden hill, not flow'ry dale,  
Which lends my simple muse her artless theme;  
But the black forest and uncultur'd vale,  
The savage warrior, and the lonely stream.  
Where Mississippi rolls his parent stood  
With slope impetuous to the surgy main,  
The desert's painted chiefs explore the wood,  
Or with the thund'ring war-whoop shake the plain.  
There the fierce sachems raise the battle's din,  
Or in the stream their active bodies lave,  
Or midst the flames their fearless songs begin—  
Pain has no terrors to the truly brave.  
There young CELARIO, Europe's fairest boast,  
In hopeless exile mourn'd the tedious day;  
Now wand'ring slowly o'er the oozy coast,  
Now thro the wild woods urg'd his anxious way.  
Where the low stooping branch excludes the light,  
Now thro the wild woods urg'd his anxious way.  
A piercing shriek assail'd his wounded ear;  
Swift as the winged arrow speeds its flight,  
He seeks the piteous harbinger of fear.  
There a tall Huron rais'd his threat'ning arm,  
While round his knees a beauteous captive clung,
Striving to move him with her matchless form,
Or charm him by the magic of her tongue.
Soon as Celario view’d the murd’rous scene,
Quick from his vest the deathful tube he drew; 30
Its leaden vengeance thunder’d o’er the green,
While from the savage hand the ling’ring hatchet flew.
Low at his feet the breathless warrior lies;
Still the soft captive sickens with alarms,
Calls on OUÂBI’s name with streaming eyes, 35
While the young victor lives upon her charms.
Her limbs were straighter than the mountain pine,
Her hair far blacker than the raven’s wing;
Beauty had lent her form the waving line.
Her breath gave fragrance to the balmy spring. 40
Each bright perfection open’d on her face,
Her flowing garment wanton’d in the breeze,
Her slender feet the glitt’ring sandals grace,
Her look was dignity, her movement ease.
With splendid beads her braided tresses shone, 45
Her bending waist a modest girdle bound,
Her pearly teeth outvi’d the cygnet’s down—
She spoke—and music follow’d in the sound.

SHE

Great ruler of the winged hour,
AZÂKIA trembles at thy pow’r; 50
While from thy hand the thunders roll,
Thy charms with lightnings pierce the soul:
Ah! how unlike our sable race,
The snowy lustre of thy face!
That hair of beaming Cynthia’s hue, 55
Those shining eyes of heav’nly blue!
Ah! didst thou leave thy blissful land,
To save me from the murd’rer’s hand!
And is Ouâbi still thy care,
The dauntless chief, unknown to fear? 60

HE

Cease to call Ouâbi ‘s name,
Give Celario all his claim.
No divinity is here:
Spare thy praises, quit thy fear:
Bend no more that beauteous knee, 65
For I am a slave to thee:
Let my griefs thy pity move,
Heal them with the balm of love.
Far beyond the orient main,
By my rage a youth was slain; 70
He this daring arm defied,
By this arm the ruffian died:
Exil’d from my native home,
Thro the desert wild I roam;
But if only blest by thee, 75
All the desert smiles on me.

SHE

See a graceful form arise!
Now it fills my ravish’d eyes,
Brighter than the morning star,
’Tis Ouâbi, fam’d in war: 80
Close before my bosom spread,
O’er thy presence casts a shade,
Full on him these eyes recline,
And his person shuts out thine.
Let us to his home retire, 85
Where he lights the social fire:
Do not thro the desert roam,
Find with me his gen’rous home;
There the Illinois obey
Great Ouâbi ’s chosen sway. 90
Aw’d by her virtue, by her charms subdued,
Celario follows o’er the wid’ning plains,
Nor dares his hopeless passion to intrude,
Where constant truth, and blest Ouâbi reigns.
Now distant flames assail his dazzled eyes, 95
High as the clouds the curling spires ascend,
While warlike youths in circling orders
And midst the green with graceful silence bend.
Far o’er the chieftains great Ouâbi moves,
With step majestic thro the boundless plain; 100
Thus tow’rs the cedar o’er the willow-groves,
Thus shines bright Cynthia midst her starry train.
Swift to his arms the fond Azâkia flies,
And oft repeats the fear-embellish’d tale;
How pointed lightnings pierc’d her wond’ring eyes, 105
While the near thunder broke the trembling gale!
Ouâbi! form’d by nature’s hand divine,
Whose naked limbs the sculptor’s art defied,
Whose nervous strength and graceful charms combine,
Where dignity with fleetness was allied. 110
High from his head the painted plumes arose,
His sounding bow was o’er his shoulder flung,
The hatchet, dreadful to insulting foes,
On the low branch in peaceful caution hung.
Adown his ears the glist'ning rings descend, 115
His manly arms the clasping bracelets bind,
From his broad chest the vari'd beads depend,
And all the hero tow'rd within his mind.
His hand he yielded to the gentle youth,
Inquir'd his sorrows with benignant air,
And, kind as pity, unreserv'd as truth,
Sooth'd ev'ry grief, and proffer'd ev'ry care.
When young Celario, breathing many a sigh,
Disclos'd the warring tumults of his breast,
Low on the ground reclin'd his pensive eye, 125
While his persuasive voice the chief address'd.

CELARIO

On these far-extended plains,
Truth and godlike justice reigns!
In my childhood's happy prime,
A warrior from this western clime, 130
Oft the fleeting day improv'd,
Talking of the home he lov'd,
All thy glowing worth imprest
On my young enamour'd breast.
Banish'd from my native shore, 135
Here I turn'd the ready oar.
Tir'd of scenes, where crimes beguile,
Fond of virtue's honest smile,
From perfidious vice I flee,
And devote my life to thee. 140
Shelter'd in thy social cot,
All the glare of wealth forgot,
Let the hatchet grace my hand,
Let me bend to thy command:
May Celario claim thy care, 145
Lead him thro the din of war,
Think not of his early age,
Try him midst the battle's rage.

OUÂBI

May the endless Source of Good,
Parent of yon rapid flood, 150
Strike me with the pangs of fear,
Midst the glories of the war,
If Ouâbi does not prove
All a brother’s tender love;
If his body cease to be, 155
Still a sure defence to thee;
If his life-destroying bow
Does not seek thy treach’rous foe.
Then amidst yon chiefs retire,
Seated round the sacred fire, 160
Waiting for the warrior-feast,
Let them hail thee as their guest:
Music reigns with soft control,
Sable bev’rage fires the soul.
Here yon rising orb of flame 165
Finds each rolling hour the same;
And the star of ev’ning glows
On each bliss, that nature knows.
Say what crimes thy realms disgrace?
Do the natives shun the chase? 170
Do they fear to bend the bow?
Do they dread the threat’ning foe?
Yet, if courage dwells with thee,
Join the Huron war with me.

CELARIO

Oft the active chase they dare, 175
Oft they join the glorious war,
’Tis at home their vices grow,
There they yield to ev’ry foe;
There unnumber’d demons reign,
Led by TERROR, GUILT and PAIN; 180
Rash REVENGE, with eye-balls rolling,
Hateful MALICE, always scowling,
Base Duplicity deceiving,
Cruel Slander, still believing,
Insolence to wealth allied, 185
Rude, unfeeling, trampling PRIDE,
Prudish ENVY’S ready sneer,
Base NEGLECT and dastard FEAR,
Jealousy with bitter sigh,
Low SUSPICION’S jaundiced eye, 190
Lying FRAUD, with treach’rous smile,
Hard REPROACH, and MEANNESS vile,
Affectation’s sick’ning form,
Passion, always in a storm;
These are foes I leave behind, 195
These the TRAITORS of the mind,
Dreadful as the battle’s roar,
Fearful as the conq’ror’s pow’r.
Now for the war-feast all the chiefs prepare,
The jetty draught exhausts the gen'rous bowl, 200
And the **fierce dance**, fit emblem of the war,
Swells the great mind, and fires the kindling soul.
Tho songs of vengeance ev'ry breast inspire,
The **peaceful calumet** succeeds the feast,
Till livid glimmerings mark the sinking fire, 205
And the gem’d skies proclaim the hour of rest.
Ere the first blush of day illumes the morn,
The chiefs, impatient for the battle, rise;
With warlike arms their colour’d limbs adorn,
While glowing valour sparkles in their eyes. 210
Onward they move, by great Ouâbi led,
The young Celario with the painted train,
Like white narcissus mid the tulip-bed,
Or like a swan with peacocks on the plain.
The golden ringlets of his glossy hair, 215
Intwin’d with beads, the tow’ring feathers grace,
No longer floating to the am’rous air,
Nor mingling with the beauties of his face.
Dress’d like a sachem—o’er his naked arm
With careless ease reclin’d his **gaudy bow**, 220
Not bright Apollo boasts so fair a form,
Such ringlets never grac’d his iv’ry brow.
On the far field the adverse heroes join,
No dread artill’ry guards the coward side;
But dauntless strength, and courage half divin
Command the war, and form the conq’ror’s pride.
Thus before Illion’s heav’n-defend’d tow’rs,
Her godlike Hector rais’d his crimson’d arm;
Thus great Atrides led the Grecian pow’rs,
And stern Achilles spread the loud alarm. 230
Where danger threats the European flies,
Eager to follow when Ouâbi leads,
His feather’d arrows glance along the skies,
And many a hero, many a sachem bleeds.
Now the strong hatchet hews whole nations down, 235
Now deathful show’rs of missive darts descend,
The echoing war-whoop drowns the dying groan,
And shouts of vict’ry ev’ry bosom rend.
When by some hand’s unerring force applied,
Flew a swift arrow where Celario stood, 240
Its darting vengeance pierc’d his guardless side,
And drank the living current of his blood.
While from the wound the barbed shaft is drawn,
O’er his fair side the drops of crimson glow,
And seem lost rubies on a wint’ry lawn, 245
Adding new lustre to the silv’ry snow.
The Illinois their great Ouâbi hail,
No more the foe his conq’ring arm defies;
O'er the blue mountain, thro the thorny vale,
The victor follows, as the vanquish'd flies. 250
Fatigu'd by slaughter, ev'ry chief retires
To the lov'd solace of his native plain,
There still regardful of the sacred fires,
Till the loud war awakes his strength again.

By slaves supported thro the mazy wood, 255
Celario gains the sachem's distant home,
Where mourning warriors stop the purple flood,
And for each healing plant the weedy desert roam.

Azâkia's hand the chymic juice applies,
Her constant aid the strength'ning food prepares, 260
Her plaintive voice beguiles his closing eyes,
And soothes his slumbers with unceasing prayers.

Now winds his ringlets round her dusky hand,
And views the contrast with enamour'd boast,
Now o'er his features bends with accents bland, 265
'Till ev'ry swimming sense in wonder's lost.
Thus the lorn wretch, by ignis fatuus led,
Pursues the gleam which charms his lonely way,
Nor, 'till destruction whelms his hapless head,
Suspects the dangers of the treach'rous ray. 270

Celario gazes with renew'd desires,
While kindling hopes his doting bosom move;
Yet still Ouâbi's worth his soul inspires,
And much his virtue struggles with his love.

Now each new day increasing strength bestows, 275
And his brac'd limbs the limping staff resign,
His humid lip with roseate lustre glows,
His lucid eyes with wonted brightness shine.

Canto II

What time red Sirius sheds his baneful pow'r,
And fades the verdant beauties of the grove;
When thirsty plants droop for the cooling show'r,
And not a leaf the sleeping zephyrs move,
Azâkia wander'd from her sultry home, 5
Amid the stream her languid limbs to lave,
Now on the sedgy banks delights to roam,
Now her light body curls the shining wave.
While thro the woods the sachem chas'd the deer,
Celario mourns Azâkia's long delay, 10
Oft at her absence drops th' empassion'd tear,
Counting the tedious moments' leaden way.
When half the scorching day its course had run,
The wand'r'er seeks her lov'd abode again,
Nor thinks how sad existence lingers on, 15
Unsooth'd by love, and worn by anxious pain.
Celario greets her with a lover's care,
And sees new beauties grace her modest form,
Repeats his fond complaint, his late despair,
And dwells enraptur'd on each glowing charm: 20
Till, quite regardless of Ouâbi's name,
His yielding soul to desp'rate love resign'd,
Urg'd with insidious voice his daring flame,
By ev'ry art assail'd her soften'd mind.

CELARIO.

Not bright Hesper beams more fair 25
To the love-lorn traveller,
Than those eyes, where beauty warms,
Than that voice, where softness charms,
Than that bosom's gentle swell,
And those lips, where raptures dwell, 30
To this faithful heart of mine,
Truly, only, wholly thine.
Now Ouâbi hunts the deer,
Love and bliss inhabit here;
Here the downy willows bend, 35
Elms their fringed arms extend,
While the sinking sun improves
Ev'ry scene, which fancy loves.
Let thy heart my refuge be,
And my hopes repose on thee; 40
Grant me all those matchless charms,
Yield the heav'n within thy arms.

AZÂKIA

Does the turtle learn to roam,
When her mate has left his home?
Will the bee forsake her hive? 45
In the peopled wigwam thrive?
Can Azâkia ever prove,
Guardless of Ouâbi's love!
While the shivers from the tree,
Which the warrior broke with me, 50
Straight as honor, bright as fame,
Have not felt the wasting flame!
Think of all his guardian care,
How he train'd thy steps to war;
How, when press'd by ev'ry harm, 55
Stretch'd his life-protecting arm;
Rais'd thee from the trembling ground,
Drew the arrow from thy wound,
Brought thee to his peaceful plain,
Cloth'd thy cheek with health again! 60
Shall I from such virtue part?
Must I break that gen'rous heart?
Ev'ry pang, which kills thy rest,
Then will pierce his faithful breast,
His and thine I cannot be: 65
Must I break his heart for thee?

CELARIO.

All the turtle's charms are thine,
All her constant love is mine;
Ev'ry sweet, the bee bestows,
On thy fragrant bosom grows: 70
May each bliss descend on thee,
Be thy griefs reserv'd for me.
Yes! I must thy choice approve;
Give Ouâbi all thy love;
But with thee I cannot stay, 75
Soon, ah! soon I must away,
Where Scioto's waters flow,
Or the fiery Chactaws glow,
Or the snowy mountains rise,
Frozen by Canadian skies: 80
There for refuge will I fly
From the ruin of that eye;
Yet this heart with love will glow
Mid the northern mountains' snow,
On the Chactaws' southern plain 85
Feel the chill of cold disdain.

AZÀKIA.

Why, ungrateful youth, ah! why
Must the poor Azàkia die!
If you leave this blissful plain,
Never shall we meet again. 90
Tho' to great Ouâbi true,
Yet this soul resides with you;
Still will follow all thy care,
While the body wastes to air.
Not the golden source of light, 95
Not the silver queen of night,
Not the placid morning dream,
Not the tree-reflecting stream,
Ever can a charm display,
When thy heav'nly form's away. 100

E'en while she spake the great Ouâbi came,
Celario's cheek betrays the conscious glow;
But chaste Azâkia, pure from ev'ry shame,
Nor checks her tears, nor hides her blameless woe.
With soften'd accent, and expressive eye, 105
The faultless chief regards her quiv'ring fear,
His gentle voice repels the swelling sigh,
His fond endearment stops the rolling tear.
Celario listens with averted mien,
Struck to the soul, by secret guilt oppress'd, 110
In sullen silence wanders round the green,
While the soft sorrower all her grief express'd.

AZÂKIA.

Far from Azâkia's kindly eyes
The lov'd, the lost Celario flies:
For other friends desires to roam, 115
And scorns Ouâbi's lib'ral home!

OUÂBI.

Dear youth, by bounteous nature blest,
Thou chosen brother of my breast,
What other friends can claim thy care,
For who can hold thee half so dear! 120
Does not the chain of friendship bind
Thy virtues with Ouâbi's mind!
And this warm heart's expanding flame,
Still kindle at Celario's name!
My faithful warriors all are thine, 125
And all thy treach'rous foes are mine.
Perhaps some wrong, thy soul disdains,
Disgusts thee to these hated plains;
By yon bright ruler of the skies,
The wretch, who wrong'd thee, surely dies. 130
The strength'ned foe their arms prepare,
Tomorrow leads me to the war;
This night we claim thee, as a guest,  
To join the sacred warrior-feast.  
While danger all my steps attend, 135  
Let mild Azâkia find a friend.

CELARIO.

Native reason's piercing eye,  
Melting pity's tender sigh,  
Changeless virtue's living flame,  
Meek contentment, free from blame, 140  
Open friendship's gen'rous care,  
Ev'ry boon of life is here!  
Yet this heart, to grief a prey,  
Loaths the morning's purple ray,  
And the azure hour of rest 145  
Plants a scorpion in my breast;  
But I'll with thee to the war,  
Only solace for my care:  
Tho' I cannot heave the blow,  
Yet will bend the supple bow, 150  
Fatal to the flying foe.

OUÂBI.

Yes! and that great, undaunted mind,  
With equal strength and vigor join'd,  
Would lead thee with regardless haste  
Thro' yon illimitable waste; 155  
But yet thy wounded body spare,  
Unfit to meet the toils of war;  
Unfit the ambush'd chiefs to find,  
To follow swifter than the wind,  
Or, if by num'rous foes subdued, 160  
To fly within the tangling wood:  
With my Azâkia then remain,  
'Till her lov'd warrior comes again.

Thus great Ouâbi sooths with gentle care  
The guilty anguish of Celario's breast, 165  
Dissuades his purpose from the coming war,  
And calms his stormy passions into rest.  
Now the brave hero seeks the distant foe,  
And leads his warriors with unequall'd grace,  
Adorn'd with paint their martial bodies glow, 170  
A firm, unconquer'd, unforgiving race.  
Such as when Julius sought Britannia's plain,
With fearless step approach'd her pensile shore,
Whose naked limbs the varying colours stain,
Who dare the war, and scorn the conq'ror's pow'r. 175
Mean time Azâkia for her sachem mourns,
Her troubled heart to ceaseless pangs resign'd;
Now to Celario's ardent love returns,
Now native virtue brightens in her mind.
Unbending honor gains her spotless breast; 180
Forms the resolve to guard his fatal charms,
To seek some nymph with radiant beauty blest,
To win his love, and grace his envi'd arms.
On the young ZISMA all her hopes repose,
Who next herself adorn'd the peopled glade; 185
Like the green bud beneath the op'ning rose,
With bright Azâkia shone the rising maid.
To the fair stranger gentle Zisma flies,
Prevents each wish, each luxury prepares,
Dwells on his beauties with unweari'd eyes, 190
And lures with siren voice his froward cares.
Much he admires, and much his soul approves;
But when was love by frigid prudence sway'd!
In the torn breast, which burning passion moves,
Can the cold law of reason be obey'd! 195
Still to Azâkia all his thoughts retire,
Her slender form, her love-exiting face,
Her gentle voice, each tremb'ling nerve inspire,
And ev'ry smile robs Zisma of a grace.
Oft tears of transport from his eyes distil, 200
Oft rays of hope thro' dark'ning sorrows beam,
Now at her feet the subject of her will,
Now wild as loud Ontario's rushing stream.

Canto III

Just as the sun awak'd the dewy morn,
And rose resplendent from his wat'ry bed,
When vari'd tints the heav'nly arch adorn,
And o'er the meads enamell'd radiance spread,
At the far limits of the spangled lawn 5
A ghastly figure issued from the wood,
Writhing with anguish, like the wounded fawn,
Cover'd with darts, and stain'd with clotted blood.
Azâkia's bosom swells with boding woes,
Yet to his aid the sweet consoler flies, 10
On his parch'd lips the cooling draught bestows,
Binds his deep wounds, and sooths his labour'd sighs.
When his faint voice, and wasted strength returns,
Oft he attempts, oft quits the fearful tale,
"Till the sad list'ner all her sorrow learns, 15
Whelm'd in dumb grief, with chilling terrors pale.
Too soon, alas! his broken accents show,
How the great chief approach'd the fatal plain,
Tho' nations fell beneath his nervous blow,
O'erpow'r'd by numbers sunk amidst the slain. 20
One equal fate the victor-foes impart,
For the pure town in vain the vanquish'd bend,
The vengeful tomahawk, and hurtling dart,
Down to the shades the hapless heroes send.
While this alone, of all the routed train, 25
From purple heaps, where dying sachems lay,
To seek the lov'd Azâkia's peaceful plain,
Had turn'd his sad, dark, solitary way.
On the far field while great Ouâbi lies,
Breathless and low amid the glorious dead, 30
No friendly hand to close the warrior's eyes,
And shield the plummy honours of his head,
Ungovern'd rage the young Celario fires,
He scorns his wounds, forgets the nymph he loves;
Revenge is all his swelling breast desires, 35
Revenge alone his furious soul approves.
In Zisma's arms, of wasting grief the prey,
The widow'd mourner courts the murd'rous dream,
Shuns the red splendor of the rising day,
The moon's pale radiance, and the shaded stream. 40
Not deeper anguish rends the promis'd bride,
If death relentless lifts his ebon dart,
And tears her youthful lover from her side,
Just when hope warm'd, and pleasure fir'd the heart.
Now brave Celario seeks his scatter'd friends, 45
Who raise new pow'rs, and neighb'ring tribes obtain,
Along the darken'd green the host extends,
Breathing revenge, and undismay'd by pain.
For the young champion all their voices rise,
He can alone their glorious chief succeed, 50
Who erst, beneath that matchless sachem's eyes,
Could greatly conquer, and could nobly bleed.
Ere he departs Azâkia claims his care,
The youthful Zisma at her side he found,
While plung'd in grief, the victim of despair, 55
The lovely suff'rer press'd the turfy ground.
In her cold hand the fatal draught was borne,
Of deadly Cytron's pois'nous root compos'd,
While many a tear, and many a lengthen'd groan,
The purpose of her steady soul disclos'd. 60
AZÂKIA.

*When angry spirits shake the skies,
And 'gainst the good the bad arise,*
The golden orb, which lights the day,
Withdraws its clear refulgent ray,
"Till GOODNESS gains his native throne, 65
And hurls the pow'r of darkness down.
Then shines the FLAMING ORB more clear,
More ardent splendors gild the year.
Thus would this sensual form control
The glory of th' immortal soul; 70
Would all the charms of light forego,
And chain it to the gloom of woe;
But soon th' unequal contest ends,
Soon the pure soul to bliss ascends,
While thro' the realms of endless day 75
Ouâbi spreads his brighten'd ray.
Last night the beaming warrior came,
Envelop'd in surrounding flame,
Stretch'd his heroic arms to me,
And rais'd this loit'ring heart from thee; 80
If once again he greets my sight,
And calls me to the realms of light,
This killing draught will waft me o'er
The terrors of the win'try shore,
To wander midst the blissful train, 85
And meet the fearless chief again.

CELARIO.

How can the dead approach thy sight!
Who guides them thro' the shades of night!
Would that bright soul its bliss resign,
To give a lasting stab to mine! 90
How could the wretch, who caus'd thy pain,
Know when the glorious chief was slain?
Perhaps, the victors' triumph made,
He mourns beneath the silent shade,
Or the slow tortures strive in vain 95
His great, unconquer'd ruind to gain:
This daring arm shall set him free,
Pledge but thy sacred oath to me,
By all the shining pow'rs above,
By thy Celario's constant love, 100
T'il great Ouâbi's fate is known,
Thou wilt not dare to touch thy own. The foe an easy prey will be,
Now lull'd to calm security:  
Surprise will seize the guardless train, 105  
And snatch the warrior-chief from pain.

AZÂKIA.

Then by the ruler of the skies,  
By young Celario's heav'nly eyes,  
By the soft love, those eyes express,  
By all his vari'd pow'rs to bless, 110  
His hopeless tear, impassion'd sigh,  
And look of speechless sympathy,  
Witness ye spirits of the dead,  
That hover round this widow'd head,  
The fatal bowl I will not drain, 115  
’Till the young warrior comes again,  
Or ’till to great Ouâbi's shade  
The sad sepulchral rites are paid.

Charm'd by her accents, from her sight he speeds,  
Swift as the falcon darting on the prey, 120  
With the red train in eager haste proceeds,  
And fires their courage, as he leads their way.  
Soon as they gain the region of the foe,  
Some he directs the ambush’d path to guide,  
Some with strong force to heave the sudden blow, 125  
And some to bear the captur’d chiefs aside.  
Return'd from conquest, and to case resign'd,  
Th' invaded tribe their hasty arms regain,  
In ev'ry step an instant death to find,  
Or the sad prospect of a life of pain. 130  
In vain Celario checks the savage hand,  
The helpless mother with her infant dies,  
Revenge inspires his unforgiving band,  
"Till all one heap of desolation lies.  
Now to the town they urge their rapid way, 135  
With equal speed the routed foe retires,  
There in the midst a tortur'd warrior lay,  
Daring the fury of the raging fires.  
His mangled form the tort’rers pow’r defies,  
His changeless voice the song of death had sung, 140  
No tear of pain pollutes his steady eyes,  
No cry of mercy trembles on his tongue.

DEATH SONG.

Rear’d midst the war-empurpled plain,
What Illinois submits to PAIN!
How can the glory-darting fire 145
The coward chill of death inspire!
The sun a blazing heat bestows,
The moon midst pensive ev'ning glows,
The stars in sparkling beauty shine,
And own their FLAMING SOURCE divine. 150
Then let me hail th' IMMORTAL FIRE,
And in the sacred flames expire;
Nor yet those Huron hands restrain;
This bosom scorns the throbs of pain.
No griefs this warrior-soul can bow, 155
No pangs contract this even brow;
Not all your threats excite a fear,
Not all your force can start a tear.
Think not with me my tribe decays,
More glorious chiefs the hatchet raise; 160
Not unreveng'd their sachem dies,
Not unattended greets the skies.

Celario listens with the ear of care,
His sinking limbs their wonted aid refuse,
He calls his warriors with distracted air, 165
Whose ready hands the suff'ring victim loose.
Around his feet the young deliv'rer clings;
It is Ouâbi ! greatest! first of men!
The song of death the dauntless sachem sings,
Yet clasps his lov'd Celario once agen. 170
Thro' the deep wood they seek the healing balm,
Weep on his hand, or at his feet deplore;
Ah! how unlike Ouâbi's glorious form!
Now gash'd with wounds, and bath'd in streams of gore!
Snatch'd from the wish'd oblivion of the field, 175
Subjected to the victor's hard decree,
Struck by his form, their iron bosoms yield,
They grant a life depriv'd of liberty.
Th' indignant chief the proffer'd boon disdains,
Defies their rage, and scorns their threat'ning ire, 180
Demands the tortures, and their rending pains,
The ling'ring anguish of the tardy fire.
The Death Song echo'd thro' the hollow wood,
Just when Celario led his warrior-train,
Th' affrighted foe discard the work of blood, 185
And fly impetuous o'er the arid plain.
Thus when a carcase clogs the op'ning vale,
And birds of prey in pro'wling circles throng,
If some fierce hound approach the tainted gale,
He drives the wild relentless brood along. 190
Pale horror stalks, and swift destruction reigns,
Carnage and death pollute the ruin'd glade,
'Till nature's weari'd arm a respite gains,
When night pacific spreads her sable shade.

Canto IV.

While the bent forest drops the chrystal tear,
And frozen Huron chills the shorten'd day,
'Till the young spring restor'd the blossom'd year,
Rack'd by disease the patient sachem lay.
O'er his pierc'd limbs, and lacerated form, 5
Celario binds the health-restoring leaf,
And guards his slumbers from surrounding harm,
With all the silent eloquence of grief.
'Till sov'reign nature, and benignant art,
Revive each nerve, each weaken'd fibre brace, 10
And ev'ry charm, that health and youth impart,
Glows in his veins, and brightens in his face.
Still to his love, Celario's heart returns,
Full oft he mourns her life-oppressing woe,
'Till great Ouâbi all his soul discerns, 15
And views the source, from whence his sorrows flow.
In pensive thought he treads the fenny meads,
While for his native home they bend their way,
Light as the air each hurried step proceeds,
Thro' the slow moments of the ling'ring day: 20
'Till time, whom happy lovers form'd with wings,
To his own plains the matchless chief restores;
Around his neck the wild Azâkia clings,
Now weeps, now joys, now blesses, now deplores.
Another dream had rack'd her sleepless mind, 25
Where the great hero chid her long delay,
While all her tortur'd breast, to death resign'd,
Reproach'd the European's faithless stay.
The chief returns in all his native grace,
Tho' mark'd with wounds, and sear'ed with many a scar, 30
Yet manly charms adorn his open face,
Still form'd to lead and guide the glorious war.
Celario gazes with unsated eye,
While down his cheek the tears of rapture flow,
His melting bosom heaves the breathing sigh, 35
And rising cares contract his polish'd brow.
Not unobserv'd the nectar'd sigh ascends,
Nor yet in vain the tears of fondness roll,
With soften'd look the gen'rous sachem bends,  
While heav'ny music speaks his yielding soul. 40

OUÂBI.

In freedom born, to glory bred,  
Yet like a dastard captive led,  
When sunk in blust oblivious night,  
Rais'd to the sorrows of the light,  
The life, I scorn'd, they basely gave, 45  
And dar'd to claim me as a slave,  
To threat me with the darts of pain,  
Tho born o'er glorious chiefs to reign;  
But, taught Ouâbi's soul to know,  
They sought to bend that soul with woe,  
By vari'd tortures vainly strove  
This heav'n-directed eye to move,  
When like a God Celario came,  
And snatch'd me from the piercing flame. 55  
From thee this arm its strength receives,  
By thee this form in freedom lives;  
By thee was bright Azâkia's breath,  
Twice rescu'd from the blast of death;  
Each time a greater blessing gave  
Than twice Ouâbi's life to save;  
As he alone her love deserves,  
Whose pow'r her matchless charms preserves,  
That love, those charms, I now resign,  
With ev'ry bliss, that once was mine. 65  
Since all her mind thy worth approves,  
And all thy soul her beauty loves,  
This grateful heart that hand bestows,  
Which not to shun a life of woes,  
Which not to gain undying fame,  
To save me from the Hurons' flame,  
Would this fond bleeding breast resign,  
Or yield to any worth but thine. 70

CELARIO

First shall the sun forget to lave  
His bright beams in the red'ning wave,  
The Pleiades shall forsake their sphere, 75  
And midst the blaze of noon appear,  
Or cold Böotes' car shall roll  
In sultry splendor round the pole,  
Ere thy Celario hails the day,
In which he tears thy soul away. 80
Tho' late—with pointed grief I see,
And own my black'ning crimes to thee.
When torn by woes, by cares oppress'd,
You clasp'd me to that shelt'ring breast,
Forbade my exil'd steps to roam, 85
And led me to this gen'rous home:
Regardless of thy sacred fame,
I dar'd to urge my guilty flame;
Tho' to that arm my life was due,
And ev'ry bliss deriv'd from you, 90
By each perfidious art I strove
To win the bright Azâkia's love,
With ceaseless passion sought to gain
Her heav'ly charms—but sought in vain.
Yet will the wand'ring traitor go 95
To distant plains, to realms of woe,
'Till absence from his breast remove
The tortures of his impious love,
'Till time with healing on his wing
Shall peace and soft oblivion bring. 100

OUÂBI.

Yes! in thy guilty deeds I trace
The crimes which still thy realms disgrace;
But my Celario, yet I find
Each native worth adorns thy mind;
For heav'ly beaming TRUTH is there, 105
Of open brow and heart sincere!
No daring vice could e'er control
Azâkia's unpolluted soul.
Born amidst virtue's favor'd race,
Her mind as faultless as her face, 110
Vain must each daring effort prove,
That uncorrupted breast to move;
For on the pure translucid stream
In vain the midnight lightnings beam,
It lifts its bosom to the day, 115
Unsullied as the solar ray.
Yet have I sworn by yon swift flood,
And by this cloud-envelop'd wood,
Ne'er in these war-devoted arms
To clasp again her matchless charms, 120
Nor yet these eyes to sleep resign,
'Till all those matchless charms are thine.
The youthful Zisma's constant smile
Will ev'ry rising grief beguile.
The shivers from the lofty tree, 125
The gentle maid will break with me:
In time her rip'ning form and face
Will bloom with all Azâkia's grace.
But for the war this soul was made,
I scorn the peace-encircled shade: 130
Revenge recals me to the plain,
To meet the Huron foe again.

No friendly calumet shall glow,
No snow-white plume pass o'er the brow,
'Till in one blaze of ruin hurl'd, 135
I sink them to the nether world:
Revenge shall every torment ease,
And e'en the parted soul appease.

Azâkia hears the changeless chief's reply,
Now warm'd with hope, now chill'd with icy fear, 140
Nor dares to meet him with her swimming eye,
Her lab'ring breath, and soul-entrancing care.
Tho' the fam'd warrior rul'd her faithful mind,
The young Celario ev'ry passion mov'd;
E'en to his faults her doting heart inclin'd — 145
Ouâbi was too godlike to be lov'd.

While the soft Zisma learns the fix'd decree,
In modest silence and in pleas'd surprise,
To the great sachem bends her willing knee
With grateful smiles, and rapture-glancing eyes. 150
In vain Celario pleads his alter'd breast,
No Illinois his sacred word recals;
'Tis fix'd — the young deliv'rer shall be blest
The flames ascend — the branching cedar falls.

Ere the day close the solemn rites begin, 155
The broken shivers feed the hungry blaze;
While the new spires adorn the social green,
And the wild music joins the song of praise.
To his wrapt soul Celario clasps his bride,
Thinks it a dream, some sweet delusive charm; 160
Wonder and joy his beating breast divide,
Dart from his eyes, and ev'ry accent warm.
Thus the young hero from victorious war,
While the throng'd city swells the full acclaim,
Forgets each bleeding friend, each ghastly scar, 165
And ev'ry breeze wafts pleasure, wealth and fame.

Ouâbi, still in matchless worth array'd,
Betray's no grief, no soft, repentant sigh;
But like a parent guards the timid maid,
And claims her friendship with his asking eye. 170
Her slender limbs the matron-garb adorn,
Her locks no more in bright luxuriance flow,
From her smooth brow the maiden veil is drawn,
And glist'ning beads in rainbow-beauty glow.
Joy reigns, and pleasure lights the smiling scene, 175
The graceful feet in mazy circles rove,
While music warbles o’er the peopled green,
And wafts the fond impassion’d breath of love.
Swift flies the sunny morn, that gilds the spring,
Short is the show’r, which bathes the summer day, 180
But swifter still gay pleasure’s transient wing,
With fleeter haste contentment, glides away!
E’en while delight expands each winning charm,
Thro’ the wide plain the shrieks of fright arise;
The gentle Zisma swells the loud alarm, 185
Her great, her lov’d Ouâbi falls—he dies!
Oh thou, whose feeling heart, and ready sigh,
On ev’ry grief soft sympathy bestow,
Here turn thy blest, benignant, melting eye,
Here let the tears of full compassion flow! 190
Down at his feet the lost Azâkia lies,
Her pale Celario parts the pressing throng,
Th’ immortal warrior lifts his darken’d eyes,
And the chok’d words fall quiv’ring from his tongue.

OUÂBI.

To realms where godlike valour reigns, 195
Exempt from ills, and freed from pains,
Where this unconquer’d soul will shine,
And all the victor’s prize be mine,
I go—nor vainly shed the tear,
Ouâbi has no glory here; 200
Unfit the Illinois to guide,
No more the dauntless warriors’ pride—
Since as a hapless captive led,
Rack’d like a slave, he basely bled,
No haughty Huron e’er shall boast, 205
He deign’d to live, when fame was lost.
Celario! thou my place sustain,
The chiefs expect thee on the plain.
Ah! ne’er in earth the hatchet lay,
’Till thou hast swept my foes away. 210

The strong convulsions shake his lab’ring form,
Hard, and with pain, the loit’ring blood retires;
Thus sinks the oak, when loud tornados storm,
The kingly lion with such pangs expires.
Cold to the heart, the peerless sachem falls, 215
No heav’nly pow’rs the fleeting breath restrain,
No human aid his parted soul recals,
Whose life was VIRTUE, and whose fate was PAIN.
Now wailing sorrow murmurs thro the glade,
While to the tomb, where sleep his glorious race, 220
Erect, as when a subject tribe obey'd,
The mourn'd Ouâbi's sacred form they place.
Thus the great soul to realms of light ascends!
Down at his feet the conq'ring hatchet stands,
O'er his high head the spreading bow extends, 225
The lustral coin adorns his lifeless hands!
While to the spot, made holy by his shade,
His faithful tribe with annual care return
And, as the solemn obsequies are paid,
In pious love, and humble rev'rence mourn. 230
Each lonely Illinois, who wanders by,
Will with the hero's fame his way béguile,
In fond devotion bend the suppliant eye,
And add one pillar to the sacred pile.
There shall he rest! and if in realms of day, 235
The GOOD, the BRAVE, diffuse a light divine,
Redoubled splendor gilds the brighten'd ray,
Which bids Ouâbi's NATIVE VIRTUES shine! Poem section
LET not the CRITIC, with disdainful eye,
In the weak verse condemn the novel plan; 240
But own, that VIRTUE beams in ev'ry sky.
Tho wayward frailty is the lot of man,
Dear as ourselves to hold each faithful friend,
To tread the path, which INNATE LIGHT inspires,
To guard our country's rites, her soil defend, 245
Is all that NATURE, all that HEAV'N requires.

NOTES

1. Dedication: As the Dedication was accepted, and approved, by the respectable character, to whom it was addressed, and in the press, previous to the unfortunate event, which deprived science and mankind of that ornament to both, the author is induced, rather from a sentiment of propriety than vanity, to insert the following Note, the last effort of a mind, the faculties of which were never impaired. "Mr. Bowdoin this morning had the pleasure of receiving Mrs. -----'s very polite billet, accompanied with a manuscript Poem, entitled, "The Virtues of Nature." "Her intention of dedicating it to him does him great honor, and as such he shall accept it, as coming from the well-directed pen of the ingenious Philenia." In the Dedication, which he wishes as justly applied, as it is well written, he begs leave to reverse one sentiment, that the volume will be so far from needing the candor and benevolence of the reader to recommend it, that it will stand the test of the most critical judgment and taste. "The volume would be enlarged by that Lady's adding to it from her budget of poetry, such a number of pieces, as would make it respectable, not only for the matter, but for its size. "Mr. Bowdoin would propose that the manuscript should remain where it is, for a day
or two, to give Mrs. Bowdoin and her daughter, Lady Temple, an opportunity of reading it. In the mean time he begs leave to salute the amiable Philenia with his best and most respectful compliments. "In room of Philenia, he thinks it would be best the real name of the fair author should be substituted." Boston, October 16th, 1790.

2. French author: M. Mercier.
3. Mississippi, an Indian name, signifying the great father of rivers. It is subject to no tides, but from its source in the north of the American Continent flows with rapid force, till it empties itself into the Gulph of Mexico.
4. War-whoop, the cry of battle, with which they always make their onset.
5. Midst the flames: The American Indians, after exhausting every species of cruelty and torture upon their most distinguished prisoners, burn them by a distant fire; who expire singing songs of glory and defiance.
6. Beauty had lent her form the waving line: See Hogarth's Line of Beauty.
7. Glitt'ring sandals: The sandals are ornamented either with little glistening bells, or with a great variety of shining beads and feathers.
8. Great ruler of the winged hour: It is presumed that Azâkia had never before seen an European, or heard the report of a pistol, as she considers one a deity, and the other his thunder.
9. See a graceful form arise: The Indian women of America are very chaste after marriage, and if any person makes love to them, they answer, "The Friend that is before my eyes, prevents my seeing you."
10. Warlike youths in circling orders: At their councils and war-feasts they seat themselves in semicircles or half moons: the King or Sachem stands, or fixes himself in the middle, with his counsellors on each side, according to their age and rank. See William Penn's letters to his friends in England.
11. Warrior feast: The day before battle the sachems and warriors meet together, and with great solemnity join in the war feast.
12. Sable beverage, which they call the black drink, is made by a decoction of certain herbs, and is similar in appearance to coffee: It is of an exhilarating nature, is prepared by their warriors or head men, and served round at their councils and war feasts, with great solemnity and devotion. The commissioners from the United States were presented with this liquor upon their introduction.
13. Fierce dance: The dance is rather an act of devotion, than of recreation, and constitutes a part of all their public ceremonies. See William Penn's Letters.
14. Peaceful calumet: The calumet is a highly ornamented pipe, which the Indians smoke as a type of peace and harmony on all public occasions.
15. Gaudy bow: Their bows are stained with a great variety of glaring colours, and otherwise ornamented. For a specimen see the Museum of the University at Cambridge.
16. Sacred fires: It is a point of religion with the American Indians never to suffer their fires to go out until the close of their year, when they are totally extinguished, and others are kindled by friction of certain wood. The policy of this act of devotion is evident, as it not only indicates to their youth the necessity of their being constantly ready for war, but serves as an annual school to instruct them (in all cases of emergency) in the method of raising this necessary element into action from the objects of nature, which surround them.
17. The slaves: The prisoners of inferior rank, taken in battle, are retained as slaves by the rights of war; and this is the only kind of slavery known amongst them.
18. Each healing plant: These people are perhaps the first botanists in the world; and from their knowledge of the properties of plants, according to William Penn, have a remedy for almost every disease, to which they are subject. They have certain antidotes to all venomous bites, and it is said an infallible cure for cancers.
19. **Shivers from the tree**: The marriage contract of the North American Indians is not necessarily during life, but while the parties continue agreeable to each other. The ceremony is performed by their mutually breaking small shivers or sticks of wood in the presence of their friends, which are carefully deposited in some safe place, till they wish a separation; when with like ceremony the sticks are thrown into the sacred fires, and the marriage consequently dissolved. Mrs. Brooks observes, that the greatest obstruction to the conversion of the Canadian Indians to Christianity, was their reluctance at forming marriages for life.

20. **Unforgiving**: Revenge is a principle, in which they are very careful to educate their young warriors, considering it one of their first virtues; yet this revenge is rather a deliberate sentiment of the mind, than a rash ebullition of passion; for they suppose that a man who always feels a disposition to punish injuries, will not be readily inclined to commit them. See Wm. Penn's Letters.

21. **Like the green bud beneath the op'ning rose**: Azâkia is supposed to be still in extreme youth, as among the Indians the women contract marriage at the age of fourteen, and the men at seventeen. Wm. Penn's Letters.

22. **Pure town**: The pure or white towns are places of refuge, in which no blood is ever permitted to be spilt; even criminals are there protected.

23. **Vengeful tomahawk**: The tomahawk is a small hatchet, with a long handle, which is thrown at the enemy with success at a great distance; it is particularly fatal in a pursuit.

24. **Plumy honours**: Alluding to their practice of scalping.

25. **The murd'rous dream**: It is said to have been anciently a custom among the Indians, if in the space of forty days, a woman, who had lost her husband, saw and conversed with him twice in a dream, to infer from thence, that he required her presence in the land of spirits; and nothing could dispense with her putting herself to death.

26. **Cytron**: The root of the North-American cytron tree, commonly called the candle wood, produces a juice of a most deadly poison.

27. **When angry spirits shake the skies**: The American Indians believe, that an eclipse of the sun is occasioned by a contention between the good and evil spirit; and as light finally prevails, they suppose the good spirit is always victorious.

28. **The red train**: The Indians stile themselves "The red people."

29. **The helpless mother with her infant dies**: These people make it a principle to spare neither the wives nor children of their enemies; but, like the patriarchs of old, endeavour to extirpate the whole race.

30. **Twice Ouâbi's life to save**: Ouâbi does not simply mean to compliment Azâkia in this expression, but alludes to a custom of his country, which in most cases admits the payment of a fine, as an expiation for murder. If the deceased be a woman, the fine is double; and the reason they give for this partiality for that sex, is, that they are capable of bringing warriors to the nation. See Wm. Penn's Letters. This law of expiating murder by pecuniary compensation has, I believe, been observed by every uncivilized nation upon earth.

31. **The Pleiades**: Celario will not be considered as addressing the savage in too philosophical language, when it is remembered that people in a hunting state are necessarily acquainted with the different stars and planets, to aid their course in their excursions from, and returns to, their places of residence. As no images can with propriety be taken from culture or civil society in the dialogues, I am under the necessity of frequently repeating the most striking objects of nature.

32. **No calumet . . . no snow-white plume**: Their mode of making peace is, previous to smoking the friendly calumet, for the sachem or head-warrior to advance with a white plume, in the form of a fan, towards the ambassadors of the rival nation, and to draw it lightly over their foreheads; meaning to indicate, that from that moment all former animosities are wiped
away, and all passed injuries consigned to oblivion. The whiteness of the plume being emblematical of the purity of their intentions in the treaty they are forming.

33. **Wild music:** The music of the Indians, tho’ of a wild and inharmonius kind, is introduced at all their public festivals and solemnities.

34. **Maiden veil:** The unmarried women wear a kind of cap, or veil, on their heads, which is taken off at the marriage ceremony. [William Penn’s Letters.] To this, it is said, succeeds a circle of beads of various colours.

35. **Ah! ne’er in earth the hatchet lay:** The principal Indian figure made use of to express the making peace, is "burying the hatchet."

36. **Tomb:** Their tombs, or rather cemetaries, are of great extent, and of curious construction, and to which the living pay the utmost veneration. Governor Jefferson’s Notes on Virginia.

37. **Erect:** The posture in which they bury their dead is either sitting or standing upright, believing that when they rise, they must inhabit heaven in the same posture in which they are buried.

38. **The lustral coin:** They not only believe in the immortality of the soul, but also of the bodies of men and animals, and even of their warlike arms, and other inanimate things; and for this reason it is a custom with them to bury with their chiefs, his hatchet at his feet, with the handle perpendicular, his bow unstrung over his head, and a coin (made, according to William Penn, of a fish’s bone highly polished) in his hand.

39. **His faithful tribe with annual care return:** At stated periods the Indians revisit the sepulchres or cemetaries of their chiefs, and perform certain rites and ceremonies not precisely known to the Anglo-Americans. Governor Jefferson, in his Notes, gives one instance of this custom.

40. **And add one pillar to the sacred pile:** These sepulchres or cemetaries are raised to a very great height above the surface of the earth, by immense piles of stones. [See Gov. Jefferson’s Notes.] And to prevent their being levelled by time, it is a religious duty for every one of the same nation, who accidentally passes it, to add one stone in reverence to the pile. [See Mr. Noah Webster’s Letters to the Rev. Ezra Stiles] — who says, "Rowland remarks that this custom exists among the vulgar Welsh to this day, the same kind of mounts being scattered over the west of England and Wales."

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**Phillis Wheatley**

**A Hymn to the Evening**

**PHILLIS WHEATLEY**

Soon as the sun forsook the eastern main
The pealing thunder shook the heav’nly plain;
Majestic grandeur! From the zephyr’s wing,
Exhales the incense of the blooming spring.
Soft purl the streams, the birds renew their notes,
And through the air their mingled music floats.
Through all the heav’ns what beauteous dies are spread!
But the west glories in the deepest red:
So may our breasts with ev’ry virtue glow,
The living temples of our God below!
Fill’d with the praise of him who gives the light,
And draws the sable curtains of the night,
Let placid slumbers sooth each weary mind,  
At morn to wake more heav’ny, more refin’d;  
So shall the labours of the day begin  
More pure, more guarded from the snares of sin.  
Night’s leaden sceptre seals my drowsy eyes,  
Then cease, my song, till fair Aurora rise.

**On Being Brought from Africa to America**  
**BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY**

’Twas mercy brought me from my Pagan land,  
Taught my benighted soul to understand  
That there’s a God, that there’s a Saviour too:  
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew.  
Some view our sable race with scornful eye,  
“Our colour is a diabolic die.”  
Remember, Christians, Negros, black as Cain,  
May be refin’d, and join th’ angelic train.

**On Imagination**  
**BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY**

Thy various works, imperial queen, we see,  
How bright their forms! how deck’d with pomp by thee!  
Thy wond’rous acts in beauteous order stand,  
And all attest how potent is thine hand.

From Helicon’s refulgent heights attend,  
Ye sacred choir, and my attempts befriend:  
To tell her glories with a faithful tongue,  
Ye blooming graces, triumph in my song.

Now here, now there, the roving Fancy flies,  
Till some lov’d object strikes her wand’ring eyes,  
Whose silken fetters all the senses bind,  
And soft captivity involves the mind.

**Imagination! who can sing thy force?**  
Or who describe the swiftness of thy course?  
Soaring through air to find the bright abode,  
Th’ empyreal palace of the thund’ring God,  
We on thy pinions can surpass the wind,  
And leave the rolling universe behind:  
From star to star the mental optics rove,  
Measure the skies, and range the realms above.  
There in one view we grasp the mighty whole,  
Or with new worlds amaze th’ unbounded soul.

Though Winter frowns to Fancy’s raptur’d eyes  
The fields may flourish, and gay scenes arise;
The frozen deeps may break their iron bands,
And bid their waters murmur o'er the sands.
Fair Flora may resume her fragrant reign,
And with her flow'ry riches deck the plain;
Sylvanus may diffuse his honours round,
And all the forest may with leaves be crown'd:
Sho'rs may descend, and dews their gems disclose,
And nectar sparkle on the blooming rose.

    Such is thy pow'r, nor are thine orders vain,
O thou the leader of the mental train:
In full perfection all thy works are wrought,
And thine the sceptre o'er the realms of thought.
Before thy throne the subject-passions bow,
Of subject-passions sov'reign ruler thou;
At thy command joy rushes on the heart,
And through the glowing veins the spirits dart.

    Fancy might now her silken pinions try
To rise from earth, and sweep th' expanse on high:
From Tithon's bed now might Aurora rise,
Her cheeks all glowing with celestial dies.
While a pure stream of light o'erflows the skies.
The monarch of the day I might behold,
And all the mountains tipt with radiant gold,
But I reluctant leave the pleasing views,
Which Fancy dresses to delight the Muse;
Winter austere forbids me to aspire,
And northern tempests damp the rising fire;
They chill the tides of Fancy's flowing sea,
Cease then, my song, cease the unequal lay.

On Virtue

    By Phillis Wheatley
O thou bright jewel in my aim I strive
To comprehend thee. Thine own words declare
Wisdom is higher than a fool can reach.
I cease to wonder, and no more attempt
Thine height t'explore, or fathom thy profound.
But, O my soul, sink not into despair,
Virtue is near thee, and with gentle hand
Would now embrace thee, hovers o'er thine head.
Fain would the heaven-born soul with her converse,
Then seek, then court her for her promised bliss.

Auspicious queen, thine heavenly pinions spread,
And lead celestial Chastity along;
Lo! now her sacred retinue descends,
Arrayed in glory from the orbs above.
Attend me, Virtue, thro' my youthful years!
O leave me not to the false joys of time!
But guide my steps to endless life and bliss.
*Greatness*, or *Goodness*, say what I shall call thee,
To give an higher appellation still,
Teach me a better strain, a nobler lay,
O Thou, enthroned with Cherubs in the realms of day!

To a Gentleman and Lady on the Death of the Lady’s Brother and Sister, and a Child of the Name *Avis*, Aged One Year

BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY

On Death’s domain intent I fix my eyes,
Where human nature in vast ruin lies,
With pensive mind I search the drear abode,
Where the great conqu’ror has his spoils bestow’d;
There there the offspring of six thousand years
In endless numbers to my view appears:
Whole kingdoms in his gloomy den are thrust,
And nations mix with their primeval dust:
Insatiate still he gluts the ample tomb;
His is the present, his the age to come
See here a brother, here a sister spread,
And a sweet daughter mingled with the dead.

But, Madam, let your grief be laid aside,
And let the fountain of your tears be dry’d,
In vain they flow to wet the dusty plain,
Your sighs are wafted to the skies in vain,
Your pains they witness, but they can no more,
While Death reigns tyrant o’er this mortal shore.

The glowing stars and silver queen of light
At last must perish in the gloom of night:
Resign thy friends to that Almighty hand,
Which gave them life, and bow to his command;
Thine *Avis* give without a murm’ring heart,
Though half thy soul be fated to depart.
To shining guards consign thine infant care
To waft triumphant through the seas of air:
Her soul enlarg’d to heav’nly pleasure springs,
She feeds on truth and uncreated things.
Methinks I hear her in the realms above,
And leaning forward with a filial love,
Invite you there to share immortal bliss
Unknown, untasted in a state like this.
With tow’ring hopes, and growing grace arise,
And seek beatitude beyond the skies.

To S. M. A Young African Painter, On Seeing His Works

BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY
TO show the lab’ring bosom’s deep intent,
And thought in living characters to paint,
When first thy pencil did those beauties give,
And breathing figures learnt from thee to live,
How did those prospects give my soul delight,
A new creation rushing on my sight?
Still, wond’rous youth! each noble path pursue,
On deathless glories fix thine ardent view:
Still may the painter’s and the poet’s fire
To aid thy pencil, and thy verse conspire!
And may the charms of each seraphic theme
Conduct thy footsteps to immortal fame!
High to the blissful wonders of the skies
Elate thy soul, and raise thy wishful eyes.
Thrice happy, when exalted to survey
That splendid city, crown’d with endless day,
Whose twice six gates on radiant hinges ring:
Celestial Salem blooms in endless spring.
Calm and serene thy moments glide along,
And may the muse inspire each future song!
Still, with the sweets of contemplation bless’d,
May peace with balmy wings your soul invest!
But when these shades of time are chas’d away,
And darkness ends in everlasting day,
On what seraphic pinions shall we move,
And view the landscapes in the realms above?
There shall thy tongue in heav’nly murmurs flow,
And there my muse with heav’nly transport glow:
No more to tell of Damon’s tender sighs,
Or rising radiance of Aurora’s eyes,
For nobler themes demand a nobler strain,
And purer language on th’ ethereal plain.
Cease, gentle muse! the solemn gloom of night
Now seals the fair creation from my sight.

To the Right Honorable William, Earl of Dartmouth
BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY
Hail, happy day, when, smiling like the morn,
Fair Freedom rose New-England to adorn:
The northern clime beneath her genial ray,
Dartmouth, congratulates thy blissful sway:
Elate with hope her race no longer mourns,
Each soul expands, each grateful bosom burns,
While in thine hand with pleasure we behold
The silken reins, and Freedom’s charms unfold.
Long lost to realms beneath the northern skies

She shines supreme, while hated faction dies:
Soon as appear’d the Goddess long desir’d,
Sick at the view, she languish’d and expir’d;
Thus from the splendors of the morning light
The owl in sadness seeks the caves of night.
No more, America, in mournful strain
Of wrongs, and grievance unredress’d complain,
No longer shalt thou dread the iron chain,
Which wanton Tyranny with lawless hand
Had made, and with it meant t’ enslave the land.

Should you, my lord, while you peruse my song,
Wonder from whence my love of Freedom sprung,
Whence flow these wishes for the common good,
By feeling hearts alone best understood,
I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate
Was snatch’d from Afric’s fancy’d happy seat:
What pangs excruciating must molest,
What sorrows labour in my parent’s breast?
Steel’d was that soul and by no misery mov’d
That from a father seiz’d his babe belov’d:
Such, such my case. And can I then but pray
Others may never feel tyrannic sway?

For favours past, great Sir, our thanks are due,
And thee we ask thy favours to renew,
Since in thy pow’r, as in thy will before,
To sooth the griefs, which thou did’st once deplore.
May heav’nly grace the sacred sanction give
To all thy works, and thou for ever live
Not only on the wings of fleeting Fame,
Though praise immortal crowns the patriot’s name,
But to conduct to heav’n’s refulgent fane,
May fiery coursers sweep th’ ethereal plain,
And bear thee upwards to that blest abode,
Where, like the prophet, thou shalt find thy God.

Jane Johnson Schoolcraft
Invocation

To my Maternal Grand-father on hearing his descent
from Chippewa ancestors misrepresented

Rise bravest chief! of the mark of the noble deer,
   With eagle glance,
   Resume thy lance,
And wield again thy warlike spear!
   The foes of thy line,
   With coward design,
Have dared with black envy to garble the truth,
And stain with a falsehood thy valorous youth.
They say when a child, thou wert ta’en from the Sioux,
    And with impotent aim,
Thy warlike lineage basely abuse;
    To lessen thy fame
For they know that our band,
    Tread a far distant land,
And thou noble chieftain art nerveless and dead,
Thy bow all unstrung, and thy proud spirit fled.

Can the sports of thy youth, or thy deeds ever fade?
    Or those e’er forget,
Who are mortal men yet,
The scenes where so bravely thou’st lifted the blade,
    Who have fought by thy side,
And remember thy pride,
When rushing to battle, with valour and ire,
Thou saw’st the fell foes of thy nation expire?

Can the warrior forget how sublimely you rose?
    Like a star in the west,
When the sun’s sink to rest,
That shines in bright splendour to dazzle our foes?
    Thy arm and thy yell,
Once the tale could repel
Which slander invented, and minions detail,
And still shall thy actions refute the false tale.

Rest thou, noblest chief! in thy dark house of clay,
    Thy deeds and thy name,
Thy child’s child shall proclaim,
And make the dark forests resound with the lay;
    Though thy spirit has fled,
To the hills of the dead,
Yet thy name shall be held in my heart’s warmest core,
And cherish’d till valour and love be no more.

Francis Ellen Watkins Harper

Bible Defense of Slavery
BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER
Take sackcloth of the darkest dye,
And shroud the pulpits round!
Servants of Him that cannot lie,
Sit mourning on the ground.

Let holy horror blanch each cheek,
Pale every brow with fears;
And rocks and stones, if ye could speak,
Ye well might melt to tears!

Let sorrow breathe in every tone,
In every strain ye raise;
Insult not God's majestic throne
With th' mockery of praise.

A "reverend" man, whose light should be
The guide of age and youth,
Brings to the shrine of Slavery
The sacrifice of truth!

For the direst wrong by man imposed,
Since Sodom's fearful cry,
The word of life has been unclos'd,
To give your God the lie.

Oh! When ye pray for heathen lands,
And plead for their dark shores,
Remember Slavery's cruel hands
Make heathens at your doors!

A Double Standard
BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER
Do you blame me that I loved him?
If when standing all alone
I cried for bread a careless world
Pressed to my lips a stone.

Do you blame me that I loved him,
That my heart beat glad and free,
When he told me in the sweetest tones
He loved but only me?

Can you blame me that I did not see
Beneath his burning kiss
The serpent's wiles, nor even hear
The deadly adder hiss?

Can you blame me that my heart grew cold
That the tempted, tempter turned;
When he was feted and caressed
And I was coldly spurned?

Would you blame him, when you draw from me
Your dainty robes aside,
If he with gilded baits should claim
Your fairest as his bride?
Would you blame the world if it should press
On him a civic crown;
And see me struggling in the depth
Then harshly press me down?

Crime has no sex and yet to-day
I wear the brand of shame;
Whilst he amid the gay and proud
Still bears an honored name.

Can you blame me if I've learned to think
Your hate of vice a sham,
When you so coldly crushed me down
And then excused the man?

Would you blame me if to-morrow
The coroner should say,
A wretched girl, outcast, forlorn,
Has thrown her life away?

Yes, blame me for my downward course,
But oh! remember well,
Within your homes you press the hand
That led me down to hell.

I'm glad God's ways are not our ways,
He does not see as man,
Within His love I know there's room
For those whom others ban.

I think before His great white throne,
His throne of spotless light,
That whitened sepulchres shall wear
The hue of endless night.

That I who fell, and he who sinned,
Shall reap as we have sown;
That each the burden of his loss
Must bear and bear alone.

No golden weights can turn the scale
Of justice in His sight;
And what is wrong in woman's life
In man's cannot be right.

Eliza Harris
BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER
Like a fawn from the arrow, startled and wild,
A woman swept by us, bearing a child;
In her eye was the night of a settled despair,
And her brow was o’ershaded with anguish and care.

She was nearing the river—in reaching the brink,
She heeded no danger, she paused not to think!
For she is a mother—her child is a slave—
And she’ll give him his freedom, or find him a grave!

’Twas a vision to haunt us, that innocent face—
So pale in its aspect, so fair in its grace;
As the tramp of the horse and the bay of the hound,
With the fetters that gall, were trailing the ground!

She was nerved by despair, and strengthen’d by woe,
As she leap’d o’er the chasms that yawn’d from below;
Death howl’d in the tempest, and rav’d in the blast,
But she heard not the sound till the danger was past.

Oh! how shall I speak of my proud country’s shame?
Of the stains on her glory, how give them their name?
How say that her banner in mockery waves—
Her “star-spangled banner”—o’er millions of slaves?

How say that the lawless may torture and chase
A woman whose crime is the hue of her face?
How the depths of forest may echo around
With the shrieks of despair, and the bay of the hound?

With her step on the ice, and her arm on her child,
The danger was fearful, the pathway was wild;
But, aided by Heaven, she gained a free shore,
Where the friends of humanity open’d their door.

So fragile and lovely, so fearfully pale,
Like a lily that bends to the breath of the gale,
Save the heave of her breast, and the sway of her hair,
You’d have thought her a statue of fear and despair.

In agony close to her bosom she press’d
The life of her heart, the child of her breast:—
Oh! love from its tenderness gathering might,
Had strengthen’d her soul for the dangers of flight.

But she’s free!—yes, free from the land where the slave
From the hand of oppression must rest in the grave;
Where bondage and torture, where scourges and chains
Have plac’d on our banner indelible stains.

The bloodhounds have miss’d the scent of her way;
The hunter is rifled and foil’d of his prey;
Fierce jargon and cursing, with clanking of chains,
Make sounds of strange discord on Liberty’s plains.

With the rapture of love and fullness of bliss,
She plac’d on his brow a mother’s fond kiss:—
Oh! poverty, danger and death she can brave,
For the child of her love is no longer a slave!

Learning to Read
BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER
Very soon the Yankee teachers
Came down and set up school;
But, oh! how the Rebs did hate it,—
It was agin’ their rule.

Our masters always tried to hide
Book learning from our eyes;
Knowledge did’nt agree with slavery—
’Twould make us all too wise.

But some of us would try to steal
A little from the book.
And put the words together,
And learn by hook or crook.

I remember Uncle Caldwell,
Who took pot liquor fat
And greased the pages of his book,
And hid it in his hat.

And had his master ever seen
The leaves upon his head,
He’d have thought them greasy papers,
But nothing to be read.

And there was Mr. Turner’s Ben,
Who heard the children spell,
And picked the words right up by heart,
And learned to read ‘em well.

Well, the Northern folks kept sending
The Yankee teachers down;
And they stood right up and helped us,
Though Rebs did sneer and frown.

And I longed to read my Bible,
For precious words it said;
But when I begun to learn it,
FOLKS just shook their heads,
And said there is no use trying,
   Oh! Chloe, you’re too late;
But as I was rising sixty,
   I had no time to wait.

So I got a pair of glasses,
   And straight to work I went,
And never stopped till I could read
   The hymns and Testament.

Then I got a little cabin
   A place to call my own—
And I felt independent
   As the queen upon her throne.

**Let the Light Enter**
BY **FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER**
The Dying Words of Goethe
“Light! more light! the shadows deepen,
   And my life is ebbing low,
Throw the windows widely open:
   Light! more light! before I go.

“Softly let the balmy sunshine
   Play around my dying bed,
E’er the dimly lighted valley
   I with lonely feet must tread.

“Light! more light! for Death is weaving
   Shadows ‘round my waning sight,
And I fain would gaze upon him
   Through a stream of earthly light.”

Not for greater gifts of genius;
   Not for thoughts more grandly bright,
All the dying poet whispers
   Is a prayer for light, more light.

Heeds he not the gathered laurels,
   Fading slowly from his sight;
All the poet’s aspirations
   Centre in that prayer for light.

Gracious Saviour, when life’s day-dreams
   Melt and vanish from the sight,
May our dim and longing vision
   Then be blessed with light, more light.
Lines

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER

At the Portals of the Future,
Full of madness, guilt and gloom,
Stood the hateful form of Slavery,
Crying, Give, Oh! give me room–

Room to smite the earth with cursing,
Room to scatter, rend and slay,
From the trembling mother’s bosom
Room to tear her child away;

Room to trample on the manhood
Of the country far and wide;
Room to spread o’er every Eden
Slavery’s scorching lava-tide.

Pale and trembling stood the Future,
Quailing ‘neath his frown of hate,
As he grasped with bloody clutches
The great keys of Doom and Fate.

In his hand he held a banner
All festooned with blood and tears:
’Twas a fearful ensign, woven
With the grief and wrong of years.

On his brow he wore a helmet
Decked with strange and cruel art;
Every jewel was a life-drop
Wrung from some poor broken heart.

Though her cheek was pale and anxious,
Yet, with look and brow sublime,
By the pale and trembling Future
Stood the Crisis of our time.

And from many a throbbing bosom
Came the words in fear and gloom,
Tell us, Oh! thou coming Crisis,
What shall be our country’s doom?

Shall the wings of dark destruction
Brood and hover o’er our land,
Till we trace the steps of ruin
By their blight, from strand to strand?

The Slave Auction

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER
The sale began—young girls were there,
   Defenseless in their wretchedness,
Whose stifled sobs of deep despair
   Revealed their anguish and distress.

And mothers stood, with streaming eyes,
   And saw their dearest children sold;
Unheeded rose their bitter cries,
   While tyrants bartered them for gold.

And woman, with her love and truth—
   For these in sable forms may dwell—
Gazed on the husband of her youth,
   With anguish none may paint or tell.

And men, whose sole crime was their hue,
   The impress of their Maker’s hand,
And frail and shrinking children too,
   Were gathered in that mournful band.

Ye who have laid your loved to rest,
   And wept above their lifeless clay,
Know not the anguish of that breast,
   Whose loved are rudely torn away.

Ye may not know how desolate
   Are bosoms rudely forced to part,
And how a dull and heavy weight
   Will press the life-drops from the heart.

   The Slave Mother
   BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER

Heard you that shriek? It rose
   So wildly on the air,
It seem’d as if a burden’d heart
   Was breaking in despair.

Saw you those hands so sadly clasped—
   The bowed and feeble head—
The shuddering of that fragile form—
   That look of grief and dread?

Saw you the sad, imploring eye?
   Its every glance was pain,
As if a storm of agony
   Were sweeping through the brain.

She is a mother pale with fear,
   Her boy clings to her side,
And in her kyrtle vainly tries
His trembling form to hide.

He is not hers, although she bore
   For him a mother’s pains;
He is not hers, although her blood
   Is coursing through his veins!

He is not hers, for cruel hands
   May rudely tear apart
The only wreath of household love
   That binds her breaking heart.

His love has been a joyous light
   That o’er her pathway smiled,
A fountain gushing ever new,
   Amid life’s desert wild.

His lightest word has been a tone
   Of music round her heart,
Their lives a streamlet bent in one—
   Oh, Father! must they part?

They tear him from her circling arms,
   Her last and fond embrace.
Oh! never more may her sad eyes
   Gaze on his mournful face.

No marvel, then, these bitter shrieks
   Disturb the listening air:
She is a mother, and her heart
   Is breaking in despair.

Songs for the People

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS HARPER

Let me make the songs for the people,
   Songs for the old and young;
Songs to stir like a battle-cry
   Wherever they are sung.

Not for the clashing of sabres,
   For carnage nor for strife;
But songs to thrill the hearts of men
   With more abundant life.

Let me make the songs for the weary,
   Amid life’s fever and fret,
Till hearts shall relax their tension,
   And careworn brows forget.
Let me sing for little children,
Before their footsteps stray,
Sweet anthems of love and duty,
To float o’er life’s highway.

I would sing for the poor and aged,
When shadows dim their sight;
Of the bright and restful mansions,
Where there shall be no night.

Our world, so worn and weary,
Needs music, pure and strong,
To hush the jangle and discords
Of sorrow, pain, and wrong.

Music to soothe all its sorrow,
Till war and crime shall cease;
And the hearts of men grown tender
Girdle the world with peace.

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Emily Dickinson

Before I got my eye put out – (336)
BY EMILY DICKINSON
Before I got my eye put out –
I liked as well to see
As other creatures, that have eyes –
And know no other way –

But were it told to me, Today,
That I might have the Sky
For mine, I tell you that my Heart
Would split, for size of me –

The Meadows – mine –
The Mountains – mine –
All Forests – Stintless stars –
As much of noon, as I could take –
Between my finite eyes –

The Motions of the Dipping Birds –
The Morning’s Amber Road –
For mine – to look at when I liked,
The news would strike me dead –
So safer – guess – with just my soul
Opon the window pane
Where other creatures put their eyes –
Incautious – of the Sun –

**Wild nights - Wild nights! (269)**
**BY EMILY DICKINSON**
Wild nights - Wild nights!
Were I with thee
Wild nights should be
Our luxury!

Futile - the winds -
To a Heart in port -
Done with the Compass -
Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden -
Ah - the Sea!
Might I but moor - tonight -
In thee!

**There's a certain Slant of light, (320)**
**BY EMILY DICKINSON**
There's a certain Slant of light,
Winter Afternoons –
That oppresses, like the Heft
Of Cathedral Tunes –

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us –
We can find no scar,
But internal difference –
Where the Meanings, are –

None may teach it – Any –
'Tis the seal Despair –
An imperial affliction
Sent us of the Air –

When it comes, the Landscape listens –
Shadows – hold their breath –
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
On the look of Death –

**I felt a Funeral, in my Brain, (340)**
**BY EMILY DICKINSON**
I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading - treading - till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through -

And when they all were seated,
A Service, like a Drum -
Kept beating - beating - till I thought
My mind was going numb -

And then I heard them lift a Box
And creak across my Soul
With those same Boots of Lead, again,
Then Space - began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell,
And Being, but an Ear,
And I, and Silence, some strange Race,
Wrecked, solitary, here -

And then a Plank in Reason, broke,
And I dropped down, and down -
And hit a World, at every plunge,
And Finished knowing - then -

I know that He exists. (365)
BY EMILY DICKINSON
I know that He exists.
Somewhere – in silence –
He has hid his rare life
From our gross eyes.

'Tis an instant’s play –
'Tis a fond Ambush –
Just to make Bliss
Earn her own surprise!

But – should the play
Prove piercing earnest –
Should the glee – glaze –
In Death’s – stiff – stare –

Would not the fun
Look too expensive!
Would not the jest –
Have crawled too far!

Because I could not stop for Death – (479)
Launch Audio in a New Window
BY EMILY DICKINSON
Because I could not stop for Death –
He kindly stopped for me –
The Carriage held but just Ourselves –
And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too,
For His Civility –

We passed the School, where Children strove
At Recess – in the Ring –
We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain –

We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed Us –
The Dews drew quivering and Chill –
For only Gossamer, my Gown –
My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed
A Swelling of the Ground –
The Roof was scarcely visible –
The Cornice – in the Ground –

Since then – 'tis Centuries – and yet
Feels shorter than the Day
I first surmised the Horses' Heads
Were toward Eternity –

I never hear that one is dead (1325)

BY EMILY DICKINSON

I never hear that one is dead
Without the chance of Life
Afresh annihilating me
That mightiest Belief,

Too mighty for the Daily mind
That tilling it's abyss,
Had Madness, had it once or, Twice
The yawning Consciousness,

Beliefs are Bandaged, like the Tongue
When Terror were it told
In any Tone commensurate
Would strike us instant Dead -

I do not know the man so bold
He dare in lonely Place
That awful stranger - Consciousness
Deliberately face -
Now I knew I lost her — (1274)
BY EMILY DICKINSON
Now I knew I lost her —
Not that she was gone —
But Remoteness travelled
On her Face and Tongue.

Alien, though adjoining
As a Foreign Race —
Traversed she though pausing
Latitudeless Place.

Elements Unaltered —
Universe the same
But Love’s transmigration —
Somehow this had come —

Henceforth to remember
Nature took the Day
I had paid so much for —
His is Penury
Not who toils for Freedom
Or for Family
But the Restitution
Of Idolatry.

Madame d’Aulnoy

Graciosa And Percinet

Related to Fairy tales, Miss Mulock, The Fairy Book
From “The Fairy Book” by Miss Mulock

Once upon a time there lived a king and queen, who had an only daughter. Her incomparable beauty, sweetness, and intelligence caused her to be named Graciosa. She was all her mother’s joy. Every day she had given her a different dress, of gold brocade, velvet, or satin; yet she was neither conceited nor boastful. She used to pass her mornings in study, and in the afternoon she sat sewing by the queen’s side. She had, however, plenty of play-time, and sweetmeats without end, so that she was altogether the happiest princess alive.

At the same court was an elderly young lady named Duchess Grognon, who was the very opposite of Graciosa. Her hair was fiery red, her face fat and spotty, and she had but one eye. Her mouth was so big that you might have thought she could eat you up, only she had no teeth to do it with; she was also hump-backed and lame. Of course she could not help her ugliness, and nobody would have disliked her for that, if she had not been of such an unpleasant temper that she hated everything sweet and beautiful, and especially Graciosa. She had also a very good opinion of herself, and when any one praised the princess, would say angrily, “That is a lie! My little finger is worth her whole body.”
In course of time the queen fell sick and died, and her daughter was almost broken-hearted. So was her husband for a year, and then he began to comfort himself by hunting. One day, after a long chase, he came to a strange castle, which happened to be that of the Duchess Grognon. She, informed of his approach, went out to meet him, and received him most respectfully. As he was very hot with hunting, she took him into the coolest place in the palace, which was a vaulted cave, most elegantly furnished, where there were two hundred barrels arranged in long rows.

“Madam, are these all yours?” inquired the king.

“Yes, sire, but I shall be most happy if you will condescend to taste their contents. Which wine do you prefer – canary, hermitage, champagne?” and she ran over a long list, out of which his majesty made his choice.

Grognon took a little hammer, and struck “toc, toc,” on the cask, from which there rolled out a handful of silver money. “Nay, what is this?” said she, smiling, and passed on to the next, from which, when she tapped it, out poured a stream of gold coins. “I never saw the like-what nonsense!” and she tried the third, out of which came a heap of pearls and diamonds, so that the floor of the cave was strewn with them. “Sire,” she exclaimed, “some one has robbed me of my good wine, and put this rubbish in its place.”

“Rubbish, madam! Why, such rubbish would buy my whole kingdom.”

“It is yours, sire,” replied the duchess, “if you will make me your queen.”

The king, who was a great lover of money, replied eagerly, “Certainly, madam, I’ll marry you tomorrow if you will.”

Grognon, highly delighted, made but one other condition that she should have the Princess Graciosa entirely in her own rule and power, just as if she had been her real mother; to which the foolish king consented, for he thought much more of riches than he did of his child. So he and Grognon departed hand in hand out of the cave, very well pleased.

When the king returned home, Graciosa ran out with joy to welcome her father, and asked him if he had had good sport in his hunting.

“Yes, my child,” said he, “for I have taken a dove alive.”

“Oh, give it me, and I will nourish and cherish it,” cried the princess.

“That is impossible; for it is the Duchess Grognon, whom I have promised to marry.”

“She a dove – she is rather a hawk,” sighed the princess in despair; but her father bade her hold her tongue, and promise to love her stepmother, who would have over her all the authority of a mother, and to whom he wished to present her that very day.

The obedient princess went to her apartment, where her nurse soon found out the sorrow in her face, and its cause.
“My child,” said the good old woman, “princesses ought to show a good example to humbler women. Promise me to do your best to please your father, and to make yourself agreeable to the stepmother he has chosen for you. She may not be so bad after, all.”

And the nurse gave so much good advice, that Graciosa began to smile, and dressed herself in her best attire, a green robe embroidered with gold; while her fair, loose-falling hair was adorned, according to the fashion of the day, with a coronet of jasmine, of which the leaves were made of large emeralds.

Grognon, on her part, made the best of herself that was possible. She put on a high-heeled shoe to appear less lame, she padded her shoulders, dyed her red hair black, and put in a false eye; then dressed herself in a hooped petticoat of violet satin trimmed with blue, and an upper gown of yellow with green ribands. In this costume, she wished to enter the city on horseback, as she understood the queens were in the habit of doing.

Meanwhile, Graciosa waited in fear the moment of her arrival, and, to pass the time away, she went all alone into a little wood, where she sobbed and wept in secret, until suddenly there appeared before her a young page, whom she had never seen before.

“Who are you?” she inquired; “and when did his majesty take you into his service?”

“Princess,” said the page, bowing, “I am in no one’s service but your own. I am Percinet, a prince in my own country, so that there is no inequality of rank between us. I have loved you long, and seen you often, for I have the fairy gift of making myself invisible. I might longer have concealed myself from you, but for your present sorrow, in which, however, I hope to be of both comfort and assistance – a page and yet a prince, and your faithful lover.”

At these words, at once tender and respectful, the princess, who had long heard of the fairy-prince Percinet, felt so happy that she feared Grognon no more. They talked a little while together, and then returned to the palace, where the page assisted her to mount her horse; on which she looked so beautiful, that all the new queen’s splendours faded into nothing in comparison, and not one of the courtiers had eyes for any except Graciosa.

As soon as Grognon saw it, “What!” cried she, “has this creature the impudence to be better mounted than myself! Descend, Miss, and let me try your horse; and your page, whom everybody thinks so much of, bid him come and hold my bridle.”

Prince Percinet, who was the page, cast one look at his fair Graciosa and obeyed; but no sooner had the duchess mounted, than the horse ran away with her and dragged her over briers, stones, and mud, and finally threw her into a deep ditch. Her head was cut in several places, and her arm fractured. They picked her up in little pieces, like a broken wineglass; never was there a poor bride in worse plight. But in spite of her sufferings her malice remained. She sent for the king:

“This is all Graciosa’s fault; she wished to kill me. I desire that your majesty will punish her, or leave me to do it – else I will certainly be revenged upon you both.”

The king, afraid of losing his casks full of gold pieces, consented, and Graciosa was commanded to appear. She came trembling and looking round vainly for Prince Percinet. The cruel Grognon ordered four women, ugly as witches, to take her and strip off her fine clothes, and whip her with rods till her white shoulders were red with blood. But lo! as soon as the rods touched her, they turned into
bundles of feathers, and the women tired themselves to death with whipping, without hurting Graciosa the least in the world!

"Ah! kind Percinet, what do I not owe you? What should I do without you!" sighed the princess, when she was taken back to her own chamber and her nurse. And then she saw the prince standing before her, in his green dress and his white plume, the most charming of pages.

Percinet advised her to pretend illness on account of the cruel treatment she was supposed to have received; which so delighted Grognon, that she got well all the sooner, and the marriage was celebrated with great splendour.

Soon after, the king, who knew that his wife's weak point was her vanity, gave a tournament, at which he ordered the six bravest knights of the court to proclaim that Queen Grognon was the fairest lady alive. No knight ventured to dispute this fact, until there appeared one who carried a little box adorned with diamonds, and proclaimed aloud that Grognon was the ugliest woman in the universe, and that the most beautiful was she whose portrait was in the box. He opened it, and behold the image of the Princess Graciosa!

The princess, who sat behind her stepmother, felt sure that the unknown knight was Percinet; but she dared say nothing. The contest was fixed for next day; but in the meantime, Grognon, wild with anger, commanded Graciosa to be taken in the middle of the night to a forest a hundred leagues distant, full of wolves, lions, tigers, and bears. In vain the poor maiden implored that the attendants would kill her at once, rather than leave her in that dreadful place: the queen's orders must be obeyed; no answer was made to her, but the servants remounted and rode away. Graciosa, in solitude and darkness, groped through the forest, sometimes falling against the trunks of trees, sometimes tearing herself with bushes and briers; at last, overcome with fear and grief, she sank on the ground, sobbing out, "Percinet, Percinet, have you forsaken me?"

While she spoke, a bright light dazzled her eyes, the midnight forest was changed into glittering alleys, at the end of which appeared a palace of crystal, shining like the sun. She knew it was the doing of the fairy-prince who loved her, and felt a joy mingled with fear. She turned to fly, but saw him standing before her, more handsome and charming than ever.

"Princess," said he, "why are you afraid of me? This is the palace of the fairy-queen my mother, and the princesses my sisters, who will take care of you, and love you tenderly. Enter this chariot, and I will convey you there."

Graciosa entered, and passing through many a lovely forest glade, where it was clear daylight, and shepherds and shepherdesses were dancing to merry music, they reached the palace, where the queen and her two daughters received the forlorn princess with great kindness, and led her through many rooms of rock-crystal, glittering with jewels, where, to her amazement, Graciosa saw the history of her own life, even down to this adventure in the forest, painted on the walls.

"How is this?" she said. "Prince, you know everything about me."

"Yes; and I wish to preserve everything concerning you," said he tenderly; whereupon Graciosa cast down her eyes. She was only too happy, and afraid that she should learn to love the fairy-prince too much.
She spent eight days in his palace – days full of every enjoyment; and Percinet tried all the arguments he could think of to induce her to marry him, and remain there for ever. But the good and gentle Graciosa remembered her father who was once so kind to her, and she preferred rather to suffer than to be wanting in duty. She entreated Percinet to use his fairy power to send her home again, and meantime to tell her what had become of her father.

“Come with me into the great tower there, and you shall see for yourself.”

Thereupon he took her to the top of a tower, prodigiously high, put her little finger to his lips, and her foot upon his foot. Then he bade her look, and she saw as if a picture, or as in a play upon the stage, the King and Grognon sitting together on their throne. The latter was telling how Graciosa had hanged herself in a cave.

“She will not be much loss, sire; and as, when dead, she was far too frightful for you to look at, I have given orders to bury her at once.”

She might well say that, for she had had a large faggot put into a coffin, and sealed up; the king and all the nation mourned over it; and now, that she was no more, they declared there never was such a sweet creature as the lost princess.

The sight of her father’s grief quite overcame Graciosa. “Oh, Percinet!” she cried, “my father believes me dead. If you love me, take me home.”

The prince consented, though very sorrowfully, saying that she was as cruel to him as Grognon was to her, and mounted with her in his chariot, drawn by four white stags. As they quitted the courtyard, they heard a great noise, and Graciosa saw the palace all falling to pieces with a great crash.

“What is this?” she cried, terrified.

“Princess, my palace, which you forsake, is among the things which are dead and gone. You will enter it no more till after your burial.”

“Prince, you are angry with me,” said Graciosa sorrowfully; only she knew well that she suffered quite as much as he did in thus departing and quitting him.

Arrived in her father’s presence, she had great difficulty in persuading him that she was not a ghost, until the coffin with the faggot inside it was taken up, and Grognon’s malice discovered. But even then, the king was so weak a man, that the queen soon made him believe he had been cheated, that the princess was really dead, and that this was a false Graciosa. Without more ado, he abandoned his daughter to her stepmother’s will.

Grognon, transported with joy, dragged her to a dark prison, took away her clothes, made her dress in rags, feed on bread and water, and sleep upon straw. Forlorn and hopeless, Graciosa dared not now call upon Percinet; she doubted if he still loved her enough to come to her aid.

Meantime, Grognon had sent for a fairy, who was scarcely less malicious than herself. “I have here,” said she, “a little wretch of a girl for whom I wish to find all sorts of difficult tasks; pray assist me in giving her a new one every day.”
The fairy promised to think of it, and soon brought a skein as thick as four persons, yet composed of thread so fine, that it broke if you only blew upon it, and so tangled that it had neither beginning nor end. Grognon, delighted, sent for her poor prisoner.

“There, miss, teach your clumsy fingers to unwind this skein, and if you break a single thread I will flay you alive. Begin when you like, but you must finish at sunset, or it will be the worse for you.” Then she sent her to her miserable cell, and treble-locked the door.

Graciosa stood dismayed, turning the skein over and over, and breaking hundreds of threads each time. “Ah! Percinet,” she cried in despair, ”come and help me, or at least receive my last farewell.”

Immediately Percinet stood beside her, having entered the cell as easily as if he carried the key in his pocket. ”Behold me, princess, ready to serve you, even though you forsook me.” He touched the skein with his wand, and it untangled itself, and wound itself up in perfect order. “Do you wish anything more, madam?” asked he coldly.

“Percinet, Percinet, do not reproach me; I am only too unhappy.”

“It is your own fault. Come with me, and make us both happy.” But she said nothing, and the fairy-prince disappeared.

At sunset, Grognon eagerly came to the prison-door with her three keys, and found Graciosa smiling and fair, her task all done. There was no complaint to make, yet Grognon exclaimed that the skein was dirty, and boxed the princess’s ears till her rosy cheeks turned yellow and blue. Then she left her, and overwhelmed the fairy with reproaches.

“Find me, by to-morrow, something absolutely impossible for her to do.”

The fairy brought a great basket full of feathers, plucked from every kind of bird – nightingales, canaries, linnets, larks, doves, thrushes, peacocks, ostriches, pheasants, partridges, magpies, eagles – in fact, if I told them all over, I should never come to an end; and all these feathers were so mixed up together, that they could not be distinguished.

“See,” said the fairy, “even one of ourselves would find it difficult to separate these, and arrange them as belonging to each sort of bird. Command your prisoner to do it; she is sure to fail.”

Grognon jumped for joy, sent for the princess, and ordered her to take her task, and finish it, as before, by set of sun.

Graciosa tried patiently, but she could see no difference in the feathers; she threw them all back again into the basket, and began to weep bitterly. “Let me die,” said she, “for death only will end my sorrows. Percinet loves me no longer; if he did, he would already have been here.”

“Here I am, my princess,” cried a voice from under the basket; and the fairy-prince appeared. He gave three taps with his wand – the feathers flew by millions out of the basket, and arranged themselves in little heaps, each belonging to a different bird.

“What do I not owe you?” cried Graciosa.

“Love me!” answered the prince, tenderly, and said no more.
When Grognon arrived, she found the task done. She was furious at the fairy, who was as much astonished as herself at the result of their malicious contrivances. But she promised to try once more; and for several days employed all her industry in inventing a box, which, she said, the prisoner must be forbidden on any account to open. "Then," added the cunning fairy, "of course, being such a disobedient and wicked girl, as you say, she will open it, and the result will satisfy you to your heart's content."

Grognon took the box, and commanded Graciosa to carry it to her castle, and set it on a certain table, in an apartment she named, but not upon any account, to open it or examine its contents.

Graciosa departed. She was dressed like any poor peasant, in a cotton gown, a woollen hood and wooden shoes; yet, as she walked along, people took her for a queen in disguise, so lovely were her looks and ways. But being weak with imprisonment, she soon grew weary, and, sitting down upon the edge of a little wood, took the box upon her lap. Suddenly a wonderful desire seized her to open it.

"I will take nothing out, I will touch nothing," said she to herself, "but I must see what is inside."

Without reflecting on the consequences, she lifted up the lid, and instantly there jumped out a number of little men and little women, carrying little tables and chairs, little dishes, and little musical instruments. The whole company were so small, that the biggest giant among them was scarcely the height of a finger. They leaped into the green meadow, separated into various bands, and began dancing and singing, eating and drinking, to Graciosa's wonder and delight. But when she recollected herself, and wished to get them into the box again, they all scampered away, played at hide-and-seek in the wood, and by no means could she catch a single one.

Again, in her distress, she called upon Percinet, and again he appeared; and, with a single touch of his wand, sent all the little people back into the box. Then, in his chariot, drawn by stags, he took her to the castle, where she did all that she had been commanded, and returned in safety, to her stepmother, who was more furious than ever. If a fairy could be strangled, Grognon certainly would have done it in her rage. At last, she resolved to ask help no more, but to work her own wicked will upon Graciosa.

She caused to be dug a large hole in the garden, and taking the princess there, showed her the stone which covered it.

"Underneath this stone lies a great treasure; lift it up, and you will see."

Graciosa obeyed; and while she was standing at the edge of the pit, Grognon pushed her in, and let the stone fall down again upon her, burying her alive. After this, there seemed no more hope for the poor princess.

"O Percinet," cried she, "you are avenged. Why did I not return your love, and marry you! Still, death will be less bitter, if only you regret me a little."

While she spoke, she saw through the blank darkness a glimmer of light; it came through a little door. She remembered what Percinet had said: that she would never return to the fairy palace, until after she was buried. Perhaps this final cruelty of Grognon would be the end of her sorrows. So she took courage, crept through the little door, and lo! she came out into a beautiful garden, with long
alleys, fruit-trees, and flower-beds. Well she knew it, and well she knew the glitter of the rock-crystal walls. And there, at the palace-gate, stood Percinet, and the queen, his mother, and the princesses, his sisters. “Welcome, Graciosa!” cried they all; and Graciosa, after all her sufferings, wept for joy.

The marriage was celebrated with great splendour; and all the fairies, for a thousand leagues round, attended it. Some came in chariots drawn by dragons, or swans, or peacocks; some were mounted upon floating clouds, or globes of fire. Among the rest, appeared the very fairy who had assisted Grognon to torment Graciosa. When she discovered that Grognon's poor prisoner was now Prince Percinet’s bride, she was overwhelmed with confusion, and entreated her to forget all that had passed, because she really was ignorant who she had been so cruelly afflicting.

“But I will make amends for all the evil that I have done,” said the fairy; and, refusing to stay for the wedding-dinner, she remounted her chariot, drawn by two terrible serpents, and flew to the palace of Graciosa's father. There, before either king, or courtiers, or ladies-in-waiting could stop her – even had they wished to do it, which remains doubtful – she came behind the wicked Grognon, and twisted her neck, just as a cook does a barn-door fowl. So Grognon died and was buried, and nobody was particularly sorry for the same.

Gabrielle-Suzanne Barbot de Villeneuve

Beauty and the Beast

CHAPTER I – A TEMPEST AT SEA In a country very far from this is to be seen a great city wherein trade flourishes abundantly. It numbered amongst its citizens a merchant, who succeeded in all his speculations, and upon whom Fortune, responding to his wishes, had always showered her fairest favours. However, if he had immense wealth, he had also a great many children, his family consisting of six boys and six girls. None of them was settled in life: the boys were too young to think of it; the girls, too proud of their fortunes, upon which they had every reason to count, could not easily determine upon the choice they should make. Their vanity was flattered by the attentions of the handsomest young gentlemen. However, a reverse of fortune, which they did not at all expect, came to trouble their felicity. Their house took fire; the splendid furniture with which it was filled, the account books, the notes, gold, silver, and all the valuable stores, which formed the merchant's principal wealth, were enveloped in this fatal conflagration, which was so violent that very few of the things could be saved. This first misfortune was but the forerunner of others. The father, with whom hitherto everything had prospered, lost at the same time, either by shipwreck or by pirates, all the ships he had at sea; his correspondents made him a bankrupt, his foreign agents were treacherous; in short, from the greatest opulence, he suddenly fell into the most abject poverty. He had nothing left but a small country house, situated in a lonely place, more than a hundred leagues from the city in which he usually resided. Impelled to seek a place of refuge from noise and tumult, he took his family to this retired spot, who were in despair at such a revolution. The daughters of this unfortunate merchant were especially horrified at the prospect of the life they should have to lead in this dull solitude. For some time they flattered themselves that, when their father's intention became known, their lovers, who had hitherto sued in vain, would be only too happy to find they were inclined to listen to them. They imagined that the many admirers of each would be all striving to obtain the preference. They thought if they wished only for a husband they would obtain one; but they did not remain very long in such a delightful illusion. They had lost their greatest attractions when, like a flash of lightning, their father's splendid fortune had disappeared, and their time for choosing had departed with it. Their crowd of admirers vanished the moment of their downfall; their beauty was not sufficiently powerful to retain one of them. Their friends were not more generous than their
lovers. From the hour they became poor, every one, without exception, ceased to know them. Some were even cruel enough to impute their misfortunes to their own acts. Those whom the father had most obliged were his most vehement calumniators: they reported that all his calamities were brought on by his own bad conduct, his prodigality, and the foolish extravagance of himself and his children. This wretched family, therefore, could not do better than depart from a city wherein everybody took a pleasure in insulting them in their misfortunes. Having no resource whatever, they shut themselves up in their country house, situated in the middle of an almost impenetrable forest, and which might well be considered the saddest abode in the world. What misery they had to endure in this frightful solitude! They were forced to do the hardest work. Not being able to have any one to wait upon them, this unfortunate merchant's sons were compelled to divide the servant's duties amongst them, as well as to exert themselves in every way that people must do who have to earn their livelihood in the country. The daughters, on their part, had sufficient employment. Like the poor peasant girls, they found themselves obliged to employ their delicate hands in all the labours of a rural life. Wearing nothing but woollen dresses, having nothing to gratify their vanity, existing upon what the land could give them, limited to common necessaries, yet still retaining a refined and dainty taste, these girls incessantly regretted the city and its attractions. The recollection even of their younger days passed so rapidly in a round of mirth and pleasure was their greatest torment.

The youngest girl, however, displayed greater perseverance and firmness in their common misfortune. She bore her lot cheerfully, and with strength of mind much beyond her years: not but what, at first, she was truly melancholy. Alas! Who would not have felt such misfortunes? But, after deploiring her father's ruin, could she do better than resume her former gaiety, make up her mind to the position she was placed in, and forget a world which she and her family had found so ungrateful, and the friendship of which she was so fully persuaded was not to be relied upon in the time of adversity?

Anxious to console herself and her brothers by her amiable disposition and sprightliness, there was nothing she did not do to amuse them. The merchant had spared no cost in her education nor in that of her sisters. At this sad period she derived all the advantage from it she desired. As she could play exceedingly well upon various instruments, and sing to them charmingly, she asked her sisters to follow her example, but her cheerfulness and patience only made them more miserable.

These girls, who were so inconsolable in their ill fortune, thought their youngest sister showed a poor and mean spirit, and even silliness, to be so merry in the state it had pleased Providence to reduce them to.

"How happy she is," said the eldest; "she was intended for such coarse occupations. With such low notions, what would she have done in the world?"

Such remarks were unjust. This young person was much more fitted to shine in society than either of them. She was a perfectly beautiful young creature; her good temper rendered her adorable. A generous and tender heart was visible in all her words and actions. Quite as much alive to the reverses that had just overwhelmed her family as either of her sisters; by strength of mind - which is not common in her sex - she concealed her sorrow and rose superior to her misfortunes. So much firmness was considered to be insensibility. But one can easily appeal from a judgment pronounced by jealousy. Every intelligent person, who saw her in her true light, was eager to give her the preference over her sisters.

In the midst of her greatest splendour, although distinguished by her merit, she was so handsome that she was called "The Beauty". Known by this name only, what more was required to increase the jealousy and hatred of her sisters? Her charms, and the general esteem in which she was held, might have induced her to hope for a much more advantageous establishment than her sisters; but feeling only for her father's misfortunes, far from retarding his departure from a city in which she had enjoyed so much pleasure, she did all she could to expedite it.
This young girl was as contented in their solitude as she had been in the midst of the world. To amuse herself in her hours of relaxation, she would dress her hair with flowers, and, like the shepherdesses of former times, forgetting in a rural life all that had most gratified her in the height of opulence, every day brought to her some new innocent pleasure.

CHAPTER II – THE ENCHANTED PALACE Two years passed, and the family began to be accustomed to a country life, when a hope of returning prosperity arrived to discompose their tranquillity. The father received news that one of his vessels that he thought was lost had safely arrived in port, richly laden. His informants added, they feared the factors would take advantage of his absence, and sell the cargo at a low price, and by this fraud make a great profit at his expense. He imparted these tidings to his children, who did not doubt for an instant but that they should soon be enabled to return from exile.

The girls, much more impatient than the boys, thinking it was unnecessary to wait for more certain proof, were anxious to set out instantly, and to leave everything behind them. But the father - who was more prudent - begged them to moderate their delight. However important he was to his family at a time when the labours of the field could not be interrupted without great loss, he determined to leave his sons to get in the harvest, and that he would set out upon this long journey. His daughters, with the exception of the youngest, expected they would soon be restored to their former opulence. They fancied that, even if their father's property would not be considerable enough to settle them in the great metropolis, their native place, he would at least have sufficient for them to live in a less expensive city. They trusted they should find good society there, attract admirers, and profit by the first offer that might be made to them. Scarcely remembering the troubles they had undergone for the last two years, believing themselves to be already, as by a miracle, removed from poverty into the lap of plenty, they ventured (for retirement had not cured them of the taste for luxury and display) to overwhelm their father with foolish commissions. They requested him to make purchases of jewellery, attire, and headdresses. Each endeavoured to out-vie the other in her demands, so that the sum total of their father's supposed fortune would not have been sufficient to satisfy them.

Beauty, who was not the slave of ambition, and who always acted with prudence, saw directly that if he executed her sisters' commissions, it would be useless for her to ask for anything. But the father, astonished at her silence, said, interrupting his insatiable daughters, "Well, Beauty, do you not desire anything? What shall I bring you? What do you wish for? Speak freely."

"My dear papa," replied the amiable girl, embracing him affectionately, "I wish for one thing more precious than all the ornaments my sisters have asked you for; I have limited my desires to it, and shall be only too happy if they can be fulfilled. It is the gratification of seeing you return in perfect health." This answer was so unmistakably disinterested, that nothing can be more ridiculous." But the father, touched by her expressions, could not help showing his delight at them. Appreciating, too, the feeling that induced her to ask nothing for herself, he begged she would choose something; and to allay the ill will that his other daughters had towards her, he observed to her that such indifference to dress was not natural at her age that there was a time for everything. "Very well, my dear father," said she, "since you desire me to make some request, I beg you will bring me a rose; I love that flower passionately, and since I have lived in this desert I have not had the pleasure of seeing one." This was to obey her father, and at the same time to avoid putting him to any expense for her.

At length the day arrived, that this good old man was compelled to leave his family. He travelled as fast as he could to the great city to which the prospect of a new fortune recalled him. But he did not meet with the benefits he had hoped for. His vessel had certainly arrived; but his partners, believing him to be dead, had taken possession of it, and all the cargo had been disposed of. Thus, instead of entering into the full and peaceable possession of that which belonged to him, he was compelled to encounter all sorts of chicanery in the pursuit of his rights. He overcame them, but after more than
six months of trouble and expense, he was not any richer than he was before. His debtors had become insolvent, and he could hardly defray his own costs - thus terminated this dream of riches. To add to his troubles, he was obliged, on the score of economy, to start on his homeward journey at the most inconvenient time, and in the most frightful weather. Exposed on the road to the piercing blasts, he thought he should die with fatigue; but when he found himself within a few miles of his house (which he did not reckon upon leaving for such false hopes, and which Beauty had shown her sense in mistrusting) his strength returned to him. It would be some hours before he could cross the forest; it was late, but he wished to continue his journey.

He was benighted, suffering from intense cold, buried, one might say, in the snow, with his horse; not knowing which way to bend his steps, he thought his last hour had come: no hut in his road, although the forest was filled with them. A tree, hollowed by age, was the best shelter he could find, and only too happy was he to hide himself in it. This tree protecting him from the cold was the means of saving his life; and the horse, a little distance from his master, perceiving another hollow tree, was led by instinct to take shelter in that.

The night, in such a situation, appeared to him to be neverending; furthermore, he was famished, frightened at the roaring of the wild beasts, that were constantly passing by him. Could he be at peace for an instant? His trouble and anxiety did not end with the night. He had no sooner the pleasure of seeing daylight than his distress was greater. The ground appeared so extraordinarily covered with snow, no road could he find no track was to be seen. It was only after great fatigue and frequent falls that he succeeded in discovering something like a path upon which he could keep his footing.

Proceeding without knowing in which direction, chance led him into the avenue of a beautiful palace, which the snow seemed to have respected. It consisted of four rows of orange-trees, laden with flowers and fruit. Statues were seen here and there, regardless of order or symmetry some were in the middle of the road, others among the trees all after the strangest fashion; they were of the size of life, and had the colour of human beings, in different attitudes, and in various dresses, the greatest number representing warriors. Arriving at the first courtyard, he perceived a great many more statues. He was suffering so much from cold that he could not stop to examine them. An agate staircase, with balusters of chased gold, first presented itself to his sight: he passed through several magnificently furnished rooms; gentle warmth which he breathed in them renovated him. He needed food; but to whom could he apply? This large and magnificent edifice appeared to be inhabited only by statues. A profound silence reigned throughout it; nevertheless, it had not the air of an old palace that had been deserted. The halls, the rooms, the galleries were all open; no living thing appeared to be in this charming place.

Weary of wandering over this vast dwelling, he stopped in a saloon, wherein was a large fire. Presuming that it was prepared for someone, who would not be long in appearing, he drew near the fireplace to warm himself; but no one came. Seated on a sofa near the fire, a sweet sleep closed his eyelids, and left him no longer in a condition to observe the entrance of anyone. Fatigue induced him to sleep; hunger awoke him; he had been suffering from it for the last twenty-four hours. The exercise that he had taken ever since he had been in this palace increased his appetite. When he awoke and opened his eyes, he was astonished to see a table elegantly laid. A light repast would not have satisfied him; but the viands, magnificently dressed, invited him to eat of everything. His first care was to utter in a loud voice his thanks to those from whom he had received so much kindness, and he then resolved to wait quietly till it pleased his host to make himself known to him. As fatigue caused him to sleep before his repast, so did the food produce the same effect, and his repose was longer and more powerful; in fact, this second time he slept for at least four hours. Upon awaking, in the place of the first table he saw another of porphyry, upon which some kind hand had set out a collation consisting of cakes, preserved fruits, and liqueurs. This was likewise for his use. Profiting, therefore, by the kindness shown him, he partook of everything that suited his appetite, his taste, and his fancy. Finding at length no one to speak to, or to inform him whether this palace
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was inhabited by a man or by a God, fear began to take possession of him, for he was naturally timid. He resolved, therefore, to re-pass through all the apartments, and overwhelm with thanks the Genius to whom he was indebted for so much kindness, and in the most respectful manner solicit him to appear.

All his attentions were useless: no appearance of servants, no result by which he could ascertain that the palace was inhabited. Thinking seriously of what he should do, he began to fancy, for what reason he could not imagine, that some good spirit had made this mansion a present to him, with all the riches that it contained.

This idea seemed like inspiration, and without further delay - making a new inspection of it - he took possession of all the treasures he could find. More than this, he settled in his own mind what share of it he should allow to each of his children, and selected the apartments that would particularly suit them, enjoying the delight beforehand that his journey would afford them. He entered the garden, where, in spite of the severity of the winter, the rarest flowers were exhaling the most delicious perfume in the mildest and purest air. Birds of all kinds blending their songs with the confused noise of the waters, made an agreeable harmony.

The old man, in ecstasies at such wonders, said to himself, “My daughters will not, I think, find it very difficult to accustom themselves to this delicious abode. I cannot believe that they will regret, or that they will prefer the city to this mansion. Let me set out directly,” he cried in a transport of joy rather uncommon for him; “I shall increase my happiness in witnessing theirs: I will take possession at once.”

Upon entering this charming palace he had taken care, notwithstanding he was nearly perished, to unbridle his horse and let him wend his way to a stable, which he had observed in the forecourt. An alley, ornamented by palisades, formed by rosebushes in full bloom, led to it. He had never seen such lovely roses. Their perfume reminded him that he had promised to give Beauty a rose. He picked one, and was about to gather enough to make half-a-dozen bouquets, when a most frightful noise made him turn round.

He was terribly alarmed upon perceiving at his side a horrible beast, which, with an air of fury, laid upon his neck a kind of trunk, resembling an elephant’s, and said, with a terrific voice, “Who gave you permission to gather my roses? Is it not enough that I kindly allowed you to remain in my palace? Instead of feeling grateful, rash man, I find you stealing my flowers! Your insolence shall not remain unpunished.”

The good man, already too much overpowered by the unexpected appearance of this Beast, thought he should die of fright at these words, and quickly throwing away the fatal rose. “Ah! My Lord,” he said, prostrating himself before the Beast, “have mercy on me! I am not ungrateful! Penetrated by all your kindness, I did not imagine that so slight a liberty could possibly have offended you.”

The Beast very angrily replied, “Hold your tongue, you foolish talker. I care not for your flattery nor for the titles you bestow on me. I am not your Lord; I am The Beast; and you shall not escape the death you deserve.”

The merchant, dismayed at so cruel a sentence, and thinking that submission was the only means to preserve his life, said, in a truly affecting manner, that the rose he had dared to take was for one of his daughters, called Beauty. Then, whether he hoped to escape from death or to induce his enemy to feel for him, he related to him all his misfortunes.

He told him the object of his journey, and did not omit to dwell on the little present he was bound to give Beauty; adding that was the only thing she had asked for, while the riches of a King would hardly have sufficed to satisfy the wishes of his other daughters. And so came to the opportunity which had offered itself to satisfy the modest desire of Beauty and his belief that he could have done so without any unpleasant consequences; asking pardon, moreover, for his involuntary fault.

The Beast considered for a moment, then, speaking in a milder tone, he said to him, “I will pardon you, but upon condition that you will give me one of your daughters. I require someone to repair this fault.”
“Just Heaven!” replied the merchant. “How can I keep my word? Could I be so inhuman as to save my own life at the expense of one of my children's? Under what pretext could I bring her here?”

“There must be no pretext,” interrupted the Beast. “I expect that whichever daughter you bring here she will come willingly, or I will not have either of them. Go, see if there be not one amongst them sufficiently courageous, and loving you enough, to sacrifice herself to save your life. You appear to be an honest man. Give me your word of honour to return in a month. If you cannot decide to bring one of them back with you, she will remain here and you will return home. If you cannot do so, promise me to return here alone after bidding them farewell forever, for you will belong to me. Do not fancy,” continued the Beast, grinding his teeth, “that by merely agreeing to my proposition you will be saved. I warn you, if you think so to escape me I will seek you and destroy you and your race, although a hundred thousand men may appear to defend you.”

The good man, although quite convinced that he should vainly put to the test the devotion of his daughters, accepted, nevertheless, the Beast's proposition. He promised to return to him at the time named, and give himself up to his sad fate, without rendering it necessary for the Beast to seek for him.

After this assurance, he thought himself at liberty to retire and take leave of the Beast, whose presence was most distressing to him. The respite was but brief, yet he feared he might revoke it. He expressed his anxiety to depart; but the Beast told him he should not do so till the following day. “You will find,” he said, “a horse ready at break of day. He will carry you home quickly. Adieu. Go to supper and await my orders.”

The poor man, more dead than alive, returned to the saloon in which he had feasted so heartily. Before a large fire, his supper, already laid, invited him to sit and enjoy it. The delicacy and richness of the dishes had no longer, however, any temptation for him. Overwhelmed by his grief, he would not have seated himself at the table, but that he feared that the Beast was concealed somewhere, and observing him, and that he would excite his anger by any slight of his bounty. To avoid further disaster, he made a momentary truce with his grief, and, as well as his afflicted heart would permit, he tasted, in turn, the various dishes.

At the end of the repast, a great noise was heard in the adjoining apartment, and he did not doubt that it was his formidable host. As he could not manage to avoid his presence, he tried to recover from the alarm, which this sudden noise had caused him. At the same moment, the Beast, who appeared, asked him abruptly if he had made a good supper. The good man replied, in a modest and timid tone that he had, thanks to his attention, eaten heartily.

“Promise me,” replied the Beast, “to remember your word to me, and to keep it as a man of honour, in bringing me one of your daughters.”

The old man, who was not much entertained with this conversation, swore to him that he would fulfil what he had promised, and return in a month alone or with one of his daughters, if he should find one who loved him sufficiently to follow him on the conditions he must propose to her.

“I warn you again,” said the Beast, “to take care not to deceive her as to the sacrifice which you must exact from her, or the danger she will incur. Paint to her my face such as it is. Let her know what she is about to do: above all, let her be firm in her resolution. There will be no time for reflection when you shall have brought her here. There must be no drawing back: you will be equally lost, without obtaining for her the liberty to return.”

The merchant, who was overworn at this discourse, iterated his promise to conform to all that was prescribed to him. The Beast, satisfied with his answer, ordered him to retire to rest, and not to rise till he should see the sun, and hear a golden bell.

“You will breakfast before setting out,” he said again, “and you may take a rose with you for Beauty. The horse which shall bear you will be ready in the courtyard. I reckon on seeing you again in a month, if you are an honest man. If you fail in your word, I shall pay you a visit.”

The good man, for fear of prolonging a conversation already too painful to him, made a profound reverence to the Beast - who told him again not to be anxious respecting the road by which he
should return as, at the time appointed, the same horse, which he would mount the next morning, would be found at his gate and would suffice for his daughter and himself. However little disposition the old man felt for sleep, he dared not disobey the orders he had received. Obliged to lie down, he did not rise till the sun began to illumine the chamber. His breakfast was soon despatched, and he then descended into the garden to gather the rose, which the Beast had ordered him to take to Beauty. How many tears this flower caused him to shed. But the fear of drawing on himself new disasters made him constrain his feelings, and he went, without further delay, in search of the horse which had been promised him. He found on the saddle a light but warm cloak. As soon as the horse felt him on his back, he set off with incredible speed. The merchant, who in a moment lost sight of this fatal palace, experienced as great a sensation of joy as he had on the previous evening felt in perceiving it, with this difference, that the delight of leaving it was embittered by the cruel necessity of returning to it. “To what have I pledged myself?” said he, whilst his courser carried him with a velocity and a lightness, which is only known in Fairyland. “Would it not be better that I should become at once the victim of this Beast who thirsts for the blood of my family? By a promise I have made, as unnatural as it is indiscreet, I have prolonged my life. Is it possible that I could think of extending my days at the expense of those of my daughters? Can I have the barbarity to lead one to him, to see him, no doubt, devour her before my eyes? But all at once, interrupting himself, he cried, “Miserable wretch that I am, what have I to fear? If I could find it in my heart to silence the voice of nature, would it depend on me to commit this cowardly act? She must know her fate and consent to it. I see no chance that she will be inclined to sacrifice herself for an inhuman father, and I ought not to make such a proposition to her. It is unjust. “But even if the affection which they all entertain for me should induce one to devote herself, would not a single glance at the Beast destroy her constancy, and I could not complain. Ah! Too imperious Beast,” he exclaimed, “you have done this expressly! By putting an impossible condition to the means, you offer me to escape your fury - and obtain the pardon of a trifling fault - you have added insult to injury! “But,” he continued, “I cannot bear to think of it. I hesitate no longer; and I would rather expose myself without turning away from your rage, than attempt a useless mode of escape, which my paternal love trembles to employ. Let me retrace,” he said, “the road to this frightful palace, and without deigning to purchase so dearly the remnant of a life which can never be but miserable without waiting for the month which is accorded me to expire, return, and terminate this day my miserable existence!”

At these words, he endeavoured to retrace his steps, but he found it impossible to turn the bridle of his horse. Allowing himself, therefore, against his will, to be carried forward, he resolved at least to propose nothing to his daughters.

Marie Le Prince de Beaumont

Beauty And The Beast.

* * * * *

There was once a very rich merchant, who had six children, three sons, and three daughters; being a man of sense, he spared no cost for their education, but gave them all kinds of masters. His daughters were extremely handsome, especially the youngest; when she was little, every body admired her, and called her The little Beauty; so that, as she grew up, she still went by the name of Beauty, which made her sisters very jealous. The youngest, as she was handsome, was also better than her sisters. The two eldest had a great deal of pride, because they were rich. They gave themselves ridiculous airs, and would not visit other merchants’ daughters, nor keep company with any but persons of quality. They went out every day upon parties of pleasure, balls, plays, concerts,
etc. and laughed at their youngest sister, because she spent the greatest part of her time in reading good books. As it was known that they were to have great fortunes, several eminent merchants made their addresses to them; but the two eldest said they would never marry, unless they could meet with a Duke, or an Earl at least. Beauty very civilly thanked them that courted her, and told them she was too young yet to marry, but chose to stay with her father a few years longer.

All at once the merchant lost his whole fortune, excepting a small country-house at a great distance from town, and told his children, with tears in his eyes, they must go there and work for their living. The two eldest answered, that they would not leave the town, for they had several lovers, who they were sure would be glad to have them, though they had no fortune; but in this they were mistaken, for their lovers slighted and forsook them in their poverty. As they were not beloved on account of their pride, every body said, "they do not deserve to be pitied, we are glad to see their pride humbled, let them go and give themselves quality airs in milking the cows and minding their dairy. But, (added they,) we are extremely concerned for Beauty, she was such a charming, sweet-tempered creature, spoke so kindly to poor people, and was of such an affable, obliging disposition." Nay, several gentlemen would have married her, though they knew she had not a penny; but she told them she could not think of leaving her poor father in his misfortunes, but was determined to go along with him into the country to comfort and attend him. Poor Beauty at first was sadly grieved at the loss of her fortune; "but, (she said to herself,) were I to cry ever so much, that would not make things better, I must try to make myself happy without a fortune." When they came to their country-house, the merchant and his three sons applied themselves to husbandry and tillage; and Beauty rose at four in the morning, and made haste to have the house clean, and breakfast ready for the family. In the beginning she found it very difficult, for she had not been used to work as a servant; but in less than two months she grew stronger and healthier than ever. After she had done her work, she read, played on the harpsichord, or else sung whilst she spun. On the contrary, her two sisters did not know how to spend their time; they got up at ten, and did nothing but saunter about the whole day, lamenting the loss of their fine clothes and acquaintance. "Do but see our youngest sister, (said they one to the other,) what a poor, stupid mean-spirited creature she is, to be contented with such an unhappy situation." The good merchant was of a quite different opinion; he knew very well that Beauty out-shone her sisters, in her person as well as her mind, and admired her humility, industry, and patience; for her sisters not only left her all the work of the house to do, but insulted her every moment.

[Illustration: Beauty Making the Family's Breakfast]

The family had lived about a year in this retirement, when the merchant received a letter, with an account that a vessel, on board of which he had effects, was safely arrived. This news had liked to have turned the heads of the two eldest daughters, who immediately flattered themselves with the hopes of returning to town; for they were quite weary of a country life; and when they saw their father ready to set out, they begged of him to buy them new gowns, caps, rings, and all manner of trifles; but Beauty asked for nothing, for she thought to herself, that all the money her father was going to receive would scarce be sufficient to purchase every thing her sisters wanted. "What will you have, Beauty?" said her father. "Since you are so kind as to think of me, (answered she,) be so kind as to bring me a rose, for as none grow hereabouts, they are a kind of rarity." Not that Beauty cared for a rose, but she asked for something, lest she should seem by her example to condemn her sisters' conduct, who would have said she did it only to look particular. The good man went on his journey; but when he came there, they went to law with him about the merchandize, and after a great deal of trouble and pains to no purpose, he came back as poor as before.

He was within thirty miles of his own house, thinking on the pleasure he should have in seeing his children again, when going through a large forest he lost himself. It rained and snowed terribly, besides, the wind was so high, that it threw him twice off his horse; and night coming on, he began to apprehend being either starved to death with cold and hunger, or else devoured by the wolves, whom he heard howling all around him, when, on a sudden, looking through a long walk of trees, he saw a
light at some distance, and going on a little farther, perceived it came from a palace illuminated from
top to bottom. The merchant returned God thanks for this happy discovery, and hasted to the palace;
but was greatly surprised at not meeting with anyone in the out-courts. His horse followed him, and
seeing a large stable open, went in, and finding both hay and oats, the poor beast, who was almost
famished, fell to eating very heartily. The merchant tied him up to the manger, and walked towards
the house, where he saw no one, but entering into a large hall, he found a good fire, and a table
plentifully set out, with but one cover laid. As he was wet quite through with the rain and snow, he
drew near the fire to dry himself. "I hope, (said he,) the master of the house, or his servants, will
excuse the liberty I take; I suppose it will not be long before some of them appear."

He waited a considerable time, till it struck eleven, and still nobody came: at last he was so
hungry that he could stay no longer, but took a chicken and ate it in two mouthfuls, trembling all the
while. After this, he drank a few glasses of wine, and growing more courageous, he went out of the
hall, and crossed through several grand apartments with magnificent furniture, till he came into a
chamber, which had an exceeding good bed in it, and as he was very much fatigued, and it was past
midnight, he concluded it was best to shut the door, and go to bed.

It was ten the next morning before the merchant waked, and as he was going to rise, he was
astonished to see a good suit of clothes in the room of his own, which were quite spoiled. "Certainly,
(said he,) this palace belongs to some kind fairy, who has seen and pitied my distress." He looked
through a window, but instead of snow saw the most delightful arbours, interwoven with the most
beautiful flowers that ever were beheld.

He then returned to the great hall, where he had supped the
night before, and found some chocolate ready made on a little table. "Thank you, good Madam Fairy,
(said he aloud,) for being so careful as to provide me a breakfast; I am extremely obliged to you
for all your favours."

The good man drank his chocolate, and then went to look for his horse; but passing through an
arbours of roses, he remembered Beauty’s request to him, and gathered a branch on which were
several; immediately he heard a great noise, and saw such a frightful beast coming towards him, that
he was ready to faint away. "You are very ungrateful, (said the beast to him, in a terrible voice) I have
saved your life by receiving you into my castle, and, in return, you steal my roses, which I value
beyond any thing in the universe; but you shall die for it; I give you but a quarter of an hour to prepare
yourself, to say your prayers." The merchant fell on his knees, and lifted up both his hands: "My Lord
(said he,) I beseech you to forgive me, indeed I had no intention to offend in gathering a rose for one
of my daughters, who desired me to bring her one." "My name is not My Lord, (replied the monster,)
but Beast; I don’t love compliments, not I; I like people should speak as they think; and so do not
imagine I am to be moved by any of your flattering speeches; but you say you have got daughters; I
will forgive you, on condition that one of them come willingly, and suffer for you. Let me have no
words, but go about your business, and swear that if your daughter refuse to die in your stead, you
will return within three months." The merchant had no mind to sacrifice his daughters to the ugly
monster, but he thought, in obtaining this respite, he should have the satisfaction of seeing them once
more; so he promised upon oath, he would return, and the Beast told him he might set out when he
pleased; "but, (added he,) you shall not depart empty handed; go back to the room where you lay,
and you will see a great empty chest; fill it with whatever you like best, and I will send it to your
home," and at the same time Beast withdrew. "Well (said the good man to himself) if I must die, I shall
have the comfort, at least, of leaving something to my poor children."

He returned to the bed-chamber, and finding a great quantity of broad pieces of gold, he filled
the great chest the Beast had mentioned, locked it, and afterwards took his horse out of the stable,
leaving the palace with as much grief as he had entered it with joy. The horse, of his own accord, took
one of the roads of the forest; and in a few hours the good man was at home. His children came around
him, but, instead of receiving their embraces with pleasure, he looked on them, and, holding up the
branch he had in his hands, he burst into tears. "Here, Beauty, (said he,) take these roses; but little do
you think how dear they are like to cost your unhappy father;" and then related his fatal adventure:
immediately the two eldest set up lamentable outcries, and said all manner of ill-natured things to Beauty, who did not cry at all. "Do but see the pride of that little wretch, (said they); she would not ask for fine clothes, as we did; but no, truly, Miss wanted to distinguish herself; so now she will be the death of our poor father, and yet she does not so much as shed a tear." "Why should I, (answered Beauty,) it would be very needless, for my father shall not suffer upon my account, since the monster will accept of one of his daughters, I will deliver myself up to all his fury, and I am very happy in thinking that my death will save my father's life, and be a proof of my tender love for him." "No, sister, (said her three brothers,) that shall not be, we will go find the monster, and either kill him, or perish in the attempt." "Do not imagine any such thing, my sons, (said the merchant,) Beast's power is so great, that I have no hopes of your overcoming him; I am charmed with Beauty's kind and generous offer, but I cannot yield to it; I am old, and have not long to live, so can only lose a few years, which I regret for your sakes alone, my dear children." "Indeed, father (said Beauty,) you shall not go to the palace without me, you cannot hinder me from following you." It was to no purpose all they could say, Beauty still insisted on setting out for the fine palace; and her sisters were delighted at it, for her virtue and amiable qualities made them envious and jealous.

The merchant was so afflicted at the thoughts of losing his daughter, that he had quite forgot the chest full of gold; but at night, when he retired to rest, no sooner had he shut his chamber-door, than, to his great astonishment, he found it by his bedside; he was determined, however, not to tell his children that he was grown rich, because they would have wanted to return to town, and he was resolved not to leave the country; but he trusted Beauty with the secret: who informed him, that two gentlemen came in his absence, and courted her sisters; she begged her father to consent to their marriage, and give them fortunes; for she was so good, that she loved them, and forgave them heartily all their ill-usage. These wicked creatures rubbed their eyes with an onion, to force some tears when they parted with their sister; but her brothers were really concerned. Beauty was the only one who did not shed tears at parting, because she would not increase their uneasiness.

The horse took the direct road to the palace; and towards evening they perceived it illuminated as at first: the horse went of himself into the stable, and the good man and his daughter came into the great hall, where they found a table splendidly served up, and two covers. The merchant had no heart to eat; but Beauty endeavoured to appear cheerful, sat down to table, and helped him. Afterwards, thought she to herself, "Beast surely has a mind to fatten me before he eats me, since he provides such a plentiful entertainment." When they had supped, they heard a great noise, and the merchant, all in tears, bid his poor child farewell, for he thought Beast was coming. Beauty was sadly terrified at his horrid form, but she took courage as well as she could, and the monster having asked her if she came willingly; "y—e—s," said she, trembling. "You are very good, and I am greatly obliged to you; honest man, go your ways tomorrow morning, but never think of returning here again. Farewell, Beauty." "Farewell, Beast," answered she; and immediately the monster withdrew. "Oh, daughter, (said the merchant, embracing Beauty,) I am almost frightened to death; believe me, you had better go back, and let me stay here." "No, father, (said Beauty, in a resolute tone,) you shall set out tomorrow morning, and leave me to the care and protection of Providence." They went to bed, and thought they should not close their eyes all night; but scarce were they laid down, than they fell fast asleep; and Beauty dreamed, a fine lady came, and said to her, "I am content, Beauty, with your good will; this good action of yours, in giving up your own life to save your father's, shall not go unrewarded." Beauty waked, and told her father her dream, and though it helped to comfort him a little, yet he could not help crying bitterly, when he took leave of his dear child.

As soon as he was gone, Beauty sat down in the great hall, and fell a crying likewise; but as she was mistress of a great deal of resolution, she recommended herself to God, and resolved not to be uneasy the little time she had to live; for she firmly believed Beast would eat her up that night.

However, she thought she might as well walk about till then, and view this fine castle, which she could not help admiring; it was a delightful pleasant place, and she was extremely surprised at seeing
a door, over which was wrote, "BEAUTY'S APARTMENT." She opened it hastily, and was quite dazzled
with the magnificence that reigned throughout; but what chiefly took up her attention, was a large
library, a harpsichord, and several music books. "Well, (said she to herself,) I see they will not let my
time hang heavy on my hands for want of amusement." Then she reflected, "Were I but to stay here a
day, there would not have been all these preparations." This consideration inspired her with fresh
courage; and opening the library, she took a book, and read these words in letters of gold:—

"Welcome, Beauty, banish fear,
You are queen and mistress here;
Speak your wishes, speak your will,
Swift obedience meets them still."

"Alas, (said she, with a sigh,) there is nothing I desire so much as to see my poor father, and to
know what he is doing." She had no sooner said this, when casting her eyes on a great looking-
glass, to her great amazement she saw her own home, where her father arrived with a very dejected
countenance; her sisters went to meet him, and, notwithstanding their endeavours to appear
sorrowful, their joy, felt for having got rid of their sister, was visible in every feature: a moment after,
every thing disappeared, and Beauty's apprehensions at this proof of Beast's complaisance.

At noon she found dinner ready, and while at table, was entertained with an excellent concert
of music, though without seeing any body: but at night, as she was going to sit down to supper, she
heard the noise Beast made; and could not help being sadly terrified. "Beauty, (said the monster,) will
you give me leave to see you sup?" "That is as you please," answered Beauty, trembling. "No, (replied
the Beast,) you alone are mistress here; you need only bid me be gone, if my presence is troublesome,
and I will immediately withdraw: but tell me, do not you think me very ugly?" "That is true, (said
Beauty,) for I cannot tell a lie; but I believe you are very good-

"Tis no sign of folly to think so, (replied Beauty,) for never did fool know this, or had so
humble a conceit of his own understanding." "Eat then, Beauty, (said the monster,) and endeavour to
amuse yourself in your palace; for every thing here is yours, and I should be very uneasy if you were
not happy." "You are very obliging, (answered Beauty;) I own I am pleased with your kindness, and
when I consider that, your deformity scarce appears." "Yes, yes, (said the Beast,) my heart is good,
but still I am a monster." "Among mankind, (says Beauty,) there are many that deserve that name
more than you, and I prefer you, just as your are, to those, who, under a human form, hide a
treachurious, corrupt, and ungrateful heart." "If I had sense enough, (replied the Beast,) I would make
a fine compliment to thank you, but I am so dull, that I can only say, I am greatly obliged to you."
Beauty ate a hearty supper, and had almost conquered her dread of the monster; but she had liked to
have fainted away, when he said to her, "Beauty, will you be my wife?" She was some time before she
durst answer; for she was afraid of making him angry, if she refused. At last, however, she said,
trembling, "No, Beast." Immediately the poor monster began to sigh, and hissed so frightfully, that
the whole palace echoed. But Beauty soon recovered her fright, for Beast having said, in a mournful
voice, "then farewell, Beauty," left the room; and only turned back, now and then, to look at her as he
went out.

When Beauty was alone, she felt a great deal of compassion for poor Beast. "Alas, (said she,) 'tis
a thousand pities any thing so good-natured should be so ugly."

Beauty spent three months very contentedly in the palace: every evening Beast paid her a visit,
and talked to her during supper, very rationally, with plain good common sense, but never with what
the world calls wit; and Beauty daily discovered some valuable qualifications in the monster; and
seeing him often, had so accustomed her to his deformity, that, far from dreading the time of his visit,
she would often look on her watch to see when it would be nine; for the Beast never missed coming
at that hour. There was but one thing that gave Beauty any concern, which was, that every night,
before she went to bed, the monster always asked her, if she would be his wife. One day she said to
him, "Beast, you make me very uneasy, I wish I could consent to marry you, but I am too sincere to make you believe that will ever happen: I shall always esteem you as a friend; endeavour to be satisfied with this." "I must, said the Beast, for, alas! I know too well my own misfortune; but then I love you with the tenderest affection: however, I ought to think myself happy that you will stay here; promise me never to leave me." Beauty blushed at these words; she had seen in her glass, that her father had pined himself sick for the loss of her, and she longed to see him again. "I could, (answered she), indeed promise never to leave you entirely, but I have so great a desire to see my father, that I shall fret to death, if you refuse me that satisfaction." "I had rather die myself, (said the monster,) than give you the least uneasiness: I will send you to your father, you shall remain with him, and poor Beast will die with grief." "No, (said Beauty, weeping,) I love you too well to be the cause of your death: I give you my promise to return in a week: you have shewn me that my sisters are married, and my brothers gone to the army; only let me stay a week with my father, as he is alone." "You shall be there tomorrow morning, (said the Beast,) but remember your promise: you need only lay your ring on the table before you go to bed, when you have a mind to come back: farewell, Beauty." Beast sighed as usual, bidding her good night; and Beauty went to bed very sad at seeing him so afflicted. When she waked the next morning, she found herself at her father's, and having rang a little bell, that was by her bedside, she saw the maid come; who, the moment she saw her, gave a loud shriek; at which the good man ran up stairs, and thought he should have died with joy to see his dear daughter again. He held her fast locked in his arms above a quarter of an hour. As soon as the first transports were over, Beauty began to think of rising, and was afraid she had no clothes to put on; but the maid told her, that she had just found, in the next room, a large trunk full of gowns, covered with gold and diamonds. Beauty thanked good Beast for his kind care, and taking one of the plainest of them, she intended to make a present of the others to her sisters. She scarce had said so, when the trunk disappeared. Her father told her, that Beast insisted on her keeping them herself; and immediately both gowns and trunk came back again.

[Illustration: Beauty at Supper with the Beast]

Beauty dressed herself; and in the mean time they sent to her sisters, who hastened thither with their husbands. They were both of them very unhappy. The eldest had married a gentleman, extremely handsome indeed, but so fond of his own person, that he was full of nothing but his own dear self, and neglected his wife. The second had married a man of wit, but he only made use of it to plague and torment every body, and his wife most of all. Beauty's sisters sickened with envy, when they saw her dressed like a Princess, and more beautiful than ever; nor could all her obliging affectionate behaviour stifle their jealousy, which was ready to burst when she told them how happy she was. They went down into the garden to vent it in tears; and said one to the other, "In what is this little creature better than us, that she should be so much happier?" "Sister, said the eldest, a thought just strikes my mind; let us endeavour to detain her above a week, and perhaps the silly monster will be so enraged at her for breaking her word, that he will devour her." "Right, sister, answered the other, therefore we must shew her as much kindness as possible." After they had taken this resolution, they went up, and behaved so affectionately to their sister, that poor Beauty wept for joy.

When the week was expired, they cried and tore their hair, and seemed so sorry to part with her, that she promised to stay a week longer.

In the mean time, Beauty could not help reflecting on herself for the uneasiness she was likely to cause poor Beast, whom she sincerely loved, and really longed to see again. The tenth night she spent at her father's, she dreamed she was in the palace garden, and that she saw Beast extended on the grass-plot, who seemed just expiring, and, in a dying voice, reproached her with her ingratitude. Beauty started out of her sleep and bursting into tears, "Am not I very wicked, (said she) to act so unkindly to Beast, that has studied so much to please me in every thing? Is it his fault that he is so ugly, and has so little sense? He is kind and good, and that is sufficient. Why did I refuse to marry him? I should be happier with the monster than my sisters are with their husbands; it is neither wit nor a fine person in a husband, that makes a woman happy; but virtue, sweetness of temper, and
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complaisance: and Beast has all these valuable qualifications. It is true, I do not feel the tenderness of affection for him, but I find I have the highest gratitude, esteem, and friendship; and I will not make him miserable; were I to be so ungrateful, I should never forgive myself." Beauty having said this, rose, put her ring on the table, and then laid down again; scarce was she in bed before she fell asleep; and when she waked the next morning, she was overjoyed to find herself in the Beast’s palace. She put on one of her richest suits to please him, and waited for evening with the utmost impatience; at last the wished-for hour came, the clock struck nine, yet no Beast appeared. Beauty then feared she had been the cause of his death; she ran crying and wringing her hands all about the palace, like one in despair; after having sought for him every where, she recollected her dream, and flew to the canal in the garden, where she dreamed she saw him. There she found poor Beast stretched out, quite senseless, and, as she imagined, dead. She threw herself upon him without any dread, and finding his heart beat still, she fetched some water from the canal, and poured it on his head. Beast opened his eyes, and said to Beauty, "You forgot your promise, and I was so afflicted for having lost you, that I resolved to starve myself; but since I have the happiness of seeing you once more, I die satisfied."

"No, dear Beast, (said Beauty,) you must not die; live to be my husband; from this moment I give you my hand, and swear to be none but yours. Alas! I thought I had only a friendship for you, but, the grief I now feel convinces me, that I cannot live without you." Beauty scarcely had pronounced these words, when she saw the palace sparkle with light; and fireworks, instruments of music, every thing, seemed to give notice of some great event; but nothing could fix her attention; she turned to her dear Beast, for whom she trembled with fear; but how great was her surprise! Beast had disappeared, and she saw, at her feet, one of the loveliest Princes that eye ever beheld, who returned her thanks for having put an end to the charm, under which he had so long resembled a Beast. Though this Prince was worthy of all her attention, she could not forbear asking where Beast was. "You see him at your feet, (said the Prince): a wicked fairy had condemned me to remain under that shape till a beautiful virgin should consent to marry me: the fairy likewise enjoined me to conceal my understanding; there was only you in the world generous enough to be won by the goodness of my temper; and in offering you my crown, I can’t discharge the obligations I have to you." Beauty, agreeably surprised, gave the charming Prince her hand to rise; they went together into the castle, and Beauty was overjoyed to find, in the great hall, her father and his whole family, whom the beautiful lady, that appeared to her in her dream, had conveyed thither.

"Beauty, (said this lady,) come and receive the reward of your judicious choice; you have preferred virtue before either wit or beauty, and deserve to find a person in whom all these qualifications are united: you are going to be a great Queen; I hope the throne will not lessen your virtue, or make you forget yourself. As to you, ladies, (said the Fairy to Beauty’s two sisters,) I know your hearts, and all the malice they contain: become two statues; but, under this transformation, still retain your reason. You shall stand before your sister’s palace gate, and be it your punishment to behold her happiness; and it will not be in your power to return to your former state till you own your faults; but I am very much afraid that you will always remain statues. Pride, anger, gluttony, and idleness, are sometimes conquered, but the conversion of a malicious and envious mind is a kind of miracle." Immediately the fairy gave a stroke with her wand, and in a moment all that were in the hall were transported into the Prince’s palace. His subjects received him with joy; he married Beauty, and lived with her many years; and their happiness, as it was founded on virtue, was complete.

Christina Rosetti
Goblin Market

Morning and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry:
“Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy:
Apples and quinces,  
Lemons and oranges,  
Plump unpeck'd cherries,  
Melons and raspberries,  
Bloom-down-cheek'd peaches,  
Swart-headed mulberries,  
Wild free-born cranberries,  
Crab-apples, dewberries,  
Pine-apples, blackberries,  
Apricots, strawberries;—  
All ripe together  
In summer weather,—  
Morns that pass by,  
Fair eves that fly;  
Come buy, come buy:  
Our grapes fresh from the vine,  
Pomegranates full and fine,  
Dates and sharp bullaces,  
Rare pears and greengages,  
Damsons and bilberries,  
Taste them and try:  
Currants and gooseberries,  
Bright-fire-like barberries,  
Figs to fill your mouth,  
Citrons from the South,  
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye;  
Come buy, come buy.”

Evening by evening  
Among the brookside rushes,  
Laura bow'd her head to hear,  
Lizzie veil'd her blushes:  
Crouching close together  
In the cooling weather,  
With claspings arms and cautioning lips,  
With tingling cheeks and finger tips.  
“Lie close,” Laura said,  
Pricking up her golden head:  
“We must not look at goblin men,  
We must not buy their fruits:  
Who knows upon what soil they fed  
Their hungry thirsty roots?”  
“Come buy,” call the goblins  
Hobbling down the glen.

“Oh,” cried Lizzie, “Laura, Laura,  
You should not peep at goblin men.”  
Lizzie cover'd up her eyes,  
Cover'd close lest they should look;  
Laura rear'd her glossy head,
And whisper’d like the restless brook:
“Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
Down the glen tramp little men.
One hauls a basket,
One bears a plate,
One lugs a golden dish
Of many pounds weight.
How fair the vine must grow
Whose grapes are so luscious;
How warm the wind must blow
Through those fruit bushes."
“No,” said Lizzie, “No, no, no;
Their offers should not charm us,
Their evil gifts would harm us.”
She thrust a dimpled finger
In each ear, shut eyes and ran:
Curious Laura chose to linger
Wondering at each merchant man.
One had a cat’s face,
One whisk’d a tail,
One tramp’d at a rat’s pace,
One crawl’d like a snail,
One like a wombat prowl’d obtuse and furry,
One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.
She heard a voice like voice of doves
Cooing all together:
They sounded kind and full of loves
In the pleasant weather.

Laura stretch’d her gleaming neck
Like a rush-imbedded swan,
Like a lily from the beck,
Like a moonlit poplar branch,
Like a vessel at the launch
When its last restraint is gone.

Backwards up the mossy glen
Turn’d and troop’d the goblin men,
With their shrill repeated cry,
“Come buy, come buy.”
When they reach’d where Laura was
They stood stock still upon the moss,
Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother;
Signalling each other,
Brother with sly brother.
One set his basket down,
One rear’d his plate;
One began to weave a crown
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown
(Men sell not such in any town);
One heav'd the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her:
"Come buy, come buy," was still their cry.
Laura stared but did not stir,
Long'd but had no money:
The whisk-tail'd merchant bade her taste
In tones as smooth as honey,
The cat-faced purr'd,
The rat-faced spoke a word
Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard;
One parrot-voiced and jolly
Cried "Pretty Goblin" still for "Pretty Polly;"—
One whistled like a bird.

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste:
"Good folk, I have no coin;
To take were to purloin:
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either,
And all my gold is on the furze
That shakes in windy weather
Above the rusty heather."
"You have much gold upon your head,"
They answer'd all together:
"Buy from us with a golden curl."
She clipp'd a precious golden lock,
She dropp'd a tear more rare than pearl,
Then suck'd their fruit globes fair or red:
Sweeter than honey from the rock,
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,
Clearer than water flow'd that juice;
She never tasted such before,
How should it cloy with length of use?
She suck'd and suck'd and suck'd the more
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore;
She suck'd until her lips were sore;
Then flung the emptied rinds away
But gather'd up one kernel stone,
And knew not was it night or day
As she turn'd home alone.

Lizzie met her at the gate
Full of wise upbraiding:
"Dear, you should not stay so late,
Twilight is not good for maidens;
Should not loiter in the glen
In the haunts of goblin men.
Do you not remember Jeanie,
How she met them in the moonlight,
Took their gifts both choice and many,
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers
Pluck'd from bowers
Where summer ripens at all hours?
But ever in the noonlight
She pined and pined away;
Sought them by night and day,
Found them no more, but dwindled and grew grey;
Then fell with the first snow,
While to this day no grass will grow
Where she lies low:
I planted daisies there a year ago
That never blow.
You should not loiter so.”
“Nay, hush,” said Laura:
“Nay, hush, my sister:
I ate and ate my fill,
Yet my mouth waters still;
To-morrow night I will
Buy more;” and kiss’d her:
“Have done with sorrow;
I’ll bring you plums to-morrow
Fresh on their mother twigs,
Cherries worth getting;
You cannot think what figs
My teeth have met in,
What melons icy-cold
Piled on a dish of gold
Too huge for me to hold,
What peaches with a velvet nap,
Pellucid grapes without one seed:
Odorous indeed must be the mead
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink
With lilies at the brink,
And sugar-sweet their sap.”

Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other’s wings,
They lay down in their curtain’d bed:
Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall’n snow,
Like two wands of ivory
Tipp’d with gold for awful kings.
Moon and stars gaz’d in at them,
Wind sang to them lullaby,
Lumbering owls forbore to fly,
Not a bat flapp’d to and fro
Round their rest:
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Lock'd together in one nest.

Early in the morning
When the first cock crow'd his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie:
Fetch'd in honey, milk'd the cows,
Air'd and set to rights the house,
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churn'd butter, whipp'd up cream,
Fed their poultry, sat and sew'd;
Talk'd as modest maidens should:
Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part;
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,
One longing for the night.

At length slow evening came:
They went with pitchers to the reedy brook;
Lizzie most placid in her look,
Laura most like a leaping flame.
They drew the gurgling water from its deep;
Lizzie pluck'd purple and rich golden flags,
Then turning homeward said: “The sunset flushes
Those furthest loftiest crags;
Come, Laura, not another maiden lags.
No wilful squirrel wags,
The beasts and birds are fast asleep.”
But Laura loiter'd still among the rushes
And said the bank was steep.

And said the hour was early still
The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill;
Listening ever, but not catching
The customary cry,
“Come buy, come buy,”
With its iterated jingle
Of sugar-baited words:
Not for all her watching
Once discerning even one goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling;
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp along the glen,
In groups or single,
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Till Lizzie urged, “O Laura, come;
I hear the fruit-call but I dare not look:
You should not loiter longer at this brook:
Come with me home.
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,
Each glowworm winks her spark,
Let us get home before the night grows dark:
For clouds may gather
Though this is summer weather,
Put out the lights and drench us through;
Then if we lost our way what should we do?"

Laura turn’d cold as stone
To find her sister heard that cry alone,
That goblin cry,
"Come buy our fruits, come buy."
Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit?
Must she no more such succous pasture find,
Gone deaf and blind?
Her tree of life droop’d from the root:
She said not one word in her heart’s sore ache;
But peering thro’ the dimness, nought discerning,
Trudg’d home, her pitcher dripping all the way;
So crept to bed, and lay
Silent till Lizzie slept;
Then sat up in a passionate yearning,
And gnash’d her teeth for baulk’d desire, and wept
As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,
Laura kept watch in vain
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
She never caught again the goblin cry:
"Come buy, come buy;"—
She never spied the goblin men
Hawking their fruits along the glen:
But when the noon wax’d bright
Her hair grew thin and grey;
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
To swift decay and burn
Her fire away.

One day remembering her kernel-stone
She set it by a wall that faced the south;
Dew’d it with tears, hoped for a root,
Watch’d for a waxing shoot,
But there came none;
It never saw the sun,
It never felt the trickling moisture run:
While with sunk eyes and faded mouth
She dream’d of melons, as a traveller sees
False waves in desert drouth
With shade of leaf-crown’d trees,
And burns the thirstier in the sandful breeze.

She no more swept the house,
Tended the fowls or cows,
Fetch’d honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,
Brought water from the brook:
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook
And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear
To watch her sister’s cankerous care
Yet not to share.
She night and morning
Caught the goblins’ cry:
“Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy;”—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,
The yoke and stir
Poor Laura could not hear;
Long’d to buy fruit to comfort her,
But fear’d to pay too dear.
She thought of Jeanie in her grave,
Who should have been a bride;
But who for joys brides hope to have
Fell sick and died
In her gay prime,
In earliest winter time
With the first glazing rime,
With the first snow-fall of crisp winter time.

Till Laura dwindling
Seem’d knocking at Death’s door:
Then Lizzie weigh’d no more
Better and worse;
But put a silver penny in her purse,
Kiss’d Laura, cross’d the heath with clumps of furze
At twilight, halted by the brook:
And for the first time in her life
Began to listen and look.

Laugh’d every goblin
When they spied her peeping:
Came towards her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping,
Puffing and blowing,
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,
Mopping and mowing,
Full of airs and graces,
Pulling wry faces,
Demure grimaces,
Cat-like and rat-like,
Ratel- and wombat-like,
Snail-paced in a hurry,
Parrot-voiced and whistler,
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
Chattering like magpies,
Fluttering like pigeons,
Gliding like fishes,—
Hugg'd her and kiss'd her:
Squeez'd and caress'd her:
Stretch'd up their dishes,
Panniers, and plates:
“Look at our apples
Russet and dun,
Bob at our cherries,
Bite at our peaches,
Citrons and dates,
Grapes for the asking,
Pears red with basking
Out in the sun,
Plums on their twigs;
Pluck them and suck them,
Pomegranates, figs.”—

“Good folk,” said Lizzie,
Mindful of Jeanie:
“Give me much and many: —
Held out her apron,
Toss’d them her penny.
“Nay, take a seat with us,
Honour and eat with us,”
They answer’d grinning:
“Our feast is but beginning.
Night yet is early,
Warm and dew-pearly,
Wakeful and starry:
Such fruits as these
No man can carry:
Half their bloom would fly,
Half their dew would dry,
Half their flavour would pass by.
Sit down and feast with us,
Be welcome guest with us,
Cheer you and rest with us.”—
“Thank you,” said Lizzie: “But one waits
At home alone for me:
So without further parleying,
If you will not sell me any
Of your fruits though much and many,
Give me back my silver penny
I toss’d you for a fee.” —
They began to scratch their pates,
No longer wagging, purring,
But visibly demurring,
Grunting and snarling.
One call’d her proud,
Cross-grain’d, uncivil;
Their tones wax’d loud,
Their looks were evil.
Lashing their tails
They trod and hustled her,
Elbow’d and jostled her,
Claw’d with their nails,
Barking, mewing, hissing, mocking,
Tore her gown and soil’d her stocking,
Twitch’d her hair out by the roots,
Stamp’d upon her tender feet,
Held her hands and squeez’d their fruits
Against her mouth to make her eat.

White and golden Lizzie stood,
Like a lily in a flood,—
Like a rock of blue-vein’d stone
Lash’d by tides obstreperously,—
Like a beacon left alone
In a hoary roaring sea,
Sending up a golden fire,—
Like a fruit-crown’d orange-tree
White with blossoms honey-sweet
Sore beset by wasp and bee,—
Like a royal virgin town
Topp’d with gilded dome and spire
Close beleaguer’d by a fleet
Mad to tug her standard down.

One may lead a horse to water,
Twenty cannot make him drink.
Though the goblins cuff’d and caught her,
Coax’d and fought her,
Bullied and besought her,
Scratch’d her, pinch’d her black as ink,
Kick’d and knock’d her,
Maul’d and mock’d her,
Lizzie utter’d not a word;
Would not open lip from lip
Lest they should cram a mouthful in:
But laugh’d in heart to feel the drip
Of juice that syrupp’d all her face,
And lodg’d in dimples of her chin,
And streak’d her neck which quaked like curd.
At last the evil people,
Worn out by her resistance,
Flung back her penny, kick’d their fruit
Along whichever road they took,
Not leaving root or stone or shoot;
Some writh’d into the ground,
Some div’d into the brook
With ring and ripple,
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,
Some vanish’d in the distance.

In a smart, ache, tingle,
Lizzie went her way;
Knew not was it night or day;
Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,
Threaded copse and dingle,
And heard her penny jingle
Bouncing in her purse,—
Its bounce was music to her ear.
She ran and ran
As if she fear’d some goblin man
Dogg’d her with gibe or curse
Or something worse:
But not one goblin scurried after,
Nor was she prick’d by fear;
The kind heart made her win
do-
That urged her home quite out of breath with haste
And inward laughter.

She cried, “Laura,” up the garden,
“Did you miss me?
Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeez’d from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me;
Laura, make much of me;
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant men.”

Laura started from her chair,
Flung her arms up in the air,
Clutch’d her hair:
“Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
For my sake the fruit forbidden?
Must your light like mine be hidden,
Your young life like mine be wasted,
Undone in mine undoing,
And ruin’d in my ruin,
Thirsty, canker’d, goblin-ridden?” —
She clung about her sister,
Kiss’d and kiss’d and kiss’d her:
Tears once again
Refresh’d her shrunken eyes,
Dropping like rain
After long sultry drouth;
Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,
She kiss’d and kiss’d her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,
She loath’d the feast:
Writhing as one possess’d she leap’d and sung,
Rent all her robe, and wrung
Her hands in lamentable haste,
And beat her breast.
Her locks stream’d like the torch
Borne by a racer at full speed,
Or like the mane of horses in their flight,
Or like an eagle when she stems the light
Straight toward the sun,
Or like a caged thing freed,
Or like a flying flag when armies run.

Swift fire spread through her veins, knock’d at her heart,
Met the fire smouldering there
And overbore its lesser flame;
She gorged on bitterness without a name:
Ah! fool, to choose such part
Of soul-consuming care!
Sense fail’d in the mortal strife:
Like the watch-tower of a town
Which an earthquake shatters down,
Like a lightning-stricken mast,
Like a wind-uprooted tree
Spun about,
Like a foam-topp’d waterspout
Cast down headlong in the sea,
She fell at last;
Pleasure past and anguish past,
Is it death or is it life?

Life out of death.
That night long Lizzie watch’d by her,
Counted her pulse’s flagging stir,
Felt for her breath,
Held water to her lips, and cool'd her face
With tears and fanning leaves:
But when the first birds chirp'd about their eaves,
And early reapers plodded to the place
Of golden sheaves,
And dew-wet grass
Bow'd in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day
Open'd of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laugh'd in the innocent old way,
Hugg'd Lizzie but not twice or thrice;
Her gleaming locks show'd not one thread of grey,
Her breath was sweet as May
And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years
Afterwards, when both were wives
With children of their own;
Their mother-hearts beset with fears,
Their lives bound up in tender lives;
Laura would call the little ones
And tell them of her early prime,
Those pleasant days long gone
Of not-returning time:
Would talk about the haunted glen,
The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,
Their fruits like honey to the throat
But poison in the blood;
(Men sell not such in any town):
Would tell them how her sister stood
In deadly peril to do her good,
And win the fiery antidote:
Then joining hands to little hands
Would bid them cling together,
"For there is no friend like a sister
In calm or stormy weather;
To cheer one on the tedious way,
To fetch one if one goes astray,
To lift one if one totters down,
To strengthen whilst one stands."