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well warmed, as the case might be? Here would be at once a resting-place for the weary and a retreat for the troubled. The man or woman wrestling with some secret sorrow, or distracted by some secret doubt, might turn aside from the world and find comfort and guidance. Five minutes thus spent, without clergyman or prayer-book, might often prove more salutary than the most impressive Sunday service; just because the one exercise of a natural instinct is voluntary and the other forced.

"An Unofficial but Well-meaning Church-goer," whose letter followed that of the Pall Mall Gazette's correspondent abroad, gives a true picture of the ordinary family Sunday, and doubts many could tell a less satisfactory story. How many people go to church not because they like it, but because they think it looks well to do so! Nothing more shocks a sincere nature than the reception into which religious formalism leads even intelligent and well-disposed people. The sort of superiority which orthodox church or chapel goers assume over their less exemplary neighbours is familiar to all who live in the country, and, more than anything else, provokes laxity of belief. We do not say that the opening of churches in the week-day would do away with religious shams and re-established creeds. But by enabling all who prefer it to worship after their own fashion and at their own time, it would surely minister to the inmost spiritual need of man, and thus elevate the horizon of daily life. Sadly indeed do we want a week-day religion that, appealing to the highest instincts of humanity, should imbue man with a higher spirit, and be a higher moral tone not only our aspirations but our conduct. We need no less a little more cheerfulness and a little less formalism on Sundays.

**THE DEATH OF PARIS.**

By William Morris.

ARGUMENT.

Paris, the son of Priam! then once more O'er head of legions and beleaguered town Grew grey the sky, a cold sea-robb'd swept o'er The ruined plain, and the small rain drove down, While slowly underneath that chilling flow Parted the hosts; and Troy into its gates, Greece to its tents, and waiting on the fates.

Next day the seaward-looking gates none swung Back on their hinges, what Greek might fear, With seeming-careless mien, and bow unstrung, Anh'get them; whatso rough-voiced horn might dare, With well-known notes, the war-worn warders there; Troy slept amid its nightmares through the day, And dull with waking dreams the leader lay.

Yet in the streets did man say unto man, "Hector is dead, and Troilus is dead;" "Eneas turneth toward the waters wan;" In his fair house Antenor hides his head; "Fast from the tree of Troy the boughs are shed; And now this Paris, now this joyous one."

Is the cry cried that bidding him begone?"

But on the morrow's dawn, ere yet the sun Had shone athwart the mists of last night's rain, And shown the image of the Spotless One Unto the tents and hovels of the plain Whose girth of war she long had made all vain, From out a postern looking toward the north A little band of silent men went forth.

Therewith he heard a mighty bowstring twang, And a shaft screamed 'twixt hostile band and band, And close beside him fell, with clash and clang, A well-tried warrior from the Cretan land, And rolled in dust, clenching with desperate hand At the gay feathers of the shaft that lay Deep in his heart, well silenced from that day.

Then of the Greeks did man look upon man, While Philoctetes from his quiver drew A dreadful shaft, and through his fingers ran The dull-red feathers; of strange steel and blue The harts were, such as archer never knew, But black as death 'neath the thin-forged bitter point, That with the worm's blood fate did erate anoint.

He shook the shaft, and notched it, and therewith Forth from the Trojans rang that shot again, Whistled the arrow, and a Greek did write Once more upon the earth in his last pain; The grey clouds, big with the threat of rain, Parted a space, and on the Trojans shone, And struck a glory from that shining one.

Then Philoctetes scowled, and cried, "O Fate, I give thee this, thy strong man gave to me. Do with it as thou wilt! — let small or great Even as thou wilt before its black point be! Lake grows the year, and stormy is the sea, The oar is rotten by the gunwales now That nevermore a Grecian surf shall know."

He spoke and drew the string with careless eyes, And, as the shaft flew forth, he turned about And tramped back slowly, noting in no wise How from the Greeks uprose a joyous shout, And from the Trojan host therewith brake out Confused clamor, and folk cried the name Of him wherethrough the weary struggle came, Paris, the son of Priam! then once more O'er head of legions and beleaguered town Gray grew the sky, a cold sea-robb'd swept o'er The ruined plain, and the small rain drove down, While slowly underneath that chilling flow Parted the hosts; and Troy into its gates, Greece to its tents, and waiting on the fates.

In the last month of Troy's belaeguement, When both sides, waiting for some god's great hand, But seldom o'er the meads the war-shout sent, Yet idle rage would sometimes drive a band From town or town in borderland All armed, and there to bicker aimlessly; And so at least the weary time wore by.

In such a fight, when wide the arrows flew, And little glory fell to any there, And naught there seemed for a stout man to do, Rose Philoctetes from the ill-cooped lair That hid his rage, and crept out into air, And strong his bow, and shank down to the fight, Twist rusty helms, and shields that once were bright.

And even as he reached the foremost rank, A glimmer as of polished steel and gold Amid the war-worn Trojan folk, that shrank To right and left, his fierce eyes could behold; He bent his bow, as if one man were bold About the streams of Simoes that flow One heart still ready to play out the play.
And in their midst a litter did they bear
Whereon lay-one with linen wrapped around,
Whose face turned unto the fresher air
As though a little pleasure he had found
Amidst of pain; some dreadful torturing wound
The man endured belike, and as a balm
Was the fresh morn, with all its rest and calm,
After the weary tossing of the night
And close dim-lit-lit chamber, whose doors seemed
Laboring with whispers fearful of the light,
Confused with images of dreams long dreamed,
Came back again, now that the lone torch gleamed
Dim before eyes that saw naught real as true
To vex the heart that naught of purpose knew.

Upon the late-passed night in 'en such wise
Had Paris lain.
What time, like years of life,
Had passed before his weary heart and eyes!
What hopeless, nameless longings! what wild strife
Gainst naught for naught, with wearying changes of life,
Had he gone through, till in the twilight gray
They bore him through the cold deserted way.

Mocking and strange the streets looked now, most meet
For a dream 'en ending, for a vain life's end;
While sounded his strong litter-bearers' feet,
Like feet of men who through Death's country wend
Silent, for fear lest they should yet offend
The grim King satisfied to let them go.
Hope bids them hurry, fear's chair makes them slow.

In feverish dose of time a-gone he thought,
When love was soft, life strong, and a sweet name,
The first sweet name that led him down love's ways,
Unbidden ever to his fresh lips came;
Half witting would he speak it, and for shame
 Flush red, and think what folk would deem thereof
If they might know Gnome was his love.

And now, Gnome no more love of his,
He worn with war and passion—must he pray,
"O thou, I loved and love not, life and bliss
Lie in thine hands to give or take away;
O heal me, hate me not! think of the day
When as thou thinkest still, e'en so I thought,
That all the world without thy love was naught."

Yea, he was borne forth such a prayer to make,
For she alone of all the world, they said,
The thirst of that dread poison now might slake,
For neath the ancient wise ones nurtured
On peaceful Ida, in the lore long dead,
Lost to the hurrying world, right wise she was,
Mighty to bring most wondrous things to pass.

Was the world worth the minute of that prayer
If ye her love, despised and cast aside,
Should so shine forth that she should heal him there?
He knew not and he recked not; fear and pride
Neath Helen's kiss and Helen's tears had died,
And life was love, and love too strong that he
Should catch at Death to save him misery.

So, with soul drifting down the stream of love,
He let them bear him through the fresh fair morn,
From out Troy-gates; and no more now he strove
To battle with the wild dreams, newly born
From that past night of toll and pain forlorn;
No farewell did he mutter; nayhe his breath
To falling Troy, no eyes he turned toward death.

Troj dwindled now behind them, and the way
That round about the feet of Ida wound
They lef't; and up a narrow vale, that lay,
Grassy and soft, betwixt the pine-woods bound,
They went, and ever gained the higher ground,
For as a trench the little valley was
To catch the runnels that made green its grass.

Now ere that green vale narrowed to an end,
Blocked by a shaly slip thurst blank and bare
From the dark pine-wood's edge, as men who wend
Upon a well-known way, they turned them there,
And through the pine-wood's dusk began to fare
By blind ways, till all noise of bird and wind
Amid that odorous night was left behind.

And in mean while deepened the languid daze
That lay on Paris into slumber deep,
O'er his unconscious heart, and eyes shut close,
The image of that very place 'gan creep,
And twelve years younger in his dreamful sleep,
Light-footed, through the awful wood he went,
With beauteous heart, on lovestruck thoughts intent.

Dreaming, he went, till thinner and more thin,
And bright with growing day, the pine-wood grew,
Then to an open rugged space did win;
Theno a clear beech-wood was he passing through,
Whose every tall white stem fell well he knew;
Then seemed to stay awhile for loving shame,
When to the bough of the steep bank he came,
Where still the beeche-trunks o'er the mast-strewed ground
Stood close, and from, and tall, but hid not quite
A level grassy space they did surround
On every side save one, that to the light
Of the clear western sky, cold now, but bright,
Was open, and the thought of the far sea,
Toward which a small brook tinkled merrily.

Here seemed he lingered there, then stepped adown
With troubled heart into the soft green place,
And up the eastmost of the beeche-slopes brown
He turned about a loneness, anxious face,
And stood to listen for a little space
If any came, but naught he seemed to hear
Save break the sabb's bubble, and the beeche-leaves' stir.

And then he dreamed great longing o'er him came;
Too great, too bitter of those days to be
Long past, when love was born amid of shame;
He dreamed that, as he gazed full eagerly
Into the green dusk between tree and tree,
His trembling hand slid down the horn to take
Wherewith he erst was wont his herd to wake.

Trembling, he set it to his lips, and first
Breathed gently through it; then strained hard to blow,
For dumb, dumb was it grown, and no note burst
From its smooth throat; and all thoughts pteleoned now
The sweetness of his dream; he murmured low,
"Ah! dead and gone, and ne'er to come again;
Ah, past away! ah, longed for long in vain!"

"Lost love, sweet Helen, come again to me!"
Thereewith he dreamed he fell upon the ground
And hid his face, and wept out bitterly,
But woke with fall and torturing tears, and found

He lay upon his litter, and the sound
Of feet departing from him did he hear,
And rustling of the last year's leaves anew.

But in the selfsame place he lay indeed
Weeping and sobbing, and scarce knowing
His hand clutched hard the bough that ever
The dew-lapped next round Ida merily;
He strove to raise himself, he strove to cry
That name of Helen once, but then withdrew
Upon him did the load of memory fall.

Quiet he lay a space, while o'er him drever
The dull, chill cloud of doubt and sordid
As now he thought of what he came to do.
And what a dreadful minute drew nigh
He shut his eyes, and now no more could
His litter-bearers' feet; as lone he felt
As though amid the outer wastes he dwell'd.

Amid that fear a minute naught and vain
His life and love seemed; with a drearight
He raised his arm, and soul's and body's
Tore at his heart with new-born agony.
As a thin quaver ing: a ghost-like cry
Rang from the long-amused lips of the horn
Spoiling the sweetness of the happy morn.

He let the horn fall down upon his breast
And lie there, and his hand fall to his side.
And there indeed his body seemed to rest.
But restless was his soul, and wandered
Through a dim maze of lusts unsatisfied.
Thoughts half thought out, and words
And deeds.
Half done, unfruitful, like o'ershadowed
His eyes were shut now, and his done tears
Were dry upon his cheek; the sun grew
Had clain the wind, when smote upon him
A sudden rustling in the beeche-leaves dree;
Then came a pain; then footsteps drew
O'er the deep grass; he shuddered, and
He strove to turn, despite his burning pain.

Then through his half-shut eyes he saw
A woman drawing near, and held his breast
And clutched at the white linen eagerly;
And felt a greater fear than fear of death.
A greater pain than that love threateneth
As soft low breathing o'er his head he heard;
And thin fine linen raident gently stirreth.

Then spake a sweet voice close, ah, close;
"Thou seest, Paris? would that I could
On the hill-side do I lay limb to limb,
And lie day-long watching the shadows
And change, till day is gone, and night
Yet sleep not ever, weared with the Toil
Of all a little lapse of time has brought.

"Sleep, though thou calledst me thy dream
Hearken the while I tell about my life—
The life I led while mid the steely gleam
Therewere made happy, with the joyous
Or in the soft arms of the Greek king's wife;
Wouldst still moan out that day had con-
Calling the dawn the shimmer of the morn.
He lay upon his litter, and the sound
Of feet departing from him did he hear,
And rustling of the last year's leaves aear.

But in the selfsame place he lay indeed,
Weeping and sobbing, and scarce knowing why;
His hand clutched hard the horn that erst did lead
The low-lapped nest round Lida mercifully;
He strove to raise himself, he strove to cry
That name of Helen once, but then withheld.
Upon him did the load of memory fall.

Quiet he lay a space, while o'er him drew
The dull, chill cloud of doubt and sordid fear,
As now he thought of what he came to do,
And what a dreadful minute drew aear;
He shut his eyes, and now no more could hear
His litter-bearers' feet; as lone he felt
As though amid the outer wastes he dwelt.

Amid that fear a minute nought and vain
His life and love seemed; with a dreadful sight
He raised his arm, and soul's and body's pain
Took at his heart with new-born agony.
As a thin quavering note: a ghost-like cry
Rang from the long-unused lips of the horn,
Spilling the sweetness of the happy morn.

He let the horn fall down upon his breast
And lie there, and his hand fell to his side;
And there indeed his body seemed to rest,
But restless was his soul, and wandered wide
Through a dim maze of lusts unsatisfied;
Thoughts half thought out, and words half said,
And deeds
Half done, unfruitful, like o'ershadowed weeds.

His eyes were shut now, and his dreams' hot tears
Were dry upon his cheek; the sun grown high
Had slain the wind, when smote upon his ears
A sudden rustling in the beech-leaves day;
Then came a pause; then footsteps drew nigh
Over the deep grass; he shuddered, and in vain
He strove to turn, despite his burning pain.

Then through his half-shut eyes he seemed to see
A woman drawing near, and held his breath,
And clutched at the white linen eagerly,
And felt a greater pain than fear of death,
A greater pain than that love threateneth,
As soft low breathing o'er his head he heard,
And thin fine linen rainment gently stirred.

Then spoke a sweet voice close, ah, close to him?
"Thou sleepest, Paris? would that I could sleep!
On the hill-side do I lay limb to limb,
And lie day-long watching the shadows creep
And change, till day is gone, and night is deep,
Yet sleep not ever, wearied with the thought
Of all a little lapse of time has brought.

"Sleep, though thou calldest me! yet mid thy dream
Hearken the while I tell of my life—
The life I led while mid the steeply gleam
Thou were made happy, with the joyous strife;
Or in the soft arms of the Greek king's wife
Wouldst still moon out that day had come too soon,
Calling the dawn the glimmer of the moon.

"Wake not, wake not, before the tale is told!
Not long to tell, the tale of those ten years!
A gawling pain that never greweth old,
A pain that shall not be washed out by tears;
A dreary road the weary foot-sole wears,
Knowing no rest, but going to and fro,
Treading it harder 'neath the weight of woe.

"No middle, no beginning, and no end;
No staking place, no thought of anything,
Bitter or sweet, with that one thought to blend;
No least joy left that I away might fling
And deem myself grown great; no hope to cling
About me, nought but dull, unresting pain,
That made all memory sick, all surviving vain.

"Thou — hast thou thought thereof, perchance
In early dawn, and shuddered, and then said,
'Alas, poor soul! yet hath she had delights,
For none are wholly hapless but the dead.'
Liar! O liar! my woe upon thine head,
My agony that night can take away!
Awake, arise, O traitor, unto day!'"

Her voice rose as she spoke, till loud and shrill
It rang about the place; but when at last
She ended, and the echoes from the hill
Wou! wou! back o'er the place were cast,
From her lost love a little way she passed
Trembling and looking round as if afraid;
At those ill sounds that through the morn she heard.

Then still she stood, her clenchèd hands, slim and white,
Relaxed, her drawn brow smoothed; with a great sigh
Her breast heaved, and she muttered, "Ere the light
Of yesterday had faded from the sky
I knew that he would seek me certainly;
And, knowing it, yet reigned I knew it not,
Or with what hope, what hope my heart was hot.

"That tumult in my breast I might not name —
Love should I call it? — nay, my life was love
And pain these ten years, — should I call it shame?
What shame my weary waiting might reprove?
After ten years? — or pride? — what pride could prove?
After ten years this heart within my breast?
Alas! I lied — I lied, and called it rest.

"I called it rest, and wandered through the night;
Upon my river's flowery bank I stood,
And thought its hurrying changing black and white
Stood still beneath the moon, that hill and wood
Were moving round me, and I deemed it good
The world should change so, deemed it good that day
Forever into night had passed away.

"And still I wandered through the night, and still
Things changed, and changed not round me, and
The day —
This day wherein I am, had little will
With dreadful truth to drive the night away,
—
God knows if for its coming I did pray!
God knows if at the last in twilight-tide
My hope — my hope undone I more might hide."
Then looked she toward the litter as she spake,
And slowly drew an sigh it once again,
And from her heart there did outbreak
Wild sobs and weeping, shameless of its pain,
Till as the storm of passion gan to waxe
She looked and saw the shuddering misery
Wherein her love of the old days did lie.

Still she went on, but gentler now withal,
And passed on till above the bier she stood,
Watching the well-wrought linen rise and fall,
Beneath his fluttering breath, and still her blood
Ran fiery hot with thoughts of ill and good,
Pity and scorn, and love and hate, as she,
Half dead herself, gazed on his misery.

At last she spake: "This tale I told thee now,
Know'st thou mid dreams which woman suffered
Canst thou not dream of the old days, and how
Fell full of thy lips would say 'twixt kiss and kiss
That all of bliss was not enough of bliss
My loneliness and kindness to reward,
That for thy love the sweetest life was hard?"

"Yea, Paris, have I not been kind to thee?
Did not I give thy wishes full?"

"Wert thou not happy when thou lovedst me?
What dream then did we have of change or ill?
Why must thou needs change? I am unchanged still;
I need thee more than thee — what needest thou
But that we might be happy, yea, o' er now?"

He opened hollow eyes and looked on her
And with a trembling hand and out; ah, who knows
With what strange mingled look of hope and fear
Of hate and love, their eyes met! Come so close
Once more, that everything now might lose
Amid the flashing out of that old fire.
The short-lived uttermost of all desire.

He spake not, shame and other love there lay
Too heavy on him; but she spake again:
"Even now at the beginning of the day,
Weary with hope and fear and restless pain,
I said, Alas, I said, if all be vain
And he will have no pity, yet will I
Have pity; how shall kindness e'er pass by?"

He drew his hand back, and laid it now
Upon the swathing of his wound; but she
Set her slim hand upon her knotted brow
And gazed on him with bright eyes eagerly;
Nor cruel looked her lips that once would be
So kind, so longed for: neither spake awhile,
"Till in her face there shone a sweet strange smile.

She touched him not, but yet so near she came
That on his very face he felt her breath;
She whispered: "Speak! — thou wilt not speak for shame;
I will not grant for love, and gray-winged Death
Meanwhile above our folly hovereth;
Speak! was it not all false? Is it not done?
Is not the dream dreamt over, the dull night gone?"

"Hearkest thou, Paris? O, look kind on me
I hope no more indeed, but couldst thou turn
Kind eyes to me, then much for me and thee
Might love do yet. Dost not the old fire burn?
Dost not thine heart for words of old days yearn?
Canst thou not say, Alas, what wilt thou say,
Since I have put by hope for many a day?"

"Paris, I hope no more, yet while ago
Take it not ill if I must needs say this —
A while ago, Ah! no, no! It is no love at all,
This love of his; He loves her not; I it was bad bliss
Or being the well-beloved; dead is his love,
For surely none but I his heart may move."

"She wept still; but his eyes grew wild and strange
With that last word, and harder his face grew,
Though her tear-blinded eyes saw not the change.
Long best about his heart false words and true,
A veil of strange thought he thought he might not pierce through
Of hope he might not name, clung round about
His wavering heart, perplexed with death and doubt.

Then trembling did he speak: "I love thee still,
Surely I love thee." But a dreadful pain
Shot through his heart, and strange preage of ill,
As, like the coming of the summer rain,
Her tears stopped, and she drew back again,
Silent a moment, till a bitter cry
 Burst from her lips grown white with agony.

A look of pity came across his face
Despite his pain and horror, and her eyes
Saw it, and changed, and for a little space
Pausing she stood, as one checked by a sparrow
Amidst of passion: then in tender wise,
Kneeling, she 'gan the bandages undo
That hid the place the bitter shaft tore through.

Then when the wound and his still face and white
Lay there before her, she 'gan tremble sore,
For images of hope and past delight,
Not to be named once, 'gan her heart flit o'er;
Blossomed the longing in her heart, and bore
A dreadful thought of uttermost despair,
That all if gained would be no longer fair.

In dull, low words she spake: "Yea, so it is,
That thou art near thy death, and this thy wound
Yet may heal, and give thee back what bliss
The ending of thy life may yet surround:
Mock not thyself with hopes! the Trojan ground
Holds tombs, not houses now; all gods are gone
From your empty temples but Cold Death alone.

"Lo, it I heal thee, and thou goest again
Back unto Troy, and she, thy new love, sees
Thy lovesome body freed from all its pain,
And yet awhile amid the miseries
Of Troy ye twain lie loving, well at ease,
Yet midst of this while she is asking thee
What kind soul made thee whole and well to be,
And thou art holding back my name with lies,
And thinking, maybe, Paris, of this face,—
E'en then the Greekish flame shall rear your eyes,
The claret of the Greeks fill all the place,
While she, my woe, the ruin of thy race,
Looking toward changed days, a new crown shall stand,
Her fingers trembling in her husband's hand.

"Thou called love once, wilt thou die e'en thus,
Ravished midst ruin, ruining bereft
That name and honor? O love, pitious
That but for this were all the hard things clear
That lay 'twixt us and love; till naught was left
'Twixt thy lips and my lips! O, hard that we
Worse once so full of all felicity."

"O love, O Paris, know'st thou that
In these hills e'en such a name was
As being akin to a divinity?
And may I lay and lightly say
Nor know I surely if the peaceful grace
Shall ever hide my body dead; before
Have ten long years of misery made me
Sadly she laughed; and rising went
Stood by him in the fresh and sunny
The image of his youth and faith gone
She seemed to be, for one short minute,
To make his shamed lost life seem new
He shut his eyes and moaned, but out
She knelt beside him, and the wear,
Deepened upon her face.

"Death is near thee; is then death
With me anigh thee — since Troy is
Are many tides the Xanthus' mouth,
And thou art right of her that harmes
Whatso may change — shall I heal thee?
That thou mayst die more mad for love?
She gazed at him with straining eye,
Despite himself love touched his eye,
And from his eyes that desire flashed such
As with soft love his close-clotb lips
She looked on him bitterly, and said:
Must I needs call thee falsest of all
Seeing thou liest not to save thyself?
Yet listen once again: fair is this place
That knew not the beginning of the flood
And recks not of its end, and this
This body thou wouldst day-long or
And deem thyself right happy,
Thine only, Paris, shouldst thou deem.

He looked into her eyes, and deemed
A strange and awful look a-gatherin'
And sick seem'd at her answer, for
Yet trembling he stretched out his
Although self-loathing and strange,
His heart that Death made cold, e'en
"Whatso thou wilt, shall be remembred
"Whatso thou wilt, O love, shall
It may be I shall love thee as of old,
As thunder laughs she laughed; "not
Touch me not, fool!" she cried.
As-cold,
And I am Death, Death, Death! —
Of all thy days! of all those joyous
When thinking naught of me thou gavest
"Turn back again, and think no more,
I am thy Death! woe for thy happiness.
For I must slay thee: ah, my mirth
Woe for the godlike wisdom thou wert,
Else I my love to life again might reawaken.
A minute, ah, a minute! and be glad:
While on my lips thy blessing lips
"Would God that it were yeast in the
Would God the red sun had died y
And I were no more hapless now that
Would God that I could say, and rise?
As yesterdays, those years past hope
My cold heart, — that I lived a dea
Ah! then within my heart was yet
THE DEATH OF PARIS.

O love, O Paris, know'st thou this of me,—
That in these hills e'en such a name I have
As being akin to a divinity?
And of thy sacred smile should be yet lightly save;
Not know I surely if the peaceful grave
Shall ever hide my body dead; behold,
Have ten long years of misery made me old?

Sadly she laughed; and rising wearily
Stood by him in the fresh and sunny morn;
The image of his youth and faith gone by
She seemed to be; for one short minute born
To make his shame and lost life seem more forlorn;
He shut his eyes and moaned, but once again
She knelt beside him, and the weary pain
Deepened upon her face. "Hearken!" she said,
"Death is near thee; is then death so ill
With me anigh thee—since Troy is as dead,
Ere many tides the Xanthos' mouth shall fill,
And thou retir of her that harmed me still,
Whatso may change—shall I heal thee for this,
That thou mayst die more mad for her last kiss?"

She gazed at him with straining eyes; and he,
Despite himself love touched his dying heart
And from his eyes desire flashed suddenly,
And over his face the last blood did start
As with soft love his close-shut lips 'gan part.
She laughed out bitterly, and said, "Why then
Must I needs call thee helmsman of all men,
Seeing thou liest not to save thy life?
Yet listen once again: fair is this place
That knew not the beginning of the strife
And reeks not of its end, and this my face,
This body thou wouldst day-long once embrace
To make thee happy—shall I help thee to this life?
Thine only, Paris, shouldst thou down it bliss.

He looked into her eyes, and deemed he saw
A strange and awful look a-gathering there,
And sick wen in her quivering low lip drew:
Yet trembling he stretched out his hand to her,
Although self-boateth and strange hate did tear
His heart that Death made cold, e'en as he said,
"Whatso thou wilt, O love, shall be forgot—
May it be I shall love thee as of old."
As thunder laughs she laughed; "Nay, touch me not!
Touch me not, fool!" she cried. "Thou grow'st a-cold,
And I am Death, Death, Death! — the tale is told
Of all thy days! of all those joyous days
When thinking naught of me thou garneredst praise.

"Turn back again, and think no more of me!
I am thy Death! woe for thy happy days!
For I must slay thee; ah, my misery!
Woe for the godlike wisdom thou wouldst praise!
Else my love to life again might raise
A minute, ah, a minute! and be glad
While on my lips thy blessing lips I had?

Would God that it were yesterday again;
Would God the red sun had died yester-eve,
And I were no more hapless than now then! Would God that I could say, and not believe,
As yesterday, that years past hope did leave
My cold heart, — that I lived a death in life!
Ah! then within my heart was yet a strife!

But now, but now, is all come to an end—
Nay, speak not; think not of me! think of her
Who made me this; and back unto her wend,
Let her love light ye, and be yet her heart.
I will depart for fear thou diest here,
Last I should see thy wondrous form
Here wandering over 'twixt the night and morn.

O heart grown wise, wilt thou not let me go?
Will ye be never satisfied, O eyes,
With gazing on my misery and my woe?
O foolish gazing e'er, not so wise now, What folly is it that from out thee cries
To be all close to him once more; once more
Ere yet the dark stream cleaveth shore from shore?

Her voice was a wail now, with quivering hand
At her white rain-dim'd she clutched and tear
Unwitting, as she rose up and did stand
Bent over his wide eyes and pale face, where
No torturing hope was left, no pain, or fear;
For Death's cold rest was gathering fast on him,
And toward his heart crept over foot and limb.

A little while she stood, and spake no word,
But hung above him, with white heaving breast,
And moaning still as moans the gray-winged bird
In our错误 o'er his forgotten nest;
And then her hands about her throat she pressed,
As though to keep a cry back, then stooped down
And set her face to his, while spake her moan:

O love, O Cherished more than I can tell,
Through years of woe, O love, my life and bane,
My joy and grief, farewell, farewell, farewell!
Forgetfulness of grief I yet may gain;
In some wise love e'er, in the grey woe, it may be yet the gods will have me glad!
Yet, love, I would that thee and pain I had!

"Also! it may not be, it may not be,
The falling blossom of the late spring-time,
Shall hang a golden globe upon the tree
When through the vale the mist of autumn glide;
Yet would, O Love, with thee I might abide.
Now, now that restful death is drawing nigh—
Farewell, farewell, how good it is to die!"

O strange, O strange, when on his lips once more
Her lips were laid! O strange that he must die
Now, when so clear a vision had come o'er
His failing heart, and keenest memory
Had shown him all his changing life passed by;
And what he was, and what he might have been,
Yea, and should be, perchance, so clear were seen!

Yea, then were all things laid within the scale,—
Pleasure and lust, love and desire of fame,
Kindness, and hope, and folly,—all the tale
Told now, when so clear a vision had come o'er
That sudden flash, bright as the lightning-dame
Showing the wanderer on the waste how he
Has gone astray mid dark and misery.

Ah, and her face upon his dying face
That the sun warmed no more! that agony
Of dying love, wild with the tale of days
Long past, and strange with hope that might not be
All was gone soon, and what least part had he
In Love at all, and why was life all gone?
Why must he meet the eyes of death alone?
EVEN SATURDAY.

Alone, for she and ruth had left him there; alone, because the ending of the story. He knew, well taught by death, drew surely near; alone, for all those years with pleasure rite should be a tale mid Helen's coming life, and she all the world should go its ways, midst other troubles, other happy days.

And yet how was it with him? As if death strove yet with struggling life and love in vain, with eyes grown deadly bright and restless breath. He raised himself, while wide his blood did stain The linen fair, and seized the horn again, and blew thereon a wild and wandering blast Ere from his hand the thing he cast.

Then, as a man who in a falling fight For a lost cause gathers suddenly All soul and strength, he faced the summer light, and from his lips broke forth a mighty cry Of "Helen, Helen, Helen!"—yet the sky Changed not above his cast-back golden head, and merry was the world, though he was dead.

But now when every echo was as still As were the lips of Paris once more came Thro' bitter-beers down the beech-clad hill And stood about him crying out his name, Lamenting for his beauty and his fame, His love, his kindness, and his merry heart, That still would thrust ill days and thoughts apart.

Homeward they bore him through the dace woods' gloom With heavy heartspressing nothing good, And when they entered Troy again, a tomb For them and theirs it seemed—Long has it stood, But now indeed the labor and the blood, The love, the patience, and good heart are vain,— The Greeks may have what yet is left to gain.

I CANNOT TELL WHAT CROP MAY CLOTHES THE HILLS, The merry hills Troy whitened long ago; Belike the sheaves, wherein the renter fills His yellow vain, no whit the weaker grow For that past harvest-tide of wrong and woe; Belike the tale, wept over elsewhere Of those old days is clean forgotten there.

THE PLAY OF THE PERIOD.

If any young person of either sex desires to succeed upon the stage, that young person is advised to practice, not elocution, but gymnastics. Actors and actresses of established reputation feel some difficulty in performing those facts of bodily activity in which the sensational drama of the period is so prolific. The saying of the elder Mr. Weller, that width and wisdom go together, is only too true in England. Mental maturity is apt to be accompanied by rotundity of figure, and it is rather hard upon a host who has been dying all his life by the old methods to be called upon to jump from a horse-top or into the Thames, or else to abridge his professional position. The ladies who are required to incur all the various risks of fire and flood labor under the additional disadvantage of having to take care, not only of their limbs, but of their clothes. If a modern manager cannot put appropriate words into a girl's mouth, he knows that he can put a fashionable dress upon her back, and he properly makes the utmost use of the resources which money can command. An actress may do anything upon earth, in air, or water, and the more surprising it is the better, provided only that while doing it she will remember that she is engaged to illustrate not so much human nature as Parian fashion. We laugh at the picture of Garrick playing Macbeth in a court suit, but it is equally absurd to see a modern actress scampering over house-tops in the sort of dress which she would wear if she were going out to make a morning call. Of course, if she wears a lady's dress she is the same, a lady does. There is a story of a king of Spain who was on fire, and could not be put out because the only person who happened to be near had not been regularly anointed. This story is paralleled at the Adelphi Theatre, where a girl proceeds with much deliberation to rescue her lover from a burning house that we fear that while the lady is arranging the skirts of her dress the gentleman will be a brine overcome. It seems, in fact, to be a question between Coram and decorum, and the authors of the piece have properly considered that a young woman of well-regulated mind would prefer the latter. M.RefPtr, Boucicaut and Byron deserve the applause of all the mothers of families for the lesson they have thus been inculcated upon young ladies, of graceful deportment and the avoidance of undue haste in moving to the assistance of a lady upon the roofs of burning houses.

The diffidence of the modern dramatic drama has been performed receive additional illustration from a piece lately produced at the Princess's Theatre. Mr. Vining being manager of this theatre as an actor of established reputation, deems it due to himself and to the public to have a roof on his head, and which roof he has built himself with the means and the skill by which he has brought him. But and the countess uses the contents of the box which immediately produce the desired effect. The countess dies visibly before our very eyes. It is a triumph to his work; and then reappears and car- bottle which would be evidence of the doings of the doctor. We appreciate the satire thus conveyed on the medical profession. A sham doctor—a undergraduate one—sends his patient a letter like the genuine practice of the profession. The real doctor does not detect the difference, and the countess is killed so neatly that it is not done the job. But why the countess except for the display of the murder? Perhaps the murderer is only committed in order that it may be found out, and we suppose that a play thus put together is for itself to have a moral. We are only careful to the morality of the play, but to testify that it is right. Perhaps it is not the case, but it is said to be—this girl who was happy conception of the young established character, the earl's daughter, that it is not the case, and for the dead countess, and we suppose that some of our Protestant church is to be directed to the attempt that is insinuate Romish superstition at once.