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Canada

THE UNKNOWN LAYS OF THE FOREST

By William F. Hawley

A SCHOLARLY EDITION

by

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in
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ABSTRACT

This thesis is an introduction to the Canadian poet, William F. Hawley (1804-1855), and his best known work, *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest* (Montreal: J.A. Hoisington & Co., 1831). Although he was the only poet of his generation to publish two volumes between 1825 and 1845, he has received little critical recognition by Canadian scholars. The focus of this project is to establish the historical and cultural value of *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*, the first known Canadian publication to combine poetry and prose.

This thesis is modelled on the scholarly editions of the Canadian Poetry Press under the general editorship of Dr. D. M. R. Bentley at the University of Western Ontario. As such, it consists of a complete and emended text of *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest* and is accompanied by a critical introduction which includes a biography of Hawley and an historical analysis of this text relative to Hawley's contemporaries. Further, an extensive scholarly apparatus, including explanatory notes and emendations follows Hawley's text to assist the modern reader in an appreciation of Hawley's work. It is hoped that this edition will facilitate access to Hawley's hitherto obscure book, and will also encourage further study of this author and his poetry.

Key Words: William F. Hawley, *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*, Quebec, Lower Canada, Canadian Literature, Canadian History, Trois Rivières, Canadian Poetry.

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Introduction

William F. Hawley (1804-1855),¹ one of the best-known poets of his time, has been sorely neglected in studies of early Canadian literature to date. While little is known of Hawley's personal life, the quality of his writing alone should entitle him to better recognition within the Canadian literary continuum than has been granted to him in the past. In her article "Three Early Canadian Poets," Mary Lu MacDonald notes Hawley's exceptional accomplishment as the only poet of the 1825-1845 period to have published two books. Despite his considerable literary achievements and his undeniable popularity with his contemporary public, in the *Literary History of Canada* Hawley is given only a passing mention by Carl F. Klinck as a poet who confused Native Canadians with stock romantic figures and who "proved that foreign muses did not...rest comfortably on the slopes of Mount Royal" (145). In his entry on Hawley in the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, Klinck is slightly more complimentary but he also makes factual and chronological errors in the details of Hawley's life and major works and refers so briefly to Hawley's work as to raise the question of whether Hawley's writing was ever seriously consulted. In this article, Klinck rephrases his opinion of Hawley's ineptitude, this time echoing R. E. Rashley's criticism that Hawley was unable to properly bridge the gap between his desire to emulate "old world art" and his desire to express "new world experience" (386). While a superficial reading of *The Unknown, or Logs of the Forest* (1831) might give rise to this criticism, a closer examination of the work reveals in no uncertain terms that Hawley not only responded

creatively to his British literary models, but also was able to manipulate popular Romantic conventions to emphasize distinctive qualities of life in pre-Confederation Canada.

Aside from the abundant publications that have been attributed to William F. Hawley,² few records exist pertaining to his life. Until the appearance of Mary Lu MacDonald's article in 1987, in which she lists the dates and titles of many of Hawley's newspaper publications, no concerted effort was made to facilitate the study of Hawley's time-obscured work, nor was he ever given serious consideration as one of Canada's pioneer writers. Fortunately, over the course of his twenty-two year literary career,³ Hawley published several significant poems and prose pieces from which many of his political opinions and cultural values can be extrapolated and his work evaluated accordingly in the context of his times. While the most substantial of Hawley's works, *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*, which is set in Trois Rivières in 1633, seems on the surface to be uncomplicated by the social and political concerns prominent in Lower Canada in the 1830s, a closer look at *The Unknown* and Hawley's life will reveal that the text's distinctive structural composition, Romantic writing style, and local historical and geographical specificity, do indeed reflect Hawley's engagement with the literary, social, and political issues of his day.

I

The Life and Times of W. F. Hawley

William F. Hawley was born in 1804 in Laprairie,⁴ a village on the banks of the St. Lawrence in Lower Canada, in all probability to English emigrants.⁵ He grew up in Laprairie,⁶ and from his poem "I Have Seen the Even: Written at the age of 15" (1829), it appears that his interest in creative writing began no later than during his adolescence. By the age of twenty-four Hawley had moved to Quebec City where he taught penmanship for a couple of years and then returned to the Montreal area to publish his first book, *Quebec, the Harp and Other Poems* (1829). This volume, which sold by five shilling subscriptions,⁷ contained most of Hawley's poetry that had appeared in various Montreal and Quebec newspapers since 1826. The Preface to the volume shows Hawley's determination to present himself as a professional writer: he makes no excuses for his work and expressly states that his poems "were composed with a view to publication" (vi). Since no records exist of Hawley's employment in any other capacity at this point in his life, it is possible, though unlikely, that he supported himself entirely through his writing. In later life, when he was no longer actively publishing, Hawley was employed as the registrar for No.1 District of Huntingdon County, Lower Canada, an office that he held from October 31, 1850 until his death on January 14, 1855. No cause of death is given in Hawley's obituary but the *Montreal Gazette* recorded consumption (tuberculosis) as the most common cause of death that week. The fact that Hawley alludes in several instances to bouts of ill health⁸ makes it seem likely

that he was susceptible to contagion, although he did survive the typhus epidemic that killed thousands in Montreal in 1847.

Hawley's early career may well have been encouraged by the flurry of literary activity that occurred in Montreal in the 1820s. Home to several book dealers and printers as well as various French and English-language newspapers, Montreal was at that time an ideal location for an aspiring poet for, although much of the literature that was printed was not of Canadian origin but borrowed directly from British or French newspapers, a few periodicals attempted to boost the Canadian content on the literary scene. Of the periodicals dedicated to giving a literary voice to the population of Montreal and its environs, David Chisholme's *Canadian Review and Literary and Historical Journal* is of particular importance. Established in 1824, the *Canadian Review* was likely aligned with the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec,² which was founded in the same year by Governor George Ramsay, Earl of Dalhousie (1770-1838) in the interest of promoting Canadian literary activity and historical knowledge. The possibility of the *Canadian Review*'s involvement with the Society is supported by its discussions and publication of culturally and historically engaging long poems, such as George Longmore's *The Charivari* (1824), and Oliver Goldsmith's *The Rising Village* (1825). Both the Society and the *Canadian Review* may have helped to bring Hawley's enthusiasm for Canadian topics to the fore. On the other hand, Chisholme's support of Dalhousie, who was a founder of Anglican education systems in New Brunswick as well as a staunch opponent of the *Parti Patriote*, places both of these men in political opposition to the anti-missionary, culturally tolerant attitudes espoused by Hawley. Not just

because of this political difference, authors such as John Richardson, whose work was not affiliated with the *Review*, but still proposed “to rescue” and “to preserve the memory”¹⁰ of important historical figures, may also be considered as possible sources of Canadian inspiration for Hawley.

In 1829, Hawley’s poem “Quebec” won an honorary medal from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Sciences of Quebec, an organization whose name implies a connection with the goals of the Society established by Dalhousie, if not with the organization itself. Prompted by the success of *Quebec, The Harp, and Other Poems*, a proposal for Hawley’s next major work was circulated within months. “We understand that Mr. W. F. Hawley, author of *Quebec, The Harp, and Other Poems*, is now engaged in writing “*The Legend of Niagara*,” a Poem in six cantos,” stated the *Canadian Courant* on February 10, 1830:

This is an Indian War Tale, in which the characters are all Indian: the scene of action principally among, and near the Thousand Isles: and in the course of the poem all the romantic peculiarities of this proud and persecuted people will be introduced, accompanied by copious explanatory notes collected from the best authorities. Some such work is the more desirable, as the ancient habits of these interesting people are fast changing and passing into oblivion.

Although “The Legend of Niagara” has never surfaced, its advertisement and proposed

subject matter suggest that Hawley was interested in the literary representation, if not preservation, of Canada's aboriginal cultures. This concern is almost certainly related to Hawley's love of history, which is further evidenced by his desire to write a "History of the Canadas." The first prospectus for such an enterprise was circulated in 1837, and in May of the same year Hawley reported that "arrangements are now making for immediate publication."¹¹ Over nine full years later, Hawley admitted that financial restrictions were the ultimate impediment to the realization of his project, although he maintained that a fire had destroyed a large portion of the materials he had collected and that this was the original cause of delay in completion. As Hawley's "History of the Canadas" suffered the same fate as "The Legend of Niagara," the potential import of an early history of the colonies written by an author with a sympathetic view of Canadian aborigines can only be guessed at. But perhaps Hawley's second book, *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*, is a fictional rendering of what he would have liked to produce in his "History."

A few details of Hawley's political history are worth presenting before entering into a discussion on *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*. Hawley's amicable relations with the government are hinted at in the advertisement for *Quebec, The Harp, and Other Poems* that ran in the *Montreal Gazette*, for this includes a reference to the book's dedication "by permission" to the administrator of the government, Sir James Kempt (1764-1854).¹² Kempt was more conciliatory towards the French population than was his forerunner, Dalhousie. During Kempt's term as administrator, he made requests to the Crown for the allocation of more seigneurial territories in the greater Montreal area, but was unsuccessful in his venture.

His support of the seigneurial system aided in the easing of the cultural tensions that had arisen between the factions of the *Parti Patriote* led by Louis Joseph Papineau (1786-1871), who wanted the majority French population to control the political institutions of Lower Canada, and Governor Dalhousie, who refused the *Parti Patriote* any concessions, and whose authoritarian views eventually caused him to be recalled to Britain in 1828. Hawley's advertisement of his esteem for Kempt indicates that his political affiliations were not anti-French nor of a radically pro-British nature. In all of his early works Hawley is equally well disposed towards French and British cultures.

Notwithstanding Hawley's agreeable relations with Kempt and his affability towards both major cultural components of the population of Lower Canada, a mild rant in his Preface to *Quebec, The Harp, and Other Poems* about the criticism produced by "splenetic minds" implies that Hawley was perhaps not appreciated by everyone. The criticism in question seems to be the subject of the poem "Slander," also in *Quebec, The Harp, and Other Poems*, supporting the possibility that some of Hawley's opinions met with opposition. Slandorous exchanges between rival newspapers through political poetry and letters to the editor were common in Hawley's time, but this type of banter was usually fuelled by cultural prejudices, of which Hawley expressed few. Although his work was periodically published in politically biased papers, his relative impartiality towards the French, Irish, English, and Scots, at least in his early years, makes cultural bias an unlikely cause for the defamation Hawley seems to have experienced. In fact, one of the book's title poems, "Quebec," is remarkable for its equal praise of the legacies of Wolfe and Montcalm, as well as of the

American general, Montgomery.¹³ In the same spirit of magnanimity, none of Hawley's early poems favours any of the individual nations of the United Kingdom, and his later poem "Song" (1838) exemplifies his relative objectivity as he refers to "the Thistle, the Shamrock, and Rose" as entwined allies. The several examples of Hawley's British patriotism that appear in his later poetry would bring into question the sincerity of his earlier sympathies for the French were it not for the historical context of the cultural tensions surrounding the rebellions of Upper and Lower Canada. Hawley's sympathies for the French seem to follow popular British sentiments as described by George Brown in *Building the Canadian Nation*:

The War of 1812 left a deep impression on British North America. With the help of Britain the colonies had weathered a heavy storm. In Lower Canada, French and English had united in a common defence, which was not forgotten even though later years brought quarrels and misunderstanding. In Upper Canada the three year struggle against invasion became a cherished memory. Loyalty to the British Empire was strengthened, and at the same time there was planted in the soil of British North America a new patriotism which was to become in later years a part of Canada's historic tradition. (247)

While "Quebec" clearly values early French contributions to Canadian history, poems such as "On the Arrival of the Earl of Durham at Montreal" (1838), a piece that emphasizes Durham's Britishness, show Hawley's allegiance to his British roots, as do his "Songs:

Written expressly for the Montreal St. George's Society" (1838). Because these appeared almost a decade after the publication of *Quebec, The Harp and Other Poems*, and are not so much anti-French as they are pro-British, it is impossible that these would have been the cause of offence to which Hawley alludes in his Preface.

The majority of Hawley's early poems are personal musings on nature, life, and love¹⁴ that do not bespeak an antagonistic attitude or character. A few, such as "The Battle of Navarino," a poem dealing with the Greek War of Independence, demonstrate Hawley's interest in Old World politics, particularly the Greek resistance to Ottoman rule that appears again in "Greek Song of Liberty" (1830) and "The Maid of St. Paul," one of the *Lays of the Forest* in *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*. As many Britons would have supported England's efforts to aid the Greek cause, Hawley's Old World political interests were likely supported by his audience, and most certainly were approved of by the papers that published them. The one plausible explanation that remains for the alleged slander against Hawley is his bias against early Christian missionaries and settlers that surfaces in a number of instances and may have caused offence to either the Catholic or Anglican population of Lower Canada. For example, in "Quebec" Hawley calls the early European settlers "Christian plunderers" who steal from Canadian aborigines "both their senses and their lands" ("Quebec," 14). This hostility to the appropriation of Native lands is later echoed in "The Monks of La Trappe" (1833), a poem that describes the land occupied by a Trappist monastery as a burial ground containing the graves of a "fallen race" whose bones fertilize the corn harvested by the monks. In the headnote to this poem Hawley also refers to the

monks as “austere and silent votaries of religion,” a phrase echoed in *The Unknown* in his direct address to the audience after describing an offering made by Piscaret to the Manitou: “Let not the austere votary of laboured creeds smile—it was the worship of nature, taught by the God of the wilderness and preferable to his” (2701-2703).

Hawley’s particular predisposition to value the “simple” rites of a “simple race” does not seem to arise out of a personal vendetta against the representatives of organized religion, as was the case with his closest chronological contemporary, Adam Kidd.¹⁵ It is possible, however, that Hawley’s comment on critics whose mouths “are like the crater of a volcano, from which nothing can be expected but fire and brimstone” (*Quebec*, viii) is a reference to Kidd’s nemesis, Archdeacon George Jehoshaphat Mountain, who was well known for his heated, if not eruptive public speeches. Despite their political differences, Hawley and Kidd shared similar religious and cultural sympathies as well as literary influences. The possibility of the allusion to a volcano referring to Archdeacon Mountain is reinforced by the fact that Kidd previously used the mountain metaphor to satirize the Archdeacon in *The Huron Chief* (1829); Hawley must have been aware of this as both poets published works through *The Office of the New Montreal Herald and Gazette*, and *Quebec, the Harp, and Other Poems* was advertised alongside *The Huron Chief* in *The Irish Vindicator*. Furthermore, these two contemporaries had in common both an “affinity for the mistreated Native peoples of North America”¹⁶ and an admiration for Byron and Thomas Moore, who were known for their objections to and unpopularity with the Protestant British political and religious establishments. Regardless of these possible allusions to the religious

power holders of Quebec, and Hawley's prejudice against "laboured creeds." It is certain that his sympathy for Canada's Native peoples stemmed in part from his understanding of how their religious customs were adversely affected by early European missionaries.

Hawley's advocacy of freedom of religion and of cultural tolerance are apparent in his choice of characters and story-line in *The Unknown*, and were conceivably inspired by the democratic political views championed by Byron, Moore and Thomas Campbell, although a Popean couplet expressing religious tolerance in Thomas Cary's *Abram's Plains* (1789) also comes to mind: "By rules, but more by great example, led. He rises Jew, Turk, Christian, as he's bred" (188-189). With the exception of Kidd, attitudes espoused by previous Canadian authors regarding Native Canadians were sometimes tolerant but rarely defensive of the inherent worth of their religious practices. In his depictions of Native Canadians' self-sufficiency and implicit ownership of the land, Hawley appears to have been in advance of the British colonial culture of which he was a part, as his sincere appreciation of Native culture was rather exceptional in his time.

II

The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest

Two of the most appealing attributes of *The Unknown* are the strength of Hawley's prose technique and the suspenseful, dramatic storyline. The structure of *The Unknown* is clearly separated into narrative sections by the individual long poems that make up the *Lays of the*

Forest, and which are somewhat clumsily interspersed with the prose framework. After carefully depicting an idyllic scene of Trois Rivières in 1633, Hawley introduces the first elements of suspense and action to the story: a strange noise not unlike a rifle shot is heard from the residence of the mysterious “Unknown” man who lives on the Côteau overlooking the settlement. The ensuing hours of anticipation lead to a terrible ambush of the Iroquois on the colonists, during which the former abduct Leonie, the elder daughter of the de Lauzon family. Were it not for the heroic intervention of The Unknown, an Iroquois warrior might have succeeded in kidnapping Eloise, the younger daughter, as well. Following the battle, The Unknown presents himself to M. de Lauzon and announces that he is going to seek Leonie (we later find out that he once sought her hand in marriage), and he leaves behind a package to be opened if he never returns. The first of the poems in The Unknown’s package, “Mileno,” is the tale in which the title character seeks revenge for the murder of his father and eventually kills the perpetrator of the crime, who was the father of his beloved. As in the other three *Lays*, the narrative of “Mileno” valorizes a particular moral standard independent of any religious affiliations.

Aside from the stylistic elements of *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*, which Hawley borrows from Moore’s *Lalla Rookh* (1817), of which more later, Hawley may also be indebted to Moore for his thematic attention to issues of pride in the poetry sections of this text.⁷ In the second lay, “Zemin,” the title character who abandons his newly-wed bride for the battlefield, is chastised by his guardian spirit, or peri, who tells him that his near-death was brought upon himself by his pride:

But thou wert growing too proud and high,

Forgetting the Power above the sky,

And the order came for thy cup to be

Drugg'd with the bitterest misery!—”

(1392-1395)

The peri transforms Zemin into a bird so that he may visit Nouronihar and see how she mourns his absence. Zemin is then transformed into the war horse of his greatest foe so that he may know the evils of war and when, as a result, Zemin realizes that he values his love for Nouronihar above his military pursuits, his peri breaks the spell she had cast over his spirit and allows him to return to his beloved:

Hush'd to sleep is thy fiery pride,

And true thou knowest thy gentle bride:—

Never forget, in thy wayward mood,

That forms of light are around the good:

Never forget that a power on high

Rules in wisdom thy destiny!

(1524-1527)

In "The Misanthrope," the protagonist experiences a similar kind of epiphany when he realizes that it was pride that drove a wedge between him and his wife and that eventually drove him away from all of humanity: "But pride was on us in his might. He whisper'd to each that each was right" (1713-1714). Through a trick of circumstances, The Misanthrope admits all of his mistakes to a man who is in fact his son, who forgives him, as does his wife, and the family is reunited.

The last poem, "The Maid of St. Paul," is biased by Hawley's opinions about Greeks and Turks (as is made clear in the Editorial Notes), and is the story of two ill-fated lovers, separated by political complications. The title character Evadne has unfortunately attracted the eye of the Turkish Aga who desires her especially, it seems, because of his hatred for her Greek lover, Lascaris. When Evadne refuses the Aga's affections, she uses a nationalistic metaphor, stating that "The stream of Lacedaemon never blends With foreign waters!" (2263-2264), thus reinforcing the issues of Greek pride that are present throughout this final lay.

Returning abruptly from "The Maid of St. Paul" to the narrative, as Hawley does after each of the interspersed poems in *The Unknown*, M. de Lauzon is approached by Piscaret who suggests that they should venture to the woods together to seek his daughter and The Unknown, and to see what war plans the Iroquois might have. M. de Lauzon agrees to go up the St. Maurice with the Algonkins, where they massacre all but one of the Iroquois party in a formidable battle. The following day, The Unknown and Leonie are found safe and sound, escaped from the Iroquois camp and on their way back to Trois Rivières. While The

Unknown is never described as proud, *per se*, he does come to an epiphany of sorts at the end of the story when, after he abandons his preconceived notions of European superiority and “awak[es] from his fantastic dream to a happy reality” (3234), he accepts his situation in Canada and marries Leonie. Could Hawley be suggesting that all that is needed to achieve harmony and peace with Canada’s Native peoples is for Europeans to abandon their pride and admit, like Pechou, that they cannot offer a better life than that which the Natives know? Or that following European ways without acceptance of, or modification by, Native ways is ultimately destructive?

III

Merging the European, Emerging Canadian

In the Preface to *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*, when Hawley states that “[n]either the polished strains of Campbell, the wild energy of Byron, nor the magic wand of Moore...must be expected in the wilds of America,” he may be doing more than offering an apology for his writing, for, as he states in the Preface to *Quebec, The Harp and Other Poems*, prefatory expressions of modesty are no more than “common excuses for dulness [sic].” Rather, Hawley could be pointing to geographic contexts as the principal distinction between his world and that of his mentors. Although he dismisses the possibility of Canadian literature equalling that of Britain, Hawley does not dismiss its inherent value. Hawley’s work pleads for a sense of local history and culture, which, it seems, he hopes will enable future poets to

create fiction as rich in local pride and a sense of history as the works of Campbell, Byron and Moore but with a distinctive Canadian flavour. Hawley's keen desire to partake in a patriotism rooted in local culture is consistent throughout his literary career. Even in the late 1830s amidst elevated cultural tensions¹⁸ and a consequential rise in popularity of British patriotic sentiment in the English periodicals of the day, Hawley contributed to the pool of British nationalist poetry without compromising his distinctly Canadian voice: England is never his true "fatherland" but the place of "the hearths of our fathers" ("Songs," 1838). By making this distinction, Hawley emphasizes both his status as a first-generation Canadian and the notion that his patriotism to Britain has been transplanted from his parents' generation.

Beginning in the Preface and throughout the narrative of *The Linkhorn*, Hawley draws attention to the text's particularly Canadian character. By suggesting that his work might "cheer the fire-side of our long winter evenings" (Preface, 9), he clearly indicates that he is writing for a local audience, as opposed to many other writers of the time who wrote explicitly for British readers. John Richardson, for example, wrote his epic narrative, *Hacousta*, with a British audience in mind¹⁹ and seemed more keen to advertise himself as a Canadian writer than to support the local Canadian literary scene, for he sent all of his manuscripts to Britain for their first publication. Because of Hawley's penchant for all things Canadian, it may seem ironic that he praises Canadian writers' efforts according to the standard of "laureled [British] heads," yet at a time when only a handful of Canadian publications existed it was only logical that British models were used to judge the literature

emerging from the colonies. Despite this comparison to British models, Hawley is clear about not equating his writing with those of his mentors: the content of *The Unknown's* mysterious package is "neither gold nor precious stones" (237-238)—that is, not like the works of Moore which are characterized as "glittering with gems" (Preface, 6). While the form and subject of the *Lays of the Forest* originate in the European Romantic tradition, the principal narrative of *The Unknown* reflects a Canadian "wildness" all its own. In addition to his use of specific regional landmarks and historical characters, Hawley reinforces the distinctly Canadian basis of his narrative by referring to floral, faunal and meteorological details "common in *this country*" (132-133; italics added). Hawley's repeated reminders of the local origins of his text demonstrate that, although he draws on British literary influences, his primary orientation is towards Canada rather than England (or, in D.M.R. Bentley's terms, the "hinterland" rather than the "baseland").²⁰

The centrifugal tendencies²¹ of Byron, Moore, Campbell and James Macpherson are manifested in Hawley's writing as essential elements of his expression of local, Canadian sentiment and subject matter. While earlier Canadian poems such as Cary's *Abram's Plains* and Goldsmith's *The Rising Village* (1825) contextualize the progress of settlement in the Canadas according to British ideals, Hawley's narrative insists on a non-British examination of early colonial life in which the settlers' experiences in Canada take precedence over their European pasts. Ensuring a non-British perspective, Hawley chooses French settlers as his protagonists and he portrays the way of life of the de Lauzon family as the relative norm against which the exotic characters of the *Lays* are presented. The depictions of Europe in

the *Lays* do not constitute an attempt to contextualize Canadian life according to European standards because the de Lauzon family understands that the *Lays* are not an accurate representation of European reality but are of “the regions of romance” (244). Furthermore, European life seems almost intangible for Eloise who thinks of France as “that distant land, never to be revisited”(2567). Ironically, Eloise’s father insists on referring to his family as “Europeans” in order to distinguish their customs from those of Native Canadians:

M. de Lauzon knew something of the Indian peculiarities– and likewise knew that the Chief’s visit was not without an object, but that object was not yet visible, and it was necessary to answer him cautiously.

“We Europeans never go forth to war without sufficient provocation.” (2590)-
2591)

The distinction between the de Lauzons’ Europeanism and Hawley’s Canadianism is especially pronounced because Hawley identifies the use of whitewash, a custom first introduced by European settlers such as M. de Lauzon, as “now general among the *Canadian* peasantry” (21, italics added). It must be noted that this juxtaposition of European and Canadian cultures is not an absolute division except in the characters’ conceptualizations: for The Unknown, for example, being of European descent does not preclude his acceptance of a new Canadian identity.

While the de Lauzons are obviously French settlers, the reader has no real notion of

their background until the narrative is almost over. When M. de Lauzon's recollections of his European roots are given, they are no more than vague images of "school-mates," "indulgent parents" and a blue-eyed "fair sister," that contribute little to a distinctly European characterization. Essentially, as M. de Lauzon's experiences in Canada form the bulk of our conception of his character, he could be considered a Canadian character, but his personal insistence on his Europeanism bars him from a full Canadian identity. Strictly speaking, M. de Lauzon is not yet a true Canadian in the terms Hawley implies in *The Unknown*. The relative cultural objectivity of *The Unknown* qualifies him as truly Canadian because he is able to forget the habits of his native France and to consider life in Canada a "happy reality" (3234). Leonie's claim that Wahconnah "had been as a brother to her" (3197) indicates that she, too, may qualify in Hawley's terms as a true Canadian, for she accepts the Iroquois people as a kind of family despite having been abducted by them, and she also learns some of their customs:

[S]he spoke gently of the wild sons of the forest; ... Wahconnah ... had taught her to bend the bow, and to guide the arrow to its distant mark; he had taught her to weave the pliant willow into baskets, and to decorate her moccasins with quills of the porcupine... (3195-3200)

Leonie's willingness to accept her experiences in the Canadian wilderness with such calmness and practicality makes her seem perfectly suited to *The Unknown* whose habits

demonstrate a predisposition to Native customs and all things Canadian.

By producing Canadian writing that did not depend on France or Britain specifically for its cultural identity, but on an identification with Native Canadians and the adventures of life in the Canadian wilderness, Hawley creates a sense of local lore in which contemporary Canadians could have proudly participated—especially since the War of 1812 caused a general desire in Upper and Lower Canada to be culturally distinct from the Americans. That Hawley should want to promote a sense of local pride seems only natural as French, English, and Native Canadians had just fought as allies for the first time against a common American foe. Without a doubt, nationalist movements in both the Old World and the New Worlds had an influence on Hawley; as observed earlier, he took a keen interest in the Greek War of Independence which was itself influenced by the American and French Revolutions. Clearly, Byron's activities in the name of the Greek cause influenced the setting and cultural prejudices of "The Maid of St. Paul." Moreover, the patriotism of Campbell's war anthems provided themes for Hawley's later poetry such as "The Meteor Flag of England" (1838), which borrows its title from one of Campbell's poems.²² Moore's Irish nationalist sentiments, as expressed in his *Irish Melodies* (1807), were perhaps also influential, but as evidenced in Hawley's epigraph, Macpherson's *Ossianic Fragments* (1760)²³ are of particular importance with regard to Hawley's patriotism. By 1831, it was common knowledge that Macpherson's pieces were not entirely authentic and that he had added some of his own work to the fragments that he had attributed to the legendary bard Ossian. However, to many readers the issue of Macpherson's fraudulence did not diminish

the service that he had done in initiating the revival of ancient folkloric literature, particularly Celtic and Erse poetry, which enjoyed a significant popularity in France and Great Britain during the Romantic era. There can be little doubt Hawley would have been pleased had *The Unknown* been able to spark a similar interest in Canadian folklore.

IV

The Exotic Primitivism of Canada

One of the methods by which Hawley was able to draw attention to Canadian subject matters was to capitalize on the popularity of travel literature and to apply some of the conventions of this genre to a Canadian context. François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand was one of the authors whose travels Hawley frequently cites in *The Unknown* and it was perhaps from such passages as the following in Chateaubriand's *Travels* (1814) that Hawley first conceived of looking at Canada through the eyes of a foreign traveller:

I still recollect the pleasure which I formerly received from thus reposing in the woods of America, and especially from awaking in the middle of the night. I listened to the whistling of the wind through the wilderness; the braying of the does and stags; the roar of a distant cataract; while the embers of my half-extinguished fire, glowed beneath the foliage of the trees. I loved even to hear the voice of the Iroquois, when he shouted in the recesses of his forests, and

when, in the brilliant star-light, amid the silence of nature, he seemed to be proclaiming his unbounded liberty. (109)

By describing the banks of the Eurotas in Greece just before the above passage, Chateaubriand implicitly places Canada (he specifically mentions Niagara) in the same exotic realm as any of the more traditional places that he describes. Perhaps with the aim of encouraging Canadian readers to see their country both from a familiar perspective, looking out the window from their cheery "five-sides," and from the perspective of the traveller who explores and mines the literal and metaphoric riches of a country, Hawley borrows from Chateaubriand's technique and compares the Canadian landscape with the exotic impressions made by the rarities of foreign countries:

The sides of these rocks both within and without their dark chasms were studded with *pyrites*, looking like pieces of solid gold, and the little pools of water, among the rocks, were filled with white *mica*, so that one might easily imagine the riches of Peru offering on all sides their numerous lures. (2730-2734)

To Jacques Cartier, who in 1541 had the mistaken impression that he was returning to France with a cargo of gold and diamonds from Cap Rouge, the fool's gold and quartz crystals described above are unexciting geological details; but to Hawley, who wanted to portray Canada as a literary mine, these minerals are rich raw materials (diamonds in the rough, as

it were) waiting to be quarried. Of course, Hawley does not always feel the need to introduce foreign comparisons to make Canada seem exotic, as when he mentions such distinctly Canadian phenomena as the strange and beautiful aurora borealis (145). Where Hawley differs from Chateaubriand is that what Chateaubriand came to value in landscapes were solely its human associations:

...the mind contracts a relish for more solid pursuits, and loves, in particular, to dwell on the illustrious examples recorded in history; ...I would not go again to explore a virgin soil, which the plough-share has never lacerated, (give me now ancient deserts, where I can conjure up at pleasure the walls of Babylon, of the legions of Pharsalia--*grandioses* plains whose furrows convey instruction, and where, mortal as I am, I trace the blood, the tears, the sweat of human kind.

(110)

As though in response to Chateaubriand's complaint, Hawley attempts to give architectural definition to the wilderness by noting the similarity of trees to churches in the description of "the spire-like points of the evergreens" (2683) and later by comparing a rock in the Shawinigan falls to "a dilapidated castle" (3132).

Although Canada's scenery is sometimes made to look exotic to the reader in the narrative of *The Unknown*, it constitutes the norm in contradistinction to "the regions of romance" (244) described in the *Lays*. The "reality" of the *Lays* exists for the de Lauzons

only fictionally whereas throughout the rest of the narrative Hawley emphasizes the immediacy of the Canadian landscape. This is underscored by the way in which Eloise keeps picturing versions of the exotic tales in Canada: for example, in a possible reminiscence of the famous incident of the peasant dying in the snow in the “Winter” portion of James Thomson’s *The Seasons* (1730), Eloise dreams “of the hapless Clari, labouring through the drifting snows, and finally perishing amid a thousand horrors” (911-912). This effect is doubled by the repetition, in the Canadian narrative, of phrases from the *Lays*. Hawley’s description of the foot of Shawinigan falls “roaring like the billows of the sea upon a rocky shore” (2716-2717) echoes an earlier description of the Mediterranean in “Mileno.”

Of various manifestations of “the sweat of human kind,” valued by Chateaubriand, poetry seems to stand preeminent. Throughout Chateaubriand’s *Travels*, he makes a point of visiting the old haunts and grave sites of ancient poets and of comparing his observations to those of other travel writers. This attention to poetically significant sites is echoed in Hawley’s “Mileno” and “Zemin” where the title characters find much-needed sanctuary in and around the grave sites of Cicero and the Persian poet Hafez.²⁴ respectively. The implicit reverence for national poets in Hawley’s poetry is reminiscent of Macpherson’s valorization of the bard’s role in preserving heroic and folkloric legacies. In echoing this convention, Hawley implicitly asserts that Canada has a history worth mining and, significantly, points to his own role as a poet and preserver of Canadian lore. Hawley’s work thus shares many of the Romantic tendencies that were associated with the popularity of Macpherson’s Ossianic *Fragments*,²⁵ and which were also popularized by Chateaubriand’s various *Travels*.

including a sympathetic interest in the past, an enthusiasm for the uncivilised or natural, and primitivist values as associated with the character of the ‘Noble Savage.’²⁶

But what of Ossian specifically is there in *The Unknown*? The title character of Hawley’s work certainly has resonances of Ossian’s reputation as a legendary hero who emerged from a semi-historical cultural context. Moreover, the fact that Ossian’s identity was popularized through “his” poetry is very similar to the manner in which The Unknown’s identity is elucidated: “All the mysterious vagaries of the young stranger were at once explained—his extravagant fooleries were no longer a wonder—he was a poet!” (239-241). In his strategy of posing The Unknown as the author of the *Lays*, Hawley echoes Macpherson’s attributions of authorship to Ossian, perhaps to appeal to the popular Romantic notion that the truest poet is an untutored one²⁷ and that there is inherent value in a naturally wild or unpolished literature. Furthermore, the depictions of the adventures of M. de Lauzon against the rugged backdrop of the “primeval forest” and amongst “a simple race” clearly parallels the nostalgic invocation of ancient noble Celts in the Ossianic *Fragments*. Likewise, by appropriating names and events from Trois Rivières’ history and by using distinct regional landmarks to anchor his storyline in a Canadian context, Hawley borrows as much from Canadian folklore as he contributes to it, just as Macpherson is credited with a resurgence of interest in Celtic poetry through his use of regional cultural legends.

V

A Record of Historical ImagiNation

The poem from which Hawley cites his epigraph, Macpherson's "Carthon," has as one of its central themes the poetic or literary preservation of the history of heroes who would otherwise die "unknown." The concern for historically forgotten heroes reverberates in the narrative of *The Unknown* as well as in the individual *Lays*. For example, in "Mileno" the tragedy of the fates of Mileno and Clari becomes all the more pronounced when Bernardi, the only living soul who knew of their history and who tended their graves with flowers, dies: "Bernardi, and that flower are gone— All—all departed, and unknown!" (893-894). Again, at the close of the battle between Piscaret's men and the Iroquois, Hawley repeats the main premise of the text:

Thus were the bravest of a brave people committed to their last repose: and thus thousands, whose lives were marked by acts of the most daring exploits, have passed away from the earth with no historian to register their names, with no bard to place them on the roll of immortality, with not even a humble stone to say "here lies the brave." (3017-3021)

This passage is somewhat ironic, of course, as the publication of *The Unknown* aligns Hawley with both the role of historian and the bard.

By invoking the Ossianic promise of “a tale of the times of old,” Hawley is not implying that he presents a truthful account of history, as for example, Richardson does in the Preface to *Tecumseh* (1828), an historically imaginative long poem which is claimed to be without exaggeration in its depiction of the title character.²⁸ Rather, Hawley implies that an appreciation of *The Unknown* will depend upon the readers’ acceptance of both legend and history as integral components of culture, much as the Ossianic *Fragments* depended upon a similar contrivance, which Bentley refers to as “an imaginative historicism.”²⁹ Trois Rivières, for example, had several bouts of conflict with the Iroquois, but not in the year of Hawley’s narrative (1633). Just a year before the publication of *The Unknown*, Hawley was supposedly working on “The Legend of Niagara,” and so he may have gathered his materials for these projects either through his friends in the literary businesses,³⁰ or during his travels throughout the provinces.³¹ Whatever the case, Hawley took liberties with his historical facts. The figures of Piscaret and M. de Lauzon are based on real people but here, too, Hawley seems more concerned with the essence of their personal legacies than accurate historical representation. The Algonkin chief Piscaret, for instance, was known as “the terror of the Iroquois”³² because of the violence hundreds of Iroquois experienced at his hands. In 1640 Piscaret became a Christian convert, renounced the act of murder and was given the name Simon by François de Champflour, who was then governor. Several stories exist detailing Piscaret’s dexterity and skill at evading and attacking his enemies, and although there are no apparent historical precedents for the attack described in *The Unknown*, the details and complexity of Hawley’s scheme echo some of the feats attributed to Piscaret in the

Dictionary of Canadian Biography. Piscaret was killed in 1647 by a group of Iroquoian warriors who took advantage of a peace agreement between the Algonquins and the Iroquois to ambush and scalp him in the forest. Since Piscaret observes sacrificial and sepulchral rites in *The Unknown*, it is evident that Hawley bases his character on a relatively young Piscaret, before his baptism.

In a lecture entitled “The Unknown,” delivered to the Royal Society of Canada in 1900, the French Canadian historian Benjamin Sulte points to Jean de Lauson senior (1584?-1666) as the source for Hawley’s character of the same name, yet his son, Jean de Lauson junior (1620?-1661), is a more plausible candidate. While Hawley’s character is anachronistic regardless of which of the two men are considered,³³ Jean de Lauson junior, who resided in Canada while Piscaret was alive, offers more historical congruence with Hawley’s narrative than does his father. While Jean de Lauson senior had only sons, Jean de Lauson junior was the father of six children, four sons and two daughters. All of the boys died in childhood—perhaps a referent for Hawley’s comment that M. de Lauzon suffered “continued reverses” through which “he became much reduced”(71). As for Jean de Lauson’s daughters, both lived to adulthood and became nuns at the Couvent Ursuline in Trois Rivières, thus neither of them could represent Leonie who eventually marries The Unknown.

As the grand seneschal of New France, Jean de Lauson junior defended Trois Rivières against an Iroquois attack in 1652. In 1653, another Iroquois attack seemed imminent, but the governor of Trois Rivières, Pierre Boucher, who knew that the settlement could not withstand an ambush, gathered the inhabitants inside the walls of the fortress and had them

all blow trumpets, bang drums, and roll cannons to give the impression that heavy artillery was being prepared for battle. The ruse was successful and after four days the Iroquois signed a peace agreement with Jean de Lauson senior, who was then governor of Quebec. Could this incident be behind The Unknown's strategy of using Piscaret's signature war-whoop to scare away the Iroquois? The abduction of Leonie also has curious resonances in Trois Rivières' annals. On February 20, 1641, Thomas Godefroy and François Marguerie went hunting and were abducted by the Iroquois, who held them against their will for several months. Although the two men complained of suffering from the cold during their captivity, like Leonie, they were not mistreated by the Iroquois. The men were eventually released as part of a trade negotiation.

In *The Unknown*, Hawley implies that M. de Lauzon was the wealthiest of the settlers, able to afford to prettify his cottage to the degree that it attracted "even the eye of the savage" (16) but, other than this small allusion to the historic wealth of the de Lauzons, and of course, the name itself, M. de Lauzon is Hawley's imaginary recreation of the historical figure. In this instance, Hawley's interest in writing Canadian history appears to have been overshadowed by his love of fiction and his account is thus a case-in-point of imaginative historicism. Perhaps he thought *The Unknown* would be a good point of departure from which he would pique his audience's interest in the more factual and detailed history of the Canadas that he would attempt to publish in his later years, for while *The Unknown* is neither strictly about Native Canadians nor entirely historical, the attention to Canadian place and character names tells us much about what Hawley valued in terms of history, Native culture,

and Canadian historical legends.

Hawley, it may be surmised, follows the European examples set by Macpherson and Chateaubriand who padded their publications with personal invention and occasional plagiarism. Just as Chateaubriand's *Travels* and the Ossianic *Fragments* did not need to be historically authentic to arouse huge followings in France and Britain, Hawley's narrative did not need to be historically accurate to arouse the curiosity of the Canadian public regarding its own roots, and at the same time, to claim a space in the colony's budding literary culture. By using fragments from Canada's history in a fictional context and through his citation of Ossian, the quintessential example of folklore-in-the-making, Hawley involved himself in the creation of Canadian folklore. Madame de Lauzon, who confuses The Unknown with one of his characters, Mileno, becomes convinced that The Unknown was "a distant relative who had married in Italy, and eventually fallen in a duel" (1994-1995). She demonstrates within the text how folklore is created through the association of fictional characters with historical persons. As a result of M. de Lauzon's conviction that The Unknown is somehow tied to her ancestry, "the manuscript of the stranger was looked upon as a family relic" (1996-1997), thus making the text of *The Lays of the Forest* part of the de Lauzon family folklore in a similar fashion as Hawley constructs *The Unknown* as Canadian folklore.

VI

**Felling the Trees and Assumptions
of a Romantic Nature**

In *The Unknown*, Hawley depicts the title character as his ideal Canadian: a European who realizes that the ways of the Old World offer little of value to the Natives, and who can appreciate the natural order of the world without civilization. In contrast to the Lockean privileging of agriculture that is present in such poems as *The Rising Village*, which implicitly subscribes to the four stages theory,³⁴ Hawley recognizes the value of “the primeval forest” and the way of life that it sustained before the arrival of the “rejoicing foresters” felled the trees and reaped “golden harvests...from the ruins of the ancient wilderness” (3-4). In addition to expressing ambivalence towards agriculture taking over ancient and savage (read Native) land, Hawley also alludes to the migratory nature of the archetypal Canadian aboriginal who apparently does not stop moving even to sleep as he “glide[s] through the trees at night...to the distant ambushade, or [goes] forth in his pride on the shaded path of the deer” (16-18). The implication that he is either on his way to war (in a transitory state) or that he is going deer hunting (in a migratory state) indicates that he exists, in the terms of the four stages theory, in a savage state and therefore has no legal claim to the land he inhabits. However, Piscaret’s speech in response to Pechou’s (Piscaret’s name for *The Unknown*) suggestion that the Natives should change “their wild habits” for those of the Europeans, suggests that, in Hawley’s view, the migratory nature of Piscaret and

his people does not preclude an intimate relationship with the land:

Pechou is a Brave! but when he came among the Red-men he was a child. Piscaret hath taught him when hungry to strike the bounding deer, and when cold and naked to clothe himself in the spoils of the otter.—He hath taught him when sick to gather the plants of the wilderness, and when surrounded by foes to pass from them unhurt. He now says, come and learn of me! But can he find the beaver, the otter and the deer by digging in the earth? Can he call up the forest which has fallen by the axes of his countrymen, to hide him from an enemy? Can he take up his heavy lodge and bear it to Hochelaga or Quebeis? No! Pechou is the brother of Piscaret—but the swan can never teach the eagle to forsake his path among the clouds for her own shadowy fountains! (3221-3231)

Piscaret is intimately connected to the land and its creatures and he sees himself as being able to relate to, and read, the earth's secrets in a way beyond the ken of those whose relationship depends solely upon "digging in the earth."

Moreover, Hawley demonstrates his sympathy for Piscaret by lamenting the destruction of the wilderness in the pursuit of colonial development and resource exploitation in the New World. The metaphoric and actual destruction of the forests frames *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest* as the reader's first view of the settling of the Trois Rivières area is prefaced with the following passage:

At the period of which we write, the primeval forest had disappeared for a small distance around, with the exception of some few scattered elms, whose fantastic wreaths, almost touching the ground, appeared weeping for the destruction of their ancient friends. Among these representatives of the forest stood a few houses . . . (10-14)

The issue of the European logging of Canadian forests is again addressed at the narrative's conclusion when Pechou realizes that he cannot convert the Natives to "the monotonous routine of plodding industry" (3206-3207), and that the European way of living is ultimately destructive to these people, as he can offer nothing to replace "the forest which has fallen by the axes of his countrymen" (3227-3228). Hawley distances himself and his Canadian patriotism from these "dark traits of its early history" (Preface, 8-9), however, for, as he says in "Quebec," the history of the settlers who came to plunder the natural resources of the country and to disrupt the lives of the "children of the wood" is "inglorious" ("Quebec," 14, 16).

Unlike much early Canadian poetry in which the landscape is depicted as an antagonistic force against which the settlers must fight to establish their societies, Hawley has a more Romantic attitude to Nature and implies that the forces of the external world harmonize with the actions of his protagonists. There is a modern irony here, in that Hawley's most powerful natural imagery is that which describes the Shawinigan Falls, which have been subjected to the will of civilisation since 1899, when the Shawinigan hydro dam

was built. But the river as Hawley knew it reflects the events and moods of M. de Lauzon. Before the conflict at the head of the Falls, they “roar like the report of a thousand pieces of ordnance”(2737-2738) and seem “dark and angry floods”(2757). When Piscaret and the other men start executing their plan against the Iroquois, M. de Lauzon notes the “gently heaving billows” (2794) that have carried them thus far. As the battle nears its conclusion and Piscaret and the “Great Eagle” are engaged in a duel, the “smooth but mighty waters” (2954) take Great Eagle to his death over the Falls while Piscaret reaches the banks in safety. When the battle is decisively over and the bodies of the dead have received the “rites of sepulture” (3008-3009), the sun shines “with uncommon sultriness” for the season and the birds sing in harmony with the sound of the Shawinigan that “came up like a summer breeze sweeping through the pine-tops”(3088). Nature thus reflects the success of the party over the Iroquois, and, furthermore, M. de Lauzon finds that his natural surroundings “tended to tranquilize the conflicting passions which [had] long been warring in [his] bosom” (3089-3090). Significantly, M. de Lauzon’s warring passions seem to be the product of his reminiscences on his European youth conflicting with his present situation (2986-2999). Lastly, when the remaining Iroquois scouts have been killed and all threats of danger are extinguished the river takes on a semblance of calm serenity and beautiful particularity:

The day arose upon the Shawenagam beautifully clear and serene. The volumes of spray from the falls rose perpendicularly, and formed into light clouds which assumed a thousand fantastic shapes as the rising sun made their fleecy outlines

more apparent: the blue-bird, gave out his cheerful note and the swallows were again throwing their purple wings over the St. Maurice. (3112-3116)

Though the description of the waterfall here is conventional, the name Shawenagam (Hawley's version of Shawinigan) and the mention of "the blue-bird" give Hawley's Romanticism a local habitation in name.

VII

Writing the Wilderness

Perhaps the most distinctive feature of *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest* is its structure and poetic content, or "plan," which Hawley plainly admits borrowing from exterior sources: "I must confess myself an imitator: as there are many instances of several independent tales having been connected in a similar manner, among which the Arabian Nights and Lalla Rookh stand pre-eminent" (12-15). Typical of the decentring tendencies of hinterland writers, the structure of *The Unknown* reflects a miscellany of poetic forms, genres and voices. This hinterland orientation is consistent with Hawley's sources of inspiration, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Ossian (Macpherson) and the early Chateaubriand. Hawley follows several specific and general stylistic examples set by Moore in *Lalla Rookh*, most notably the use of a narrative framing device to encompass four long poems. The fascination with what was called the Near East that Hawley reveals in the *Lays*' settings doubtless came from

Lalla Rookh as well, and by replacing the Indian setting of Moore's framing device with a Canadian narrative, Hawley makes his readers consider Canada as exotic as Moore's foreign settings.

The strictness of Hawley's form progresses from one lay to the next, but, as is typical of this genre,³⁸ each tale reflects Romantic tendencies in its remote settings and relative freedom of technique. "Mileno" is mostly in rhyming couplets and interspersed sections of varying length of alternating rhyme (*abab, cdcd*, and so on). Following Moore's example in *Lalla Rookh*, Hawley adds indentations each time he breaks from the couplet scheme. Unlike Moore, however, Hawley's metres and stanza lengths vary unpredictably, ranging from tetrameter quatrains to fifty-line pentameter stanzas.

The format of "Zemin" is much the same, with added songs that observe slightly shorter and more regular metres, sometimes observing a tripping anapestic rhythm appropriate to his cheerful subject matter:

We Peries are gay
 As the bulbul in May,
 When the rose is in bloom
 And the air free from gloom! (1344-1347)

It must be conceded that these songs are not outstanding poetry, but they do indicate that Hawley was a conscious manipulator of metre and form, and as the two final *Lays*

demonstrate, he could use strict constraints effectively when he wanted to.

Although the use of numbered stanzas may have been inspired by Byron's *Don Juan* (written in *ottava rima*) or Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming* (written in Spenserian stanzas), there are no apparent precedents for the controlled rhyme scheme that Hawley uses in the heterometrical stanzas of "The Misanthrope" (*aabcccb*):

And if a weary wanderer come
 Across thy path, without a home,
 Do thou as I have done:
 And thy spirit shall find a gentle rest—
 The lisping infant shall call thee blest,
 And thy sun as it calmly sinks to rest.

Leave a glow on the clouds when gone! (1892-1898)

In "The Misanthrope," Hawley strictly observes the rhyme scheme and consistently makes the 'b' lines (3 and 7) metrically shorter than the others. However, it is not until "The Maid of St. Paul," written in iambic pentameter, that Hawley fully extends his technical abilities as a poet. The transition from the relatively relaxed form of "Mileno" to the strictly observed iambic pentameter couplets of "The Maid of St. Paul" is cleverly used to emphasize the jump back into the relative freedom of unregulated prose narrative that provides an appropriate vehicle for Hawley's description of the unbounded "wilds of America." Not only does this

technique accentuate the wildness of Canadian landscape but also the lack of established constraints in the “literary infancy” of Canadian literature.

Hawley combines his gradual technical stringency with a progressive augmentation of the dramatic tension of the text as a whole: while “Zemin” and “The Misanthrope” end happily, and even “Mileno,” although tragic, at least reunites the lovers before they die. “The Maid of St. Paul” ends tragically with the death of the hero’s lover and his own suicide. The *Lays* serve as a diversion from the principal narrative and their progressive dramatic tension helps to build the suspense surrounding the fate of the almost-forgotten Leonie while also increasing the reader’s curiosity as to the true identity of the author. Until the conclusion of *The Unknown*, the reader knows nothing of the poet’s identity except through the suppositions of his neighbours and his acts of heroism during the initial scene of conflict in Trois Rivières. The “or” in the title of the book points to the way in which The Unknown is made known to the reader and to the de Lauzons largely through the texts that he leaves behind when he goes to seek Leonie. Thus, the title indicates both an identity and a disparity between The Unknown and his poetry, a disparity that leaves the reader to question whether he is in any way represented by his poetic protagonists: Mileno, with his dark past, Zemin, the warrior, The Misanthrope, a reformed cynic, and Lascaris, the tragic lover. Piscaret’s description of The Unknown as “a pale-face, who hath the foot of the young roe, the head of the otter, and the heart of the panther” (2602-2603) certainly leans towards qualities that would suit an agile and brave hero, as does the final analysis of The Unknown’s character:

[He] was an eccentric and enthusiastic young Frenchman, who had left his country with the visionary hope of teaching the Red-man to abandon his ancient forests, together with his eagle plumes and scalping knife, for the garb of France, and the monotonous routine of plodding industry. (3203-3207)

Perhaps most significant in the depiction of *The Unknown* is the fact that he is a hero who ultimately rejects his goal of trying to reform the habits of Native peoples and, in contrast to many emigrants in early Canadian poetry, is happy to chose life in Canada over that which he had in Europe. Hawley's title implies *The Unknown*'s range of options is equally available to the reader and asks that a choice be made between Canada's "*unknown* scenery" (Preface, 8; italics added) and the European "regions of romance" (244) of "*The Lays of the Forest*."

The role of protagonist is really shared among three characters in *The Unknown*, for while the title character at first seems an obvious choice, very little is known about the poet until the final four paragraphs of the work. Moreover, while most of the narration gives Al. de Lauzon's perspective, Piscaret's war manoeuvres constitute the principal action of the story. This tripartite construction suits Hawley's goals perfectly: he can demonstrate the positive aspects of French and Native cultures and create a Byronic hero out of the amalgamation of the Old and New Worlds in the character of *The Unknown*, whose pseudo-Native identity curiously anticipates that of the author and naturalist Archibald Stansfield Belaney, who lived in Canada amongst the Ojibwa from 1907 to 1922, and whose

appellation, "Grey Owl," obscured his British identity for years.

It must be conceded, however, that, as evidenced by his repeated references to the Algonkins as "simple," "proud" and "stoic," Hawley could not completely see through the Orientalist stereotypes that characterize nineteenth-century notions of European superiority.¹⁶ On the other hand, Hawley deconstructs some of Chateaubriand's assumptions about North American Indians that demonstrate a congruity with the four stages theory:

The North American Indian . . . is not connected by his origin with the great civilized nations: the names of his ancestors are not to be found in the annals of empires: the contemporaries of his ancestors are ancient oaks that are still standing. Monuments of nature and not of history, the tombs of his fathers rise unheeded among unknown forests. In a word, with the American, every thing proclaims the savage, who has not yet arrived at a state of civilization. (275)

The implication here is that Native populations need to progress towards a "state of civilization" before their pasts can be worthy of historical consideration. Chateaubriand's observation of the absence of Native histories from "the annals of [the Canadian] empire" is a circumstance that Hawley's *The Unknown* tries to rectify, if only in a fictional manner. Hawley challenges Chateaubriand's perception that natural monuments are not historically significant by tying his narrative closely to the landmarks in which the central action unfolds. Furthermore, the classical allusions with which Hawley connects Piscaret and his band to the

“warriors of old Rome” (2651), equate the significance of Canadian historical figures with those of Europe in response, perhaps, to Chateaubriand’s assertion that Natives are “not connected...with the great civilized nations.”

By way of conclusion, it may be observed that a curious echo of Chateaubriand’s bias against the ancient monuments of early Canadian life occurs in A.J.M. Smith’s Introduction to *The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse* in which he states that “from the beginning” of Canadian poetry, imitators of Lord Byron and Thomas Moore “painted gaudy pictures of the noble red man and landscapes full of Alpine mountains...but produced nothing real enough to be of more than antiquarian interest” (xxvi). In making this judgement, Smith was surely not thinking of Hawley’s *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*, although he was the first and perhaps the only editor to anthologize any of Hawley’s poems. One of the general literary trends that Smith notices provides a plausible explanation as to why Hawley’s writing has been largely ignored in Canadian criticism to date: “[only] *after* the rebellion of 1837...the public at large began to look for emotional and national inspiration from Canadian poets” (xxvi, italics added). Hawley, one of Canada’s first nationalist poets,¹⁷ was at least in this respect a man before his times.

If, as seems likely (and see Explanatory Notes), Hawley was familiar with John Lambert’s *Travels Through Canada, and the United States of North America, in the years 1806, 1807, and 1808* (1816), then his championing of Canadian writers in his Preface might well be a response to Lambert’s observation on the state of literature in Canada:

The state of literature, the arts, and sciences, in Canada, can scarcely be said to be at a low ebb, because they were never known to 'flow', and from what I have mentioned concerning the defects in education which exist in the colony, it is not likely that they will, in our time at least, rise much above their present level.
(318)

The similarities between the Preface to *Quebec, the Harp, and Other Poems* and that of *The Unknown* prove that Hawley's literary goals included the formation of a distinctly Canadian literature. Hawley very obviously wanted to ensure the expansion of the literary canon in Canada, "where literature [was] in its infancy" (27). By writing *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*, he probably hoped to arouse public interest in the country's Native cultures, and to ensure that the histories and stories of the Canadian past would not pass into oblivion. Hawley's appreciation of what Canadian literature might become is noted in his anticipation of "a speedy development of the dormant talents of the country" (28-29), and although Canadian literature was perhaps slower in its development than Hawley surely would have liked, he personally did not lack the confidence needed to promote aspiring Canadian talent, for as he says "talents of no ordinary class exist" (29). Furthermore, although the Preface of *The Unknown* reveals Hawley's determination to claim a space for Canadian authors among the "laurelled heads," presumably of Britain, Hawley did not feel the need to pit his efforts against those of his British mentors; rather, he found inspiration and adaptable forms and themes in the works of authors such as Byron, Moore, Campbell and Macpherson whose

interest in travel literature and cultural legends he shared. Although Klinck and Rashley criticised Hawley for his supposed inability to “bridge the gap” between the literary models of “the old world” and the expression of the “new world experience,” this argument misses the point of Hawley’s *The Unknown*, which appears to have been deliberately constructed as a marriage of Canadian content and British literary forms. William F. Hawley’s *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest* offers its audience a suspenseful, exciting storyline as well as a patriotic and sympathetic perspective of Canada’s Native peoples and landscapes. While the quality of Hawley’s writing should have entitled him to more attention than he has been given in the past, it is my hope that this edition will facilitate Hawley’s emergence into the Canadian literary continuum and will encourage further study and discussion of *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest* and of Hawley’s other works.

The Present Text

The present text is based on the version of the first edition of *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest* (Montreal: J.A. Hoisington & Co., 1831) held in the University of Alberta Bruce Peel Special Collections Library. A comparison of this text with the microfiche reproduction filmed by the Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions, based on the copy held by the Library of the National Archives in Ottawa, has revealed discrepancies in pages 14 through 24 of the texts although they both bear the same title page, date and printing location.

Based on the fact that the emendations in the Alberta copy end abruptly at page 24, it seems

likely that Hawley was given the opportunity to revise the first gathering of *The Unknown*, which would have included all of the pages up to and including page 24. It is evident that these corrections were made after the publisher had set the type for the entire text as can be deduced from the repetition of the final sentences on page 24 in their uncorrected state on page 25, where the non-corrected version of text resumes. On the errata sheet (that is identical in both versions of the text), the headnote states that certain errors crept into the text “[i]n consequence of the author’s absence,” indicating that Hawley was absent during at least part of the printing process. From these details, and from the fact that the errata sheet is unnumbered and contains no references to errors in the first twenty-four pages, it can be deduced that it was added after Hawley saw the completed printed text, and presumably, with the consideration that the errors in the first gathering had already been altered. Some of the emendations correct grammatical errors while others are of a stylistic nature and both of these points support the likelihood of the emended text being an authorially corrected version. For this reason the variations in the Alberta copy have been incorporated into the present text. The text in Special Collections at the D.B. Weldon Library at the University of Western Ontario has revealed no variations from the CIHM copy. The differences between the Alberta text and the Western and Ottawa version are recorded in the Appendix to the present edition.

The present text follows the first edition in nearly all respects. Hawley’s occasionally archaic spelling has been retained for its historical significance and poetic value. So too has his punctuation, even though in a few instances his syntax is awkward and his meaning is

obscured by his habitual use of dashes—a device elaborated, perhaps, from Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, one of the primary models of *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*. The very few errors of spelling and punctuation that appear in the original edition have been corrected in the present edition, as have the errors noted on a list of errata included in the original edition, and are listed under Editorial Emendation (pp.264-268).

Notes to the Introduction

1. Mary Lu MacDonald has identified one instance in the *Canadian Watchman*, April 26, 1832, where Hawley's middle name is given as "Fitch" but other sources including Henry J. Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis* and the International Genealogical Index give Hawley's middle name as "Fitz."
2. As was common at the time, it is possible that Hawley published some works pseudonymously, although all of the poetry and prose attributed to him thus far is signed either "W.F.H." or "William F. Hawley." See MacDonald's "Three Early Canadian Poets," for a detailed list of Hawley's newspaper publications.
3. Hawley began writing for various newspapers in 1826 and continued to publish consistently until 1848 after which point his literary trail is lost. A few interruptions in Hawley's productivity (most notably from July 1838 to June 1842) may be owing to the "repeated illness" that he mentions in a letter published in the *Montreal Transcript* on May 9, 1837, or travel abroad as he alludes in his poem "Home in Absence and Illness" (1843).
4. Some sources give Lacolle as Hawley's birthplace. Lacolle is situated approximately 45 kilometres to the south east of Laprairie, close to North West tip of Lac Champlain and very close to the American border. The town of Laprairie was established in 1668, as the first mission village of Catholic Iroquois. It is situated on the south shore of the St. Lawrence just below Montreal. Both towns are

in Huntingdon County.

5. In "Songs: Written expressly for the Montreal St. George's Society Anniversary" (1838), Hawley refers to England as "the home of our sires" and later as "our own father-land."
6. In "Home in Absence and Illness" (1843), Hawley describes the "land of [his] childhood...where the St. Lawrence rushes free." Also, in the prose piece "A Queer Customer" (1848), Laprairie is mentioned as a place of residence in his younger years.
7. In the *Montreal Gazette*, June 1, 1829, the advertisement for *Quebec, the Harp, and Other Poems* reads as follows: "Dedicated by permission to His Excellency SIR JAMES KEMPT, G. C. B. & c. &c. W. F. HAWLEY PROPOSES PUBLISHING IN ONE SEAT OF VOL 18 MO **QUEBEC, THE HARP, AND OTHER POEMS**. The work will contain 130 pages, printed in the best manner, on fine paper, with two elegant ENGRAVINGS, and will be delivered to subscribers in boards, price five shillings. No delay will (*positively*) take place, after a sufficient number shall be obtained to pay the expense of publication. Subscriptions received at the QUEBEC EXCHANGE, and at this office."
8. For examples, see "Home in Absence and in Illness" (*Montreal Transcript*, April 15, 1843) and "A Card—" (*Montreal Transcript*, June 3, 1837).
9. For a detailed summary of the history of the Review and its political affiliations, see MacDonald's "Some Notes on The Montreal Literary Scene in the Mid-1820's."
10. John Richardson, quoted in D.M.R. Bentley, *Mimic Fires: Accounts of Early Long*

Poems on Canada, p.139.

11. "A Card—," *Montreal Transcript*, June 3, 1837.
12. Kempt was the governor of Nova Scotia from 1820 to 1828 and then served as the administrator of the government of Lower Canada from 1828 to 1830. See note 7, above, for the dedication to Kempt in the advertisement for *Quebec, The Hurp, and Other Poems* that ran in the June 1, 1829 edition of the *Montreal Gazette*.
13. Although the names James Wolfe and Louis Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm are well known, it perhaps needs to be noted that Richard Montgomery (1736- 1775), a general who fought in the American War of Independence, died on December 31, 1775, in Quebec, while charging up a hill in the face of cannon-fire in an attempt to capture "the fourteenth colony."
14. There is no evidence to suggest that Hawley ever married, yet he addresses several of his love poems to "Ella," a woman who has yet to be identified. The only other indication that Hawley might have had a family of his own is in his prose piece "A Queer Customer" (1848), in which the first person narrator refers to his solitude in his house as a result of "the family" having "retired to rest."
15. For a detailed discussion of Adam Kidd's life see Bentley's Introduction, Editorial Notes and Appendices to *The Huron Chief*, pp. xi-xliii, 61-106, 107-132. *The Huron Chief* was partially inspired by Kidd's frustrations with Archdeacon George Jehoshaphat Mountain.
16. *Ibid.* p xii.
17. Pride is an especially prominent theme in "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," the

first of the poems related by Faladeen to princess Lalla Rookh.

18. As the French and English settlers tried to assure themselves of proper representation in the changing government systems, the English may have felt especially threatened, for although they controlled most of the government they were the minority population. According to Ramsay Cook, in *French Canadian Nationalism*, p. 23, the population of Lower Canada in 1837 constituted 1,100,000 people of whom 847, 000 were French-speaking.
19. Richardson's *Wacousta; Or, The Prophecy: A Tale of the Canadas* was originally published in London and Edinburgh in 1832 and its title was changed to *Wacousta; Or, The Prophecy: An Indian Tale* when it was published in Montreal in 1868.
20. For discussions of the terms hinterland and baseland, see Bentley, "A New Dimension: Notes on the Ecology of Canadian Poetry," *Canadian Poetry*, 7, p 1-20.
21. See Bentley's Introduction, Editorial Notes and Appendices to *The Huron Chief*, pp. xi-xliii, 61-106, 107-132.
22. This is the first line of the fourth stanza of Campbell's "Ye Mariners of England: A naval ode" (1900).
23. James Macpherson's publications were reputed to have originated in the ancient Erse or Gaelic Fenian poetry cycles.
24. See note 1 of the annotations for Mileno, below, for Cicero and see note 9 of the annotations Zemin, below, for Hafez.
25. Ossianic poetry had tremendous popularity among primitivists who believed that primitive peoples who had remained close to nature were more noble than those

who had been corrupted by the influences of society.

26. See Chapter 7 of Hoxie Neale Fairchild's study *The Noble Savage: a Study in Romantic Naturalism*, pp 229-73, for a discussion of the rise of popularity of the figure of the Noble Savage in the works of Byron, Moore and Campbell.
27. William Harman and Hugh C. Holman, eds. *A Handbook to Literature*. Fifth Edition, p. 394.
28. Bentley, *Mimic Fires*, p.140-42.
29. *Ibid.* p.141.
30. Hawley gathered numerous articles for the publication of his "History of the Canadas," but a fire apparently destroyed many of his original materials and he eventually abandoned the project for financial reasons. Since Hawley had collected five shilling subscriptions for this project, some of his subscribers sent letters to the editor of various papers asking him to either produce the book or refund the money. In a response to one such letter, Hawley refers to his "literary" and "editorial" friends. It is possible that many of Hawley's friends were among the literary elite of Montreal and, if this was indeed the case, it is likely that these friends facilitated Hawley's research and they may have also been lending sources for the wide range of literature Hawley cites in *The Unknown*. Moreover, the advertisement that ran in the *Canadian Courant* (see page vii, above) for "The Legend of Niagara" does not appear to have been written by Hawley himself, but by the editor or some other concerned party, perhaps indicating that Hawley had friends in positions of authority at this newspaper.

31. Several poems indicate that Hawley travelled extensively, including "Home in Absence and in Illness" and "A Queer Customer." Hawley also alludes to an impending or contemplated trip abroad in the Preface to *The Unknown*: "this is the last work which I shall publish in this country, at least, for some years" (26-27). Lastly, the descriptions of the Shawinigan falls and of La Grande Mère are so detailed (and reputedly accurate) that it is likely that Hawley travelled up the St. Maurice at some point before writing *The Unknown*.
32. Nicholas Perrot is credited with coining this name in Elsie McLeod Jury's entry on Pieskaret in the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, 1, p.547.
33. Jean de Lauzon junior had no children until after his marriage in 1651, the same year his father first landed in Canada and four years after Pieskaret's death.
34. As outlined in Sir William Blackstone's "*Commentaries on the Laws of England*" (1765-1769), the four stages theory is based upon the assumption that the progress of any given society may be measured according to its mode of subsistence. The "savage state" is the first stage, and is characterized by the practice of hunting for food as opposed to the herding practices of the "barbaric" or "pastoral" stage, farming in the "agricultural" stage, and commerce or trade in the "civilised" or "commercial" stage. See Bentley, *Mimic Fires*, for precedents of the "four stages theory" in Thomas Cary's *Abram's Plains* and in other Canadian literature.
35. Harman and Holman, *A Handbook to Literature*.
36. See Edward Said, *Orientalism*. Other examples in Hawley's writing that echo assumptions noted by Said are "like a noiseless spectre" (19), "with the eye of a

lynx”(2796) and “statue-like”(2602).

37. In *Old Lamps Aglow: an Appreciation of Early Canadian Poetry*, p. 50, Lawrence M. Lande suggests that Hawley thought of himself as the first poet laureate of Canada.

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THE UNKNOWN

OR

LAYS OF THE FOREST.

BY W. F. HAWLEY.

AUTHOR OF QUEBEC, THE HARP, AND OTHER POEMS

A tale of the times of old.

OSSIAN.

MONTREAL:

J. A. HOISINGTON, & CO. ST. PAUL-STREET.

1831.

TO
JAMES SCOTT, ESQ.
THE TALENTED EDITOR OF THE MONTREAL HERALD,
THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BY HIS FRIEND,
W. F. HAWLEY.

PREFACE.

But a few months have elapsed since a first publication, composed principally of the irregular effusions of early life, was offered to the public: The flattering manner in which that volume was received, has induced the author again to claim its indulgence at this early period.

Neither the polished strains of Campbell, the wild energy of Byron, 5
nor the magic wand of Moore, wreathed with flowers, and glittering with gems, must be expected in the wilds of America; yet, if I have essayed faithfully to delineate its unknown scenery, together with the dark traits of its early history, and to cheer the fire-side of our long winter evenings with

“The deeds of days of other years.” 10

the attempt may claim some indulgence.

As regards the *plan* of this work, I must confess myself an imitator; as there are many instances of several independent tales having been connected in a similar manner, among which the Arabian Nights and Lalla Rookh stand pre-eminent; and I can only hope that this circumstance may not 15
induce a comparison, which must prove fatal to these pages. Would the reader know why this plan has been adopted, I can assure him he knows as well as myself:—It pleased my fancy, and if it please his, that is sufficient: if not, no logical attempt at a reason would induce him to “unbend his brow.”

The hint for the Maid of St. Paul, is found in Chateaubriand’s travels 20

in the East, where the fate of Evadne, also the massacre of the villagers, in the same poem, is delineated. With these exceptions, the characters and incidents of that and the remaining poems are fictitious.

As this is the last work which I shall publish in this country, at least, for some years, I cannot avoid expressing my gratitude to the numerous and 25 highly respectable subscribers, who have so liberally come forward to patronize my humble efforts, in a country where literature is in its infancy: a liberality which promises a speedy developement of the dormant talents of the country: and that talents of no ordinary class exist, no one can deny who 30 has read the fugitive pieces of Sweeny, Willis and Dugal, many of which, to use the language of the Foreign Literary Gazette, when speaking of Canadian poetry "would do no dishonour to laureled heads."

Montreal, January, 1831.

THE UNKNOWN,

OR

LAYS OF THE FOREST.

In the year 1633, peace being restored between England and France, the storm which had threatened the utter annihilation of Canada, or New France, passed away, and the rejoicing foresters again dreamed of golden harvests, springing from the ruins of the ancient wilderness.

Quebec, Montreal, or, as the savages termed it, Hochelaga, and Trois 5
Rivieres were the only places where the ambitious Europeans had yet succeeded in forming establishments. The last mentioned place stands midway between the other two, having for its site a sandy plain, lying upon the northern shore of the St. Lawrence.

At the period of which we write, the primeval forest had disappeared 10
for a small distance around, with the exception of some few scattered elms, whose fantastic wreaths, almost touching the ground, appeared weeping for the destruction of their ancient friends. Among these representatives of the forest stood a few houses, built principally of rudely squared logs; and, a

little detached from these humble dwellings of the strangers, was one which 15
 attracted even the eye of the savage, as he glided through the trees at night,
 like a noiseless spectre, to the distant ambuscade, or went forth in his pride
 on the shaded path of the deer.

This cot was situated on a trifling elevation, north of the principal
 houses, and differed from them externally, by being neatly whitewashed; a 20
 substitute for paint now general among the Canadian peasantry. In front of
 the cottage a few trees remained, and in its rear a flower-garden threw up its
 perfume, and seemed to rejoice amid the wilderness.

About one fourth of a mile north of the village, the St. Maurice
 discharges its deep and dark waters into the St. Lawrence, and at an equal 25
 distance to the west, appeared what was termed the Coteau; although upon
 reaching this apparent hill, it proved to be but the commencement of a more
 elevated plain, extending many miles into the interior. This plain was a
 barren sand, covered with the moss of ages, and producing nothing but a
 scanty growth of small ever-greens; a few stunted whortle-berries; and an 30
 occasional patch of sorry strawberry vines. This dreary back ground was only
 relieved by a few wild-flowers, among which the Canadian snow-drop
 showed its white bell, imbedded in moss.

On the verge of this upper plain, and overlooking the village, was
 perched a small hut, surrounded by an unusually high stockade, in the Indian 35
 manner. The only inhabitant of this lonely dwelling was a youth of perhaps

twenty years: The singularity of the stranger's choice of a situation, together with his extraordinary deportment when he left his hut, which was but seldom, made him the frequent topic of conversation. It was not known to what country he belonged, as he conversed with equal facility with the 40 French inhabitants, and with the two or three Germans and Italians who had found their way into the solitudes of the New World. He had at times an almost senseless look, as he gazed for hours, on the crystal waters of the St. Lawrence apparently watching the stars, dancing with the gentle undulations of the waves. 45

Many supposed that the youth was crazed—and they certainly had appearances in favour of such a conclusion: others were positive that he had committed some crime, and had fled from the avenging laws of his country: while one or two venerable single ladies, whose age entitled them to judge of such matters, saw, in the wild gleaming of his eye—which really burned 50 fearfully at times—in his pensive attitudes, and jealous seclusion from the world, a lovesick youth, seeking forgetfulness of the past in the wild solitudes of America. However, they all agreed that he should be closely watched—and every young girl in the place religiously acted upon this general principle. 55

The stranger was tall, well formed and handsome. Jet-black hair curled slightly over his high forehead, and his dark eye was restless as those violet flames which are said to lead benighted travellers to the brink of dizzy

precipices, or into the more deceitful regions of moss-covered fens. No European had entered his cot, but rumour said that the famous Indian chief 60 Piscaret,* when in that part of the country, was often seen to glide across the brow of the Coteau, and disappear behind his dwelling.

True it was that The Unknown, as he was termed, had acquired many habits common to the savages: He became famous for his skill in the chase, by which he appeared to subsist: he was frequently absent for days, and 65 generally returned about the period of the friendly savages' visits to Trois Rivières.

Perhaps none in the place regarded The Unknown with more intense interest than the inmates of the white cottage before described. M. de Lauzon, the head of that family, had known the bright days of prosperity, but 70 by continued reverses he became much reduced, and finally determined upon trying the fur-trade in New France, then, as now, the last expedient of the discontented and unfortunate. His family consisted of his wife and two daughters, one about twenty, the other seventeen. The mother, a weak but amiable lady, seemed slowly sinking under repeated afflictions, but the two 75 daughters were just passing the romantic region of youth, and those fearful forebodings which would sometimes intrude, when the piercing yell of the lynx, or the still more appalling war-whoop, came through the silence of

* An Indian named Piscaret, was at this time one of the captains of the greatest fame among the Adirondacks. COLDEN, Pretty, 25.

night, passed off rapidly as the shadow of a summer cloud from the bright
surface of a slumbering lake. 80

Little Eloise, the youngest of these wood-nymphs, was a perfect
specimen of an incorrigible romp, but as beautiful as an Houri; and her wild
deviations from every position of the most desperate posture-master, together
with her unchangeable good nature, drew many a smile from the wan lip of
her mother. Leonie was taller and less fair, than her sister, and as graceful 85
and stately as the majestic swan, when he arches his neck and glides over the
golden waves to meet the sun bursting from his liquid couch.

In the early part of September, of the year above-mentioned, this
family group was seen in the little garden in rear of the cottage, enjoying the
soft and balmy air of a Canadian autumn. The sun was just sinking in the 90
west, and appeared like an immense ball of fire, thrice its usual magnitude.
The atmosphere imparted a luminous mellowness to every object, and a
tinge, not unlike that of ripe corn, rested upon the St. Lawrence. The White
Maple had already felt the finger of approaching winter, and glowed like the
crimson banner of a pirate; its leaves occasionally whirling and eddying 95
through the air till they touched the ground, with a rustle like the fall of an
Indian's foot—or reaching the water, glided rapidly along its surface,
seeming to tell how swiftly the bright things of this world hurry away.

M. de Lauzon was supporting his lady; Eloise briskly engaged in
attaching a bouquet to the tail of a favourite cat; and Leonie pensively gazing 100

at the little cot, which appeared as if drawn against the yellow west. "The Unknown has returned;" said Leonie:—He had been some time absent, and as each one looked towards the Coteau, the curling smoke was rising from the rude chimney of his solitary dwelling. They had gazed but a moment when two or three light forms glided along the brow of the hill and passed 105 through the gate, which, contrary to custom, was open: The next instant a column of smoke burst from the door, followed by the report of a gun and the lighter sound of a pistol—a faint yell came on the air, and again all was still within the little fort of the Solitary.

Such scenes were not strange to the foresters, but an attack from the 110 natives was at this time particularly dreaded, as the defences of the place were in an unfinished state, and consequently useless.

M. de Lauzon hurried the females into the house, and, seizing his gun, hastened to the general rendezvous. The alarm was soon spread, and every man capable of bearing arms, was in a few moments ready for 115 whatever might happen.

An immediate descent of the savages was anticipated, but an hour passed away, and nothing occurred to confirm such an opinion. The shadows gathered in silence around the cottage of The Unknown, and, as none would volunteer to cross the intervening space, the villagers remained in profound 120 ignorance of his fate: but it appeared certain, that, had he survived the attack, he would have sought their protection against its repetition.

As the country at this time was at peace with the Iroquois, it was concluded that this outrage must have been committed by some small party of the western Indians, who had passed down the St. Maurice. Sentinels were set, and the remainder of the villagers retired to their homes, but slept, as was usual upon such occasions, with arms by their sides. 125

M. de Lauzon was too anxious for the fate of his family to rest, and offered to be one of the sentinels on the western side, which appeared most exposed. The night was near its last watch, when growing weary, he leaned against a tree, his fusée resting across his left arm. 130

It was one of those splendid autumnal nights so common in this country. There was no moon, but each star looked from the deep blue heavens like a little watch light. A sable cloud lay in the north, its semi-circular edge tinged with dun, seeming like a dull iris, and sometimes emitting luminous streams of a bright yellow, which wavered and spread as a flaming sword, and then, drifting away across the golden stars, curled and disappeared. Then again came a rapid succession of flashes, imitating the distant gleaming of musketry. At length the nocturnal rainbow rose gradually, till it spanned the horizon, and crossing the milky-way at the zenith, it appeared like a strip of twisted gauze, having streaks of flame continually crossing it transversely. At times the confused howl of a troop of wolves broke the stillness around, and a few solitary fireflies were yet seen among the yellow foliage of the over-arching elms. 135 140

A brighter flame from the Aurora Borealis gleamed around, and he 145
 turned his head to admire some new freak of the splendid meteor:—At this
 moment a fearful sound as of a thousand demons burst through the stillness
 of night; and, as he sprung instinctively towards the houses, flames were
 curling along their sides. In an instant the air was filled with the discharge of
 guns, the shrieks of women and children, rushing half-naked from the 150
 burning houses, and the yells of the painted warriors in their work of death.
 With phrenzied strides M. de Lauzon sought his own house, around which
 the contest appeared the hottest. At the corner of the garden a female was
 writhing in the grasp of a powerful savage—it was Eloise—and in the agony
 of the moment, his presence of mind entirely forsook him, for whatever 155
 course he might take endangered the life of his daughter. However, before he
 had time to act, a dark form glided by, and the savage, with a fierce shout,
 fell dead at the feet of The Unknown, whose knife had found a sheath in his
 heart. “To the house with the girl, instantly!” he cried, and immediately
 disappeared in the direction of the fight. 160

The fire-arms of the villagers at first gave them the advantage, but
 as the fight became more regular, the wily foes of the Pale-faces sought the
 cover of the trees, and, having the advantage of numbers, nearly surrounded
 the little band of Europeans. The arrows were showered upon them from all
 quarters; some had fallen, and many felt the sharp stony points drawing the 165
 life-blood from their veins;—their fire became fainter, and even The

Unknown appeared to waver. The next moment he was seen passing rapidly from one to another of the devoted band, and then, suddenly disappeared among some small ever-greens. A more spirited fire commenced, but the savages, ashamed of being so long kept at bay by such inferior numbers, 170 were rushing in, when the war-whoop was heard in the direction of the St. Maurice, and the villagers simultaneously shouted, "Piscaret!" At that dreaded name the savages paused, and as the war-whoop again sounded, nearer, and as if repeated by several, they fled precipitately from the village, and were lost in the deep shadows of the back ground. 175

The war-whoop had been raised by The Unknown as a last expedient—the stratagem was completely successful, and he rushed in to join in the pursuit, when an agonizing sound came from the house of M. de Lauzon, and he was seen bursting bareheaded and unarmed among the victors, crying "My daughter! save my daughter!"—In that confused and 180 fearful scene he had but just discovered that Leonie was absent. Maddened with agony, he flew towards the dark forms of the retiring foe, but his strength failed, and, overcome by his terrible fears, he fell a little in advance of the party. The Unknown, who had unconsciously assumed the command at the commencement of the affray, gave him to the care of a youth, and then 185 led on a little, to keep up the appearance of pursuit. This, however, was unnecessary—the name of the Algonkin chief* had done more than their own

* Algonkin and Adirondack are different names for the same tribe.

desperate hardihood, and the panic had driven the foe far beyond the outskirts of the settlement.

The morning came in its beauty, but it shone upon a scene of terrific 190
desolation. Five of the villagers had fallen, and not one man had escaped without a wound; three houses threw up the dull columns of smoke from their ruins; the yellow leaves of the elms were grey with ashes, and under their shade lay several dusky forms, cold and stiff.

Within the once happy dwelling of M. de Lauzon a scene of 195
heart-breaking sorrow presented itself. The pale form of Madame de Lauzon was extended on a bed, writhing in convulsions, and the physician, hardened to scenes of anguish, attempted not to hide the tears which fell on his hands, as he prepared some potion for his patient. The aged father appeared more calm, but it was the deceptive calm of intense suffering, and the once gay 200
Eloise, burying her face in the couch of her mother, sobbed as if her heart would break with anguish.

This group perceive not the entrance of a stranger:—It was The
Unknown.—He was equipped in the Indian manner; a small cap, adorned
with a tuft of eagle's plumes, covered his head; his face was painted—black 205
lines running round the eyes, and from the corners of his mouth nearly to his ears; two red marks ran across his cheeks, looking like ghastly wounds, and his forehead and chin were fantastically dotted with blue. A blanket passed over one shoulder, and about his body, reaching to his knees: This was

secured around his waist by a belt ornamented with beads and porcupine 210
quills, and in this belt was stuck a hatchet, and from it depended a pouch and
scalping-knife. He wore red leggins and moccasins curiously ornamented in
the same manner as the belt. Upon his breast which was nearly bare,
appeared a hare, in blue paint.—His gun, and an immense powder-horn by
his side, completes the picture. 215

He gazed a moment around, and in a low voice articulated—"M. de
Lauzon!"—The father started, and Eloise screamed as she saw one in that
garb so near; but as they recognized their protector, M. de Lauzon arose and
pressing his hand attempted to speak, but words came not to express his
feelings. 220

"I go to seek your daughter:" said The Unknown:—"take this packet,
and if I never return do what you please with it." "Leave us, Father"—cried
Eloise, "and go with the good, the brave stranger." "No," said The Unknown,
"it would ruin all—Farewell!"—and before M. de Lauzon could second the
wish of his child, The Unknown disappeared beneath the bank of the river, 225
and they saw his bark canoe turn the point and glide rapidly up the St.
Maurice.

Winter came, with his chill mantle—the rivers were as the solid land;
the bare trees whistled to the tempest, as it raised the white covering of the
ground, and swept it as dust over the St. Lawrence:—Leonie—The 230
Unknown—came not; hope sickened, and the vacant chair at the fireside of

M. de Lauzon was despondingly set against the wall. All hopes of the lost one had passed away, and the wretched family mourned the untimely fate of that generous youth, who, for one of them, had sacrificed his own life.

One evening Eloise suddenly recollected the packet, which had been 235 forgotten in their grief; and, as all expectation of The Unknown's return had vanished, it was determined to examine its contents. They were neither gold nor precious stones—but a manuscript, written in a small, neat hand, containing four poems, over which appeared, "LAYS OF THE FOREST." All the mysterious vagaries of the young stranger were at once explained—his 240 extravagant fooleries were no longer a wonder—he was a poet!

"The young Bard hath passed away:" said M. de Lauzon, "but perhaps he has left a legacy which, for a moment, may steal our thoughts from the past, and bear us away to the regions of romance: Come, my Child! draw thy chair nearer the light, and while the savage wind is drifting the 245 snow against the windows of our cot, read us a tale of The Unknown." Eloise obeyed, and the little family group soon forgot their own sorrows, as the clear, sweet voice of their daughter gave forth the simple strain of the Stranger.

MILENO.

"Spirits of earth! Spirits of air! 250

Come to me over the silver sea:

Lay the locks of my tangled hair,

For the lov'd, the lost one is coming to me!

I see her sailing on yon light cloud,

With wreaths of roses upon her hung. 255

And wildly around her moon-beam shroud

Her glistening locks of jet are flung.

I see the light of her polished brow—

I feel the beam of her laughing eye!

Come, invisible Spirits, now. 260

And bear me away to yonder sky!

Spirits of earth! Spirits of air!

Throw your spells on the flying shade!

For she slowly fades from the moon-light's glare,

And tells me not where her rest is made." 265

Thus sung a stranger, bending o'er

The cliffs which bound Italia's shore,

As night came down on wild and lea,

And hung her shadows o'er the sea.

No lines of age were on his brow, 270

All bare, beneath the moon-beam's glow,

His cheek, tho' pale, still full and fair,

Unmix'd the locks which clustered there:

And but a wild, unearthly gleam

Of his dark eye, revealed the dream, 275

Which hid in its obscurity

Life's maddening, curs'd reality.

None knew from whence the craz'd one came,

None knew or how, or whence the flame

Arose, to sear his erring brain. 280

Or who the fair, that in his strain,

Seemed rising to his sight again.

They only knew, when winds were high,

And threw the foam against the sky,

A fragile bark was seen to glide. 285

As if by magic, o'er the tide,

And dashing on the beach, there came

A stranger from its shattered frame.

Calm and unmov'd his features lay,

As on the shore, from day to day. 290

He wandered, till a cave he found

Upon the ocean's rugged bound;—

A dark and rayless home that cave,

Its roof and walls of ragged rock,

And its rude entrance scarce the brave 295

Had ever passed without a shock!

Yet there that lost, bewildered one

Groaned hours, and lingering days away:

And neither morn. nor evening sun.

With quick'ning, renovating ray. 300

Upon his fading form had come

Since first he found that cheerless home.

But as the shadowy evening threw

On flower and bush the chastening dew.

Then came the crazed one from his den. 305

And pac'd with folded arms the glen.

Or, spirit like, hung o'er the steep

To catch the shadows on the deep:

The fearful and unmeaning sounds

Told that his vision fled the bounds 310

Of earthly keeping: Much he sung.

With action quick and passionate.

Of love, and often round him flung.

With rolling eye and brow elate.

His arms, as if some form were there. 315

Mocking the ravings of despair:

Then, as he felt their vacant close.

A wild and shuddering shriek arose.

Deep from his bare and heaving breast—
 So loud, the sea-bird from her nest 320
 Affrighted sprang, and o'er the deep
 Threw her white wing, with sullen sweep.

For days no human being came
 Near that abode: and in his frame
 Famine came slowly—and his eye 325
 Grew dull with want and misery!
 His cheek and lips turned thin and pale—
 Pale as the foam thrown on the sail
 By wild tornadoes:—None would come.
 For fear, to view the mad-man's home, 330
 And if the peasant passed at night,
 His heart beat faintly with affright.

There was, not distant far, a spot
 Which shrinking Solitude might love.
 Where, amid ruins, stood a cot, 335
 Hard by an aged lemon grove:

And one, who left his cloister's air,
 To worship God in silence there,
 Had mark'd the peasant turning pale
 As he disclos'd the wondrous tale 340
 Of that craz'd stranger, who, he said,
 Liv'd on—yet not by flesh, or bread!

Years were upon Bernardi's brow,
 And those who sought his life to know,
 Saw a long track of gentleness— 345
 The deeds of one who sought to bless
 His frail and wandering fellow men,
 And bring them back to peace again!
 There was no harshness in his clay—
 No sordid thirstings mark'd his way— 350
 And in his mild and passionless eye,
 His brow, scarce furrow'd, broad and high,
 His dignified, yet humble air,
 And that long beard, and snowy hair,
 In his mild voice of holy love, 355

You saw a pilgrim bound above—
 One who had reach'd a tranquil even,
 And near'd the glowing courts of Heaven!—
 And such the man who sought that den,
 To win the lost one back again— 360
 To try if all his gentle art
 Might wile the scorpion from his heart.

The sun had set—the stars shone out
 From their untrodden depth of blue—
 As near the period of his route 365
 The holy man with caution drew.
 No form was visible, and he
 Paus'd in the shadow of a tree—
 An aged tree, which seemed to stand
 Like that wild stranger, all alone. 370
 With neither flower nor mate at hand,
 To hear its deep and startling moan,
 When tempests came, with sullen sound,
 To throw its sickening leaves around!

All on that spot was lone and wild— 375

Huge, blackened roots, abruptly pit'd,

Paved all the height, and far below,

The ocean's everlasting flow

Circaned like a whirlwind, when it comes

To toss the seamen's watery homes. 380

Not long he waits, when from among

Those rocks ascends a broken song,

And slowly from his shadowy home

The maniac is seen to come:—

Bare was his head—his raven hair 385

Lay tangled on his forehead fair,

Sunken his cheek—his rayless eye

Fixed heavily on vacancy,

And round a frame, now all unstrung,

A faded cloak unheeded hung:— 390

Faintly he pac'd the height, and stood

Tottering, above the ocean flood!

But calm he seem'd, as sense again
 Had half resumed its doubtful reign:—
 Perhaps that hour of chastened light 395
 Has something for that cheerless wight
 Allied to former joys, ere pain
 And sorrow lighted on his brain,
 Which brought from out the chaos there
 A gleam of sense—and of despair! 400

"Thou moon! Whose half-formed sphere is seen
 Spreading o'er earth its silver sheen—
 And you, ye glorious points of flame!—
 I know ye!—Tell me whence I came—
 And what I am—and why this head 405
 Seems newly from the dreamless dead!
 Alas, my brain! It will not think
 Upon the past!—It is the brink
 Of depths more terrible than e'er
 Gave to the hunter boy a bier, 410
 And hid, in its obscurity,

His carcass from the raven's eye!

I am—I know not what—and yet,

I *am*—and ne'er can quite forget

That *being* is not well for me. 415

When far below me lies the sea.

With such a beauteous, snow-white pall,

Where all might be forgotten—all—

The madden'd dream of her—of him—

Hist! there is blood upon its brim! 420

A broad, a bright and fearful stain—

I must not see it rise again!—

Farewell! thou glorious earth!—I go

To list the ocean's tuneful flow—

To slumber in its coral bowers 425

On gem-lit beds of azure flowers!"—

"Stranger forbear!"—His hand he rais'd,

And on that priest a moment gaz'd—

Then rushing past, with one loud yell,

The madman sought his sullen cell: 430

But all too weak that nerveless frame

For such a flight, and ere he came

To that dissevered rock, the dim

And shadowy earth was gone, to him:

He fell—and on his mangled brow 435

The blood seem'd starting as from snow:

So pale that brow from long despair.

'Twas strange to see the crimson there!

What should be done!—The least delay

Might steal that wreck of life away:— 440

Bernardi was in years, yet strong—

He gently rais'd, and bore along

That pliant, shrunk and blighted form.

Which once had laugh'd at fight or storm!

With rapid stride he posted o'er 445

The broken, wild and rocky shore.

And hastening to his lowly shed

He placed him on his humble bed:—

Then only did Bernardi shake
 Lest that repose should never break! 450
 Vainly his humble skill he plied,
 And vainly staunch'd the blood which dyed
 His torn and soiled garments o'er—
 It seem'd that heart could beat no more!

"Oh! when this earth hath nought to give 455
 To tempt the writhing heart to live,
 When pain brings on the leaden hours,
 And life hath lost its smiling flowers,
 When burning fires are in the soul,
 And passion's force defies controul, 460
 When all is lost in one wide stake—
 Why is the heart forbid to break!"
 So murmur'd he who watch'd that frame,
 As on those lids a tremor came.
 So light—it might be fancy still— 465
 The hand he held was damp and chill,
 And icy drops stood on his brow

And mingled with the crimson's flow:—

He lives! at length that rayless eye

Again uncloses heavily!— 470

And mild and settled glances come

As reason has resum'd its home.

Like glimpses of the quiet sky

When sable clouds are out on high.

"Stranger!"—Bernardi stop'd him—"Nay, 475

Unbroken rest to-night, and day—

I know what thou would'st ask—shall give

All that I know:"—Unhoped reprieve.

To one just on the verge of time.

Awaiting the reward of crime— 480

When blank futurity looks dim.

And all of life seems lost to him—

Kindleth no incense for the heart.

Bringeth no hallow'd influence.

Like that which gentle deeds impart 485

To waning life and wavering sense!

A sickly smile came o'er him then,
 And e'vn his eye was moist again.—
 Ah, days, long days their watch had kept
 Since he had either smil'd or wept. 490
 And now that smile was strange and grim,
 As human smiles were not for him!

Calm as a sleeping child he lay,
 And thought those creeping hours away,
 And as a mother o'er her child. 495
 The good Bernardi watch'd and smil'd;
 But not without an effort came
 That stillness on his wasted frame:
 A silence which was gratitude—
 For he could not see, rashly rude. 500
 To one whose gently chiding eye
 Seem'd as his sires in infancy.

The morning came—and did it bring
 Oblivion on its crimson wing?

Ah, no! The sun may rise and set— 505

Still burning memory haunts him yet!

But calm he seem'd, at times, and ne'er

Betray'd by word, or sigh, or tear,

The wight of sorrow—or of sin—

Which lay immutable within! 510

In seeming rest a week had sped,

And he would rise from that dull bed,

To gaze upon the glorious sky

And talk with nature's majesty:—

And well he knew that hallow'd place— 515

For brighter hours had left their trace

Too vividly for years of pain

To blot them from his heart or brain!

Here had that master-spirit dwelt,¹

At whose proud shrine the nations knelt 520

In after days—and he would rove,

Once more, in that deep orange grove,

To dream of nobler times that were,

And then awaken—to despair!

'Twas evening, and the shadows grew 525

Along the ocean's azure hue.

When from a rustic seat that pair

Sigh'd o'er the spot, so lone, yet fair:—

Beneath them were the waves which bore

Eneas to that silent shore. 530

Around, those ruins grey and lone—

Arch'd passages, and vault, and bath,

With envious weeds half over-grown—

Nor distant far that sign of wrath,

(A sign of everlasting shame. 535

'Gainst that Triumvirate of blood—

A glory to a freedman's name.)

The monument of murder, stood!²

The orange grove in silence lay,

In silence Ischia, on the Bay. 540

And hush'd was Somma's³ breath of fire,

Like giant slumb'ring from his ire.

"Mark ye," the stranger said—"how deep—

How beautiful is nature's sleep!"

Solemn and low, his accents fell—

545

"There is a sad, a sacred spell

Upon me, when the silent night

Has put the noisy day to flight!

I ne'er may feel that spell again—

Nay, I am calm—despair and pain

550

Are slumbering deep within my heart.

And ere its care-worn fibres part,

For they are waxing feebler fast.

I would disclose all—all the past."—

He paus'd—no tears those drops below—

555

They started from his marble brow!

That momentary struggle e'er,

And all was tranquil as before.

"My name Mileno—why do'st start?

I thought that name was laid apart

560

From the frail memory of the land—

Indeed this *was* no stripling's hand!—
 Well, when a boy, my sire was slain
 By one Filario, on the plain,
 Not far from Rome:—The murderer fled 565
 To foreign climes. My mother shed
 Few tears—but, O! how oft she sigh'd!
 And with the summer flowers she died!
 And then I wept—long, long I wept.
 And as strange feelings on me crept, 570
 I rais'd my little puny hands,
 And vow'd a bloody blight should come
 Upon the spoiler of my home!

"But time swept by, and rumour brought
 A balsam to my brooding thought: 575
 They said Filario died in blood,
 Where Jordan rolls his sullen flood:
 Again I wept—with joy I wept—
 And then my boyish spirit slept!—
 Then youth with its wild thirstings came— 580

I only wish'd to grasp a name,
 A cherish'd place in that fair roll
 Which heeds nor change, nor time's control!

"My name was e'vn in early life
 Coupled with bold and bloody strife: 585
 For where the wildly desperate were,
 The young Mileno grappled there!
 A dreamer I had ever been—
 O' that my dreams had ended then,
 In the wild chaos of the fight— 590
 Then had not been this sickening blight!

"Filario had an only son—
 A brother soldier—and to shun
 My father's murderer's son I tried,
 Though oft we struggled side by side. 595
 In desperate strife. —His sister—nay!
 That son, in one forlorn affray,
 When all my men around me lay,

Dying and dead—Filario's son
 Rush'd through the bloody field and won 600
 My forfeit life, when hosts of foes
 Around me were about to close;
 And back we struggled—by my side.
 He fought like one that had been tried—
 And gain'd our friends, to join the cry, 605
 The glorious shout of 'Victory!'
 He was a noble youth, and died.
 Soon after, fighting by my side.
 And murmured faintly, as he fell—
 'Mileno—sister—fare thee well!' 610

"That sister was a cherished one.
 And I had sworn, an hour before,
 Ere that fatal fight was done.
 His star grew dim, to shine no more.
 That lone, deserted flower should be 615
 As father—mother—friend—to me!

“Bernardi—dost thou see this scar?—

I found it that bloody war:

Long, long that wound refus’d to close—

They said it needed time—repose— 620

Inglorious ease:—I hied to Rome,

That solitary orphan’s home—

Be still, thou fiends!—one little hour,

And then exert thy fiercest power!”

He ceas’d—again that palid cheek 625

Was flush’d with anguish, and his meek,

Subdued, and almost rayless eye

Grew lustrous with insanity!

But soon the rising storm was quell’d,

And every startling glance dispell’d.— 630

He gazes on the quiet sky—

The starry gems are bright on high,

And seem upbraiding with their rays

That phrenzied dream of other days!

He looks upon the boundless deep— 635

And there the evening shadows sleep.

Like spirits of those waves suppress'd.

All dim and silent in their rest!

Calm and subdued his accents fell—

“Bernardi—’tis not—’tis not well. 640

That this still hour—perhaps my last—

For, to that bourne I hurry fast—

It is not well this hour should be

All wild as in its wrath yon sea!—

“I said I went to Rome—and there 645

I found that sister of my friend.

Whom I had sworn to love—defend: —

I will not say that she was fair—

It were like looking on the sky.

When not a cloud appears on high. 650

And calling that bright heaven blue!

She was a wild-flower—in whose leaves

Were blended, with its gentle hue,

Those veins of beauty all unknown

To ruder eyes—where nature weaves 655

Its hidden charms!—To me were shown

The folded plumes of that young dove—

And wilt thou ask me, did I love!—

“Hye lov’d!—and o’er me, day by day,

Did Clari watch—and smile away 660

Each piercing pang—each hovering dream

Of glory; and each martial gleam

Was as a vision—dim and faint,

Though, at each loud and wild complaint

Of dark defeat, my blood grew high— 665

Yet, as I gave a soldier’s cry,

And murmur’d ‘Death or victory!’

Oh! she would look so sad, so lone—

That frail young being of an hour—

‘I were base and heartless to be gone. 670

To leave her in the rude world’s pow’r!

"Indeed it had been madness then,
 To tempt the sulphurous field again.
 Yet, but for her imploring eye,
 That wound had been as naught, and I
 Again the maddened strife had tried—
 Rush'd to the field—and fought—and died!

675

"And time—I know not how it flew—
 Rush'd by:—Again I freely drew
 My wonted breath, but then there came
 No burning for the field of fame!
 Those hours of love were all to me,
 And in my spirit's revelry,
 The past was but a troubled sea,
 All wild with its immensity!

680

685

"We rov'd beneath the palm-tree groves—
 But never whispered of our loves!
 She little said—nor oft her eye
 Was lifted to the sunny sky.

But rested upon gentler things— 690

The transient fly's transparent wings.

The tiny blade, the fragile flow'r.

Unfolded for one little hour.

The glossy streamlet's sparkling throes.

Where cool and fresh, the lily rose, 695

The woodland songster's cheerful cry—

These things could raise a smile or sigh.

"But oft she smil'd not—and the world

Was as a fearful banner furl'd—

A frightful thing, whose very breath, 700

Or burning touch, were worse than death!

Yes, Clari was like those fair flowers,

Which, peering from their silent bowers,

View the rude things around with dread.

And drooping, hang the fragile head! 705

We lov'd!—Oh! could I linger on

That sound—those days—till years were gone!

If years were mine to cast away

On words and times as chaste as they!

“But no—a wilder tale must come!— 710

At morn it was my wont to roam,

To breathe the free and chastened air,

While heaven and earth were bright and fair:

And by the Coliseum’s wall,

All rent, and tottering to its fall. 715

I thought upon the shapes of old—

Those mortals of immortal mould:

And, as I mus’d, a stranger came

And look’d upon that mighty frame—

Perus’d the noble columns o’er. 720

As he had seen that wreck before,

For no emotion, or surprise

Show’d in his motions, or his eyes—

He rather seem’d to scan the scene

To find what changes there had been. 725

"Some fifty winters he had told,
 But still, his broad, herculean mould,
 And buried sinews, seem'd to say
 He had not seen so long a day.—
 I know not why—my bosom burn'd 730
 At that side-face—at length he turn'd—
 Filario!—Heavens! It cannot be—
 The murderer died beyond the sea!
 It was! for well that face I knew,
 In childhood—well remember'd, too!— 735
 'Villain!'—my hand was on my sword—
 And our eyes met at that stern word:—
 He started, for in me was seen
 What in his youth my sire had been—
 He would have fled!—'Nay, coward! see 740
 That murdered father's son in me!'—
 'Coward! His son!'—He fiercely turn'd,
 And fearfully that dark eye burn'd,
 And forth that fatal sword he drew,
 And firm as ice each muscle grew:— 745

"I would not add thy death to guilt—
 But, young intruder! as thou wilt!"—
 We fought—how long and fiercely fought.
 Is now to me—to thee—as naught:—
 Filario fell—he fell, and I
 Liv'd on to curse my victory!

750

"He had not left his father's land,
 But liv'd a wild and fierce brigand—
 The leader of a bloody band!
 And one disguis'd the story bore,
 Of death upon a foreign shore,
 That every trace of him might lie
 In deep and safe obscurity.
 He died—and in that clenched hand
 Held firm in death his spotted brand:
 In his grim face and glaring eye
 A fearful threat still seem'd to lie,
 As if of vengeance yet to come—
 A presage of my early doom!

755

760

"And Clari—Clari—where wert thou, 765

With that soft eye and gentle brow!

That thought came on me, as a blight

Of many years:—*Thy* father's blood

Was on my hand!—All—all was night,

And chill'd, and statue-like I stood! 770

'Twas true, he fell in dark disgrace—

But still it was *her* father's face

Which coldly, darkly threatened there,

And bade, in silence—to despair!

" And there I stood—and when the cry 775

Of blood arose, all wild and high—

When 'blood for blood' was all the sound

Of the base rabble closing round—

I calmly sheath'd my smoking brand;

And when they knew the fierce brigand. 780

I did not heed their joyful shout,

For all my soul was welling out—

Not from the pricking's of his blade—

Mere scratches were the wounds it made,
 And faint his nerveless weapon fell, 785
 Or I had not this tale to tell!

"But that fair being then to me
 Was as a form of memory!
 A lovely, yet a shrouded thing—
 For, thinkest thou that I could bring 790
 This hand, which bade her father die,
 To meet that meek, upbraiding eye!—

"Bernardi—from that fearful day
 My failing spirit turns away!—
 I thought—and thought—and glimpses came 795
 Of hideous thing—of blood and flame!
 My brain grew wild, and tempest-tost,
 But sense was not yet wholly lost,
 And weeks went by in that wild dream,
 And, now and t

And fearfully I rav'd again!

"And far, and farther did I stray

To drive those fearful things away:—

O'er shaggy mountain heights I fled. 805

Or dwelt among the ancient dead,

Within the gloomy, vaulted tomb—

Or strayed at night through silent Rome,

To gaze upon that pillar high,⁴

As lone and desolate as I. 810

And call'd it in my wanderings

The monument of brighter things—

The wreck of that fair temple, now

Laid, as my peace, forever low.

"One star-lit night, unconsciously, 815

Her little bower I wandered by,

And she—Bernardi—she was there,

All pale and faded—yet how fair!

She saw me not—and bending o'er

A stalk with neither leaf nor flow'r, 820
 Such tones came from her as before
 Ne'er thrill'd the heart at that still hour:
 It was the deep and solemn sound
 Of autumn winds, when all around
 Of bright and beautiful has flown, 825
 And dewy flowers and birds are gone.
 'My flow'rs!' she said—'I heed them not.
 But, O! this is a hallowed spot!
 The confident of gentle things—
 And faithful, taunting memory brings 830
 Me here to dream of seasons fled,
 And weep as o'er a brother dead!
 Yes, father—brother—*all* are gone!
 Mileno craz'd—and I alone!'

" And I *was* craz'd—for from that hour, 835
 I knew nor sense nor reason's pow'r!
 Yes, madness darkened o'er my thought,
 And deep and perfect ruin wrought.

My brain, a fabric overthrown,
With e'vn its deep foundation gone!— 840
And all was depth of night, till thou
Didst find me on the cliff's rough brow:
That evening, things that were, again
Came crowding on my heart and brain!

"Bernardi, didst thou ever see 845
The black clouds rising heavily,
Till heaven, and earth, and ocean—all
Were darkened with their sable pall.
And then, a fairy bird on high,
With snow-white plumes against that sky? 850
If so, thou know'st how fair, how bright,
Amid life's high and troubled sea,
Those transient hours of joy and light,
When love and hope were young, to me!"

With faint and tottering steps he rose, 855

And sought within that cot repose!

All hush'd, in seeming quiet, there

He lay—no sigh escap'd again—

But his lips mov'd—perhaps with pray'r—

Perhaps with lingering words of pain! 860

But all was still, as if the dead

Had slumbered in that lowly shed.

What rap is that at midnight deep?

What woman's voice, when such should sleep?

Ask ye who never deeply lov'd, 865

Nor woman's warm affection prov'd!

Ask ye, dark souls! who never knew

What frail and blighted frames can do!

But yester-night she heard that tale,

Upon a couch of sickness, pale, 870

And fading like a fragile flower,

Beneath the autumn's chilling power.

To-night is Clari here! She is!

And, in that wild and long embrace,

All motionless her form and his— 875

So still there seems of life no trace!

In one sweet dream their souls are met.

And there they linger—yet—and yet—

That dream has naught of care or pain—

That dream!—They ne'er shall wake again! 880

Their hearts were shrinking blossoms, made

For some wild glen's sequestered shade:—

Thrown open to the winds, and worn

Feeble—with leaves and fibres torn—

A burst of sun-shine on them came, 885

And fell'd them with too bright a flame!

They rest together on the shore,

As such should sleep when life is o'er,

And long a flower its perfume shed,

And wept its dew-drops on their bed: 890

And oft that aged priest was there,

With sighs and tears for that young pair!

Bernardi, and that flower are gone—

All—all departed, and unknown!

Eloise read the sad close of Mileno with a voice faint and tremulous with 895
emotion, and walking to the window, looked out upon the clear but
boisterous heavens. The moon was near the full, and shone with a chilling
lustre upon a few white clouds, driven furiously across the sparkling points
which studded the light-blue sky. At times the wind seemed raising the
whole body of snow from the ground, and whirling it aloft, every object 900
became hidden as in a thick mist. Then again it came in eddies, and striking
the hollows of the drifts, the snow spun upward in spiral columns, many feet
into the air, and then seemed to dissolve like the spray of a cataract; and
when a momentary calm occurred, the surface of the plain, white as
alabaster, sparkled as with myriads of silver spangles. 905

But all seemed desolate and cheerless. The very moon and stars, although
shining with a lustre never seen in warmer climes, appeared emitting the
most intense cold. With a shudder, lest some shelterless wretch should then
be exposed to that fitful blast, Eloise sought her couch, but her once light and
joyous slumbers had departed; and she dreamed of the hapless Clari, 910
labouring through the drifting snows, and finally perishing amid a thousand
horrors.

Clear and intensely cold the morning rose upon Trois Rivières. The wind

had fallen, and the sun shone with a dazzling splendour upon the tops of the drifts, raised many feet in height, and looking like the waves of the sea, when 915 the tempest has covered its broken surface with foam.

The frost with which the air was filled sparkled like a shower of gold dust, and, when the doors opened, a cloud of vapour was seen hovering about them. Few of the villagers ventured from their cabins on that day, and those who did felt a pricking sensation, like the points of needles entering the skin. 920

The short day soon passed, and as night again drew the family of M. de Lauzon about the cheering fire, Eloise brought forth the manuscript of *The Unknown*—and commenced another of the LAYS OF THE FOREST.

ZEMIN

A PERSIAN TALE.

The sun over gay Shiraz is bright,¹
 And happy the birds in its arbors singing. 925
 And beautiful are its flowers of light.
 And pure its founts from marble springing:—
 But purer, brighter, happier far
 Than fountain or flower or bird at play.
 Is the rose of the vale, young Nouronihar,² 930
 On the smiling morn of her bridal day!
 And, Zemin! hast thou escap'd at last
 From the fields where war hath blown his blast.

From the Genii's spells and Peris' pow'r.³
 To clasp thy bride in this blissful hour! 935
 Then give to the winds thy warrior dreams—
 For false and wild are their vapoury sway—
 From streams of crimson their meteor-gleams,
 Leading the heart and hand astray:
 Away with thy sword and waving plume! 940
 Not for war is that band appearing,
 Not for the field those cheeks of bloom—
 Nor for the fight that joyous cheering!
 Thy spear may slumber to-day from war,
 And thy noble steed to the trumpet prancing. 945
 In her crimson veil comes Nouronnihar,
 With her fairy troop of maidens dancing!
 She comes—and her chosen virgins lead
 By the gilded rein her snow-white steed,⁴
 And one of that light and joyous band 950
 A mirror bears in her snowy hand.⁵
 Behind are coming a festive throng,
 And around her arises the Bridal Song:

“Look again!—then forever

Lay thy maiden mirror by! 955

Once again—and then ever

View thyself in Zemin’s eye!

Should his eye lids close.

Hush’d in deep repose.

Let not ev’n the rose 960

Wave within thy bow’r:

Lest his dreams should be

Of war’s troubled sea,

Or of aught but thee.

In that silent hour! 965

Look again—ere to-morrow

Zemin’s cares and tears are thine:

But, to-day, tears and sorrow

Are no guests of thine or mine!

Joyful moments fly— 970

Youth soon passes by—

Dreams of ecstasy

Break at opening day:

Ere those flow'rs depart

Binds them round the heart. 975

Fho' thy tears may start

O'er their memory!

Once again—and forever

Then thy maiden mirror shun:—

See, it breaks!—Thus must sever 980

Woman's heart from all but one!"

The bridal day hath sped, but yet

The bridal festival is heard,

And that gay troop again hath met,

With buoyant hearts and sportive word:— 985

What means that cloud upon thy brow,

Young Zemin?—all are happy now—

Thy bride is smiling in thy eyes,
 As if to read their dark disguise—
 Is not thy craving fancy full? 990
 And is she not as beautiful
 As thou couldst wish?—Young soldier, say,
 What cloud is on thy heart to-day?
 Doth she not love thee truly?—Yes!
 Or else that chill upon thy bliss— 995
 That settled musing of thine eye,
 Had pass'd her all unheeded by!

He started as her hand was laid
 Gently on his, and saw the shade
 Upon her brow—her lids of jet 1000
 Half-clos'd, and their deep fringes wet!
 "Zemin!"—Her voice came hus'd and low,
 Like deep and solemn music's flow,
 Which seems to linger and depart,
 To steal upon the stricken heart:— 1005
 "Nouronihar, 'tis nothing—nay—

But I must leave thee for a day.”—

“Leave me!”—

“But for a few short hours:—

The Sultan to his armed pow’rs

A message sends, but”—

“Are there none 1010

But thou, to bear the message on!

The Sultan knows—yes—knows it well,

Not past our marriage festival!”

“Fear not!—and hours as quickly pass

As shadows from the stainless glass! 1015

Go tune thy lute—and teach its strings

To speak of bright and happy things:

Or tend thy flowers—that opening one—

That rose will bloom while I am gone.

And thou shalt pluck it, Love, for me, 1020

When I return again to thee:”—

One kiss—and Zemin is away!

"He's gone! yet only for *one* day!"

And still that parting seemed to tell

Of darker things than that farewell:— 1025

His hurried words and saddened tone

Fell on her heart when he was gone:

And with her deep, convulsive sigh

Came tears—and yet she knew not why!

A moment passed—a mounted train 1030

Swept through the street, and o'er the plain:—

"Tis Zemin's plume!—Yet why that throng,

To speed the Sultan's word along?"

Again her thought foreboded ill.

And on her heart came faint and chill 1035

The gleaming of those lances bright,

Which fell and wavered in their flight

Like groves of fire, when winds are high,

And bend their needle points awry.

Another sun hath shone and set. 1040

But still her Zemin comes not yet:—

Another, and another fled—

She weeping hangs her aching head:—

’Tis but a vision I have seen,

Such as in infancy hath been! 1045

Ye visions of the starry night!

Alas! how fleeting—yet how bright!—

When I had wings and flew afar,

And saw the groves of Bisnagar.³

And caught the nightingale at rest 1050

Upon his blushing flowret’s breast

Alas! those dreams of early home—

Those dreams again may never come!

And this, the brightest dream of all,

Is folded in its sable pall! 1055

And is there, then, no resting place

Where hope and innocence may lie,

In deep and safe obscurity?—

Where blighting sorrow has no trace—
 Where flowers may bloom unfadingly, 1060
 Nor storms obscure the azure sky,
 Nor birds one little prelude sing,
 Then, lifeless, hang the ruffled wing!

"A week has wing'd its lazy flight,
 And where is he this stormy night? 1065
 Ah, Zemin! false, forgetful one—
 Thus to forsake thy bride so soon!
 Could'st thou not set one thought apart,
 And send to cheer my boding heart?
 They told me often, when a child, 1070
 Thy sex our gentle hearts beguil'd
 With tender word, and well-feign'd sigh—
 Then, as a bauble, cast them by!
 And yet I fondly dream'd that thou,
 With that warm eye and noble brow, 1075
 Wert one apart from all thy kind—
 A changeless being, form'd to bless:

And dream'd that I was blest to find

A flower amid the wilderness!"

Nouronnihar—thou erring one!

1080

Know'st not what blighting deeds are done.

What changes wrought ev'n in a day.

Along the warrior's troubled way?

But yester-night thy Zemin stood

Victorious on a field of blood.

1085

His panting warriors gathering round.

And shouting to the trumpet's sound:—

To-night those warriors all are slain—

Or swell the haughty victor's train.

And he alone, of all those bands.

1090

Escap'd, all chill and fainting stands.

Not distant far, amid the gloom.

By thy own cherish'd Hafez' tomb:—"

Long had he press'd his failing steed.

Half doubting, through the dubious night.

1095

And now he hail'd that marble white.¹⁰

Appearing in his sorest need:

For he had grop'd for hours along,

Bewildered in his shrouded path

And saw no light—and heard no song—

1100

And felt—the beating tempest's wrath:

The peasant's song was hush'd with fear,

For wild and ruthless war was near!

Dismounting, to his steed he said,

"Rest thee a moment, by the dead,

1105

And then again we seek our home,

To try what more of ill may come!"—

That steed shall never bear again,

His master over ford or plain!—

Alas, his last wild race is done—

1110

He reels and sinks without a groan:—

"Alas! my steed!"—That youth had borne

Defeat, and felt the laurels torn.—

Those laurels won by toil and blood—

As if by lightning, from his brow: 1115

Had seen the young, the brave, the good

Falling around, yet until now

Had murmur'd not:—That steed had been

The plaything of his infancy,

The sharer of each bloody scene. 1120

Companion of each victory:

And he, upon that fearful day,

When all was lost, had borne away,

Through crossing spears, o'er heaps of slain,

His lord in safety from the plain! 1125

Long—long he lean'd against the stone,

And thought upon the triumphs gone—

His noble steed—the coming day—

When Sultan Mahmed might repay

His days of toiling in an hour. 1130

And give him to the headsman's pow'r,

Or silently that cup prepare

Which revellers but once may share:
 And, Alla pardon! if a thought
 Of fearful import on him wrought: 1135
 As, half unsheath'd, his bloody brand
 Was firmly clench'd within his hand!

What thought arrests that inward war?
 A gleam of thee, Nouronihar!
 His sword is dash'd into its sheath— 1140
 "Yes, come what may—disgrace or death—
 I will not fly from hated life

While that bright star is in the sky,
 Tho' every hour with death be rife,
 "And every thought be misery!" 1145

Hot blood was in young Zemin's veins
 The blood of princes, and the reins
 To passion now were wildly thrown,
 As his bright hopes of fame had flown:
 For well he knew defeat to be 1150
 A sign for death or infamy!

Yet, yet a feeling wilder far,
 A doubt of his Nouronihar,
 Came on his heart, and lull'd despair—
 But made a fearful chaos there! 1155
 For tho' he lov'd as few may love,
 And deem'd that gentle one above
 All of her sex, he doubted *all*,
 And thought them like the sunny wall
 Where every passing form might cast 1160
 The shadow, but when each had pass'd,
 Retaining not the slightest trace
 Upon its fickle, sunlit face!

 And should another sit beside
 His early lov'd, his beauteous bride! 1165
 And should another find his rest,
 When he had pass'd, upon her breast!
 No! it were better to live on
 Tho' every other hope were gone—
 Better to live a wretched thing. 1170

If he could 'scape his vengeful king,
 And into other regions fly
 To slumber in obscurity!

Again he o'er his courser bent,
 To find if life was wholly spent:— 1175
 "All stiff and cold!"—He turn'd away—

The cypress boughs around were sighing,¹¹
 As through them swept the tempest's sway.

Like the last murmur of the dying!
 Drown'd was the voice of Roknabad¹² 1180

And not a single gleam was shed,
 From heaven or earth to cheer his eye,
 And guide him in his misery!
 No object but that spectral tomb
 Was visible amid the gloom. 1185
 And that uprear'd its snowy form
 As the wild spirit of the storm.

Not far Shiraz—the space between
 In youth had often travers'd been.
 When hope and friends were gay around. 1190
 And joy sent up its syren sound:
 But now a chill was on his brain
 Colder than even that chilling rain.
 And when his weary feet had stray'd
 An hour along the shrouded glade. 1195
 No sound familiar caught his ear.
 No guiding light sent forth its cheer.
 And as he deem'd his dwelling near.
 Sharp rocks and roaring streams around
 Proclaim'd the mountain's rugged bound. 1200

 Famish'd and cold—oppress'd with care—
 Say, were it strange if wan Despair
 Came fiercely on his whirling brain.
 And bound it in his mad'ning chain?—
 Yet long his feeble limbs he plied. 1205
 By rugged rock and swollen tide,

Till strength, and thought, and courage grew

Like ships with neither helm nor crew.

And failing in his rugged way,

Cold and inanimate he lay— 1210

His stiff, and seeming lifeless form

Out-stretch'd beneath the pelting storm.

What fairy being hovers near,

With wand of light and smile of cheer!

She wav'd that wand—no drop of rain 1215

Came on his palid form again!

The rock uncloses at her feet.

And round a band of maidens meet.

Who gently raise the youth, and go

By winding marble steps, below! 1220

His eyes unclose:—Is this a dream?

Or is that mild and soothing gleam

Beaming around, from Alla's throne.

In the blest bowers of Paradise?

Such forms of beauty never shone 1225

To glad the child of earthly skies.
As burst upon his coming sight
Within that hall of shadowy-light!

At one extremity, a throne
Of Indian gold¹³ with diamonds shone. 1230

And on the throne a silph-like form
Was half-reclined, her snowy hand
Under a cheek with crimson warm:

And round her brow a jewelled band.
With white and azure flowers entwin'd. 1235

Bound half her dark, and silken hair.
Yet many a raven lock resign'd

To show her brow and neck more fair:—
Not Agridagh's untrodden snows¹⁴

Are purer than the spotless lawn. 1240
Which half her fair proportions shows.

Like glimpses of the earth at dawn!
Over her spread a canopy

Of azure silk—a mimic sky!
 For many a topaz sprinkled there 1245
 Shone out like golden Stars—and bright
 The green embroidered hangings were
 With flowers, and gems for dew's of night!
 And she, the Queen of this fair show,
 With her soft eyes, and beauteous brow, 1250
 And smiles for which a saint might fall,
 Was fairer, lovelier than all!

A crimson velvet couch was spread
 Just at her feet, o'er which were shed
 Such perfumes, from a viewless hand, 1255
 As sham'd the flowers of Samarcande.¹⁵
 And every breathing of the air
 Brought eddying showers of rose-leaves there:—
 Upon that couch Zemin awoke.
 When first the light upon him broke: 1260
 Surpris'd, bewilder'd, half uprais'd,
 The wond'ring youth in silence gaz'd,

Like one awaken'd with the sound
 Of siren music breath'd around!

On either side that fairy hall 1265

Was bounded by a crystal wall,

On which, as in a mirror seen,

Were verdant bowers of waving green:

In one a pearly fountain sprung

From mossy rocks, all overhung 1270

With myrtle boughs, which kiss'd its spray,

And held a pair of doves at play:

The other show'd a dusky grove—

A place for gentle words of love?

And as the breezes stole among 1275

The boughs, where golden fruitage hung,

The ripened peach and orange fell

On jasmine, rose and asphodel:

Within a narrow vista, there,

A snow-white shrine was seen, and fair 1280

Young forms were gliding from those bowers.

With offerings of fruits and flow'rs.

A golden lamp above the throne

Hung from a wreathed silver chain—

But shadowy was the light which shone. 1285

And one might look, and look again.

To find the ceiling whence it came:

And round that soft and chastened flame

Lustres of opal, chrysolite,

Of amethyst and emerald green. 1290

Of hyacinth, of sapphire bright,

And azure turquoise-stone, were seen.

Like a gay cloud of butterflies,

When summer lights the sunny skies.

That spacious hall's remotest verge 1295

Was visionary as the surge

Of ocean, when the night descends.

And with the waves its shadows blends!

There unrevealed spirits throng.

Form and dissolve, or sweep along 1300

Looking like shades escap'd their graves.

And riding on the foam-capp'd waves!

Bewildered, Zemin gaz'd around—

He saw no movement heard—no sound:—

All silent, soft and motionless— 1305

Not even wav'd one fairy tress

Of that bright being, brighter far

Than even thou, Nouronnihar!

She claps her hands—that distant gloom

Shows eyes of light, and cheeks of bloom!— 1310

A band of smiling maids advance

And to the lute's soft music dance.

Forming a wreath about the throne

Of glancing eyes and waving hair:

And coronal and turban shone, 1315

With many a burning diamond there.

O'er forms luxurious as the sky

Of Iran, when the moon is high!

Each varied dress in that array—

And all unveil'd—and all were gay, 1320

As in those holy dwellings where

No jealous eyes were on the fair.¹⁶

Some were equipp'd with turban light!—

 An azure tunic to the knee—

A sash with claps of diamond bright, 1325

 And trowsers light as phantasy!

Their little yellow slippers seen

Gliding along that carpet green,

Seem'd daisies waving gracefully

Upon the meadow's emerald sea. 1330

One a sweet song of Hafez sung!¹⁷

And the deep notes were upward flung

With trembling lip—with dewy eye—

And heaving breast of ecstasy!

Another, dress'd in many a fold 1335

Of stainless white, and zone of gold,

Seated herself at Zemin's feet

And threw her snowy fingers o'er

A light guitar:—A voice as sweet

As greets the blest upon the shore 1340

Of Paradise, came on his heart,

Bidding each thought of earth depart:

SONG.

"We Peries are gay

As the bulbul in May, 1345

When the rose is in bloom

And the air free from gloom!

Zemin, rest thee here awhile!

Earth hath naught for thee to cherish:

False the fairest mortal's smile— 1350

Things of earth are born to perish!

Here no tyrant's rod is hung.

Here no tempest's breath is sighing:
 Giauhara, ever young

Sways the bright and never-dying! 1355

We Peries are bright
 As the vision of light,
 In the infant's repose,
 At the day's silent close!

Zemin, thou shalt be our king! 1360

We will cull thee fairer flowers
 Than in earthly regions spring,
 From our ever-blooming bowers:
 Lutes shall bring thee sweet repose.

And thy bright and joyous dreaming, 1365
 When those weary eye-lids close,
 Shall have nought of earthy seeming!

We Peries are true
 As the heavens are blue.

O'er the land of thy birth. 1370

On the sorrowing earth!"

The song is hush'd, those forms are gone,

The Peri Queen remains alone:

Then first she spoke, with voice as soft

As summer's zephyr, flung aloft 1375

From angel wings, to clear the sky

Of Iran, when the plague is nigh:

"Zemin, thy guardian spirit am I!

I tended thy couch in infancy,

And when in young boyhood thou didst stray 1380

I hover'd invisible, over thy way

I chill'd with my wand the coiled snake,

I frightened the tiger from the brake.

I cool'd the fire of the sultry day,

I chas'd the withering plague away: 1385

And when as a soldier thou didst ride,

With thy sword of Shiraz¹⁸ and helm of pride

I shivered the spear as it near'd thy heart.
 I dash'd away the careering dart.
 I shook the folds from the veil of doom. 1390
 Till victory sat upon thy plume!

"But thou wert growing too proud and high,
 Forgetting the Power above the sky,
 And the order came for thy cup to be
 Drugg'd with the bitterest misery!— 1395
 And now thou mayest return again—
 But I warn thee of biting care and pain—
 Or thou may'st dwell forever with me,
 Forgetting, in love and revelry,
 The deceptive wreath of tumultuous war. 1400
 And the fading charms of thy Nouronnihar!"

That thrilling name struck at his heart.
 And fast the burning tears did stream.
 Those burning tears which seldom start
 But for some fondly cherish'd dream: 1405

"Peri, tho' earth hath naught for me
 But mocking and inconstancy—
 Tho' poverty and lone despair,
 With sickening touch, await me there,
 Yet would I not forsake that star, 1410
 My own, my lov'd Nouronihar,
 Not, Peri for the brightest eyes
 That ever shone in paradise!"

"Mortal, then receive thy doom
 As a bird with fairy plume 1415
 Thou shalt die, yet find no tomb!

Ever changing shalt thou be—
 For a spell is over thee,
 To fulfil thy destiny!"

She wav'd her wand—and throne and hall, 1420
 With odorous lamp, and crystal wall,
 Faded as in a dream away.

And round him was the opening day!
 But, ah! the charm hath on him wrought.
 And chang'd him with the speed of thought. 1425
 As a young nightingale he flies.¹⁹
 Spreading his pinions to the skies!
 Ah, luckless Zemin! such a fate
 Hath often fill'd thy dreams of late.
 When slumbering on the crimson ground 1430
 With bleeding friends and foes around.

 Away he flits, and in an hour
 Is hovering o'er his lady's bow'r:—
 All silent there—the weeds had sprung:
 The flow'rs, neglected, drooping hung— 1435
 Where once were flowers and music glad
 All seems forsaken, lone and sad.

 What female comes with pensive pace,
 With mourning garb and palid face?
 Nouronnihar!—what do'st thou here 1440

So early?—Dost thou seek to cheer
 Thy loneliness by sight and sound
 Of birds, and dew-drops glistening round?
 Or is thy Zemin in thy mind

Like traces of thy infancy— 1445

His name a sound with ease resign'd.
 Uncherish'd in thy memory?—

If doting woman fondly love

And he belov'd be doom'd to perish.

If thou would'st that affection prove. 1450

To find if she hath aught to cherish—

Go look into her swollen eye.

Go gaze upon her faded cheek.

And listen to the deep-drawn sigh—

Those are the words which truly speak! 1455

Her eye was as the star of night

When filmy clouds have o'er it flown—

Her cheek, the moon-beam's yellow light

Upon a foaming billow thrown!
 Her eye was on a fading rose.— 1460
 Her bosom wild with passionate throes—
 And silent gushings of despair
 Fell mingling with the dew-drops there!
 That was the rose of which he said,
 When he to join the battle sped, 1465
 “And thou shalt pluck it, love, for me
 When I return again to thee!”
 She deem’d him dead, for such the tale,
 Nor dream’d that this young nightingale,
 Hovering so fondly round, was he— 1470
 The idol of her misery.

 “Young bird”—she murmur’d with a sigh—
 “With ruffled wing and heavy eye,
 Hath some rude hand thy flowret taken?
 Or hath the storms its frail leaves shaken? 1475
 Go—there are many flowers for thee.
 But, bulbul, only *one* for me!”

The day hath pass'd, and in the west
 The weary sun descends to rest,
 Yet still that nightingale is there, 1480
 By thy pale rose, Nouronihar!—
 A rushing sound is in the sky—
 An eagle cleaves the air on high,
 And dashes on that mournful bird—
 One short and piercing cry is heard, 1485
 And Zemin's spirit takes its flight,
 Resting within a frame of might—
 An Arab steed with waving mane
 And furious blood in every vein!

 And what is he who guides that horse, 1490
 With galling heel and brutal force?
 Who but the Persian Shah!—he goes
 With might to quell his fiery foes!
 He mingles curses for his steed
 With curses on the brave who fell, 1495
 And swears that all did tamely bleed

Who died in yonder star-lit dell!

The night hath clos'd—the dew's are down—

And slumbers he who wears a crown?

He sleeps—but fearful dreams arise 1500

Of black revenge—of gurgling cries,

From victims ere the souls depart.

With lance and dagger in the heart!

The crouching foe had on them set.

And crossing sword and spear hath met! 1505

Upon the air is shout and yell

As if the earth and air were hell!—

The Persian Monarch mounts to lead

Where fiercest fight, and stoutest bleed.

For strong were both his heart and hand. 1510

And none have met and shun'd his brand:

But ere his eager horse could start

A Persian dagger finds his heart—

A slave whom he hath made a slave

Has sent the tyrant to his grave! 1515

What form is starting from the earth?

Is it a son of mortal birth?

It is—and mystic words of cheer

Are sounding in that mortal's ear!

"Zemin, arise! the spell is past— 1520

The despot of Iran hath breath'd his last!

Hush'd to sleep is thy fiery pride.

And true thou knowest thy gentle bride:—

Never forget, in thy wayward mood.

That forms of light are around the good: 1525

Never forget that a power on high

Rules in wisdom thy destiny!

Here is thy own good sword and steed—

Mount! and away! to the combat lead!"

Again his reeling sense returns. 1530

Again his blood for battle burns:

A few are quickly gathered round.

And charge as swells the trumpets sound:—

Ah, fearful is the struggling fight

In the dim watches of the night 1535

The fiend-like shout—the sabre's clash—

The charging squadron's mingled crash—

The meteor light from meeting brands.

Showing fierce eyes and bloody hands—

The horse unriden dashing by. 1540

And the deep groan of agony!

Then Zemin's name came fiercely out

In many a wild and cheering shout.

But hosts of foes were on them yet:

And oft, on every side beset. 1545

His hand had hew'd a bloody way

To some more numerous array:

For broken early in the fight

They strive in vain to reunite

The scattered powers of either host. 1550

And more than once all seem'd as lost.

And more than once a victory.
 Deceptive, seem'd to either nigh.

Fierce bands swept swiftly round the plain
 And met—never to part again! 1555
 And when the opening dawn of day
 Lifted from earth its mantle grey,
 It shone upon disjointed bands,
 On single pairs, with struggling hands,
 On many a gor'd, and heaving bust, 1560
 And bloody banners roll'd in dust!

Then, Zemin all his might did wield
 To join his powers upon the field:—
 Quick words, with quicker acts obey'd,
 Were given to meet those bands that stray'd 1565
 The rallying sound was shrilly blown
 And fallen banners upward thrown!—
 The leaders to their chargers set,
 Soon as a fair array had met.

Then dashing on the broken foe 1570
Defeat and perfect overthrow,
Wild flight, and rapid victory,
Sent up their noises to the sky!

Zemin hath left the sounds of war
And lists to the lute of his Nouronihar:— 1575
She hath pluck'd for him that promis'd rose
As the day sends up its silent close—
She hath twin'd a laurel crown for him,
But still with a tear her eye is dim!
Such tears alone may she ever know. 1580
Or purer drops for another's woe!
Like a distant dream is her sorrowing,
And Zemin the brave—is Persia's King!

Several evenings intervened before the ill health of Madame de Lauzon permitted the continuance of those tales of The Unknown. Her nervous system had become completely deranged, and the barking of their old and faithful dog, raised images of horror in her mind, with difficulty allayed by the assiduity of M. de Lauzon and Eloise. However, at her own request the manuscript was again resumed, and Eloise seated herself by her bed-side and commenced the third tale.

1590

THE MISANTHROPE

I.

"Aged one, the sun hath set

The shadows of night in the east have met,

And the bird hath sought its nest:

Thy time-thin'd locks are hoary white.

Thy bended form hath lost its might.

1595

And the old should rest with the closing night—

Enter my cot and rest."

II.

"Youth, thy cheek is round and fair,

Full and soft thy waving hair—

And bright thy joyous eye:— 1600

What across thy path hath sped,

What of blight upon thy head,

Which hath taught thee thus to shed

A joy on misery?

III.

"Had thy journey been as mine, 1605

Hadst often knelt at sorrow's shrine,

Thy pity were not strange:

And yet the bitter scenes of life,

Shrouded in malice and in strife,

With burning thought and passion rife. 1610

From gentler things estrange!"

IV.

"Hoary stranger, mirth and joy
Are not over with the boy,

On his morning way:

Yet the path appears so bright, 1615

When thy weary heart grows light,

I would know if sorrow's blight

Dash'd those locks with grey!"

V.

The aged man hath doff'd his care

And smiling, smooths his snowy hair, 1620

And talks of startling themes:

Of wonders seen in foreign lands—

The youth in listening silence stands:

With arched brow and folded hands,

And his eye with pleasure gleams! 1625

VI.

And yet the curious boy would know
 Of that darkly hinted tale of wo.

And asks the boon again:
 A cloud comes o'er the stranger's brow,
 The fire of his eye hath ceas'd to glow 1630
 And his bosom heaves with a passionate throe
 As if with awakened pain!

VII.

"Youth, thy prying will be done!—
 Nay—I would not chide, my son.

But that tale to me 1635
 Raises forms too often met—
 Forms which I would fain forget—
 Forms too wildly cherish'd yet
 Ever to fade or flee!

VIII.

"But that hated tale may be 1640
 As a gentle warning voice to thee;
 And a word in youth
 Cheats the path of after life
 Of its sharpest thorns, of its wildest strife.
 And leads old age, with honors rife, 1645
 To wisdom and to truth.

IX.

"Ah! youth with me was wild and bright,
 A scene of enchantment and delight.
 Of unknown angel forms!
 Each beat of the heart was ecstasy, 1650
 Each sound of earth a melody,
 Each motion the reckless revelry
 Of the eagle amid his storms!

X.

"And I thought the gentle words around
Were something more than a courteous sound, 1655
Unmeaning as the strain
Of the mocking-bird, which mimics the jay
Or the nightingale's more serious lay,
Or, if the raven be nearer than they,
Re-echoes his croak again! 1660

XI.

"I thought those smiles, so light and free,
 Spoke of the kind heart's innocent glee.
 Nor dream'd of treason or harm,
 Nor knew that the brightest smiles lay where
 Is spread for the young and unwary a snare. 1665
 More fatal far than the tiger's lair,
 Or the treacherous serpent's charm.

XII.

“But boy-hood’s golden fruits and flow’rs

Faded and fell, as the last fair hours

By laughing Time were told: 1670

And manhood came—and then I knew

That poisonous weeds have blossoms too!—

Slandered and cheated, in time I grew

Suspicious, reserv’d and cold.

XIII.

“But a light fell on my waywardness: 1675

Youth, seest thou this auburn tress?—

It wav’d o’er as fair a brow

As ever was lit by an azure eye—

An eye of fire and mystery.

Which told of feelings warm and high. 1680

And spirits of endless flow!

XIV.

“She, too, look’d coldly on the throng
Of busy idlers, passing along.

And learn’d that throng to shun;
Quickly a union of feeling grew— 1685
We said in our hearts there are but two,
Chaste and faithful, honest and true,
Breathing beneath the sun!

XV.

“Then we those perfect ones, did wed,
And the world, for which we car’d not, said, 1690
The eagle hath found its mate:
For we were alike in voice and form,
In those passionate feelings, high and warm,
In that glance which seem’d to defy the storm,
And laugh at the shocks of fate. 1695

XVI.

"We err'd, and that very erring made
Our hearts as near as the tree to its shade
Or the morn to its crimson hues:
But she was the gentler, milder far—
I, like the comet, she, the star,
And her love half lull'd the ceaseless war
Which I with the world had made.

1700

XVII.

"And yet, ere many months had sped
A coldness seem'd in all she said—
It might be fancy all—
But this I know, my words grew chill,
Her fairy voice grew dull and still,
And her haughty eye foreboded ill.
But no lenient tear did fall.

1705

XVIII.

"I warmly lov'd—but confidence 1710
 And gentle words were banish'd hence.
 For I deem'd her affection dead;
 But pride was on us in his might,
 He whisper'd to each that each was right.
 And threw a chill on that season of light. 1715
 And our flowers were faded and shed!

XIX.

"One night, returning with hound and gun,
 (For in sports like these I sought to shun
 The upbraiding of her eye)
 I swore my thoughts should all be told; 1720
 And if, as it seem'd, her heart was cold,
 'Twere better to know, than thus grow old
 In doubting misery.

XX.

"My heart grew light with that wiser thought,

With quicker step my home I sought. 1725

But my bride was sought in vain!

I saw a note:—"Tis time to fly—

I go to one whose gentle eye

Hath naught of man's inconstancy—

We never may meet again.' 1730

XXI.

"She sought the home of her youth—and I

Those fields where the wretched cannot die—

Where the young and cherish'd fall:

But I pass'd on as a guarded thing.

The raven would not flap his wing. 1735

The coiled serpent would not spring.

Nor the sulphur spread my pall!

XXII.

"Earth had no kindred clay for me,

My heart became a mystery.

Blighted and withered then: 1740

Strange fancies thickened day by day,

I would not think, and could not pray,

Nor drive those hated forms away,

Those forms of my fellow men!

XXIII.

"Yet nought of gloom was in my eye. 1745

My bosom never was heav'd with a sigh.

And I laugh'd with a horrid glee:

But that cherish'd hatred of all my kind

Came with its spell o'er my wandering mind.

Like the fiery wing of that fatal wind 1750

To the rover of Araby.¹

XXIV.

"I know not if my brain was craz'd.

But a fearful fire was there, and blaz'd

Like the fires in church-yards seen:

A living light among the dead. 1755

A gleam upon those moments fled.

A memory of the feelings sped

Never to come again!

XXV.

"But I could not bear the jocund glee

Of my warrior mates in their revelry 1760

And I laid aside my helm:

My plumes were thrown to the tempest's breath.

My sword was left to rust in its sheath.

And I left afar that sea of death.

For its waves would not o'erwhelm! 1765

XXVI.

“Then I bade farewell to my native land.

And vow’d to visit each foreign strand.

And said, if I could find

But *one* whose heart was gentleness,

Whose soul was form’d its fellow to bless. 1770

I would forego my wretchedness.

And dwell in peace with my kind.

XXVII.

“And thus for many years I stray’d.

And the part of a spy with men I play’d.

But the hearts of men were steel: 1775

Indeed they were not always cold.

When their eyes were on my lavish gold—

And their souls I found were readily sold.

But dead to other appeal!

XXVIII.

"The great survey'd the boundless world 1780
 As a mystic roll for them unfurl'd.
 Where the vulgar might not read:
 And they glanc'd upon earth's lowly child
 As another being, strange and wild.
 As if no God upon him smil'd 1785
 In his pleasures or his need!

XXIX.

"The poor beheld the lofty brow
 Of the rich with curses deep, if low,²
 And eyes with envy fill'd
 And the haughty glance of the other's eye 1790
 Emitted no beams of sympathy—
 Nor at sight of his fellow's misery
 One pitying drop distill'd.

XXX.

"And holy men, with chastened gait,
 With action formal and sedate 1795
 Look'd on sin with sorrowing;
 They gave to the poor with a visible hand,
 They took a high and threatening stand
 Against the vain ones of the land—
 And worship'd some hidden thing! 1800

XXXI.

"There were zealots, too, of each varied creed,
 Ready to combat, burn, or bleed
 For their own all-perfect code,
 And each his neighbour's faith revil'd
 With passionate speech and action wild, 1805
 And each the other's flock beguil'd—
 And each—forgot his God!

XX XII.

"The young warrior wore his plume with a grace:

With a luminous eye—with an angel's face

Was the babe and its mother slain: 1810

And the patriot fought for liberty

With a powerful arm and a flashing eye,

And exulting shouts went up the sky

As he gave a triple chain!

XXXIII.

"The fair and beautiful ones of earth" 1815

Wrought their spells amid scenes of mirth

And sybil revelry,

For the smiling young and the wealthy old.

And ever their eyes were caught with gold.

For they heeded not if their charms were sold 1820

For glittering pageantry!

XXXIV.

"But flowers are not for the frosty head,
 And when the moment of doting had fled
 They crush'd them without a sigh.
 Yet the younger kill'd with a gentler art— 1825
 Each set his chosen victim apart.
 And winning with smiles and sighs the heart,
 Left if alone to die!

XXXV.

"Such was the world to my darkened eye,
 But the days of my prime were passing by 1830
 And brought a calmer time:
 Again the rustling sails unfurl'd,
 Again the billows around me curl'd
 As I left the track of the polish'd world
 To hide in a barbarous clime. 1835

XXXVI.

"I sought the east, where the Tartar roves,
 Where the tiger lurks in his orange groves!
 And a fancy on me came,
 To throw each trace of splendor by,
 And once again as a mendicant try
 If the earth had aught of humanity
 To quench that mysterious flame.

1840

XXXVII.

"I learn'd the sounds of a savage tongue,
 My beard and hair around me hung,
 And a Callender's garb was mine,³
 But ere a second sun did rise
 The Faithful⁴ saw my frail disguise.
 And the death-blows follow'd my quick surprise.
 And my carcass away was flung!

1845

XXXVIII.

"But the angel of death was absent yet. 1850

And when the evening sun had set

An ancient Dervise came:

He bore in his feeble hand a spade,

That my frame with its kindred earth might be laid,

For he would not have a banquet made 1855

For beasts, of the human frame!

XXXIX.

"A fluttering pulse the stranger found—

He stole me away without a sound

To his humble clay-built cell,

He hid me within an inner part— 1860

Well did he ply his simple art.

And he kept intrusive steps apart

And nurs'd a Christian well!

XL.

"And when again my reason came
 Gone was that self-consuming flame— 1865
 I wept—I wept for joy!
 I had found a gentle soul at last.
 The clouds from my erring brain had pass'd.
 And I curs'd the chain which had held me fast
 Since an innocent, happy boy! 1870

XLI.

"My hate to men had sprung in pride,
 I found no light for I sought no guide,
 And how should those wanderings cease?
 But readily in the hour of need
 That stranger of another creed 1875
 Came to the dying one with speed,
 And offered the hand of peace!

XLII.

“There liv’d within that friendly gate

A mother and her children eight.

And each did well its part. 1880

The children smil’d around their guest

The mother bade the Christian rest

And the sire each lingering fear suppress’d

And sooth’d my sicken’d heart.

XLIII.

“I told my tale—the Dervise said: 1885

“Brother a thousand have been led

Astray, as thou hast stray’d:

But the earth hath both its weeds and flowers.

Its blasting storms, and its genial showers:

Go again to that land of yours. 1890

And with man thy peace be made!

XLIV.

“And if a weary wanderer come

Across thy path, without a home.

Do thou as I have done;

And thy spirit shall find a gentle rest—

1895

The lisping infant shall call thee blest.

And thy sun as it calmly sinks to rest.

Leave a glow on the clouds when gone!

XLV.

“Go in peace! and our common God

Be with thee in thy distant abode!”—

1900

His threshold I pass’d with a sigh.

And linger’d in sorrow a moment there.

And gave up a warm, a glowing pray’r

For a lengthen’d eve on the gentle pair—

Those beacon-guides to the sky!

1905

XLVIII.

“Bless’d be my Herbert then!” said a voice. 1920

“Bless’d be the one of my early choice!—

The stray bird hath return’d to his nest!

Father, behold thy stranger son!

Husband, receive thy repentant one!”—

Her voice grew faint, and her words were done— 1925

She fainted upon his breast!

XLIX.

She had shrunk when she heard a stranger there.

For her days had pass’d in lonely pray’r

Since the wayward one had fled;

But his voice had come as a lovely sound. 1930

And her heart at his closing words did bound.

For the cherish’d form of her soul was found.

And came as if from the dead!

L.

The mounting sun, as he came from the sea,

And burst through his clouds in majesty 1935

To light the impearled flowers,

Look'd upon three whose hearts were one,

That father, mother and gentle son:

And three more blest he ne'er shone upon

Since he left his infant bowers. 1940

The increasing ill health of Madame de Lauzon for some weeks precluded every thought of amusement within their little cot. The fate of Leonie was evidently preying upon her weak frame, and M. de Lauzon saw with agony the probability of a loss which he felt he could not survive.

His lady had become capricious as the April winds which were then 1945
alternately freezing and thawing the masses of snow, still remaining in those places least exposed to the rays of the sun. Instead of avoiding melancholy recollections, she almost continually spoke of Leonie. She would revert to her infantile peculiarities; and, with a retention peculiar to persons of her temperament, recall long-forgotten traits of her demure childhood, which had 1950
given her the title of *La petite Madame*. From this subject she would wander to her own dear France and then again would come strange fancies of The Unknown, for she imagined a resemblance between him and a distant relative who had married in Italy, and eventually fallen in a duel. This singular conceit had so far taken possession of her mind, that the manuscript of the 1955
stranger was looked upon as a family relic, and Eloise was again called upon to read the remaining poem. M. de Lauzon never openly opposed her fancies, but, laying a painful restraint upon his own desponding reflections, endeavoured to lead her mind to more cheerful subjects. This however he seldom effected, and Eloise, naturally sensitive, aided but sadly in its 1960

accomplishment.

The first spring rain had commenced as the evening closed on which Madame de Lauzon called Eloise to the bed-side, and requested that the Lays of the Forest might be brought to wile away the tedious hours. She obeyed with alacrity, and began the last poem of the Manuscript.

1965

THE MAID OF ST. PAUL.

And art thou fallen, land of song and lyre!
 Thy temples silent, and thy martial fire,
 Which not the Persian throngs could overwhelm,
 Lighting alone the bandit's blade and helm!—
 Where are thy joyous shouts, which fill'd the sky— 1970
 Thy laurel's heads and songs of victory?—
 Seek not for Greece—her halls are desolate,
 Where words of thunder broke, and sages sate!
 Yet, land of Helen! would I give to thee
 My song—my sad and humble minstrelsy! 1975
 Be mine to sigh, to weep o'er what remains,
 Thy broken pillars and thy crumbling fanes,
 Thy fallen children, and their tyrant's chains!

The evening sun is bright on Eva's hills.
The shadows round St. Paul's sequestered rills 1980
Are hovering o'er the pine-tops, and the cry
Of Paynim's call to prayer is heard on high.
What mounted stranger comes with dusty steed.
With seeming weariness and lessened speed?
A foreigner he seems, in foreign garb. 1985
And fiercely doth he rein his restive barb.
And mutters unknown curses on his head.
Glancing around by stealth as if with dread
Lest that high mettled courser might betray
Too fresh a spirit for the traveller's way. 1990
A wary word he whispers to his man.
And enters carelessly the village kan:
There on the soft divan his frame he throws.
And seeks, or seems to seek, that frame's repose.
Not young, nor old—some thirty seasons say— 1995

And yet, he may not know so long a day:
 For the light wrinkles on his lofty brow
 Seem rather marks than furrows, mid the flow
 Of raven locks; and tranquil is his eye:—
 But if a turban chance to pass him by
 It burns like lightning in its sable cloud.
 And his lip curls with feelings fierce and proud!

2000

A light carbine lay by him carelessly—
 No other weapon caught the curious eye:—
 But once a Turk, in passing, rudely press'd
 Against him—and his hand was in his breast
 And play'd convulsively a moment there—
 Was it a thrill of pain,—a pang of fear.—
 The hidden workings of some fearful guilt.—
 Or, (heaven forbid!) a dagger's ivory hilt?

2005

2010

The night is resting on St. Paul—each star
 Hath set its light in heaven, and from afar
 Shines like a golden spangle, and that kan

Is dark and silent, as if living man
 Breath'd not within it:—Who is he that slides 2015
 From the small window, and in silence glides,
 Like a dark spirit, underneath the pines?
 It is the stranger who his couch resigns
 At this late hour!—a pistol in one hand,
 Beneath his cloak the other holds a brand. 2020
 As if its glimmer might attract more eyes
 Than needful seem, to aid his enterprise:
 And once he pauses in an old tree's shade,
 And bares his good right arm and trusty blade,
 At the quick flutter of some bird of night. 2025
 Awakened by his steps to sudden flight!
 Again he stopp'd, and jealously around
 Glanc'd his quick eye—no treacherous sight or sound
 Repaid his scrutiny, and with a bound
 He clear'd the barrier of a garden wall, 2030
 And uninvited stands within a hall
 Where one dim lamp throws out a doubtful flame
 Upon a female form:—So still he came

That yet upon a book her eyes are bent,
 On some romancer's tale of love intent! 2035

She was a thing of beauty! One light wave
 Of auburn sought her bosom, as to save
 Her night attire's betrayal—and her eye,
 Half-clos'd upon that tale of misery,
 Seem'd like an opening violet moist with dew; 2040
 And pale as whitest snow-flake was the hue
 Upon her cheek—her trembling lips unbent.
 Just tinged with light carnation, softly blent
 With her cheek's paleness—and her arched brow
 Lay like a pencil'd line amid the flow 2045
 Of her gold-spangled tresses! curling round
 Her graceful neck and heaving bosom's bound!

She was a form of beauty—such as mov'd
 The soul of Phidias—such as Paris lov'd—
 All Grecian, and all dignity and grace— 2050
 A swan-like dignity—a speaking face:

Where passion never slumbered!—One fair hand
 Lay on that page, and shamed it, one her band
 Unclasp'd, was holding, on that rich divan
 Of azure silk; and thrilling tremors ran 2055
 Along her fingers, at that tale of grief,
 Like the light trembling of the aspen leaf.
 A faded jasmine, fallen from her hair,²
 Lay at her crossing feet, which lay half bare,
 And half enveloped in the envious flow 2060
 Of light blue trowsers—little clouds of snow—
 Twin clouds, reposing in a summer sky,
 And revelling in their beauteous symmetry!

“Evadne”—and he spoke that name alone,
 But that one word, that deep and thrilling tone 2065
 Was all sufficient to the maiden's ear,
 That single word, that cherish'd tone of cheer,
 For her hath more of music than each sound
 Of joy within the varied earth around!

Ye who have hop'd, till hope grew half despair, 2070
 Till the heart sickened—till the phrenzied pray'r
 Went up in agony, yet faithless still,
 From long, long doubting—till the eye would fill
 From the o'ercharged heart—till every beat
 Of the wild pulse grew fainter—ye may meet 2075
 With these, and see them truly as they met—
 The sigh of transport, and the dim eye wet,
 The fluttering heart, the flush of either face,
 And the hush'd silence of the long embrace!
 "Lascaris, I had dream'd thou *couldst* forget, 2080
 Like many of thy faithless sex—and yet
 I thought it not, but fear'd the Turk in wrath
 Had found thee in thy wanderings!"
 "And he hath—
 And he hath found this brand! Forget thee! yes,
 When day is night, and night is visionless! 2085
 When rolling months or years my thoughts estrange
 From their eternal, burning, fix'd revenge!"

His pale lip quivered and his eye grew bright

With an implacable and fearful light:—

’Twas but a moment and the storm pass’d by. 2090

And love and joy again were in his eye.

And when he spoke his voice was low and mild

As the first lisping of the innocent child!

“Evadne! fearful storms have o’er me pass’d.

With high careering since I saw thee last. 2095

And swept away my kindred—Did’st thou hear

Nought of Ithome’s hated work of fear?”

“No, nothing!”—

“Well, that turban’d race of hell—

Nay, but I *will* be calm, if one may tell

That tale with calmness!—I had compassed all 2100

My plans within the Turkish capital—

That place, Evadne, where my months were days.

Nay, moments, and my heart, beneath the rays

Of those blue eyes, was full with joy and love—

When all abroad, beneath, around, above. 2105

Seem'd young as our young hearts!—Thou gazest girl!—
 I wander, like the bird whose wings unfurl³
 When storms are on the earth—which upward flies,
 And sports his flowing plumes in azure skies,
 Far, far above the tempest!—But the flame 2110
 Forever tempting, night and day the same,
 Will scorch the hovering moth—so we return
 By some enchantment to the things we mourn,
 And will not let them sleep!—A courier came
 With news which made my heart and head a flame. 2115
 A flame to burn forever!—Rumour said,
 That, near Ithome, Moslem slaves had shed
 The blood of many rebels, and that fire
 Had swept a hundred hamlets, in their ire:—
 Thou know'st my aged sire, my sisters fair 2120
 And my fond mother, all were dwelling there—
 And, O! the sickness which upon me came,
 When first was heard that tale of blood and flame!

"All else was then forgotten and that day
 We found our little vessel under way— 2125
 The blast which drove us onward seem'd a breeze—
 And gentle breath of summer—tho' the trees.
 Upon the shore and islands, seem'd to fly.
 As o'er us dash'd the foam in rushing by!

"'Twas midnight when I reach'd the little glen 2130
 Where once abode those cherish'd ones—and then.
 All there was black and silent—All were gone.
 Yes, *all* Evadne! and I stood alone
 Among the murdered!—Then my burning eye
 Was rais'd in silence to the blackened sky. 2135
 And a low vow was registered on high—
 By the fresh ashes of the loved I vow'd—
 And by my murdered grand-sire's bloody shroud—
 By the pale flitting shades of those who fell—
 By the deep burnings of the deepest hell— 2140
 And by the great Jehovah—that this hand
 Should work a dreadful vengeance!—that this brand

Should never slumber from its work of blood
 Until within these veins the boiling flood
 Should be congeal'd in death!—That night pass'd on 2145
 In awful stillness, and the morning shone
 Upon a wretch, blighted, and wild, and lone.

“Not long they gave to mourn—the fiend-like cry,
 ‘Another rebel!’ in the wood on high,
 Came from the slaves, and I was forc’d away, 2150
 For one unarm’d, Evadne, could not slay!
 But ere I saw another morn depart
 This blade had felt the murderous Osman’s heart.
 Their leader—and I roam a hunted thing
 O’er which the eager vulture plumes his wing: 2155
 But not alone—a fierce and eager band
 In Eva’s mountains waits this guiding hand,
 A band of Spartan blood,⁴ and one loud cheer
 Would bring them down with gun, and sword and spear.
 To rescue or to die!”—

“What wouldst thou do?”— 2160

"Sweep from the earth the vile and hated crew!
 A few of swiftest foot abroad are spread,
 Among the mountains to arouse the dead:
 The corsairs too are summoned on the sea,
 And if the Greeks *are* Greeks they shall be free!" 2165
 "And if they fail, Lascaris!"—

"We shall die
 As those who slumber at Thermopylæ,
 Making defeat a victory—If I fall
 With cleav'd and bloody turbans for my pall,
 A Paynim's carcass for my sabre's sheath. 2170
 His blood my bier—my heart will leap in death!"

Paler and paler had Evadne grown:—
 It seem'd as if each drop of blood had flown
 Back to her heart—her lip had lost its hue,
 A death-like calmness in each feature grew. 2175
 And when she spoke the words came firm and slow,
 Like the deep murmurs of the river's flow.

"I give thee to *our* country!—May'st thou be
 The glorious battle-cry of liberty!
 There are none left to weep for us when gone. 2180
 Long have *I* been, and now *thou* art alone,
 And I will go with thee, Lascaris—I
 Tho' all at last forsake thee, will not fly!"

A fearful struggle feels Lascaris now,
 And the cold drops are starting from his brow:— 2185
 An angel seem'd to beckon him away,
 To distant climes—a demon bade him stay—
 Alternately his face is pale and flush'd,
 And deep his breathing—but at length 'tis hush'd—
 That burst hath pass'd from Passion's wildest child 2190
 Again, and left him calm, and still, and mild,
 As if no tempests ere disturb'd the rest—
 The dreamy slumber of his quiet breast!

"It may not be, Evadne! *cannot* be!
 How would that frame, rear'd up on luxury, 2195

Bear the fierce pelting of the mountain storm.

The rock a pillow, and the"—

"Woman's form

Hath borne far more, Lascarid—and again

Will bear for one belov'd!—"

"This whirling brain!—

A dream of happier climes was on me now 2200

And half-forgotten that relentless vow—

Thou wert an orphan, low and desolate—

The Moslem's sword hath made for thee a mate!

A mate in phrenzied wo, in burning pain—

That pair *must* part—*perhaps* to meet again!" 2205

He's gone!—a piercing shriek is in the hall,

And forth she rush'd—to see him pass the wall:

Her snowy arms out-stretch'd as if to clasp

Some visionary form escap'd her grasp!—

Was it a dream—or was Lascarid here, 2210

With that bright eye—with words of love and fear?

He was, but he is gone, and days of pain

And silent loneliness must come again,
 With the dim taper of the sleepless night.
 With wild and chilling visions of affright, 2215
 Of ghastly trunkless heads—of streaming gore—
 And the loud thunder of the cannon's roar:—

Her maids awakened by that shriek have come,
 And bear her senseless form within her home;
 While, rushing wildly on, that wayward man 2220
 Seeks recklessly again the silent kan!

The morn is dawning on St. Paul—the west
 Weareth one star upon its pearly vest—
 The azure zenith, shadowy, soft and pale,
 Like a blue robe beneath a snowy veil, 2225
 And in the east a golden cloud hath won
 The first embraces of the unrisen sun:—
 Lascaris, mounted, looks upon that sky
 As if no tempest ever raged on high.
 As if no storms were slumbering in that soul— 2230

Storms which a breath might raise beyond controul!

A Greek is by his side, in whose grey eye

Lies ready daring and serenity:

An eye of cool sedateness, dead to wrath—

Such as the good—and desperate villain hath: 2235

His frame, tho' small, of bone and sinew good,

And form'd for deeds of desperate hardihood.

Lascaris whispers:—"Larno, mark me well,

The Spartan ruins where I am will tell:

And if the Aga dare—as rumours say— 2240

Ev'n *dream* of her, he dies!"

He is away!

The dust is rolling from his courser's feet,

And as he dashes through the silent street

A waving hand is from a casement seen—

That steed is check'd—there is no midnight screen— 2245

His hand is wildly driven against his heart,

And moving forward with convulsive start.

His spurs are reeking, and his good steed flies

Till far among the hills the clattering dies.

The Aga of three score had left his bed, 2250

As the meridian sun his gay beams shed

Upon St. Paul:

“Hassan!”—the slave hath come—

“Go tell Evadne, that the Aga’s home

Is hers—that Alla hath upon her smil’d—

Hath mov’d me ev’n to wed the beautiful child!” 2255

The slave is gone, and on his soft divan,

Immers’d in clouds of smoke, that bearded man,

The sofa scarce supports his corpulence,

And in his visage every gleam of sense

Seem’d sweetly slumbering, and his half-clos’d eye 2260

Is resting in unwinking apathy!

Hassan returns:—

“The girl this answer sends:—

“The stream of Lacedaemon never blends

With foreign waters!""

"Ha! the slave! this hour

Then shall she know that Artaz hath the power 2265

To force obedience!"

"Aga, one abroad

At sun-rise, saw that stranger as he rode

Forth on his way, and as he hurried by

Her cot, a waving hand was seen on high.

He paus'd—wav'd his—and madly rode away 2270

Upon the mountain path—and rumours say

That stranger was Lascaris, in disguise!"

"By Alla! then, the amorous beauty dies!—

Call here the ruffian Larno:"—

He hath come

With mien so calm, he seem'd the gentle home 2275

Of confidential words—and his still eye

Awake, yet resting in tranquility:

"Greek, thou can do a deed for gold—canst not?"

"I *did* a deed, thou know'st"—

"And I forgot

The promised purse—but here it is—and now— 2280

Larno, the victim hath a fairer brow

Than that old Pacha, both *thy* foe and *mine*!"

"Name it and fair reward"—

"It shall be thine!

Take thou this dagger—use it ere the morn—

'Tis for Evadne."—

"No—the night's return 2285

Must find me at Misitra:—Aga, there

My father struggles with the last despair

Of closing life!—To morrow night the deed

Shall be well done:"—

"Larno, the slave *should* bleed

To-night—but go—to-morrow night she dies. 2290

Or, Larno, *thou* shalt feed the birds and flies!"

The Aga settles to his dull repose.

And, answering with a nod, the ruffian goes.

But mutters as he coolly strides away:

"Fool! dost thou think this hand was made to slay 2295

Aught but thy hated race!—Yes, yes—*the* deed

To-morrow night, if Larno lives, shall speed—

But thou the victim!"—

Staidly, warily,

He pass'd the village bounds—but when his eye

Caught the deep shadows of the mountain path, 2300

The rushing eagle in his glowing wrath

Darts not more fiercely on his threatening foe

Than he, descending the ravines below.

Dashing along the mountain torrent's stream.

Or straining where the heights in sun-light gleam! 2305

He leaps the brooks, bounds o'er the fallen trees.

Brushes the foliage as a wanton breeze.

Breaks through the dark defiles, and breathless gains

The gentler swellings of the moon-lit plains:

Where the Eurotas softly murmuring flows, 2310

Like some dim flitting shadow, on he goes,
 Nor thinks upon the glorious forms of old—
 Of Helen's azure lillies, or the bold
 Leonidas, who drank that limpid flood,
 In infancy, and on its margin stood, 2315
 Perhaps, to cast one look ere he could fly
 To grasp a wreath of glory—and to die!

'Twas midnight when he reach'd a gentle hill,
 And gain'd its summit: All around was still,
 As if no mingled voices ere had been 2320
 To raise a murmur o'er that noiseless scene!
 A ruin'd wall around its brow was thrown,
 And many a relic of the ages gone
 Lay there: the broken shaft—the fallen dome—
 And ev'n the desolate, half-buried tomb 2325
 Told not its inmates name! so still, so lone,
 It seem'd as if the very dead were gone,
 Nor deign'd to rest where, all forgotten, lies
 The brave, the good, the beautiful, the wise!

Two ruin'd and disjointed temples stand 2330
 Within the wall—and Larno thrust his hand
 Into the fissure of a broken stone—
 Draws forth a scroll—and, tho' the moon-light shone
 With all its beams, he reads—and reads again—
 And ev'n *his* features show a moment's pain! 2335
 The paper crush'd he thrusts into his breast,
 And down he sits to seek a hurried rest.
 His wallet is produc'd, but, strange to say,
 The crumbs are tasted, loath'd and cast away!
 But resting on his arm, his wonted mien 2340
 Returns—all passionless, and as serene,
 As if the silent hour, the burning stars,
 The dew-drops, hung around like liquid spars,
 The moon, the dreamy softness of the air,—
 For musings of the past had drawn him there. 2345
 Larno hath risen for his lonely way—
 Winds among barren hills, nor heeds the play
 Of the Eurotas, as he fords its tide
 And gains by rugged steps the mountain's side.

The day was dawning on those silent wilds. 2350

And shadows flitting in its deep defiles.

When instantly each sign of haste was dropp'd

As at a wretched Turkish kan he stopp'd:—

He heedlessly accosts a loitering Greek.

And laughs and chats as in some idle freak. 2355

Till left with him alone:—

“Lascaris—speak—

Where is Lascaris?”—

“In the torrent glen

Hawking the turban'd villains—and his men”—

No more he lists, but swiftly onward goes.

Nor doth he seek, nor seem to need, repose! 2360

Through rocky rifts he speeds—o'er oak-crown'd height—

But ever pauses in his rapid flight.

If aught of life is either heard or seen.

And quick assumes the plodding traveller's mien.

Again 'tis midnight—and the glen is won:— 2365

With ready hand and eye he passes on

Beneath o'er-hanging rocks and branches thrown

Together over-head—so dense, there shone

No moon-beam on his darkly vaulted way

To tell if friend or foe in ambush lay. 2370

All slept in deathlike silence, save the owl

Hooting above him, or the lengthen'd howl,

Of some half-famish'd wolf!—Ha! whence that gleam!

The rocks around are sending out a stream

Of fire upon him, and a shower of lead 2375

Is hissing round, and whirling past his head!

Fleetly as startled doe he bounds along,

And hears the steps of the pursuing throng,

And feels—the oozing blood and clammy sweat

Stream from his brow and weary limbs—but yet 2380

He presses forward, though each leap is made

In pain, and leaves behind a darker shade!

And still though feebler, fainter, on he goes,
 But gaining on him are his fresher foes!—
 Nearer and nearer come their rapid strides. 2385
 And many a murderous bullet past him glides!—
 He shouts “Lascaris”—and the answering sound
 From fifty voices strikes the rocks around—
 Again he rushes on—meets them—and cries—
 As sinking in their midst—“Evadne—haste!—” and dies! 2390

Then rose the shout of vengeance loud and high,
 Commingled wildly with the Paynims’ cry:
 Quick flashes lit the foliage, and between
 The shaggy rocks the combatants were seen
 Grappling as warriors grapple, with strain’d eye 2395
 And haggard look of wild insanity!

And fiercest, foremost, wildest in his ire,
 With indrawn breath, clench’d teeth, and eye of fire,
 The Chief Lascaris:—Recklessly he rush’d
 Amid their ranks, and where he strikes, all hush’d 2400

The vain opposer, or a stifled groan

Burst forth to tell how well the deed was done!

Then Lamo! thy cool eye and steady hand,

Ready to charge, to rally, or withstand,

Had been a host amid that wild affray! 2405

But cold, insensate, dreamless, there he lay,

With lips apart, as if in act to tell

The message borne so fatally, so well!

The foe is driven from the torrent's bed,

But from the rocks are firing over-head. 2410

And lightning seems to flash in every leaf,

And fast the Greeks are falling round their chiefs!

The word is given—"Charge up the rocks!"—they rush,

And cling to every pointed crag and bush;

But some are falling from their fragile hold. 2415

And, with a fiendish yell or curse, are roll'd

From crag to crag, till far below they lie.

A broken mass to glad the vulture's eye!

Others mid-way have met the death-wing'd ball
 And as a senseless clod in silence fall. 2420

Lascaris only gain'd the rocky height.
 And seem'd cut off from victory or flight:
 He saw his fate—and yet he shunn'd it not,
 But grimly stood a mark for sword or shot,
 Though not inactive—where he struck was blood— 2425
 A ghastly cureless wound, a vital flood—
 In vain the cry to slay the rebel—still
 He seem'd reserv'd for good—or greater ill.

Yes, "slay the rebel!" was the only cry.
 And on him turn'd each hand and glancing eye. 2430
 And none perceived the remnant of his band.
 Straining in silence up to gain that stand,
 Till shouts arose, and vengeful blades were flung
 Into their eyes:—Then, then Lascaris sprung
 Like the crouch'd tiger on his heedless prey!— 2435
 A moment's struggle and the foe gives way—

They break—essay to fly—no flight is there,
 And all unhear'd the wild, half uttered pray'r.
 Cut short with thirsty blade, or fatal ball,
 Till death had done his bloody work on all! 2440

No word was spoken till those panting men
 Again descended to the shrouded glen:—
 In sullen silence there the victors stand
 And sternly view the wreck of all their band:
 A score, of thrice the number, now remain, 2445
 And few of these but feel some burning pain!

And had the chief forgotten Larno's word?
 He had amid the fight—but now was heard
 His startling voice:—

"Ho! Faro! haste—my steed
 Nay four—of four stout hearts I shall have need!" 2450
 No Faro answers to his fierce command:—
 "What Faro gone!—O, I shall miss that hand!—
 Well then, Cornelius! thou:"—and from a nook,

Worn in a rocky fissure by a brook.

The steeds are led: and from among his band 2455

He chooses three of firmest heart and hand.

"You who remain, when morn again hath come.

Lay ye your comrades in their final home.

And then retire to yonder nook, and keep

A wakeful watch upon the dizzy steep, 2460

But when four nights and days have passed away.

If I return not, each may go his way!"

They stood in silence—he with fearful speed.

Along the rocky pathway urg'd his steed:

But then the phrenzy of the fight had pass'd, 2465

And dread forebodings rush'd upon him fast.

Engulphing all around, and oft his horse

Was driven with fury from his destin'd course.

And those companions call'd and call'd again.

Ere they awoke him from those spells of pain! 2470

Suspense grew madness in his thoughts' career—

He shuddering fear'd—and knew not what to fear—
 But well he knew, some threat'ning evil hung
 Over Evadne, and that knowledge sprung
 Within his heart, like Java's poisonous tree,⁶ 2475
 Which stands in blighting, solitary glee,
 And waves its branches to the desert's breath,
 And revels in its realm of ghastly death!

The night descended as through Eva's wild
 They rode, and deep'ning clouds and darkness smil'd 2480
 Upon their enterprise:—The wild wind dash'd
 Against the mountain tops, the lightning flash'd
 In vivid sheets, the rain in masses pour'd,
 And bellowing from their heights the torrents roar'd!
 Their reeling steeds were sway'd by every blast, 2485
 And, nearly spent, St. Paul is reach'd at last!

The foaming steeds no longer useful, roam
 Instinctively to gain their mountain home,
 But, stiffening with the cold, with half-clos'd eye,

They stand, a moment—stagger, fall, and die, 2490

The silent victims of that lordly race

Which vainly boasts a God-like form and face.

And yet, when passion stirs the selfish will,

Does deeds to shame the vilest creature still,

Like evening clouds edged round with red and gold 2495

Yet bearing lightning in each shining fold!

The Chief had left his men prepar'd to aid

His hand, whate'er that desperate hand essay'd:

But as he reach'd her cot his doubting grew

To 'wilderling madness; and the hot blood flew 2500

Up to his brain, then backward to his heart—

And long he paus'd—then with a feverish start

Rush'd wildly forward—leapt the gardens bound.

And sought what might of hope or fear be found.

'Tis she, all hush'd in deep and sweet repose 2505

Upon her couch!—The feeble taper throws

Across her marble face its shadowy ray.

And clustering round her neck the tresses play.

As through the open door the circling air
Breathes gently, as to woo that being fair! 2510

With gentle voice he calls her—calls again
Evadne spoke not—ne'er will speak again!
His eye hath caught the stain upon her breast,
And agonizing thoughts unfold the rest!
She died—what more can verse or marble say 2515
Of those who live, and love, and pass away!

Stern and immoveable Lascaris stands,
With haggard brow, pale lips and clenched hands,
And all the burning passions of his frame
Have met within his heart, and all is flame— 2520
Such fires in gentler bosoms never glow,
And such the passionate heart but *once* may know,
And knowing once, all hope, and joy, and mirth,
Are banish'd from the barren path of earth!
At length he weeps—but tears bring no relief 2525
To such as he! Their burstings, wild and brief,

Are but the exhalations of the heart,
 And leave all parch'd and glowing, whence they start!

A moment more upon her face he bent,
 Then, strangely calm, forth from the murdered went: — 2530
 His friends were call'd—he sought the Aga's place—
 And blood within those walls soon left its trace!
 The deed was done so quickly, silently,
 That scarcely op'd the villain's lazy eye!

Lascar's goes upon his mountain path, 2535
 A being pledg'd to never slumbering wrath!
 He goes—and looks not where that form is laid,
 That form which once around his light heart play'd
 As an enchanting vision!—She is gone
 And he a wretch—wild, desolate and lone! 2540

No kindred—for his mate, the robber wild—
 And from that night, again he never smil'd,
 But often rov'd along the mounting height

Amid the shadows of the stormy night,
And watch'd the meteor, dancing far below, 2545
Or seem'd to count the vivid lightning's glow.

One night his followers on a cliff were laid,
Listening the murmur by the ocean made
Below them, when a sullen plunge was heard—
A single plunge—but neither cry nor word 2550
Told it a human frame had found a grave
Beneath the circles of the moon-lit wave:—
His eager band from that high cliff in vain
Look'd for their Chief—he never came again!

Never had the family of M. de Lauzon passed such a May-day as the 2555
 one following the events before narrated. True, Eloise might have sought in
 vain for the gay flowers of France, in the less hospitable regions of her new
 home; but she actually appeared to have forgotten that none were so mirthful,
 or so boisterous in their mirth, as she when surrounded by the companions
 of her childhood in her own native village. That village, those companions 2560
 were far away over the broad Atlantic: the bright imaginings of her infant
 days, and the happy slumbers of her early nights had fled: and
 Leonie—where now was that dear companion of her innocent joys and petty
 sorrows?

These, with a thousand other reflections no less melancholy, rushed 2565
 upon her at the return of that once happy period, and the tears coursed freely
 down her cheeks, as she thought of that distant land, never to be revisited,
 and of the bright hopes of childhood never to be realized. M. de Lauzon
 seemed less affected, but thought was busy with the past his brows were
 contracted and his lips severely compressed, as he hurriedly paced backward 2570
 and forward in front of the cottage.

Eloise caught the severe expression of her father's countenance, as

she looked through the open door, towards the quiet waters of the St. Lawrence; and her own sad recollections gave way to surprise and sorrow at the appearance of his unusual excitement. She was about to join him when 2575 she perceived an Indian coming from among the trees, and approaching their habitation. At this time they had, in some degree, become familiarized with the appearance of the friendly savages; and as this was evidently one of the above class, she did not hesitate to gratify her curiosity, in some degree excited by the fine form and princely bearing of the savage chieftain, for as 2580 he approached, she recognized the Algonkin, Piscaret, whose name alone had once saved the village from annihilation.

He approached M. de Lauzon, and remained a moment with his eyes fixed upon him. After waiting as if to be addressed the chief commenced:—

“The snows are gone and the Red-man is on the war-path: Doth the 2585 pale-face rest in his cabin?”

M. de Lauzon knew something of the Indian peculiarities—and likewise knew that the Chief’s visit was not without an object, but that object was not yet visible, and it was necessary to answer him cautiously.

“We Europeans never go forth to war without sufficient 2590 provocation.”

“Where is thy young one. In her own nest, or in the nest of the

raven!"

At this allusion to Leonie a look of intelligence was exchanged; and
M. de Lauzon asked with emotion—"Thinkest thou my child is among the 2595
living?"

"Ask the Manito—" He knoweth the flight of young birds!"

"But do you think it possible?" asked M. de Lauzon with increasing
emotion.

"The Unknown is with her." 2600

"And who is the Unknown?"

"A pale-face, who hath the foot of the young roe, the head of the
otter, and the heart of the panther!"

"Chieftain, if there is hope, in the name of my God and thine keep me
not in suspense! What can be done?" 2605

"I have been on the path of the Iroquois, and knew not till yesterday
what had been done, but the Unknown is the friend of the Algonkins, and
tomorrow I go towards the setting sun."

"And I go with thee, Piscaret!" said the excited father.

"It is well!" and the savage hero strode away with a step noiseless as 2610
the fall of the thistle-down in autumn.

* The God of the Aborigines.

Eloise, who had heard nothing of what passed between her father and Piscaret, saw with surprise his flushed cheek and the beaming of his eye, as she received the paternal embrace; but when she learned that there were still hopes of Leonie, she appeared almost mad with joy. The effect of such
2615 intelligence upon Madame de Lauzon was still more powerful: She had not left her bed for weeks, but that evening and the following day she was seen arranging her domestic affairs with a step approaching the elasticity of youth.

The day following the interview just described, passed away without the appearance of Piscaret, but at night-fall he came, and, entering gently,
2620 seated himself without speaking. M. de Lauzon embraced his daughter—she wept, but the tears of hope and fear were mingled, and, probably for the first time, she wished herself a man, that she might share the danger of the enterprise.

The adieu of Madame de Lauzon was of a different description. So
2625 much had her whole mind been engrossed by the anticipation of Leonie's recovery, that the danger necessarily accompanying the expedition never occurred to her till the moment of her husband's departure: then it came upon her with a force which seemed to threaten her very existence. She clung to him as the mariner clings to the last plank of his wreck, and when he burst
2630 away her hysterical shriek sunk into his heart like the knell of a dear departed

friend.

The Algonkin chief left the cottage at the commencement of this scene, and M. de Lauzon found him upon the bank of the river, with arms folded, and eyes bent upon the ground; he remained silent, and with rapid 2635 strides followed the course of the St. Lawrence to the sandy point where that river is intersected by the St. Maurice, or, as it is more generally termed in that part of the country, the Black River.

At this place the sandy bank of the last mentioned river rises almost perpendicularly to perhaps fifty feet, and the top of this embankment was at 2640 that time scantily clothed with scrubby pines, a species of willow, and small patches of hazels. Piscaret looked cautiously along the shore, and towards some small barren islands, which lie in the mouth of the river, and after satisfying his scrutiny, placed an arrow to his bow, and pointed it at the trunk of a pine, which stood near the edge of the bank:— The arrow was seen 2645 quivering in the wood, and immediately after seven savages appeared from among the brush-wood, bearing a bark canoe; and, just as the Night-hawk began his vesper song, the canoe had received its burthen of stout hearts and shot forward on its way up the St. Maurice.

Silently but rapidly did their frail bark speed onward. In its stern sat 2650 the Indian chief, grave and stern as those warriors of old Rome, who gave

their mandates to the world. Next him sat M. de Lauzon wrapt in the gloom of his own solitary reflections. Then came the erect and statue-like forms of the other warriors, the only evidence of whose animation consisted in the monotonous motions of their arms and paddles. 2655

Thus did the little canoe glide along as by magic over the broad and deep waters of the St. Maurice. M. de Lauzon started involuntarily, as he awoke from the intensity of his own dark thoughts to a consciousness of his novel situation. He was now in the depths of an American forest, borne over one of the mighty rivers of the western world by the gigantic arms of one of 2660 its native princes and those of his irascible train. It appeared like a scene of magic—all was silent, save the pattering of the drops which fell from the paddles—for their dipping was unheard—the light ripple of their canoe, and the murmuring of rapids as they approached the different portages, and passed through the dark forest to avoid the unnavigable parts of the river. 2665

Late at night our little band landed upon an island of a few acres in breadth, and about a mile in length. The shore was sandy, yet the canoe was taken out of the water lest collision with some small stone might injure its bottom. Not one word was spoken, but each of the party except M. de Lauzon appeared to understand the part he was to act. 2670

Piscaret motioned their white associate to lie down by the canoe, and

immediately each of the Indians disappeared in different directions. In the course of twenty minutes the warriors came gliding in, one after another, noiseless as ghosts, and last of all came their chief. Silence was now broken for the first time since their departure from Trois Rivières, and M. de Lauzon 2675 was given to understand that this island, now called Pigeon Island, was the general rendezvous of the western Indians, on their way downward.

When they again embarked the grey dawn was appearing in the east. The river was so smooth that it appeared like an immense mirror; the wild ducks arose in dark masses as the canoe started them from their early 2680 voyages; and little wreaths of vapour curled along the surface of the water. Spots of foam soon appeared, indicating the vicinity of some cataract: As the sun rose, volumes of spray were seen rising above the spire-like points of the evergreens, and soon after came a low rushing sound like the coming of a tempest. 2685

A bay, perhaps a mile in breadth, now opened upon them, at the upper end of which the land rose abruptly to a great height. Immense masses of foam rolled from a break in this bold shore, and as they advanced into the bay the upper part of the fall was seen like a large sheet suspended on high, the bottom being concealed by a rocky point of the right bank. 2690

Towards this point the canoe was steered, and M. de Lauzon again

forgot himself in his admiration of the tremendous falls of the Shawenagam. They were now at the foot of the lesser fall, divided from the principal one by a small island. The canoe was taken from the water and carefully concealed among the bushes, and then each one of the Indians proceeded to 2695 the brink of the overhanging rocks, and in silence made his offering to the Deity, by casting into the foaming waters some trifle, such as an arrow, a bow, or a paddle. The offering of the chief was a belt of *wampum*, and never had the Frenchman been inspired with such awe, amidst the imposing forms of his own religion on the splendid temples of his own land, as by this simple 2700 rite of a simple race. Let not the austere votary of laboured creeds smile—it was the worship of nature, taught by the God of the wilderness and preferable to his.

The party then resumed all their caution, and, striking into the wood on the right, proceeded, at a short distance from the edge of the shelving 2705 bank which runs parallel with the foot of the two falls, towards the principal fall. The object of the party was, concealment, as the Indians, in their descent, would pass the Shawenagam about that time in the day, providing they left their usual place of bivouac early in the morning, and one of the party had been left concealed on the point, whose eye commanded the 2710 portage and the whole circle of the bay.

The path from one fall to the other was difficult, and not without danger. The wood was almost impenetrable from fallen trees and brushwood, and as they approached the shore, through the roots of the trees they saw the writhing foam, a hundred feet below them. They crossed chasms at the 2715 bottom of which the water was continually driving in and out, and roaring like the billows of the sea upon a rocky shore.

At length the Shawenagam opened before them with its world of convulsed waters, and M. de Lauzon, unprepared for such a scene, stood for some moments lost in astonishment. From crag to crag of the immense 2720 masses of irregular rocks which lay at the bottom of the fall, M. de Lauzon and Piscaret descended, and as they could not be seen from the portage or the river above the falls, the European found himself at liberty to examine the surrounding scenery.

As the river turns abruptly at the foot of the fall, they stood 2725 immediately in front of it, amidst great masses of black rocks, which from time to time had been detached from the bank by the violence of the waves. On these rocks the spray was continually falling like a heavy shower of rain, and among them yawned gloomy caverns, worn out by the continual action of the water. The sides of these rocks both within and without their dark 2730 chasms were studded with *pyrites*, looking like pieces of solid gold, and the

little pools of water, among the rocks, were filled with white *mica*, so that one might easily imagine the riches of Peru offering on all sides their numerous lures.

The fall was not perpendicular, but nearly so, and the great body of the river came down in shadowy masses, occasionally thrown against the rocks which bounded the stream, with a roar like the report of a thousand pieces of ordnance; then for a moment the whole became one uniform sheet of foam—but again the compressed air would break its barrier, and the water would swell up in a conical form and burst with a shock which would make the solid rocks shake to their foundation. 2735 2740

An island lies at the top of the falls, like a green crest, dividing the waters above: but the two branches again blend just at the brink of the precipice, and descend in one mass. As M. de Lauzon cast his eye up to this island he saw a fine stag standing just upon the edge of the precipice—the next instant something crossed his eyes like a beam of light, and the stag leapt into the air, and falling over the rocks, swept down the Shawenagam. The unerring arrow of Piscaret had found his heart, but in vain their eyes followed the turbulent waves—he was probably dashed to pieces in descending the cataract. 2745 2750

M. de Lauzon, still gazing upon the river below, was startled by an

exclamation from the chief, who sunk among the rocks, and with a powerful arm pulled him down by his side. The eyes of Piscaret were fixed intently on the island above the fall, and following their direction, M. de Lauzon's were eagerly turned upon the same point. Several minutes elapsed, during 2755 which nothing was seen but the dark ever-greens which crowned the island, as they stood in solitary grandeur, as if triumphant over the dark and angry floods which surrounded them.

With the rapidity of thought Piscaret raised two or three loose stones on the rocks above them, so that whatever passed on the island might be seen 2760 through their interstices without any danger of detection. This was scarcely performed when two Indian warriors made their appearance on the height, apparently in pursuit of the stag, and when satisfied that it had escaped them their surprise was evinced by looking wildly at each other, and then at the falls below them. 2765

Their words were lost in the thunder of the cataract, but something could be understood by their motions and gestures. One of them was a lad of sixteen or seventeen, and the other perhaps his father, grey with years. The youngest pointed to the falls, the other shook his head, and after remaining in a thoughtful posture for some time, he beckoned the lad to 2770 follow, and disappeared among the trees of the island.

They were no sooner out of sight than Piscaret sprung from his hiding-place, and, followed by M. de Lauzon, passed rapidly up the rocks till they found a cover from observation in the depth of the forest. Here his followers awaited his coming. Piscaret spoke apart with the oldest of his men, and then, addressing a few words to his warriors, they all disappeared, among the surrounding trees. 2775

It was impossible to determine to what nation the depredators of the previous year had belonged, but Piscaret appeared to know the character of the two Indians seen upon the island perfectly. They were enemies, and he now wished to ascertain their number and destination. A wary watch was kept upon the bay and portage, but no farther indication of the strangers was observable throughout the day. 2780

The night came down dark and threatening.—The party took their evening meal of dried venison, and the chief of the Algonkins prepared to reconnoitre. In the French tongue he bade M. de Lauzon remain with two of the savages who lay concealed to keep a vigilant eye upon the bay: the others were placed at different points of observation, with the exception of the aged warrior already mentioned, who accompanied his chief. 2785

The canoe floated down the stream in silence, the paddle of the chief guiding it close along shore till it reached the bottom of the bay: then the 2790

rapid strokes of two paddles urged it swiftly across the stream to the opposite side, where it was left upon the sand, so near the water's edge that one powerful hand would have sent it dancing upon the gently heaving billows.

They had scarcely landed when a fire was seen rising on a sandy 2795
beach at the head of the bay, just under the ridge forming the portage. The old savage lay down by the canoe quietly as if in his own lodge, and Piscaret struck into the forest, and proceeded silently as a shadow, to gain the portage above the fire. This was accomplished with ease, and he approached the unconscious enemy half an hour from the time of embarking. 2800

He descended the steep on his hands and knees, keeping the body of a large tree, surrounded by hazels, between him and the foe, whose words he could occasionally distinguish. This tree was but a few yards distant from them, and nothing intervened but a few old pines, whose branchless trunks had been thrown upon the sand by the water, after having passed down the 2805
falls.

For his purpose, however, it was necessary to approach nearer. Lying flat upon the ground he left the cover, and, tortoise like, moved forward by inches. Fortunately two of the savages stood between him and the fire, throwing their shadows directly upon him, and his only chance of 2810
concealment, lay in their remaining stationary till he reached the pines, for

their least motion would have thrown the glaring light full upon him. At length he succeeded in gaining this sorry concealment, and lay within a few feet of his enemies.

They were twenty in number, being part of a small but warlike tribe, 2815
 whose hunting grounds lay about sixty miles above. This was evidently a war-party, but for some time he was unable to discover its destination, as they were engrossed by the subject of the stag which had disappeared in a manner so miraculous. It appeared that several arrows had been shot at him previous to his taking to the water, and all declared that they rebounded from 2820
 his side as from a solid rock. One stated that he heard him speak, and another, that fire and smoke rolled from his nostrils as he dashed into the water. Those iron frames and fearless hearts, which had grown old amid toil and danger, quailed beneath the superstitious fears awakened by an affrighted deer! 2825

In the course of an hour Piscaret succeeded in gaining the requisite information. The party was proceeding to the attack of Trois Rivières! The chief was about commencing his retreat when one of the savages came directly towards him, for the purpose of collecting fuel, and approaching the log on the opposite side he broke a decayed branch from it within three feet 2830
 of the chief's head. Piscaret's hand grasped his knife, but the fire being low,

the savage returned without perceiving him. His retreat became more difficult than his approach, as several of the savages sat directly facing him, and nothing intervened to cast a friendly shadow upon him. In this exigency he had recourse to stratagem:—Near his head grew a tuft of Juniper:—with 2835 the eye of a lynx he watched the motions of those before, and in the meantime cut a few stalks of Juniper: these were slowly and cautiously gathered into one hand and held upright before him, as if growing, and in this manner he gradually retired, never changing his prostrate position, and moving backward till he reached the clump of hazels—then the Juniper was 2840 thrust into the sand, and left standing, while with more rapid, but equally wary motions he gained the elevation of the portage.

Piscaret had yet seen nothing of the canoes belonging to the party, and judged that they had been incautiously left at the head of the portage. In this conjecture he was right: the savages were proceeding to Pigeon Island 2845 when the affair with the stag occurred, and that being deemed an ill omen, the more superstitious ones proposed returning. In consequence, early in the evening a council was called, in which it was determined to despatch scouts to Trois Rivières, and the remainder of the party was to wait the result of their observations. 2850

In the confusion consequent on their supernatural fears, the canoes

were allowed to remain at the head of the portage, and Piscaret proceeded with exultation to set them forward on their passage down the falls of the Shawenagam. Retiring to the cover of some underwood he watched them as they glided swiftly towards the falls, and when he saw them shoot over the edge of the precipice with the velocity of an arrow, he bounded away into the forest, and quickly regained his canoe at the foot of the bay. 2855

Dropping off, they floated down with the current and landed at some distance below the falls, as a nearer approach exposed them to the view of the hostile party: and it appeared strange that they had before succeeded in crossing without being observed. The companion of Piscaret was immediately dispatched for their comrades, and in twenty minutes the whole party was assembled, and engaged in discussing the propriety of an attack upon the enemy. 2860

No council fire was lighted, and the almost impenetrable darkness of the night, aided by the thick boughs of the dark evergreens, rendered the spectral forms of the party nearly invisible to each other. Seated upon the trunks of some old trees which the tempest had uprooted, and time matted with moss, the red warriors of the wilderness remained a few moments silent, as if collecting their thoughts. At length the chief, whose council had so often led them to the fight, and whose prowess had again and again brought 2865 2870

them victory, arose and addressed M. de Lauzon in French.

“The wolf is on the path of the deer! Will the white man fight, or will he return and find his lodge burning, and his helpless ones among the foes of his race?” 2875

M. de Lauzon shuddered at the too evident meaning of the chief.

“Piscaret, we must attempt turning the raven from his prey!”

“It is well!” and he turned to consult his own men.—Each one gave his voice for an immediate attack, and as the night was advancing, the necessary directions were given in few words:—M. de Lauzon, imperfectly 2880 acquainted with the mode of warfare practices among the natives, was to keep close to the chief, and, if possible, to avoid closing with any of the enemy.

The savages of Piscaret were all armed with muskets, tomahawks and scalping knives, and some of them still retained their bows, slung across their 2885 shoulders, and their buckskin quivers filled with arrows. M. de Lauzon, in addition to his double-barrelled piece, wore a small sword, in the use of which few men excelled him, and a pistol stuck in his sword-belt. Piscaret carried only his fusee and an unusually long knife.

The river was soon crossed, and the party advanced in silence 2890 through the woods which skirted the bay. The chief led, M. de Lauzon

followed, and then came the other savages, in single file. In this manner they approached within two hundred yards of the enemy's fire; they then left the wood, and each man sought concealment as he best could behind the clumps of willow growing along the sandy beach of the bay. In a few minutes the whole party had gained positions within a short distance of their unconscious foe, and coolly waited for the signal of Piscaret for the attack. This he appeared in no haste to give, and M. de Lauzon thought that silent pause of a few minutes an age of useless delay. The adverse party was seated around their fire, and silent as the crouching party of Piscaret.

At length a noise was heard from the chief resembling the whistling of a deer—the savages about the fire instantly sprung upon their feet, and the party of Piscaret, throwing in one destructive volley, gave the appalling war-whoop, and rushed upon them. The result was such as Piscaret had foreseen:—Previously subdued by the anticipation of some unknown evil, the enemy waited not the onset, but fled precipitately from the thunder of the pale-faces over the ridge of the portage. A sickening howl of despair arose as they saw the extent of their misfortunes in the loss of their canoes. At this instant Piscaret and his associates charged upon them down the almost perpendicular head of the portage. Here a sanguinary struggle took place. The enemy still had the advantage of numbers, although the first discharge

was fearfully destructive, from the circumstance of their having stood grouped around the fire, but the steep descent of the ridge, to the very brink of the seemingly fathomless water's edge, gave the attacking party decidedly the advantage.

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But after their first panic had subsided the adverse party fought with that species of cool desperation which men assume, when they see all lost, and determine to sell their lives as dearly as possible. One fierce rush they made to regain the bank, and the struggle was for a moment doubtful. The two parties were then about equal in numbers; and one fought with the confidence of victory, the other with the madness of despair. The conflict was short, silent and decisive; nothing was heard but the deep breathing of the combatants and the groans of the dying, as they sunk from the bloody weapon to rise no more. In this trial of strength the party of Piscaret was reduced to himself, M. de Lauzon and three savages, and the Frenchman had received more than one dark form upon the point of his sword as they sprung on him with the uplifted tomahawk, ready to give the fatal blow.

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Only two of the enemy now remained—the chief and his son. With the agility of a young tiger the boy sprung within the point of M. de Lauzon's sword, and, but for his sword-belt the Frenchman had felt the stripling's knife within his vitals; but before the blow could be repeated the strength of

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the man triumphed, and the young savage lay disarmed, the prisoner of a hated pale-face.

When M. de Lauzon looked up from his rencontre, the chiefs were standing nearly upon a level with each other, face to face, silent and 2935 immoveable as statues, and each apparently waiting the onset of the other. The savages of Piscaret had drawn back at the signal of their chief—they had been taught never to interfere when but one was opposed. Their only weapons were knives which were held near the hip, a little drawn back. A rapid motion of each at the same instant showed them locked together, the 2940 left arm of either thrown round the powerful frame of his foe, while the right hand of Piscaret firmly gripped the wrist of the other. Then the struggle became terrific; and as the pale moon looked through the dark clouds, the contortions of their strongly marked features were horrible. The issue became more doubtful than could have been anticipated from the age of the 2945 strange chief, which appeared almost double that of Piscaret, but his powerful frame seemed to retain all the vigor of green manhood. At times they appeared struggling to regain their knives, which were lost at the same instant on their first closing; then again they attempted throwing each other into the river; at length both fell, and with one simultaneous and convulsive 2950 moment plunged into the water, and sunk firmly locked in the iron grasp of

each other.

The combatants soon re-appeared, and found themselves within the influence of the falls! Onward the smooth but mighty waters were bearing them to one terrific grave! Then were they seen powerfully labouring for land; Piscaret attempting to regain the shore, and the other striving for the island which divides the great from the lesser fall. They were soon in fearful proximity to the verge of the horrid descent. Rushing wildly forward M. de Lauzon caught a decayed pole and thrust it forward for Piscaret to seize—it was beyond his reach: at length he caught it, but his eagerness frustrated his design, and it broke just as he was within two yards of the shore. Again he swept onward, but just as destruction seemed inevitable, he made one last powerful effort, and clinging to the point of a rock was helped out by M. de Lauzon.

At this instant the eyes of all were directed to the aged chieftain:—he appeared safe, being well up the river, and quite close upon the island; but just as they expected to see him leap out of the water, the current swept him into the stream, and the next instant he raised his arms convulsively above his head and darted into the awful chaos beneath.

During the whole of this scene the youth stood in apparent apathy, but, his eyes were continually darting from Piscaret to his father, and as the

former neared the shore he hastily snatched a bow from the ground and, with the quickness of thought, sent an arrow on its way. It passed under the arm of M. de Lauzon, just touched the head of Piscaret for whom it was intended, and glanced away over the falls. The darkness prevented this movement 2975 from being seen, and as they returned, he stood proudly erect, still holding the bow, as if in defiance of their wrath.

The youth might have fled but, as he afterwards said, he remained to show his enemies and the pale-face how the son of the "Great Eagle" could die on his first war-path. In moody silence the victors remained grouped in 2980 the midst of the slain, during the remainder of the night. A heavy shower had passed off to the south, and the clouds were again breaking and showing little spots of blue, dotted with stars. The wind came in low gusts, bringing at intervals the rushing sound of the Shawenagam, and the prowling wolf scared from his banquet, howled a requiem from the adjoining forest. 2985

M. de Lauzon leaned against a tree, and the dull hours passed rapidly away, for thought was busy with the past and future. He again trod the green paths of his boyhood, with his school-mates around him, beneath the fostering smiles of indulgent parents. He again received the warm kiss of that fair sister, with her blue eyes and lightly waving locks. Again he lived 2990 over the high romance of youth, fraught with wild schemes of eagle-winged

ambition, and when he awoke to the dark reality of the present, and found himself in a foreign land, surrounded by savage foes, bereft of one child and in continual danger of still greater evils—his heart recoiled from the harsh comparison; but then again came the consciousness that, by a singular train 2995 of circumstances, the almost certain destruction of not only his family but of the whole village had been prevented by the sanguinary conflict of that night—and his soul rose in humble thankfulness to Him who ruleth the universe.

At length day dawned upon them, and unveiled the bloody work of 3000 the preceding night. The old chief before mentioned as accompanying Piscaret had fallen by an arrow from the boy, now the prisoner of M. de Lauzon. This chief was the greatest brave among the followers of Piscaret, and had been the companion of all his most desperate exploits. The chief showed signs of grief, but it was the staid and quiet grief of an Indian 3005 warrior, not expressed by words, those lying beacon-lights of the heart, but by the drooping eye, and the stern rigidity of the curled lip.

As the sun rose, preparations were immediately made for the rites of sepulture. The dead were borne to the high ground, a little removed from the usual path of the portage, where a kind of scaffolding was erected, the 3010 platform of which was formed of light poles, fastened at the ends by the bark

of the elm. Upon this the bodies were placed, and after the bow and arrows, with the other arms of each, had been deposited by the side of their respective owners, the whole was covered with another layer of poles, over which were thrown the boughs of ever-greens. Then a little dried venison 3015 being placed upon the scaffolding, the simple ceremony concluded.

Thus were the bravest of a brave people committed to their last repose; and thus thousands, whose lives were marked by acts of the most daring exploits, have passed away from the earth with no historian to register their names, with no bard to place them on the roll of immortality, with not 3020 even a humble stone to say "here lies the brave."

The bodies of the hostile party still remained on the scene of the wild encounter, and as M. de Lauzon returned to the shore, where the young lad was bound to a tree, he intimated to Piscaret his wish that they should be interred, and that the youth might be consulted as to the method, as the 3025 different tribes have various modes of depositing the dead. Piscaret assented, and made the inquiry. The youth pointed to the falls and said "Let them rest with their chief, that their way may be joyful as they go on the hunting-path, in the land of the spirits!"

All the bodies were accordingly brought and committed to the water, 3030 and gliding swiftly down the river, soon disappeared as they passed over the

falls. Not one of their party had escaped, and although there was present safety in this, M. de Lauzon sickened as he thought of the vengeance which this encounter might bring upon the settlement.

In the present state of affairs it seemed impossible to proceed up the river, as it was necessary to secure the scout, on his return from Trois Rivières. Whether the number exceeded one, was uncertain, and although the attempt to gain information from their prisoner, both of this and of the lost ones, was suggested by M. de Lauzon, yet, from the natural shrewdness of the Indian character, and from the proud bearing of the youth little was anticipated from the experiment. 3035 3040

Piscaret, however, was willing to make the trial, as he appeared positive that a party of this tribe had made the former attack when Leonie was taken; he therefore immediately commenced the examination, while two of the party were despatched for the canoe. 3045

“Will the son of the Great Eagle return to his lodge?”

“Wahconnah can die!”

“No—He is the prisoner of the pale-face, and he says live.”

The eye of the young warrior sparkled with rage, as he looked at his fettered hands and answered: 3050

“Does the deer run when his legs are bound?”

Piscaret immediately loosened his hands:—

“Will Wahconnah say to the white pigeon of the Pale-face, depart, when he goes to his own people?”

A slight flush came over the cheek of the youth, and he paused before 3055
answering:—

“Wahconnah hunteth not the timid pigeon—he goeth on the path of the deer, the bear and the panther!”

“Wahconnah would return with his people as they come from the Big River?” 3060

“He is alone, but he knoweth the path to his own country!”

“Will Wahconnah plant the tree of peace with Piscaret?”

Till this moment the boy had no suspicions that this was the hero of whose prowess he had heard from his earliest infancy, and he now gazed upon him with undisguised admiration. After a moment’s pause Piscaret 3065
repeated the question: The youth raised himself to his highest elevation as he answered:

“Wahconnah will be a brave!”

Piscaret’s eyes brightened as he turned to M. de Lauzon, saying—“He hath the tongue of a red warrior, and not that of an old 3070
woman!”

It was now evident that no information could be attained from Wahconnah, and no time was to be lost in making the necessary arrangements for securing the scout as he returned up the river. This was considered essentially necessary, as the alarm consequent on his return, 3075 would render any attempts at rescuing Leonie and The Unknown extremely difficult, if not impracticable.

The savages proceeded to the foot of the portage, and carefully removed every trace of the recent struggle in that quarter, after which they placed themselves among the brush-wood on the ridge forming the portage. 3080 within a few yards of the path by which the returning scout must pass.

In the meantime M. de Lauzon and Wahconnah proceeded a little farther into the wood, when the former produced his store of dried venison, giving a part to his prisoner. The sun was past the meridian and for the season shone with uncommon sultriness. The birds were beginning to sing 3085 their wild notes, and the half-open leaves just chequered the dead foliage with which the ground was covered: the sound of the Shawenagam came up like a summer breeze sweeping through the pine-tops, and every thing around tended to tranquilize the conflicting passions which had long been warring in the bosom of M. de Lauzon. 3090

He was sitting upon the trunk of an old tree, so completely covered

with moss that it was impossible to say what name it had borne when standing among the stately sons of the forest, and resting against a large birch which spread its gnarled branches over his head, he soon became insensible to all his cares: Wahconnah and the towering forest trees seemed to swim and blend before him, as overcome by fatigue and watching, he slept, and his gun fell from his relaxed grasp to the ground. 3095

When he awoke the stars were looking through the branches. The first thought which broke upon his reviving senses was the certainty of Wahconnah's escape: it was by his interference he had been left unbound: with a convulsive spring he started to his feet—his gun was gone—he looked around, and there stood the boy, apparently immovable as the towering pillars around him. Still his gun was missing; but as he anxiously groped about for it, Wahconnah quietly pointed to where it lay, under the side of the log. 3105

The night was far advanced, and the Frenchman knew not whether aught had happened to his Indian allies during his sleep. After an hour of feverish expectation he heard a stiffened groan, followed by a sullen plunge into the water:—A moment after a light step approached, and as he threw forward his fusee, he recognized the tall form of Piscaret:—They had been successful—the scout had shared the fate of his companions! 3110

The day arose upon Shawenagam beautifully clear and serene. The volumes of spray from the falls rose perpendicularly, and formed into light clouds which assumed a thousand fantastic shapes as the rising sun made their fleecy outlines more apparent; the blue-bird, gave out his cheerful note 3115 and the swallows were again throwing their purple wings over the St. Maurice.

M. de Lauzon awoke from the fearful scenes by which he had been surrounded, and, for the first time during many long, long, months, his heart expanded with joy and hope as the bark canoe glided over the tranquil 3120 waters. They soon swept past the cluster of islands which lies above the falls, and about nine o'clock approached what has since been termed by the *Voyageurs*, *La Grande Mère*.

These falls are divided by a rough, rocky island of two or three acres extent, and immediately below them opens a bay similar to that of the 3125 Shawenagam, but much smaller; the waters of this bay are kept in continual commotion by the force of the falls, and large masses of foam are continually whirling from the eddies at their feet, covering the conflicting waves with their detached fragments.

On the southern side of the island, and just upon the brink of the 3130 cataracts, arises the rock from which these falls derive their name. This rock

very much resembles a dilapidated castle, and rises perpendicularly from its everlasting basement, its scathed and weather-beaten head crowned with a few small evergreens, and toppling rocks, seeming the guardian spirit of the wild and solitary scene. At times the spray is thrown up from the wild chaos 3135 far beneath, and curls about its elevated brow, leaving a dew-like moisture to nourish the moss which has grown there for ages.

Upon the other side of the river is the twin fall, and between, the island, broken into ravines and precipices, wild as nature could form them in her most eccentric mood. Below, the whole river is thrown into rapid 3140 currents, eddies and whirlpools, and above, it opens, broad, tranquil and unbroken, as if no convulsions awaited its silent march.

The party of Piscaret had nearly reached the foot of the portage when one of the savages suddenly stopped paddling, and pointed to the top of the rock: They all looked just in time to distinguish the form of a man, through 3145 the mist of the fall, as it sunk among the evergreens which crowned the rock. The savages gazed as if overcome with terror and amazement, and seemed to hesitate about proceeding; after a moment's pause the head of the canoe was directed to the southern part of the bay, where the party landed in evident consternation, and bearing their canoe, immediately retired into the 3150 forest.

Here a consultation was held as to the nature of the strange apparition. Alarm was visible even in the marble features of Piscaret, and all the savages concurred in the opinion that it was no human being, as no native would have the hardihood to attempt the ascent, it being deemed the abode of the Great Spirit. M. de Lauzon enquired whether it was accessible, and was answered in the negative, but none of the party had ever been on the island, and he thought it possible that some bold spirit had made the popular superstition subservient to his views, whatever they might be, confident of remaining in the undisturbed possession of his retreat.

None of the party would agree with him, and all but Piscaret seemed inclined to return, regarding the strange appearance as ominous of the failure of their expedition. It appeared strange that Wahconnah exhibited no signs of surprise, although it was evident he had seen the inexplicable form soon as any one of the party.

At the moment when all were at a loss how to set, a man was seen descending the portage, and approaching along the open sands. The quick eye of Piscaret immediately recognized their visitor, and turning to M. de Lauzon, in a low tone of exultation he exclaimed—"The Unknown!"

It was indeed The Unknown, and the heart of the Frenchman sunk within him at the consciousness that his hopes or fears were about to be

confirmed. Piscaret presented his hand after the European manner, but the blood rushed to the heart of M. de Lauzon as he faintly articulated—"Leonie—my daughter?" "She is safe!" said The Unknown:—

"Where, where? Let me once again see my child!" 3175

"Follow me, and you shall soon see her:"

The Unknown led the way to the portage, where they embarked in his canoe, and, crossing the river just above the falls, proceeded to the highest point of the island. Here they landed on the rocks, and climbing over their rugged points, descended to a little glen, where the lost one was found and 3180 again restored to her now happy father.

This island had been the residence of The Unknown since the preceding autumn, and from this he had made several essays to rescue Leonie none of which had been successful, till after the departure of the old chief and his son, on their expedition to Trois Rivières. Having effected her 3185 rescue, he but awaited the return of the hostile savages to restore his prize to her parents.

Nothing now remained to prevent their returning:—Wahconnah was told he might depart to his own people, with the canoe of The Unknown: but he only requested a bow and quiver might be given him, and fixing his fine 3190 dark eyes for a moment upon the fair form of Leonie, he strode into the

forest, and soon disappeared behind the boughs of the dark evergreens.

Ah! how brightly the sun shines upon the happy! and it never shone upon happier hearts than those which beat at the story of Leonie, on the following day, within the white cottage of M. de Lauzon. But she spoke 3195 gently of the wild sons of the forest; she had not been rudely treated, and the young Wahconnah had been as a brother to her. He had taught her to bend the bow, and to guide the arrow to its distant mark; he had taught her to weave the pliant willow into baskets, and to decorate her moccasins with quills of the porcupine, dyed crimson and azure, and when she lost her path 3200 in the wilderness, Wahconnah saved her from perishing, and again brought her to the lodge of his father.

The Unknown was an eccentric and enthusiastic young Frenchman, who had left his country with the visionary hope of teaching the Red-man to abandon his ancient forests, together with his eagle plumes and scalping 3205 knife, for the garb of France, and the monotonous routine of plodding industry.

In order to accomplish this he deemed it necessary, in some measure, to become one of them. This he most happily accomplished. He became familiar with their language, mode of warfare, religious rites and rude forms 3210 of government. He bore the fatigues of the chase, in the fastnesses of their

native wilds, with the hardiest, and braved danger with the bravest, and at length gained the distinguishing appellation of Pechou.*

When his plans appeared sufficiently matured, the most distinguished chiefs were invited to a feast. The Calumet was lighted, and in silence 3215 passed from one to another of the native warriors. Pechou then arose, and with the most persuasive eloquence proposed changing their wild habits for those of his countrymen. He was listened to with the profoundest attention, and a long silence having followed his proposition, Piscaret arose and answered in the following manner. 3220

"Pechou is a Brave! but when he came among the Red-men he was a child. Piscaret hath taught him when hungry to strike the bounding deer, and when cold and naked to clothe himself in the spoils of the otter.—He hath taught him when sick to gather the plants of the wilderness, and when surrounded by foes to pass from them unhurt. He now says, come and learn 3225 of me! But can he find the beaver, the otter and the deer by digging in the earth? Can he call up the forest which has fallen by the axes of his countrymen, to hide him from an enemy? Can he take up his heavy lodge and bear it to Hochelaga or Quebeis?" No! Pechou is the brother of

* Lynx

* The Indian names for Montreal and Quebec.

Piscaret—but the swan can never teach the eagle to forsake his path among 3230
the clouds for her own shadowy fountains!”

Indeed, The Unknown found it more difficult to change the habits of
the aborigines than for him to forget those of his own country, and awaking
from his fantastic dream to a happy reality, he became an inmate of the white
cottage; but many were the mad pranks played upon him by the now gay 3235
Eloise, ere he led to the altar the more sedate, but not less happy, Leonie.

NOTES.

NOTES TO MILENO.

1

*Here had that master-spirit dwelt,
At whose proud shrine the nations knelt
In after days.*

Page 88. line 519.

Cicero is here referred to. "The haven of Gaeta (called Mola) is built on the ruins of the town Formæ, within the walls of which the Formianum of the philosopher was situated." Kotzebue.

2

*Nor distant far that sign of wrath,
(A sign of everlasting shame,
Against that Triumvirate of blood—
A glory to a freedman's name.)*

The monument of murder stood!

Page 89, line 538.

In a lemon grove, in the environs of the town, Cicero was murdered,
and a monument erected to him by his freedman.

3

And hush'd was Somma's breath of fire.

Page 89, line 541.

In the vicinity of the mountain, Vesuvius is called Somma.

4

To gaze upon that pillar high.

Page 104, line 809.

A few years ago but one pillar remained of the Temple of Peace in Rome.

NOTES TO ZEMIN.

1

The sun over gay Shiraz is bright.

Page 112, line 924.

The town and vale of Shiraz, or Shirauz, both by modern and ancient writers, is represented to be the garden of Persia.

2

 Nouromihar.

Page 112, line 930.

An Arabian word which means "dawn of the day."

3

From the Genii's spells and Peri's pow'r.

Page 113, line 934.

The Genii and Peries of the East were supposed to possess great power over the destinies of mankind.

4

She comes—and her chosen virgins lead

By the gilded rein her snow-white steed.

Page 113, line 948.

Hanway tells us that women of distinction rode on white horses. See Hanway's travels into Persia.

5

A mirror bears in her snowy hand.

Page 113, line 951.

Bearing a mirror before the bride is a custom general in the East.

6

————— *Her lids of jet.*

Page 116, line 1000.

The Eastern custom of adding brilliancy to the eyes by using a powder called Surma is alluded to.

7

Not past our marriage festival.

Page 117, line 1013.

Their marriage festivals continue nine or ten days.

8

*When I had wings and flew afar,
And saw the groves of Bisnagar.*

Page 119, line 1049.

The inhabitants of Bisnagar are said to be so fond of roses that the air is perfumed with them.

9

By thy own cherished Hafez' tomb.

Page 121, line 1093.

About two miles from Shiraz is the tomb of Hafez: a poet whose memory is almost worshipped by the Persians.

10

And now he hailed that marble white.

Page 121, line 1096.

Authors differ as to the colour of the marble, some representing it to be white, others grey; and Morier says: "The whole is of the diaphanous marble of Tabriz, in colour a combination of light greens, with here and there a vein of red and sometimes blue." The probability is that time has wrought changes in the colour of the marble, and that some have described as they found it at the period of their visits, and others from the testimony of those who knew as little about it as themselves.

11

The cypress boughs around were sighing.

Page 126, line 1177.

The tomb of Hafez was formerly surrounded by a grove of noble cypresses, but modern travellers say they are now blended with the sacred dust which they once shaded.

12

Drown'd was the voice of Roknabad.

Page 126, line 1180.

Near the tomb runs the stream of Roknabad, immortalized in the strains of the poet.

13

At one extremity a throne

Of Indian gold with diamonds shone.

Page 129, line 1230.

“Embroidered with Indian gold.”

Story of the three Callenders.

14

Not Agridagh's untrodden snows.

Page 129, line 1239.

Agridagh is the Turkish name for Ararat.

15

As shamed the flowers of Samarcande.

Page 130, line 1257.

The valley of Samarcande is celebrated for the rich odour of its roses.

16

As in these holy dwellings. —————

Page 134, line 1321.

The inhabitants of the holy villages claim immediate descent from the

Prophet: Speaking of Iman Zada Ismael, Porter says:—"We were surprised to find the women of the place not only walking about with freedom, but completely unveiled, and mixing promiscuously in discourse and occupation with the male inhabitants." See Porter's Travels.

17

One a sweet song of Hafez sung.

Page 133, line 1331.

"Another sung some of the odes of Hafez, accompanied by the Ramouncha, and in a chorus by the tamborines."—Morier's Persia.

18

And when as a soldier thou didst ride,

With thy sword of Shiraz and helm of pride.

Page 137, line 1386.

The swords of Shiraz are much esteemed in the east.

19

*But ah! the charm hath on him wrought
And changed him with the speed of thought:
As a young nightingale he flies.*

Page 140, line 1424.

The power of the Genii and Peries to transform the human frame into
beasts and birds is still a favourite belief in the East.

NOTES TO THE MISANTHROPE.

1

Like the fiery wing of that fatal wind

To the rover of Araby.

Page 161, line 1750.

For an animated description of the fearful blast which sometimes sweeps over the desert, see Campbell's Travels.

2

The poor beheld the lofty brow

Of the rich with curses deep, if low.

Page 164, line 1787.

"Curses not low, but deep."—Macbeth.

3

And a Callender's garb was mine.

Page 168, line 1845.

The Callenders are a kind of Mahomedan monk, who profess poverty and great sanctity.

4

But ere a second sun did rise

The Faithful saw my frail disguise.

Page 168, line 1846.

The Mahomedans term themselves "The Faithful."

NOTES TO THE MAID OF ST. PAUL.

I

————— *And her arched brow*

Lay like a penciled line amid the flow

Of her gold-spangled tresses.

Page 182, line 2044.

"Much time is consumed in combing and braiding the hair after bathing, and, at the greater festivals, in enriching and powdering it with small bits of silver gilded." Chandler page 124.

2

A faded jasmine, fallen from her hair.

Lay at her crossing feet. —————

Page 183, line 2058.

"In some ringlets near the face they place the flowers of the jasmine."

Clarke, page 347.

3

I wander, like the bird whose wings unfurl

When storms are on the earth.

Page 186, line 2107.

The Bird of Paradise is here alluded to, which is said to rise above the storm, that his beautiful and delicate plumage may not be ruffled and spoiled.

4

A band of Spartan blood.————

Page 188, line 2158.

"The Greeks of these mountains call themselves the genuine descendants of the Lacedæmonians." Chateaubriand, page 112.

5

Within his heart like Java's poisonous tree.

Page 207, line 2475.

This tree, in the island of Java, stands on a barren plain, and neither animal nor vegetable life can exist within many miles of it.

THE END.

Editorial Emendations

These notes record all the editorial emendations in the present text. Each entry contains the reading of the present text before the “|” and the reading of the University of Alberta version of the first edition after the “|”. Corrections marked by (E) have been made according to the errata list in the first edition, which included the following note: “In consequence of the Author’s absence several errors have crept into the work, to the grossest of which the attention of the Reader is directed.” Thus “**Preface**, 20 Chateaubriand’s | Chataubriand’s” indicates that whereas in line 20 of Hawley’s Preface he omits the letter ‘e’ from Chateaubriand’s name, the spelling has been corrected for this edition.

Preface

20 Chateaubriand’s | Chataubriand’s

30 pieces | peices

The Unknown (part 1)

31 strawberry } strawbery

72 expedient of } expedient of of

122 repetition } repitition

248 their } ther

460 passion's } passion

Mileno

690 But } Rut

The Unknown (part 2)

920 Eloise } Eloize

Zemin

949 snow-white } snowy (E)

1034 foreboded } forboded

1055 Where } When (E)

1299 spirits } shadows (E)

1308 thou } thee (E)

- 1323 light | high (E)
 1345 bulbul | bulbal
 1402 thrilling | thriling
 1537 charging | changing (E)
 1560 bust | burst (E)
 1576 She hath pluck'd | She pluck'd (E)
 1577 sends | sent (E)

The Misanthrope

- 1727 I saw a note:—'Tis time to fly— | "I saw a note:—'Tis time to
 fly— (E)
 1729 naught | nought (E)
 1730 again.' | again! (E)
 1785 upon him | upon upon him
 1790 other's | others
 1908 waxing | waving (E)
 1913 thraldom | tharldom

The Maid of St. Paul

- 2106 gazest | gayest (E)
 2134 murdered | dead (E)
 2354 loitering | listening (E)
 2379 oozing | verging (E)
 2394 combatants | combatants
 2419 Other's | Others
 2435 Like | Tike
 2478 revels | rules (E)
 2505 she | her (E)
 2543 often | after (E)

The Unknown (final part)

- 2555 Lauzon | Lauxon
 2621 speaking | speakiug
 2663 ripple | riple
 2851 fears. the | fears the
 3185 effected | affected

Notes to Mileno

- 1 situated.”] situated.
- 1 Page 112, line 924.] Each of Hawley’s endnotes designates the page or stanza and the line number of the referring passage. These have all been changed to reflect the page and line numbers used for this edition.

Explanatory Notes

The primary purpose of these Explanatory Notes is threefold: to explain or identify words and phrases that might be obscure to modern readers of *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*, to elucidate, where possible, the historical and mythical components of Hawley's Preface, poem and footnotes; and to call attention to words, phrases, and passages in Hawley's work that allude to, or as the case may be, derive from the works of other writers. In this last category, the notes are intended to complement the Introduction, where emphasis is placed less on local verbal and phrasal echoes than on the large patterns, assumptions and attitudes that link *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*, with other works in the British literary tradition and Canadian continuity. Quotations from Thomas Moore, Lord Byron, James Macpherson (Ossian), William Shakespeare John Lambert and Thomas Campbell—the writers most frequently echoed in the diction, tone and poetic texture of *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*—are taken from A.D.Godley's edition of *The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore* (Oxford: Oxford University Press; London: Humphrey Milford, 1929); John Jump's corrected edition of Frederick Page's *Byron: Poetical Works* in the Oxford Standard Authors series (London: Oxford University Press, 1970); *The Poems of Ossian*, translated by Macpherson with

notes and an Introduction by William Sharp (Edinburgh: Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, 1898); and J.L. Robertson's edition of Campbell's *Complete Poetical Works* (New York: Haskell House, 1968). Other quotations in the notes are from standard or definitive editions of the poets' works.

As indicated in the Introduction and affirmed by the Explanatory Notes, Hawley relies heavily on the travel and exploration narratives of contemporaneous writers, specifically Thomas Campbell, François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, Richard Chandler, Edward Daniel Clarke, Jonas Hanway, Augustus Von Kotzebue, James Morier and Robert Porter. Hawley's debts to these writers have been substantiated by quotations from revised editions where original editions of their work were not available. The editions quoted in the notes are as follows: Campbell, *Travels in South Africa: A Second Journey* (London: Printed for the Society, 1822); Nicholas Revett's edition of Chandler's *Travels in Asia Minor and Greece* (Oxford: Clarendon, 1825); F. Shorbel's translation of Chateaubriand's *Travels in Greece, Palestine, Egypt and Barabary During the Years 1806 and 1807* (New York: Van Winkle and Wiley, 1814); Clarke, *Travels, in Various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa* (London: T. Cadwell and W. Davies, 1816-24); Hanway, *An Historical Account of the British Trade over the Caspian Sea* (London: Dodsley, 1753); Kotzebue, *Travels Through Italy, in the Years 1804 and 1805* (London: Richard

Phillips, 1806); Morier, *A Journey Through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor, to Constantinople, in the Years 1808 and 1809* (London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, 1812); and Porter, *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia &c. &c.* (London: Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, 1821-22).

Several general and specialized works have aided in the research of the biographical, historical, mythological and literary backgrounds and components of *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*. I am especially indebted to Mary Lu MacDonald for the detailed list of Hawley's fugitive pieces in her essay "Three Early Canadian Poets," *Canadian Poetry*, 17 (Fall-Winter, 1985) 79-91, and Benjamin Sulte's Royal Society of Canada lecture "The Unknown," (Toronto: Copp-Clark, 1901) also proved useful in setting the historical context of *The Unknown*. In addition, the Introduction and Notes to D.M.R. Bentley's edition of Adam Kidd's *The Huron Chief* (London: Canadian Poetry, 1987), were essential to the completion of this project.

The most especially valuable of the several reference texts consulted over the course of this project were: the *Oxford English Dictionary*, the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, the *Macmillan Dictionary of Canadian Biography* (1978), the *McClelland and Stewart Canadian Encyclopedia* (1999 CD ROM), the *Literary History of Canada* (1976), the *Dictionary of Irish*

Literature (1984), *A Literary History of England* (1967), and Sir Paul Harvey's *Oxford Companion to English Literature* (1946). In the research of Trois Rivières' history and more specifically, the Algonquin and Iroquois histories of the region, the following books were useful: Robert Goldstein, *French-Iroquois Diplomatic and Military Relations 1609-1701* (The Hague: Mouton, 1969); Yvon Thériault, *Trois Rivières, ville de Reflêt* (Trois Rivières: Editions Trifluviennes, 1954); Montarville Boucher de la Bruère, *La Naissance des Trois-Rivières* (Trois Rivières, 1928); R.P. Archange Godbout, *Les pionniers de la région Trifluvienne* (Trois Rivières: Eds. du Bien Publicque, 1934); Benjamin Sulte, *Chronique Trifluvienne* (Montreal: Compagnie d'Imprimerie Canadienne, 1879); Daniel Clement, ed. *The Algonquins* (Hull: Canadian Museum of Civilisation, 1996); Cadwallader Colden, with Introduction by Robert Waite, *The History of the Five Indian Nations of Canada* (NY: American Explorers Series, 1922); and Frederick Hodge, ed., *Handbook of American Indians North of Mexico* (Ann Arbor: University Microfilms, 1967). As well, the web site www.familysearch.org, posted by the Mormon Church of Latter Day Saints has been an especially useful research tool for biographical data listed in their International Genealogical Index.

The Title

The two-parts of the title, "*The Unknown*" and "*Lays of the Forest*," anticipate the double structure of the text, which is divided between the prose narrative of "*The Unknown*" and the poetry of the "*Lays*."

According to the *Oxford Companion to English Literature*, a lay is typically "a short lyric or narrative poem intended to be sung" and is a term "originally applied specifically to the poems, usually dealing with matter of history or romantic adventure, which were sung by minstrels." While Hawley's lays are not "short," a sense of musicality is present in the inclusion of songs and numerous references to minstrelsy. Moreover, Hawley may have been influenced in part by Sir Walter Scott's immensely popular *Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), a long poem that has in common with Hawley's *Lays* both its length and historical themes.

The use of The Unknown as a title character echoes a principal feature in Moore's *Lalla Rookh* where the identity of a king is disguised from his would-be bride who falls in love with him under the influence of his poetry. The fact that The Unknown is a mysterious figure who perhaps "had committed some crime" (53), but without question was tall, dark, handsome and reclusive (59-63) suggests that he is a descendant of the Byronic hero.

Hawley's title is somewhat misleading as the lays that are interspersed throughout the text are not *of* the forest but, rather, situated in Italy, Persia, Arabia and Greece, respectively. Although the poems are supposed to have been written *in* the settling Trois Rivières area, their association with the Canadian forest ends there.

The Epigraph

A tale of the times of old. —Ossian The Epigraph to *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*, is the first line in two poems: "Cath-Loda" and "Carthon," both in James Macpherson's Ossianic *Fragments*. "Cath-Loda" is divided into four *duans* or "compositions in which the narration is often interrupted by episodes and apostrophes" (Macpherson's note to the title of "Duan First"). Hawley has clearly adopted this genre for the structure of his work. The story of Cath-Loda is unrelated to Hawley's work except in its Romantic tone and use of historical characters and settings. "Carthon" was likely Hawley's principal source of the quotation for the line following it is quoted in the Preface: "The deeds of days of other years!" Both lines precede the first paragraph of "Carthon" and are repeated at its conclusion. One of Macpherson's notes to "Carthon" gives the original title of the poem as "*Duan na nlaoi—i.e. The Poem of the Hymns.*" a

title Macpherson deems appropriate “on account of its many digressions ... which are in a lyric measure, as this song of Fingal” (175). The poem concerns the death of Carthon, a warrior whose name would be forgotten were it not for the intervention of the king of Morven who proclaims: “But thou shalt not die unknown...my birds are many. O Carthon! their songs descend to future times” (182). It is in this spirit of memorializing heroes who would otherwise be forgotten that Hawley undertakes both the narrative frame and the poems within *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*. See Introduction pp. 26-28, for a more detailed discussion of the influence of Ossian on Hawley.

Dedication

No biographical information is known about James Scott except that he was the Editor of the *Montreal Herald* in 1831, when *The Unknown* was published. An extensive search through Canadian biographical and literary indexes has revealed only that Scott was not well-known to Canadian historians or biographers. A census of the seigneuries belonging to the crown in 1863 shows that Scott lived in Laprairie in 1861, possibly indicating that Hawley was his neighbour as well as his friend and collaborator.

Preface

- 1 In 1829, Hawley published a collection of his early poetry entitled *Quebec, The Harp, and Other Poems* (Montreal: Printed at the Herald and New Gazette Office, 1829). Prior to the book's printing, the poem "Quebec" was awarded an honorary medal by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Sciences of Quebec.
- 5 *Campbell* Thomas Campbell (1777-1844) was a Scottish poet whose best-known poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," as well as his war poems "Hohenlinden," "The Battle of the Baltic," and "Ye Mariners of England" were popular throughout Great Britain. His narrative poem *Gertrude of Wyoming* (1809), which describes the massacre of a group of American settlers by Native people, also seems to have captured Hawley's imagination and influenced his work. Ironically, while Hawley admires Campbell's "polished" style, this quality earned him the accusation of polishing his narratives "till all the vital ruggedness appropriate to his subjects was smoothed away" (*Literary History of England*, 1170).
- 5 *Byron* George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788—1824) was as popular for his poetry as he was famous for his satiric wit and notorious for his unconventional behaviour. While living in Venice in 1817, Byron became

interested in the cause of Greek independence from the Ottoman Empire. He sailed for Missolonghi, where he arrived in 1824 to help unify Greek forces against the Turks by recruiting a regiment for their cause and by contributing financially to the Greek efforts. He died of fever in April of that year. Byron's exploits in the Mediterranean may well have contributed to Hawley's interest in the travel literature of the area and the Middle East. Both Byron's Romantic style and his radical political opinions seem to have heavily influenced Hawley's writing, as intimated in the Introduction.

- 6 *Moore* Thomas Moore (1779—1852), the Irish-born poet and lyricist whose popularity arose both for his poetry and his patriotism, is best remembered today for his *Irish Melodies*, a group of lyrics published between 1808 and 1835. Moore's biography of his friend, Lord Byron, which he published after destroying the memoirs Byron had entrusted to him, is considered one of Moore's best prose works. By Hawley's reference to wreaths of flowers and "glittering gems" it is clear that Moore's Romantic appreciation of nature's bounty was a source of inspiration for Hawley. In 1804, Moore visited Canada and subsequently published several influential poems on Canadian topics, most notably "Ballad Stanzas" and "A Canadian Boat Song."

- 10 "The deeds of days of other years." See note to Epigraph, above.

- 14-15 *Arabian Nights* Also known as *The Thousand and One Nights*, this text is a compilation of tales from Arabia, Persia, and India, dating from the 10th century A.D.. It was made popular in Europe in the early eighteenth century through Antoine Galland's French translation, *Les milles et une nuits*, published between 1704 and 1717. Soon after, several expurgated English versions based on Galland's translation appeared in England. The framework is the story of Sheherazade, whose tales ensure her safety from her murderous husband, and constitute the main body of the work. The structure of this work is closely paralleled by that of Moore's *Lalla Rookh* (1817) and provided Hawley with another precedent of the structure of *The Unknown*.
- 15-16 *Lalla Rookh* *Lalla Rookh* (1817), by Thomas Moore (see note 6 to Preface, above), which consists of a prose narrative frame that encompasses four poems, probably provided the primary structural model for *The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest*. Its title character travels from Delhi to Cashmere to marry the king of Bucharria. During the journey, she falls in love with a young poet, Feramorz who tells her stories each evening and who, at the end of the journey reveals himself as the King of Bucharria, her intended husband.
- 19 "unbend his brow" This line may be a variation of the line "And never smile his brow unbended"(538) in Byron's "Parisina" (1816), a poem that concerns a case of infidelity and incest and the subsequent execution of the

perpetrators. Alternatively, the line may originate in Moore's *Lalla Rookh* in the poem "The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan": "Who does not envy that young woman now, / To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow" (171-2). This poem is the tragic story of a perfectly-matched couple who have terrible misfortunes and its tone and themes are echoed throughout the Lays of *The Unknown*.

- 20 *Chateaubriand* François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand (1768—1848), a leading figure in French Romanticism, rose to fame as a result of *The Genius of Christianity* (1802, tr. 1856), which includes two tragic love stories, "Atala" (1801) and "René" (1802). In their exotic and melancholy descriptions of nature, these two stories exemplify the evocative language characteristic of Romantic fiction. In 1791 Chateaubriand visited the United States with the supposed intention of searching for the Northwest Passage, but his westernmost stop was Niagara Falls. Not surprisingly, some parts of Chateaubriand's travel writing have been discovered to be plagiarized or simply personal invention. In *Travels in Greece, Palestine, Egypt and Barbary, During the Years 1806 and 1807* (1814), Chateaubriand mentions the village of St. Paul in association with an orphaned Christian girl (unnamed) who was murdered there. The "principal peasants" of the village conclude from the girl's friendliness with passing strangers that "her virtue"

is questionable and so they hire a Turkish officer, a pacha, to remove her from the village. Chateaubriand notes that the murder was widely discussed amongst the townsmen not because of the atrocity of the deed but because the pacha had outrageously demanded extra payment for his service because of the youth and beauty of his victim. The massacre of the villagers in "The Maid of St. Paul" and the name "Evadne" are not mentioned in Chateaubriand's text.

24 *last work which I shall publish in this country...* Although *The Unknown* was Hawley's last book, he continued to publish poetry and prose in the *Montreal Transcript* until 1848 at least.

28 *developement* Development.

30 *fugitive pieces* Items published in newspapers.

30 *Sweeney*: According to Lawrence M. Lande, who borrows his information almost entirely from C.M. Edgar Whyte's *A Wreath of Canadian Song* (1910), Robert Sweeney was an Irish-born poet who settled in Montreal around 1820. In 1826, Sweeney's only known collection of verse, *Olds and Ends*, was published. Sweeney was killed in a duel with a Major Ward of the Montreal Garrison in Montreal in 1840. The duel is reputed to have been over the honour of Sweeney's wife.

30 *Willis*: John Howard Willis (1803? - 1847) was a poet and essayist and the

author of *Scraps and Sketches; or the Album of a Literary Lounger* (1831).

The date and location of Willis' birth are unknown but in several of his poems he refers to Canada as his native land. The *Oxford Companion to Canadian Literature* calls Willis' prose "highly florid and his romanticism extremely sentimental," and notes that he nevertheless "maintained that his was 'the romance of reality.'" Willis' poetry was published contemporaneously with Hawley's in several Montreal and Quebec papers, sometimes under the nom-de-plume "Long Tom Coffin."

- 30 *Dugal* John Dougall (1808-1886) was born at Paisley, Scotland and emigrated to Canada at the age of 18. In 1835 he became the editor of the *Canada Temperance Advocate*, a periodical that supported temperance reform. In 1846 Dougall founded the *Montreal Witness*, a weekly paper that appealed to strict religious and temperance sentiment, was so successful that in 1860 it started publishing on a daily basis and in 1871, an American version, the New York *Daily Witness* was founded. Dougall died suddenly in Long Island, New York in 1886.

- 31 *Foreign Literary Gazette* Neither Canadian nor British indexes record a publication of this name. It is possible that Hawley is referring to the *Literary Gazette of London* (1817-1862) but evidence remains to be discovered whether this periodical ever took an interest in Canadian poetry. A second

possibility is a publication called the *Foreign Review* (1828-1830), which was a quarterly periodical printed in England with a particular interest in contemporary literature from Europe and America, but there is no evidence of particular references to Canadian poetry in its brief publication history.

- 32 “*would do no dishonour to laureled heads*” The source of this quotation has yet to be identified. However, the earlier reference to the foreignness of the “laureled heads” suggests that Hawley valued Canadian writers’ abilities to emulate the revered British literary models of the time.

The Unknown, or Lays of the Forest

- 1 *In the year 1633, peace being restored between England and France...*
 Samuel de Champlain (c.1570-1635) surrendered Quebec in 1629 after the capture of French territories by the British, most notably the capture of Tadoussac in 1628 by Sir David Kirke (c.1597-1654) and his brothers. On March 29, 1632, the Treaty of Saint-Germain, negotiated between Great Britain and France restored Québec and the St Lawrence region to Louis XIII. In 1633, Champlain returned to New France and began re-establishing French posts.

- 5-7 *Quebec, Montreal, or...Hochelaga...and Trois Rivières...places where the...Europeans had...succeeded in forming establishments...* Although there may have been European settlers in the Montreal area in 1633, the settlement was not officially established until 1642. Hochelaga, an Iroquois village on the present site of Montreal, was deserted sometime between 1557 and 1603, and when Quebec was founded by Champlain in 1608 there was still no permanent establishment at Montreal. In 1633, Trois Rivières was also yet to be established, although the settlement's first concession was mapped out in December of that year, and Pierre de Charlevoix records habitation as early as 1632. The foundation of Trois Rivières was made official by Champlain in 1634 with the establishment of a fort.
- 5 *savages* Hawley uses this term to designate any of the Algonquian, Iroquois or other Native peoples of the St. Lawrence and Trois Rivières regions. See the Introduction p. 27-28, for the social and political implications of the usage of this term.
- 17 *spectre* Ghost.
- 17 *ambuscade* Ambush.
- 19 *cot* Cottage.
- 20 *whitewashed* A mixture of lime (quicklime), water, flour, salt, glue, and whiting that is applied as a base or substitute for paint. Cf. John Lambert,

Travels through Canada, and the United States of North America (1816).

151: "Their [the Habitants'] houses are composed of logs slightly smoothed with the axe, laid upon each other, and dove-tailed at the corners....The interstices are filled with clay or mud, and the sides of the building washed outside and in with lime dissolved in water."

22-23 *flower garden...seemed to rejoice amid the wilderness* Cf. Isaiah 35.1: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

26 *Coteau* A small hill. This feature is distinguished on maps of the Trois Rivières vicinity as early as 1633 and labelled simply "Le Coteau."

26-29 *the Coteau...elevated plain...barren sand...* Cf. Lambert, *Travels*, 465: "The town of Three Rivers is situate [sic] on a light sandy soil. One part, towards the St. Maurice river, is considerably elevated, and commands a beautiful and extensive prospect of the St. Lawrence and opposite shore."

30 *whortle-berries* A type of wild blueberries.

32 *Canadian snow-drop* A delicate white flower that blooms in late winter or early spring.

35-36 *stockade in the Indian manner* Prior to the construction of a French fort at Trois Rivières (see note to lines 6-8, above), there existed at the same location an Algonquian stockade that is supposed to have been abandoned by

the Algonquians due to increased hostilities from the Iroquois. According to Champlain's notes, a typical Algonquian fortress observed in the same region was "constructed of a number of stakes set very close together" (Biggar, *The Works of Samuel De Champlain*, 1:141). These stockades were usually built to protect small villages or housing units.

37 *situation* Location for his hut.

58 *violet flames which are said to lead benighted travellers to the brink of dizzy precipices...* Hawley is here alluding to the phenomenon known as "marsh lights" or "*ignis fatuus*." According to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, "when approached, the *ignis fatuus* appeared to recede, and finally to vanish, sometimes reappearing in another direction. This led to the notion that it was the work of a mischievous sprite, intentionally leading benighted travellers astray." These are sometimes used metaphorically to denote any fleeting caprice that may lead a person astray, as in Byron's *Don Juan*, 15: 54: "Following the 'ignes fatui' of mankind."

59 *fens* Marshes.

61 *Piscaret* Simon Pieskaret (d.1647) (also Piescaret, Piescars, Diescaret) has been variously identified as the chief of the Adirondacks (Cadwallader Colden, 1:7), Tessouat or "Le Borgne" tribes (Elsie McLeod Jury, *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, 2: 547), as well as of the Kichesipirini tribe, whose

name signifies “men of the great river” and who were also known as Island Algonkins of the Yamachiche River Group (Daniel Clement, 50). In 1641 François de Champflour, the governor of Trois Rivières, baptised Piscaret and gave him the Christian name Simon. Piscaret had a widely-known reputation as a fearless and skilful warrior who had taken countless Iroquois lives during a lifetime of raids, ambushes, and defensive battles. In 1645, Piscaret was a party to the peace negotiations that took place at Trois Rivières between the French, Huron, Algonkin and Montagnais people. After the negotiations, Piscaret was appointed to maintain the peace between the various groups, a role he is said to have fulfilled faithfully until March 1647, when he was murdered and scalped by a party of Iroquois who disregarded the peace agreements.

61n *Colden* Cadwallader Colden (1688-1776) was the surveyor-general and later the lieutenant governor of the province of New York. In 1727 he published *The History of the Five Indian Nations*, an extensive study of the Iroquois people of New York and the surrounding area, that includes a treatise examining the economic relations between the Five Nations (now known as the Six Nations) and the province of New York.

64 *skill in the chase* Hunting ability.

69-70 *M. de Lauzon* See Introduction p. 30-31, for a discussion of the historical

figure, Jean de Lauson.

71 *reverses* Negative changes of fortune.

71 *reduced* Impoverished.

81 *wood nymphs* Graceful or beautiful young women. In Greek mythology, nymphs were female personifications of various natural objects.

82 *romp* Tomboy

82 *Houri* A houri (from the Arabic word for black-eyed) is a beautiful maiden who dwells in paradise for the enjoyment of Moslem faithfuls. The passages in the Qu'ran describing the physical delights of heaven are viewed by many Muslim critics as allegorical. Cf. Byron, *The Siege of the Corinth*, 12: "Secure in paradise to be / By Houris loved immortally."

84 *wan* Pale, sickly.

103-104 *the curling smoke was rising from the rude chimney of his solitary dwelling*
Cf. Moore, "Ballad Stanzas," *Poems Relating to America*, 1: "I knew by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd / Above the green elms, that a cottage was near."

111-112 *the defences of the place were in an unfinished state...* The fort at Trois Rivières was not completed until the autumn of 1634.

114 *general rendezvous* Meeting place. Historically, this would likely have been at the fort.

- 123 *at peace with the Iroquois...* Between 1615 and 1635 there was minimal
fighting between the French and the Iroquois although there was not an
official peace treaty in place.
- 125 *western Indians* Native Canadians who lived west of Trois Rivières include
the Weskarini people, who were Algonquian and the Onontchatarons who
were Iroquois. There are no historical records of any of the tribes west of
Trois Rivières ever waging an attack on the settlement.
- 130 *The night was near its last watch...* Historically, night-time was divided into
three, four or five periods, or 'watches.' The last watch would have been
from approximately 3am to 6am.
- 131 *tusee* A light flintlock musket.
- 134 *watch light* Small lantern or candle carried by a sentinel.
- 134 *sable* Dark, black.
- 135 *dun* Dull greyish-brown.
- 145 *Aurora Borealis* The northern lights are streamers and bands of light
appearing in the northern sky caused by energized electrons moving through
the ionosphere. These shapes and colours change frequently and often
erratically. Cf. Moore, "The Dissolution of the Holy Alliance," *Fables*, 1:12:
"A dome of frost-work, / Which shone by moonlight—as the tale is— Like
an aurora borealis."

- 146 *some new freak* A change in the streaks of colour.
- 146 *meteor* This term may be applied to any atmospheric disturbance but here refers specifically to the northern lights. Cf. Moore, *Lalla Rookh*, 450: "Like the meteors of the north as they are seen by those hunters, who pursue the white and blue foxes on the confines of the Icy Sea."
- 151 *painted warriors* Face and body painting was a wide-spread custom among Algonkins and Iroquois. Pigment was made from organic and mineral compositions and was applied for religious ceremonies and for occasions of war.
- 152 *phrenzied* Frenzied.
- 153 *contest* Battle.
- 162 *foes of the Pale-faces* The Iroquois. "Pale-face" designates the French or English as opposed to "Red-man," which designated any Native North American. Hawley later refers to the combined forces of M. de Lauzon and Piscaret's men as "the pale-faces" but otherwise restricts this term to people of European descent.
- 185 *attray* Assault.
- 187 *Algonkin* Pertaining to the Algonkin tribe, band or group. The Algonkins are included within the larger classification of the Algonquian family that is composed of numerous Native groups who live throughout North America

east of the Rocky Mountains.

187n *Adirondack and Algonkin* These are not synonymous terms as this note implies, rather, the Adirondacks are a band within the larger grouping of the Algonkins.

204 *equipped in the Indian manner...* Native clothing was typically made of leather. Hawley's description is historically accurate, although the details of the facial paint are probably his own invention. The belt described is likely be decorated with beads made of shell, or *wampum*, a term that came to signify the belt itself rather than just the shell beads. Possible sources for this portrait are the frontispiece of Adam Kidd's *The Huron Chief*, or the Hullmandel lithograph of Edward Chatfield's painting of Nicholas Vincent Isawanhonhi, on which the frontispiece may be based, both of which depict the cap and eagle feathers, some of the facial paint markings, the leggings and mocassins as well as the waist belt and its accoutrements of Hawley's Unknown.

214 *hare in blue paint* One of the Algonquian Manitous, or deities, common to the Great lakes' tribes, was represented as a rabbit and was responsible for the creation of the Earth. There is a phonetic similarity between the Algonquian words for "rabbit" and "light," which may be the reason for the rabbit-god's association with the sun and creation generally. Warriors would

traditionally wear symbols for protection on the back and symbols of victory on the chest.

- 214 *powder horn* Container for bullets or powder and shot. As cow and ox horns were rare in Trois Rivières in 1633, The Unknown's powder horn may have been made of another material such as leather or wood.
- 226 *bark canoe* Canoes were either made of reinforced birch bark or of hollowed tree trunks, the former being good for speed and the latter for stability.
- 228 *mantle* Covering.
- 240 *vagaries* Eccentricities.
- 248 *strain* Passage of poetry or stream of impassioned language.

Mileno

- title *Mileno* This character's name is probably a derivative of Milano, a city in Italy.
- 257 *jet* Black.
- 263 *shade* Darkness of night.
- 267 *bound* Bordered.
- 268 *lea* Tract of open, usually grassy land, or the lea shore.

- 273 *Unmix'd* Straight, not tangled.
- 285 *bark* Sailing vessel.
- 329 *tornadoes* Violent storms. Cf. Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, 357: "While oft
in whirls the mad tornado flies."
- 349 *his clay* His physical body.
- 350 *sordid thirstings* Base desires.
- 362 *Might wile the scorpion from his heart.* Figuratively, to calm or soothe
Mileno's bitterness. Cf. Young, *Busiris* 2:1: "That thought has fixed a
scorpion on my heart / That stings to death."
- 373 *sullen* Foreboding.
- 384 *mamæ* Raving man or mad man.
- 387 *rayless* Devoid of brightness, dull.
- 395 *hour of chastened light* Nighttime, when the light is subdued.
- 396 *wight* Man.
- 403 *points of flame* Stars.
- 410 *hier* Stand on which a corpse is placed before burial.
- 417 *pall* Shroud.
- 420 *Hist* An exclamation used to call for silence or the attention of an audience.
- 424 *list* Listen to.
- 433 *dissevered* Disjointed, unattached.

- 436 *starting* Flowing from.
- 445 *posted* Travelled speedily on horseback.
- 481 *futurity* Future prospects.
- 485 *hallow'd* Sanctified, blessed.
- 502 *sires* Parents.
- 510 *immutable* Unchanging.
- 527 *rustic* Rudely constructed of undressed branches or roots of trees.
- 530 *Aeneas* The principal character in Virgil's *Aeneid*. Aeneas is the Trojan son of Anchises and Aphrodite. After the fall of Troy he wanders for several years before arriving in Italy, where his descendants found Rome.
- 536 *Triumvirate* Association of three magistrates for joint administration.
- 537 *freedman* Man emancipated from slavery or service of a subordinate nature.
- 540 *Ischia, on the Bay* A volcanic island in Southern Italy. Ischia lies in the Tyrrhenian Sea between the Gulf of Gaeta and the Bay of Naples.
- 559-560 *My name Mileno—why do'st start? I thought that name was
laid apart* Cf. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, 1.3: "Good sir, why do you start, and
seem to fear Things that so sound so fair?"
- 562 *stripling* Young man.
- 575 *balsam* Healing or soothing agent.
- 577 *Where Jordan rolls his sullen flood:* Any of the countryside banking the

river Jordan, (here personified), which flows from present-day Lebanon southward to the Dead Sea. Cf. Moore, "The Fire-Worshippers," *Lalla Rookh*, 458: "By sudden swell of Jordan's pride."

621 *hied* Went quickly.

633 *upbraiding* Reproachful, reproving.

642 *bourne* Boundary. Mileno is referring to his proximity to death.

647-650 *I will not say that she was fair— It were like looking on the sky. When not a cloud appears on high* Cf. Byron, "She walks in Beauty," *Hebrew Melodies*, 1: "She walks in beauty, like the night / Of cloudless climes and starry skies."

669 *That frail young being of an hour—* Cf. Keats, *When I have Fears*: "Fair creature of an hour!"

673 *sulphurous field* An allusion to the sulphurous quality of gunpowder smoke on the battlefield. Cf. Byron, *Siege of Corinth* 19: "From every crevice comes the shot; / From every shatter'd window pour / The volleys of the sulphurous shower."

680 *wonted* Usual.

694 *streamlet* Small stream.

711 *wont* Desire.

714 *Coliseum* Large outdoor theatre in Rome where games and contests were

held.

715 *rent* Deteriorating.

727 *herculean* Having the characteristics of Hercules, hero of Classical mythology, most famous for his tremendous strength. He was posthumously ranked among the gods and given divine honours. Cf. Byron, *The Corsair*, l:9: "Robust but not Herculean—to the sight / No giant frame sets forth his common height."

753 *brigand* Bandit.

760 *spotted brand* Sword covered in blood spots, presumably.

778 *rabble* Mob.

779 *smoking brand* Recently used sword.

785 *nerveless* Incapable of action, inert.

797 *My brain grew wild and tempest-tost* Cf. Cowper, *The Castaway*, 101-103: "Me howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd, / Sails ript, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost." Also cf. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, 1.3, 24-25: "Though his bark cannot be lost / Yet it shall be tempest-tost."

800 *fitful* Sporadic. Cf. Byron, *The Siege of Corinth*, 21: "So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light."

847-848 *Till heaven, and earth, and ocean—all Were darkened with their sable pall*
Cf. Byron, *Don Juan*, 7: 86: "how soon the smoke / Of Hell shall pall them

in a deeper cloak!”

863 *rap* Knock.

The Unknown (part 2)

905 *myriads* Multitudes.

Zemin

title *Zemin* This name is perhaps taken from Zemaraim, a city mentioned in the Bible (Josh 18:22), probably situated north of Jerusalem.

924 *Shiraz* A city in southwest Iran where Hafez, one of Persia’s most renowned poets is buried in a garden-enclosed tomb. (See note to Zemin, line 170, below, for details of Hafez.)

927 *founts* Fountains.

930 *vale* Valley (poetic).

934 *Genii* Tutelary or guardian spirits who are supposed to guide an individual through life.

934 *Peris* Supernatural beings from Persian mythology, peris are fallen angels who are denied entry into paradise until they do penance. Hawley depicts

genii and peris as benevolent spirits, although peris are sometimes considered malevolent. Cf. Byron, *Bride Abydos* 1:5: "My Peri! Ever welcome here!" and Moore, "Paradise and the Peri," *Lalla Rookh*, 1: "One morn a Peri at the gate Of Eden stood disconsolate."

940 *waving plume* Singular or group of feathers adorning a military helmet. Cf. Byron, *Werner*, 5:1: "We will lay aside these nodding plumes and dragging trains."

985 *buoyant* Carefree, light-hearted.

1008 *Sultan* Persian word for a person in a ruling position of government in a Muslim country.

1069 *boding* Presaging, predicting something ominous.

1073 *bauble* Trinket; worthless or gaudy ornament.

1080-1093 Nouronihar is being reprimanded by the narrator who notes that Zemin's absence is owing to his adverse changes in fortune: Zemin and his allies won a battle on the first night of fighting, but on the second night, they are all killed or taken captive except for Zemin, who escapes.

1112 *Alla!* Used here as an exclamation of sorrow, Allah is an Arabic word meaning The Deity.

1113 *laurels* Leaves of the laurel tree, usually gathered in a crown as a symbol of victory or poetic excellence.

- 1129 *Mahmed* Allusion to Mahmoud of Turkey, who was in power during the Greek War of Independence.
- 1131 *headsman* Person responsible for beheading.
- 1174 *courser* War horse. Cf. Byron, *Don Juan*, 1:80: "Hunters bold, and coursers keen."
- 1191 *siren* Enchanting, alluring, like the music of a siren. In Greek mythology sirens were sometimes represented as having the head of a woman and the body of a bird. They inhabited rocky shores onto which they drew sailors' vessels.
- 1213 *faery being* Supernatural creature, usually one of diminutive size, supposed to possess magical powers.
- 1231 *silph-like* Slender, graceful. In Greek mythology, sylphs are spirits of the air.
- 1264 *siren music* Enchanting, mesmerizing music as from a siren.
- 1271 *myrtle* Fragrant plant used in the production of perfume.
- 1278 *asphodel* Considered by classical mythology to be an immortal flower, the asphodel is often associated with Elysium, or the fields of the dead.
- 1289 *chrysolite* Type of green or yellow gem, also called peridot or olivine.
- 1291 *hyacinth* A variety of the semi-precious stone zircon, usually of a reddish orange colour. Hyacinth also refers to red or orange varieties of topazes and

garnets.

1315 *coronal* Crown or headpiece.

1326 *trowsers* Trousers.

1326 *phantasy* Fantasy.

1344 *Peries* Alternate spelling of Peris. plural of Peri.

1345 *bulbul* A bird commonly praised in Persian poetry for its song.

1375 *zephyr* A gentle, west wind, from the Greek personification of the west wind, Zephyrus.

1377 *when the plague is nigh* In 1334, the most widespread plague epidemic began in Constantinople and spread throughout Europe. In less than twenty years this epidemic affected as much as three quarters of the population of Europe and Asia.

1383 *brake* Shrubbery, low forest growth.

1426 *As a young nightingale he flies...* The change brought upon Zemin in the previous line is meant literally as a physical transformation under the Peri Queen's spell.

1427 *pinions* Wings (poetic).

1486-1487 *And Zemin's spirit...* Again, this is a literal transfiguration of Zemin's corporeal form, this time into the shape of a war horse.

1492 *Persian Shah* Alternate title for Sultan Mahmed. Shah is a Persian title for

a male monarch.

1496 *ramely bleed* Died or fought without animation, passively.

1508 *Persian Monarch* Another alternate title for Sultan Mahmed.

1516-1519 *If had form...* Lemm here resumes his human corporeal form.

1521 *despot of Iran* Again, a reference to Sultan Mahmed, denoting his autocracy.

The Unknown (part 3)

1586 *Her nervous system had become completely deranged* Madame de Lauzon is suffering from acute anxiety.

1587 *allured* Dispelled.

1588 *assiduity* Diligence.

The Misanthrope

1594 *honey* Grey, elderly.

1619 *doff'd* Doffed, got rid of.

1628 *hoom* Request.

- 1631 *throe* Violent pang.
- 1737 *Nor the sulphur spread my pall* An allusion to the sulphurous quality of gun powder smoke: the Misanthrope could not find death by gunfire.
- 1751 *Araby* Arabia.
- 1759 *jocund* Merry, cheerful.
- 1761 *helm* Helmet.
- 1767 *strand* Shore or beach.
- 1781 *mystic roll* Scroll pertaining to an ancient or religious mystery. Cf. Dryden Virgil's *Aeneid* 1: 357: "I have search'd the mystic rolls of Fate."
- 1814 *triple chain* Presumably three lengths of chain-shot.
- 1817 *sybil* Pertaining to one of the sibyls who are considered prophetesses in classical mythology. Cf. Shakespeare, *Othello*, 3.4.70: "A Sybill, in her prophetic fury sow'd the work."
- 1835 *barbarous clime* Foreign or inhospitable climactic region.
- 1837 *where the Tartar roves* Asia: the Tartars are Turkic-speaking people originally from Mongolia, whose descendants now live in southwestern Russia.
- 1840 *mendicant* Beggar.
- 1843 *savage tongue* Foreign language. Cf. Campbell, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, 1:4: "And spoke in friendship every distant tongue."

- 1845 *Callender* Calender (also Kalendar, Qalandar) were an order of mendicant dervishes founded in the fourteenth century.
- 1852 *Dervise* Dervish. A Muslim friar who has taken a vow of poverty. Cf. Byron (1821) *Don Juan* 3: 29: "Like dervises, who turn as on a pivot."
- 1859 *cell* Dwelling inhabited by a hermit or other solitary.
- 1896 *lispng infant* Young child who has not yet mastered speech.
- 1913 *thralldom* Bondage, slavery.
- 1936 *impearled* Adorned with pearl-like (dew) drops.

Unknown (part 4)

- 1949 *retention* Memory.
- 1951 *La petite Madame* French: The little lady.
- 1965 *alacrity* Cheerful willingness.

The Maid of St. Paul

- title *The Maid of St. Paul* See note to line 23 of the Preface for the source of this title. As Chateaubriand's travels were during the years 1806 and 1807, and "The Maid of St. Paul" was supposed to have been written by The Unknown

before 1633, it seems fitting that certain historical anachronisms occur in this poem.

- 1966 *land of song and lyre* Laconia, or Lacedaemon, in Ancient Greece. Cf. Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, 1:1: "Oh thou! in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth. Muse! formed or fabled at the Minstrel's will! Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth."
- 1968 *Which not the Persian throngs could overwhelm...* An allusion to the Persian Wars during which, in 480 BC, Spartan allies lost a heroic battle to the Persians at Thermopylae. This pass in east central Greece was used in ancient times as an entrance into Greece from the north. Leonidas, (d. 480 BC), the king of Sparta led his city's forces against the Persians who were led by Xerxes (519?-465 BC), the king of Persia. Many Greeks escaped unharmed but Leonidas's forces refused to flee and were killed.
- 1973 *sate* Sat (poetic).
- 1974 *land of Helen* Laconia or Lacedaemon, in Ancient Greece. In Greek mythology, Helen was the beautiful daughter of Leda and Zeus and the wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta. Helen was abducted by Paris, causing the start of the Trojan war.
- 1975 *minstrelsy* Songs or ballads.
- 1977 *fanes* Temples.

- 1978 *Thy fallen children, and their tyrant's chains!* This is a reference to the Greek descendants who lived under the rule of the Ottoman Empire until the Greek War of Independence which ended in 1829, leading to the independence of southern Greece including the Pelopónnisos.
- 1979 *Eva's hills...St. Paul's* Eva's hills are the foothills of Mount Eva, presumably. According to Chateaubriand's *Travels* from which these place names has been taken, St. Paul's is located "near the sources of the Lænus, in the chain of Mount Eva, and not far from Prasiæ on the gulf of Argos" and is "very near the sea" (110), yet no modern sources could be found to corroborate Chateaubriand's geographical placement of the Mount Eva nor the "considerable village" of St. Paul's.
- 1980 *sequestered rills* Secluded streamlets, produced as a result of runoff from heavy rains. Cf. Byron, *Childe Harold*, 1:1: "Yet there I've wandered by thy vaulted rill."
- 1982 *Pavnim* Saracen, member of one of the Muslim nomadic tribes of Syria or of the regions which bordered Syria and the Roman Empire.
- 1986 *restive* Restless.
- 1986 *barb* Horse, especially one from Barbary.
- 1989-1990 *Lest that high mettled courser might betray...* The rider is afraid his high-spirited horse will be too wild or rambunctious for his

journey.

- 1992 *khan* Khan. Travellers' inn. Cf. Chandler. *Travels*. 1:193: "We stopped at the khan, while our men purchased provisions."
- 2000 *turban* A long cloth wrapped around the hair or the wearer of such, a Muslim or a Sikh.
- 2003 *light carbine* Small rifle.
- 2020 *brand* Sword.
- 2032 *doubtful flame* A weak light.
- 2035 *romancer* Writer of romances or romantic fiction.
- 2036 *She was a thing of beauty!* Cf. Keats *Endymion*. 1: 1: "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever; / Its loveliness increases: it will never / Pass into nothingness."
- 2043 *carnation* Crimson.
- 2049 *Phidias* Phidias (c. 500 — c. 432 B.C.) was a Greek artisan famous for his sculpture *Athena Parthenos* and for his rendering of Zeus in the Temple of Olympia.
- 2049 *Paris* Greek mythological character who abducted Helen, causing the start of the Trojan war.
- 2051 *speaking face* Highly expressive face.
- 2053 *shamed it...* Was more beautiful than the page. Cf. Shakespeare *Venus &*

Adonis. 732: "Wherein she framed thee in high heaven's despite. To shame the sun by day and her by night."

2053 *band* A flat strip of material used to bind a dress about the waist, chest, wrist or neck. The likelihood here is that The Maid of St. Paul has loosened or "unclasp'd" her waist-band in order to recline more comfortably on the divan.

2057 *aspen* Tree of the willow family whose leaves quiver at the slightest breeze.

2064 *Evadne* Hawley probably invented this name because of the proximity of St. Paul's to Mount Eva, according to Chateaubriand (110).

2080 *Lascaris* Perhaps an allusion to Lascaris, the family name of the Greek emperors who founded the empire of Nicaea, located at the present day Iznik, Turkey.

2097 *Ithome* According to Chateaubriand, Mount Ithome is the same place as Mount Vulcano, near Messene, Greece.

2139 *shades* Spirits.

2141 *Jehovah* God, from the Hebrew word *Yahweh*.

2153 *Osman* Osman, or Othman, (1259—1326), was the leader of the Ottoman Turks who ruled the Ottoman Empire. In 1290, Osman proclaimed his independence from the Seljuk Turks when their empire collapsed. Aided by an influx of Muslim warriors, Osman expanded his state in Northwest Asia

Minor.

- 2164 *corsairs* Turkish privateers who lived on the Barbary coast.
- 2203 *The Moslem's sword* The actions of one of the Turkish fighters.
- 2214 *taper* Light.
- 2231 *controul* Control.
- 2239 *Spartan ruins* There still remains ruins of old Sparta, including temples and a theatre. They lie just outside of the modern city of Sparta.
- 2240 *Aga* In Moslem countries, a chief officer or a commander in the military.
- 2244 *casement* Window.
- 2248 *reeking* Covered with blood. Cf. Scott, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 21:
 "Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood dear / Reeked on dark Elliot's Border
 spear."
- 2251 *meridian sun* Noon sunshine.
- 2263 *Lacedaemon* Ancient region of Greece now called Pelopónnisos, or Peloponnesus.
- 2265 *Artaz* This name seems to be derived from Arta, the name of a river, a gulf and an ancient town in Greece.
- 2275 *men* Demeanour.
- 2282 *Pacha* Pasha, the highest honorary title, originating during the Ottoman Empire.

- 2286 *Misitra* A town in the Peloponnesus, mentioned in Chateaubriand's *Travels*.
- 2307 *wanton breeze* An erratic or uncontrollable wind. Cf. Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 2.1.129: "When we have laughed to see the sails conceive, And grow big bellied with the wanton wind."
- 2310 *Eurotas* Evrotas, the principal river in the Greek region of Pelopónnisos.
- 2314 *Leonidas* Leonidas (d. 480 BC), was a king of Sparta. He fought against the Persian invasion of Greece at Thermopylae. (See note to The Maid of St. Paul, line 3, above.)
- 2314 *limpid* Clear.
- 2338 *wallet* Bag for food or other personal belongings, used on journeys.
- 2343 *spars* Crystal-like minerals.
- 2355 *freak* Impulse.
- 2369-2370 *No moon-beam on his darkly vaulted way To tell if friend or foe in ambush lay* Cf. *Campbell, Gertrude of Wyoming*, 3:18: "Go! seek the light its warlike beacons show; / Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe!"
- 2445 *score* Twenty.
- 2506 *taper* Candle.
- 2541 *kindred* Family or close relation.
- 2545 *meteor* Disturbance in the sky. (See note to line 162, above.)

The Unknown (final part)

- 2585 *Red-man* Iroquois man. (See note to line 179, above.)
- 2597 *Mumito* Gitche Manitou: according to Algonquian beliefs, Gitche Manitou is the Supreme Being and creator and governor of all living things.
- 2602 *roe* A poeticism: Hawley is referring to the white-tailed deer common to the St. Lawrence region rather than the small roe deer native to Europe and Asia. Cf. Campbell, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, 1:25: "To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,/ And pour'd the lotus-horn, or slew the mountain roe."
- 2603 *panther* In Canadian contexts, 'panther' refers to a cougar.
- 2608 *towards the setting sun* Although this phrase implies going westward, the St. Maurice lies to the East of Trois Rivières. The trip up the St. Maurice to the Shawinigan Falls is mostly directly northward with some westward deviations in the river.
- 2616 *intelligence* Information.
- 2648 *burthen* Burden.
- 2686 *A bay...* The Baie de Shawinigan.
- 2692 *Shawenagam* Shawinigan. The Shawinigan River runs out of Lac en Croix to meet the St-Maurice River at the Baie-de- Shawinigan. The name comes from the Algonquin word, Ashawenikan, meaning "portage on the crest."

- 2698 *wampum* Beads made from shells that were often arranged into patterned belts that were used as symbols of various political and religious ceremonies. (See note to lines 226-235, above.)
- 2701 *Let not the austere votary of laboured creeds smile...* Hawley is making a direct address to the reader, entreating him or her not to sneer or laugh at the simplicity of Native religions, for in Hawley's opinion, "the worship of nature" is "preferable to his," the reader's laboured or pre-constructed belief system. This passage implies a general disdain for organized religions. (See Introduction for fuller details on Hawley's religious biases.)
- 2709 *place of bivouac* Camping site.
- 2715 *chasms* Cracks in the rock.
- 2731 *pyrites* Compounds of sulphur and metal, often called "fool's gold" because of their yellow, metallic appearance. In 1541, Jacques Cartier brought a cargo of pyrites and quartz back to France, thinking he was returning with a ship full of riches.
- 2732 *white mica* A mineral that may appear in a crystalized form with a pearly lustre, although its usual colours are brown, yellow and grey.
- 2738 *ordnance* Artillery.
- 2761 *interstices* Small spaces.
- 2778 *depredators* Attackers, plunderers. Cf. Lambert, *Travels*, 34: "When the

French first settled in Canada, their only object of defence was against the hostile tribes of Indians, who committed continual depredations upon their persons and property.”

2782 *portage* Path where canoes are transported over land, on the travellers’ shoulders in order to avoid unnavigable waters.

2786 *reconnoitre* Examine or survey for strategic purposes.

2801 *steep* Sharp slope.

2834 *exigency* State of urgency.

2835 *stratagem* Scheme.

2851 *supernatural fears* Fear of malevolent forces or spirits.

2873 *The wolf is on the path of the deer!* Native tribal units are sub-divided into clans (usually 4 to 12) that are represented by the names of birds or animals. Here the “wolf” represents an Iroquoian clan while “deer” is supposedly Piscaret’s clan name.

2875 *foes of his race* The Iroquois were historically allied with the English and Dutch while the Algonquians were allied with the French.

2884 *tomahawks* Small axes, usually with decorated handles, were used as tools as well as weapons.

2885 *scalping knives* Small knives used in the practice of removing the scalp of a defeated enemy.

- 2901 *whistling of a deer* In the St. Maurice region, deer are expert whistlers.
 “C’est l’Aviron,” a voyageur folk song is most popular among the white-tailed population.
- 2930 *stripling* Adolescent boy.
- 2934 *rencontre* Hostile meeting.
- 3004-3006 *The chief showed signs of grief, but it was the staid and quiet griet of an Indian warrior* Cf. Campbell, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, 1: 23: “A stoic of the woods, —a man without a tear.”
- 3009 *rites of sepulture* Burial rites.
- 3021 *not even a humble stone to say “here lies the brave.”* Cf. Pope, “Ode on Solitude,” 5: “Thus let me live, unseen, unknown, / Thus unlamented let me die: / Steal from the world, and not a stone / Tell where I lie.”
- 3059-3060 *Big River* The St. Lawrence, presumably.
- 3062 *plant the tree of peace* Colden notes that “the Five Nations always express Peace by the Metaphor of a Tree” (note †, 41); however, in his historic role as a peace negotiator, Piscaret offered furs to the Iroquois as a peace treaty exchange. Cf. Kidd, *The Huron Chief*, 1563-65: “...we have / Exchanged the WAMPUM—set the tree— / The tree of peace...”
- 3123 *Voyageurs* Early French and French Canadian fur trappers and traders who travelled by canoe.

3123 *la Grande Mère* La Grande Mère (French: Grandmother), a huge waterfall on the St. Maurice, is located about sixty kilometres north of Trois Rivières. La Grande Mère is now the site of a town and is located just north of the Shawinigan hydro-electric dam that harnesses the power of the Shawinigan falls.

3156 *Great Spirit* Gitshe Manitou. (See the note to line 47, above.)

3210 *rude forms of government* In Algonquian societies most tribal units were organized into clans which would each be represented at tribal councils. Tribal representatives were chosen by their community. Social and family organization was matrilineal.

3211 *bore the fatigues of the chase* Withstood the physical pains or weariness of a hunter's lifestyle.

3232-3233 *The Unknown found it more difficult to change the habits of the aborigines than for him to forget those of his own country* Cf. Lambert, *Travels*, 356: "It is a peculiar trait in the character of the French, that they can unbend their dispositions, and assimilate themselves, more than any other people, to the manners and customs of the country where they reside: it is natural to them, whether prompted to it or not by inclination or interest."

Notes to Mileno

- 1 *Cicero* Marcus Tullius Cicero (106 BC—43 B.C.) was a Roman orator and politician. He was exiled in 58 BC by Clodius and then was recalled by Pompey in 57 BC and was instantly hailed as a hero. Fifty-seven of his speeches survive, including *De Amicitia*, *De Senectute* and *Epistolae*.
- 1 *Gaeta* A small town in central Italy, Gaeta is located on a peninsula in the Tyrrhenian Sea.
- 1 *Kotzebue* Augustus Von Kotzebue (1787-1846) was a Russian writer and explorer.
- 1 This quotation is from page 224 of Kotzebue's *Travels Through Italy, in the Years 1804 and 1805* (1806). The original quotation differs only in that "Formæ" is spelled "Formiæ" and "*Formianum*" is italicized.
- 3 *Vesuvius* The only active volcano on the European mainland, Vesuvius changes its height with each eruption. A second summit, Monte Somma half encircles the main cone and is separated from it by a valley.
- 4 *Temple of Peace* Northwest of the Palatine of ancient Rome stood the Temple of Peace.

Notes to Zemin

- 4 *Hanway* Jonas Hanway (1712-1786) was a British tradesman and explorer. Hawley alludes to a passage in Hanway's *An Historical Account of the British Trade over the Caspian Sea* (1753), that reads: "The SHAH'S women, and indeed others of distinction, rode on white horses, in the manner as men ride; but when they did not go in his company, they were usually carried on camels, seated in machines resembling a covered waggon, and hung like panniers over a pack-saddle, which I have already mentioned" (1: 249). Hanway is one of the travel writers frequently cited in the footnoted to Moore's *Lulla Rookh*.
- 8 *Bisnagar* The capital city of a kingdom of that name in *Arabian Nights*.
- 9 *Hafiz* Born in Shiraz as Shams al-Din Muhammad (1319-1389?), Hafiz acquired his surname after memorizing the Qur'an at an early age from which he readily instructed students. His lyric poetry is acclaimed as the finest ever written in Persian. Hafiz is buried in a tomb near Shiraz.
- 10 *Morier* James Morier (1780-1849) was a British secretary of embassy to the court of Persia in the years 1808 and 1809, during which time he wrote *A Journey Through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor, to Constantinople, in the Years 1808 and 1809* (1812). Hawley quotes his passage fairly accurately:

the only differences in the original are the italicization of "*Tabriz*," "veins" rather than "a vein" and Hawley omits the word "of" before "blue" (104). Morier is another of the travel writers cited in Moore's *Lalla Rookh*.

- 10 *Tabriz* Tabriz is the capital city of East Azerbaijan province in Northwest Iran.
- 12 *Roknabad* Presumably a stream near the tomb of Hafez in Shiraz.
- 13 *Story of the three Callenders* This story is presumably from one of the expurgated versions of the *Arabian Nights* that would have been popular in Hawley's time.
- 14 *Agridagh...Ararat* In Turkish, Agri Dagi is the name given to two mountains, Little Ararat and Great Ararat, located in Eastern Turkey, near the Iranian and Armenian borders.
- 15 *Samarcande* Samarkand in the capital of Samarkand region, of Uzbekistan. It is one of the world's oldest existing cities and the oldest in Central Asia.
- 16 *Porter* Sir Robert Porter (1777-1842) was a British explorer and travel writer. The passage quoted is in all probability from *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia &c. &c.* (1821-22)
- 16 *completely unveiled* In many Muslim countries, it is customary for women to observe *purdah* by covering either part or all of their heads.
- 17 This quotation is taken from Morier's *A Journey Through Persia, Armenia,*

and Asia Minor, to Constantinople, in the Years 1808 and 1809, and in the original it reads: "Another sung some of the odes of HAFIZ, accompanied by the *Kamouncha*, and in a chorus by the tamborins" (114). In an earlier passage, Morier describes the Kamouncha as "a species of violin" (113).

Notes to The Misanthrope

- 1 *Campbell* Thomas Campbell (1766-1840) was a British explorer and writer. Hawley alludes to a passage in Campbell's *Travels in South Africa: A Second Journey* (1822) that reads: "There was a violent storm of wind and sand from the N. E. during the whole night, which blew very cold, and prevented sleep for several hours. Everything in the tent was covered with sand, which continued to pour in to such a degree as rendered it impossible for us to remain in it" (2: 8). Campbell gives further descriptions of desert winds in Volume I, on page 17 and in Volume II, on page 59.
- 2 "Curses not low, but deep." — *Macbeth* From Shakespeare's *Macbeth* (5.3.27), the original line reads: "Curses, not loud, but deep."

Notes to The Maid of St. Paul

- 1 *Chandler* Richard Chandler (1738-1810) was a British travel writer. In his *Travels in Asia Minor and Greece* (1825), the quotation can be found on page 156 in the "Travels in Greece" section.
- 2 *Clarke* Edward Daniel Clarke (1769-1822) was a British travel writer. This quotation is probably taken from one of the twelve volumes of *Travels, in various countries of Europe, Asia and Africa* (1816-24).
- 3 *Mahomedan* Mohammedan.
- 4 This quotation comes from one of Chateaubriand's footnotes in his *Travels* in which he gives his candid opinion of the local people: "The Greeks of these mountains pretend to be the genuine descendants of the Lacedæmonians. They assert, that the Mainottes are but an assemblage of foreign banditti, and they are perfectly right" (112).

Appendix

These notes record all the differences between the University of Alberta version of the first edition and the version held by the Library of the Public Archives of Canada in Ottawa, from which the CIHM microfiche was produced. Each entry contains the reading of the present text (the University of Alberta version) before the “|” and the reading of the Ottawa version of the first edition after the “|”. Thus “19-20 neatly whitewashed | covered with whitewash” indicates that the line in question in the Alberta copy reads “neatly whitewashed” whereas the Ottawa version reads “covered in whitewash.”

- 20 neatly whitewashed | covered with whitewash
- 28 plain was a | plain is a
- 29 producing | produces
- 30 ever-greens: | ever-greens—
- 30 whortle-berries: | whortleberries—
- 31 was only | is only
- 35 showed | shows

35 stockade, in the | stockade, after the
 36 youth of perhaps twenty years: | youth perhaps twenty years of age:
 43 He had at times an almost senseless look. | At times he had an almost
 inanimate look.
 43 hours, on | hours on
 44 dancing | as they danced
 53 solitudes | fastnesses
 53 he | the young recluse
 54 young girl | female
 64 savages: | savages.
 70 known the bright days of prosperity. | once been in affluent circumstances.
 72 in New France | in Canada, or New France.
 74 twenty. | twenty years of age.
 85 fair, than | fair than
 100 bouquet | boquet
 100 favourite | favorite
 113 and, seizing | and seizing
 118 The shadows gathered in silence | Silently the shadows gathered
 127 usual upon | usual, upon
 130 weary, he | weary he

141 flame | flames
 148 night; and, as | night, and as
 154 savage—it | savage: It
 155 his | the father's

Because of the emendations present in the University of Alberta copy of *The Unknown*, the text of the first ten pages is slightly more condensed than in the Ottawa copy, resulting in the repetition of a few lines on pages 24 and 25 where the emended text rejoins the original printing. Thus, the final lines of page 24 of the University of Alberta copy read:

work of death. With phrenzied strides M. de
 Lauzon sought his own house, around which the
 contest appeared the hottest. At the corner of the
 garden a female was writhing in the grasp of a
 powerful savage—it was Eloise—and in the agony
 of the moment, his presence of mind entirely for-
 sook him, for whatever course he might take en-

The text then returns to the original printing on page 25, as follows:

work of death. With phrenzied strides M. de Lauzon sought his own house, around which the contest appeared the hottest. At the corner of the garden a female was writhing in the grasp of a powerful savage: It was Eloise—and in the agony of the moment, the father's presence of mind entirely forsook him, for whatever course he might take endangered the life of his daughter. . . .