

Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
 Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river
 Mountains,
 Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the
 Nebraska;
 And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish
 sierras,
 Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the
 desert,
 Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the
 ocean,
 Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn
 vibrations.
 Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful
 prairies,
 Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
 Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
 Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the
 roebuck;
 Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
 Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with
 travel;
 Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
 Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-
 trails
 Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
 Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
 By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage
 marauders;
 Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-
 running rivers;
 And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the
 desert,
 Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the
 brook-side,
 And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

The Jewish Cemetery at Newport

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves,
 Close by the street of this fair seaport town,
 Silent beside the never-silent waves,
 At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
 Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's breath,
 While underneath such leafy tents they keep
 The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
 That pave with level flags their burial-place,
 Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
 And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,
 Of foreign accent, and of different climes;
 Alvares and Rivera interchange
 With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

"Blessed be God! for he created Death!"
 The mourners said, "and Death is rest and peace";
 Then added, in the certainty of faith,
 "And giveth Life that never more shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
 No Psalms of David now the silence break,
 No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
 In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
 And not neglected; for a hand unseen,
 Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
 Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate,
 What persecution, merciless and blind,
 Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—
 These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
 Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;
 Taught in the school of patience to endure
 The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread
 And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
 The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
 And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry
 That rang from town to town, from street to street;
 At every gate the accursed Mordecai
 Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
 Walked with them through the world where'er they went;
 Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
 And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast
 Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
 And all the great traditions of the Past
 They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus for ever with reverted look
 The mystic volume of the world they read,
 Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
 Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

But ah! what once has been shall be no more!
 The groaning earth in travail and in pain
 Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
 And the dead nations never rise again.

from *The Song of Hiawatha*

XIV: PICTURE-WRITING.

In those days said Hiawatha,
 "Lo! how all things fade and perish!
 From the memory of the old men
 Fade away the great traditions,
 The achievements of the warriors,
 The adventures of the hunters,
 All the wisdom of the Medas,
 All the craft of the Wabenos,
 All the marvellous dreams and visions
 Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets!

"Great men die and are forgotten,
 Wise men speak; their words of wisdom
 Perish in the ears that hear them,
 Do not reach the generations
 That, as yet unborn, are waiting
 In the great, mysterious darkness
 Of the speechless days that shall be!

"On the grave-posts of our fathers
 Are no signs, no figures painted;
 Who are in those graves we know not,
 Only know they are our fathers.
 Of what kith they are and kindred,
 From what old, ancestral Totem,
 Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,
 They descended, this we know not,
 Only know they are our fathers.

"Face to face we speak together,
 But we cannot speak when absent,
 Cannot send our voices from us
 To the friends that dwell afar off;
 Cannot send a secret message,
 But the bearer learns our secret,
 May pervert it, may betray it,
 May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking