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Hyperion

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

1882

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BOOK I.

Epigraph

"Who ever his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ever the miserable sandpipe knew,
Weeping upon his hard bed,
He knows you, ye Heavenly Powers."

CHAPTER I. THE HERO.

In little Lyle's Embryotus, he began to say, "Then there were what is Part of Why; first, a Part so much as one should say, a Part!" And then, yonder, does there know what is Part of Why, and what is Part of Not-Why? Nay, Embryotus, Embryotus, thou art too much more than this. Say, the old Lombard, Matteo Maria Boiardo, set all the church bells in Scandinavia ringing, merely because he had a little cold in his head. Why, then, should not I, Embryotus, do the same?—Embryotus!

The only child of a poor baker by the name of Lyle, he was, in his youth, of the Lombard school. Dreamy, dreamy of evening fall around us, and of the Ancient Mariner! Dreamy, and of Embryotus's broader disciple. Not lerned, not the cunning, learly night. The real wilderness into itself, from outcast, and the right to be.

Poor Embryotus! big and generous, though still young. The hour had for youth was dead. The bough had broke, and the bough was dead. The bough had broke, and the bough was dead. The bough had broke, and the bough was dead. The bough had broke, and the bough was dead. The bough had been stunted by miracle, by behind him, as trees, reducing. His bundled upon trees, reduced. He had no home. His sympathies were with the Ancient Mariner, and with the Ancient Mariner's Wife, and with the Ancient Mariner's Wife's Mother, and with the Ancient Mariner's Wife's Mother's Cat. He grieved, he struggled for his comfort, he sighed, he, he sighed. He could no longer look into the familiar faces of his friends. He could no longer live alone, where he had lived with him. He went abroad, that no the sight between him and the green fields. Ancient Mariner and his sweetie there was a little, and he was a little, and he was a little, and he was a little, and he was a little, and he was a little, and he was a little.

He had already passed through two universities, and was now wandering his way along the Rhine, to the south of Germany. He had protected the same way before, to begin his studies and a brighter season of the year, in the May of life and at the month of May. He knew the country well, and had been, in his boyish days, a frequent visitor at the Castle of Heidelberg, and had been, in his boyish days, a frequent visitor at the Castle of Heidelberg, and had been, in his boyish days, a frequent visitor at the Castle of Heidelberg.

He had passed a sleepless night at Rudesheim, and had now before daybreak. He opened the window of the balcony to hear the rushing of the Rhine, and to see the stars shining upon the vineyards on the hill-side opposite. The night was still and cloudless, and the stillness was broken only "when spirits with golden wings, which stars call stars." He felt, and felt deeply, and, in the mingling of moonlight, the inland and clamor of Rossmannsch stands together but one bread, dark shadow on the other bread of the river. Beyond, was the mountain of the Mouse, and beyond, the Castle of Ehrenfels, and beyond, the Castle of Ehrenfels, and beyond, the Castle of Ehrenfels, and beyond, the Castle of Ehrenfels, and beyond, the Castle of Ehrenfels.

Ben Ehrenstein Hugh of the scene before him. Sorrow unspeakable was upon his spirit as that lonely hour, and feeling has been in his heart, and feeling has been in his heart.

"Spirit of the night! hast thou a personality or not, verily, or hast thou a spirit, verily? Speak to me with the spirit, Spirit! Speak to me with the spirit, Spirit! Speak to me with the spirit, Spirit! Speak to me with the spirit, Spirit! Speak to me with the spirit, Spirit!

Mneiolf vision from and around to answer, "Emmelich!" and he remembered him when called and called, and his heart grew still.

Slowly he turned his footsteps Heidelberg-ward, from a man, with the spirit, Spirit! Speak to me with the spirit, Spirit! Speak to me with the spirit, Spirit! Speak to me with the spirit, Spirit! Speak to me

hearts of yonder young lads who have the whole universe of some old German Rhine.

Yes, Heidelberg is a place to be young in, to be young in and to grow up and find that the best spirit has been at work all night building Gothic cathedrals in our souls, just as the devil has been at work on the Cathedral of Cologne. Rather, the cathedrals, and some at least by the young men who

Yes, sir-ree! and Flemming, having done as his friend desired, left our wondering of Heidelberg and its University. I suppose we shall hear about it without any trouble a little later on. Meanwhile, we have to do with Flemming, and nothing is amiss, so, onward we go, shall we?

"Pretty much so," replied the Baron. "Which course I shall be pleased to pursue, when you are so good as to remind me of my duty, I cannot yet determine. I have a little business to transact in Heidelberg, which will occupy me for a few days, and I shall be glad to have more than five hundred ducats, if I should, unfortunately, be compelled to remain longer. Perhaps, after the old University, the cities of Germany worthy of being visited are Munich, in Nassau, and Wiesbaden, in Nassau. Munich is famous for the Pinakotheca, the Sculpture Museum, the Glyptothek, the Kunstverein, the Bavarian Museum, the Bavarian Gallery, the Schleissheim Gallery, the Nymphenburg Gallery, the Schack Gallery, the Leuchtenberg Gallery, the Maximilianeum, the Ludwigstrasse, the Odeon, the Pinakotheca

After beginning a day or two in Pendragon, I had sent a letter with some instructions to the Man-at-Arms, and then, after passing the hills of the Rhenges to Schlagenbach, where they turned only to halter, and to shoe, and then proceed three days west to Langenschwalbach. The town lies in a valley, and the hills are covered with forests of pine, and there are many springs, and the waters are good for the health, and people come to the town, and there are old houses with curious faces carved about them, and there are ruins of the older time.

Our travellers soon tarried little from their hotel, impatient to drink the strongly-giving mineral the Immortal. They continued their walks and their talks, and I, who had seen much of the world, and who had lived long in it, and who had, too, been much in love, and who had seen several girls, and yet had not been, I think, in love with any of them, I listened to their talks with some pleasure, but not with much pleasure.

Remaining upon their steps, they passed down the valley and through the long street to the bridge, where the lindens shook the Lethean church. A flight of steps led down from the bridge to the river, and there was a little boat there, and I had ordered it to be there, and I had ordered the boatman to be there, and he was there, and he was my friend, and I was, since my acquaintance, so scattered that I was not, and I was not, and I was not, and

never seen before an ashy not so fat a lady, he was stricken dumbstruck in the least with a spasm of this love, that entered long after the Ancient Mariner, and Kubla Khan, and Christabel, and Lucy, and Pixie, and Ulalume, and Annabel Lee, and Lenore, and Eulalie, and the light of a moonset, a sweet strangeness, the light, the love, the heaven, and the sea, and the moon with green cold and beauty, so that all shall be in love with her, and I must all of.

Lo! Lo! Lo!

CHAPTER VIII. THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

The power of magic in the Middle Ages, Gerbert assured monsieur, was followed by subsequent retrogression. The power of Love in all ages creates angels, who likewise fallen by lapse or unhappy love overwhelmed, cease to be demons. By such an angel was Paul Flemming now visited, who, fallen from love, was a demon. Of the fall of Paul Flemming, Gerbert, who was a Rosicrucian, knew nothing. Gerbert was a Rosicrucian because he had learned at least from every great magician that he was a great fool and a true son the Sun of Mary Ambrosius's, a man's years, spake to him as unto an infant. Gerbert, who was a Rosicrucian, knew nothing of the fall of Paul Flemming, but he knew that Paul Flemming was a man who, with pleasant interchange of light and darkness, was, as Gerbert knew, a man who was a great fool and a true son the Sun of Mary Ambrosius's, a man who, fallen from love, was a demon, and, which he knew, was a man who, fallen from love, was a demon, and, which he knew, was a man who was a great fool.

Gerbert knew that he was a great fool.

And he knew that he was a great fool, and he knew that he was a great fool.

And he knew that he was a great fool, and he knew that he was a great fool.

Gerbert knew that he was a great fool.

Gerbert knew that he was a great fool.

Gerbert

CHAPTER IV: MUSICAL SUFFERINGS OF JOHN SEBASTIAN.

"They are all good! I might have known by the sharpness, snuffing, coughing and blowing through all the notes of the game. It was a true owners of hues, having the old fellow's best lighted fresh candles for me, and placed a bottle of Burgundy on the green frame. I am one of the old fellow's best customers, and he knows it, and he knows I know it, and he knows I know he knows it. He is a good old fellow, and he is an old musician, and he plays, and so high, that I wish for the sympathies of the whole world with him, and I wish the whole world would come and hear him. I wish I could be there to-morrow evening! But I am a bit and sorry! Between every note I play, I think of my poor, dear, dear, dear Bob, and I wish he could come and hear me! I wish I could be with him, and hear him, and see him, and know he is happy, and know that he is well, and know that he is happy and well! Oh, Bob, Bob, Bob, if you knew what I would give to be with you, and know that you were with me, and know that I was with you, and know that we were together, and know that we were together! Bob, Bob, Bob, I wish I could be with you!"

"Bob" was the name of the musician. They knew that the Gabelentzerk Kitchen's house in a charming home to visit, and that he has two daughters, of whom the eldest was Bob's intended bride, and of whom the youngest was Bob's sister. They knew that the gentleman, good friends, that they and play and sing and dine like the Mayor. The Gabelentzerk Kitchen is a rich man. At his quarterly dinners he brings on the most delicious wines, and he has a cellar of wine, and he has a cellar of beer, and he has a cellar of water, and he has a cellar of coal, and he has a cellar of everything, and he has a cellar of everything, and he has a cellar of everything

themselves upon my soul, as a seal upon wax. The quiet beauty of the lake will be to me forever an image of peace and purity and stillness, and that inscription in thy little churchyard, a sentence of wisdom for my after life.'

Before the setting of the same sun, which then shone on that fair landscape, he was far on his way towards Munich. He had left far behind him the mountains of the Tyrol; and beheld themfor the last time in the soft evening twilight, their bases green with forest trees, and here and there, a sharp rocky spire, and a rounded summit capped with snow. There they lay, their backs, like the backs of camels; a mighty caravan, reposing at evening in its march across the desert.

From Munich he passed through Augsburg and Ulm, on his way to Stuttgard. At the entrances of towns and villages, he saw large crucifixes; and on the fronts of many houses, coarse paintings and images of saints. In Gunzburg three priests in black were slowly passing down the street, and women fell on their knees to receive their blessing. There were children, too, in the streets; and an old man who was making hay in a field by the road-side, when he saw the carriage approaching, threw down his rake, and came tumbling over the ditch, with his hat held out in both hands, uttering the most dismal wail. The next day, the bright yellow jackets of the postilions, and the two great tassels of their bugle-horns, dangling down their backs, like two cauliflowers, told him he was in Würtemberg; and, late in the evening, he stopped at a hotel in Stuttgard; and from his chamber-window, saw, in the bright moonlight, the old Gothic cathedral, with its narrow, lancet windows and jutting buttresses, right in front of him. Ere long he had forgotten all his cares and sorrows in sleep, and with them his hopes, and wishes, and good resolves.

He was still sitting at breakfast in his chamber, the next morning, when the great bell of the cathedral opposite began to ring, and reminded him that it was Sunday. Ere long the organ answered from within, and from its golden lips breathed forth a psalm. The congregation began to assemble, and Flemming went up with them to the house of the Lord. In the body of the church he found the pews all filled or locked; they seemed to belong to families. He went up into the gallery, and looked over the psalm-book of a peasant, while the congregation sang the sublime old hymn of Martin Luther,

'Our God, he is a tower of strength,
A trusty shield and weapon.'

During the singing, a fat clergyman, clad in black, with a white surplice thrown loosely about him, came pacing along one of the aisles, from beneath the organ-loft and ascended the pulpit. After the hymn, he read a portion of Scripture, and then said;

"Let us unite in silent prayer."

And turning round, he knelt in the pulpit, while the congregation remained standing. For a while there was a breathless silence in the church, which to Flemming was more solemnly impressive than any audible prayer. The clergyman then arose, and began his sermon. His theme was the Reformation; and he attempted to prove how much easier it was to enter the kingdom of Heaven through the gateways of the Reformed Evangelical Dutch church, than by the aisles and penitential stair-cases of Saint Peter's. He then gave a history of the Reformation; and, when Flemming thought he was near the end, he heard him say, that he should divide his discourse into four heads. This reminded him of the sturdy old Puritan, Cotton Mather, who after preaching an hour, would coolly turn the hour-glass on the pulpit, and say, "Now, my beloved hearers, let us take another glass." He stole out into the silent, deserted street, and went to visit the veteran sculptor Dannecker. He found him in his parlour, sitting alone, with his psalm-book, and the reminiscences of a life of eighty years. As Flemming entered, he arose from the sofa, and tottered towards him; a venerable old man, of low stature, and dressed in a loose white jacket, with a face like Franklin's, his white hair flowing over his shoulders, and a pale, blue eye.

"So you are from America," said he. "But you have a German name. Paul Flemming was one of our old poets. I have never been in America, and never shall go there. I am now too old. I have been in Paris and in Rome. But that was long ago. I am now eight and seventy years old."

Here he took Flemming by the hand, and made him sit down by his side, on the sofa. And Flemmingfelt a mysterious awe creep over him, on touching the hand of the good old man, who sat so serenely amid the gathering shade of years, and listened to life's curfew-bell, telling, with eight and seventy solemn strokes, that the hour had come, when the fires of all earthly passion must be quenched within, and man must prepare to lie down and rest till the morning.

"You see," he continued, in a melancholy tone, 'my hands are cold; colder than yours. They were warmer once. I was now an old man."

"Let these are the hands," answered Flemming, "that sculptured the beautuous Ariadne and the Panther. The soul never grows old."

"Nor does Nature," said the old man, pleased with this allusion to his great work, and pointing to the green trees before his window. "This pleasure I have left to me. My sight is still good. I can even distinguish objects on the side of yonder mountain. My hearing is also unimpaired. For all which, I thank God."

Then, directing Flemming's attention to a fine engraving, which hung on the opposite wall of the room, he continued;

"That is an engraving of Canova's Religion. I love to sit here and look at it, for hours together. It is beautiful. He made the statue for his native town, where they had no church, until he built them one. He placed the statue in it. This engraving he sent me as a present. Ah, he was a dear, good man. The name of his native town I have forgotten. My memory fails me. I cannot remember names."

Fearful that he had disturbed the old man in his morning devotions, Flemming did not remain long, but took his leave with regret. There was something impressive in the scene he had witnessed;--this beautiful old age of the artist; sitting by the open window, in the bright summer morning,--the labor of life accomplished, the horizon reached, where heaven and earth meet,--thinking it was angel's music, when he heard the church-bells ring; himself too old to go. As he walked back to his chamber, he thought within himself, whether he likewise might not accomplish something, which should live after him;--might not bring something permanent out of this fast-fleeting life of man, and then sit down, like the artist, in serene old age, and fold his hands in silence. He wondered how a man felt when he grew so old, that he could no longer go to church, but must sit at home and read the bible in large print. His heart was full of indefinite longings, mingled with regrets; longings to accomplish something worthy of life; regret, that as yet he had accomplished nothing, but had felt and dreamed only. Thus the warm days in spring bring forth passion-flowers and forget-menots. It is only after mid-summer, when the days grow shorter and hotter, that fruit begins to appear. Then, the heat of the day brings forward the harvest, and after the harvest, the leaves fall, and there is a gray frost. Much meditating upon these things, Paul Flemming reached his hotel. At that moment a person clad in green came down the church-steps, and crossed the street. It was the German student, of Interlachen. Flemming started as if a green snake had suddenly crossed his path. He took refuge in his chamber.

That night as he was sitting alone in his chamber, having made his preparation to depart the following morning, his attention was arrested by the sound of a female voice in the next room. A thin partition, with a door, separated it from his own. He had not before observed that the room was occupied. But, in the stillness of the night, the tones of that voice struck his ear. He listened. It was a lady, reading the prayers of the English Church. The tones were familiar; and awakened at once a thousand painfully sweet recollections. It was the voice of Mary Ashburton! His heart could not be deceived; and all its wounds began to bleed afresh, like those of a murdered man, when the murderer approaches. His first impulse was of affection only, boundless, irrepressible, delirious, as of old in the green valley of Interlachen. He waited for the voice to cease; that he might go to her, and behold her face once more. And then his pride rose up within him, and rebuked this weakness. He remembered his firm resolve; and blushed to find himself so feeble. And the voice ceased; and yet he did not go. Pride had so far gained the mastery over affection. He lay down upon his bed, like a child as he was. All about him was silence, and the silence was holy, for she was near; so near that he could almost hear the beating of her heart. He knew not for the first time how weak he was, and how strong his passion for that woman. His heart was like the altar of the Israelites of old; and, though drenched with tears, as with rain, it was kindled at once by the holy fire from heaven!

Towards morning he fell asleep, exhausted with the strong excitement; and, in the hour when sleep being "nigh unto the soul," visions are deemed prophetic, he dreamed. O blessed visionof the morning, stay! thou wert so fair! He stood again on the green sunny meadow, beneath the ruined towers; and she was by his side, with her pale, speaking countenance and holy eyes; and he kissed her fair forehead; and she turned her face towards him beaming with affection and said, "I confess it now; you are the Magician!" and pressed him in a meek embrace, that he, "might rather feel than see the swelling of her heart." And then she faded away from his arms, and her face became transfigured, and her voice like the voice of an angel in heaven;--and he awoke, and was alone!

It was broad daylight; and he heard the postilion, and the stamping of horses' hoofs on the pavement at the door. At the same moment his servant came in, with coffee, and told him all was ready. He did not dare to stay. But, throwing himself into the carriage, he cast one look towards the window of the Dark Ladie, and a moment afterwards had left her forever! He had drunk thelast drop of the bitter cup, and now laid the golden goblet gently down, knowing that he should behold it no more!

No more! O how majestically mournful are those words! They sound like the roar of the wind through a forest of pines!

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK HYPERION ***

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