



A POEM AND
PILGRIMAGE IN THE
HOLY LAND

Clarel: A Poem and Pilgrimage in the Holy Land

Herman Melville

Contents:

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Clarel: A Poem and Pilgrimage in the Holy Land

Part 1: Jerusalem

- 1. The Hostel
- 2. Abdon
- 3. The Sepulchre
- 4. Of the Crusaders
- 5. Clarel
- 6. Tribes and Sects
- 7. Beyond the Walls
- 8. The Votary
- 9. Saint and Student
- 10. Rambles
- 11. Lower Gihon
- 12. Celio
- 13. The Arch
- 14. In the Glen
- 15. Under the Minaret
- 16. The Wall of Wail

- 17. Nathan
- <u>18. Night</u>
- 19. The Fulfillment
- 20. Vale of Ashes
- 21. By-Places
- 22. Hermitage
- 23. The Close
- 24. The Gibe
- 25. Huts
- 26. The Gate of Zion
- 27. Matron and Maid
- 28. Tomb and Fountain
- 29. The Recluse
- 30. The Site of the Passion
- 31. Rolfe
- 32. Of Rama
- 33. By the Stone
- 34. They Tarry
- 35. Arculf and Adamnan
- 36. The Tower
- 37. A Sketch
- 38. The Sparrow
- 39. Clarel and Ruth
- 40. The Mounds
- 41. On the Wall
- 42. Tidings
- 43. A Procession
- 44. The Start

Part 2: The Wilderness

- 1. The Cavalcade
- 2. The Skull Cap
- 3. By The Garden
- 4. Of Mortmain
- 5. Clarel and Glaucon

- 6. The Hamlet
- 7. Guide and Guard
- 8. Rolfe and Derwent
- 9. Through Adommin
- 10. A Halt
- 11. Of Deserts
- 12. The Banker
- 13. Flight of the Greeks
- 14. By Anchor
- 15. The Fountain
- 16. Night in Jericho
- 17. In Mid-Watch
- 18. The Syrian Monk
- 19. An Apostate
- 20. Under the Mountain
- 21. The Priest and Rolfe
- 22. Concerning Hebrews
- 23. By the Jordan
- 24. The River-Rite
- 25. The Dominican
- 26. Of Rome
- 27. Vine and Clarel
- 28. The Fog
- 29. By the Marge
- 30. Of Petra
- 31. The Inscription
- 32. The Encampment
- 33. Lot's Sea
- 34. Mortmain Reappears
- 35. Prelusive
- 36. Sodom
- 37. Of Traditions
- 38. The Sleep-Walker
- 39. Obsequies

Part 3: Mar Saba

- 1. In the Mountain
- 2. The Carpenter
- 3. Of the Many Mansions
- 4. The Cypriote
- 5. The High Desert
- 6. Derwent
- 7. Bell and Cairn
- 8. Tents of Kedar
- 9. Of Monasteries
- 10. Before the Gate
- 11. The Beaker
- 12. The Timoneer's Story
- 13. Song and Recitative
- 14. The Revel Closed
- 15. In Moonlight
- 16. The Easter Fire
- 17. A Chant
- 18. The Minister
- 19. The Masque
- 20. Afterward
- 21. In Confidence
- 22. The Medallion
- 23. Derwent with the Abbott
- 24. Vault and Grotto
- 25. Derwent and the Lesbian
- 26. Vine and the Palm
- 27. Man and Bird
- 28. Mortmain and the Palm
- 29. Rolfe and the Palm
- 30. The Celibate
- 31. The Recoil
- 32. Empty Stirrups

Part 4: Bethlehem

- 1. In Saddle
- 2. The Ensign
- 3. The Island
- 4. An Intruder
- 5. Of the Stranger
- 6. Bethlehem
- 7. At Table
- 8. The Pillow
- 9. The Shepherds' Dale
- 10. A Monument
- 11. Disquiet
- 12. Of Pope and Turk
- 13. The Church of the Star
- 14. Soldier and Monk
- 15. Symphonies
- 16. The Convent Roof
- 17. A Transition
- 18. The Hill-Side
- 19. A New-Comer
- 20. Derwent and Ungar
- 21. Ungar and Rolfe
- 22. Of Wickedness the Word
- 23. Derwent and Rolfe
- 24. Twilight
- 25. The Invitation
- 26. The Prodigal
- <u> 27. By Parapet</u>
- 28. David's Well
- 29. The Night Ride
- 30. The Valley of Decision
- <u>31. Dirge</u>
- 32. Passion Week
- 33. Easter
- 34. Via Crucis
- 35. Epilogue

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HERMAN MELVILLE - A PRIMER

CONSIDERED as a seed-time of eminent names, the year 1819 was one of remarkable fertility. Keeping to England and the United States alone, in that year were born Herman Melville, John Ruskin, J. R. Lowell, Walt Whitman, Charles Kingsley, W. W. Story, T. W. Parsons, C. A. Dana, E. P. Whipple, J. G. Holland, H. P. Gray, Thomas Hall, Cyrus Field, Julia Ward Howe, and Queen Victoria.

Of these names, which will endure the longer as author or artist? It seems to me that Melville's Typee has an intrinsic charm, born of concurring genius and circumstance, that make it surer of immortality than any other work by any other name on the list — not even excepting Queen Victoria's Journal in the Highlands. Hut re-incarnation is

not as yet, and who shall know the future dealings of fate with these various fames?

But I am anticipating. Let me give a brief outline of the events of Melville's life, and indicate— within these limits I can do no more— how directly his writings flowed from real experience, like water from a spring. Melville was born August 1, 1819, the third in a family of eight children, in New York City — the last place that one looks for a poet to be born in. Eminent men generally, according to popular statistic-, are born in the country; they nourish their genius there, and come to town to win their fame. If this theory has any truth, it is simply due to the fact that more people are born in the country, anyway, than in the town; a circumstance that does not occur to the popular statisticians. In 1835 young Melville attended the "Albany Classical School; "his teacher, Dr. Charles E. West, still lives in Brooklyn, and makes an occasional appearance at the Saturday evenings of the Century Club. He speaks of his pupil as having been distinguished in English composition and weak in mathematics.

In 1837, when Melville was eighteen, he made his first voyage before the mast in a New York merchantman bound for Liverpool, returning after a short cruise. The record of this first voyage will be found in Redburn, which, however, was not his first but his fourth book, having been published in 1849. For three years young Melville had had enough of the sea. He spent the summer of 1838 working on his uncle's farm in Pittsfield, Mass., and at intervals he taught school, both there and in Greenbush, now East Albany, New York. This sea-going and this school-teaching were undertaken in the pluckiest spirit for self-support, his father being then in straitened circumstances. Hut the seeds of adventure and unrest were also in his nature; and he shipped again before the mast in the whaler "Acushnet,"

sailing from New Bedford, January 1, 1841. This was the voyage that gave him his opportunity. In the summer of 1842, as detailed in the true history, Typee, he left his ship at the Hay of Nukuheva, in the Marquesas Islands, escaping to the Typee Valley. There he received from the natives the kindest treatment, and lived deliriously all the summer long; while, on the other hand, he was in constant fear of being sacrificed at any moment to their cannibal proclivities. He spent four months in this anxious paradise; finally he escaped from the valley to an Australian whaler, where he resumed the life of the forecastle. It would be curious to know whether any of the rough sailors with whom he herded during these tossing years recognized the presence of his gifts in their shipmate; in all probability they did not.

The Australian whaler touched at some of the smaller islands, and anchored at Tahiti on the day of its occupation by the French. These were stirring times in that peaceful group, and the young poet, as he sets forth in Omoo, was confined for alleged mutinous conduct, with others of his companions, but was honorably discharged. From Tahiti he made his way to Honolulu, where he spent four months. He has left some record of that time in the very biting comments upon political and missionary affairs, that may be found in the appendix to the English edition of Typee; an appendix, by the way, that is discreetly suppressed in the American edition. To get a passage homeward he shipped for the fourth time before the mast, this time upon the United States frigate "United States," then (I think) commanded by Captain James Armstrong, and thus added the experience of man-of-war service to that of life on a New York merchantman and on American and English whaling-ships. He spent more than a year upon the frigate, and was discharged in Boston in the fall of 1844. He then returned to his mother's home in Lansingburgh, and began

the literary work for which he had such varied, ample, and profoundly interesting material. Typee was written during the winter of 1845-46, and published in London and New York in 1846. Its success was immediate and great. The entire English reading-world knew Melville's name, if not the book itself; it was the talk of the public and of the coteries. Omoo, which followed shortly after, was very well received, but not so widely read. August 4, 1847, he married the daughter of Chief-Justice Shaw of Massachusetts, removed to New York, and lived there until 1850. Meanwhile he published Mardi, a South Sea romance, prefacing a note to the effect that, as Typee and Omoo had been received as romance instead of reality, he would now enter the field of avowed fiction. In the same vear, 1849, was published Redburn, the record, as already noted, of his first voyage before the mast.

In 1850 Melville went to Pittsfield, Mass., and lived there thirteen years, returning to New York again in October, 1863; and here he spent the remainder of his life, with the exception of two brief visits to Europe and a voyage to California. Leaving New York, October 8, 1849, he went to London to arrange for the publication of his works, returning about the first of February, 1850. He now addressed himself to writing While Jacket, a most vivid record of his man-of-war experience; it was published in 1850. Moby Dick, the story of the great White Whale, appeared in 1851; the novel, Pierre, or The Ambiguities, in 1852; Israel Patter and The Confidence Man 1855, and the Piazza Tales in 1856. All of Melville's works, except Clarel, were published almost as soon as written.

During these years Melville applied himself so closely to literary work that his health became impaired, and he made another visit to England, sailing October II, and returning in May, 1857. During this time he visited his old

friend, Nathaniel Hawthorne, at Southport; went up the Mediterranean, saw Constantinople and the Holy Land, and returned with new material for future work; but from this time he published little for some years. During the winters 1857 to 1860, however, he gave lectures in different cities, touching a large range of subjects: "The South Seas," "Travel," "Statues in Rome," among others. In 1860 he made a voyage to San Francisco via Cape Horn, sailing from Boston May 30, with his brother, Thomas Melville, who commanded the "Meteor," a fast-sailing clipper in the China trade, and returning in mid-November. In 1866 his poems, Baltic Pieces, were published; and on the fifth of December of that year he was appointed collector of customs in the New York Custom House by Henry A. Smyth, an office which he held for nineteen years and resigned the first of January, 1866. In the interim, 1876, his Clarel appeared, a work of which the germ had been unfolding for many years; his visit to the Holy Land gave much of the material and imagery in it. His latest books were privately printed. A copy of Jo/in Marr and Other Sailors, and one of his Timoleon, lie before me; each of these volumes of poetry appeared in an edition of twentyfive copies only. With these closed the exterior record of a life of extreme contrasts — years of the most restless activity, followed by a most unusual seclusion.

These data, now for the first time fully given, will help us to characterize Melville's life and literary work. Typee and Omoo, mistaken by the public for fiction, were, on the contrary, the most vivid truth expressed in the most telling and poetic manner. My father, the Rev. Titus Coan, went over Melville's ground in 1867, and while he has criticised the topography of Typee as being somewhat exaggerated in the mountain distances, a very natural mistake, he told me that the descriptions were admirably true and the characterizations faultless in the main. The book is a

masterpiece, the outcome of an opportunity that will never be repeated. Melville was the first and only man ever made captive in a valley full of Polynesian cannibals, who had the genius to describe the situation, and who got away alive to write his book.

His later works, equally great in their way — While Jacket and Moby Dick — had a different though equal misappreciation. They dealt with a life so alien to that of the average reader that they failed adequately to interest him; but they are life and truth itself. On this matter I may speak with some authority, for I have spent years at sea, and I cannot overpraise the wonderful vigor and beauty of these descriptions. The later works were less powerful, and Pierre roused a storm of critical opposition. Yet these misunderstandings and attacks were not the main cause of his withdrawal from society. The cause was intrinsic; his extremely proud and sensitive nature and his studious habits led to the seclusion of his later years. My acquaintance with Melville began in 1859, when I had a most interesting conversation with him at his home in Pittsfield, and wrote of him as follows:

In vain I sought to hear of "Typee" and those paradise islands; he preferred to pour forth instead his philosophy and his theories of life. The shade of Aristotle arose like a cold mist between myself and Fayaway. . . . He seems to put away the objective side of life, and to shut himself up as a cloistered thinker and poet. This seclusion endured to the end. He never denied himself to his friends; but he sought no one. I visited him repeatedly in New York, and had the most interesting talks with him. What stores of reading, what reaches of philosophy, were his I He took the attitude of absolute independence toward the world. He said, " My books will speak for themselves, and all the better if I avoid the rattling egotism by which so many win a certain vogue

for a certain time." He missed immediate success; he won the distinction of a hermit. It may appear, in the end, that he was right. No other autobiographical books in our literature suggest more vividly than Typee, Omoo, White Jacket, and Moby Dick, the title of Goethe, "Truth and Beauty from my own life." Typee, at least, is one of those books that the world cannot let die.

In conclusion: does any one know whether the "Toby" of Typee, Mr. Richard T. Greene, is living? He has disappeared from ken a second time, as heretofore he disappeared from "Tommo" in Typee Valley; has he gone where a second quest would be useless? If not, and if this meets the eye of any friend of his, will he send me word?

Clarel: A Poem and Pilgrimage in the Holy Land

Part 1: Jerusalem

1. The Hostel

IN CHAMBER low and scored by time, Masonry old, late washed with lime--Much like a tomb new-cut in stone; Elbow on knee, and brow sustained All motionless on sidelong hand, A student sits, and broods alone. The small deep casement sheds a ray Which tells that in the Holy Town It is the passing of the day--The Vigil of Epiphany. Beside him in the narrow cell His luggage lies unpacked; thereon The dust lies, and on him as well--The dust of travel. But anon His face he lifts--in feature fine, Yet pale, and all but feminine But for the eye and serious brow--Then rises, paces to and fro, And pauses, saying, "Other cheer Than that anticipated here,

By me the learner, now I find.
Theology, art thou so blind?
What means this naturalistic knell
In lieu of Siloh's oracle
Which here should murmur? Snatched from grace,
And waylaid in the holy place!
Not thus it was but yesterday
Off Jaffa on the clear blue sea;
Nor thus, my heart, it was with thee

Landing amid the shouts and spray; Nor thus when mounted, full equipped, Out through the vaulted gate we slipped Beyond the walls where gardens bright With bloom and blossom cheered the sight. "The plain we crossed. In afternoon, How like our early autumn bland--So softly tempered for a boon--The breath of Sharon's prairie land! And was it, yes, her titled Rose, That scarlet poppy oft at hand? Then Ramleh gleamed, the sail white town At even. There I watched day close From the fair tower, the suburb one: Seaward and dazing set the sun: Inland I turned me toward the wall Of Ephraim, stretched in purple pall. Romance of mountains! But in end What change the near approach could lend. "The start this morning--gun and lance Against the quartermoon's low tide; The thieves' huts where we hushed the ride; Chill daybreak in the lorn advance; In stony strait the scorch of noon, Thrown off-by crags, reminding one Of those hot paynims whose fierce hands Flung showers of Afric's fiery sands In face of that crusader king, Louis, to wither so his wing; And, at the last, aloft for goal, Like the ice bastions round the Pole, Thy blank, blank towers, Jerusalem!" Again he droops, with brow on hand. But, starting up, "Why, well I knew Salem to be no Samarcand: 'Twas scarce surprise; and yet first view

Brings this eclipse. Needs be my soul, Purged by the desert's subtle air From bookish vapors, now is heir To nature's influx of control: Comes likewise now to consciousness Of the true import of that press Of inklings which in travel late Through Latin lands, did vex my state, And somehow seemed clandestine. Ah! These under formings in the mind, Banked corals which ascend from far, But little heed men that they wind Unseen, unheard--till lo, the reef--The reef and breaker, wreck and grief. But here unlearning, how to me Opes the expanse of time's vast sea! Yes, I am young, but Asia old. The books, the books not all have told. "And, for the rest, the facile chat Of overweenings--what was that The grave one said in Jaffa lane Whom there I met, my countryman, But new returned from travel here; Some word of mine provoked the strain; His meaning now begins to clear: Let me go over it again:--"Our New World's worldly wit so shrewd Lacks the Semitic reverent mood. Unworldly--hardly may confer Fitness for just interpreter Of Palestine. Forego the state Of local minds inveterate, Tied to one poor and casual form. To avoid the deep saves not from storm. "Those things he said, and added more; No clear authenticated lore

I deemed. But now, need now confess Mv cultivated narrowness, Though scarce indeed of sort he meant? 'Tis the uprooting of content!" So he, the student. 'Twas a mind, Earnest by nature, long confined Apart like Vesta in a grove Collegiate, but let to rove At last abroad among mankind, And here in end confronted so By the true genius, friend or foe, And actual visage of a place Before but dreamed of in the glow Of fancy's spiritual grace. Further his meditations aim. Reverting to his different frame Bygone. And then: "Can faith remove Her light, because of late no plea I've lifted to her source above?" Dropping thereat upon the knee, His lips he parted; but the word Against the utterance demurred And failed him. With infirm intent He sought the housetop. Set of sun: His feet upon the yet warm stone, He, Clarel, by the coping leant, In silent gaze. The mountain town, A walled and battlemented one, With houseless suburbs front and rear, And flanks built up from steeps severe, Saddles and turrets the ascent--Tower which rides the elephant. Hence large the view. There where he stood, Was Acra's upper neighborhood. The circling hills he saw, with one Excelling, ample in its crown,

Making the uplifted city low By contrast--Olivet. The flow Of eventide was at full brim; Overlooked, the houses sloped from him--Terraced or domed, unchimnied, gray, All stone--a moor of roofs. No play Of life; no smoke went up, no sound Except low hum, and that half drowned. The inn abutted on the pool Named Hezekiah's, a sunken court Where silence and seclusion rule, Hemmed round by walls of nature's sort, Base to stone structures seeming one E'en with the steeps they stand upon. As a threedecker's sternlights peer Down on the oily wake below, Upon the sleek dark waters here The inn's small lattices bestow A rearward glance. And here and there In flaws the languid evening air Stirs the dull weeds adust, which trail In festoons from the craq, and veil The ancient fissures, overtopped By the tall convent of the Copt, Built like a lighthouse o'er the main. Blind arches showed in walls of wane, Sealed windows, portals masoned fast, And terraces where nothing passed By parapets all dumb. No tarn Among the Kaatskills, high above Farmhouse and stack, last lichened barn And logbridge rotting in remove--More lonesome looks than this dead pool In town where living creatures rule. Not here the spell might he undo; The strangeness haunted him and grew.

But twilight closes. He descends And toward the inner court he wends.

2. Abdon

A lamp in archway hangs from key--A lamp whose sidelong rays are shed On a slim vial set in bed Of doorpost all of masonry. That vial hath the Gentile vexed; Within it holds Talmudic text, Or charm. And there the Black Jew sits, Abdon the host. The lamplight flits O'er reverend beard of saffron hue Sweeping his robe of Indian blue. Disturbed and troubled in estate, Longing for solacement of mate, Clarel in court there nearer drew, As yet unnoted, for the host In meditation seemed engrossed, Perchance upon some line late scanned In leathern scroll that drooped from hand. Ere long, without surprise expressed, The lone man marked his lonelier quest, And welcomed him. Discourse was bred: In end a turn it took, and led To grave recital. Here was one (If question of his word be none) Descended from those dubious men, The unreturning tribes, the Ten Whom shout and halloo wide have sought, Lost children in the wood of time. Yes, he, the Black Jew, stinting naught, Averred that ancient India's clime Harbored the remnant of the Tribes,

A people settled with their scribes In far Cochin. There was he born And nurtured, and there yet his kin, Never from true allegiance torn, Kept Moses' law. Cochin, Cochin (Mused Clarel). I have heard indeed Of those Black Jews, their ancient creed And hoar tradition. Esdras saith The Ten Tribes built in Arsareth--Eastward, still eastward. That may be. But look, the scroll of goatskin, see Wherein he reads, a wizard book; It is the Indian Pentateuch Whereof they tell. Whate'er the plea (And scholars various notions hold Touching these missing clans of old), This seems a deeper mystery; How Judah, Benjamin, live on--Unmixed into time's swamping sea So far can urge their Amazon. He pondered. But again the host, Narrating part his lifetime tossed, Told how, long since, with trade in view, He sailed from India with a Jew And merchant of the Portuguese For Lisbon. More he roved the seas And marts, till in the last event He pitched in Amsterdam his tent. "There had I lived my life," he said, "Among my kind, for good they were; But loss came loss, and I was led To long for Judah--only her. But see." He rose, and took the light And led within: "There ye espy What prospect's left to such as I--

Yonder!"--a dark slab stood upright Against the wall; a rude gravestone Sculptured, with Hebrew ciphers strown. "Under Moriah it shall lie No distant date, for very soon, Ere yet a little, and I die. From Ind to Zion have I come, But less to live, than end at home. One other last remove!" he sighed, And meditated on the stone, Lamp held aloft. That magnified The hush throughout the dim unknown Of night--night in a land how dead! Thro' Clarel's heart the old man's strain Dusky meandered in a vein One with the revery it bred; His eyes still dwelling on the Jew In added dream--so strange his shade Of swartness like a born Hindoo, And wizened visage which betrayed The Hebrew cast. And subtile vet In ebon frame an amulet Which on his robe the patriarch wore--And scroll, and vial in the door. These too contributed in kind. They parted. Clarel sought his cell Or tomblike chamber, and--with mind To break or intermit the spell, At least perplex it and impede--Lighted the lamp of olive oil, And, brushing from a trunk the soil--'Twas one late purchased at his need--Opened, and strove to busy him With small adjustments. Bootless cheer! While wavering now, in chanceful skim His eyes fell on the word JUDEA

In paper lining of the tray,
For all was trimmed, in cheaper way,
With printed matter. Curious then
To know this faded denizen,
He read, and found a piece complete,
Briefly comprised in one poor sheet:

"The World accosts--

"Last one out of Holy Land,
What gift bring'st thou? Sychem grapes?
Tabor, which the Eden drapes,
Yieldeth garlands. I demand
Something cheery at thy hand.
Come, if Solomon's Song thou singest,
Haply Sharon's rose thou bringest."

"The Palmer replies:

"Nay, naught thou nam'st thy servant brings, Only Judea my feet did roam; And mainly there the pilgrim clings About the precincts of Christ's tomb. These palms I bring--from dust not free, Since dust and ashes both were trod by me. O'er true thy gift (thought Clarel). Well, Scarce might the world accept, 'twould seem. But I, shall I my feet impel Through road like thine and naught redeem? Rather thro' brakes, lone brakes, I wind: As I advance they close behind.--Thought's burden! on the couch he throws Himself and it--rises, and goes To peer from casement. 'Twas moonlight, With stars, the Olive Hill in sight, Distinct, yet dreamy in repose,

As of Katahdin in hot noon,
Lonely, with all his pines in swoon.
The nature and evangel clashed,
Rather, a double mystery flashed.
Olivet, Olivet do I see?
The ideal upland, trod by Thee?
Up or reclined, he felt the soul
Afflicted by that noiseless calm,
Till sleep, the good nurse, deftly stole
The bed beside, and for a charm
Took the pale hand within her own,
Nor left him till the night was gone.

3. The Sepulchre

In Crete they claimed the tomb of Jove In glen over which his eagles soar; But thro' a peopled town ye rove To Christ's low urn, where, nigh the door, Settles the dove. So much the more The contrast stamps the human God Who dwelt among us, made abode With us, and was of woman born; Partook our bread, and thought no scorn To share the humblest, homeliest hearth, Shared all of man except the sin and mirth. Such, among thronging thoughts, may stir In pilgrim pressing thro' the lane That dusty wins the reverend fane, Seat of the Holy Sepulchre, And naturally named therefrom. What altars old in cluster rare And grottoshrines engird the Tomb: Caves and a crag; and more is there; And halls monastic join their gloom.

To sum in comprehensive bounds The Passion's drama with its grounds, Immense the temple winds and strays Finding each storied precinct out--Absorbs the sites all roundabout--Omnivorous, and a world of maze. And yet time was when all here stood Separate, and from rood to rood, Chapel to shrine, or tent to tent, Unsheltered still the pilgrim went Where now enroofed the whole coheres--Where now thro' influence of years And spells by many a legend lent, A sort of nature reappears--Sombre or sad, and much in tone Perhaps with that which here was known Of yore, when from this Salem height, Then sylvan in primeval plight, Down came to Shaveh's Dale, with wine And bread, after the four Kings' check, The Druid priest Melchizedek, Abram to bless with rites divine. What rustlings here from shadowy spaces, Deep vistas where the votary paces, Will, strangely intermitting, creep Like steps in Indian forest deep. How birdlike steals the singer's note Down from some rail or arch remote: While, glimmering where kneelers be, Small lamps, dispersed, with glowworm light Mellow the vast nave's azure night, And make a haze of mystery: The blur is spread of thousand years, And Calvary's seen as through one's tears. In cloistral walks the dome detains Hermits, which during public days

Seclude them where the shadow stays, But issue when charmed midnight reigns, Unshod, with tapers lit, and roam, According as their hearts appoint, The purlieus of the central Tomb In round of altars; and anoint With fragrant oils each marble shelf; Or, all alone, strange solace find And oratory to their mind Lone locked within the Tomb itself. Cells note ye as in bower a nest Where some sedate rich devotee Or grave guestmonk from over sea Takes up through Lent his votive rest, Adoring from his saintly perch Golgotha and the guarded Urn, And mysteries everywhere expressed; Until his soul, in rapt sojourn, Add one more chapel to the Church. The friars in turn which tend the Fane, Dress it and keep, a home make there Nor pass for weeks the gate. Again Each morning they ascend the stair Of Calvary, with cloth and broom, For dust thereon will settle down. And gather, too, upon the Tomb And places of the Passion's moan. Tradition, not device and fraud Here rules--tradition old and broad. Transfixed in sites the drama's shown--Each given spot assigned; 'tis here They scourged Him; soldiers yonder nailed The Victim to the tree; in jeer There stood the Jews; there Mary paled; The vesture was divided here. A miracle play of haunted stone--

A miracle play, a phantom one, With power to give pause or subdue. So that whatever comment be Serious, if to faith unknown--Not possible seems levity Or aught that may approach thereto. And, sooth, to think what numbers here, Age after age, have worn the stones In suppliance or judgment fear; What mourners-men and women's moans, Ancestors of ourselves indeed: What souls whose penance of remorse Made poignant by the elder creed, Found honest language in the force Of chains entwined that ate the bone; How here a'Becket's slavers clung Taking the contrite anguish on, And, in release from fast and thong, Buried upon Moriah sleep; With more, much more; such ties, so deep, Endear the spot, or false or true As an historic site. The wrong Of carpings never may undo The nerves that clasp about the plea Tingling with kinship through and through--Faith childlike and the tried humanity. But little here moves hearts of some: Rather repugnance grave, or scorn Or cynicism, to mark the dome Beset in court or yard forlorn By pedlars versed in wonted tricks, Venders of charm or crucifix; Or, on saint days, to hark the din As during market day at inn, And polyglot of Asian tongues And island ones, in interchange

Buzzed out by crowds in costumes strange Of nations divers. Are these throngs Merchants? Is this Cairo's bazar And concourse? Nay, thy strictures bar. It is but simple nature, see; None mean irreverence, though free. Unvexed by Europe's grieving doubt Which asks And can the Father be? Those children of the climes devout. On festival in fane installed, Happily ignorant, make glee Like orphans in the playground walled. Others the duskiness may find Imbued with more than nature's gloom; These, loitering hard by the Tomb, Alone, and when the day's declined--So that the shadow from the stone Whereon the angel sat is thrown To distance more, and sigh or sound Echoes from place of Mary's moan, Or cavern where the cross was found; Or mouse stir steals upon the ear From where the soldier reached the spear--Shrink, much like Ludovico erst Within the haunted chamber. Thou, Less sensitive, yet haply versed In everything above, below--In all but thy deep human heart; Thyself perchance mayst nervous start At thine own fancy's final range Who here wouldst mock: with mystic smart The subtile Eld can slight avenge. But gibe--gibe on, until there crawl About thee in the scorners' seat, Reactions; and pride's Smyrna shawl Plague strike the wearer. Ah, retreat! But how of some which still deplore

Yet share the doubt? Here evermore 'Tis good for such to turn afar From the Skull's place, even Golgotha, And view the cedarn dome in sun Pierced like the marble Pantheon: No blurring pane, but open sky: In there day peeps, there stars go by, And, in still hours which these illume, Heaven's dews drop tears upon the Tomb. Nor lack there dreams romance can thrill: In hush when tides and towns are still. Godfrey and Baldwin from their graves (Made meetly near the rescued Stone) Rise, and in arms. With beaming glaives They watch and ward the urn they won. So fancy deals, a light achiever: Imagination, earnest ever, Recalls the Friday far away, Relives the crucifixion day--The passion and its sequel proves, Sharing the three pale Marys' frame; Thro' the eclipse with these she moves Back to the house from which they came To Golgotha. O empty room, O leaden heaviness of doom--O cowering hearts, which sore beset Deem vain the promise now, and yet Invoke him who returns no call; And fears for more that may befall. O terror linked with love which cried "Art gone? is't o'er? and crucified?" Who might foretell from such dismay Of blank recoilings, all the blest Lilies and anthems which attest The floral Easter holiday?

4. Of the Crusaders

When sighting first the towers afar Which girt the object of the war And votive march--the Saviour's Tomb, What made the redeross knights so shy? And wherefore did they doff the plume And baldrick, kneel in dust, and sigh? Hardly it serves to quote Voltaire And say they were freebooters--hence, Incapable of awe or sense Pathetic; no, for man is heir To complex moods; and in that age Belief devout and bandit rage Frequent were joined; and e'en today At shrines on the Calabrian steep--Not insincere while feelings sway--The brigand halts to adore, to weep. Grant then the worst--is all romance Which claims that the crusader's glance Was blurred by tears? But if that round Of disillusions which accrue In this our day, imply a ground For more concern than Tancred knew, Thinking, yet not as in despair, Of Christ who suffered for him there Upon the crag; then, own it true, Cause graver much than his is ours At least to check the hilarious heart Before these memorable towers. But wherefore this? such theme why start? Because if here in many a place The rhyme--much like the knight indeed--

Abjure brave ornament, 'twill plead Just reason, and appeal for grace.

5. Clarel

Upon the morrow's early morn Clarel is up, and seeks the Urn. Advancing towards the fane's old arch Of entrance--curved in sculptured stone, Dim and defaced, he saw thereon From rural Bethany the march Of Christ into another gate--The golden and triumphal one, Upon Palm Morn. For porch to shrine On such a site, how fortunate That adaptation of design. Well might it please. He entered then. Strangers were there, of each degree, From Asian shores, with island men, Mild guests of the Epiphany. As when to win the Paschal joy And Nisan's festal month renew, The Nazarenes to temple drew, Even Joseph, Mary, and the BOY, Whose hand the mother's held; so here To later rites and altars dear, Domestic in devotion's flame Husbands with wives and children came. But he, the student, under dome Pauses; he stands before the Tomb. Through open door he sees the wicks Alight within, where six and six For Christ's apostles, night and day, Lamps, olden lamps do burn. In smoke