

among the younger, and never by the elders,
carried to excess. Such were the ordin-
ary relaxations from toil in the olden
time.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

*Translated from the German of Buerger, for the
New Dominion Monthly.*

Loudly the Rhinegrave winds his horn:
"Halloo! Halloo!" to serf and hind,
His followers' shouts affright the morn,
His neighing steed flies like the wind;
The freed hounds bark and leap and double.
O'er corn and thorn, and stones and stubble.

A stately church, with steeple high,
O'er stillness of the Sabbath air,
Sends forth its summons far and nigh,
To call the Christian folk to prayer.
And far and sweetly sound the praises
The godly congregation raises

Across the hallowed path they ride,
With wild huzza and tally-ho!
See here! see there! on either side,
The morning-beams a rider show;
The right-hand steed of silvery whiteness,
The left of lurid fiery brightness.

Who are these riders, left and right?
I may not tell, though I can guess,
A halo rich encircles, bright,
The kindly, youthful, right-hand face.
The left, as ghastly on he dashes,
'Neath stormy brows, shoots angry flashes.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, is each one,
Welcome to noble sport so rare;
Is there in earth or heaven known,
A joy can with the chase compare?"
He shouts, as he the pathway crosses,
And high in air his cap he tosses.

"Ill blends thy horn's loud echoing noise,"
The gentle, right-hand horseman said,
"With chapel-bell and choral voice.
Forbear, and let the chase be stayed;
Oh, heed thy better angel's warning,
With worthier works thy rank adorning."

"On with the chase, my baron brave!"
Broke in the left with angry scorn,
"Shall droning bell, or sing-song stave,
Break up the pleasure of the morn?
Come, I will teach thee princely bearing—
Yon prater is beneath thy caring."

"Well spoken, stranger of the left;
Thou art a hero to my taste;
Let him who loves not hunting-craft
Be left to sing, and pray, and fast.
Out, fool! give o'er thy ghostly warning
Nor spoil our sport this jovial morning."

And, hurry, hurry, forward swift,
O'er field and fence, o'er hill and plain,
Still ride the strangers, right and left,
On either side, with might and main;
And, as the echoing bugle ringeth,
A sixteen-antlered stag up-springeth.

Louder, the chief his horn doth wind,
Swifter they fly on foot and horse;
See! now before, and now behind,
To earth there falls a vassal's corse.
"Ay, sink—sink down to hell unshriven,
I will not from my sport be driven."

The stag now seeks a field of corn,
Hoping to find a hiding-place;
See there! a peasant, poor, forlorn,
Presents himself, with anxious face:
"Have mercy, noble baron, hear me,
The fruit of all my labors spare me."

The right-hand horseman forward sprung,
And pled the right in earnest tone;
The left a proud defiance flung,
And urged the wanton mischief on.
The Rhinegrave scorns the gentle pleader,
And chooses still the left-hand leader.

"Begone, you dog," in haughty wrath,
He to the pleading peasant cried,
"Hence, or I hunt thee from my path.
Halloo! companions, forward ride.
Let his ears feel your whips in token
That I have sworn what I have spoken."

'Tis said, 'tis done, the horse-shoes flash,
He clears the barrier at a bound,
Behind, with clanging horn and clash,
Follow him man and horse and hound;
And hound and horse and man are sweeping
O'er golden grain just ripe for reaping.

The breathless stag new refuge sought,
O'er field and fence, o'er hill and plain,
Till, still pursued, but yet uncaught,
And sinking 'neath the fearful strain,
He hears the gentle sheep-bells jingle,
And with the flock he strives to mingle.

Now, here and there, through mead and bush,
And, here and there, through bush and mead
The hounds pursue, with crush and rush,
Right through the flock the chase they lead.
The shepherd hears the frightened bleating,
And falls before his lord, entreating.

"Oh spare, my lord, my pleading heed;
Let not your dogs my herds devour;
Consider, noble lord, here feed
The cows of many widows poor;
Your hounds will soon to pieces tear them:
Oh spare them, dearest master, spare them!"

Forward the right-hand horseman sprung,
And pled the right with earnest tone;