

11.—ESTRANGEMENT.

X.

But bless you, it's dear—it's dear ! fowls, wine, at double the rate. 55
They have clapp a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays passing the
gate

It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city !
Beggars can scarcely be choosers : but still—ah, the pity, the pity !
Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and sandals,
And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow candles ;
One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles, 61
And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention of
scandals :

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.

Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life !

—Robert Browning.

14.—ESTRANGEMENT.

The path from me to you that led,
Untrodden long, with grass is grown, —
Mute carpet that his lieges spread
Before the Prince Oblivion
When he goes visiting the dead. 5

And who are they but who forget ?
You, who my coming could surmise
Ere any hint of me as yet
Warned other ears and other eyes,
See the path blurred without regret. 10

But when I trace its windings sweet
With saddened steps, at every spot
That feels the memory in my feet,
Each grass-blade turns forget-me-not,
Where murmuring bees your name repeat. 15

—J. R. Lowell.