

Ages passed,—came Pluvius, pouring over all a cooling stream:  
Great the ire of Ignis, roaring, he dispelled it all in steam!  
Mighty rocks he rent in pieces; flung them high into the air;  
Rolled and folded them in creases,—fought retreating to his lair.

Raged the fiery stout unceasing, Pluvius succoured Lithos well,  
Till at last, the heat decreasing, they walled Ignis in his hell;  
And on top of him they piled high mountains, rugged, stark and grim;  
Saying, as they glimpsed his wild eye, That's the last we'll see of him.

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Ignis dormant, in his dungeon, dreams of days and deeds of yore;  
Fondly styles himself 'Peace Keeper' of Earth's cosmothetic core!  
True!—for if he turn him over, heaving magma in his dream,  
Then the peak that doth him cover trembles like a weaver's beam.

Hap that he should really waken, and essay him to arise,  
Then the earth begins to quake in divers places 'neath the skies:  
Aitné fulminates to heaven; Stromboli runs fiery flow;  
Clouds grow black and thunder-riven: 'Peace depends!'—he lets us  
[ know.

The Legend:

By the mountain of *Kshi-luich*, where the Naas, since olden dawn,  
Glides o'er snowy sands of *Alahl* where the *han-gimwezuch* spawn,  
Stands a bosky Indian hamlet smoke-wreathed in the setting sun:  
Pursuits of the day are ended, and the evening meal begun.