

If there is anyone who has not read, seen, or heard Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster," he must be an isolated and lonely person indeed. Benét's death a few years ago removed from the American scene one of our most talented poets and authors, a man whose feeling for the native scene was extraordinary. In addition, his sense of fantasy resulted in a number of very fine tales, many of which appreciative anthologists have used repeatedly. "The Gold Dress" is one of Benét's later works, a poignant ghost story with a New England accent, a story which will prove new to almost all our readers.

The Gold Dress

by Stephen Vincent Benét

R

IGHT FROM THE FIRST we had trouble with Louella Weedon. Trouble was, she wouldn't stay put.

What I say is, if you're going to be a ghost, you ought to act like a ghost. That's reasonable. If you want to—well, haunt a place and feel upset enough about the troubles you've had to do it—that's to be expected. But Louella Weedon was different.

They were always strong-minded, the Weedons—especially the women. And Louella, being the last of them, was a kind of institution with us. We'd seen her grow up from a child—plain child she was, but stubborn; we'd seen her take care of her father and her mother and her Aunt Minnie. As long as they lived, she did her duty by them, as New England women will. And when she was left alone, she kept on doing it.

She did only one really peculiar thing that I recollect. Once a year she'd spend two weeks in New York City, and, though there were plenty of women she could have asked to go with her, she always went alone. We

thought that was pretty bold of her at first, but after a while it just got to be a custom, and part of Louella.

She never married. I don't mean that she didn't have offers—she did. But while they lived, her family always persuaded her that the suitors weren't good enough. And afterwards it was too late. Of course, there were some who said it drove Sam Owlett to drink—her turning him down—but you never had to drive Sam in that direction. He went on his own two feet. And if the town laughed a little about her and Monroe Taylor, we didn't mean any harm.

Monroe was teller in the bank, but he came from Northport, and nobody knew much about his folks. Well, Louella took him up, as you might say, and he called on her every week or so, that last year. It says a good deal for Louella that even that didn't give rise to any particular gossip. After all, she was a leading citizen, and the boy didn't know many folks in town when he first came. I call him a boy, but of course he was older than that—middle twenties and more. But he seemed young to me, and it's hard to refuse a kindness when you're young and lonely. He advised Louella about some things in the house and checked on some of her investments for her, but that seemed to be all it was. All it could be, too, for it seemed sort of written in the book that Miss Louella was bound to be the last of the Weedons. I know it surprised me a bit when I read her death notice. I'd been thinking of her as an old maid for as long as I could remember. And yet she was only forty when she died.

After that, we got used to the Weedon house being shut up and empty except for the caretaker who came in once a week to dust and wind the clocks. Louella had directed in her will that things were to be that way till the house was sold or disposed of. So there it was, and the first time in a hundred years that there hadn't been a Weedon in the house.

Only, coming back from the funeral, Ettie Rodgers made a curious remark to me. She'd lived next door to the Weedons all her life, and she knew Louella better than most.

"Well, Louella's gone," she said, with her black eyes snapping, "but I wonder if she'll stay put."

"Now, Ettie," I said, kind of soothing.

But she looked square at me. "No, I'm not crazy, Cy Marshall," she said, and sniffed in her handkerchief. "I'm just wondering. Louella was stubborn enough, but she never got much of what she wanted. She should

have had marriage and a family—yes, even if she'd had to marry that Taylor boy. But she was a Weedon, and nobody ever let her forget it."

I didn't think much of it at the time, because Ettie always had notions. But I thought of it later, when the talk about Monroe Taylor began.

He'd acted very proper at the funeral—everybody said that. And everybody felt kind of sorry for him. But when he started taking Jean Moffat home from the library, evenings, people started talking. I couldn't see anything wrong in it myself—seemed suitable to me. She wasn't one of your horn-rimmed-spectacles librarians; she was pretty as you could ask for, and with lots of gumption, too. But the way people talked, you'd have thought Louella was the love of his life and he was bound to spend the rest of it mourning over her memory. That's the way towns are.

I stood up for him all I could—I don't hold with gossip. I liked Monroe—always had—and I liked Jean Moffat. I'd seen her stand up to her Board of Trustees on one or two things, and I'd seen how she handled the children and the young folks in the library. And she certainly did wonders for Monroe. He'd always been the serious kind; but now he began to smarten up and take an interest in the kind of neckties he bought. And Jean began to look sort of happy and proprietary. I was expecting their engagement to be announced and was all ready to have a little talk with Ed Parsons about raising his salary—I'm a director of the bank—when the thing happened.

I'd been down with influenza that April—got it one of those raw, sunshiny days that fool you. Took me almost a month to get on my feet again, and when I did manage to get downtown and set eyes on Monroe Taylor, I was shocked.

I thought at first he must have had the influenza too. Then I saw it wasn't that. He looked just the way he always had, sober and overworked—but there was something more. Now and then he'd have a look you don't want to see on anybody's face—the look of someone who's being pushed to the wall and knows it and can't help it. I tried to jolly him along and told him to come around and see us—and bring Jean, too, if he felt like it. And he thanked me very politely, but you could see he wasn't listening. It wasn't till a couple of weeks afterward that he came.

Meanwhile I'd seen Jean Moffat, and there was something wrong there. She looked cool and fresh, as she always did, but the warmth had gone out of her smile. Well, that wasn't the way it should be, and I felt sorry. But I put it down to an ordinary kind of lover's quarrel. I did for a fact.

I work nights at the office sometimes; it's quieter then. And this was one of the first fine May nights—kind of night when you think you can smell lilacs even though you don't. I had the window open, and it was after nine o'clock. Then I heard the steps coming up the stairs. You can tell when it's a person in trouble when you've lived as long as I have. It was Monroe Taylor, and I knew the minute I saw him that the trouble was a deep one. He sat down when I told him to, but he had his hat in his hands, and he kept twisting it.

"Judge," he said finally, "might I consult you about a personal matter—very personal?"

"That's what I'm here for, Monroe," I said. "Though I'd better say first that if it's anything about the bank—"

"It isn't," he said wearily. "Though I don't blame you for thinking it. Oh, God, if only it were the bank!" he said. "If I'd only stolen money and could go to jail for it—why, I'd be as happy as a clam."

Well, I thought that was just one of those high-flown speeches that younger folks make, and I'd better straighten him out.

"Now, Monroe," I said, "if it's this town talk that's worrying you—well, I was born here, and I've lived here all my life. And it's a good town. But there's a few ladies that would gossip in the New Jerusalem—yes, even with wings on. It oughtn't to worry you, and it oughtn't to worry Jean Moffat. If you've had a quarrel, make it up. And let them go hang."

"Don't you suppose I want to?" he said, and his voice was hoarse. "But I can't, Judge Marshall. I just can't. I don't dare to—not for Jean's sake. You don't understand. It's Louella."

"Louella?" I said, kind of taken aback.

"Yes," he said. "You see, I've seen her. Since. I—I see her about every week now, just the way I used to. I go up to the house and call, and she's there. Sometimes she's sewing. Sometimes. . . . Oh, well, you wouldn't believe me, and what's the use?" He stood up. "I guess I'll be going, Judge, and thank you for listening. But it's no use telling me to go and see Doc Robinson. I know what he'd think about it, and I don't care to do that. If I have to go to State Asylum, I'll go on my own feet."

"Sit down, Monroe," I said. "Sit down."

And I got the bottle out from behind the Statutes of the Commonwealth and poured him a hooker. I made it a stiff one, too, for I thought the case justified it. But even so he was jumpy as a scared horse, and it took time to get him settled and the story out of him.

Well, of course I didn't believe him, even at that. But there was something about the way he told it, sitting there in my office, with his gray hat twisted in his fingers and the warm May air floating in. You see, he wasn't the kind of person a thing like that ought to happen to. Just a nice, steady, likeable citizen—in his bank teller's clothes, talking about something that couldn't possibly have happened, with the sweat pouring down his face.

It had started that same day that I got the influenza—late afternoon of that day, with that queer false spring in the air. He was going to have supper with the Moffats and take Jean to the movies. But as he went past the Weedon house he thought of Louella Weedon, which was only natural. She'd given him his start in the town, in a way, and, now he was in love with Jean, he felt grateful to her. He remembered little things she'd done and little things she'd said. Now I'm not excusing him at all. It would flatter almost any man to have a woman like that take an interest in him. And he'd say the pleasant little things that a man would be apt to say under such circumstances. Especially a stranger. He wouldn't even think of Louella as an old maid, necessarily—he'd treat her like a human being. I told you I wasn't excusing him. But you see the way it could be.

All the same, when he thought of Louella, he thought of her with sadness but with a sort of relief. For he had a suspicion that it mightn't have been so easy, bringing Jean around to call on her. And yet he'd have had to do it. It was just about then that he noticed the Weedon gate wasn't shut.

Well, he thought the caretaker must have forgotten, so he stopped for a minute to latch it. And as he did so, he saw a curtain move inside the house. He said he was sure of that. He said it gave him a queer feeling—that and the smell of false spring you could feel in the dusk. He said that's why he went in. But he said the queerest thing was that he knew the door would open the minute he put his hand on the knob.

He used to call on Louella in the back parlor—nobody ever sat in the front one. He said, once he was inside the house, he felt he had to go there. And he went, and there she was.

He said it wasn't till he left the house that he began to realize what had happened to him. And then he groaned aloud.

He was late at the Moffats', and Jean didn't like that very well. Then they went to the pictures together, and it was a good picture—but he just couldn't keep track of it. He'd keep seeing Louella, the way she'd been

in the back parlor, and hearing her voice instead of the voices on the screen. She'd had her sewing basket on the little table in front of her, just as usual, but she'd been different. And he knew what the difference was. He knew it now that he was in love with Jean.

Well, Jean practically had to nudge him when the picture was over and the lights came on; he was still looking straight ahead and wondering if he was damned or crazy or both. Oh, he explained to her, of course. About having a headache and working late at the bank. You know how well most men explain when they're put to it. It left a sort of coolness between them. And when he went back to where he boarded, there wasn't a more miserable young man in the state. He didn't go back past the Weedon house—he went the long way. But he knew he'd have to go back there, at his regular time. Louella had let him know that, and she'd be expecting him. Well, ever since then it had been going on.

I tried to get him to explain why, granting it was true, he couldn't break loose, and then he got sort of incoherent. He kept saying nobody could understand who hadn't been through it; or know what it was like to be tormented by two women at the same time, and one of them not of this earth. Well, I guess that would be hard to explain—but I knew the Weedon stubbornness. When they reached for anything, they closed all five fingers down on it. I'm not saying whether I believe the boy or not, but when I finally got him quieted, I felt sorry for him. I really did.

Next morning I went around to see Ettie Rodgers. I've know her a long time; and if she's got notions, she's got sharp eyes, too. We talked along for a while, and finally I asked her if she'd noticed anything queer at the Weedon house.

"Nothing except Louella Weedon," she said, with a snap of her handbag. She looked at me straight. "I told you at the cemetery she mightn't stay put," she said. "Well, she hain't."

I laughed, of course.

"Laugh all you like," she said. "I'm her next-door neighbor, and I know what my eyes see and my ears hear. And I've seen Louella Weedon, just as bold as brass, walking up and down in her garden in the cool of the evening. She's got a new hairdo, too, and a bare-necked dress. Bare-necked and bare-armed," she said with a sniff. "Heathen, I call it. Well, I believe in keeping yourself to yourself. But if she ever comes over here, I mean to give her a piece of my mind." She looked at me sharper than

ever. "Monroe Taylor ought to have more sense," she said. "Or somebody ought to."

Well, I knew by that the fat was in the fire; for, in spite of what Ettie said, she'd keep a thing to herself only so long. I didn't want a lot of smart city reporters in town making wisecracks about a ghost hunt and telephoning fool stories all over the Union. It isn't fitting or respectable. And from the way Monroe Taylor looked, he was just about on the ragged edge. So I got the key of the house—I'm executor under the will—and I went around.

Of course I didn't need the key, for when I turned the knob, the door was unlocked, just as Monroe had said. I held it in my hand for a minute, making a mental note to blow up the caretaker about leaving it that way. Then I opened the door and went in.

There's always something creaky and strange about a house that's been shut up, no matter how you dust it. The light isn't quite the same, and the rooms are dim. Yes, even if it's your own house, that's true. I knew the Weedon house almost as well as my own. And the minute I got inside the door I began wishing I'd come in the morning instead of late afternoon.

I wasn't afraid of Louella—naturally not. I went straight to the back parlor and looked around. And, if the back of my neck prickled, that might happen to anybody.

There wasn't anything peculiar in the back parlor. The vases that Captain Abijah brought back from China stood on the mantelpiece just where they'd always stood. And there was the high china cupboard, built in the wall. It all looked the way I remembered it. There was the sewing basket on the table with some half-finished work in it—but naturally that would be there. Everything had been left the way it was when Louella died. I was going to look at the sewing, and then I decided not to. If I had, I'd have started wondering if any of the stitches were new, and that would have bothered me.

There weren't any flowers around, but there was a smell like strawberry shrub. Louella had always been very fond of that scent. I tried to remember when we first got strawberry shrub—I thought it was early for it. But I couldn't remember.

Then I did a pretty foolish thing; I don't like to think of it yet. I stood there in the tidy back parlor of that empty house, and said, "Louella—

Louella Weedon." As if I was calling her. I said it low at first, then I said it quite loud.

There wasn't any answer right away; just the scuttlings and creakings of an empty house. But after a while I got an answer.

It wasn't what I expected; it wasn't words or sorrow, it was just a laugh. I knew Louella's laugh—it was dry and sharp. This one wasn't. It was full and rich, the deep laugh of an exultant woman. But it was Louella's all the same. You can't mistake a person's voice when you've known it. And this was mocking past description—mocking and exultant. But it was Louella's still.

I stood hearing it, while the hairs at the back of my neck prickled. And then I got out. Yes, I even locked the door behind me, though I knew that wasn't any use. If there'd been any sense in staying, I'd have stayed. But there wasn't, and I knew what I'd better do.

You don't take that kind of thing to a brand-new minister—I don't care how many degrees from Union Theological he's got. But Minister Henderson was still living up at North Center. He'd been with us forty years before he retired, and I felt he was the right man.

Well, I felt like a fool on my way up there, but when I did explain it to him, he took it very calm. Come to think of it, there can't be much you could surprise a minister with when he's been forty years in a town. And of course there was plenty of authority for similar cases. He showed me one out of *Wonders of the Invisible World*. That was in Cotton Mather's time, but New England's still New England.

Then we got on to the more practical side of the matter. There were various things you could do and wear and say, according to tradition. But he said this was a neighborhood matter, and he meant to treat it as such. And if there was a spirit to be dealt with and exorcised, he was still a minister of God, and he'd do his part. I wouldn't have felt right if he'd said anything else.

He agreed that Monroe Taylor would have to be there. But it was me that insisted on Ed Parsons, too. I knew he was bound to hear about it sooner or later, being president of the bank, and I didn't want what he heard to work against Monroe. Ed's a hard-headed man, and what he doesn't see himself he doesn't believe in. So I wanted him to see.

All the same, I felt queer when I let them into the Weedon house that particular night. There was Monroe Taylor, white as a candle, and Ed Parsons, grumpy and grumbling, and Minister Henderson, old and

white-haired and calm. I took them into the back parlor and lit the lamp. The curtains were drawn—I'd attended to that—and you couldn't see a thing from outside. Everything was just as I'd seen it, and the smell of the strawberry shrub was very sweet and piercing. I could see Ed Parsons notice that and not admit it. Well, we had a little prayer. And then I felt queerer than ever. For we sat there quite a while, listening to the rustlings and the creakings, and nothing happened at all.

Finally Monroe Taylor broke the silence. "It's no use," he said in a low, strained voice. "It's only for me, you know. If you'll all go away, she'll come. And I guess that's right. She'll come, and we'll talk the way we used to. I didn't know she counted so much on it. Oh, God, my punishment is more than I can bear!"

I saw Ed Parsons slue his eyes on him at that, and I wouldn't have given much for Monroe's chances at the bank. But just then we heard the laugh.

It came, low and rich, low and mocking—the laugh of an exultant woman. You couldn't tell just where it came from—that was the queer part. But it pulled Monroe Taylor out of his chair as if he'd been drawn by cords.

"She's calling," he said. "I'd better go to her." And his eyes were like a sleepwalker's.

But Minister Henderson laid a hand on his arm. "No, my son," he said. He raised his voice only a little, but it seemed to fill the house. "Louella Weedon," he said, "I am speaking to you. Why do you torment this young man?"

"Monkeyshines," grumbled Ed Parsons; but he grumbled it under his breath, for the minister was going on.

"I am speaking to you as a minister of God," he said. "And if you are evil, I bid you begone to your own place. But if you are otherwise, I bid you manifest yourself and say why you torment us."

"Monkeyshines," said Ed Parsons again, but louder, as if he wanted to hear the sound of his own voice. And then he jumped and sat still.

For there was another laugh, and after it a voice, very clear and distinct and recognizable. And the voice said: "Monkeyshines, Ed Parsons? That's all you know."

No, I don't expect you to believe it. Looking back, I hardly believe it myself. I remember staring at the glass lampshade—it had a kind of pat-

tern of leaves and flowers on it—and wishing that anything would happen to make the voice go away. But it was Ed Parsons who spoke.

“That’s Louella Weedon’s voice,” he said. “And she’s dead, so it can’t be. And whatever she wants, ’tain’t my business. So I guess I’ll go home.”

He made a motion to move, but he didn’t, for the laugh came again, low and vibrant, and we all sat as still as mice. I’d never thought Ed Parsons was a coward and I don’t think I’m one. But, when the laugh came the third time, I saw his hand begin to shake, till he stuck it in his pocket. The smell of the strawberry shrub was very strong now—stronger than I’d ever smelt it.

“Louella Weedon,” said the minister, patiently, “I charge you by the dreadful day when all secrets shall be unlocked—”

But, right then, I put my oar in. I didn’t want to, but it came over me, all of a sudden, that things weren’t to be done that way—at least not yet.

“Excuse me, Minister Henderson,” I said. “But—well, I’m an old friend of the family’s and maybe if I said a word.” I didn’t raise my head any—I just kept looking at the lampshade, but all the same, I knew there was something in the room.

“You see, it’s this way, Louella,” I said. “We aim to be reasonable and we don’t mean to interfere in what’s not our business. But, all the same—well, to put it plainly, can’t you let the boy go?”

There wasn’t any answer to that, just the echo of my own voice, so I tried again.

“All right,” I said. “I won’t even mention Monroe here. But, as I figure it, these things happen when a spirit wants something done that hasn’t been done on earth. Or so they say. So, if you’d just tell us, Louella, what you want and how we could fix it—well, after all, we’re your neighbors—” and I stopped, for I thought I’d made my point.

Then the laugh began and, with the laugh, the voice.

“Want?” it said. “Why, what more could I want? I’m back in my house where I always lived—I walk in my garden, evenings—I don’t even have to go to the post office to know the town gossip. And I’ve a fine handsome young man to call on me once a week and hand me my sewing basket. What more could I want—and me a New England woman? What more could Louella Weedon want out of life and death?”

I didn’t dare look around but I heard Ed Parsons give a sort of reproving “Tch-tch” between his teeth. And the voice went on, very still and clear.

"Don't cross me, Ed Parsons," it said. "Do you want me to tell them what you keep in the second drawer of your desk at the bank—the one with the special lock?"

"Oh God, no!" said Ed Parsons, quite loud, and the red came up to his ears.

"Then don't cross me," said the voice. "And you, Robert Henderson, minister of God. Shall I go back fifty years in the past and tell these men, who sat under you, what was in that past?"

"My child," said the minister, tranquilly, "if there was sin in my youth, it is between my God and me, now. You cannot make it bitterer in the mouth nor the repentance more anguished. So speak if you will."

"No," said the voice. "I've heard tales enough in this village—tales enough. And, as for you, Cy Marshall, well, you always were a meddlesome old busybody and you ain't changed a mite," said the voice, with venom. "So you know what I think of you all."

I kept on looking at the lampshade, but I heard the sob in Monroe Taylor's throat. Then the minister spoke.

"If you are an unclean spirit," he said steadily, "I charge you, by the words of the Gospel, to begone to your own place. But, if you are otherwise—"

He had risen now, and his hand was lifted. They talk about the spirit of God being in a man. I guess it was in him, then. For after a long moment, the voice came again, and it wasn't rich or mocking but low and sort of pitiful.

"I am not an unclean spirit," it said. "But I am perplexed and bound. I wanted so much. I wanted so much to be gay—and I never could be. I bought the clothes to be gay—and I never wore them. I wanted love and warm things. Is it wrong to have wanted them?"

"No, my child," said the minister, gently. "And you must forgive us all, for we did not know. But now you must have rest."

"There were so many tongues," said the voice. "All gossiping. They made an old maid out of me while I was still young. It happens a lot, I guess. It was my fault, too. I used to cut pictures out of the papers—pictures of ladies in fine dresses. I always wanted a gold dress—I always wanted gold slippers. Well, folks would have thought I was crazy. But I got them all the same and hid them in the closet. Because they meant everything I'd missed. If I'd worn them, once, I'd feel different. But nobody knows about them. So what's a woman to do?"

"My child," said the minister and hesitated, "my child—"

And then there was another voice in the room. We hadn't heard the door open—we hadn't heard anyone come in. But Jean Moffat was there and her eyes were blazing. She must have been there for longer than we knew.

"Oh, you big, stupid lumps of men!" she said. "Can't you see what's keeping her restless—can't you see what she wants? As if any woman wouldn't mind! Where's the key to that closet, Judge Marshall?"

"Jean!" said Monroe Taylor, hoarsely, but she didn't hear him. She was listening for a moment to a whisper we couldn't hear—the whisper of a woman, talking to another woman, about things man can't understand.

I didn't know there was a key in the potpourri bowl, any more than I knew that high china cupboard was just a false front and there was a closet behind it. But Jean Moffat seemed to know. I always said she had gumption.

I don't know what the rest of us expected to see when she opened that closet. Most anything, I guess. But it was just dresses. All kinds of them, hung on hangers. And some were the latest style and some went back twenty years. But there was one thing about them all. They came from New York and Paris—places like that. And each one would have done for a duchess and not one had ever been worn.

Jean Moffat was sort of murmuring over them and talking to them—not cool and efficient, now, but a woman, sharing another woman's trouble.

"Oh, so pretty—" she said. "So pretty— Of course you couldn't leave them behind, dear—of course you had to come back and wear them. Because you never had in your lifetime. So that's all right. But now we know about it and you can rest."

"Rest," said another voice that was like an echo and, just for a minute, there seemed to be another woman in the room, standing right beside Jean Moffat and smiling at her. Of course, it was a trick of the light. But I'd have sworn that I saw Louella Weedon—only not the one I knew, not the one that was bound to be an old maid. This one was gay and splendid, black-haired and bare-armed, in a dress that glittered in the lamplight. There were sparkling things on her shoes and a sparkling thing in her hair.

Then she wasn't there any more, and there was just Jean Moffat, crying queer tears as she smoothed the dresses with her hands.

Well, that was all there was to it, as far as I know. Though we had a little discussion about the dresses, afterwards. Ed Parsons was all for burning them, but Jean Moffat knew better and she got her way. Some of them went to folks that could use them—young concert-singers and such that have to make an appearance without much money. And others went to the museum. Jean Moffat figured Louella would be satisfied with that, and she seems to have been. At least the summer people who bought the house haven't complained. They think the china closet's quaint. Well, I'm not telling.

Yes, I guess Louella must be satisfied. That was quite a while ago, of course—the Taylor children must be five and three. They're nice children and their father's fleshed up a bit—lost his looks, some folks think, but Jean doesn't seem to mind. Just a decent small-town couple—you'd never know what they'd been through, to look at them. Well, I'd be liable to doubt it myself. Except for one thing.

You see, there was a kind of little notebook in the closet with the dresses. Where Louella put down where she got them and what she paid—she would, of course, and, I must say, some of the prices turned my hair. But there was one dress we couldn't find—the gold one. Well, I think I know where that is—and so does Jean Taylor. But I say, let the departed rest. After all, Louella bought it and paid for it. And, if she wants it with her, that's her business.

OF ELUTROPIA

Elutropia is a Gemme, in colour greene, or grassie, in part coloured and bespotted with Purple speckes and bloud coloured vaines. This is a marvellous Jugler, for it wil cause things object to be presented to our eies as it listeth. It being put into a Basan of water chaungeth to a mans eiesight the Sunne his beames, and giveth them a contrarie colour. Being also mooved and beaten in the ayre, maketh to appeare a bloudie Sunne, and darkeneth the ayre in maner of an Eclipse: and thefore it is called Elutropia as you would say, the Sunne his enimie. There is of this name also a certain Herbe which Enchaunters and Witches have oftentimes used, and doe use, as also that above said, whereby they have mocked and deluded many, which by meanes and working of enchauntment, have so dazeled the beholders eies, that they have gone by them invisibly.

—JOHN MAPLET