

The book cover is a deep red color with intricate black floral and geometric patterns. A diagonal band in the top-left and bottom-right corners contains a repeating star-like motif. The central area is filled with a dense floral design. A gold-colored label with decorative scrollwork contains the title in red text.

CAROLS  
OF THE COAST

M. H. Nickerson.











# CAROLS OF THE COAST:

A COLLECTION OF

SONGS, BALLADS AND LEGENDS,

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED.

BY

M. H. NICKERSON.

---

“ He touched the tender stops of various quills  
With eager thought, warbling his Doric lay.”—MILTON.

---

HALIFAX :

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---

ENTERED according to Act of the Parliament of Canada,  
in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two, by  
MOSES H. NICKERSON, at the Department of Agriculture.

---



## PREFACE.

---

I DO not propose to introduce this little book with elaborate remarks on what I conceive to be its merits or defects. That task, I am quite willing to leave where it belongs, in more competent hands.

Neither shall I say anything of my hopes or fears concerning the treatment it may receive, should it ever rise to the dignity of formal criticism. The usual comment on that head, prefixed to works of this nature, is always insipid, often unnecessary and sometimes worse than useless.

Every writer of verse, who deems his performances worthy of public regard, is justly supposed to put into them his best effort. They go forth to speak for themselves, in such spirit and voice as he has been able to endow them with. If they are found, by a fair audience, hopelessly dull or insufferably harsh, no preliminary flourish in prose can rescue them from that limbo which yearly swallows an enormous mass of futile literature.

Let me observe, however, in justice both to myself and to those who may honor with perusal the following collection, that it was too hastily prepared for publication to be free from certain faults, which would have been avoided had circumstances permitted me to bestow more care upon it. The pieces it contains, many of them the productions of extreme youth, had long lain in forgotten

manuscript, without revision or the slightest attempt to improve them, till within a few days of their going to the press. This fact may explain, if not excuse, the more obvious imperfections. With ampler opportunity, there would have been a wiser selection, a better arrangement and perhaps less ruggedness of language. But if literary merit, even in its crudest state, is entirely lacking; then I shall not, like many others, lay the blame on adverse circumstances, but frankly admit that the highest advantages of leisure and learning—both of which were denied me—could not have availed to supply the deficiency.

CLARK'S HARBOR,                    }  
    *April 23rd, 1892.*            )

THE AUTHOR.

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## ERRATA.

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ON page 201, the third line first stanza at top should be the second one. In the foot-note on same page, read "knock of a king," instead of "ring." Concluding line of first stanza at top of page 202 was intended for foot-note, referring to Skelton, in the text.





# CAROLS OF THE COAST.



## *OVERTURE.*



**THESE** are the sea-waifs gathered in my strolling  
    Along the sand-paved beach—  
**The** duller shells of pearly clusters rolling  
    Beyond my depth and reach.

Oft have I watched them, from dark caves emerging,  
    Gleam brightly and depart ;  
**While** the wild waves through all my veins were surging,  
    And breaking at my heart.

I stood in pleasing peril, never pondering  
    The way my steps should go ;  
**The** glorious morn shone not to guide my wandering,  
    But to impart its glow.

To me no danger lurked within the ocean  
    That clasped the passive land,  
**With** majesty in every sound and motion,  
    So free, so strong, so grand.

What radiant dreams since then have risen and faded  
 Into the mist of tears,  
 While the chill flood has ruthlessly invaded  
 The swiftly wasted years !

Yet the first spell they wove shall be unbroken  
 Until my latest hour.  
 These carols are a faint and fleeting token  
 Of their abiding power.

---

*FRAGMENT*

OF A JUVENILE ESSAY IN VERSE.

---

ALL things revolve with ceaseless change  
 Through nature's teeming, boundless range,  
 E'er since from eldest night  
 The fiat of the eternal mind  
 Impressed chaotic matter blind  
 With motion, form and light.

Adhering particles were mixed  
 And to their various functions fixed  
 Within the mighty scheme.  
 Light poured its vitalizing heat  
 Until creation was complete  
 And order rose supreme.

But though the primal elements  
 In combinations rare and dense  
     Through endless cycles run,  
 No particle to all the globe  
 Or to its vast ethereal robe  
     Has e'er been lost or won.

The very essences that mould  
 Our frames—at first inane and cold,  
     Dispersed through air and earth,—  
 Are yet coeval with the spheres  
 Whose chorus ravished angel ears  
     With joy o'er nature's birth.

Through rolling years, each race remains,  
 But like the summer-ripened grains,  
     The individuals pass,  
 Dissolved to nourish other forms  
 Of future life that ever swarms  
     From out the general mass.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Proof, too, that universal law  
 Which overwhelmed the sage with awe  
     Its secret to unfold ;  
 That marvelous law can thus alone  
 The worlds, through space eternal sown,  
     In even balance hold.

If but a single atom lacked,  
The solar charm would cease to attract  
    Our darkened, wandering world :  
One atom more would add a force  
To send this planet from its course  
    To fiery ruin hurled.

The changes palpable to sense  
All furnish ample evidence—  
    Germ culminates in germ ;  
The sea, the mist, the cloud, the rain,  
Are links in observation's chain  
    To hold this doctrine firm.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

And is the animating soul,  
With powers angelic at control,  
    Self-bounded and distinct ?  
The higher faith alone can see  
With all that's past, with all to be  
    Its life forever linked.

*FROM THE SHORE.*  

---

THE southern winds are piping loud,  
All into spray the breakers shiver ;  
Fast flies, o'erhead, the black-winged cloud  
Whose flaming tongues in fury quiver.

Yon cape that lifts it awful form,  
So dreaded by the ocean-ranger,  
Surveys the progress of the storm,  
Exulting in the hour of danger.

The spirit of the rocky caves  
Where dark the sea-weed curtain flutters,  
Now like the ancient sibyl raves,  
And what mysterious things he utters !

God pity now the hampered ship !  
One fearful chance is open for her—  
To wear her canvas, though she dip  
Her yard-arms in the foamy horror !

Ah ! strength of soul, however grand,  
When in our course, where faults mis-shape it,  
Whirls the dread vortex close at hand,  
It bends us lowly to escape it.

*DARK HOURS.*  

---

OH dark is the hour  
On the refugeless main,  
When the tempest hath power  
And man's efforts are vain ;  
When stricken with dread  
Are the strong and the brave,  
And death's chilly bed  
Is the white-sheeted wave !

That hour, too, is dark  
When within his lone cell  
The captive must hark  
To the summoning knell ;  
When terror appears  
Dressed in colors so strong,  
That the moment which nears,  
Seems to linger too long.

But dark as the pall  
Is that hour when the heart  
Is destined, from all  
It had cherished, to part ;  
When for hopes once in bloom  
But now withered by woes,  
The breast is a tomb  
Yet without its repose !

*THE VILLAGE CRÆSUS.*  

---

To see him you would scarcely think  
    He was so very great,  
Till you hear his tumid pockets clink  
    To his self-important gait ;  
Then other people's pockets shrink  
    For six months after date.

At church what meekness does he wear ;  
    But the home-life lifts the mask :  
The family bible on that shelf there—  
    On this, a whiskey flask ;  
That closet used for secret prayer,  
    And this for a smuggled cask !

But when the village chapel swarmed  
    With clergy and with lay,  
We saw him suddenly transformed  
    That yearly meeting day ;  
His charities were roused and warmed  
    Like a snake in the month of May.

We saw him near the altar stand  
    With penitential air,  
And hold an offering in his hand  
    To make the worldly stare—  
An offering with this meek demand :  
    Five dollars' worth of prayer !

Revolting thought ! perhaps the sum  
     In such oblation spent  
 Was the clear revenue of rum  
     All vitrioled cent. per cent !  
 Howe'er it be, it did not come  
     A worse way than it went.

I thought of Simon Magus' rash  
     Yet similar desire ;  
 But I looked in vain for the answering flash  
     Of holy, withering ire  
 Condemning the hypocrite and his cash  
     To hell's eternal fire.

---

*AT PHILIPPI.*

---

MIDNIGHT in the dungeon grim  
     Where the preachers of the word  
 Lay wth heavy-fettered limb,  
     But their souls with heaven conferred ;  
 And the prayer and chanted hymn  
     All their fellow-prisoners heard.

Hark ! an earthquake's sudden shocks  
     Strike responsive to the strain.  
 And the shattered prison rocks  
     Like a wreck upon the main ;  
 Broken are the bars and locks,  
     Rent from every hand the chain !



While the keeper, wild with fears,  
    Draws his sword and bares his breast,  
The apostle's voice he hears,  
    Which his rash arm does arrest.  
Then before them he appears  
    Trembling with this great request :

“That salvation may be mine,  
    What, oh what must I achieve ?”  
“Grace shall be to thee and thine  
    If on Christ thou dost believe !”  
Thus the liberty divine  
    Did that captive soul receive.

Ye who are as captives bound,  
    Ye whom doubts and fears enthrall,  
Such deliverance can be found  
    In his might who governs all ;  
Such the grace that does abound  
    When repentant sinners call.

*FRANCESCO TO BIANCA.*  

---

LOVELY Bianca, my heart's dearest treasure,  
Never again thy sweet face shall I see ;  
Still my dark thoughts, in retracing lost pleasure,  
Wild though they wander, are faithful to thee.

Banished from friendship—e'en pity denied me,  
Far from the scenes of our former delight,  
Forests and caves in their solitude hide me,  
Name, hopes and life all have suffered one blight.

When for thy favor my rival was seeking,  
Mine was the madness that brooked no control ;  
Blood is the witness—oh, still it seems reeking  
Red on my blade as the guilt on my soul !

Long to my bosom delight is a stranger,  
Tired of my very existence I grow ;  
Restless in safety and reckless in danger—  
Death is but cruel refusing his blow.

Lovely Bianca, my heart's dearest treasure,  
Dire is the doom that has fallen on me ;  
All could I bear, but this woe beyond measure,  
Through my own crime torn forever from thee !

*TO THE MUSES.*  

---

YE nymphs, who, in olden time, dwelt  
In a sacred recess of the grove  
On that mountain, ere yet you had felt  
What it is through creation to rove,

While thousands have access so free  
To your presence and mystical shrine,  
'Tis enough on an alien like me  
That your smiles intermittently shine.

'Tis enough that my spirit is charmed  
By the spell which they say you prepare,  
And oft, as in panoply, armed  
To combat the demon of care.

Then I crave not the polish of art  
Nor wish my rude numbers more smooth,  
If so they but lighten my heart  
And its throbs of inquietude soothe.

Whom the walls of a study immure  
Oft utter your oracles deep,  
And the less comprehended, be sure,  
The fuller the credence they reap.

Thus the robin's plain note in the dell  
May be with indifference heard ;  
But the pedant admires Philomel,  
Though he knows not the song or the bird.

No claims to your favors I lay,  
Nor join in your numberless train ;  
But destiny gave me away  
To your transports of pleasure and pain.

Else wherefore, great nine, was I born  
With a heart so erroneously proud,  
That the pageant of man it could scorn  
Yet to feminine weakness has bowed ?

Oh ! the tutorless fancy of youth  
Can never be brought to perceive  
Such attractions in wisdom and truth  
As in you and the daughters of Eve.

Hence every wild impulse can urge  
Beyond reason's legitimate bound,  
Till remorse, with the scorpion-hung scourge,  
Repays every joy with a wound.

For such is the make of the wight  
Over whom your strange witchery hangs,  
He loses himself in delight  
And awakes to the keenest of pangs.

Different passions within him are stirred  
And he readily yields to their force ;  
So betwixt the sublime and absurd  
He makes but a devious course.

The wise ones, with judgment amiss,  
Still deem his impetuous soul  
Might bask in the moonbeams of bliss  
Submitting to cautious control.

But his being they cannot improve  
By prudence that calculates slow.  
Should the comet all sluggishly move,  
'Twould diminish its luminous glow.

---

*THE MOTHER-SPEECH.*

---

NATIVE language, mother tongue,  
Gently spoken, sweetly sung,  
Hallowed memories endear it  
Till, like some aerial tone  
From the seraph-land, we hear it  
In the desert and alone.

Sad the mind is and confused  
Where a foreign tongue is used,  
Which we too must join in speaking  
With the carefulness of art  
And the weariness of seeking  
Words that dwell not in the heart.

Hear the stately Roman speak,  
 Hear the strong, sonorous Greek,  
     Like the storm-flood rush and tumble ;  
 Hear the Tuscan's dulcet tide ;  
     Let the German torrent rumble  
 And the smooth Castilian glide ;

Let the Frankish step with grace,  
 In a quick but even pace ;  
     And the studious ear may listen  
 Captivated for an hour ;  
     But the eye through life must glisten  
 At one home word's sacred power.

---

*SPERANZA.*

---

HER face has the radiance of dreams unsung,  
     Like that of an infant newly woke ;  
 Men call her Speranza in that sweet tongue  
     Which Beatrice in Heaven spoke.

Less frequently, as the year roll on,  
     Have her visits been,—but the very tear  
 Which mourns her now as forever gone  
     Is the secret gem that draws her near.

*THE STORM.*  

---

## I.

BEYOND the confines of the west  
The day's last traces flee.  
All earth is lying with stirless breast  
As in dire expectancy.

Deep silence broods o'er the lonely hills  
And o'er the snow-clad plains.  
The sun has sunk, but his pathway fills  
With the hue of the tide that battle spills  
From an army's burning veins !

## II.

Though no white waves assail the shore,  
And no rude gust sweeps by,  
Yet a look more boding never wore  
The ocean and the sky.

The night draws on but it does not bring  
The promise of repose ;  
It seems to spread its sable wing  
Like the prophet's malison hovering  
In the clouds where Babel rose.

## III.

Far other events than the elements  
About to wreak their rage  
With all its wasteful consequence  
These omens do presage.

Avert thine eye from the signs on high  
 And say, dost thou not discern  
 That we soon must wage with a foe **malign**  
 A conflict still more stern ?

\* \* \* \* \*

There shall wailing be where once was **glee**,  
 But the right shall win at last  
 And peaceful thrive, as the fields revive  
 When the storm is overpast.

---

*SONG.*

---

THROUGH all the woods the robins sing  
 Their madrigals to soft-eyed spring,  
 While gentle evening comes to fling  
 Her eastward-reaching shadows.

The herds returning often stop  
 The young and tender blade to crop,  
 All gemmed with many a pearly drop,  
 Along the quiet meadows.

Come, dearest, let us forth to share  
 The pleasant time ; this balmy air  
 Can kiss no other brow as fair  
 As that I am beholding.

And see, how even the loveliest flower  
 That shelters in your garden bower,  
 Abashed at beauty's richer dower,  
 Its blushing sweets is folding.



TO J. ATKINSON.  

---

AGAIN the sun's obliquest ray  
To nine dull hours restricts the day ;  
And earth is white and heaven is gray,  
    While gloomy trees  
Shudder and wring their hands and pray  
    On bended knees.

And still I tread the humble round  
That chillier deeps than snow-drifts bound ;  
And though some pleasure I have found  
    To cheer existence,  
The famous fairy-haunted ground  
    Still keeps its distance.

When first in life's bright morning seen,  
The future flaunts in heavenly sheen ;  
But, when arrived at grave nineteen,  
    We sadly miss its  
Delights, or find them far between,  
    Like angels' visits.

Yet 'tis not all a dull surrounding ;  
I hear the surf its onset sounding,  
I see the storm's fierce front confounding  
    Sea, sky and land,  
And all the while my heart is bounding  
    To measures grand.

Then every legend, every lay,  
Learned in some long-forgotten day,  
Gleams on me, as the sudden ray  
    Amid the storm  
Paints on the heaven-aspiring spray  
    The rainbow's form.

But most unhappy of his kind  
Is he whose ever-roving mind,  
Impatient purer bliss to find,  
    With fiery fleetness  
Still rushes on and leaves behind  
    Untasted sweetness.

His breast is in chaotic state  
Where hope and fear and love and hate  
Alternately preponderate  
    And wisdom fails,  
Withholding, but not wanting, weight  
    To right the scales.

As well the traveller might slake  
His thirst at the Asphaltic Lake,  
As one of such peculiar make  
    Could satisfy  
His soul with what men scrape and rake  
    And sell and buy.

I love the girls, I love a song,  
I hope I'm right, yet fear I'm wrong,

And when the gossips censure strong  
    My inclination,  
I hate and scout the vulgar throng  
    In style Horatian.\*

Their precepts I would fain obey  
Whose twilight heads are cool and gray,  
But dazzling follies round me play  
    And fire my veins,  
Then resolution all gives way  
    And passion reigns.

Yet oft I take a view sublime  
Of that Lethean gulf-stream, time ;  
And feel convinced no greater crime  
    Than mere neglect  
Will drift us to the torrid clime  
    That few expect.

Ah ! youth and vigor wane and dwindle  
Till love no more its flame can kindle,  
And life is one inglorious swindle,  
    Or with sly tread  
Comes death, and from the half-run spindle  
    Cuts off the thread.

The high, the low, the grave, the gay  
Make up their quotas of his prey ;  
Unlike some statesmen of our day  
    I could describe,  
You cannot turn him any way  
    By dint of bribe.

---

\* "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo."—*Horace*.

Divines are often wont to treat  
Of life as frail, and time as fleet,  
To make the sensual sinner meet

For saving grace ;

But here's a metaphor complete

In shorter space :

Life is a sort of fastening  
To time that, ever on the wing,  
Draws through slack hands the slender string  
Till all is gone,  
Then off they drop without a thing  
To rest upon.

They only are the truly wise  
Who bind the moment as it flies  
To some beneficent emprise ;

The elevation,

Which they at length attain, defies

All gravitation.

The greatest prudence I have shown  
Is just to purpose and postpone ;  
Though in my temperament were sown

Some virtuous seeds,

The field is rankly overgrown

With flowering weeds.

But latterly I have begun  
To get the pruning process done ;  
And gentle showers and genial sun

May yet mature

The fruits and in the lengthy run

Good crops secure.

My tedious daily routine o'er,  
 The mines of knowledge I explore,  
 But still, in balancing my store  
     Of that material,  
 I find it as it was before—  
     Somewhat ethereal.

As duty bids, not taste inclines,  
 I trace the geometric lines,  
 Or con the algebraic signs,  
     Though here, the will—  
 As that pedantic phrase defines—  
     Is minus still.

For me the sciences abstruse  
 Possess small pleasure and less use.  
 Can sentiment delight to cruise  
     The bridge of asses, †  
 Or angle and hypotenuse  
     Help scale Parnassus ?

With far more ardor I engage  
 In learning from the classic page  
 How poet, orator and sage  
     Sang, spake and taught,  
 Or how, with patriotic rage,  
     Stern valor fought.

---

† *Pons Asinorum*, the name facetiously given to the fifth proposition of Euclid.

The tinsel trickery that adorns  
Most modern lays my spirit scorns.  
They either sound like dinner-horns  
Or penny whistles.  
Well, grapes will never grow on thorns,  
Nor figs on thistles.

---

*NEW YEAR'S MORNING, 1878.*

---

A ROYAL greeting to Seventy-eight,  
As he marches through the eastern gate,  
In his ruffled but stainless robe of state  
With icicles bestudded.

The sceptre is not yet in his hand :  
Pray Heaven it may not be more grand  
Than just a simple olive wand  
For peace and plenty budded.

We have longed for the regimen to shift,  
The old year's burdens were hard to lift ;  
May the new have blessings in his gift  
For general distribution ;

But whether he carry our wishes out,  
Give him the benefit of the doubt  
And welcome the reign that is brought about  
By a bloodless revolution.

*A CHARACTER.*

ALTHOUGH he could not learn the common art  
 Which sets the speech at variance with the heart,  
 Ne'er to the crowd his inner life was shown,  
 Nor was he to himself entirely known ;  
 Yet never mortal, by the vulgar touch,  
 Was swayed, by turns, so little and so much.  
 In keenest sympathy, e'en from his birth,  
 With each vicissitude of sky and earth,  
 No fixed condition long his taste could please,  
 He courted turmoil, while he sighed for ease ;  
 And hope, the dove, to him seemed never dear,  
 Save when she fluttered in the claws of fear.  
 His mind, with all the weeds of fancy filled,  
 Was harrowed deep enough, but never tilled.  
 His natural diffidence oft galled him sore,  
 His forced audacity galled others more.  
 Active in sport, in labor indolent,  
 He knew each phase of feeling save content.  
 Plain facts he missed, the latent he perceived,  
 And trusted most, where most men disbelieved.  
 So in his wildest or his tamest guise  
 He was a paradox to good men's eyes.  
 Unfitted for obedience or command,—  
 A peasant's figure, a patrician hand,  
 Midway between a gentleman and boor.

\* \* \* \* \*

*MAJOR BRAY,*  
OF THE COUNTY MILITIA.

---

'Tis the day of the drill and the ranks soon fill  
    With the very flower of the nation.  
But the bloodless plain for this campaign  
    Is somebody's turnip plantation.

But look at the man who leads the van,  
    An object to cause reflections;  
He is major-in-chief by right of a leaf  
    Which he got from the book of directions.

He shows more skill in militia drill  
    Than in other departments of labor ;  
Though his hands were made for wielding the spade  
    Or anything else but a sabre !

Yet when he is clad in warlike red  
    With a borrowed horse to ride on,  
He would easily pass as did the ass  
    That put the lion's hide on.



*THE MAJOR'S MONOLOGUE.*  

---

At your service and the nation's,  
I'm the gallant Major Bray,  
With my uniform and rations  
And my fifty cents a day.

War's a glorious profession  
For a gentleman to fill,  
Plying it without transgression  
Of the law, Thou shalt not kill !

I was made expressly for it  
By my bearing and my voice ;  
Mere civilians may abhor it,  
Making sluggish life their choice.

In a dozen years of drilling  
I have learned upon parade  
All its arts, except the killing—  
Not essential to the trade.

But my maiden sword I brandish  
And such antics I perform,  
I would like to see the Standish\*  
That I could not take by storm !

---

\* Presumably Miles Standish, the hero of Plymouth.

Even now my bravery's noted ;  
Everybody looks at me ;  
I'm the only soldier-coated  
Man in all our company.

Hannibal and Alexander !  
I perhaps might rival you,  
But the modern tongue of slander  
Will not give a man his due.

When we march through country places,  
'Tis a glorious sight to see  
Windows lined with pretty faces  
Smiling loyally on me.

Then to think how such sweet glances  
Of fair lady on her knight  
Used to shiver helms and lances,  
Makes me hanker for a fight.

Then if trumpets loud were braying  
I could raise as wild a din,  
If some shot, too widely straying,  
Might not chance to graze my skin.

With your corse the ground to measure  
Where the leaden hail flies fast,  
Is, no doubt, a thrilling pleasure  
That is far too good to last.

For your country nobly dying  
Talked about is very nice ;  
But this fact is past denying :  
No one can enjoy it twice !

Yet in spite of this misgiving,  
Death would never me appal,  
If, thereafter, to the living  
I could boast about my fall.

I have had a thousand fancies  
Of adventure and escape,  
And have stood some narrow chances  
From the canister and grape.

And if things go on in quiet,  
If no accident occurs  
Like rebellion, raid or riot,  
I am bound to win my spurs.

Without getting gashed and gory  
I can be a son of Mars ;  
Give me gold and gin and glory  
And the devil take the scars !

*THE GARLAND.*  
—

COME teach me now some dainty song,  
Ye little Sylphids that preside  
The summer long  
Over the garden's floral pride  
And dress the earth as Phœbus' bride.

As softly as the enamored south  
Lisps to the rose in sunlight clear,  
Frame to my mouth  
Some carol fit for Jennie's ear  
And sweet, like her, and all sincere.

Oh could she know how oft I lift  
Up to my lips this flowery band—  
Her treasured gift—  
Then she my heart might understand,  
As I, the sweetness of her hand !

What matter if these woven flowers,  
With all my care, can only live  
A few brief hours ?  
Yet to my inmost soul they give  
A bloom that is not fugitive.

They promise with their dying breath  
That when the north winds, rudely bleak,  
Have done to death  
Their frail companions, I may seek  
More lasting ones upon her cheek.

*FAREWELL.*WRITTEN IN A COPY OF CHAMBERS' EUCLID.  

---

OLD Euclid, farewell ! our acquaintance was brief.  
We part not in anger, we part not in grief ;  
Nay, justice compels me to say, as we part,  
You were dear to my patience, if not to my heart.

I revere you as much as my youth will permit,  
Nor doubt anything save your aid to our wit,  
For I think from the day-star of nations there shines  
A far better method of dealing with lines.

Why treat of the *upright*, the *mean*, and the *base* ?  
Daily life affords almost a parallel case :  
Just minus the first, plus the foolish and vain,  
And mankind is geometry, rather more plain !

*TO A FLATTERER.*


---

RESERVE that soft phrase for some timelier use.

Let candor inform you it vexes me less  
 To suffer a volley of causeless abuse  
 Than be lauded for virtues I do not possess.

There is full-blooded vice, there is hollow-souled sham,  
 And the first is more worthy of honest esteem.  
 My destiny is to be just what I am,  
 And yours to be all things but what you would seem.

---

*A MOCK MONODY.*


---

DEATH, the prayer of hundreds granting,  
 Did one errand to a charm ;  
 And the dirge it set us chanting  
 Sounded like a fire-alarm.

Then the sexton, red and panting,  
 With his spade upon his arm,  
 Came and did the best day's planting  
 Ever done on Adam's farm !

TO J. ATKINSON.  

---

OUR pathways at length have begun to diverge,  
So fortune capricious is pleased to ordain ;  
But till Lethe's dark waters existence submerge  
Shall our souls in the union of friendship remain.

I wander, as 'twere, from the bad to the worse  
On a desert with scarce an oasis in sight.  
Yet I cannot complain of a heavy reverse,  
For my earthly possessions are notably light.

Wisdom dignifies neither my actions nor looks ;  
For a hermit, perhaps, I am wholly too young ;  
But a series of lessons, not found in the books,  
Keeps more busy my thought and more silent my  
tongue.

Oh that freshness of spirit, vivacious and bold,  
When we aim at the height, disregarding the mean !  
I would give, if I had it, some thousands of gold,  
Not to be what I hoped for, but what I have been.

Contentment smiled on us without being sought,  
A maid by a passionate suit never won ;  
No need was there then for distracting the thought  
This thing to attain and the other to shun.

Our hearts were untainted, our heads were unschooled,  
Our minds no rich-freighted idea could float ;  
But a few people's conscience we rigidly ruled  
By the law of the mischievous stanzas we wrote.

Yet joys more enduring oft hallowed those hours  
When mirth in the lap of reflection was lulled,  
And, revering, we bent o'er those perishless flowers  
That spirit aspiring from Paradise culled.

Or we gloried with him\* whose Promethean fire  
But dazzled the more that its altar was dark ;  
At whom, after basely provoking his ire,  
The whole pack of critics no longer durst bark.

Not to questions of morals our thoughts we confined  
Nor measured his lines with mechanical scan,  
But we soared on the 'pinions sublime of his mind,  
And admiring the poet, lost sight of the man.

Through the small but choice list of illustrious names,  
The grave and the tender engaged us by turns ;  
But the strongest and far the most permanent claims  
On our sympathy came from the genius of Burns.

His songs that so lively a pleasure impart  
Show nature in simplest yet fairest attire,  
More pleasing indeed from the absence of art  
For man teaches not what the heavens inspire.

Then our first chanted rhymes, rather warm, I confess,  
Came out with a promise that very soon fades ;  
Because of their peasant-like manner and dress  
They flourished and died in their own native shades

---

\* Byron.



It was much that a village our works should discuss,  
It was more that some persons detested the sound ;  
Approbation was never so pleasant to us  
As the anger which showed that our satire could  
[wound.

Yes, such the amusements that managed to steal  
Our leisure, then deemed at a trival cost ;  
And, indeed, there are times even now when I feel  
That the moments so spent were not utterly lost.

For, memory glowing, each juvenile whim  
Arises from seeming oblivion once more.  
Thus, a sketch on a slate may in coldness grow dim,  
But the warmth reproduces it plain as before.

And out of this madness some method may rise,  
Some figures that strike, though not long to exist,  
As the tempest piles up cloudy towers in the skies  
That in a dead calm would have settled in mist.

*A RECOLLECTION.*

---

O'ER the white waste of drifted sands unstable  
We climbed the sedgy dune,  
Where, like a sleeping giant, old Cape Sable  
Basked at the feet of June.

Beneath the summer noon, the shore-birds twittered  
Around in glancing flocks,  
And, like a fair display of jewels, glittered  
The foam-bells on the rocks.

Deep peace was in the air and on the billows,  
That in smooth slumber lay,  
Or gently tossed upon their sandy pillows  
As infants wake to play.

The breeze moved landward, scarcely felt in blowing,  
But such the fisher hails  
With joy when, after weary hours of rowing,  
It swells his spritted sails.

The brave flotilla then like snowy sprinkles  
Far outward we could trace ;  
The sight was fair and seemed to have smoothed the  
From out old ocean's face. [wrinkles

No envious shadow on the flood descended ;  
Unflecked, the sky's broad sweep  
In silent grandeur with th' horizon blended,  
Deep calling unto deep.

And every shadow from my life retreating,  
 Left free the placid mind ;  
 The finite with the infinite was meeting  
 Undimmed and unconfined.

How many times my eager gaze had rested  
 Upon that sea and shore ;  
 But never, never had they been invested  
 With such a charm before.

They wear it still in calm ideal perfection,  
 Though years since then have flown :  
 That summer day's unclouded recollection  
 Shall ever be my own.

---

*SONG.*

---

'Twas night, and all was still, except  
 The flow of the summer sea ;  
 Love's star alone its vigil kept  
 And where the folded flow'rets slept  
 It led my way to thee.

Our meeting lips and mutual eyes  
 Drank glowing blisses there ;  
 And full of questions and replies  
 Of tenderest import were the sighs  
 That charmed the dewy air.

And now 'tis night : the sky arrayed  
 With many a brilliant star  
 Hangs o'er me like an endless shade  
 As if the morning were delayed  
 With love and thee—afar.

Those lights that play o'er the glassy tide  
 From angel-bowers may be ;  
 Not one of them my steps shall guide,  
 But the thought of a distant green hill-side  
 Is a ghost that follows me.

---

*JOHN THE SOLDIER.*

A MEDIÆVAL SPANISH LEGEND.

---

IN Andalusia lived a youth,  
 Some half-score centuries since,  
 Descended, so tradition said,  
 From some old Gothic prince,  
 As plainly did his noble form  
 And gallant soul evince.

His real name I hide, because  
 From modern tongue 'tis gone ;  
 To speak it right would set one's jaws  
 Between a gasp and yawn ;  
 A Celto-Gothic name it was,  
 But we will call him John.

No title or estate had he ;  
His patrimonial right  
By the invading Saracen  
Had been swept out of sight ;  
And so, as duty bound, he went  
His country's foes to fight.

There long he served and well he fought  
On many a bloody field,  
And with his good two-handed sword  
Which none so well could wield,  
He mowed through many a Paynim horde,  
Through turban, moon\* and shield.

But when two dozen years had past,  
The soldier sought to lay  
His arms aside and live in peace ;  
But judge of his dismay,  
When sixpence and a loaf of bread  
Was all he got for pay !

They would not hear his plea at all,—  
'Twas useless to insist ;  
Pablo la Mierda (Miser Paul)  
Controlled the pension list,  
And squeezed the shape from every coin  
On which he closed his fist.

---

\* The crescent, or new moon, the Muslim standard.

Of all the cuts the soldier knew  
    This was the most unkind,  
And for a certain time he felt  
    To mutiny inclined ;  
But as he reasoned with himself,  
    These thoughts rose in his mind :

“ Carajo ! what am I to do ?  
    I’ve always shunned disgrace,  
But danger never ; as for death,  
    I’ve dared him to his face.  
But now to die for lack of food  
    Would be a piteous case.

“ But all my life I’ve hated care,  
    Just as a soldier should ;  
And now, to give up to despair  
    Would surely do no good,  
’Twould only help to vex the brain,  
    And over-heat the blood.”

Then merrily he marched along  
    Unmindful of his lack,  
Chanting a Saturnalian song,  
    And with his haversack—  
All empty—strapped, as was his wont  
    On service, to his back.

At length he met a holy friar,  
    In whose apostleship  
One sacred precept was observed ;  
    He’d neither purse nor scrip,  
And he declared that for a week  
    No food had passed his lip.

“Por Dios !” the son of Mars replied,  
    “’Tis little I can give ;  
For all the time I served my king,  
    Your reverence must believe,  
A sixpence and this loaf of bread  
    Were all I did receive.

“But, sir, it is the soldier’s pride  
    To give to those in need.  
Here’s half my rations ; so farewell,  
    And gaily may you feed.”  
The friar received the food with thanks,  
    And started to proceed.

But scarcely had he vanished, when  
    Again he showed his nose,  
And finished up a lengthy tale  
    Of poverty and woes  
By begging for a little cash  
    To buy him shoes and clothes.

The soldier did not hesitate,  
    Nor say with lengthened face  
That he must first investigate  
    The merits of the case.  
He pulled his sorry sixpence straight  
    From out its hiding-place.

“Now,” said the friar, “my Christian friend,  
    If anything you want,  
Ask it of me—whate’er it be  
    I have the power to grant.  
For having served the king so long,  
    Your recompense is scant.”

“Then grant me, sir,” the veteran said,  
“That I may have the knack  
To make the things I wish for, come  
Into my haversack.”  
“Sea hecho,” said the mendicant ;  
“You never more shall lack.”

The soldier then resumed his march  
And travelled very fast.  
Footsore and much fatigued, he reached  
A little town at last.  
As he was entering into it,  
A baker’s shop he passed.

He saw against the window placed,  
In many a tempting row,  
Coiled sausages and spongy rolls  
As white as drifting snow.  
“Into my haversack,” he cried,  
And into it they go !

El Panadero, badly scared  
By such miraculous deeds,  
Having a long time blankly stared,  
Began to tell his beads.  
Meanwhile the soldier calmly fared  
Upon the best of feeds.

Then at th’ alcalde’s office next  
Himself he did present,  
With a brief story as to how  
His lustiest years were spent,  
Concluding with the mild request  
For lodgings free of rent.



Th' alcalde told him, from the town  
A short way, he would find  
A house unoccupied, but stored  
With things of every kind,  
And he might take up quarters there,  
If he was so inclined.

“But,” added he, “its owner, who  
Unbounded wealth did boast,  
Died suddenly, before the priest  
Could elevate the host ;  
Now no one dares approach the place,  
'Tis haunted by his ghost.”

The soldier waited for no more,  
And soon the house he found—  
Cellar and larder flowing o'er,  
An orange grove around ;  
Each branch beneath its golden store  
Was bending to the ground.

He piled the grapes upon the board  
In many a luscious bunch ;  
And from the cellar's various hoard  
He drew, for mixing punch ;  
Then up the flue the bright flames roared  
To warm a little lunch.

But scarcely had the cheery blaze  
Upon his features shone,  
When up the chimney's sooty maze  
Was heard a gurgling groan,  
And “May I fall ?” a voice exclaimed  
In no melodious tone.

“ Fall, if you like,” the soldier said,  
    “ ’Twill jar me not a peg !”  
But as he stretched his hand again  
    To tip the genial keg,  
Grandios ! beside him on the hearth  
    There fell a human leg !

At this the honest soldier’s hair  
    Began to stand upright ;  
He felt the shadow of a fear,  
    In truth, as well he might—  
A fear which loosened not his joints,  
    For he was rather tight.

And soon there fell another leg,  
    The former one to meet ;  
Next came the body, then the head,  
    Then all the limbs complete ;  
The total took a ghostly shape  
    That rose upon its feet.

Awhile the apparition glared  
    As silent as the grave ;  
Then, as if satisfied at length,  
    A spectral smile he gave,  
And muttered in metallic voice,  
    “ I see that thou art brave !”

“ My courage,” answered John, “ I’ve proved  
    In many a desperate scene ;  
Who buys it for a sixpence now  
    Gets sold himself, I ween.”  
“ Thou served’st the king,” the spectre groaned,  
    “ He served thee—devilish mean !”

“ But follow me and thou shalt see  
That I can amply pay  
The man that carries out my wish  
In one particular way.”  
The soldier, Bacchus ne'er so drunk,  
Rose, reeling, to obey.

His ghostly guide led on and sought  
The cellar's deepest shade,  
Where, after a few minutes' thought,  
He turned about and said :  
“ Now, valiant soldier, doff thy coat  
And dig here with a spade.”

“ Dig there yourself,” the soldier said ;  
“ I'll serve no ghost like you.”  
Thereat the spectre took the spade,  
And hard to work he flew ;  
And from the excavation made  
Three wooden boxes drew.

“ This box,” he said, “ is full of bread  
On which the poor shall feast,  
And this is filled with silver coins ;  
Go, give them to the priest,  
That he from purgatorial pains  
May get my soul released.

“ But this last box,” continued he,  
“ Is full of solid gold.  
It shall be thine, with all the estate  
Which I in life controlled,  
If thou accomplish faithfully  
The things which I have told.”

“That,” answered John, “is something worth ;  
No effort will I spare.  
A man can move both heaven and earth  
By means of cash and prayer.”  
The apparition bowed its thanks  
And melted into air.

The soldier did as he was bid,  
And worked the soul’s release ;  
Then, blessed with plenty and content,  
He passed his days in peace,  
And saw his worldly heritage  
From year to year increase.

Now in the realms of endless night,  
There was among the rest  
A very cunning demon-sprite  
Whom Satan loved the best ;  
He saw his sovereign’s downcast look  
And soon the cause he guessed.

“My liege,” said he, “you’re grieved, I see,  
And I suspect the cause ;  
’Tis that vile soldier, who has dared  
To counteract your laws.  
I only wait for your command  
Without a saving clause !”

This pleased the master-devil well,  
And for it he agreed  
To teach his favorite all the arts  
By which the great succeed ;  
He praised his pluck, he wished him luck  
And sent him off with speed.

The soldier in his spacious hall  
Was seated, when came in  
With swaggering air and bristly hair,  
That graceless spawn of sin,  
Who made his mighty mission known  
With many a demon grin.

“Ahora hablas,” answered John,  
“The journey will me suit !  
But first I’ll go and fetch some wine,  
For thou must needs recruit ;  
Meanwhile, sit down—regale thyself  
With this delicious fruit.”

The sprite obeyed, and stealthily  
The soldier stepped aside  
Into his armory and returned  
With military stride,  
And then “Into my haversack !”  
With clarion voice he cried.

As quick as thought, the incubus  
Was seized by magic force,  
And thought he strove to scratch and bite  
He could not change his course,  
But in the sack and out of sight  
His yells grew feebly hoarse.

Incontinent, the soldier grasped  
A mallet made of oak  
And dealt upon the struggling mass  
With many a vigorous stroke,  
Indeed, he never slacked his hand  
Till every bone he broke.

When Satan saw his favorite come  
All beaten black and blue,  
His features, always rather dark,  
Assumed an inky hue ;  
And when he heard the dismal tale,  
No bounds his fury knew.

Then he resolved to go himself  
Nor wait a single hour,  
Nor sleep, nor eat, nor drink, but seek  
For whom he might devour,  
That is, to get the soldier safe  
Within his vengeful power.

Now John the Soldier, who was wont  
To be upon his guard,  
Awaited Lucifer's approach  
With every gate unbarred,  
But with his haversack in hand  
He strolled about the yard.

When Satan came, the soldier said,  
“ What business brings you here ?  
Know you that I have served my king  
And am unknown to fear ? ”  
His darkness, almost blind with rage,  
Responded with a sneer :

“ Now shall you serve a mightier prince  
And get full pay beside.”  
“ Get you into my haversack ! ”  
The valiant soldier cried ;  
And in he went, in double quick,  
Despite his fiery pride.

And then the soldier swung on high  
    A massive iron club,  
And as the ponderous engine fell  
    'Twas rough on Beelzebub,  
Whose towering form in little time  
    Was battered to a stub.

Even as the wine-press crushes out  
    The virtue of the grape,  
The martial mill reduced his rage  
    And let him out the scrape  
With not a single vestige left  
    Of that majestic shape.

When dim on Satan's blood-shot eyes  
    His hot headquarters rose,  
"Haste, guards," he cried, "bolt every door  
    And every loophole close.  
That varlet ne'er shall enter here  
    To trouble my repose!"

And now all Spain this moral learns :  
    A man, in word and deed,  
Who from a foeman never turns  
    Or from a friend in need,  
Can close the deepest pit that burns  
    In any churchman's creed.

*A JOYLESS JUNE.*  

---

Now when bud and bloom are meeting  
In the coronet of June,  
Would that I could give her greeting  
In her own celestial tune.

Heaven unfolds the choicest drapery  
For this darling of the year.  
But the pageant looketh vapory  
Viewed through one remorseful tear.

For the human panorama  
With its shifting scenes I see.  
I am nothing to the drama ;  
Would it were the same to me.

Spotless is the water-lily,  
Pure the sweet white rose may blow,  
But to one whose heart is chilly  
They are flakes of summer-snow.

O, the frailest is the finest,  
With the maiden as the flower,  
And the light we call divinest  
Dawns and dies within an hour.

Yet what marvel, when the ages  
Cool the suns to sparkless dust,  
If our blood one moment rages,  
And then mantles o'er with rust ?



Beauty fades, love droops his pinion ;  
 They are attributes divine :  
 Their omnipotent dominion  
 Has been ruinous to mine.

Thus with Ovid when they stripped him  
 To enjoy the genial heat,  
 Till the Scythian winter nipped him  
 And congealed his tears to sleet !

---

*LOVED AND LOST.*

---

[The subjoined songs are attempted translations of three detached interludes in the first part of Goethe's "Faust," in which the unhappy Gretchen first desires to know more about the polite stranger, then discloses her love for him and finally deploras it's sad consequences.]

I.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

I would give anything to see,  
 Or know where he is now—  
 That gentleman who spoke to me  
 With such a graceful bow.

Refined and noble he must be,  
 'Tis written on his brow ;  
 And yet inclined to be more free  
 Than prudence should allow.

## II.

## AT THE WINDOW

My joy is done,  
My heart is sore,  
My peace is flown  
To come no more !

I loathe the spot—  
Though once so fair—  
Where he is not ;  
'Tis cold and bare.

My temples ache,  
They throb so strong.  
My heart will break  
With waiting long.

Against the glass  
I press my brows  
To see him pass  
From out the house.

His sprightly step  
I love to mark,  
His manly shape,  
His eyes so dark,

His words that flow  
With readiness,  
His smile and oh,  
His fond caress !

Before he goes  
 I burn, I pine  
 To clasp him close  
 And call him mine ;

To kiss and kiss  
 And hold him fast,  
 And in such bliss  
 To breathe my last !

My joy is done,  
 My heart is sore,  
 My peace is flown  
 Forevermore !

## III.

## BEFORE AN IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN.

Thou sinner's friend,  
 In pity bend  
 Thine eyes upon a maid undone.  
 Thy gentle heart  
 Felt every dart  
 That pierced thine agonizing son !

In misery lone  
 To heaven's throne  
 What sighs methinks I hear thee send !  
 But ah, who heeds  
 This heart that bleeds,  
 The pains that this poor bosom rend ?

The pangs my soul is feeling,  
The coldness o'er me stealing,  
Thou knowest and thou alone.  
Where'er I go  
What bitter woe  
Bursts forth with every groan !

I am—no, not alone ;  
Through weary nights of waking  
It will not let me sleep ;  
For this my heart is breaking,  
I weep and weep and weep.

The flower-stand in my window  
I bathed with tear-drops free,  
When from its blooms this morning  
I culled a wreath for thee.

The sun shone in my window ;  
I saw the light with dread,  
For still it found me sitting  
In sorrow on my bed.

O blessed name,  
From death and shame  
Now save me with thy holy aid !  
Thou sinner's friend,  
In pity bend  
Thine eyes upon a ruined maid

*AT JERICHO.*

---

The freestone fane had packed within  
Its solemn walls that host to whom  
The Lord imputeth ne'er a sin  
From Adam to the day of doom.  
But they were eager to impute,  
For they had come to persecute  
Young, tender-footed heresy,  
Who halted at the stumbling-block  
Of hopeless, endless misery  
For all except the chosen flock !

There tingled to my finger-tips  
A sense of the Apocalypse :  
The spectacles ablaze with ire—  
A sea of mingled glass and fire—  
The saints with heads as white as wool,  
The angels with their vials full,  
Slain heresy—the pink of feasts—  
The elders, too, if not the beasts !

By friendly aid, a man had reached  
That place where charity was preached.  
A wretched creature, lame and blind,  
Beside the sacred porch reclined  
That he might turn to good account  
This new Bethesda's troubled fount.  
The sky, the earth were lost to him  
With sightless eyes and shrivelled limb.

A placard hung upon his breast  
Was pleading with a mute request,  
And thus the scrawling legend ran :  
“ *Pity a poor, blind, helpless man !*”

O satire on our social pride,  
And libel on our art,  
Where charity's soft cloak is tied  
Around a stony heart !

But those who feel as well as see,  
Such line becomes for them  
The “ *Iesou, eleeson me*”  
Graven on a priceless gem.

Out where the blessed sunlight shone  
Linking this footstool with the throne,  
In whose stupendous shade they bowed,  
Poured forth the dinner-seeking crowd.  
They trampled past the crippled wretch  
Who tried his trembling hand to stretch ;  
With scornful or averted eye  
Both priest and Levite passed him by.  
I marked them well, but no one lent  
The Lord that day a single cent !

I said—for I was wicked then  
And loathed the heartlessness of men ;  
And where a poet loves or loathes,  
The one with majesty he clothes,

The other, with a felon's garb  
And pins it with a rankling barb—  
I said : O misery's favorite child,  
Let some one bear you to the wild,  
There while the boughs, like Jonah's gourd,  
A screen from sun and shower afford,  
The clamorous calls of hunger stop  
With acorns that the squirrels drop,  
Until you muster strength to raise  
Your voice and cry "yet forty days!"

Or if indulgent heaven retract  
And Nineveh remain intact,  
Then get yourself transported where  
Some prodigal can hear your prayer.  
He might be melted into giving  
The remnant of his riotous living.  
When he reforms, then go and dine  
Not on the calf, but with the swine,  
But waste no precious time in search  
Of bread beside a freestone church !

*DEATH OF LOVELACE.*

[Richard Lovelace, chief of the cavalier poets, was a splendid figure at the court of the unhappy Charles I. His wit, gallantry, and personal attractions made him a general favorite. During the civil war he served his king faithfully and well, for which he was imprisoned by the victorious party. After his release he wandered for a time obscure and friendless. While yet quite young he died in circumstances of extreme wretchedness. Previous to this, his mistress, Lucy Sacheverell, whom he had celebrated under the name of "Lucasta," was married to another person, supposing that Lovelace had died in France. His songs, mostly amatory, are remarkable, considering the age, for tenderness and purity of sentiment.]

METHOUGHT I saw him in his last heart-sickness  
 Alone, and heard above the thunder's roll  
 Those accents clear that gave unwonted quickness  
 To all the swelling currents of my soul.  
 That voice—oh! grandeur once had listened to it,  
 While all the poet's fervor it expressed ;  
 But now a deeper pathos shuddered through it  
 As thus he breathed his latest wish to rest :

'Round me the elements in fury waken  
 But not like human wrongs my heart they rend.  
 To me, degraded, outcast and forsaken,  
 To me the trees their sheltering arms extend.  
 As some lone bird whose mate has been down-stricken,  
 Nor longer calls him to the widowed nest,  
 I've strayed, love's light is gone, the shadows thicken,  
 And I am grown so weary—let me rest.



The morning's promise now no more can cheer me,  
 Nor sunset's portent chill me with despair.  
 All, all is past, and nothing lingers near me  
 Save the great Presence that is everywhere.  
 Here was the desert. One green spot was in it,  
 Towards which my steps irregularly pressed.  
 It seemed just now one struggle more might win it,  
 But I am tired and only wish to rest.

Where are the brilliant honors that attended  
 When gayest 'mid the courtly throng I moved,  
 By the most powerful in the realm befriended,  
 And by the fairest in the world beloved ?  
 How sad it is to think that when least needed  
 Such lavish kindness paid my lightest jest,  
 And now my bitter groans must pass unheeded !  
 Cease, cruel thoughts, and let me sink to rest.

Is this the hand that, when the clarion sounded  
 To the fierce onset, couched the royal lance ?  
 Is this the heart that in the conflict bounded  
 As eager as the reveller in the dance ?  
 Is this the voice that could our squadrons rally,  
 When the grim zealots smote down helm and crest ?  
 Is this the voice that rang through death's dark valley  
 Now feebly pleading for the hour of rest ?

Ah, wretched life ! What is it but the action  
 Of drawing, as a task, the painful breath  
 With not one hope, with not one faint attraction  
 To lure my dim eyes from the blank of death ?

No more the lacerated chords of feeling  
Vibrate with feverish pangs. 'Tis best, 'tis best.  
The troubled fount of tears is fast congealing  
Beneath those cold dark clouds—but I must rest.

Adored Lucasta! Tenderly and proudly  
I sang that name once, but my song was weak.  
I've taught it to the storms of night, and loudly  
I've heard them call her when I could not speak.  
She is another's, yet she did not leave me;  
'Twas fate forbade that we should be so blest.  
I must no more lament. It could bereave me  
Of every hope save that of final rest.

Ah! this will be no fitful slumber, giving  
One moment's opiate to recurring pain—  
The ebb and flow of anguish ever living  
In a crushed heart and madly throbbing brain.  
Yet might I, ere this icy languor bound me,  
Repose my head upon her faithful breast  
And feel once more love shed its dew around me—  
No matter—I am weary and must rest.

Blow on, rude winds. You cannot make me shiver.  
Why, they have changed their howling tone of fear  
To dulcet sounds as of a flowing river!  
And whence is that strange melody I hear?  
What lovely star is that? Can mortal seeing  
Transpierce the shade that does these orbs invest?  
Dim earth, farewell. Forget I e'er had being.  
Dear Christ, forgive and take me to thy rest!

*EUTHANASIA.*

## I.

When the cup of my years shall be broken by death,  
And life tremble frail on the last parting breath—  
    A period I would not delay—  
Let those be around me whose love I have known,  
Too kind to disturb with a tear or a groan  
    My soul as it passes away.

## II.

The lamp, ere expiring, more brightly awakes.  
The lyre, when o'ermastered by transport, it breaks,  
    Rings out in sublimest of tones.  
The swan looks to heaven and sings as she dies ;  
But man, only man, casts behind him his eyes  
    And numbers past moments with groans.

## III.

Oh ! what are those days that ye wail for them so ?  
The joyous too fleet and the grievous too slow,  
    And all with deception abound.  
I never took root in the soil that ye mourn,  
The flower is laid low but no fibres are torn,  
    And no echoes of ruin resound.

## IV.

It never disturbs my composure to know  
 That the spirit of life to its author I owe,  
     That my body is due to the dust.  
 And when nature shall call me to pay the last debt  
 Let me cheerfully answer. Who pays with regret  
     Is surely unworthy the trust.

## V.

Yet not like a hireling who labors his day,  
 While his fraudulent thought is employed but to pray  
     For the quick going down of the sun ;  
 I would honestly, faithfully finish the piece  
 Nor long for dismissal, nor ask for release  
     Till the work I was born for is done.

## VI.

But the every-day objects of envy and strife,  
 The hopes, the desires and the pleasures of life  
     All, all could I gladly resign,  
 Save of spirits congenial the intercourse sweet,  
 The tremulous sigh and the amorous beat  
     Of a bosom pressed warm against mine.

## VII.

Ah ! yes, on the young blooming cheek to behold  
 The innocent blush the soft secret unfold,  
     And from lips so inviting to hear  
 That murmur which thrills through the regions above,  
 Sweet music to mortals and angels—I love.—  
     Death, spare a remembrance so dear.

## VIII.

Yet needless that prayer ; for the stars which survey  
 A flame so divinely informing the clay  
     Absorb those delectable sighs,  
 And sound them forever in raptures refined,  
 Inaudible but to the purified mind  
     When it follows them up to the skies.

## IX.

My soul drank in love when existence was new,  
 And then the emotions within me that grew  
     Instinctively burst into voice.  
 Thus a bird 'mid the branches, all carelessly rocked,  
 When the wide-flaming portals of morn are unlocked  
     By nature is taught to rejoice.

## X.

How oft when a child, on a summer day bright,  
 Have I lain as immersed in a sea of delight  
     Where the rushes waved over my rest.  
 And my thoughts and my gaze floated up through the  
     skies  
 With infinite searching, till, closing my eyes,  
     I could see the abodes of the blest.

## XI.

And yet I recall when my joy was intense  
 In all I beheld, it was dimmed by a sense  
     Of some brief indescribable gloom ;  
 As when from the sunny cerulean deeps,  
 Though but for a moment some cloud-shadow sweeps  
     O'er a field in its undulant bloom.

## XII.

I ask not, I care not to leave a great name.  
 Whose life is engrossed by the worship of fame  
     Has beyond it no brighter reward.  
 What recks the young eagle when proudly he wings  
 Towards the full-blazing sun, if the shadow he flings  
     Be traced on earth's mutable sward ?

## XIII.

Inscribe not a line o'er my last low abode,  
 Nor prison my dust 'neath a monument's load ;  
     On the mound in the stillness of even  
 Enough that some loved one may piously kneel,  
 And blest in that humble position, may feel  
     Much nearer to me and to heaven.

---

*BAHAMAS.*


---

SUGGESTED BY THE FREQUENT SHIPWRECKS, ACCIDENTAL  
 AND OTHERWISE, ON THOSE ISLANDS.

---

VEXED is the shipman's way  
 'Mid the Bahamas gay.  
 Sea-tigers, sharp for prey  
     'Neath the blue surface,  
 Growling, oft rise and rip  
 Open the staunchest ship.  
 Men of the ashen lip,  
 Ere the salt death ye sip,  
 Oh could ye only skip  
     Where the green turf is !

Oft through the din and dark  
Scuddeth the naked bark,  
As from the pirate-shark  
    Flieth the dolphin.  
Nor can her course be checked  
Though her pale crew expect  
Soon to be wholly wrecked,  
Where the hoarse reefs project,  
Which the waves, foam-beflecked,  
    Dig a death-gulf in !

Many a gallant band  
Under approved command  
Stick at a bank of sand,  
Ere they can make that land  
    Tropic and curious ;  
Land of melado butts,  
Dotted with coolie huts,  
Dappled with cocoanuts,  
Seamed with volcano-ruts,  
Where the Hidalgo struts,  
    Grave yet luxurious.

Oft in the mazy strait,  
Master and only mate  
Lose both their ship and freight,  
Then by their wretched state  
    Prove their endurance.  
Nobly poor Jack behaves  
Rafting o'er coral-caves,

Calm while the tempest raves,  
Knowing some landsman saves  
From the englutting waves  
All the insurance.

Often the narrow track  
Windeth with jibe and tack  
As a man playeth back-  
Gammon or checkers.  
Then when the keel is stuck,  
Ere the pumps fail to suck,  
Ere the bunts in they tuck  
Cometh the captain's luck  
In a good bargain struck  
With the bold wreckers.

Hear from our captain's lip,—  
Saved from the oozy drip,  
Saved on a floating chip—  
All his last luckless trip,  
“Some one was Joner.”  
Such is the captain's tale  
Cool as a water-pail.  
But the truth will prevail :  
In that same wrecking sale  
There was an ancient whale  
Took in his owner !



*JUSTICE.*  

---

'Tis well when true desert is crowned with praise  
And gratitude the heart-felt tribute pays,  
Whate'er the form in which it may appear,  
Thrill from the tongue or sparkle in a tear,  
Or, ere the impulse cool to stiff design,  
Pour all its pathos in the flowing line.  
What pride we feel in him whose matchless tongue  
The knell of tottering despotism rung,  
In those heroic days when thought and speech  
Taught many a lesson arms could never teach.  
Such men are not to any land confined,  
They spoke for me and you and all mankind.

Now when the shallow, factious demagogue  
Forgets the ninth clause of the Decalogue,  
And when his party, in some luckless hour,  
Leap o'er the bounds of decency to power,  
And teach a servile press, that parrot brood,  
To chirp laudations, while they gape for food,  
What breast but feels, from slavishness exempt,  
A hatred equalled only by contempt?  
Oh did the laws but hold to justice strict  
And for each crime due penalty inflict,  
The men, who bolstering up a party name,  
Live by their heads, should perish by the same!

*INVOCATION.*

— -

YE shades of those who graced the olden time,  
And breathed the air of wit's inspiring clime,  
Return once more, if Pluto's iron gate  
Permit transition to a sadder state—  
Charon for you his stranded barge would launch ;  
Your wreath outshines the Trojan's golden branch—  
Return, and viewing with astonished eyes,  
What talents lead, what merits win the prize,  
Tell us, if in some spheres of great pretence,  
(The sure concomitant of little sense)  
The gold of learning has not run to dross  
And glitters but with superficial gloss.  
Methinks the Stagyrite would view with pain  
His lore neglected, treated with disdain,  
Or blindly heaped upon a barren brain.  
Even Maro's mildness would entirely yield  
To see how lean a herd profane his field,  
Esteem themselves the master of his best,  
And sadly mangle more than they digest !

*ODE TO IGNORANCE.*

A WINGED yet plumeless creature, like the bat,  
     Begot of night ;  
 Erring as much on this side as on that,  
     For want of light,  
 In daytime oft 'neath some pretentious hat  
     Close hid from sight.

Bold sprite ! not always does it fix its nest  
     'Neath humble eaves ;  
 But oft to mitre, coronet and crest  
     It firmly cleaves.  
 And over many and many a Sunday's vest  
     A film it weaves.

The antiquarians know not when 'twas hatched.  
     You lift the screen  
 When some time-honored systems are unthatched ;  
     And I have seen  
 Its foot-prints on some modern records scratched,  
     Not far between.

Will not the critics, calmly looking on  
     With sight less blurred,  
 Swear that the bat throughout my lines has gone  
     O'er every word,—  
 And what I took to be a rare white swan  
     Was that same bird ?

It may be so. But what is done is done  
    And past repair.  
My atmosphere henceforward it shall shun  
    If all the glare  
Of classic light from Pentheus' double sun  
    The fowl can scare.

I do not like its note—a grating pipe  
    Not half so clear  
As that with which the flushed short-wheeling snipe  
    Salutes the ear,  
And which the autumn-tide serene and ripe,  
    Has rendered dear.

Oh let it flit forever whence it came—  
    Where darkness dwells,  
Where superstition, ancient wrinkled dame,  
    Her legends tells ;  
Where bigotry on every other name  
    Some brimstone smells  
And dire old discord drowns the trump of fame  
    With Thracian yells !

*TO A FASTIDIOUS MAID.*

---

THEY tell me, dear girl, of the vine  
That however propitious the skies,  
Unless 'round support it can twine,  
It trails on the gravel and dies.

So woman, the animal grape,  
When she turns from her natural trust,  
Can scarcely expect to escape  
Going downward unpressed to the dust.

In the sentinel glance of your eye  
There is fire, when your anger is hot ;  
But it makes little cupid fight shy  
For fear that himself should be shot.

Nor can the vain flourish of art  
For the absence of candor atone ;  
And if e'er you would capture a heart  
You must learn to surrender your own.

*OUR TORQUEMADA.*

— —  
T. D. T.  
— —

UPON that brow so high yet meek,  
Upon that never-smiling cheek,  
Upon those lips ordained to speak  
    The living word,  
Intolerance, with one grimy streak,  
    God's image blurred.

And now the heretic must quake  
Like poor Servetus at the stake,  
When for his heavenly master's sake,  
    John thought it good  
To start a sacrificial bake  
    With green hardwood.\*

---

\* I am not sure that there was any truth in the report, long current, that green wood was used in the burning of Servetus, in order to prolong his agony.

*THE TWO MONARCHS.*

## THE SAD RENCONTRE OF CHARLES VI. OF FRANCE.

A KING on a progress was heading his train  
All clad in their armor and gear ;  
And they rode, and they rode till they came to a plain  
With a thick grove of cypresses near.

Out of this rushed a man, most gigantic in size,  
Coal-black from his head to his feet,  
And visible but to his majesty's eyes,  
Made haste the procession to meet.

He spoke—and his voice had that musical ring  
Which by cloud-splitting thunder is made—  
Halt, there! Whither ridest thou, miserable king ?  
Turn back, thou art foully betrayed !

That moment a page dropped his lance to the ground,  
Having fallen asleep on his steed,  
And the monarch felt sure that its gleam and its sound  
Were the signals that doomed him to bleed.

In the blindness of fury he turned himself back,  
And a dozen or so of his band,  
As fast and as fierce as his sabre could hack,  
He laid low with a very high hand.

They finally bound him and got him confined  
To make him less rash in his ways,  
And thus, in a dungeon and out of his mind,  
He lingered the rest of his days.

Then soon, like a swarm that has lost its queen-bee,  
 The nation was totally dazed,  
 Till an enemy landed from over the sea  
 And his standard triumphantly raised.

'Twas the sovereign of Hades—so runs the romance—  
 Who came from the grove and o'erthrew  
 The mind of that popular sovereign of France,  
 Because he was honest and true.

Things have changed. If His Darkness has ever been  
 To ruin earth's royalty since, [known  
 'Twas because, like the Turk, he could bear near the  
 No rival in monarch or prince. [throne

---

*THE POETIC ART.*

---

FOUNDED ON HORACE'S FAMOUS LETTER TO THE PISOS.

---

I AM going to give some poetic advice  
 And each son of the muses should think of it twice  
 Ere he writes his first line, if his name he would carve  
 On the column of fame when his time comes to starve!

Suppose that a painter his canvas should spread  
 And sketch you a fine looking feminine head,  
 But, neglecting to follow a natural course,  
 Should fashion the neck like to that of a horse



And finish his picture by grouping together  
 Some parts of most creatures of fur, scale and feather,  
 Until the fair face he had skilfully put  
 At the top, has the tail of a fish for the foot.  
 Though his colors were faultlessly toned and refined,  
 You would think the poor painter was out of his mind.  
 A work so prodigious would soon be pulled down,  
 And sold for a carpet-mat miles out of town.  
 Yet believe me, a picture like that, is no worse—  
 Nay, not half so bad as those efforts in verse,  
 Where the author, no matter how fairly he starts,  
 Neglects the judicious relation of parts,  
 But jumbles ideas from farthest extremes  
 Incoherent and wild as a lunatic's dreams,  
 So that unity nowhere appears to prevail  
 And the whole, as we say, is without head or tail.  
 The line may be flowing, high-colored and sweet  
 And the measure as light as a ballet-girl's feet ;  
 'Tis a failure, for taste can more safely dispense  
 With harmonious sound than harmonious sense.  
 " Ah but," says some rhymer, " the whole world agrees  
 That poets and painters may try what they please,  
 And the standard of taste very often permits  
 The wildest attempts as original hits."  
 I know it. That license I freely allow ;  
 I use it sometimes ; I am using it now,  
 But never to such an unbridled extent  
 That incongruous things are commingled and blent ;  
 And whatever my freedom, I'm careful to keep  
 The hawks from the doves and the wolves from the  
 [sheep.

Very oft, to beginnings for grandeur unmatched,  
 One or two flashy fragments are awkwardly patched,  
 For the purpose of making a show this is done—  
 It succeeds, but the show is a ludicrous one.  
 From the top of Olympus where thunder-clouds frown,  
 On a spiritless pinion the muse flutters down,  
 Then flies to the shady retreats of the grove  
 To hide from the presence of all-seeing Jove,  
 With a modesty greater but vainer than Eve's,  
 For her nakedness shows through the kirtle of leaves.  
 Or else she aspiringly puts forth her power  
 To catch at the ribbon that binds up the shower—  
 That is, at the rainbow, which fades in a wink,  
 Like the best of its glories when painted in ink.

One more illustration : The fault to my mind,  
 Is like that of a potter who, having designed  
 And started to model a five-gallon jug,  
 Keeps tapering off till he turns out a mug,—  
 A vessel in which we can never confide,  
 For its heart is too small, and its mouth is too wide.  
 Now this is the moral—your subject should suit  
 Your abilities first, be they grand or minute ;  
 Then your poem will take with the public, no doubt,  
 If 'tis uniform, pointed and simple throughout.

There remains for most poets a great source of bother ;  
 By shunning one fault, we fall into another.  
 Now I often strive to come right to the point,  
 But as oft, put some metrical foot out of joint.  
 Another one aims at grace, smoothness and ease  
 And lands on stupidity's lowest degrees ;

While a third may attempt the sublime and the vast,  
And sink out of sight in a stream of bombast.  
Whoever is bound to produce something rare  
To make all his readers in wonderment stare,  
Will portray you a dolphin at sport 'mong the trees  
And a herd of wild boars roaming over the seas.  
Care cannot atone for the absence of skill  
But unperceived blunders will hamper you still.

Yet sometimes a poet egregiously fails  
By exhausting his skill upon minor details,  
When the trifles appear overloaded with art  
At the glaring expense of some weightier part.  
A sculptor, at work on the marble so hard,  
If he mind not proportion, resembles that bard.  
On the block without form his commencement is fair,  
Imitating from life every curl of the hair,  
And making, with asinine instinct, appear  
The fine convolutions that lurk in the ear ;  
Yet going astray from the rules of proportion,  
His work is a monster, if not an abortion :  
The features ill-formed, or but poorly assorted,  
A soulless expression, a posture distorted,  
The figure thrown into that elegant pose  
Of the shape set in cornfields to frighten the crows ;  
A goblin sufficiently horrid to scare  
The scavenger-birds which but darken the air,  
Then who can describe how the effigy harrows  
The fluttering souls of the dear little sparrows ?  
Remarkable beauty all eyes will attract,—  
A remarkable blemish the same way will act ;

Yet I'd rather be gazed at and theme for remark  
On account of my eyes being piercingly dark,  
Than to be mid a mixed crowd of friends and of foes,  
Conspicuous but for my prominent nose.

If your genius would shine like a new farthing candle,  
Your theme should be one you can easily handle ;  
Then ponder it duly and cogitate deep  
And long, never giving your eye-lids to sleep  
Till you have in your mind, all as clear as the day,  
The least little image that comes into play ;  
Thus you ne'er will be brought to the end of your wits  
In search of some phrase or expression that fits.

The only legitimate way to secure  
A style that is beautiful, pleasing and pure—  
Unless I am greatly one side of my text—  
Is to bind every thought to the one that comes next  
All witty conceits that come into your head  
But have no connection with what is just said,  
Though still kept in view, put them off till the time  
When reason demands them as well as the rhyme.

The author of verse that is fit to be heard  
Will be almost fastidious in choosing each word.  
The counterfeit jingle his ear must detect  
Before he can properly choose and reject.  
The rule must be absolute : put 'neath your feet  
The cant of the clubs and the slang of the street ;  
And though words of your coining had better be few,  
Make the old ones, if possible, shine as if new :

*IN EXILE.*

As the exile may wistfully gaze o'er the ocean  
 That rolls between him and the land he holds dear,  
 And forget, in that moment of rising emotion,  
 The thoughts that oppress him by being too near.

So when dreams, as if bright from some former existence  
 That had in this dull state of being no part,  
 Crowd on me from out the unspeakable distance,  
 The things of to-day cannot enter my heart.

*SONG.*

What warring thoughts disturb my rest  
 Two wishes may reveal :  
 That you were mine, or that this breast  
 Were tempered hard as steel.

The strong emotions that arise  
 No promise bring to me,  
 But only waste themselves in sighs  
 For that which ne'er can be.

Whatever joy our loves impart  
 'Tis not unmixed with pain ;  
 For nothing soothes the restless heart  
 Where every hope is vain.

And yet to chide the dream away  
 Would give a pang more deep,  
 As flowers which languish 'neath the day  
 At day's departure weep.

*A FEAST OF FAT THINGS.*

---

AN ALLEGORY.

---

THE tailors made a feast one day  
As gay as gay can be ;  
And ninety-nine sat down to dine  
On the ham of a roasted flea.

Now when they had discussed the feast  
They felt their legs grow nimble ;  
The ninety-nine poured out their wine  
And drank it from a thimble.

Then full of music in themselves,  
Without the violin's tweedle,  
The ninety-nine danced on the fine  
Steel point of a cambric needle.

When night was somewhat past its noon  
They did the curtain draw ;  
And the ninety-nine slept all in a line  
Upon a single straw.

But in the middle of their dreams  
A mouse beside them plumped ;  
The ninety-nine asked aid divine  
And through the key-hole jumped !

*NOVA SCOTIA.*  

---

O LAND of the mayflower and birch  
Where my sires paid their homage to God  
What time neither schoolhouse or church  
Bestudded the wilderness broad,

With Britain supreme in their thought,  
They heeded no danger nor toil ;  
And the tenderest affection they brought  
Took root in thy stoniest soil.

How simple, how few the delights  
They found in this tenantless coast ;  
Yet the land of Arabian Nights  
Not deeper contentment could boast.

They faced with a Puritan psalm  
The roughest encounters of life,  
And bore in their bosoms a calm  
Through the winds and the waters at strife.

Their shades may look down from above  
Forgiving the worst I have done ;  
But the moment I fail thee in love  
Let them curse their degenerate son.

Though winter may scowl on thee rude  
And summer be fickle at times,  
Thy children, with vigor endued,  
Never envy the sun-gilded climes.

And wherever distinction is sought,  
 Though boldly and widely they roam,  
 Their sweetest and holiest thought  
 Is when they are dreaming of home.

Of the pure azure sky overhead,  
 Of the close-knitted sward 'neath the feet,—  
 Of the glistening waters outspread—  
 Has earth any picture more sweet?

Of the fragrance afloat on the breeze  
 When daylight began to decline,  
 Of the hand that it thrilled you to squeeze—  
 Has heaven any joy more divine?

Ah no! to the end of my days,  
 Though I stray to the ends of the earth,  
 My song and my prayer and my praise  
 Shall be for the land of my birth.

I behold thee when fairest thou art  
 With a lover's devotion and pride,  
 And the climate ne'er changes the heart  
 Ever warm with a patriot tide.

E'en the deep's unmelodious tunes,  
 When the crags with the storm-echoes rang,  
 Always had the brave dash of the runes  
 That Thorfinn, saluting thee, sang.

Neither title nor lordly domain  
 With vassalage cumpers thy soil,  
 But the forest, the mine and the plain  
 Present thee the tribute of toil.



And here where the storm-braving cape  
Reaches out its white arms to the sea,  
Old Proteus puts on the shape  
Of a ministering angel to thee.

Since Delos called over the deep  
To the farthest Ionian glen,  
Even life has been reckoned more cheap  
Than honor, with maritime men.

Nova Scotia, the home of the fair  
As well as the land of the brave,  
Those bards fable not who declare  
That Venus is born of the wave.

Dear land, may the years as they roll  
Still view thy just fortunes increase,  
Placed under no harsher control  
Than that which give freedom and peace.

And may thy inherited tongue  
Which encircles this planet with fame,  
In leaving no virtue unsung,  
With its triumphs commingle thy name.

*SONG.*  
—

## I.

AND didst thou think I could forget  
Or lightly hold the past ?  
No—till my latest sun shall set  
One mem'ry fond must last.

## II.

'Tis of a visionary dream  
That blest my gayest hours,  
But vanished like the solar beam  
When some black tempest lowers.

## III.

If only I had cause to mourn,  
I might have found relief,  
But severed hearts have ne'er outworn  
The sense of mutual grief.

## IV.

It haunts me 'mid the faithless crowd,  
And when I'm all alone ;  
And even in my laughter loud,  
I start to hear its tone.

## V.

The glow of early passion o'er  
Has left a withered trace,  
Time never can the one restore,—  
The other ne'er efface.

*THE CONTRAST.*  

---

THOUGH I mingle with all that is mirthful and bright,  
I am treading the wine-press alone ;  
And the bubbles are dancing delusively light  
O'er a heart that is heavy as stone.

How painful the cup, blushing warm to the brim,  
Contrasts with the colorless lips !  
Its sparkle relumes not a world that is dim  
'Neath a darkly-foreboding eclipse.

Yet calmly the two-fold affliction I bear  
When the happy around me rejoice ;  
It rends me to stifle the groan of despair  
And to counterfeit merriment's voice.

O God ! 'tis the bottomless bathos of woe  
When the hour, that should offer relief  
To a life of depression, is false in its show  
And increases the burden of grief !

But small is the aid that repining can bring,  
Let me set my teeth hard and defy  
The damnably double-edged torture to wring  
From its victim a tear or a sigh.

*CHATTERTON'S PICTURE.*

---

That marvellous boy,  
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride.—*Wordsworth.*

---

THOSE features bear no stamp of grief,  
No token that this world's annoy  
Had fastened on so fair a leaf  
Its infant promise to destroy.

And yet sharp misery effaced  
That beauty, tender as a girl's,  
Ere time, with all his envious haste,  
Had touched the wealth of graceful curls.

O genius in its brightest blaze  
Too early quenched! The pitying tears  
That consecrate this moment's gaze  
Outnumber far his sum of years.

Clear-visioned boy of passions blind,  
It cannot make men love him less  
To search their colder hearts and find  
What gave his own its bitterness.

Volcanic bursts of feeling shook  
All, all but mad ungoverned pride  
Which settled to that savage look  
By death forever petrified.

O ruin lamentably rash  
Presaged in many a line of fire,  
As meteors through the heavens flash  
The light which dooms them to expire!

*REFLECTIONS OF FAUST.*

THRICE welcome twilight, soft and sweet !  
 Along yon distant grassy slope  
 Romance might stray with eager feet  
 Bright with the dews of hope.

But thou, from passion long estranged,  
 What brings thee to this sacred spot ?  
 Unhappy Faust ! thou art so changed  
 I recognise thee not.

The mighty breath of love has mixed  
 Thy sky with dead emotion's dust.  
 Gods ! is the mind I deemed so fixed  
 The sport of every gust ?

What frailty rules in every state !  
 A village maid I chance to meet—  
 The heart which would not bend to fate  
 Bows down even at her feet !

\* \* \* \* \*

Could that to me one pleasure bring  
 Which caused a guileless being shame ?  
 For am I not that cursed thing,  
 Without repose, without an aim,  
 Which, like the torrent, to and fro  
 Is bounding to the abyss below ?

And she, the innocent and pure,  
 Who sheltered in this valley, dwells  
 Within her little world secure,  
 Though near to where the torrent swells—

Could I, abhorred of man and heaven,  
 Invade her happy dwelling-place,  
 And all its peace forever riven,  
 Plunge her in misery and disgrace?

Help, devil! lend your influence,  
 Whate'er the end, it cannot be  
 Worse than this terrible suspense—  
 Ruin to her or death to me!

---

*A ROMAN MODEL.*

---

HORACE, who lived a thousand years or so  
 Before the date of spelling-books and rhyme,  
 In a most pleasing picture lets us know  
 How schools were managed in that olden time.  
 When Roman urchins, yet too weak to climb  
 The tree of knowledge, sat and sucked their thumbs,  
 The bland preceptor, working on the prime  
 Incentive whence all human effort comes,  
 Coaxed out their latent taste with sugar-cake and plums!

The world's young conquerors, on their patent slates—  
 Those tiny poplar slabs rubbed smooth with wax—  
 Then formed their *tu's* and *sicce's*, *aut's* and *ait's*  
 Without the pressure of a grinding tax,  
 Without the stimulus of constant whacks ;  
 For rods were things as yet that only served  
 To lash the handle of the lictor's axe,  
 Yet not one tyro from his tablet swerved  
 And not a rule was broke and not a spine was curved.

Dear nature tutors not with birchen twigs ;  
 The chubby Flaccus\* in his leafy nook,  
 Where stock-doves strewed his sleep with myrtle-sprigs,  
 Learned wonders from the universal book.  
 And then young Maro, with his maiden look,  
 At morn conversing with the oaks and rills,  
 Or piping till the hazel corses shook  
 With tremulous joy to hear his graceful trills—  
 Oh, give me such a field, and take your Seven Hills !

These are the days of culture and of art  
 Wherein we make a pictured paper prize  
*The* object of ambition from the start,  
 For which the aspirant must sacrifice  
 His native freshness and his natural eyes,  
 And take his view of things through Laurance's lenses—  
 A sad mistake, which he will realise  
 When the vain building of a life commences  
 On ten half-sciences and only four poor senses.

---

\* Quintus Horatius Flaccus and Publius Virgilius **Mars** are known to English readers by their Frenchified names of Horace and Virgil respectively.

How oft the regent of a brazen globe  
On the hard pan of human dulness toils  
With patience near akin to that of Job  
When sore beleaguered by a host of boils.  
But all that learning's dry machinery oils  
He rigorously places under ban  
And his young charge methodically spoils  
On Wordsworth's—or somebody else's plan—  
Maintaining that “the child is father to the man.”

And so he strives to make its head turn gray,  
But will the little slips mature the faster  
For being compelled to sit six hours a day  
Just like their grandsires—cut in alabaster?  
I tell you nay. The prim, pretentious master,  
So slow to comprehend, so dull to feel,  
Would best be placed where he could teach the Shaster,  
And see the sucklings by fanatic zeal  
Thrown out to Jagarnath and crushed beneath his  
[wheel!



## ODE TO PANDORA.

○ LOVELY prototype of all  
Who murder with the eye,  
Which, if it pierce not like a ball,  
Most fatally can pry ;

When Vulcan forged the pretty box  
In which thy gifts were hid,  
He should have furnished double locks  
To fasten down the lid.\*

But thou didst wantonly unpack  
Disease's baleful train,  
All aches and ills that cramp and rack  
The limbs, the heart, the brain.

And in the most persistent shapes  
They spread, increase and rage ;  
There's scarcely one in ten escapes  
In this progressive age.

They love the loftiest of the race,—  
'Tis proved beyond a doubt  
By many a dignitary's pace  
Undignified by gout.

---

\*In the Greek fable, the gods sent presents to Pandora, with strict injunctions not to open the box containing them. Overcome by curiosity, she disobeyed orders, and thus let loose all the evils which have since afflicted mankind.

Yet thy pernicious brood of ills,  
 Diffused through earth and air,  
 To antidotal drugs and pills  
 Is but a small affair.

The city walls, the desert stones  
 Bear testimony true,  
 And monumental piles of bones  
 Might rise in witness, too.

Pandora, nullify thy curse  
 By this one saving clause :  
 Shut every quack within a hearse  
 And win the world's applause !

---

*STORM-STANZAS.*

---

LET the pedant pore over the page scientific,  
 Or seek his delight in some angular form ;  
 But oh ! let me study that grand hieroglyphic  
 That's writ in the stars and pronounced by the storm.

Away with the lessons of midnight instilling  
 Exhausting the soul as the lamp glimmers low !  
 Let me take my instruction all vivid and thrilling  
 From Nature's own volume, and feel what I know.

In the tameness of quiet, thought languishes idly  
 Beneath the dull weight of mortality's shroud,  
 But excited, it flashes as fiercely and widely  
 As Jove's awful shafts from the dark-rolling cloud.

Then the rage of the tempest has wild fascination  
 Which danger and solitude only enhance ;  
 The elements utter that mute exultation  
 Which swells in the bosom and glows in the glance.

For this, I have oft on the lonely shore wandered,  
 And visions of grandeur stole over me then,—  
 A clearer conception of what I had pondered  
 And longed for in vain when surrounded by men.

---

TO C. F. McWHORTER,  
 CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

---

LONG may these happy missives tell  
 My trusty friend is hale and well,  
 And deep in philosophic dream  
 Still musing on that rapid stream,  
 Which frets the Alleghanies' side  
 And swells Ohio's yellow tide.  
 Though when the Democrats are in  
 He joins the conclave's roaring din ;  
 Or, like the moth, is bound to gnaw  
 His way through bulky tomes of law,  
 He still can fan that sparkling wit  
 Which nature in his bosom lit,  
 For higher use than idle show—  
 To cheer a friend and blast a foe.

Some cynics always try to mar  
 The reputation of the bar,  
 And now in anger, now in sport,  
 Exhibit their contempt of court  
 And men who cultivate the knack  
 Of arguing that white is black.  
 But hear me hurl that falsehood back!  
 Themselves the slanderer's brand must bear  
 While I can quote your record fair.  
 Whatever may that record sully  
 When you have donned the robe of Tully,  
 I hold you now, as in the past,  
 A soul of most heroic cast,  
 Since all those sportive nymphs that glide  
 Along the Elk's romantic side  
 Your modest steps could not decoy  
 To match them in their wanton joy,  
 Or pledge them in the flowing cup  
 Which conjures frolic spirits up.

\* \* \* \* \*

From birth to death we scarcely know  
 How much to friendship's power we owe.  
 But were it once from earth expunged,  
 In what a gloom we should be plunged !  
 Our hearts would be, like monkish oysters,  
 Sealed tight in hard calcareous cloisters ;  
 Our warmest thoughts would freeze to stone  
 Within a moral frigid zone ;  
 Our lives would stagnate to a lake  
 From which no streams in gladness break,

The muse would lose her tenor note  
And have a very tuneless throat.

'Tis not in festive hours alone  
That friendship's highest aid is known ;  
But when on life's tempestuous wave  
Where storms of adverse fortune rave,  
When all a-wreck, the last faint hope  
Is clinging to a parting rope,  
Then flows its genial current warm  
To help us safely through the storm.  
So some tall ship from England late  
To Boston bound with costly freight,  
Arrived in Nova Scotian seas  
What time the coast begins to freeze,  
Encounters furious northern gales  
That snap her spars and split her sails,  
Till rudderless and from her course  
Blown southward by the tempest's force,  
She meets the Gulf-stream's tepid tides  
That free her ice-encumbered sides,  
And then, refitted mast and stay,  
She bravely bears upon her way,  
And soon, though battered, still a ship  
Triumphant o'er the dangerous trip,  
No more of winds and waves the sport,  
She anchors in the destined port.

Yet there is one thing far above  
The name of friendship—youthful love,  
Which, strong, spontaneous, high and pure,  
Must live while soul and sense endure.

The chiefest bliss of mortal life  
Is nearing your embrace—a wife !  
While heaven approves the rapturous union  
Of two fond hearts in close communion,  
A brother of the gentle craft  
His blessing from afar may waft.

\* \* \* \* \*

May thriving offspring, more or less,  
The dear connubial bondage bless.  
And as in sylvan haunts I've seen  
An aged tree yet strong and green,  
While growing from its fibrous roots  
Sprang up innumerable shoots,  
And clustering round on every side,  
Enshrined it in paternal pride ;  
So may your progeny like them  
Long flourish 'round the parent stem.

*LARK-SONG.*  

---

As a lark on the billowy breezes uplifted,  
Forgets the dull cage that so dismally long  
Cramped the vigor of pinion wherewith he was gifted  
And tarnished his plumage and stifled his song ;

So I, since the fortunate moment recalled me  
From tasks ever hated, at liberty soar ;  
And the things which like fetters but yesterday galled  
me  
Are flung to the winds and remembered no more.

Necessity—stern and inflexible jailer—  
Has kept me too long and too stringently cooped,  
Where the eye growing dimmer, the cheek growing  
paler  
Proclaimed how the spirit continually drooped.

O freedom ! thou primitive maid of the mountain,  
Thou art not confined to the land of thy birth.  
The river stays not at the play of the fountain,  
But widens and wanders to gladden the earth.

Not the walls of a harem long time should confine me,  
Though filled with the loveliest ensnarers of men ;  
To such a mere phantom the sameness would pine me,  
I'd slip through the key-hole to freedom again.

*TO HARRIET BEECHER-STOWE.*

---

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HER INFAMOUS BYRON ~~LIBEL~~

---

My Shakspeare's curse on clown and knave  
Who will not let his ashes rest.—*Tennyson.*

THOUGH fiction wear angelic grace  
When in the service of the slave,  
Oh keep the pigment of its face  
From off the hero-poet's grave!

His hand proud freedom's flag unfurled—  
Himself the mark for blight and blame.  
She yet shall wave around the world  
Her banner blazoned with his name.

And you once nobly urged the cause  
That to the serf his right restored ;  
You spoke the thrilling word which draws—  
Or drew—the tear, if not the sword.

When, from the battle-clouds that blazed,  
The blast of freedom cleared the skies,  
How many Hagers blessed and praised  
The angel in the eagle's guise.

But you are not the bird of prey  
That bathes in solar light its wing  
And thunders through the liquid way  
To pounce upon some living thing.



No—you are of the buzzard brood  
That trails a dusk plume o'er the plain  
And ever deems that festering food  
The choicest which has longest lain !

You cannot rend these two apart,  
For both to Byron's fame belong—  
The true nobility of heart,  
The grandeur of impassioned song.

You should have wielded, by his side,  
The potent wand of English speech  
To part the modern Red Sea tide  
That all the promised land might reach.

Happy his early death which sent  
Regret even through the hostile throng ;  
Wretched the life, however spent,  
Which lasts a single day too long.

For one and all, whose tender age  
You taught to hate the callous breast,  
Must feel your last and loathsome page  
Has deeply sullied all the rest.

The stain is dark. The mousing owl  
Might imp its wing to tear his wreath ;  
But oh ! the ghoulish deed to prowl  
And burrow for the dust beneath !

The public odium and the ban,  
If justice live, must light on you.  
'Twas well to preach that man is man—  
Shall woman not be woman too ?

And slander, though it widely roam,  
 Is certain to return at last,  
 Like vagrant chickens coming home :  
 Even now it travels homeward fast.

'Tis strange—but I have heard or read  
 Of visiting a heinous sin  
 Not only on the guilty head  
 But on the third and fourth of kin.

The fates, who seldom judge amiss,  
 Avenge Parnassus on the church  
 And bid a shady Nemesis  
 Upon the Brooklyn steeple perch.

---

*APATHES.*

---

THIS world is full of creatures  
 With apathy's dull seal  
 Upon their very features,  
 Which shows their hearts ne'er feel  
 The warmth of kindlier natures  
 For others, woe or weal.

The greed of gain encumbers  
 Their days and nights with care ;  
 Their stolid fancy slumbers  
 As doth the wintering bear ;  
 The most enchanting numbers  
 Awake no echoes there.

Oft have I seen them shining  
In fashion's trapping decked,  
Seen empty heads inclining  
To them in deep respect,  
While modest worth was pining  
In want and cold neglect.

---

*THE BROOK.*

---

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

---

THOU brooklet, silver-bright and clear,  
That boundest on in glad career,  
What wondrous hand thy channel traced  
And whence and whither dost thou haste ?

From nooks that never saw the sun,  
O'er moss and matted flowers I run ;  
And when in dreaminess I rest,  
All heaven is mirrored in my breast.

Then joyous freedom bids me speed.  
I know not wither it may lead.  
But he who cleft through rocks my way,  
Will be my guide where'er I stray.

*THE FIELD-FLOWER.*

---

BEHOLD, by the peasant's shoon untrod,  
The delicate field-flower blowing.  
It is knitted fast to the stainful sod,  
But it fills its cup from the firmament broad,  
And draws its hues from the light of God  
Through the boundless æther flowing.

And so the uplifted heart that strives  
For the purer modes of existence.  
It is fastened here 'mid the lowly lives  
Where the ivy creeps and the cockle thrives ;  
But its color and fragrance it derives  
From the height and the depth and the distance.

---

*NOVEMBER SONG.*

---

I.

NIGHT winds of November,  
How dreary they whistle !  
The leaves are all dead ;  
The birds are all fled,  
And the light-sailing down  
Has all flown from the thistle.

## II.

In the hedges and gardens  
 No red rose is growing ;  
 But one keeps awake—  
 And all for my sake—  
 In the rosiest hues  
 Of expectancy glowing.

## III.

Oh why cannot love  
 Make this happy night longer ?  
 The morning that parts  
 Our close-beating hearts  
 Is neither the sweeter,  
 The brighter, nor stronger.

---

 A MODERN MAXIM.
 

---

**It** sadly deranges one's business plans  
 To admire the Lord's handiwork rather than man's.

**Then** lift not your eyes with the heavens to converse,  
 But grope on the ground for you might find a purse.

*THE CLYDE.\**


---

 HAMILTON'S FARM, AUG. 14, 1888.
 

---

## I.

How softly steals adown the glade  
 The crystal Clyde,  
 While alternating light and shade,  
 Like the changeful glance of a winsome maid  
 Play o'er its tide !

## II.

Here Summer, dainty rural queen  
 Of all the globe,  
 Draws round her haunts a leafy screen,  
 With this silver thread through the silken green—  
 Her royal robe.

## III.

Pure when the dewy eastern skies  
 Are flushed, yet calm ;  
 Fair when the noon supinely lies,  
 And sweet when the lilies close their eyes  
 And breathe their balm.

## IV.

Ah me ! the sunny hours are fleet,  
 But you are here ;  
 And since its banks have kissed your feet,  
 Clyde shall be pure and fair and sweet  
 Through all the year.

---

\*A small stream in Shelburne county, about thirteen miles from Barrington. There is some fine scenery on its banks, especially at the place called Hamilton's Farm.

*EPITAPH*

ON CAPT. POTTER, OF HULL, G. B.

---

THE market rose and the mercury fell  
At the death of Captain Potter.  
'Twas a cold day for him when he went to *Hull*  
For his temper was ten times hotter !

---

*WHEREFORE.*

---

WHY like the heron's stilted brood  
Are the men of shelves and tills ?  
Perhaps because they get their food  
By means of their lengthy bills.

---

*THE PACHYDERMS.*

---

ONCE the bard, stern justice dealing,  
Held the mightiest rogues in check.  
Now they seem devoid of feeling  
Save perhaps about the neck.

One is ignorant altogether  
If he understandeth not  
That the old Behemoth's leather  
Will resist the sharpest shot.

Fusilade the alligator  
Basking on the reedy Nile,  
And the Nubian nutmeg-grater  
Mocks you with a hideous smile.

*SONG.*  

---

COME, dearest, come out to the gate,  
To your sweet little promise be true.  
The bird nestles down with its mate,  
And I am still waiting for you.

I marked, as the sun set this eve,  
How his rays did your window adorn,  
As if he were taking fond leave  
Of the fairest and best, till the morn.

No land now enjoying his beams  
Can boast of a treasure so fair  
As the shadowy region of dreams  
Contains when your image is there.

Come, my rosy-cheeked, violet-eyed muse,  
With a beauty surpassing the day  
When it blends with the loveliest hues  
The delicate odors of May !



*PARTING.*


---

Vale dulcis, vale cara,  
Hora venit nunc amara !

FARE thee well ! This bitter hour  
Claims me with malignant power !  
I have been the roving bee,  
Thou, the only flower for me ;  
All the past a summer noon,  
Golden-bright, but fled too soon.

Ah ! I could not keep my eyes  
On the ever-changing skies,  
But, enchanted to the spot,  
Lapse of time I heeded not  
Till, for safety all too late,  
Storm and darkness seal my fate !

*DISAPPOINTMENT.*


---

RELENTLESS tamer of our pride,  
Stern chastener of our lives,  
Who dost not lay the frown aside  
While vanity survives,—  
'Tis thine when, pleasing to the view,  
Arise the forms of tempting hue  
For which ambition strives,—  
'Tis thine the onward course to bar,  
Or scatter the delusion far.

There is no state attained by man  
Which thou mayest not invade  
And mock the most sagacious plan  
By human wisdom laid ;  
In every prospect and pursuit  
Are blossoms that produce no fruit,  
For at thy touch they fade.  
Of common clay thou dost convince  
Alike the peasant and the prince.

The great, who seemingly controlled  
The nations' destiny,  
Have seen their power relax its hold  
And bow to thy decree.  
And oh ! the lowly heirs of toil,  
Thou sparest not their hopes to spoil,  
For all are doomed to see  
Some pleasure, deemed almost possessed,  
Evanishing at thy behest.

But all unlovely as thou art,  
Thou comest to undeceive  
And teach aright the erring heart,  
Too ready to believe,—  
To raise and rectify the will,  
Armed with a nobler purpose still  
Its mission to achieve,  
Ere wooed by pleasure's siren song  
And led irrevocably wrong.

Then peace, sad heart, time is not now  
 For thee to break or faint.  
 Recall the shadow from the brow,  
 And hush the fond complaint ;  
 For still the quenchless soul aspires  
 Above the ashes of desires  
 That leave a mortal taint ;  
 And, grown familiar with despair,  
 Though keen to feel, can strongly bear.

The sapling pine, when round are strewn  
 The ruins of the year,  
 Is rudely tossed but not o'erblown  
 By winter howling drear,  
 And though benumbing frosts have chilled  
 The genial life its veins that filled,  
 Its branches are not sere,  
 And there again shall music ring  
 When milder skies restore the spring.

---

*SONNETS.*

---

I.—THE TRUE POET.

HE was the bard who, as the impulse grew,  
 Upraised his piercing eye and brow august—  
 Least dimmed, least sullied by the sordid dust—  
 And compassed with a clear, exalted view  
 The heavenly and the human. Thence he drew  
 All images of noble, pure and just  
 Within harmonious bond : a sacred trust  
 To teach his race and virtuous life renew.

How sad, when'er his brave perverted powers  
 The argument divine do not sustain,  
 But, all enamored of earth's poisonous flowers,  
 Imbibe and then diffuse the moral bane !  
 O thou bright goddess ! in his maddest hours,  
 Thy humblest votary from such deed restrain.

II.—FRANCESCO PETRARCA.

I BOAST not that he taught me how to sing,  
 Or trill the sonnet's full symphonious chime,  
 For that sweet nursling of the Ausonian clime  
 Still shuns the harshness of a Gothic string.  
 Yet, if I may the grateful tribute bring,  
 It was the flushing of his summer time,  
 Instinct with love and resonant with rhyme,  
 That added warmth to my late northern spring.  
 The gloomy firs, that with the tempest roar,  
 Seem myrtles gay by amorous breezes fanned  
 If love be ripening in the bosom's core.  
 In race, in speech and time so far apart,  
 The Tuscan's strain I more than understand,—  
 It sets to music every passionate heart !

III.—TWENTY-FIVE.

STUPENDOUS thought ! that since my life begun,  
 This rolling sphere, where no men long abide,  
 Where night and day the struggling hours divide,  
 Has sped so many times around the sun !  
 Not so unerringly my life has run,  
 Careless of steerage but of lookout wide,  
 That has perchance some distant realms descried,  
 Not patent to the gaze of every one.

In retrospect, some sad emotions rise,  
 Unmixed with fruitless longings to return.  
 No puerile fears possess me ; though my eyes,  
 Clearer than aught beside, this truth discern  
 That the vast flood whereon I sail or drift  
 Becomes more violent as the tide grows swift.

## IV.—TO THE SERVIANS, 1877.

ON Servians ! in the name of Czerni George,  
 Who fell by treason's foulest, darkest scheme,  
 Beneath whose banner, like a stormful stream,  
 Your hardy sires poured down the mountain gorge !  
 Strike ! for the chains your Moslem masters forge  
 Both shame your manhood and your faith blaspheme,  
 And, howsoever bearable they seem,  
 Their lightest links cut deeper than the sword.  
 Your call to arms should ring through Europe's sky—  
 A trumpet giving no uncertain sound,  
 Down with that fierce, aggressive Koreish lie !  
 It shall not take deep root on Grecian ground,  
 It must not lift its waning moon as high  
 As that brave standard patriots rally round !

## V.—ASPIRATION.

Ay, though no other hand in all the earth  
 Attempt the lyre with such discordant sound  
 And themes so lowly, thereto am I bound  
 With feelings strong as are the ties of birth.  
 Would heaven they showed not such a wintry dearth  
 Of high and good ; but oft the cause is found  
 Not in the tree but in the sterile ground  
 That renders fruitage scant or little worth.

The olive, sage Athene's gift of yore,  
 Was but but the veriest wilding of the waste  
 Till, nurtured on the genial Attic shore,  
 The temples of the immortal gods it graced.  
 Oh might one wreath of mine—I ask no more—  
 Be for the honor of my country placed !

## VI.—L'AMORE E L'AMICIZIA.

*(Sent to the Author by a Friend.)*

Lorchè del serpe ai lusinghieri accenti  
 Eva diè ascolto, ed il fatale frutto  
 Gustò, una atroce eredità di lutto  
 Preparò dessa alle future genti.  
 O colpa pregno d'infiniti stenti  
 Per cui fu condannato il mondo tutto  
 Agli affanni e alla morte e fu condotto  
 Ai sospiri, ai pianti ed ai lamenti !  
 Ma sulla terra, si misera, volse  
 L'Eterno un sguardo dal celeste trono,  
 E pietade di lei nel seno accolse :  
 Ed a sollievo d'un stato sì rio,  
 D'amore e d'amicizia le fé dono,  
 Per cui il mortal più s'assomiglia a Dio.

## VII.—LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

*(Translation of the foregoing Sonnet.)*

WHEN the dire snake's delusive speech prevailed  
 And guileless Eve partook the fruit forbid,  
 A rueful heritage within it hid  
 Was then on all the future race entailed.

O fault, throughout eternity bewailed !  
 Disaster that the infant world undid,  
 While pain and death, all-conquering, stalked amid  
 Sighs, tears and groans which the dread triumph hailed.  
 Yet on the earth, so wretched 'neath the stroke,  
 The Eternal looked from his celestial throne  
 And in her plea divinest pity spoke.  
 Then first, to mitigate the afflictive rod,  
 Were given her love and friendship as her own,  
 By which the mortal most resembles God.

VIII.—TO CAPT. H. C. MCWHORTER, VIRGINIA, U. S.

O FRIEND, with whom I had full many a ramble,  
 And pleasant converse, on Kanawha's bank—  
 Screened from the ardent noon by willows dank,  
 Or in retreats close-fenced by flowering bramble,  
 Where moonlit fairies undisturbed might gambol—  
 Your voice and arm were in the foremost rank  
 To bid vile slavery's chain no longer clank  
 In mockery of that charter's grand preamble.  
 Since, nobly merited, the people's trust  
 Calls you in legislative sphere to move,  
 You will not only hold that axiom just,  
 But by a living demonstration prove  
 That, though all men are equal by their birth,  
 Virtue alone confers superior worth.\*

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\* Les hommes sont égaux ; ce n'est pas la naissance,  
 C'est la vertu seule qui fait la différence.—*Voltaire.*

## IX.—FRANCESCO'S LOST LOVE.

O DARK devouring earth ! I envy thee  
 The treasure clasped within thy cold embrace !  
 That loving form and that excelling grace,  
 Which I no more, oh ! nevermore shall see !  
     heaven, where, ever pure and free—  
 As angels are from any mortal trace,  
 Her happy spirit glads the holy place  
 That seems so inaccessible to me.

I envy all the sainted throng who share  
 Her company and hear her sweetly speak—  
 That seraph voice which I so sadly miss !  
 But most I envy death the pleasure rare  
 Of feasting on so delicate a cheek,  
 From which my lips have taken the farewell kiss.

## X.—MIDNIGHT.

Stille  
 Ruhn oben die Sterne und unten die Gräber.—*Goethe*.

TIS the dark hour, whose touch has often froze  
 Life's pulsing fount. Dear God ! I cannot sleep.  
 I think upon those cruel wounds and deep  
 From whence the healing of the nations flows.  
 "He giveth his beloved sleep." They close  
 Their eyes in peace while I must wake and weep.  
 The stars, the graves unpitying silence keep :  
 I plead in vain—the black air gasps, Who knows ?  
 Oh yet the heart recoils with shuddering chill,  
 As vivid thought forecasts the fatal term  
 And shows the clay, mute, pallid, cold and still !  
 How soon, how sad ! And can the vital germ  
 Survive the worlds eternal space that fill ?—  
 Oh let them pass, but let my faith be firm !



## XI.—DESPAIR.

THOU art not all ungracious, wan despair ;  
 Although I cannot love the downcast eye,  
 From long acquaintance I can testify  
 That that no deception ever lurketh there.  
 Beauty is false at heart, or does but wear  
 An evanescent lustre ; riches fly ;  
 Ambition falters when the goal is nigh,  
 And friendship varies like our northern air.  
 But thou, who didst impress my early years,  
 Through every change, art faithful to me yet ;  
 And this I owe thee, that no craven fears  
 Can daunt me now, whatever ills beset.  
 Thine is the wisdom pleasure's pampered dears  
 Can never learn, nor misery's sons forget.

## XII.—RESIGNATION.

O MOTHER earth ! to thee I bend my eyes  
 Aching and blinded with their tearful quest.  
 I beg thy cold heart for eternal rest,  
 For thine is not the worm that never dies.  
 Behold how helpless thy lost offspring lies !  
 Behold his hot and wasted cheek is pressed  
 Close to thy frosty, unresponsive breast  
 In agony which mocks the suppliant's cries !  
 Bid the delirious struggle cease—I yield  
 And strive no longer—passive and resigned  
 To meet the worst that fate may hold concealed :—  
 No hopes, no fears, no will.—But lo ! I find  
 As quick as light, that the great grief is healed  
 And perfect calm pervades the rescued mind !

## XIII.—SANTA SELVA.

O DIM-AISLED wood ! no pillared fane so grand,  
 So sacred in the old luxurious East  
 When cushioned kingship knelt before the priest  
 In all the pomp at tyranny's command !  
 This place is for a loftier worship planned :  
 The rites mysterious and the solemn feast  
 Are in their purity where bird and beast  
 Bleed not, but feed from nature's bounteous hand.  
 Hence, ye profane ones ! This is holy ground,  
 Where through each quickened sense we may imbibe  
 The balm, the bloom that make the sick heart sound.  
 A thousand leaves here spread their knowledge free,—  
 All undistorted by the meddling scribe,  
 All unperverted by the Pharisee.

## XIV.—THE DEAD PRINCE.

[My regret at the tragic death of the young French adventurer, killed by the Zulus, June, 1878, was genuine, and for that reason alone, I have retained this sonnet, written at the time. My views concerning princes and republics have since become greatly modified.]

MOURN for the imperial soldier-son of France !  
 But never can barbarian gore atone  
 For that high blood. All nations, even his own,  
 May well lament blind war's accursed mischance !  
 Yet rests the red stain of this sad romance,  
 Not on the savage assegai alone,  
 But on the edict which against his throne  
 And birthright sternly bent the civil lance.

Capricious land, divided to deny  
**Thy** prince the hope he now surrendereth,  
 Unite once more ; his banishment is by ;  
**He** rules thee in the majesty of death—  
 More hearts are moved by his expiring sigh  
 Than by the proud republic's living breath !

## XV.—TO THE CITY OF HALIFAX.

**SHE** sits not in the splendor of renown  
 Nor girt with grandeur, like some cities old,  
 Nor teeming wide with multitudes untold,  
 Yet prestige gathers to her granite crown  
 That daunts invasion with a thunderous frown ;  
 While, mantled 'neath the British banner's fold,  
 For higher triumph and with fearless hold,  
 Peace waves the olive o'er our mother-town.  
 Nor shall she from that better contest shrink  
 That calls the vigorous mind, the skilful hand  
 To forge in history's chain the brightest link :  
 The keen-eyed genius of my native land  
 Still fosters on this noble haven's brink  
 Such hearts as filled Cornwallis' pioneer band.

## XVI.—TO MISS ———

*Du bist mir nah und doch so fern.*

**VEIL** not that glance beneath the tender lid ;  
 For in the azure of those queenly eyes—  
 The rarest dowry of indulgent skies—  
 I still adore what my repose nndid.

With your dear image in my bosom hid,  
 The secret of our mutual passion lies,  
 Which time, nor change, the less has made me prize,  
 Nor cold discretion from its place has chid.  
 Ah! ne'er again, as heretofore, we meet;  
 Yet life is not all cheerless and forlorn,  
 While oft our fervent looks each other greet,  
 As zephyr greets the blushing rose at morn;  
 Full light he passess, but her spirit sweet,  
 Caught all unseen, away with him is borne.

## XVII.—GRANDEZZA.

DEH! foss' io qualche cosa nello stato  
 Ove si mostra una sontuosa festa,  
 Mentre la Nuova Scozia é tutta mesta,  
 Almen sarei dal gregge mio lodato.  
 Quale un tauro, di notte errando in prato,  
 A l'orto viene, e colla sua testa  
 Crollar fa sasso e legno e non s'arresta  
 Finch'abbia ognuno frutto e fior mangiato:  
 Così, talor, fanno i più degni eroi—  
 Il paladin Giovanni e il gran Topero—  
 Capaci a spoliar il Canada e poi  
 Rubare questo nobil emispero;  
 Ma tuttavolta, viengo innanzi a voi,  
 Sprezzando l'opere del serpe nero.

## XVIII.—TO A YOUNG LADY.

How rarely are those precious gifts combined—  
 The playful wit and the exalted thought,  
 Staid wisdom's look on brows so smoothly wrought,  
 Like flower and fruitage in one wreath entwined.

From such united charms of form and mind  
 Methinks the Grecian sages must have caught  
 Their brightest inspiration, when they taught  
 That loveliest spirits loveliest lodgements find.  
 Some happy planet blessed your natal hour  
 With light to cheer misfortune's cloudy days,  
 Changing, by charity's benignant power,  
 The voice of sadness to the note of praise ;  
 As when, uprisen from the crushing shower,  
 New beauty blossoms in the vernal rays.

## XIX.—THE SAFEST GUIDE.

No star was lighted in the shivering air ;  
 All round was dark as woods at night can be ;  
 And the trees laid their ghostly hands on me,  
 As wondering whether mortal ventured there.  
 My thoughts were all within me, clustering where  
 The blessed dews of human sympathy  
 Had fallen and refreshed abundantly  
 What late had been a desert parched and bare.  
 And I passed onward, though the path was lost—  
 A blackened maze—unto a place secure,  
 Nor could discern what served me as a guide.  
 So have I learned—but ah, what pain it cost !—  
 That reason's day cannot my steps assure  
 Like love's encheering whisper by my side.

## XX.—CARISSIMA.

QUEGLI occhi non velino il splendor loro  
 Sotto il bel ciglio, tener come il frondo !  
 Vero è che lor beltà cacciò dal mondo  
 La mia pace ; anzi caldo l'adoro.

Siccome un avaro nasconde l'oro,  
 La memoria del nostr' amor nascondo  
 Colla tua sembianza, sì profondo  
 Nel cuor, che niente tocchi il gran tesoro.  
 Ci manca adora il dolce abbracciamento,  
 Il bacio più celeste, ed altra cosa  
 Tanto soave al voler giovenile.  
 Il vederti mi gode : sono un vento  
 Chi passa furtivo la fresca rosa  
 E seco porta il suo spirto gentile !

---

*SUPERSTITION.*

---

INSCRIBED TO SWINBURNE.

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THE mailèd giant stalks the field,  
 His ensign pieced with many a pall.  
 His greaves, his helmet and his shield  
 Are dismal proofs of reason's fall.  
 His challenge chills the blood of all  
 Till every brow is white and damp,  
 And even the goodly frame of Saul  
 Sits cowering in the huddled camp.  
  
 Who is yon supple, ruddy youth ?  
 He comes with laughter on his lip ;  
 He brings that pebble, polished smooth  
 By waves of song, within his scrip.  
 And, from the sibilant line let slip,  
 It parts the spectre's cloud-built brain.  
 Then truth, advancing, smiteth hip  
 And thigh the whole infernal train.

*THE HUMBLER EGOTISM.*

—  
 TO —————  
 —

SINCE you and I have been so long acquainted,  
 It needs no Rafael's brush, no Dante's pen  
 To get myself in each particular painted  
 So you will know me when we meet again.  
 Too much be-devilled or too sadly sainted  
 Are the extremes which mark the sons of men  
 Who rise by notes upon Apollo's fiddle:  
 Now place me anywhere but in the middle.

I am, in fact, a creature of emotion,  
 Earth-born and on her lines exactly planned.  
 Five-sixths of me is feeling's mobile ocean,  
 The other sixth is reason's solid land.  
 Vibrating 'twixt aversion and devotion,  
 'Twixt Greenland's bergs and Afric's golden sand,  
 Th' unstable element's evaporation  
 Clothes the bare rock with comely vegetation.

Ah! this will make their stolid systems prickle  
 Who frown on sentiment, severely grave.  
 They know not that the thousand rills that trickle  
 From sympathy, the fainting lives to save;  
 And memory's lucent and embalming pickle  
 Are both distilled from passion's chainless wave,  
 Which, mild or boisterous in its constant action,  
 Preserves the whole rank mass from putrefaction.

Yet sensibility is but a gift  
 Of which posterity alone is proud.  
 The darkened dust men once essayed to sift  
 Becomes their desert guide of fire and cloud.  
 But life soon grows a grievous load to lift,  
 So richly and peculiarly endowed  
 With talents for another's need available,  
 But for your own, uncertain and unsalable.

Oh yes, unsalable because unbought,  
 A gift imparted for the general pleasure ;  
 But still ignored, unprized and set at nought  
 When gauged and reckoned by the standard measure ;  
 Though all the while the grains of finest thought  
 Line the grey cells like deeply-buried treasure,  
 They ne'er attract the world's witch-hazel rod  
 Which turneth always to the senseless clod.

I stand sometimes aghast, examining  
 How good and evil in my make unite.  
 'Tis universal, for the mountains fling  
 The deepest shadow and the rosiest light ;  
 All with the honey is the horrid sting ;  
 The mouth is fashioned both to kiss and bite,  
 And thus the opposites so meet and mingle  
 That one from t'other I can scarcely single.

I claim some virtue, though it shine at best  
 Like fire though coals which feed the flame, not  
 If I have follies—and it is confessed— [smother.  
 They have but cursed myself and not another.  
 As for my kindness, let my deeds attest :  
 Believe me, I'd call any man my brother.



\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

As for those mysteries, shaded yet sublime,  
 Through which the race prodigiously has striven  
 By pyramid and spire the skies to climb,—  
 Weighted with chains not yet entirely riven,  
 Seeking through medium of a real crime  
 To get a suppositious sin forgiven—  
 My youth was one long panoramic vision  
 Of both extremes—Tartarean and Elysian.

Almost as soon as I was born a sinner,  
 I fairly overflowed with innate piety,  
 But found the dogmas, like the Hidalgo's dinner,  
 Of food too scant, of cloth too much variety.  
 And since betwixt the outward man and inner,  
 'Twixt faith and works, I note the contrariety,—  
 I am, like Horace, as a natural sequence,  
 "Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens."\*

Yet I have shunned the sin of Socrates,  
 That grand mistake of all earth's foolish bold ones,  
 Who seek to introduce new deities.—  
 I might have voted to depose the old ones ;  
 But need their help against—my enemies ?  
 Oh no ; against my friends, those hot and cold ones  
 Who, filling up their jovial hemlock† bowls,  
 Press me to drink the health of all their souls !

---

\* A scant and rare adorer of the gods.

† The readers will scarcely need to be reminded that this was the venomous decoction to which the Athenians treated their distinguished townsman.

If I have any idol, 'tis not verse ;  
 I live not by it and can die without it.  
 I don't want Pegasus to draw my hearse  
 Lest tender-hearted folks might talk about it.  
 Whether the beast or I appeared the worse,  
 Somebody would be sure to spy and shout it.  
 A mortal needs not elegy nor ode  
 To keep the cold from out his last abode.

And yet to me the muse has not been charmless,  
 One of the nine,—I may not tell her name.  
 I thought her lovely and she thought me harmless,  
 And that is how the casual courtship came.  
 The rudest swain of any—herdless, farmless,  
 I wooed her in a manner, not the same  
 As the Arcadians did to mellow flutes ;  
 Yet she consented. What may be the fruits ?

If they should see the light, I'll ne'er accuse  
 The sovereign public, howsoe'er they treat them.  
 If dead-born offspring of the laboring muse,  
 No stabs can hurt, no puffs with life can heat them.  
 Nor will the world their burial rites refuse,  
 And this were sad, but better than to meet them  
 Ill-mannered vagrants through the country straggling  
 In charity's thin garb \* \* \*

Yet fear I not the worst that may betide ;  
 My friends, though very few, are kind and trusty.  
 I was a child when criticism died—  
 Her soul went out with Christopher the crusty.\*

---

\* John Wilson, professor of moral philosophy in Edinburgh, died 1854. Under the name of Christopher North, he contributed "Specimens of the British Critics" to Blackwood's Magazine.

Some wear her stolen rapier by their side,  
 But cannot draw it, 'tis so very rusty ;  
 And grave dame Science will not bring the birch in  
 To punish me, who never was her urchin.

Your random authors surely never should  
 Be judged exclusively by what they write ;  
 For all the circumstances understood  
 May show them in a higher, happier light.  
 Size of the tree or fineness of the wood  
 Who can pronounce with but the leaves in sight ?  
 'Tis not so much the vital inner essence  
 As the vague air that feeds the frail excrescence.

And those who judge should not be too unsparing,  
 Remembering in the liberties they take,  
 They build themselves no monument by rearing,  
 For other's fame, the gibbet and the stake.  
 Besides, how easy 'tis—don't think I'm swearing—  
 To damn the stanza which they could not make.  
 Yet the true flame, when they would quench it, suffers  
 No more than does the candle from the snuffers.

“ Oh that mine enemy had writ a book !”  
 Cried patient Job in all his sore affliction.  
 (Which, by the way, far better he could brook  
 Than mild reproof and genial contradiction.)  
 And what a sweet revenge he could have took,  
 Turning his author's facts all into fiction,  
 His finest fancies into coarsest facts  
 That any simple villager enacts !

Still, watchful criticism has been needed  
 And will be, for the ever-broadening field  
 Of letters must be rigorously weeded  
 Of all things foreign to its wholesome yield.  
 Our present crop of bards is scarce exceeded  
 By twinkling stars on autumn nights revealed ;  
 Their harmony is grand, but cannot reach us  
 Till tuned to something that is fit to teach us.

\*       \*       \*       \*

We often think we have our eyes on fame,  
 Discovering late in life the silly wrong ;  
 For folly, on a dull day, looks the same,  
 Most easily mistaken 'mid the throng.  
 I knew a man—he shall be without name—  
 Who chased an apparition very long  
 Thinking 'twas she who bears the silver trumpet,  
 And all the while it was the other ——,

I, in capacity of man, not poet,  
 You as the same, besides a right good fellow,  
 “Have done the state some service, and they know it,”  
 So take the dying words of grim Othello.  
 But gratitude—few climates now can grow it  
 Without an early sign of sere and yellow—  
 Is always better late than never shown,  
 And most appropriate when graven in stone.

*THE WISH.*

## A LYDIAN LEGEND.

LONG ages ago—so the chronicles say—  
The mass of mankind had gone widely astray.  
But the vices that put the pale virtues to rout  
In a Lydian province broke violently out.

The church was fenced off in two well-defined groups :  
On one side imposters, on t'other side, dupes ;  
For the priestly profession was—mark me—was then,  
The craftiest craft 'mong the children of men.  
The devotee brought them the flower of his flock  
And the prince of his poultry—a kid and a cock.  
Then the wily old priest, putting up for a wizard,  
Minutely inspected the liver and gizzard.  
This autopsy done, he proceeded to preach  
A ghostly harangue in ambiguous speech,  
Then, sly as a fox and sharp-set as a shark is,  
Wound up his devotions and ate up the carcass.  
So some were too feeble and others too strong  
In opinion—and both sides were equally wrong ;  
Where some believe all that is taught in the schools  
And the rest believe nothing, both classes are fools.

The state was distracted from more than one cause,  
But chiefly the superabundance of laws ;  
And next, in default of old scutcheons and trophies,  
The titles bestowed upon people in office.  
In half an hour's walk half a score could be pointed  
Out to you, as honored and oiled and anointed.

Every man who was fitted for bribery or barter  
Might work his way up to a knight of the garter.  
These knights were not dubbed by a king or a queen ;  
The job was performed by a patent machine,  
Which ahead of all time kept revolving so fast  
That every hour counted its "knight before last."

Civic honors were gained not by merit or chance.  
They were sure to the man who had cash to advance,  
And catching a mackerel by throwing a sprat  
Was an art that land-fishers were skilfullest at.  
The trader bowed down to a secular god,  
And laid on his altar the first-fruits of fraud.  
And the court-jester larded his rather thin praise  
With "this marvellous age," and "these go-ahead days!"

The hoariest legends located the fount  
Of learning beyond the Imalian mount,  
But the Lydian masters held all knowledge sprung  
From Gyges' good head and Candaules' smooth tongue.  
The deepest researches had never yet dived  
To the source whence the alphabet marks were derived ;  
Some claimed that old Egypt, which idolized beasts—  
The founder of caste and the mother of priests—  
When with writings hieratic her temples were full,  
Modelled "A" off of Apis—her sacrosanct bull.  
While others (and these were the true orthodox)  
Swore that "A" came from Aleph, the Hebrew for ox.  
So they argued and wrangled it out, till the seat  
Of science was warmed with polemical heat,  
And neither the point in dispute would surrender  
Though it did not amount to a difference in gender.

Their poet was perched in a golden-wired cage  
 And warbled his notes from a black-lettered page,  
 Or fluted his fertilised soul through a reed  
 That sprouted coeval with mummy-wheat seed.  
 Yet he moulded his flowerets with wax of his own  
 Till they looked like King Tomkins's blossoms new-  
     blown.

But all over the country, a numberless horde  
 Twanged loud on the nation's superb monochord.  
 That sorely-rasped wire they had learned to inflect  
 From the bad to the worse, with tremendous effect,  
 Till Orpheus slunk to the pit with his strum,  
 And the gods were amazed and the muses were dumb.

The government's head was the chief of a ring,  
 (The style of republics where money is king,)  
 Who, with nursery tales of a kingdom to come,  
 Kept his hand in the chest and the crowd 'neath his  
     thumb.

Adorned and puffed up with his Tyrian vest,  
 He would listen to nought but his own little jest,  
 Yet every night witnessed his statesman-like tact,  
 And morn always blushed on another new act.  
 The boors and the burghers were nobly content  
 To be robbed of their living and bribed with a cent,  
 And they truckled before them as if to a god,  
 Yca, they put down their breeches and gave him the  
     rod!

Still yearly did strife and contention increase  
 Till thousands of Clodpates were sworn of the peace,  
 And the judges, unstained by the dust of their shelves,  
 Sold judgment to all and kept none for themselves.

Fast life had outstripped the old laws of exchange  
And given false credit unlimited range,  
Till the men, whose initials were good as a bond,  
Were the last to pay up and the first to abscond.

It seems, in this wretched condition of things,  
That Jove was supreme over senates and kings,  
Whose subjects rebelled, not by lead or cold steel,  
But by sending to heaven their final appeal.  
He bended his brows o'er that scene of distress  
And issued a mandate for speedy redress.  
For his ear of compassion no cry is too faint,  
No evil so strong as to brave his restraint.  
Then summoning Hermes—his envoy to earth—  
He said, "I confide in your wisdom and worth.  
Fly down to yon ant-hill and leaven the nations  
With radical doctrine of wise innovations.  
Apply the same wholesome correctives to all,  
And leave unreformed neither hovel nor hall.  
Here are premiums and pains. Be as tender as just.  
Bestow where you can, and inflict where you must."

Now Hermes, the lively Olympian scout  
Whose whole occupation was flying about,  
Could accomplish a trip through the heavens as soon,  
And with far less display than a modern balloon.  
So, willing and prompt, not a meteor more swift  
When just from the pole it has broken adrift,  
Plumb downward he dived through the ether profound,  
And ere you could tell it, was safe on the ground.



On landing, he cast off all heavenly looks,  
Assuming the guise of an agent for books,  
Inasmuch as he hailed every wight on the road  
And entered unbid every mortal abode.

He scarcely had broached his diplomacy, when  
He encountered, one morning, a couple of men,  
Who were going a journey, on business belike,  
For each had a staff that was shod with a spike.  
With that affable ease that is foreign to art  
And wins its smooth way to the ruggedest heart,  
He saluted them gracefully, joined in their walk  
And stirred their dull thoughts with his flood-tide of  
talk.

He smiled and he bowed with such elegant curve,  
That they kept on their hats but threw off their reserve ;  
Though their language was worthy of little regard,  
Being true to their natures, both barren and hard.  
For one was a miser—the toughest of nuts,  
Who would cheat you the same as he did his own ——,  
Who counted as earned every penny he saved  
Till his wealth was enormous but less than he craved.  
The other belonged to that s lenetic tribe  
So easy to find and so hard to describe,—  
A fellow who sought his own fortune far less  
Than he pined and complained at another's success.  
It always would drive him to utter despair  
To see something good fall to somebody's share,  
And the tenderest feeling he nursed in his heart  
Was a yearning desire to be taking your part.

Keen Hermes had studied the animal man,  
 And knew him as only a diplomat can.  
 The samples before him he read at a glance :  
 Two nuisances clogging the nation's advance.  
 A niggardly miser—an envious churl !—  
 His lip took a merry but mischievous curl.

“ My comrades,” he said, “ in our brief interview,  
 Very much have I learned that is useful and new.  
 Allow me to make you a trifling return,  
 Since people should pay for whatever they learn.  
 Each make a request. I will grant it off-hand  
 With the greatest delight ; but you'll please understand,  
 That whatever thing the first speaker may claim,  
 The second shall have twice as much of the same.”  
 'Twas a generous offer—a joyous surprise,  
 Which the two stupid visages could not disguise.  
 They gazed on him steadily, thinking he must  
 Be an angel rewarding the upright and just.  
 'Twas a generous offer ! but never a word  
 Of thanks or request from the Lydians was heard.  
 Each mentally saw a munificent gift,  
 Nor questioned, nor doubted the gentleman's drift.  
 But the envious man had resolved to abstain  
 From asking until he could whine and complain,  
 And the miser had hushed up the joy in his breast,  
 Bent on laughing the latest, but laughing the best.

They stood with impatience, but neither would speak,  
 And there had they stood till the end of the week ;  
 But Hermes declared he must leave them, and prayed  
 That, just to oblige him, the choice should be made.

Then the envious gentleman, heaving a sigh,  
 Said meekly, "I wish to be blind of one eye."  
 'Twas done—and the miser roared out with an oath:  
 "Oh! —— —— my eyes! I am blasted in both!"

---

If you think that this tale is too much to devour,  
 I assure you, sweet friends, that I learned it from Gower,  
 The moral Dan Gower, and he told it for truth  
 When our good Saxon tongue had the vigor of youth.  
 One cannot help liking whatever he says,  
 Though he should not be scanned by the light of these  
                   days;  
 His genius had wings, if his verses lack feet  
 And a moral shines out from his darkest conceit.

---

*SWAN-SONG OF TIMON.*

---

[Timon was an Athenian noble of boundless generosity, who feasted his friends and other parasites till his own means were exhausted. Then the ingrates expelled him from the city. Shakspeare's powerful drama, founded on this narrative, has somewhat popularised it among moderns.]

---

I HEARD the mimic Timon's deep abhorrence  
 Of perfidy and wrong,  
 Pouring hot curses down in hissing torrents  
 Upon the quaking throng.

It was enough to fire with kindred passion  
 The features of a saint.  
 It was enough to make the face of fashion  
 Pale through an inch of paint!

And though it pierced the ear of fat contentment  
 Like a demoniac howl,  
 To me it sounded like the just resentment  
 Of heartless deeds and foul.

Strange sympathies my midnight pillow haunted,  
 And through my broken dream,  
 The wronged and ruined benefactor chanted  
 This bitter, mocking theme :

---

MOTHER earth ! to whom such numbers  
 Cling like babies to the pap,  
 Let me here in dreamless slumbers  
 Lay my tired head on thy lap !

Here beside the fretful ocean  
 Chafing in its sullen mood,  
 When my pulses cease their motion,  
 Call the vulture's famished brood.

Never let the feastful city  
 Find me in my last retreat,  
 Lest they mourn with real pity  
 Over what they cannot eat.

When the soldier's truceless summons  
 Stun their senate with amaze,  
 Let their voices, weak as woman's,  
 Vainly ask where Timon stays.

Luxury of hate I've tasted,  
 Lone within my forest den,  
 When my substance had been wasted  
 On the maws of thankless men,—

Parasites who drank my living  
 Thirsty as the desert plains,  
 Ever taking, never giving—  
 Flinty hearts and barren brains.

Live, Athenians! till your dealings  
 Fleece each other to the hide.  
 You have wounded Timon's feelings—  
 He has only galled your pride.

While the fawning instinct leads you,  
 By no principle be swayed.  
 Lick the foot of him who feeds you—  
 Bite his hand when stretched for aid.

Great in arms, in arts and letters  
 Were the men whose light is spent.  
 Were they truly your begetters?  
 Heavens! what a grand descent!

“Ancient virtue,” pipes the poet  
 In the haggling market-place.  
 “Cecrops' progeny”—They show it  
 Only by a double face!\*

---

\* Cecrops, the founder of Athens, was represented by a double figure to symbolize the fact of his having instituted marriage.

Was not Jove the son of Saturn ?  
Did he not his sire expel ?  
'Tis the sole celestial pattern  
That my country copies well.

But your proudest feats recorded  
Wear a dark, disgraceful stain—  
Brave Miltiades rewarded  
With the dungeon and the chain !

Yet the Amphictyonic council  
From their most exalted post  
Touch their foreheads to the groundsel  
When th' avengers touch our coast.

Zeus ! who could be a scorner  
In our city's holy plan ?  
Scores of gods at every corner  
Where 'tis hard to find a man.

Faith is fled ; she never lingers  
Where the ways are so corrupt  
That the miser's crooked fingers  
Choke the friend with whom he supped ;

Where despite the judge's ermine,  
And despite the lawyer's brief,  
Solon's skill could scarce determine  
Which is justice, which the thief !

Public conscience feels no tension—  
There is nothing of it left ;  
What for statesmen is a pension,  
In their dupes would be a theft.

Courtesy? 'tis that creature smirking  
 O'er a counter at the fairs,  
 With a spirit in him lurking  
 Just as rotten as his wares.

O ye kindlier billows, flinging  
 Round me many a big salt tear,  
 Lift your voices, join my singing  
 Till the monster world shall hear.

Echo Timon's benediction  
 On the many and the few ;  
 That the race, without restriction,  
 Long may live—and die so, too !

---

*THE TYRANT OF SYRACUSE.*

---

WHEN Syracuse in boding hour  
 Beheld with rainy eyes  
 A low-born villain seize the power  
 For sovereign exercise,  
 Beneath his thrall she seemed to cower,  
 Nor made attempt to rise.

'Twas strange that men who bragged like those,  
 That in the worst attacks  
 By foreign arms, no mortal foes  
 Had ever seen their backs,  
 Should meekly bear a despot's blows  
 And daily-doubling tax !

A mercenary mob obeyed  
The tyrant's dread command,  
And at his bidding, promptly laid  
His scourges on the land,  
So freedom had to rue a raid  
If she but raised a hand.

Truth came not near him, for to thrones  
The truth could seldom reach.  
Deaf were his ears to pity's tones  
But not to flattery's speech ;  
And, rest assured, he made no bones  
Of causing bones to bleach.

Being bent on conquest, he bereft  
Of life the neighboring states,  
And with ferocious pleasure cleft  
His luckless captives' pates  
Which, fixed in ghastly rows, he left  
To fester o'er the gates !

But here I need not waste a word  
On Dionysius' reign ;  
For every one of us has heard  
Of that outrageous stain ;  
But one small incident occurred  
That may be told again.

The tyrant had of self-conceit  
A most uncommon share.  
Deeming that no one could compete  
With him in genius rare,  
He valued his poetic feet  
Above his natural pair.



Prodigious pains but little art  
His compositions showed ;  
The silliest freak with him could start  
A dithyrambic ode,  
Which rumbled like a rustic cart  
Along a rocky road.

And yet the whole Trinacrian vote  
Accorded him renown,  
For when the coteries failed to quote  
His idyls through the town,  
The tyrant always struck a note  
That brought their houses down !

He had one literary clique  
To read him and admire—  
His courtier-creatures, mostly Greek  
And judges of the lyre ;  
But yet the puppets had to squeak  
Responsive to the wire.

But when on the Olympic games  
His verse he did inflict,  
The critics—honorable names—  
A righteous quarrel picked ;  
His poems were given to the flames,  
His readers hissed and kicked.

Crestfallen was the monarch then  
And smitten with the blues ;  
Yet would he not forswear the pen,  
But daily prayed the muse  
To help him curse those sons of men  
Who had no liberal views.

And then, his courtier-throng before,  
From morn till day was done,  
He raved his crabbed lyrics o'er,  
Which, howe'er they might stun,  
The fawning rascals praised, and swore  
He was Apollo's son !

But there was one fine man at court,  
Most frank in all his ways,  
Who, being called on to support  
The credit of the lays,  
Replied that pæans of that sort  
Were good—to beg for praise.

Then Dionysius, raging mad  
At this unpleasant fact,  
As if his sacred person had  
Been openly attacked,  
Resolved to spit him like a shad,  
Or have him flayed and racked.

And thus the frowning tyrant spoke :  
“ Was ever cheek so hard ?  
Plebeian dog ! dare you provoke  
To wrath a royal bard ?  
You'll see how dear will cost that joke.  
What ho ! my body-guard ! ”

Forthwith in rush the menial crew,  
And instantly surround  
Philoxenus, whom down they threw  
And firmly gagged and bound ;  
Then, at a word, they bore him to  
The quarries, underground

Thereat the citizens rebelled  
And threatened death and woe,  
Till Dionysius was compelled  
To let his prisoner go,  
And rank and favor previous held  
Again on him bestow.

A short time after this event  
There was a royal feast  
To which a host of people went—  
A thousand at the least,—  
Where much old-fashioned merriment  
The springs of joy increased.

Just as the banquet-board was spread,  
The king was pleased to cause  
His latest poem to be read  
With proper tone and pause,  
And though it dizzied every head,  
It met with great applause.

Philoxenus was standing by  
But no delight betrayed,  
Though in his half-averted eye  
A smile sarcastic played.  
The king remarked, and asked him why  
No compliment he paid.

Was not the ode of that grand kind  
Which crowned a man with glory?  
Philoxenus, with air resigned,  
Yet looking somewhat sorry,  
Said to the guards who stood behind,  
“Carry me back to the quarry!”

So unexpectedly 'twas said  
 In such a quiet way,  
 The tyrant turned extremely red,  
 Yet had the grace to say,  
 As round the stifled laughter spread,  
 "You're just as good's a play."

Thus may brave hearts in every place  
 To truth give always scope,  
 And fear not, though in danger's face,  
 With giant wrong to cope,  
 Till every tribe and every race  
 That in their shackles grope,  
 Shall on unbending manhood base  
 Their freedom and their hope!

---

*ARCHILOCHUS.*

---

A TALE OF ANCIENT GREECE.

---

I WILL stretch him, he said, on the rhythmic **rack**  
 And give him a few faint twinges.  
 I will make his tough old tendons crack,  
 Nor let the iambic engine slack  
 Till every vertebra in his back  
 Is twisted off the hinges!

Archilochus uttered this fiendish threat,  
 And for whom, think ye, 'twas intended?  
 The crabbed old sire of his darling pet,  
 The girl he wanted but couldn't get,  
 For the governor's heart and foot were set  
 And the match was cruelly ended.

And no one knew the cause of complaint  
That had driven the pair asunder.  
Archilochus had no moral taint  
That could deepen the hues of beauty's paint ;  
He had always been true as a dying saint  
To the laws he was living under.

He had no habits of ruinous waste,  
And few young men were wiser.  
In matters of literary taste,  
He knew the real gem from the paste,  
But he ne'er would pronounce with any haste  
Betwixt a knave and a miser.

With a generous spirit, a sprightly mind  
And a body not less active,  
He had, however, been left behind  
In the race for wealth ; he had felt inclined  
More strongly to something more refined—  
To metal more attractive.

But no one so deftly could sweep the string  
That thrilled to his heavenly lyrics ;  
And sweet as the wild-bee's murmuring,  
They settled over each blossoming thing,  
But sharpened into a deadly sting  
When dealing with empty empirics.

He could work such wildfire into his theme  
As to set their nerves to prickling,  
And daze them into the nightmare dream  
That a million metres of solar beam  
Were focussed into a half-inch stream  
And through their anatomy trickling !

So the ode was written. Oh cruelly rough !  
 Oh piercingly keen and provoking !  
 The critics all hailed it with " Good enough,"  
 But the old man styled it the wretchedest stuff,  
 And vowed that he " wasn't going to suff"  
 But here he was taken with choking.

He groaned a most unearthly groan  
 And began to look despairing.  
 Next morning they found him all alone,  
 Hanged by the neck and dead as a stone,  
 For rage, like love, is commonly prone  
 To end in some dire ensnaring.

The Delphic priesthood hallowed the verse  
 And hung it up over the altar.  
 'Twas sung to frighten the babe at nurse,  
 And grave historians stooped to rehearse  
 How a few strong lines of a poet's curse  
 Werc twisted into a halter !

---

There is no moral for modern times,  
 Young man, in a tale so tragic.  
 'Twould be the blackest of social crimes  
 To taunt her papa with the jingle of rhymes,  
 But tickle his ear with the jingle of dimes,  
 And 'twill act on his heart like magic !

*RECONSTRUCTION.*


---

IMPROMPTU AT A MEETING OF THE DIRECTORS OF A  
CERTAIN JOINT STOCK COMPANY.

---

THE scriptures affirm when a man has got through  
With the demon by which he was haunted and curst,  
Then ships him with seven other demons anew,  
The last situation is worse than the first.

The truth of that text I have reason to know.  
My board of directors again is enrolled,  
Composed of the mystical seven, and lo !  
The new set of devils are worse than the old.

---

*NERO II.*


---

[These stanzas were sent to an ancient teacher, of great self-importance, who having through carelessness, burned down a new school house, wrote to the papers an account of the disaster, bewailing the loss of his own "terrestrial globe and valuable Latin works which could not be replaced." He had once been suspended for being over fond of the violin.]

DESPITE the terrors of your frown,  
Despite your threatened lashes,  
An urchin, then, has brought you down  
To sackcloth and to ashes.

That cruel flame, which knew no law  
When this old world was younger,  
Still lies in wait for men of straw  
To satisfy its hunger.

Such ruin fell but once before :  
 Old Nero twanged his fiddle  
 When Rome, red-ripe from husk to core,  
 Was hissing like a griddle,

With flames which did her marrow melt  
 And into bone-dust crackle  
 The wall that to the savage Celt  
 Flung back their answering cackle.

It seized the conqueror's side-tracked car,  
 And climbed the upper story :  
 It made the old S. P. Q. R.\*  
 Sure-Pop. Quick Road to glory !

It ran the golden chair to dross  
 Which bloated Lollio sat in,  
 And lank Orbilius mourned the loss  
 Of all except his Latin.

Fate folded up that fiery robe  
 To wrap it second-handed  
 Around the whole terrestrial globe  
 Which you alone commanded.

And like the bolts Jove used to launch  
 With direful consequences,  
 It burned your Latin, root and branch,  
 Prefixes and pretences.

---

\* The letters in the Roman standard, for *Senatus populus-que Romani*, that is, the senate and people of Rome.



Henceforth within some rural grot  
 The banished muse must lull us ;  
 Since you have made the town too hot  
 For Ovid and Catullus.

Alas for learning, when her torch,  
 That warmth and light afforded,  
 Must to a blackened cinder scorch  
 The temple where she boarded !

And oh what poignant sorrow lurks  
 Within this sad reflection :  
 The martyrdom of heathen works  
 Can have no resurrection !

I've heard of words congealed by frost  
 In polar air that hovered,  
 But tongues by burning ash-tubs lost  
 Can never be recovered.

Yet fate propounds a golden rule  
 For every tribulation,—  
 (Except for those still keeping school)  
 The law of compensation.

Fame's temple must be widened now  
 By two more fire-new niches,  
 Since you and Dame O'Leary's cow\*  
 Are added to its riches !

---

\* The cause of the great Chicago fire.

*SAILING IN SUMMER.*

---

IMPELLED by sails in steady trim  
And strength of limb,  
As gaily o'er the tide we skim  
As through the air, the swallow.

Old Nereus and the scaly train  
In his domain  
May ply their membrane fans in vain  
Our joyous course to follow.

The ash is pliant in our grip  
With measured dip,  
And curling like a maiden's lip  
When love may pass for scorning,

The tiny ripples dash astern,  
Then circling turn,  
As if enchanted to discern  
Our boat the waves adorning.

Now furl the sail, suspend the oar ;  
We touch the shore,  
Which summer reigns serenely o'er  
In undisturbed seclusion :

Here love might pitch his leafy tent  
On pleasure bent,  
With heaven's full and free consent—  
Without the world's intrusion.

*MY AMERICA.*  

---

Steure, muthiger Segler —*Schiller.*

AY, though the social martyr-stake  
Be planted for opinion's sake,  
It is not self-deceiving  
To hold, unawed, unrecompensed,  
Despite a thousand creeds incensed,  
One simple steadfast faith against  
A whole world unbelieving.

Before the true-souled Genoese  
There rolled the most unknown of seas.  
All other shipmen shunned it.  
Dark mystery on its outmost edge  
Lay like an adamantine hedge.  
His bold prow cleft it like a wedge,  
And found a world beyond it.

Thus must I too pursue alone  
A course peculiarly my own  
Far in the dangerous distance.  
I heed not warning, threat or sneer,  
While conscience whispers, Do not fear,  
For thy America is here,  
Or nowhere in existence.

*THE ORATOR.*—  
OLD SCHOOL.

OH what a rarity on earth is he  
 Who can command the full flood-tide of speech,  
 Which rolling on, resistless as the sea,  
 With grandest thunders marks its utmost reach!  
 In vain the drowsy dons essay to teach  
 The modulated yet impetuous swing  
 Of Athens' spokesman standing to impeach  
 The foxy motives of the Emathian king!—  
 That has the perfect pitch, that has the rousing ring.

Yes, proudest of the proud Hellenic arts  
 Was eloquence, when Athens gifted son  
 With lofty speech could fire ten thousand hearts  
 And make them in their fury beat as one.  
 Each rounded period—not too finely spun—  
 Gleamed fiercely as a falchion from its sheath;  
 And Philip, ere the day on which Bull Run\*  
 Was antetyped on Chæronea's heath,  
 Even Philip feared that tongue more than the  
 dragon's teeth.

---

\* The place of the first encounter between the Union and the Confederate forces in the great Southern rebellion. The stampede of the former was notorious. The route of the Greeks at the battle of Chæronea, which made the power of Philip supreme, was not less complete.

Again, behold the greatest Roman stand  
 In the dense forum or the senate room ;  
 His words more dexterous than the headsman's hand  
 To strip the dark-souled traitor for his doom.  
 His mighty breath fanned into lasting bloom  
 The name of some whom no one else would praise,  
 And blasted Verres' fortunes. But the gloom  
 Of exile fell. He fled between two days,  
 And from the closing scene we turn away our gaze !

Who now can speak with such sublime effect ?  
 Or where can such true eloquence be heard ?  
 The heart uniting with the intellect,  
 A passion and a purpose in each word,  
 Till all the listening energies are stirred  
 And firmly centred in the coming deed,  
 Though danger, death, destruction be incurred,  
 The high, the low rise, answering to the need  
 Of men, heroic men, to follow and to lead !

## NEW SCHOOL.

**MAKE** way there, Tully and Demosthenes !  
 And let that candidate in broadcloth coat,  
 (Which can be turned, as often as ye please,)  
 Usurp the rostrum and unvalve his throat !  
 Not to fight Philip, but to win a vote  
 He storms the startled air with tongue and fist.  
 Has that man brains ?—No, but he has a note  
 For fifty dollars on his private list—  
 That is the eloquence few moderns can resist.

Behold the preacher, who from foreign soil  
 Digs up a subject of the buried past,  
 Its fossil joints worked smooth with midnight oil  
 And polished like a stately plaster cast—  
 Some warrior, laying with a ram's-horn blast  
 In shapeless heaps a wicked city's walls ;  
 And so he batters nature till at last  
 Her sweet restorer on his audience falls—  
 That is the eloquence which earns the highest calls !

---

*AGARISTE.*

---

(EXTRACT FROM A SUPPRESSED POEM.)

---

\* \* \* \* \*

HER face, with youth and animation glowing,  
 Was like the sea-shell delicately tinted ;  
 Her tresses, in their natural freedom flowing,  
 More golden than the royal fillets glinted.  
 Nought but an angel's pure caress had printed  
 The cunning dimples in each laughing cheek  
 Where all the loves were playing hide and seek.

Even such a jewel shone before their eyes ;  
 Enough to make the saintliest man forget  
 His home on earth and that beyond the skies,  
 Or barter both without the least regret,  
 Or pawn a mitre or a coronet  
 To purchase what?—a rapturous gasp—a kiss,  
 Which must be stolen to yield its perfect bliss.

Oh blessed madness ! envied, blamed and pitied,  
 If sober judgment does not call a halt,  
 After the happy culprit has committed  
 A thousand follies to one graver fault.  
 Sure, love was given in order to exalt  
 Our fallen natures with its heavenly glow,  
 But ah ! how oft it lays our best hopes low !

Still, it attains the goal for which it panted ;  
 And how exultant in life's fervid season  
 Its crimson banner is unfurled and planted,  
 Passion rebelling 'gainst imperial reason.  
 What shall we term it ? High and holy treason,  
 Which conquers and then peoples its domain  
 With several thousands for each thousand slain !

---

*NOCTURNE.*

---

THE fields and meadows lie forsaken,  
 In stillest midnight they repose.  
 My better life begins to waken,  
 The desert blossoms like the rose.

The stormy passions now are sleeping,  
 With every thought that is not good ;  
 While heaven o'er silent earth is keeping  
 The starry bond of brotherhood.

Here in my humble study seated  
 Where sheds the lamp its friendly light,  
 The search for truth seems half completed ;  
 The heart discovers what is right.

Here reason low but clear is speaking.  
 Hope plumes again its cherub wing,  
 And, not in vain, the soul is seeking  
 Fresh life at its perennial spring.

---

Alas ! almost as soon as tasted,  
 The fount of peace is dried and wasted.  
 My new-born energy has slackened,  
 My lips with thirst are parched and blackened ;  
 Dear God ! what fearful alternation !  
 My steps, so near the skies attaining,  
 The flowerless, flinty earth is paining—  
 So falls my fairest expectation !

Cold moon, thou lost illumined child  
 Of earth, that scorn'st the misty air,  
 Thy brow is still serenely mild,  
 But neither warmth nor life is there.  
 How like the student in despair !—  
 How like, and yet how different,  
 For thou canst wander everywhere,  
 While he is fettered to a chair,  
 And in a gloomy dungeon pent !



*TO FLOAREA.*  

---

ON roseate pinions came the lusty morn  
The blushing flowers to woo ;  
And in that hour, one blissful thought was born,  
One fair ideal did my song adorn,  
And that was you.

The sun, ascending to his summer height,  
A glory round me threw.  
My spirit, revelling in warmth and light,  
To one dear object only took its flight,  
And that was you.

When dewy evening over hill and plain  
In grateful silence drew,  
I only saw, amid the twilight's wane,  
One picture dominating heart and brain,  
And that was you.

When from the East night's deepening shadows flocked,  
A vision on me grew  
Of being in a maid's embraces locked,  
And on her breast to heavenly slumbers rocked,  
And that was you.

The sweet delusion fled with too much haste,  
But we can make it true :  
Oh let me, while awake, that rapture taste,  
And I shall know, in pressing lip and waist,  
That it is you !

*THE TOKEN.*

---

WRITTEN BY FLOAREA IN ONE OF THE AUTHOR'S BOOKS.

---

L'AMANT que j' adore  
Prêt à me quitter,  
D'un instant encore  
Voudrait profiter.

Félicité vaine,  
Qu' on ne peut saisir ;  
Trop près de la peine  
Pour être un plaisir !

---

The man I adore  
Being ready to leave,  
Just one token more  
Of my love would receive.

Oh happiness vain,  
In a moment destroyed !  
Too near unto pain,  
To be fully enjoyed !

*RESPONSE.*

OH no, it was not all in vain ;  
 The happiness was fleet,  
 But 'twas the near approach of pain  
 Which made it doubly sweet.

The winter winds blew cold and bleak  
 Across the fields of snow ;  
 They could not banish from her cheek  
 Affection's vivid glow.

Her hair in many a silken mesh  
 About my neck was blown,  
 But closer \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \*

And yet there flowed more lasting bliss  
 From love's delicious wine :  
 The soul, transfused through that warm kiss,  
 Is still inspiring mine.

*THE FAITHLESS FLOAREA.*

“Chante, rossignol. chante,  
Toi, qui es toujours gai.”

SING on, O little bird ;  
Pour forth those notes divine,  
It suits thee to be gay,  
While I in sadness pine.

It suits thee to be gay  
While I in sadness pine.  
Thou hailest now the ray  
Which I have seen decline.

Thou hailest now the ray  
Which I have seen decline.  
My mistress is estranged,  
But for no fault of mine.

My mistress is estranged,  
But for no fault of mine :  
Because for some one else  
I did a wreath entwine.

Because for some one else  
I did a wreath entwine—  
I wish those faded flowers  
Were growing on their vine.

I wish those faded flowers  
Were growing on their vine,  
And that my mistress' heart  
Were joined as close to mine !

*FAREWELL TO FLOAREA.*

---

Not one brief month has flitted by  
    Since love awakened from delusion ;  
Indeed the ink is scarcely dry  
    Upon its last refined effusion !

Yet the perpetual vows we swore  
    With such luxuriant wealth of diction  
Read like a page of ancient lore  
    Writ in the style of modern fiction.

How strange that late—so very late—  
    A point, though slightly stretched, would screen us,  
And now the period seems as great  
    As is the yawning gulf between us !

How curious that the merest chance  
    Involved me in a dream so deeply—  
A sort of yellow-leaved romance,  
    That cost too dear, though offered cheaply.

Our choicest feelings, pleased and pained,  
    Long underwent the sorest tension,  
And, struggling for expression strained,  
    The last resources of invention.

My phrases worshipped on their knees,  
    While yours, more heavenly, took to flying,  
Like seraph bands that soar at ease,  
    With all the natural grace of lying.

The little naked god, of whom  
The amorous Greeks were wont to fable,  
Forsaking fields of vernal bloom,  
Besieged me at the dinner table.

Although his wings were hid from view—  
The hour, indeed, was somewhat prosy—  
I recognised his proper hue  
Which Milton calls celestial rosy.\*

Ours was a most ethereal feast  
That pampered up our ghostly tenants  
Without the blessing of the priest,  
But kept our bodies doing penance—

A festival which might uncork  
The best that ever won the laurel,  
But, like the dinner of the stork,  
It yielded nothing but a moral :

Your poet learned that nature's harp  
Has yet untested sweeps and ranges ;  
That she can shift from flat to sharp,  
And ring the most astounding changes.

His planetary soul, that spins  
In endless cycles, glowing, warming,  
Through the bright zodiac of sins,  
Is never wholly past reforming.

---

\*blushing

Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.--*Paradise Lost.*

Unlike the earth, which could not live  
Without the charm the sun has lent her,  
He wastes the warmth he has to give,  
Revolving round a common centre.

But when some new repellent force  
Has snapped the golden chains asunder,  
He safely steers a tangent course  
And sets the co-sine down a blunder.

And though at first it bites like grief,  
This sudden frosty change of season,  
There comes a feeling of relief  
In lapsing from romance to reason.

Each hour that you were out of sight  
Was like a glacial period reckoned,  
And 'twas the longest Lapland night  
To do without you half a second.

But since we fall on April days  
With such capricious freaks of weather,  
I may, by fast and prayer and praise  
Even do without you altogether !

*THE HOLOCAUST.*

## FLOAREA'S LOVE LETTERS BURNED.

THOSE letters, innocently bold  
In all their tender yearning,  
Must now be tried like virgin gold ;  
Yea, let this mass of wealth untold  
Be purified by burning.

There lies the substance and the sum  
Of deathless love recorded !  
'Tis not the first time faith has come  
From lock and key to martyrdom  
And gone to get rewarded.

Its body in the fire must die  
Without a drop to drench it.  
The flame must riot red and high :  
The tear founts' rather scant supply  
Can lend no aid to quench it.

That sweet, confiding, melting style,  
Oh how I once enjoyed it !  
Now, as I light the funeral pile  
It would be sacrilege to smile,  
Yet how can I avoid it !



The smile which I cannot control  
 Is less profane than stupid.  
 It issues from an honest soul  
 That sees its incense upward roll  
 As nonsense burned to Cupid.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust !  
 And now my heart is lighter.  
 Did not those traitorous scrolls combust,  
 They might some day betray my trust,  
 As did their pretty writer !

---

*THE FURIES OF THE FEAST.*

---

ONCE I read with boyish wonder  
 Deepening to romantic awe,  
 Of Æneas and his band  
 Voyaging slow towards Hesperland,  
 What mishaps they labored under,  
 And what prodigies they saw.

'Twas like looking on and seeing  
 Swelling sail and bending oar,  
 When they left the Thracian coast  
 Warned by Polydorus' ghost,  
 Or in consternation fleeing  
 From the pestilential shore.

I beheld their navies standing  
Through the storm that raved around  
Towards an island fair and green ;  
And anon the crews are seen  
In a sheltered haven landing,  
Drenched and worn, but safe and sound.

Glad from peril and from suffering  
To escape so well at last,  
Soon they pile the slaughtered game,  
Soon the turf-dressed altars flame—  
To the gods a grateful offering,  
Then a bountiful repast.

Hark ! a sound like thunder's muttering  
Spreads along the darkened skies !  
'Tis the Harpies' monster brood ;  
Flocking at the scent of food,  
Down they swoop with fiercest fluttering  
And a burst of hideous cries.

Harpies ! more abhorrent creatures  
Never did man's peace assail :  
Winged and armed with crooked claws,  
Filling, emptying their maws  
Both at once—their flaccid features  
With eternal hunger pale !

And the Trojans, terror stricken,  
Huddle into shivering groups ;  
They, who on Scamander's banks  
Broke the serried Grecian ranks,  
Now are timid as the chicken  
When the pirate falcon swoops.

From the pests no place secure is,  
Not the cove o'erhung with trees ;  
Thither, as the Trojan crew  
Seek their banquet to renew,  
Rush the semi-human furies  
And th' untasted viands seize.

Fight them ! At the signal sounded,  
Hissing flies the arrowy hail,  
To the mark all vainly sent.  
Swords are dented, javelins bent,  
Arrows blunted and rebounded  
As from off thrice-proven mail.

Launch again the shattered shipping,  
Let the cursed island sink !  
All on board confusedly leap,  
Loose their sails and tempt the deep,  
Trembling till the isle is dipping  
'Neath the far horizon's brink.

Such the legend weirdly charming,  
Which Virgilius Maro sings ;  
But the sapient Pecksniff Smith  
Says the Harpies are a myth,  
For in reading and in farming  
He has never met such things.

Shall old fame be contradicted ?  
True, the fires of song are spent,  
But the Harpies still survive,  
Propagate their breed and thrive,  
Not to one lone isle restricted,  
Nor the eastern continent.

Floods of scorn with laughter rippled,  
 Diamond-pointed darts of wit  
 Never daunt them in the least ;  
 Still they fasten on the feast,  
 And, instead of being crippled,  
 Never know that they are hit !

Better face the warring weather,  
 North and South and West and East ;  
 Better Syrtis, shifting grounds,  
 Better Scylla's barking hounds—  
 Better all of them together  
 Than one fury of the feast !

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*TROY AFLOAT.*

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ADVERTISEMENT.

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In these pages my aim was to give, as nearly as possible, a literal translation of the third book of Virgil's *Æneid*. I began the work in boyhood, and abandoned it when, on becoming better acquainted with the Latin language, I realised my inability to perform the task. The following is part of the story related by *Æneas*, the leader of the exiled Trojans, to Dido, queen of Carthage.

---

After it pleased the gods to overthrow  
 The power of Asia and the race of Priam,—  
 Unmerited their doom—when Ilium fell  
 And all Neptunian Troy smoked on the ground ;  
 To distant exile and to desert shores  
 Directed by the gods, we build a fleet  
 Close by Antandros, 'neath the Phrygian hills,

And knowing not where fate may bid us rest,  
Collect our men. 'Twas early summer time ;  
My sire Anchises bade the sails be set ;  
With tears we leave the coasts and those dear fields  
Where Troy once stood. An exile sailed I forth  
With but my son, my comrades and the gods.  
There is a far off land whose ample fields  
The Thracians till, once 'neath Lycurgus' laws ;  
Friendly to Troy, and holding kindred faith,  
While happier days were ours. I thither steer,  
And on the curving shore, though fate opposed  
I lay the first foundations of a city,  
And from my name Æneadæ call the place.  
To my Dionean mother and the powers,  
Who looked auspicious on my work begun,  
I sacrificed ; and to the king of heaven  
I slew upon the strand the struggling bull.  
It chanced a mound was near, upon whose top  
The cornel twigs grew close, and myrtle shoots  
Rose thickly-clustering, all like pointed spears.  
I went, and strove to pluck up from the ground  
The verdant laurel-wood that I might deck  
The altar with its fresh and leafy boughs,  
When lo ! a wonder fearful to relate !  
For, from the torn roots of the sprig first plucked  
Oozed slowly forth and fell dark drops of blood  
And stained the earth with gore. A shudder seized  
My limbs, and chilly horror froze my veins !  
Again I plucked another tender shoot  
The hidden and mysterious cause to find ;  
Again from out the bark the black blood streamed.

In wonder deep, I prayed the woodland nymphs  
And father Mars, who o'er those fields presides,  
That they might turn this prodigy to good.  
Then for the third time did I seize a shoot,  
Bending, for stronger grasp, my knees to earth.  
(Shall I proceed?) A deep groan from the mound  
Arose, and thus a voice my ears bespake :  
“ Why tear a wretch, Æneas? Spare the dead,  
Nor sully pious hands. To thee in Troy,  
I was no stranger ; and this blood is mine.  
Oh fly this cruel land, this greedy shore !  
For I am Polydorus. Here transfixed,  
This iron growth of arrows covered me  
And grew in course of time to pointed spears.”  
Then, all bewildered with perplexing fears  
I stood, with stiffening hair and powerless tongue.  
This Polydorus, with vast stores of gold,  
Had been confided by his father Priam  
Unto the Thracian king to be brought up,  
When first the Dardan arms began to yield,  
And when the foe our city held besieged.  
His host, when fortune left the Teucrian arms  
And followed Agamemnon's conquering bands,  
Broke all restraint, and, murdering Polydorus,  
Seized on his wealth. (What will not mortals do  
Through cursed thirst of gold?) My dread subsiding,  
To our elected chiefs—my father first—  
I tell this miracle and ask their minds.  
All counsel me to leave this wicked land  
And spread our canvas to the southern gales.

But first we celebrate the funeral rites  
 Of Polydorus, heaping for his tomb  
 A goodly mound, with altars to his shade ;  
 The Trojan ladies mournful gather round  
 With sombre fillets and sad cypress crowned,  
 And with loose-flowing locks, in manner due.  
 Then bring we cups of warm and foaming milk  
 And bowls with blood of recent victims filled ;  
 We lay his soul to rest within the tomb,  
 And with united voice bid him farewell.

Soon as the deep assumed a safer look,  
 O'er its smooth waves the south winds rustling soft,  
 My comrades launch our navies from the beach.  
 Forward we move—town, shore and hills recede.

In mid sea lies a very pleasant isle  
 Sacred to Neptune and the Nereids,  
 Which, floating long around the shores and coasts,  
 The god who bears the bow first stationed firm,  
 To high Gyarus and Myconus bound  
 Immovable to mock the burly winds.  
 Arriving there, its placid haven received  
 Our wearied crews. Landing, we venerate  
 The city of Apollo, while the king,  
 Anius,—both king of men and priest of Phœbus—  
 His temples wreathed with sacred bays, drew near  
 And recognised an old friend in Anchises.  
 We join right hands, and enter 'neath the roof.  
 I reverence deep the temple of the gods,  
 The sacred fane, of ancient stones constructed.  
 O Thymbrian Apollo ! grant, I cried,  
 A dwelling for our own ; grant sheltering walls,—

A race and lasting city. Oh preserve  
 This second Pergamus of Troy, escaped  
 The Grecian sword and furious Achilles.  
 Whom shall we follow? whither go? or where  
 Fix our abode? O father, deign  
 To send an omen and direct our minds!

Scarce had I spoke, when suddenly all things  
 Began to tremble, doors and sacred laurels,  
 And even the mountain, while a murmuring sound  
 The tripod gave, in its recess disclosed.  
 Humbly we bow to earth and hear this voice:  
 "Ye brave Dardanians, that same land which bore  
 Your parent race, shall to her joyous breast  
 Receive you back; your ancient mother seek;  
 Then shall th' Ænean line extend its rule,  
 Your children's children and their progeny."  
 Thus Phœbus, and a mighty shout of joy  
 Arose; and all inquire what land is meant,  
 Or whither Phœbus would our wanderings lead.  
 My sire, then, thinking on the legends old,  
 Cried, "Hear, ye chiefs, and learn your future hopes!  
 In ocean lies the Cretan isle of Jove,—  
 Mount Ida there, the cradle of our race.  
 This fertile realm a hundred cities holds;  
 Thence Father Teucer, our great ancestor,  
 If memory serves, first sought the Rhœtian coast  
 And fixed his kingdom. Ilium was not yet,  
 Nor towery Pergamus; men dwelt in valleys low.  
 Thence Cybele, the mother goddess, and  
 The brazen cymbals of the Corybantes  
 And the Idæan grove; hence, too, those rites,



Mysterious, faithful kept, and the yoked lions  
 That drew the splendid chariot of the queen.  
 The gods direct us, therefore let us go,  
 Appease the winds and seek the Gnosian realm.  
 Nor is it distant: if Jove will, our fleet  
 Shall on the third morn touch the Cretan strand."

Thus spoke he, and upon the altars slew  
 The usual victims, offering first a bull  
 To Neptune, and another to Apollo ;  
 A black sheep to the scowling storm-wind, and  
 A white one to the mild propitious zephyrs.

Report said that the chief, Idomeneus,  
 Expelled the kingdom of his sire, had left  
 All uninhabited the shores of Crete ;  
 Its tenantless abodes no foemen held.  
 We leave th' Ortygian port, and o'er the sea  
 We speed, along the coast of Naxos where  
 Each hill-top echoes to the sport of Bacchus ;  
 Past the fair shores of green Donysa, past  
 Olearos and Paros' snow-white cliffs,  
 The Cyclades, all scattered o'er the main,  
 And through unnumbered straits thick-sown with isles.  
 The seamen gaily sing amid their duties ;  
 Cheerful we seek our own ancestral Crete ;  
 A favoring wind our onward course still urges,  
 And soon we reach the old Curetan land.

Then eagerly I set about to build  
 A city which I re-name Pergamea ;  
 My people, whom the name pleased, I exhort  
 To love their homes and rear a citadel.  
 Now were our ships drawn mostly on the beach,

Our youth engaged in tilling their new fields  
And choosing wives ; I gave them laws, and fixed  
Their portions of the land ; when suddenly  
From the infected skies, a pestilence,  
Most dire and greivous, fell on men and trees  
And on our crops—a season fraught with death.  
Men died or dragged their feeble frames around ;  
The dogstar also scorched our barren fields ;  
All green things withered, and the sickly crop  
Refused us food. My sire advised to cross  
The sea again, and at th' Ortygian shrine  
Implore great Phœbus to remit our fault,  
To show our weary journey's end, what aid  
Our toils should have, and whither we should turn.

'Twas night, and slumber soothed all living things :  
The imaged gods and the penates brought  
With me from 'midst the ashes of old Troy  
Rose on my vision while in sleep I lay,  
Seen clearly in the paley light which streamed  
From the full moon through windows in the wall.  
And thus they seemed to speak and soothe my cares :  
“That which Apollo would have told thee when  
Thou left'st Ortygia, he repeats, unasked,  
And lo ! he sends us hither to thy house.  
We, who have followed both thee and thy arms  
Since fair Dardania blazed ; we, who have crossed  
With thee and in thy ships the swelling deep,  
Will raise even to the stars thy future sons  
And give thy city power. Thou shalt prepare  
For a great race ; yet must thou wander long.  
Change this abode. Apollo bids thee not  
To settle on these shores, nor yet in Crete.

There is a land (called by the Greeks Hesperia),  
 An old land, strong in arms and rich in soil :  
 Th' Enotriens dwelt there once, but moderns call  
 The present race Italians, from their chief.  
 Those are our seats, and thence Dardanus rose,  
 And Father Iasus. from which prince ye sprang.  
 Therefore arise, and to thy aged sire  
 This sure announcement tell. Then let him seek  
 Corythus and the Ausonian land, for Jove  
 Denies to thee the fair Dictæan fields."

Moved by this vision and the voice of gods  
 (It was no dream, for I appeared to see  
 Their faces and their wreath-encircled hair,  
 And all their features plain before my view,  
 While chilly drops upon all my forehead stood)  
 Up from my couch I sprang, with lifted voice  
 And hands to heaven ; then pour I mingled gifts  
 Upon the hearth. This glad devotion done,  
 I told Anchises all in full detail.  
 He knew the race, from its twin sources sprung,  
 And owned himself misled by modern fame  
 Concerning ancient places. Then he said :  
 " Son, by the destines of Troy controlled,  
 Cassandra sang to me those very things.  
 I recollect that these things were foretold  
 Unto our race, and that those realms were called  
 Sometimes Hesperia, sometimes Italy.  
 But who then thought that to the Hesperian shores  
 The Teucrians were to come ? or who was moved  
 By fair Cassandra, as a prophetess ?  
 Yield we to Phœbus then, and thus advised

A better course pursue." He said, and we  
With glad alacrity his voice obey.  
Leaving our settlement and some few men,  
We spread our sails, and in our hollow barks  
Speed o'er the boundless deep.—

Our ships were out at sea ; no longer land  
Was seen, but sky above and waves around ;  
When o'er our masts a gloomy storm-cloud hung  
With tempest charged ; the darkened sea grew rough  
The winds piled up the rolling waves, and huge  
The billows rose ; all scattered, we were driven  
O'er the wide surface of the boiling main.  
The clouds wrapped in the sun, damp night obscured  
The heavens, fierce lightnings burst the sullen clouds.  
Far from our course we stray on seas unknown.  
Even Palinurus could no longer tell  
The day from night or ascertain the way.  
Thus sailed we, in blind darkness, on the deep  
During three sunless days, three starless nights ;  
At length on the fourth morn the land was seen,  
With distant rising hills and curling smoke.  
We lower the sails and grasp the oars ; in haste,  
The sailors, with their vigorous strokes, turn up  
The foaming brine and sweep the azure plain.  
The Strophades received us to their shores,  
Saved from the waves : these islands called  
In Greek the Strophades, rise boldly in  
The great Ionian sea ; here dire Cæno  
And other Harpies dwell, since Phineus' house  
Was closed against them, and through terror, they  
Were forced their former tables to abandon.

No monster dread as they, no fiercer pest  
Can rear its head above the Stygian flood :  
Huge birds with female faces, and with hands  
Like claws ; their fearful visages are pale  
With lasting hunger.—

When we the harbor here had entered, lo !  
Spread o'er the plains we saw the goodly herds  
And flocks of goats that browsed at will the grass.  
We give them chase, and vow to offer up  
A portion of the game to Jove himself  
And to the other gods. Then on the beach  
We strew our couches and commence our feast.  
But sudden, with a fierce swoop from the hills,  
The Harpies come, and flapping loud their wings,  
Seize on our viands with their loathsome clutch,  
While 'mid the foul stench rise their hideous cries.  
Again far off, beneath a shelving rock  
Shut in by thickest trees and gloomy shades,  
We lay our tables and our altar fires.  
Again, swift swarming from their lurking place,  
The noisy flock with piercing claws surround  
The feast, polluting everything they touch.  
I order now my men to grasp their arms,  
And wage strange warfare with the brood accurst.  
Tis done : they hide their swords among the grass,  
And carefully conceal their shields from sight.  
Then, as again the Harpies downward glide,  
Their pinions sounding o'er the curving strand,  
Misenus gives the signal by a blast  
Upon a trumpet, from his look-out high.  
My comrades rise, and in close fight engage

With naked steel those vile birds of the sea,  
But not the slightest wound in wing or breast  
Do these receive, but soaring high in air,  
Leave their rank traces on our feast despoiled.  
Then by herself upon a lofty rock  
Celæno perched, and cried with ominous croak :  
“Spawn of Laomedon ! suffices not  
Our slaughtered herds, but will ye war on us,  
And drive us, harmless, from our rightful seats ?  
Let these, my words, sink deep into your souls :  
What the almighty father first disclosed  
To Phœbus, and the latter showed to me,  
I, foremost of the furies, tell to you.  
Ye seek the Italian coast ; the winds, implored,  
At length may suffer you to reach its ports ;  
Yet ere ye gird with walls the destined city,  
Fierce famine, for the injury done to us,  
Shall force your bands to gnaw with wolfish teeth  
Their very tables, in default of food !”—

*TRANSLATIONS.*

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*GLORY.*

---

FROM THE FRENCH OF LA MARTINE.

---

YE generous favorites of the heavenly muse,  
 Two different courses open on your view :  
 Glory and wealth invite ; ye wisely choose  
                   The nobler of the two.

Thy choice, O Manuel, was early fixed ;  
 Its promptings bade thine infant pulses leap.  
 But with thy glory woe is intermixed,  
                   And we behold thee weep !

Yet blush to envy, as a thing of worth,  
 That sterile ease which sluggish souls desire.  
 To them belong the treasures of the earth,  
                   To us belongs the lyre.

Thy country is the world, the centuries thine ;  
 For when this generation is no more,  
 Successive ages, at the golden shrine,  
                   Thy memory shall adore.

Yes, glory waits thee. But how hardly, and  
 At what a cost her sacred court we gain !  
 See dire misfortune at the portal stand  
                   To dash our joy with pain.

Heartless Ionia saw her mighty bard—  
Stooping with blindness and the weight of years—  
Hold in his wasted hand (oh sad reward!)  
A breadcrust wet with tears!

Then think of Dante—proudest of his race—  
Begging an alms, his latest refuge gone,  
His spirit tortured till his once sweet face  
Grew fierce to look upon.

And Tasso, burning with a fatal flame,  
In prison dreamed of beauty and renown;  
His brows received too late the wreath of fame,  
And were too soon crushed down.

See pale Cervantes crouching on his knees  
Within a dungeon, feeble, stricken, maimed,  
His genial humor which a world could please,  
The dull king's wrath inflamed.

How many victims live from hope apart,  
Striving with fate or with some tyrant's will!  
Dear God! it seems as if the greatest heart  
Were doomed to deepest ill.

Yet silence every murmur of the lyre;  
Let weaker spirits wail their lot forlorn.  
Thee, crownless king, such injuries should inspire  
With strength and lofty scorn.



Be like the eagle, that sublimely soars,  
Piercing all space with strong, undaunted eyes ;  
When round his native cliff the thunder roars,  
    He seeks the upper skies.

What matter if their barbarous decree  
To foreign shores devote thy weary tread ?  
What matter if the desert sands should be  
    Thy last intended bed ?

Nor chains, nor exile, nor the despot's rage  
Can quench the ardor of a noble mind.  
Lisbon shall claim the eternal heritage  
    Thy genius leaves behind.

Thou to a nation's love shalt be restored—  
Athens her banished patriot did recall :  
When Coriolanus fell, the Roman sword  
    Was first to avenge his fall.

And gentle Ovid, though he died exiled,  
With suppliant hands stretched towards his distant  
    home,  
Bequeathed his ashes to the Scythian wild,  
    His glorious song to Rome !

*THE DYING POET.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF MILLEVOYE.

THE poet sang : his lamp burned low  
The shadows deepened in his room,  
As listening to these notes of woe,  
Which stirred the midnight's heart of gloom.

The flower of my life is all faded—  
Too early 'twas rent by the thorn ;  
My day has been darkly o'ershaded,  
And night follows close on the morn.

A strife betwixt passion and duty,  
A thirst for the wild and the free,  
A vision of wonderful beauty,  
A dream of things never to be ;

A landscape where broad-spreading meadows  
Were wooed by the amorous skies ;  
A desolate region of shadows  
Where hope grows bewildered and dies ;

A clear brook, whose dimples of gladness  
White lilies leaned over to kiss ;  
A turbid stream, whirling in madness  
Right over the fearful abyss.

A brief space of love and caresses—  
A moment that shook every trust ;  
An hour of remorse and distresses,  
Then downward to darkness and dust !

In a distant land there grows a tree  
By pleasure and by pale death haunted ;  
Sweet rest is fatal 'neath its boughs enchanted :  
Delight of love, that plant resembles thee.  
Thy mortal shade has waved o'er me,  
Where, lulled in treacherous repose,  
Fond wretch ! I well have merited these woes.

Break, lyre beloved ; thou canst not share  
With me the darksome vault and chill ;  
But all thy notes, once free as air,  
Must be forever hushed and still.  
Posterity may never own  
My name, when judging from her throne  
Renown that never fades ;  
As Egypt judged, in days of yore  
Fast by her lone lake's mystic shore,  
Her kings' departed shades.

And yet ye few with hearts sincere—  
Friends, ever firm and ever dear,  
My dying pain is less  
That some imperfect lays of mine  
You will preserve on mem'ry's shrine  
From cold forgetfulness.  
And you, with whom my soul was twined  
From childhood—lovely womankind !—  
Even now your features seem  
Before my wavering sight to glide  
Like sun-bright things in autumn-tide,  
Or like a morning dream.

Sweet phantoms ! come ; my shade demands  
 One last sad offering at your hands—  
 When generous spring, returning, weaves  
     The golden thread of lengthening days  
 Then, while the dewy twilight strays,  
 Come, strew upon my humble tomb  
 Fresh roses—flowers of briefest bloom—  
 As emblems of my early doom !—

The poet sang : as ceased the hymn,  
     His icy hand let fall the lyre.  
 His lamp, his life at once grew dim—  
     One moment saw them both expire.

---

*THE HERO'S BATTLE-PRAYER.*

---

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

---

FATHER, I call on thee !  
 Wrapt in the battle's fiery-bosomed cloud,  
 Amid its thunderbursts so fierce and loud,  
 Disposer of events, I call on thee  
     Father, thou leadest me.

Father, thou leadest me ;  
 And whether death or victory be mine,  
 I yield to the inscrutable design ;  
 According to thy will, so lead thou me.  
     And I acknowledge thee.

Yes, I acknowledge thee,  
Both in the spring-time's vivifying breath,  
And in the war-storm's sulphurous blast of death ;  
Great source of being, I acknowledge thee.  
Father, thou guardest me.

Father, thou guardest me,  
And to thy sovereign care my life I trust.  
Thou may'st reclaim it from the gory dust,  
For thine own purpose still Thou guardest me ;  
All praise give I to thee !

All praise give I to thee !  
Since, not for mad ambition's vain reward,  
But in a holy cause we draw the sword,  
Bid triumph chant a hymn of praise to thee.  
My God, and smile on me.

My God, smile thou on me,  
For freedom's sake ; and if my veins must flow  
To seal the deathless record—be it so.  
For freedom's sake, more dear than life to me,  
Father, I call on thee.

*CALUMNY.*

---

FROM THE FRENCH.

---

PUNISH calumny, ye kings ;  
For its poison breath  
Into peaceful places brings  
Trouble, strife and death !

How it seeks to blast the name  
Of dove-like innocence !  
'Gainst its sly, assassin aim  
Be a strong defence.

'Tis a monster in disguise,  
Covering hate with art ;  
On its tongue are honeyed lies—  
Murder in its heart.

Follow not its subtle course,  
Sown with specious flowers.  
In its footsteps comes remorse  
And the whole devours !

*WOMAN.*

FROM ANACREON.

GREAT nature, at time of creating, assigned  
Most suitable gifts to each various kind :  
A model of strength on the bull she conferr'd  
With a frontlet that crowned him the king of the herd.  
Then the lion came forth with a terrible dower—  
The union of majesty, fierceness and power.  
The timorous hare and the proud-prancing steed  
She fitted expressly for wonderful speed ;  
And she gave to the bird, with its plumage so fair,  
Those wings that can traverse the regions of air ;  
To the fish, fins and tail, that at will it might sweep  
For pastime or food through the limitless deep.  
On man she bestowed, for a dignified use,  
A mind that can pierce through the dark and abstruse,  
But when she formed woman—her crowning intent—  
Nature, finding such gifts as the first, had been spent,  
Endowed her with beauty's celestial charms,  
As the brightest and most irresistible arms.  
And the woman, to whom these sweet blessings belong,  
Can humble the haughty and vanquish the strong ;  
Controlling the wild, and refining the rude,  
One smile from her lips, and the world is subdued !

## TO ANNIE.

(See Horace's well known Ode to Pyrrha.)

COME, Annie, to my wish disclose  
 What stripling, decked with many a rose  
     The April air perfuming,  
 Now courts you 'neath the grotto's shade,  
 For whom those auburn locks you braid  
     So neatly unassuming.

Ah ! soon he'll mourn the broken vow,  
 And blame the gods who change allow  
     In words of solemn sweetness.  
 Wonder and grief shall fill his eyes  
 When rude waves heave and black storms rise  
     With unexpected fleetness.

He now believes you void of wiles,  
 All golden with enduring smiles,  
     All amiable and tender,  
 Nor yet suspects deceitful gales :  
 How wretched they with whom prevails  
     Your seeming placid splendor !

For me, the votive tablet shows  
 My pictured ship in safe repose—  
     An offering of devotion  
 To heaven, by whose kind aid I shaped  
 A wiser course, and death escaped  
     Upon love's treacherous ocean.\*

---

\* A man who had escaped perils on the ocean was bound to hang up in the temple a picture of his ship as a thank-offering to the sea-god.



*THE RICHEST RULER.*

---

FROM THE GERMAN.

---

SAT full many German princes  
In the imperial hall of Worms :  
Each his land, its wealth and numbers  
Boasted in exulting terms.

“Glorious,” spoke the kingly Saxon,  
“Is my land in wealth and might ;  
Every hill within its bosom  
Hoards a mine of silver bright !”

“Smiles my land in gay abundance,”  
Said the Elector from the Rhine ;  
“Golden grain in valleys growing—  
On the slopes, the blushing vine.”

“Giant cities, stately convents,”  
Ludwig of Bavaria cried,  
“Stand to prove I rule the grandest  
Realm in Germany so wide !”

Eberhard, the grey and bearded,  
Württemberg's beloved lord,  
Said, “My land has no great cities,  
No vast hills with silver stored.

“ Yet it holds some hidden treasures—  
 Not a man beneath my sway  
 But my head I might securely  
 On his lap confiding lay.”

Then the Saxon, the Bavarian  
 And the Rhenish prince declare :  
 “ Noble count, you are the richest  
 For your land has jewels rare ! ”

---

*THE WANDERING JEW.*

---

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

---

O CHRISTIAN ! nightly place for me  
 A cup of water at your door ;  
 I am that wanderer, doomed to be  
 The whirlwind's sport forevermore.  
 Not growing old through time so vast,  
 Its end my only hope forlorn ;  
 Each night I pray may be the last,  
 But ever comes the hated morn.  
     Ever, ever,  
 Turns the world and I am hurled,  
 On forever and forever !

While eighteen centuries have rolled,  
 O'er Greek and Roman grandeur gone,  
 O'er wrecks of mighty realms of old  
 The fearful whirlwind drives me on.

I've looked on good which did not thrive,  
While evil grew—a spreading tree—  
I've seen (the old world to survive)  
A new world rise from out the sea.  
Ever, ever, &c.

If 'neath the arbutus in flower,  
On grassy sward or by the wave,  
I seek to rest one little hour,  
I hear the furious whirlwind rave.  
What boots it that the sullen sky  
A moment wears its sombre vest?  
Could less than all eternity  
Afford from such a journey rest?  
Ever, ever, &c.

Ah ! many children, fair and gay  
As once were mine, my sight engage ;  
But while I glance upon their play,  
The whirlwind bursts with double rage.  
Ye aged men ! grieve not that time  
Bends earthward every hoary head.  
Look on those children—for my crime  
My foot upon their dust shall tread !  
Ever, ever, &c.

When of the walls where I was born,  
I find some trace—a crumbled mass—  
In vain I strive to stop and mourn,  
The sudden whirlwind bids me pass.

And cries a voice from out the gloom,  
 "Live on till all things cease to be !  
 Here sleep thy sires, but in their tomb  
 There is no place, no rest for thee !"  
 Ever, ever, &c.

With brutal jeers I did deride  
 The man-god in his agony—  
 I feel the ground beneath me glide,  
 Again the whirlwind seizes me !  
 O ye who feel not pity's touch  
 Go tremble at a doom so strange ;  
 Not wronged divinity so much  
 As human wrongs doth God avenge.  
 Ever, ever  
 Turns the world, and I am hurled,  
 On forever and forever.

---

*GENIUS.*

---

VICTOR HUGO.

---

Woe to that child of tenderness  
 Who in this world of fraud and force  
 Bears in his soul companionless  
 A ray from truth's eternal source !  
 Yes, woe ! for envy's venom'd tooth  
 Shall fasten on the unwary youth,  
 And like the fabled vulture dire,  
 As maddened by his happy song,  
 Torture the new Prometheus long  
 For having stolen the heavenly fire.

Or pleasure to his view reveals  
 Her charms to flatter and beguile ;  
 Well may he tremble when he feels  
 The power of that insidious smile.  
 Even as the glamored bird essays  
 To fly the serpent's glittering gaze  
 That lures the singer to destruction,  
 Awhile from bough to bough he flies  
 Irresolute, then yielding, dies  
 A victim to the bright seduction.

But if he compass his design  
 By forms of fadeless beauty led,—  
 If round his living brow they twine  
 The leaves which grow but for the dead,  
 Then, error, ignorance and hate—  
 Unholy traitors—lie in wait  
 To make the fond enthusiast falter ;  
 Even fame, his goddess, does not spare ;  
 She leads him to her temple fair  
 And immolates him on her altar.

Yet though misfortune ever kept  
 In store for such the scourge and chain,  
 Who would not joyously accept  
 Bright genius at the price of pain ?  
 What mortal, feeling through his frame  
 The thrill of that mysterious flame  
 Which lights afar the flood of time,  
 Would to the voice of caution hark,  
 And doubtful, think the future dark,  
 Whose very shadows are sublime ?

*HAPPINESS.*

---

FROM THE GERMAN.

---

A fleeting thing is happiness,  
It will not long remain ;  
But they follow afar  
Its delusive star  
To find increasing pain.

Lay you down on the fragrant sward  
And sing the sunny hour ;  
From the broad blue skies  
Your half-shut eyes  
May drink its silent power.

Then cherish it tenderly, secretly,  
And speak not of the charm,  
For song may allure  
A spirit pure  
That our common speech would alarm.

*THE BALLAD OF THE BODENSEE.*

---

SCHWAB.

---

(The tradition is that, during a winter of unusual severity in Switzerland, Lake Constance, (der Bodensee) was firmly frozen over, and that a traveller at nightfall, wishing to reach the opposite side, actually rode over the ice, mistaking its surface for a level plain.)

A HORSEMAN rides down the valley low  
In a glimmering wilderness of snow.

Through the cold deep drift he speeds away  
To reach the lake ere the close of day.

For his steed and he must be ferried o'er  
This very night to the farther shore.

Away over buried bush and stone,  
On a path untrodden, he rides alone.

The hill is past, and the level land  
Stretches white and wide, like a plain of sand.

Far, far behind him are hamlet and town,  
And his road leads neither up nor down.

And so for a mile or two he flies,  
While the snow-birds shriek in the dusky skies.

The startled black-ducks flutter around,  
But his ear can catch no other sound.

His eye can discern no living wight  
To guide his doubtful course aright.

At length through the slowly deepening night  
Shines out in the distance a twinkling light.

Then tree after tree the prospect fills,  
And beyond them faintly rise the hills.

Over stock and stone with eager speed  
He spurs more sharply his panting steed.

The watch-dogs soon at his coming bark,  
And the village hearth-fires gladden the dark.

“Ho there ! at the window, my little maid,  
How far is it hence to the lake ?” he said.

There was wonder on the maiden’s brow  
As she answered, “The lake is behind you now !

“And were it not for the ice afloat  
On its tide, I should think you were just from  
the boat.”

The stranger he shuddered, he breathed with pain.  
“I have ridden hither across yon plain.”

Then the maiden she lifted her hands and spake,  
“Great God ! you have ridden across the lake !

“You have dented the thin and brittle roof  
Of the bottomless pit with your horse’s hoof.



“ Did the water not gurgle beneath your track ?  
Did the ice give forth no warning crack ?

“ ’Twas a miracle doomed you not to sleep,  
The fishes’ prey, in the chilly deep.”

She rouses the village,—she calls aloud,  
And the staring people around him crowd.

They give him their blessing, each gossip and wife ;  
“ Dear man you may thank your stars for life !

“ Come in by the fire, the table is spread,  
You shall have the best of our beer and bread.”

But the horseman neither spoke nor stirred,  
“ Across the lake ” was all he had heard,

His heart stopped beating, his hair rose straight,  
Around him seemed yawning the jaws of fate.

He saw the floods beneath him gush,  
And his spirit sank in the icy crush.

A cold sweat drenched each powerless limb,  
His glaring eyes grew fixed and dim.

He fell from his horse—one gasp he gave,  
And that friendly shore was his frozen grave.

*SPRING SONG.*

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE earth reposes, and the chill  
Of winter lingers over all ;  
She is not dead, she slumbers still  
To wake at springtime's cheery call.

And as the babe, untouched with grief,  
Sleeps on the fond maternal breast,  
So sleep the embryo flower and leaf  
Encradled in their silken nest.

They dream of mild and fragrant air,  
Of jewelled eve and golden dawn ;  
They see, rejoicing everywhere,  
The deep green wood, the grassy lawn.

They hear the merry birds aloft,  
The brooklet close beside them, sing ;  
The butterflies caress them soft,  
The murmuring bees unto them cling.

Then ope the flowers their wondrous eyes  
To view the splendor far and near ;  
The glimmering dream that instant flies—  
Behold the spring already here.

*THE DESERTER'S FRIEND.*

---

FROM THE GERMAN.

---

THE drum's dull beat and the signal gun  
Announce the hour of the sentenced one.  
Oh hasten the deed for the dear Lord's sake—  
But let me not see it. My heart would break !

My comrade he, and my firmest friend  
From our first proud march till this awful end.  
Alas ! am I ordered among the rest  
For a deadly aim at his living breast ?

He lifts for a moment his last sad gaze ;  
His face is bright with the sun's soft rays.  
And see ! how they cruelly bandage his eyes.  
God open them quickly in Paradise !

Nine rifles sharp and shuddering speak ;  
Eight bullets have left each a bloody streak ;  
Not one of them in a fatal part,—  
Thank God, it was mine that pierced his heart !

*CUPID.*

FROM ANACREON.

CUPID, as he softly lay  
On a bed of roses gay,  
By a bee, concealed among  
The blushing flowers, was deeply stung.  
Wild with pain, he straight withdrew  
And to lovely Venus flew ;  
Wailing out in piteous cry  
Mother ! see, I faint, I die,  
For that little wingèd thing,—  
Insect with a serpent's sting,  
Called by shepherd swains a bee—  
Hath severely wounded me.  
Then with looks and accents mild  
Answered she the suffering child :  
If so slight a thing can give  
Anguish thus to make thee grieve,  
Think how feels the wretched heart  
Which thou piercest with thy dart.

*COUNTRY LIFE.*


---

 HORACE, EPÔDE II.
 

---

How blest, remote from business strife,  
 Is he who leads a quiet life,  
 As did our sires—the happy dwellers  
 In cots with large potato cellars,—  
 Entirely free from all the din  
 Of this eternal age of tin !  
 No fire-alarms disturb his sleep—  
 He has no venture on the deep ;  
 The midnight storm without may roar,  
 And hurl huge breakers on the shore,  
 They cannot even drown his snore !  
 The air he breathes is free from taint ;  
 He lives unknown to pride's restraint.  
 He wisely shuns the courts of law  
 As he would shun a tiger's paw.  
 He has no money to invest,  
 So never has a hollow chest ;—  
 He melts not down o'er cards and wine,  
 Nor heeds if shares and stocks decline.  
 With limbs inured to honest toil,  
 He cultivates paternal soil,  
 And many a busy hour devotes  
 To barley, turnips, beans and oats,  
 And sees his broad fields sprinkled over  
 And blushing rich with scented clover.

\* \* \* \* \*

*THE FRIGHTENED FAWN.*

---

IMITATION OF HORACE.

---

“*Vitas hinnuleo me similis,*” &c.

STAY, dearest, girl, nor longer shun  
His look whom thine has wholly won ;  
But tell me what the cause can be  
Why thus thou dost my presence flee.  
So flies the fawn from fancied ills  
To seek the lone and woody hills,  
And till her watchful parent's near,  
Will not relinquish idle fear.

And thou, while all secure from harm,  
Art just as quick to take alarm ;  
The fawn though danger be not found,  
Is frighted still by every sound :  
The slightest rustle of the trees,  
When moving to the fitful breeze  
Each little moment, makes her start  
With trembling limbs and beating heart.

Oh let my ravished eyes at least  
Upon thy peerless beauty feast  
Till thou had'st learned from vows as true  
As ever pure affection knew,  
To cast reserve and fears aside  
And in a manly heart confide.

*THE POWER OF THE POETS.*  

---

THIS is the rankest of heresies

    The world ever harbored : Who told her  
The poet's mission was only to please,  
With his rouge and his roses for fashion and ease,  
A creature whose milky veins would freeze  
    At a glimpse of her dread cold shoulder ?

The bard is no growth like the slender vine

    That graces a fashion journal,  
All delicate, dainty and tinted fine—  
But like the cedar, the oak and the pine,  
He rises to grandeur which may not shine,  
    But which, nevertheless, is eternal.

His touch on the lover's lute is light,

    But a stronger spirit teaches  
His hands to war and his fingers to fight,  
And his scorn to wither and blast and blight,  
And when he stands up in his wrath and his might,  
    God pity the king he impeaches !

He is not moulded by any school,

    Or marred by the critic's sentence ;  
His pen is the only efficient tool  
To file and polish the public fool,  
And carve the throne to a cutty stool  
    For a monarch's sore repentance.

How a guilty land from its luxury starts  
    When his warning note is sounded !  
In royal cities and crowded marts,  
His verses are javelins, arrows and darts  
Tipped with Greek fire,—his targets are hearts  
    And thousands fall down wounded !

The firmest heart and the finest brain  
    The holiest message carry ;  
And they hear a voice, like a deep refrain,  
Saying : “ Write the vision and make it plain,  
Then watch and wait ; it is not in vain,  
    It shall come ; it shall not tarry.”

Then the man, so strange to the common crowd,  
    Came forth from his desert-dwelling  
And shook false peace, as a thunder-cloud  
Shakes the languid air in its fury loud,  
To leave the earth with new life endowed  
    And with purer currents swelling.

Wide sovereignty does the poet wield  
    O'er every tribe and nation ;  
The truth to his ardent eyes revealed  
Is a fountain closed and volume sealed  
To men whose frittered lifetimes yield  
    But a moment's recreation.

Yes, there were giants in ancient Greece,  
    But the poet still governed each quarrel  
Concerning a crown or a golden fleece,  
And blood would flow or the combat cease  
As he counselled war or commanded peace,  
    For the sceptre was less than the laurel !



'Twas then Archilochus' fiery zeal  
 The foot of Iambus, shod with steel,  
     Invented that terrible measure,  
 For crushing the hydra with its heel,  
 Compared with which the screws and the wheel  
     Were a positive kind of pleasure.

And little Tyrtæus, at first ignored  
     In his countrymen's martial muster,  
 By the patriot fire through his idyls poured,  
 Gave a firmer front to their ranks restored,  
 A keener edge to the Attic sword—  
     To his name undying lustre.

When the banished Dante's resentment woke  
     And summoned the shadowy legions,  
 He reigned supreme—'neath his master-stroke  
 The purple robe and the scarlet cloak  
 And the capo cornuto all vanished in smoke.  
     Consigned to the lower regions.

Piers Plowman,\* tending his flocks in the dell,  
     Was a innocent object surely ;  
 But he chanted his rapt prophetic spell,  
 He flung one jeer and the giant fell,

---

\* Robert Langland, (1300,) wrote the *Visions of Piers Plowman*, a scathing satire on the religious orders. Those who have the gift, not of prophecy, but of discovery, think the suppression of the monasteries is foretold in these lines :

“ Then shall the abbot of Abingdon,  
 And all his issue forever,  
 Have a knock of a ring  
 And incurable the wound.”

And superstition was chased from her cell  
Where she long had lurked securely.  
Another thorn in the flesh of the clergy.

Young Skelton, too, when the sham devout  
For the uppermost seat was struggling,  
Right deftly laid the poetical knout  
On the sheep-skinned shoulders of Colin Clout,  
And turning his wolfish inside out,  
Abolished his pastoral juggling.

Such is the poet's legitimate dower,  
They are stupid who question it longer.  
But the graces never forsake his dower  
In his maddest moment or hottest hour,  
For, though his hate has a terrible power,  
His love is ten times stronger.

The world needs him now, and whether he springs  
From the race-stock of Japhet or Simeon,  
He shall come to his throne, not by blowing up kings,  
But by sending the truth through our deep bosom-  
strings,  
With his singing robes made of more beautiful things  
Than the filigree dress of Endymion.\*

---

\* Alluding to D'Israeli's fustian novel of that name, then lately published.

*NOEL—AN ODE.*

[A tradition fondly preserved in the early church set forth that about the time of the birth of Christ a mysterious lamentation for the god Pan was heard all over Greece one calm evening. This omen was explained to mean the speedy extinction of the old Olympian faith.]

## I.

## LAMENT OF THE MUSES.

PHŒBUS can no longer shimmered  
 On the smooth Ionian brine,  
 Pale the star of evening glimmered  
 Over Delphi's darkened shrine.

Hellas, beautiful as ever,  
 Brooded in that twilight still;  
 But the soul of high endeavor  
 Moved no more her nerveless will.

Then, like ghostly garments trailing,  
 All the purple air was stirred  
 By a mystic sound of wailing  
 Deeply felt, but faintly heard.

Downward from the eagle's eyrie,  
 Upward from the Nereid's cave,  
 Joined in concert weird and dreary  
 Mourning sky and murmuring wave.

Till the multitudinous city  
 And the solitary plain,  
 Touched with awe and moved by pity,  
 Echoed back the sad refrain :

Pan is dead ! The life once throbbing  
 With the beautiful, is fled !  
 All the myrtle groves are sobbing  
 Pan is dead, is dead, is dead !

Ai ! for every sweet wild measure  
 Which the smooth-limbed graces led !—  
 Hushed is every sound of pleasure—  
 Pan is dead, great Pan is dead !

Ai ! for jocund hours once strewing  
 Gaia's lap with roses red.  
 Black the cypress-shade is growing—  
 Pan is dead, is dead, is dead !

Ai ! for lips that used to warble  
 Songs for Psyche's nuptial bed  
 Cold and silent is the marble—  
 Pan is dead, great Pan is dead !

Ai ! for Hebe bright and cheerful  
 When the Olympian feast was spread,  
 Dim her eyes are now and tearful,  
 Pan is dead, is dead, is, dead !

Ruthless fate descends to banish  
 Golden days and glorious lives.  
 See, they falter, fail and vanish,  
 Leaden grief alone survives !

---

Long had the sylvan god reigned.  
 Empires had flourished and waned ;  
 Pan and Apollo remained.

Now was their glory withdrawn.  
 Now were they vanished and gone.  
 Blindly the days must roll on !

Men were bewildered—but some  
 Asked whence the hero should come—  
 Asked of their oracles dumb.  
 Only the bard understood  
 How the Most Beautiful should  
 Dawn and abide with the Good.

## II.

## ANTHEM OF THE ANGELS.

HARK ! a pæan that surpasses  
 What the stars of morning sung,  
 When they flamed in liquid masses  
 From the fount of glory flung.

Christ is born ! The simple peasants  
 On the lonely Syrian hill  
 Felt the everlasting presence  
 In the message of good-will.

Sinai's voice was superseded  
 By the volant choir of love  
 In that highest service, needed  
 By the lowly, from above.

Vainly golden censers, swinging,  
 Fed the placid skies with balm ;  
 Sweeter was the anthem bringing  
 To the troubled earth a calm.

Thrones had fallen, systems crumbled,  
 Fragile as the human clay ;  
 Brightest minds had groped and stumbled  
 Lacking love's divinest ray.

Now the hoary Eastern sages  
 Bade the nightly vigils cease,  
 As the altar-fires of ages  
 Paled before the dawn of peace.

And the rarest diamond-cluster  
 That imperial pomp adorns,  
 Lost the magic of its lustre  
 'Neath the cruel crown of thorns.

This fair triad still abideth  
 Faith and Hope and Charity  
 And for aye the last presideth  
 As the greatest of the three.

---

All the wild and wicked legions  
 Lurking still in fairest regions,  
 Startled, read their final summons  
 In the bright, auspicious omens,  
 Warning them to quit possession :

Heartless power and stern oppression,  
 Bigotry and superstition—  
 Grisly primates of perdition—  
 Private feud and public quarrel,  
 Murder, with the victor's laurel,

Flaunting pride and mad ambition,  
 Smooth-tongued fraud and dark suspicion,  
 Avarice, ign'rance, hate and error,  
 Routed from their reign of terror,  
 To their speedy doom are trooping  
 With their sable pennons drooping !

## III.

## THE HUMAN HYMN.

HAIL to the morning awaited so long !  
 Spirit of gladness, attune every voice.  
 Discord shall never be heard in the song  
 Warm from the heart when the people rejoice.

Even the northwind is carolling loud  
 Over good wishes, glad greetings and gifts.  
 Earth has no cavern and heaven no cloud  
 But the pure sunshine is piercing its rifts.

While the dear folk-song is floating around  
 Every soul be like the musical glass—  
 Crystal and clear and alive with the sound,  
 Growing more sweet as the centuries pass.

Myrtle and bays with the holly shall twine,  
 As the old legends in harmony blend ;  
 Friendly and freely, the land of the vine  
 Warmth to the land of the mayflower shall lend.

Oh, the world's faith is like that of a child,—  
 Fervent and firm in its dream-haunted prime,  
 Ripening to all that is joyous and mild,  
 As the red vintage is mellowed by time.

Fill, then, to feelings so generous and kind,  
 Cheering the old and inspiring the youth.  
 Fill to the perishless triumphs of mind—  
 Fill to our guests at the banquet of truth.

Not one bleak shade on our feast be allowed  
 From the green vales to the white-spreading drifts;  
 Gilding the cavern and brightening the cloud,  
 Sunshine and melody flow through the rifts !

---

*THE REVERSION*

---

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT, 1885.

---

“ Is there no bright reversion in the sky  
 For those who nobly live or bravely die ? ”

'Twas when time's ceaseless surge,  
 On which all empires drive,  
 Was whitening on the verge  
 Of eighteen eighty-five ;  
 I sate as in a dream  
 With darkness all around,  
 When lo ! a ghostly gleam  
 Shot through the gloom profound.  
 It bridged the eternal sea,  
 It cleft night's ebon throne,  
 And opened even to me  
 A glimpse of the unknown.



Far down it I could see  
 A landing dimly vast,  
 Filled full as it could be  
 With shadows of the past.  
 It was that river's bank  
 That chills our journey hence,  
 Where power of purse and rank  
 Lose all pre-eminence.

Unearthly, wild and weird  
 Was that same shivering press,  
 While teasing sprites appeared  
 To heighten the distress ;  
 For, ever drawing near,  
 Some victim they would grab,  
 Like, at a New York pier,  
 The imps of hack and cab.

Something was at my side  
 And whispered, ' Look and see'  
 The men who stemmed the tide  
 Which founders scores like thee,—  
 The men who won the race  
 Of glory and of gain,  
 Who in their time and place  
 Did much, but did in vain.'

With sudden impulse seized,  
 I cried ' How ill or well  
 They did, I would be pleased  
 Could they approach and tell.'

Then did the shape retire  
To bear them my request,  
Swift as that magic wire  
Throbs through the Atlantic's breast.

Instant there rose in air  
A very numerous host,  
Like gulls when gales severe  
Drive them to throng the coast.  
Each wore a convict's suit,  
Each face was grimly stern,  
And while I listened mute  
Thus spoke they—each in turn :

'I was a monarch once—  
A monarch ruling wide,  
By that collective dunce,  
My subjects, defied.  
All pandered to my lust  
While servile courtiers strove  
To prove that my vile dust  
Would outweigh mighty Jove.  
But what prerogative  
'Neath Pluto's iron reign  
(Except his own) can live ?  
So all my power was vain.'

'I was a warrior bold.  
The gaping world still reads,  
In ponderous volumes told,  
My superhuman deeds.

The peaceful village life,  
 Where hungry bale-fires roared,  
 Reddened that butcher-knife  
 Which glory calls a sword.  
 Did earth the current drink ?  
 Behold my doom of pain  
 Writ with that crimson ink ;—  
 Worse lived I than in vain.'

'I flourished in the schools.  
 My study was to bring  
 Out of ten thousand rules  
 One good and perfect thing.  
 Fool! that I never saw  
 With rapt, unlettered eyes,  
 Out of love's perfect law  
 Ten thousand joys arise !  
 I scanned night's page outspread  
 Above the Egyptian plain  
 And left my heart unread—  
 So I but lived in vain.'

'I reigned in beauty's bower—  
 The minion of delight,  
 Made by my very power  
 The slave of appetite.  
 But pleasure, like the spark,  
 Dies blackening to a stain.  
 Ah ! death is doubly dark  
 When life has been in vain.'

‘ I read the stellar signs  
And gave their mysteries out  
In enigmatic lines,  
Yet made it death to doubt.  
But bondage of the mind  
Is always insecure.  
The spells that loose and bind  
But for a night endure.  
My cruel altar-fires  
Were quenched by heaven’s sweet rain,  
And men who are not liars  
Declare I lived in vain.’

‘ A legislator I,  
Chief of the numerous tribe.  
My place was very high—  
Proportioned to the bribe.  
The simplest law I made  
Took ten men to explain,  
And not one soul obeyed—  
Both life and work were vain.’

‘ I, even I, was one  
Of those same jurists, hired  
To make the statutes run  
As interest most required.  
I bore the golden fleece  
Across law’s treacherous main.  
But death has closed the lease,  
And I have lived in vain.’

Then beckoned me a wight  
All different from the rest  
With locks of silvery white,  
And hollow cheeks and chest ;  
And with a faltering pause,  
He said, ' You could not guess  
How opulent I was  
To see me in this dress.  
A thousand tenements  
Ill-lodged the squalid souls,  
Whose hard-extorted rents  
Adorned my lengthy rolls.  
I waxed so gross and great  
I found I could not squeeze  
In through the pearly gate,  
Not even on knees.  
My millions I bequeathed  
Not to the needy train,  
But—— mortal never breathed  
The last of life more vain !'

Then that sad multitude  
Together spoke and fast ;  
All had great things pursued  
But here they were at last.  
And with a wild adieu,  
Chorused by many a groan,  
They with their guide withdrew  
And I was all alone.

Till, as approaching day  
The new year onward led,  
A voice from far away  
In dulcet accents said :  
'I was a bard by birth.  
While strong hands made a prize  
Of the fair spots of earth,  
I pondered on the skies.  
My soul was its own law—  
No rutable machine—  
I read in all I saw  
A transcript of th' unseen  
The vague idea wrought  
Within me, keen and strong,  
Till moulded into thought  
And murmured out in song—  
That deep but subtle power  
Which on your lives may fall  
And speed the heavy hour,  
The lightsome one recall.

'Great nature's touches played  
On all the finer chords.  
While they the music made,  
'Twas she supplied the words,—  
Words, which by day and night  
On viewless currents drift,  
And to a safer height  
Some drowning soul may lift,—

That neither pit nor cope  
Shall press earth's surface near,  
But leave firm ground for hope  
Heavens-high, around the sphere.

' Where misery moaned unheard,  
I soothed the aching sense ;  
Where causeless anger stirred,  
I made it less intense.  
What pained the tender lid  
I tempered with a tear ;  
And what the clouds had hid  
My fancy rendered clear.

' I urged the laggard mind  
The hardest tasks to meet ;  
Where pleasure's path inclined,  
I stayed the hasty feet.  
I trained the silent bard  
To strike an emulous note ;  
Where cruel discord jarred,  
I stopped the brazen throat.

' I strewed my mental stores—  
I had no stores but these—  
And brought from foreign shores  
The richest argosies.  
What further need I tell ?  
Earth's most triumphant strain  
Had been fair freedom's knell  
If I had lived in vain !'

*TO MISS HATTIE E. HOMER.*  
—ONE YEAR OLD TO-DAY, FEB. 24, 1891.  
—

FEBRUARY never looked  
Half so brilliant, half so gay ;  
For a little prize he's booked,—  
This Hattie's natal day.

Nothing happier can be found,  
Prettier than a fairy elf ;  
Known to all for miles around,  
Yet a stranger to herself.

This is being born to fame  
Better than most lives have bought—  
To be loved and known by name  
Far beyond her world of thought !

She must also be, I think,  
By the laughter-beaming eyes,  
By the budding white and pink,  
Quite a favorite with the skies.

So this morn, the royal sun,  
When he started towards the west  
Ordered all the hours to run  
Gleeful as the summer's best.



Fleets of clouds that floated high  
Had commands to sail and dip  
All their pennons, passing by,  
To her little ladyship.

And the waves of upper air  
Hush each sound of wintry strife,  
Only breathing out a prayer  
For this opening voyage of life.

Heaven itself, now bending low,  
Lets her touch with tiny hand  
All the jewels in the bow  
Glittering over baby-land.

I would like to mark the day  
For this queen of little girls  
With the brightest laureate lay  
Polished as a string of pearls,

With such splendor in the words,  
With such music in the tune,  
As the sunshine and the birds  
Lavish on a morn in June.\*

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\* This very interesting child, daughter of Mr. A. C. Homer, of Barrington, died on the 16th of the May following.

*THE SEA IN SUNSHINE.*

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CAPE SABLE LIGHT STATION, MAY 24, 1887

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How calm is the measureless sea  
That brightly and silently flows !  
How dreadful its aspect can be  
When aroused from deceitful repose !

Now tempting the tiniest sail  
To follow the sunbeams afar ;  
Now mustering the merciless gale  
To shiver the loftiest spar.

The brow of the sand-hill shows yet  
The furrows deep-plowed by the storm  
Where the two warring elements met  
Over death in its dreadfulest form.

When the ocean uplifted its hand,  
Its bosom with rage boiling o'er,  
And smote the white lips of the land  
Till they answered with angriest roar.

And after the fury was spent,  
And the ripples played light with the foam,  
How sad was the lasting lament  
In many a desolate home !

Thus, after the passions subside  
And our treasures lie shattered and torn,  
As gaily our lives seem to glide,  
But as deeply in secret we mourn.

## CUPID'S CAREER.

---

FLOATING through the May-sky mild,  
 Stirring all the leaves with glee,  
 On a cloud I saw a child,  
 And he, laughing, said to me :

‘ Sing a song about a maid.’  
 So I sang with merry cheer.  
 ‘ Sing another song,’ he said ;  
 ‘ Tell them who is reigning here.’

Then right loyally I wrought  
 Out the theme in rhymes uncouth,  
 Clothing every happy thought,  
 Not in poesy, but truth.

---

 I.—IN THE LAND OF DELIGHT.

Where burning Sappho loved and sung.—*Byron.*

ON a day of orient splendor,  
 Little Love, inclined to rove  
 Through the foliage fresh and tender,  
 Fluttered on from grove to grove.

All was beautiful and sunny.  
 Vineyard slope and garden fair  
 Breathed their lavish wine and honey  
 Through the bright ambrosial air.

'Twas a fertile land and pleasant,  
    Bosomed in eternal spring,  
Where the unmolested peasant  
    Dreaded neither mob nor king.

There were peaceful views of tillage  
    And of pastoral pursuits,  
To the olive-girdled village  
    Leading through umbrageous routes.

Peacocks, in full glory blazing,  
    Ornamented park and lawn ;  
O'er the lake, superbly gazing  
    At her shadow, sailed the swan.

Oreads, on the purple highlands,  
    Roused the echoes with their play ;  
Nereids, round the fairy islands,  
    Revelled in the silvern spray.

In the boscaje, faun and satyr  
    Footed many a merry jig,  
Shaking down with ceaseless patter  
    Showers of apricot and fig.

And with sunlight on their faces,  
    Such as might the gods entrance,  
Hand in hand, the lissome graces  
    Floated in the mazy dance.

With a slumbrous sound, the runnel,  
From a far-off mountain source,  
Slid along its tortuous tunnel  
To the river's freer course.

O'er the velvet meadow whirling,  
Bacchants held their roaring game,  
Oft the tufted thyrsus hurling  
To the mark with faultless aim.

Bands of youth and maidens, meeting  
Where the smooth Eurotas ran,  
Set its tremulous pulses beating  
Faster, to the pipes of Pan.

O the pleasure in the sporting  
Of this flower of Aryan folk !  
O the rapture in the courting  
Where nor vows nor hearts were broke !

Yet Love left the groves enchanted,  
And the ever-happy fields.  
Oh his silly bosom panted  
For the joys new conquest yields !

Sometimes soaring, sometimes dancing,  
Fearlessly he onward pressed ;  
Sometimes on a sunbeam glancing  
Far along the loomy west.

Often in his airy motion,  
Darting through some hazy wreath,  
Knew he not if land or ocean  
Towered or tumbled underneath.

## II.—IN THE REGION OF UNREST.

In which it seemed always afternoon.—*Tennyson.*

PRESENTLY the scene grew rougher.

He was getting far astray,  
And his plumes began to suffer  
From their contact with the clay.

Rueful apprehensions filled him.

What departure had he made ?  
Whence the bustling breeze that chilled him ?  
Could it be the northern trade ?

Then he turned to seek his mother—

He was heedless, never blind—  
But on this way and the other,  
Home again he could not find.

In his sore-bewildered flying,

Oftentimes his track he crossed,  
*Ὀλλυμι, νη Διᾶ!* crying—  
Doric for 'oh dear, I'm lost !'

Nothing like his native Cyprus

Looked the landscape, though in spring ;  
Mists from rushy fens and viperous  
Drenched the purple from his wing.

'Twas a champaign flat and dreary

Where he heard at close of day  
No fond shepherd piping cheery,  
No fair milkmaid's answering lay.

Every flying thing was nested,  
Every creeping thing was housed,  
But his wings, which never rested,  
Not one touch of pity roused.

He was troubled and with reason ;  
He would perish in a year  
Should it smite him with a season  
Either sultry or severe.

Should he shiver, should he swelter  
In the March or August air,  
Nothing rose to promise shelter—  
Scarce a friendly bush was there.

For the sad forsaken willow,  
That had vainly wept and sighed,  
On a thistle-padded pillow  
Leaned its palsied limbs and died.

Doleful firs at distance scattered  
Lodged the black ill-boding bird,  
Where no vaulting squirrel chattered,  
And no mottled partridge whirred.

He was tangled 'mid the branches  
With the hammocked ravens round ;  
Nettles speared his naked haunches  
When he bent them to the ground.

## III.—IN THE SEAT OF SCIENCE.

Worin läuft das Volk so und schreit.—*Goethe*.

MIDNIGHT round the pole was muffled,  
 Darkness buried hill and wood,  
 When he came all limp and ruffled  
 Where a noble city stood.

He could see the hand of culture  
 That each stony structure crowned ;  
 But he could not see the vulture  
 Pecking at Prometheus bound.

Here he surely thought to flourish  
 On an aliment refined,  
 But fair science had to nourish  
 Thousands who were really blind.

Here no poet, child of passion,  
 Moulded from chaotic strife  
 Beauty, and in godlike fashion  
 Filled it with the breath of life.

Not one champion literary  
 Would Love's praises celebrate,  
 But would laud a dignitary  
 At the advertising rate.

Hung with chaplets, hailed with cheering,  
 Many a public pillar stood ;  
 All without was thin veneering,  
 All within was rotten wood !



Here the highest education  
 Wedded with the finest art ;  
 But they had no registration  
 In the archives of the heart.

Solitude came not to sweeten  
 Breasts that long had ceased to feel,  
 Like the pavement, worn and beaten  
 By the crush of fortune's wheel.

Men who low to Mammon truckled,  
 Laughed Love's sanctity to scorn ;  
 And the plutocratic cuckold  
 Gored him with a gilded horn.

Yet no foreign grace was wanting ;  
 Stately dame and maiden fair,  
 In the gaudiest garments flaunting,  
 Haunted avenue and square.

Love of gold beside his locker,  
 Seeing the rival imp draw near,  
 Flung at him a cradle-rocker,  
 Broke his bow and drove him clear.

Soon he met another rival,  
 Painted to conceal a stain—  
 'Twas that lightning scarred survival  
 From the Cities of the Plain.

But no snares could intramural  
 Sirens ever round him weave,  
 He, as primitive and rural,  
 If not innocent, as Eve.

## IV.—IN THE BOWER OF BLISS.

Whaur luve shall still be lord of a'.—*Scottish Song.*

PAST the villa, past the mansion,  
 Past the trim suburban pale,  
 Sped he under heaven's expansion  
 To a Nova Scotian vale.

There the dandelions twinkled  
 In the golden morning light ;  
 And the skies their diamonds sprinkled  
 In the limpid pool at night.

There sometimes was heard the flowing  
 Of the gentle summer sea,  
 Soft as when o'er violets blowing  
 Drifts the murmur of the bee.

There the mossy fountain bubbled  
 'Neath the alders, clear as glass ;  
 There the brooklet wound and doubled,  
 Bordered close with ribbon-grass.

There the orchard thick together  
 Wove and waved its blossoms gay,  
 As the emerald billows feather  
 Into snowy flakes of spray.

There, when labor's task was over,  
 Grateful was the hour of rest,  
 Solaced by the scent of clover  
 From the fields that heaven had blessed.

There the broad moon rose defining  
Grassy slope and wooded height,  
And the sinuous cove outlining  
With its mildly-pencilled light.

There the honey-suckle, wreathing  
Even the rock's forbidding brow,  
From the red-lipped blooms were breathing  
Incense sweet as girlhood's vow.

There the damsels, plump and pretty  
As the rosebuds in the hedge,  
Chanted many an artless ditty  
That contained the dearest pledge.

There Rock Cottage, neatly modest,  
Held within its snow-white walls  
Rest the sweetest, peace the broadest  
And the grace of lordly halls.

There the breast of lovely Jennie  
Bade the vagrant fold his wing,  
Grandeur now he reigns than any  
Mortal conqueror or king.

Now his double bow is bended  
From that more than queenly brow.—  
All my roving days are ended,  
I'm his happy subject now !

*ARION.*

Whoso offendeth one of these little ones \* \* \*  
 it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his  
 neck and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.—  
*Holy Writ.*

To every master of chord and pipe  
 In a world new-risen from out the sea,  
 'Neath every star and every stripe  
 And the brave red-cross of the isle first free—  
 All loyal to sovereign harmony,—

I send this allegory ; a type  
 From the land of immortal thought and deed,  
 The fruit of whose marvellous mind was ripe  
 Two thousand years ere the wingèd steed  
 Prepared the American wilds for its seed.

Briskly the evening gale, sweet from the orange-vale,  
 Piped to the dancing sail  
 Of the Greek trader.

Broadly the billows laughed, chasing the little craft,  
 Pressing her fore and aft  
 Only to speed her.

Dimly as on they bore, sank the Italian shore  
 Whence with his treasure-store  
 But with fame grander,  
 Dainty Arion then messed with those merchantmen,  
 Wishing to greet again  
 Brave Periander.

Long had his famous lyre, envy of Phœbus' choir,  
     Gilded like Ætna's fire  
     What the night darkened.  
 Long had its wizard strings ravished from lords and kings  
     Gewgaws and diamond rings  
     While they had hearkened.

Oh ! it was great to see how its careering glee,  
     Buoyant and bounding free,  
     Captured the Stoic ;  
 How the staccato pitch made the lean muscles twitch—  
     Those facial muscles which  
     Posed for heroic !

Oft did its touch allure even the Epicure,  
     Leaving his turbot-skewer  
     Only half eat out,  
 Sorely perplexed to tell how such delights could dwell  
     Inside a turtle-shell  
     With all the meat out !

Every distinction sank, levelled was every rank ;  
     While the rich stream they drank,  
     Nobles and peasants,  
 Owing the minstrel's power, thronged him in hall and  
     bower,  
     Thick at his feet to shower  
     Honors and presents.

Still did Arion long after the home of song.  
     Corinth, the fair and strong,—  
     Glory had planned her ;—

Corinth, how proud she was under a ruler's laws  
 Foremost in freedom's cause,  
 Wise Periander !  
 He was the singer's friend. He would his hand extend,  
 Scorning the knees that bend  
 Only to flatter.—  
 Friendship which, high and warm, genius is led to form  
 Over the common swarm,  
 Nothing can shatter.

Then the dear Lesbian strand, where the disrobing sand  
 Let the sea's jewelled hand  
 Toy with its treasures ;  
 Oft 'neath the western star thrumming on reef and bar  
 As on a broad guitar  
 Soft-lulling measures.

Thence was Arion's art. Nature's full-beating heart  
 Formed the great music chart  
 Which he had pondered.  
 Thither, as flies the bird, every fond feeling stirred,  
 Daily his thought recurred  
 While he had wandered.

Softly he sank to rest, rocked in that ocean-nest,  
 Served as a welcome guest,  
 Not as a stranger.  
 Through the gold haze of dreams, there were no dagger-  
 gleams,  
 There were no gaping seams—  
 There was no danger.

## II.

BUT ah! when daylight hides its face,  
Crime creeps from out its lurking place.  
There rose that night a ghastly deed  
From the skulking, black, cold heart of greed.  
Both watches that night at once were kept.  
The crew conspired. The victim slept.  
“Is it not a most unnatural thing,”  
They said, “for a poet to live like a king?  
What practical talent has he displayed?  
What has he done for promoting trade?  
Is not the solid tact for gain  
A higher gift and worth as much  
As the flimsy substance they call the brain  
When it runs to a delicate taste or touch?  
Yes—the primitive law of nature’s reign  
Is the brightest prize to the strongest clutch.  
Durable things, but void of beauty,  
Fulfil the most important duty.  
The Illyrian pines for ages last  
Without one blossom of their own,  
In rifted granite anchored fast,  
With bristly bough and bur-like cone.  
They form the oar, the keel, the mast—  
They keys that open every zone.  
While the flowers that morbid mildness please,  
Those bubbles of earth by the young spring blown,  
Dance in the sunlight, but break in the breeze,  
Least fitted by nature to hold their own.”

This is the way their comment ran,  
Lower and deeper from man to man.  
How broad is the interval between  
Them and the modern merchant marine,  
The men whom danger has rendered brave,  
By whom Britannia rules the wave.  
Whose sails, like the olive branch of peace,  
Are fluttering over the golden fleece ;  
In whose tossing argosies, foreign lands  
With friendliest greeting are shaking hands.  
To alien interests so faithful and just,  
The lives 'neath their charge are a sacred trust.  
But those ancient pests of each neighboring shore  
Were maritime pedlars, and nothing more,  
Of whom the apostle might truly speak  
That there was no difference 'twixt Jew and Greek.  
By the shortest route to the basest ends,  
They plundered the strangers and cheated their friends.  
The venture they carried was wholly their own,  
And they wrangled about it like dogs o'er a bone,  
'Till the wealth of another attracted their eyes,  
Then a combine soon bound them in brotherly ties,  
As a high tariff trust to its principle cleaves—  
Such is the honor still found among thieves !

But who had surmised that the captain, too,  
Would aid and abet his assassin crew ?  
He held himself at the loftiest worth,  
Both as salt of the sea and as salt of the earth.  
For fifty years in harness and straps,  
And half of that period in gold-laced caps,  
He had navigated, with one slight lapse,



The greyhound of the blue Ionian.  
 Surely he would not kill or steal,  
 Lucre he loved but he hated theft,  
 Still there was something made him feel  
 Once Arion had stepped aside—  
 Once he was safely under the keel,  
 Himself and the company might divide  
 The trifles and trinkets that might be left.

In the midnight watch, in the dark profound,  
 They began to whisper these thoughts around,  
 But the east to an ashen grey had changed,  
 Ere their purpose was fixed and the plot arranged.  
 The morning crept o'er its threshold red,  
 With a sombre canopy overhead ;  
 From its open portal there issued a flaw  
 Preceded by vague airs, rude and raw.  
 Blackly it moved on its western course  
 Till the galliot shivered to feel its force.  
 First gracefully onward she glided and heeled,  
 Then as the ridges arose more steep,  
 Faster and wilder, she plunged and reeled,  
 Like a hunted elephant over a field  
 With a pitfall yawning at every leap.  
 Yet the gale which quickened the galliot's speed,  
 But hastened the pirates' dastardly deed.

Arion awoke at their stealthy tread ;  
 His fate in their wolfish looks he read.  
 But oh ! it was harsh when the sentence severe  
 Beat a death-drum in his musical ear !  
 Instead of the plaudits that formerly rose,  
 Echoing every harmonious close,

Curtly the awful change was rung  
Up to the clouds that menacing hung,  
Bidding him take from their hands his doom,  
Or find at the bottom a self-sought tomb.  
Only one moment the fell disclosure  
Ruffled the singer's divine composure ;  
Then his clear spirit, so proudly serene,  
Ruled, in its dignity, feature and mien.  
Thus, a fish hawk's swoop for an instant may shake  
The pictured heaven in a summer lake ;  
But quickly the ripples are smoothed away,  
Leaving no trace of the bird of prey.

Nothing was granted but five minutes' leave  
For him to dress in his finest array  
Ere the rank weeds of the bottom should weave  
Round him a mantle that never gives way.  
Soon he emerged from the cabin beneath,  
Wearing his singing robes, crowned with a wreath  
Fashioned like laurel, but wrought of pure gold ;  
Loose around forehead and cheek and neck  
Floated the auburn curls, fair to behold ;  
Firmly he trod o'er the tilting deck,  
High on the quarter taking his stand,  
Holding the wonderful lyre in his hand.

Majestic soul that will not stoop  
To the king of terrors ! He stood in splendor,  
Facing the cursed, compassionless group,  
The Nile-horse less horrid, the jackal more tender.  
Brute meanness looked from the lower flat  
Of the lumpish cranium, stolidly fat ;

From the cat-like optic that shuts at the light,  
 But widens and watches and preys in the night ;  
 From the soulless orb in a formless waste—  
 The great dull seal of a sordid taste ;  
 From the snaky lights 'neath the jutting brow,  
 Outstaring the Gorgon upon the prow.  
 Arion gave them a look to chill  
 Their blood into something icier still ;  
 Then, with the grandeur that peril inspires  
 In a brave bosom, he touched the bright wires ;  
 But soft as a lover's caress was the stroke  
 Which the prime outgush of melody woke.

## III.

At the first quaver, the dismal scud  
     Stopped in its flight and began to unfold,  
 Like a huge tree-flower bursting its bud,  
     Overlapped petals of carmine and gold.

Fell on the waves an ominous calm,  
     And the tall mast on the lonely main  
 Stood like a solitary palm  
     Rooted fast in a boundless plain.

But a creeping vapor, chill and dim,  
     Seemed slowly to rise from the surface dark,  
 Wavering o'er the horizon's rim  
     And draping the hull of the hellish bark.

## IV.

WITH rising power and with billowy swell  
 The lyre exerted its marvellous spell ;  
 And the waters, to starboard, to port and astern,  
 And ahead,—as far as the eye could discern,  
 Were dimpled and rippled and ruffled and splashed  
 By a thousand fins that thronged and flashed  
 Through the gloom, like the spears of a body-guard  
 Summoned by Neptune to shield the bard.

## V.

'Twas the moment supreme ;  
     Eternity called him,  
 Dispelling the dream  
     That long had enthralled him.  
 So savagely torn  
     From the summit of pleasure ;  
 So proudly upborne  
     By a strength beyond measure.  
 As the terrible force  
     Which the firm mountain shivers  
 Unprisons the source  
     Of the mightiest rivers,  
 So the heart undergoes  
     The cruellest spasm,  
 But fuller life flows  
     From the desolate chasm.  
 Confronting stern fate  
     In that dread moment lowering,  
 Erect and elate,  
     Arion stood towering.

The shadow it flings  
O'er his countenance flitted ;  
The rush of its wings  
From his lyre was emitted.

As the mind overstreams  
The vast spaces that sever  
The hidden extremes  
Of the awful forever,—  
The fear-haunted deep  
Its harmony sounded ;  
With confident sweep  
To the heavens it bounded.

The sombre skies flushed  
At its pathos controlling ;  
The tempest was hushed  
In the distance down-rolling ;  
The clouds made a pause  
While the music ascended,  
To thunder applause  
As soon as it ended.

## VI.

ARION ceased ; the wires were stilled,  
Their vibrant waves the vault yet filled,  
With infinite eddying echoes whirled  
Round the sapphire cliffs of the upper world.

As a spiral column of water lifts  
Its head at the touch of the dread cyclone  
High in the air, and wavers and shifts  
And spreads to a mammoth inverted cone,

Then while it rapidly revolves,  
 The mighty spectacle dissolves  
 In a sky-Niagara roaring loud  
 From a riven continent of cloud ;  
 So the masterful strain, that seemed to float  
 As if from the final trumpet's throat,  
 In a gathered volume, returning, fell  
 On the craven souls like their own death-knell.  
 Then, clasping his instrument close to his heart,  
 Of which it was really the resonant part,  
 And casting towards Corinth a farewell look,  
                   The minstrel took  
                   A fearless leap  
 Into the breathless and shuddering deep !

## VII.

OH ultimate horror and anguish—to drown !  
 Sinking and deepening, down, down, down !  
 To see the green deluge above you curled,  
 Thrusting you down from the light of this world,  
 Till the stifling weight of the deep is pressed  
 On the straining sight and the laboring breast,  
 And the deafening surf of a hundred shores  
 On the tense and bursting ear-drum pours ;  
 To feel, in the sea-weeds that round you float,  
 Death's icy clutch on your panting throat,—  
 The deeds of a life-time, so horribly plain,  
 All focussed and flashed through the quivering brain ;  
 To struggle so madly, with nothing to grasp,  
 While the cry at your heart bubbles forth in a gasp ;

Then the flickering sparks in the darkness dense  
 That slowly envelops the swooning sense,  
 And, merging the present, the future and past,  
 Drowsily drifts to the void and the vast,  
 And still more dizzy, more dim, more deep,  
 To shudder and lapse into endless sleep !  
 Grim gateway of silence,—it makes the flesh creep !

## VIII.

Alas ! little those sons of rapacity cared  
 For the life of the bard or his final repose.  
 They swore by the Styx when the treasure was shared,  
 They would never one word of the secret disclose.

The ominous frown from the sky soon cleared ;  
 The west wind came singing, so cheerful and soft ;  
 Before it the vessel in safety careered,  
 And ere sundown the land was descried from aloft.

The shipmen were glad as they entered the bay,  
 And vowed that as soon as the frolicsome god  
 Was pressed by their innocent feet, they would slay  
 A black sheep and lamb to the surly sea-god.

## IX.

THAT sacrifice was never made.  
 That pious vow was never paid.  
 The sea-god pressing for his due,  
 Soon had a capias on the crew.

As folds the circling gull its wing  
And settles on the bastioned rock,  
With handed sail and easy swing  
The galliot grounded in her dock.  
Invited then to make report  
Forthwith at Periander's court,  
Thither the mariners repaired  
With blushless brows politely bared.  
They found the chief in lordly state ;  
He bade them all their voyage relate,  
And asked, with tenderest concern,  
What of Arion they could learn.  
" He lives," broke forth the vocal chime,  
" He flourishes in myrtle-glades  
Enamored of the lazy clime  
And of the lively Tuscan maids,  
Too great to feel himself exiled  
From Corinth." Periander smiled.  
" He lives—he loves ; then all is well,"  
He said, and touched a silver bell.  
Uprolled the rich-embroidered baize—  
Arion stood before their gaze !  
Effulgent in his court attire,  
With golden crown and rose-wreathed lyre.

They would have fled, but seized and chained  
By terror, motionless remained,  
With palsied limb and vacant stare  
Of guilt, surprise and blank despair ;  
Tasting the bitterness of death,  
Indrawn with every jerky breath.



And silence like the tomb prevailed  
 Till Periander said :  
 “ Falsehood and murder hand in hand,  
 How has your dastard purpose failed !  
 Behold the deed in darkness planned  
 To open justice led !  
 Ye could not to the deep consign  
 This favorite of the skies ;  
 Smit with his melody divine,  
 The very monsters of the brine  
 In his defence arise !  
 And, fleet as ever courser speeds  
 To bring the news of mighty deeds,  
 The heaven-deputed dolphin bore  
 Arion safe to Corinth’s shore :  
 For him the proudest honors wait—  
 For you the felon’s gloomiest fate ! ”

When next the grey dawn scaled the steep  
 It saw in the west, like a faint white cloud  
 Vanishing over the tremulous deep,  
 An outbound ship. The piratical crowd  
 Lay on her deck in a helpless heap,  
 Shackled and rigid with mortal fear ;  
 For the black-robed pilot had orders to steer  
 As close as he might to the very spot  
 Which had witnessed their own infernal plot ;  
 And that place and their doom were drawing near.  
 How chilly, how different ran their blood  
 From the genial current they would have spilt !  
 Their plunge in the cold eternal flood  
 Was to whiten their bones but not their guilt,

And of what did their ornament consist  
 As they were dipped from the quarter deck ?  
 A bracelet of iron around each wrist,  
 And a millstone ruffle around each neck !

---

*THE CLERICAL QUACK.*

---

WHEN is forbearance no longer a virtue ?  
 Not when leagued slander leads on the attack,  
 Not when mean malice is trying to hurt you,  
 But when you're bored by a clerical quack.

What ! are there many such characters, turning  
 Fact into fable and white into black ?—  
 Yes ; this old planet is still young in learning  
 How to distinguish a clerical quack.

Oh he is known by the brimstone aroma  
 Rising without any limit or lack.  
 Such a man never is worth a diploma,  
 He is at best but a clerical quack.

Show me a parson who twisteth the letter  
 Of the old law into thumbscrew and rack,  
 As the best method of making men better—  
 Then I shall show you a clerical quack.

When he is itching to set on his forehead  
 Aaron's tiara that fitteth him slack,  
 Labelled with "holiness unto the Lorrud,"  
 That is the badge of a clerical quack.

Soon as he telleth with fervor and unction  
 How his pure message was mighty to crack  
 All the hard heads in the purlieus of Moncton,  
 Mark him right down for a clerical quack.

Soon as you hear him, whose pillow is watered  
 Over the soul of the savage Kanak,\*  
 Singing *Te Deums* o'er Soudanese slaughtered,  
 Brand him at once as a clerical quack.

Perched on the chariot of Zion on Sunday,  
 Cursing the sinner who taketh a hack,  
 Walking in faith with the pure Mrs. Grundy,  
 That is the style of the clerical quack.

When the poor jack-daw parades as a Greeklings  
 Publicly boasting his classical knack, †  
 Pluck but a plume from the garrulous weakling,  
 Then you behold him—a clerical quack.

When our green crop of wild oats he is firing,  
 Even as a tramp setteth fire to a stack,  
 Watch him ; there's no other creature requiring  
 Such a stern check as the clerical quack.

Give your last dime to the sharper who robs you,  
 Pocket an insult and fling it not back,  
 Turn t'other cheek to the rowdy who mobs you,  
 Still declare war on the clerical quack.

---

\* It is a sad mark of consistency when good men rejoice at the massacre of semi-civilized Arabs, and yet offer themselves as ragouts to the South Sea cannibals.

† The difference, however, between Graculus and Græculus is only that between Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

*TO COUNT TOLSTOI.*


---

[These stanzas are supposed to be addressed to Count Lyof N. Tolstoi, the distinguished Russian writer, and author of the "Kreutzer Sonata." This work, though full of tragic interest and powerfully written, does the noble count no credit. Its object was to show by a series of revolting incidents, ending in a horrible domestic tragedy, that love between the sexes is in any case immoral, and marriage a certain calamity.]

---

TOUCH glasses, most unknightly count,  
 But touch them from the shoulder ;  
 Mine brimming from Castalia's fount,  
 Yours filled with something colder.

It glistens much like Arctic brine ;  
 You may as well withdraw it.  
 The nectar is not quite divine—  
 It needs a hell to thaw it !

It bled not from the glowing grape ;  
 It breeds no dreams Elysian ;  
 Its vapors take a goblin shape  
 That kills the beauteous vision !

Poor Posdnicheff,\* it makes him look  
 A thousand times absurder  
 To feel its climax when he took  
 His first degree—in murder !

---

\* The hero, or rather, the criminal of the story.

Nor heart, nor soul his life adorns  
Through all the sad narration,  
But he excels in fancied horns  
The beast in Revelation.

And can you take the madman's part,  
Or share his crude convictions,  
So lacking in the lover's art,  
So full of contradictions ?

Yet every voice in nature's choir,  
To gentle measures heated,  
Must celebrate that blessed fire  
Of which the gods were cheated.

For this is nature's noblest, this  
Her Eden education,  
Which flashes pure electric bliss  
Through cycles of creation.

Thus love, although on earth it glows,  
Is heaven-ward in direction—  
A sacred flower whose fruitage shows  
In conjugal affection.

Love, that has ruled this world so long,  
Is neither stale nor stealthy,  
It keeps the vital current strong,  
The moral fibre healthy.

No language frames a sweeter word ;  
No theme is more alluring ;  
No lofty soul was ever stirred  
By pleasure more enduring.

No nation, entered for the race  
Of glory, ever halted  
While female modesty and grace  
Were to the heavens exalted.

That fire, which for the kneaded dust  
Prometheus stole from heaven,  
May never penetrate the crust  
Of Pharasaic leaven.

In many a cottage home it smiles  
By winter drifts surrounded ;  
It adds a charm to palmy isles  
On coral fret-work founded.

That gentle flame ! for low and high  
I recognise its fitness,  
As were I not extremely shy,  
My constant song should witness.

Oh flute it, while the mist upcurls  
From morning's pure carnation  
Which every flowering slip 'impearls  
In nuptial decoration.

Oh chant it in the ardent noons  
When heaven and earth are wedded  
In forests hung with gay festoons,  
On verdant mosses bedded.

And trill it when the evening skies  
Restore to full dominion  
The dimpled god with starry eyes,  
Keen shaft and purple pinion !

Once, when Aurora's tears were wiped  
 By radiant-faced Apollo,  
 I won their favor while I piped  
 The artless notes that follow :

## SONG.

A MISTRESS fair, a glass of wine  
 Hold empire o'er this heart of mine,  
 Which in its rebel mood defies  
 All, all except the tenderest ties.  
 The choicest of poetic themes,  
 The sweetest of romantic dreams  
 Are blended in this single line—  
 A mistress fair, a glass of wine !

When destiny first parcelled earth  
 In liberal shares to wealth and birth,  
 The meanest creatures got some taste  
 Of happiness that flowed at waste.  
 But when the loitering bard arrived,  
 Of earthly heritage deprived,  
 She gave, to crown the whole design,  
 A mistress fair, a glass of wine.

They are the two enchanting things  
 That steal the down from pleasure's wings,  
 Alike to stay its rapid flight  
 And spread the couch of soft delight.  
 Without their presence to inspire,  
 How dull the lute, how dumb the lyre !  
 What made Anacreon's song divine ?  
 A mistress fair, a glass of wine.

What force of wisdom or of arms  
Is proof against their honeyed charms?  
The wisest king that ever ruled,  
In piety and prudence schooled,  
Could never tune his harp above  
The cooing of the turtle-dove,  
Nor place below the golden shrine  
A mistress fair, a glass of wine!

The matchless Macedonian boy,  
Whose soul was steeled to vulgar joy,  
Stood on the heights of dread renown  
And trampled mightiest monarchs down.  
But Thais' lovely bust outshone  
The ivory of the Persian throne,  
And still above its ruin shine  
A mistress fair, a glass of wine!

The peasant bard, (forgive this tear),  
To Scotland and to nature dear,  
Was born with sweetest spell to bind  
The captive souls of all mankind.  
The wreath which Coila's hand bestows  
With never-dying lustre glows,  
But brightest where these two entwine—  
A mistress fair, a glass of wine!

When England's strongest noble swept  
The chords where love and terror slept,  
And roused them to a loftier tone  
Than e'er before or since was known;



His genius, paling from the skies,  
 Illumined for admiring eyes  
 Those twin stars o'er a sun's decline—  
 A mistress fair, a glass of wine !

O genius ! how superbly near  
 It brings the ploughman to the peer,  
 Till worlds that glimmered on the sight  
 Receive from them full warmth and light.  
 And yet its most resplendent ray  
 Would fail to animate the clay  
 Without those founts of all that's fine—  
 A mistress fair, a glass of wine.

---

*AT SEA.*

---

THE darkened sea before us lies,  
 The coast-lights far away receding ;  
 The mist is gathering to my eyes  
 And my lone heart is inly bleeding.

'Tis not that fate with frown severe  
 Pursues me with its wonted malice ;  
 'Tis not for dangers gathering near—  
 'Tis leaving thee, my darling Alice.

No harsher doom the bell could speak  
Above the stony dungeon pealing ;  
No deeper vengeance hate could wreak  
Upon the quivering chords of feeling.

When death, the last of many a pain,  
Holds to my lips its icy chalice,  
Less bitter will it be to drain  
Than leaving thee, my darling Alice.

---

DARWIN.

---

[Charles Robert Darwin, author of the "Origin of Species," the foremost scientist of modern times, died at his home in Down, Kent, April 19, 1882. "On the Wednesday morning next after his death, his remains were borne with unwonted marks of respect and ceremony, in the assembled presence of all that was noble and good in Britain, to an honored grave in the precincts of the great Abbey (Westminster). Wallace and Huxley, Lubbock and Hooker, his nearest peers in the domain of pure science, stood among the bearers who held the pall. Lowell represented the republic of America and of letters. Statesmen and poets, philosophers and theologians mingled with the throng of scientific thinkers who crowded close to the venerated bier. No incident of fitting pomp or dignity was wanting, as the organ pealed out in solemn strains the special anthem composed for the occasion to the appropriate words of the Hebrew poet, "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom." Even the narrow Philistine intelligence itself, which still knew Darwin only as the man who thought we were all descended from monkeys, was impressed with the sole standard of greatness open to its feeble and shallow comprehension by the mere solemnity and ceremony of the occasion, and began to enquire with blind wonderment, what this thinker had done whom a whole people thus delighted to honor."—*Grant Allen.*]

THE abbey lays him with the mitred dead,  
Among her treasured relics not the least.  
The holy earth, which has such discords bred,  
Unites at last philosopher and priest.

The work which he was born to do is done.  
The long-sought light is breaking by degrees.  
Can life not bring all issues out of one,  
When death can blend such opposites as these ?

The noble-minded group around the bier  
In mournful silence pay the last respects,  
While even the masses have no ear to hear  
The loud-mouthed leaders of the narrow sects.

No fierce anathema, no spiteful ban  
Disturbs his dust with breath of sulphurous fire ;  
But sweetly solemn " Happy is the man  
That findeth wisdom " chants the sacred choir !

He brushed the cobwebs of caprice and chance  
From nature's dome, and showed that order reigns  
But to be known, while leaden ignorance  
A miracle unto itself remains.

He rolled the cloudy bounds of chaos back  
Farther than inspiration ever saw  
And reared o'er Being's multifarious track  
The luminous banner of unswerving law.

No greater spirit was the Genoese  
Flying his ensign o'er a deep uncrossed,  
While saintship pointed to the grim decrees  
And friendship, weeping, gave him up for lost.

Before him lay a new world, and behind  
 The theosophs who swore the earth was flat,  
 But he had seen a shadow-sphere defined  
 Upon the moon, and based his hope on that.

He looked to heaven, and his words were bold—  
 Flashing that light which guides all glorious search—  
 He cried: "The church condemns me, but I hold  
 By such a shadow more than by the church!"\*

Our own discoverer dared and did as much.  
 No common merchandise his voyage sought ;  
 And after him, our feebler minds may touch  
 A virgin continent of endless thought.

Thus truth advances, and our faith grows firm  
 To see one cosmic principle displayed,  
 Even from the faintest infusorial germ  
 To the full man in God's own image made.

Hail, then, the upward tendency of life !  
 Far better than in dolorous tones to tell  
 That man through centuries of pain and strife  
 Has not yet struggled up to whence he fell !

Finding its bond with every sentient thing,  
 The immortal intellect is throned and crowned  
 To raise men nearer to the skies and brings  
 The Ephesian workshop nearer to the ground.

---

\* I believe this remark was made by Magellan, the Portuguese navigator, and not by Columbus, to whom I have here attributed it. Had the Genoese really been guilty of such irreverence, he would scarcely have been canonized, even at this late day.

*SUNRISE.*  

---

THE age of the gods is past,  
The reign of man is begun ;  
And the spectres are vanishing fast  
'Neath the still ascending sun.

The apostles of fear and of force,  
Though armed with celestial might,  
Have finished their infamous course—  
Have lost the unnatural fight.

Opinions, once rooted so deep,  
And over-shadowing all,  
Have felt the morn-breezes sweep  
And are swaying to their fall.

Old power, once held to be firm  
As the everlasting hills,  
Is reluctantly nearing its term  
As the popular mandate wills.

Less bitter the sectary's strife,  
More wholesome the social breath  
As the growing hope in life  
Is supplanting the hope in death.

No tyrant's mock-thunder has stilled  
 The watchword by liberty given,  
 But her mission will not be fulfilled  
 Till the last ancient fetter is riven—

Till not one heart that has bled  
 Shall longer be trodden down,  
 And not one human head  
 Shall put itself up for a crown.

---

*ORIENTAL.*

---

JULY, 1876.

O'ER the vineyards of the east,  
 Hounding to the bloody feast,  
 See the turbans and the crescent  
 Throng and wave ;  
 Hear the yells of Allah rise  
 Mingled with the victims' cries—  
 And is there no succor present,  
 Is there no strong arm to save ?

Where is the avenging sword  
 When the ruthless Tartar horde  
 On each undefended village  
 Wreak their rage ;  
 When, in hellish triumph bold,  
 Hard by freedom's seat of old  
 Murder, leagued with rape and pillage,  
 Stains the earth and shocks the age ?

Ruin crushes down the land  
With a red, relentless hand ;  
    Ghastly trophies of the slaughter  
        Mark its way ;  
Turks exult, while angels weep  
Over many a festering heap—  
    Age and childhood, mother, daughter,  
    Mangled like the tiger's prey !

By their fierce and sensual creed,  
In each fiendish murder-deed  
    They are sure of upper glory  
        Who excel.  
Shall they flaunt that Arab lie  
In the face of freedom's sky,  
    That the unsparing blade and gory  
    Is the key of heaven and hell ?

Can the nations, trained to know  
Right from wrong, be slack and slow  
    And divided in opinion  
        Of the case ?  
Heaven's everlasting laws  
Justify that people's cause  
    Rising 'gainst the vile dominion  
    Of a cruel Tartar race.

How the free, enlightened soul  
Spurns the thought of such control !  
    Mussulmans, as tame as camels  
        To the rod  
Which some pampered eunuch wields,

They despoiling Europe's fields  
To enforce their odious trammels—  
Oh forbid it, Europe's God !

Not in vain shall misery plead,  
And not long shall Servia bleed.  
Armed, decisive intervention  
Is at hand,  
And the sultan soon must seek  
Friendship with some wandering sheik,  
With his empire's full extension  
By a desert tent-cloth spanned.

England, to the victim's aid,  
Prone beneath a barbarous raid,  
Let the war trump's throat of thunder  
Call thy bands,  
And while Cœur-de-Lion's shade  
Waves the heaven-annointed blade,  
Drive the Asian beast of plunder  
Backward to his native sands !



*JOHN BURNS, OF LONDON.*  

---

DEFENDER of down-trodden right,  
Strong both to act and speak,—  
The hireling arm of ruling might,  
Uplifted yet, forbears to smite  
You on the other cheek.

Now blessings on the wider range  
And keener touch of thought !  
To this is due the sudden change,  
This modern miracle as strange  
As ever wizard wrought.

The name of Burns, the socialist,  
So late with terror heard—  
A day star dimmed by London mist,  
By law and gospel loathed and hissed,—  
Becomes a household word !

O happier tribune of the plebs  
Than chaste Cornelia's sons,\*  
Who tore the social spider-webs,  
For here no vein of valor ebbs,  
Nor red with slaughter runs.

---

\* Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, tribunes of the people in old Rome, were both murdered for advocating the popular cause against the tyrannical aristocracy.

Authority has now on tap  
Her soul's most generous wine ;  
With batons dangling to the strap,  
Her servants lift to him the cap  
That bears the civic sign.

She hears the famished cry for bread  
Nor will she give a stone ;  
Nor see the leader captive led,  
Nor club an unoffending head,  
And haply risk her own.

That land is sown with dragon's teeth  
Where wealth alone is great,  
And millions, toiling far beneath,  
Own nothing that they can bequeath,  
But blind and bitter hate.

Learn, Britain, to avert such ill ;  
The world's best future turns  
On hands that heavy tasks fulfil  
With cheerful mind and earnest will—  
On workingmen like Burns.

*THE PEOPLE FIRST.*  

---

## I.

FAR as the bright sun gilds  
The lowly cot, or builds  
    The seven-hued arch,  
We celebrate and toast  
The great victorious host  
Who do and suffer most  
    In life's grand march.

## II.

We raise no murder-shout,  
We fling no banners out  
    O'er mobs accursed ;  
But to each continent  
O'er ocean's vast extent,  
This greeting shall be sent :  
    The people first !

## III.

For them, and them alone,  
And not for any throne  
    Superbly carved,  
Shall heart and hand and brain  
The ordered state maintain  
Without one foeman slain,  
    One subject starved.

## IV.

True lordship of the soil  
Is in the drops of toil  
    That gem the brow,  
And in such arms as broke  
The galling feudal yoke  
And made the common folk  
    What they are now.

## V.

The truly royal dames  
From no emblazoned names  
    Derive their worth.  
Where love has crowned them queens  
Of sweet domestic scenes  
They nurse untitled weans  
    To govern earth.

## VI.

Then fill the social bowl  
To every generous soul  
    Born to be free ;  
While we behind us cast  
The ducal lines long past  
With hope set firm and fast  
    On those to be.

## VII.

King, emperor, sultan, czar,  
 And each attendant star  
     Pale from the skies ;  
 While o'er the palace wall  
 There runs the fateful scrawl  
 Foredooming it to fall  
     That man may rise !

---

 THE DOOM OF ROMANOFF.
 

---

ALEXANDER II. OF RUSSIA, KILLED MARCH 13, 1881.

---

HARK ! what was that terrific jar  
 That shocked the steadfast northern star,  
 And rattled hell both bolt and bar ?  
 "The Nihilists have killed the czar !"  
     And fast and faster  
 Through teeming, turmoiled Europe spreads  
 That thunder-crash for kingly heads :  
 "The Nihilists, the rampant Reds,  
 Have blown to atoms, torn to shreds  
     Their lord and master !"\*

---

\* Swinburne rather savagely imprecates the same awful visitation on the hopeful seed thus :

"God or man, be swift ; hope sickens with delay.  
 Smite, and send him howling down his father's way.  
 Down the way of czars, so long in vain deferred,  
 Let the second Alexander light the third !"

Ye guardians of the royal lair,  
Turn out and form a hollow square  
Around your broken idol there !  
Beat back the haggard hordes that stare,  
Both man and woman.

Ay, shower them with metallic grape  
Lest this foul secret should escape :  
The autocrat, that tried to ape  
The immortal gods, has lost the shape  
That marked him human !

Ay, they had fenced with stone and steel  
The man who knew not how to feel  
For millions 'neath his iron heel ;  
But spite of mercenary zeal,  
The deadly nitre  
That fills the whistling little sphere  
And blanches twenty thrones with fear,  
Has stopped the despot's high career  
And stretched him on a snowy bier  
With features whiter.

Pity and horror on us seize.  
Behold the royal remnants !—these :  
The shredded flesh, the shattered knees,  
The rivulets of blood that freeze  
Along the gutters,  
And whilst they trickle warmly still,  
Are trodden in, and send a chill  
Through fur-clad minions trained to kill,  
Who bend to catch the sovereign will  
He feebly utters !

Is there a mortal eye that can,  
 Unmoist, the ghastly havoc scan?  
 Poor Romanoff! our fellow man!  
 His pride disdained the equal plan,  
     His power o'erleaped it.  
 How grimly shows this gruesome deed!  
 And yet his sires had sown the seed,  
 His own hand bade the harvest speed;  
 It ripened where his victims bleed,  
     And he has reaped it!

Say, shall the muse of history crown  
 The banded patriots with renown  
 Who struck imperial Julius down?  
 And shall she wear the censor's frown  
     When desperation,—  
 Long gagged because of groans and cries—  
 Reveals to startled earth and skies  
 What cunning art of warfare lies  
 Within its reach? One murderer dies  
     To save the nation

Will any plead that this was he  
 Who bade the cowering serfs go free?  
 Alas! there lurked in that decree  
 A deeper gulf of misery  
     For them to plunge in.  
 The lordlings, grown too great and rich,  
 Their human cattle must unhitch,  
 While many an Ivan Loukovitch,  
 Deluded, leaped from out a ditch  
     Into a dungeon.

His hoof had crushed in embryo  
Full many a Sclavic Washington  
Who might have showed the glorious sun  
To cavered wretches, washed and won  
    From stripes and slavery.  
But no—broad Russia had but room  
For power's proud seat and freedom's tomb,  
While only glistened through the gloom  
The headsman's ax, that brought swift doom  
    On deeds of bravery.

---

Late had that man of awe  
Spoke—and his word was law :—  
“ Every free breath they draw  
    Now must be baffled.  
Take the seditious lot,  
Here in this hour and spot  
Let all the heads that plot  
    Roll on the scaffold.

“ As for that traitor chief,  
That bloody Solovieff,  
Not to a pang so brief  
    Treason has led him ;  
These are my strict commands :  
Load him with iron bands,  
Lop off his feet and hands  
    Ere you behead him ! ”



The wheel of fate, sublimely vast,  
 Has come full circle, sure and fast ;  
 The myth of right divine is past.  
 The right of man rolls up at last  
     And men embrace it.  
 Now tremble, ye tyrannic school ;  
 The rod of iron wherewith ye rule  
 Is potter's clay. Go drop the tool  
 Down through the black Tartarean pool  
     Where none can trace it !

---

*GIORDANO BRUNO.*

---

[Giordano Bruno was a Dominican friar in the latter part of the sixteenth century. He was far in advance of his age, both in intellect and moral courage. His discoveries in the natural sciences were considerable ; among other things, he announced his belief that the fixed stars were suns. He was persecuted and imprisoned for heresy, and finally burned at Rome, Feb. 16, 1600. His statue was unveiled in that city in June, 1888, in the presence of 30,000 people, including students, authors and scientists from every country in Europe.]

---

At night Giordano Bruno stands  
 With lifted brow and folded hands,  
 While though his mental vision runs  
 The radiance of a million suns.

Above his head the skies unroll  
 Their vast illuminated scroll,  
 Which fills him with a deeper awe  
 Than all the prophets and the law.

The vesper song is hushed ; he hears  
The music of the marching spheres ;  
His thoughts have burst tradition's bars,  
He drops the beads to count the stars.

This hour, all Europe's vacant stare  
Is sealed in sleep or shut in prayer,  
But Bruno's penetrating eyes  
Have caught the gleam that never dies.

From bright infinitude he reads  
The secret of the atomic seeds—  
Eternity of star-mist whirled  
Self-operant to mould a world.

The universe, without a flaw,  
Moves to its own inherent law ;  
The clod beneath his feet is rife  
With all the pledge and power of life.

And though the intellectual sleep  
With faith for nurse is long and deep,  
His bold words break the central dream—  
That baseless, vague creative scheme.

And then through foreign lands to range  
A friendless exile, and to change  
The blue dome with its myriad lamps  
For noisome dens and prison-damps !

How firm Giordano Bruno stands  
How free, although with fettered hands !  
His doom is fixed. The heaven he paints.  
Outrages all the ruling saints.

All champions of the sacred cause,  
No heathen such as Pilate was ;  
In all that council there is none  
To ask, What evil hath he done ?

They only know him too remote  
From what the holy fathers wrote ;  
“Damnation to the men who teach  
Of worlds beyond salvation’s reach !”

The Nubian cave, the Indian fen  
Are safer than the haunts of men,  
Who make their meek phylacteries broad  
And judge and punish for their god.

---

How calm Giordano Bruno stands,  
Breast-deep amid the hissing bands !  
How fiercely, through the stifling reek,  
Those tongues of fire have leave to speak !

Roll sky-ward, crimson-bordered cloud ;  
Skulk home, hyena-hearted crowd ;  
Bequeath your sons that deed of shame,  
And give to dogs that noble name !

The student's daring voice is hushed,  
But lo ! night's drooping front is flushed  
With hues that indicate the morn—  
With pangs whereof the truth is born.

---

How proud Giordano Bruno stands  
Where science leadeth foreign lands,  
The while her martyr's fiery robe  
Sheds purest lustre round the globe !

Within the safeguards of her reign,  
The fearless heart, the tireless brain,  
She gathers from those ample fields  
The golden harvests nature yields.

Here, where the shameful stake once stood,  
The brave, the gifted and the good,  
In grateful admiration gaze  
While art its noblest homage pays.

With one accord, the nations each  
Enfranchised both in soul and speech,  
By tongues of fire no longer crossed,  
Bespeak the better Pentecost.

*TO THE SERVIANS.*

---

SHALL not the sacked city's loud wailing awaken  
Some spirit of fire out of lethargy's gloom ?  
Has glory your mountains forever forsaken ?  
You'll find her at least in the patriot's tomb.

Do you feel not, beholding that perishless charter  
Which guided the souls and the swords of the brave,  
That death is the triumph of liberty's martyr,  
And life is the torture of tyranny's slave ?

Who raise not the warning but counsel forbearance,  
Thus either their tresaon or cowardice show ;  
Be last to rely upon slow interference,  
Be first in the dash at the throat of your foe.

No longer your councils should listen and tremble ;  
No longer your sabres should blush with their rust ;  
The standard unfurl—for the conflict assemble,  
Your purpose is sacred and heaven is just !

*FREEDOM.*

---

RECANTATORY TO TENNYSON.

---

O THOU who early spurned'st the thrall  
Of many an earthy Asian god,  
Where men were trained to crouch and crawl  
Obedient to the awful nod.

All glory to thy puissant arm,  
That drives from every land and shrine  
The holy sorcerer's muttered charm,  
The armored lie of right divine.

O tender-spirited but pulsed  
Like sovereign nature everywhere,  
At times convulsing and convulsed  
To purify the grosser air.

Not lovelier where the Ægean wave  
Soft rippled to the silvern strand  
Than where eight months of winter rave  
Around self-governed Newfoundland !

Thine eyes outshine the costly things  
That spangle long-descended crowns,  
To which a barbarous odor clings  
Of ravaged fields and pillaged towns.

Thy virgin soul that could resist  
A million mercenary swords  
Can dissipate, like morning mist,  
A far too ancient house of lords.

The furious fault was never thine  
When democratic wrath unpent,  
In blotting some heraldic line,  
Has rashly marred thy just intent.

But thou dost accurately gauge  
The bitter sum of blood and tears,  
Not flooded in one hour of rage  
But filtered through a thousand years.

And when Harmodius\* drew the blade  
Of vengeance from its leafy sheath,  
Thy touch that sprig of myrtle made  
More lasting than our laureate's wreath.

And thou wert present to direct  
When, after Brutus bent the knee  
And raised his voice without effect,  
Stern Casca, † cried, "Speak, hands, for me!"

---

\* A Greek who slew one of the most powerful tyrants of Athens, whose presence he gained carrying a sword hidden in a wreath of myrtle.

† Among those who stabbed Cæsar, Casca was the first to strike, uttering the words quoted above.

Say, which has aided most thy reign,  
 The solemn council or the crowd ?  
 By that the faithless Charles was slain—  
 By this the brainless James was cowed.\*

All brows are "furnished" that unite †  
 Their own from feudal force to wring ;  
 Thou grantest none the patent right  
 To legislate or even sing.

The truest harmony is that  
 Which wakening nations hear thee speak :  
 A summons to the autocrat,  
 An invitation to the weak.

The rights the famished Chartists claimed,  
 At first forbidden and abhorred,  
 But now in firm enactments framed,  
 Shall long survive the latest lord.

For thou, whose footsteps near and far  
 And fast, all human wrongs disclose,  
 Shalt turn the tinsel human star  
 Back to the darkness whence it rose

\* Charles I and James II of England. The mob was more lenient than the high court of justice.

† The laureate closes his ode to Freedom with this compliment to the reformers :

" Men loud against all forms of power,  
 Unfurnished brows, tempestuous tongues,  
 Expecting all things in an hour—  
 Brass mouths and iron lungs !"



*FOLK-SONG.*

A VOICE in the wilderness sings ;  
 The spirit of freedom awakes,  
 And the peasant stands up before kings  
 Who are playing their very last stakes.

How firmly his manhood aspires !  
 If his words have a menacing sound,  
 'Tis the down-trodden blood of his sires  
 That is crying through him from the ground !

The weird shapes of fancy diseased,  
 Are quitting that ghastly control  
 Which sclemnly did as it pleased  
 With its bond-servants—body and soul.

The brazen-browed legate of wrong,  
 His turn has now come to grow pale,  
 For the keen shafts of speech and of song  
 Fly straight to the joints of his mail.

The red star that carnage portends  
 Must soon from the firmament fall,  
 While hope to the zenith ascends  
 To shed its mild beams over all.

Faith finds a more fitting repose  
 In the human and not the divine,  
 While charity lovelier glows  
 Where the ashes lie cold on the shrine.

A halo this world never saw  
 Shall yet gild the forehead of time  
 To abolish the barbarous law  
 As well as the barbarous crime.

---

*NEW YEAR'S ODE.*

---

Now glides the angel Hope abreast  
 Of day's bright courier speeding west  
 Around the earth.  
 The stirring message that he brings  
 Through every glittering zone he flings—  
 A new year's birth!

Melts to a point within the past  
 The finished circle. On the vast  
 Unsounded deep  
 That spreads before, the wand of dawn  
 A segment of the next has drawn  
 With measured sweep.

Howe'er the mystic round shall fill,  
 May growing good o'er waning ill  
 Throughout prevail.  
 Pandora, close the casket's lid.  
 With open heart and hand we bid  
 The new year hail.

The anthem that the swelling breeze  
 Strikes from the ocean's thunderous keys  
     Floats forth sublime,  
 Saluting countries far apart  
 And rousing many a languid heart  
     To fuller time.

What aspects strange of storm and calm  
 From crystal peak to crested palm  
     Now open wide,  
 Where ebbs and flows, with murmuring surge,  
 Mingling the dance-song with the dirge,  
     The human tide !

The fragile foam-bells gleam and pass  
 Reflecting in their magic glass  
     All transient things—  
 The mustering cloud, the crumbling cliff,  
 The wandering wave, the fleeting skiff,  
     The fitting wings.

O mimic worlds in miniature !  
 How brief a season ye endure,  
     Or weak or strong !  
 The rushing floods efface and hush  
 The glories of the painted brush,  
     The poet's song.

Then, is there no perennial wreath  
 For earnest striving ? Yes, beneath  
     The reign of peace,  
 Shall science, freedom, brotherhood,  
 The true, the beautiful, the good,  
     Live and increase.

At this momentous stage we pause  
To greet the light that never was  
    On land or sea.  
The future thrills us with a voice  
To which we listen and rejoice—  
    It soon shall be.

Not vainly stood the sage to mark  
What signals should illumine the dark  
    From midnight towers.  
What though he saw no daybeams rise,  
The steady starlight of his eyes  
    Has beacons ours.

Nor will we rest till craven fear  
Be banished from the gladdened sphere—  
    Till nature work  
Her loveliest patterns on that sense  
Which long was dimmed by shadows dense  
    Where demons lurk.

Oh that the budding days might fill  
With good alone; no blighting chill,  
    No serpent's trail  
In any bower or bosom hid!—  
With hope and faith renewed, we bid  
    The new year hail.

*TO A KINDLY CATECHIST.*

---

I FULLY and firmly believe that you write  
In the spirit of Christian kindness,  
But one who is walking by faith, not sight,  
Should scarcely accuse me of blindness.

I can still stand erect without feeling the need  
Of the trammels my mind has broke loose from ;  
And if ever I long for a genuine creed,  
There are ninety-nine thousand to choose from.

I believe that a man who makes mammon his friend  
Is sure of a good situation.  
Though he fail fifty times, he turns up, in the end,  
Inside of a fine habitation.

I believe if the faithful keep kicking my shins,  
I must pardon them seventy times seven ;  
If not, I might suddenly die in my sins  
And not meet the dear brethren in heaven !

I believe in the family circle—in wife  
And child.—I believe we should rate them  
Above all the treasures we own in this life ;  
I believe it is wicked to *hate* them.

So then, I possess a most positive creed  
One nicely adapted for giving  
Some part of the godly contentment I need  
When rancor denies me a living.

And, not being a Turk, I can bear near the throne  
As many as prove themselves brothers ;  
But I have too much conscience just now of my own  
To be ruled by the conscience of others.

Not far can the voice of my heresy reach,  
Hemmed in like the hero Gordon,  
On the west by the billows of Pubnico beach—  
On the east by the swellings of Jordan.

While others, warmed up by the orthodox fires,  
And by hatred's sharp winter unbitten,  
Possess the whole land, from the Island of Briars  
To our Ultima Thule—Cape Breton.

You say that my doctrine with men might prevail  
Had it future rewards to beguile 'em.  
Dear soul, I am striving to pull down a jail,  
And not to erect an asylum !

## TO HON. W. S. FIELDING.

PREMIER OF NOVA SCOTIA.

FIELDING, a grateful land has viewed  
 A chief with patriot zeal imbued  
 Place public good o'er party feud,  
     Till head and shoulders,  
 He towers above the multitude  
     Of office-holders.

Not with the politician's tact  
 Of specious word and spurious act,  
 But with fidelity and fact  
     Uniting all,  
 The honest leader builds compact  
     The Spartan wall.

When rights that chartered states endow  
 Are used to deck some barren brow,  
 There falls the mantle of a Howe,  
     Who fought to gain them,  
 On one who not less nobly now  
     Dares to maintain them.

Our country needs such men to save  
 Her honor from an early grave,  
 Her substance from some grasping knave—  
     Some Jacob dressing  
 In pilfered furs\*, that he may crave  
     Her blindfold blessing.

---

\* The allusion here is not to Bremner's furs, but to the kidskins by means of which the purblind patriarch was shamefully deceived.—See Genesis xxvii, 16-22.

Yours be the mission to impeach  
And interdict the clinging leach.  
Though sight and touch should fail to teach  
    What he has cost her,  
She'll know the difference in the speech  
    And spurn the impostor.

---

TO OLIVE SCHREINER, CAPETOWN, AFRICA.

---

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM."

---

CAPE Sable joins hands with the Cape of Hope,  
    Though ocean, desert and the torrid line  
    All interpose ; they shall no more confine  
    Eternal thought, free-winged for boundless scope.

But first, like Waldo, it must cry and grope.  
    That period is past with yours and mine ;  
    For they have found, before their day's decline,  
    The white plume wafted from the azure cope.

But there was darkness over all our land ;  
    We felt the triple agony that rent  
    The inner sanctuary's veil in twain :

The world still rolls in dim and dizzy pain—  
    Make then yon kopje\* and this ridge of sand  
    An Olivet for each dark continent.

---

\* Kopje, a little hill, a name used on the Karroo, in South Africa.



*TO A FRIEND.*


---

ON HIS REQUEST THAT I SHOULD WRITE A SATIRE.

---

No, though the manners of our time  
 Fester for lack of caustic rhyme—  
 That old heroic operation  
 Which often saved a gangrened nation,  
 Even when the torpor overcame  
 All but a lingering sense of shame—  
 I have no numbers at command  
 To stay corruption's master-hand.

My youthful zeal begins to tire.  
 Alas ! the former Magian fire  
 Of wrath and love, of scorn and pride  
 Has into dust and ashes died !  
 'Twould take, indeed, a giant wrong  
 To challenge one satiric song.

Let factious pens distil their gall,  
 Let slanderer blab and bigot bawl,  
 Let dire anathemas be hurled  
 In some poor hierarch's pigmy world,—  
 Beyond the curtain and the pall  
 I've seen the nothingness of all !  
 Though conscious of the fact, alas !  
 That vice pervades the general mass,  
 That theft prevails in every rank  
 And honesty alone is lank,

I view with quite indifferent gaze  
 The acts and scenes of all their plays  
 Tragic or comic, which, when through,  
 The gods forgive—I'm sure I do !

My vanity it would not please,  
 Though I, encased in affluent ease,  
 Should reign as goodly and as great  
 Among the thriving third estate  
 As Ward McAllister, who rules  
 The upper world of Gotham fools !

---

*THE NEW DRAMA.*

---

THE stage that we tread is not doomed to destruction.

If tyrants and terrors are rendered less strong.  
 All progress has been but the steady reduction  
 Of sanctified fraud and of legalised wrong.

Ring down on the drama of priests and apostles  
 That had such a run on antiquity's stage.  
 In the daylight of reason they shine but as fossils  
 Set fast in the petrified soul of their age !

Ring down on the third act of wealth and of labor,  
 A tragedy mixed with a heavy burlesque,  
 Where a man so complacently sits on his neighbor  
 In seating himself at a millionaire's desk.

The footlights are glowing ; then ring up the curtain ;  
 The orchestra brays not with trumpet or drum.  
 The actors are born to their parts, and are certain  
 Of brilliant successes for ages to come !

*AD POPULUM.*


---

Heu pietas, heu prisca fides !

THIS age has cast behind its back  
 The gibbet, thumbscrew, stake and rack.  
 We worship now the well-paid hack  
     And not the martyr.  
 Still, some important things we lack  
     To freedom's charter.

The masses must in freedom dwell ;  
 Let them be free to buy and sell,  
 To send a deputy to tell  
     Their wishes out,  
 And send the other man to—well,  
     The right about !

The legislature must desist  
 From pampering the monopolist,  
 That government may get more grist  
     Brought to its mill,  
 And plunge its own nefarious fist  
     Deep in the till.

Let no one lull your wits to sleep  
 Or tempt you with the glittering heap ;  
 For oh ! he buys your manhood cheap  
     Although he offers  
 All that a spendthrift land can keep  
     Within its coffers !

When factions for their favorites fight,  
 While honor's cause is lost from sight,  
 While round you storms of party spite  
     Rave, roar and hiss,  
 Then fling your banners to the light  
     Inscribed like this :

King, congress, council, cabinet  
 Are for the people's welfare set.  
 Their tenure is the trust you let,  
     And not their dower ;  
 Then, never let those men forget  
     You are the power.

---

*STANZAS TO MARY.*

---

AIR.—Einsam bin ich, nicht alleine.

I AM not alone, though lonely,  
 For there rises on my view  
 Thy dear form, the first and only  
     Treasure that my life e'er knew.

When upon the past I ponder,  
 When I think on days to be,  
 Fated far from thee to wander,  
     Still my heart abides with thee.

Cruel time my hopes has shaken  
 Like the autumn leaves that fall,  
 But the spring-time joys awaken  
     When thy kindness I recall.

Though no more the notes of gladness  
 Speak the lover's heavenly flame,  
 Yet I hush the voice of sadness  
 With the music of thy name.

Every load of care I lighten,  
 Every grief I can beguile,  
 Every shadow I can brighten  
 With the mem'ry of thy smile.

Beaming through the darkened distance,  
 Like the orb that lights the pole,  
 Still the lode-star of existence  
 Cheers and guides my erring soul.

---

*THE MINSTRELS GOOD NIGHT.*

---

Ich singe wie der Vogel singt  
 Der in den Zweigen wohnt.—*Goethe.*

Good night to all. The shadows o'er the lea  
 Are stretched like fallen turrets, gray and long ;  
 A lambent gleam still trembles on the sea  
 That haunts me with an overpowering song  
 Deeper than music of the gay-plumed throng,  
 To which I listened by the morning's gate  
 And tried to give response. If that was wrong,  
 Here only for your pardon do I wait  
 Ere I retire alone, but not all desolate.

Affection for my country and my kind,  
 Unnoticed though it be, encheers me still ;  
 And I have striven with an eager mind  
 The promise of my childhood to fulfil.

But as steep rocks may turn aside the rill  
 And waste its virtue in the arid sand,  
 So sternest hindrances beset my will,  
 And most it grieves me that my native land  
 Reaps nothing from my thought, and little by my hand.

To sing her praises was the wish I nursed,  
 The highest boon, I deemed, that man could ask,  
 While fancy with the future age conversed,  
 And heard its voice enjoin the glorious task.  
 How little cared I then who sought to bask  
 In fortune's sunshine, rusting at his ease,  
 Or who put on dissimulation's mask  
 That trivial power he might the better seize ;—  
 Thank God, I have no place among such men as these !

'Twas well that, in a lot so lowly cast,  
 The native impulse was too strong and warm,  
 To be out-voiced by every savage blast,  
 Or deadened into coldness by the storm,  
 Or warped by tyrant custom to conform  
 To modes that set their deep-indented stamp  
 On everything pertaining to the swarm,  
 And all the nobler powers so straitly cramp  
 That palsied reason scarce can trim her flickering lamp.

Nor could the unquiet mind forever keep  
 Within their narrow intellectual girth,  
 Whose tricks might sometimes make the angels weep,  
 And sometimes move a Benedictine's mirth !  
 A wider heritage was mine by birth :

I proudly call the English tongue my own,  
And even to this noteless spot of earth,  
Like richly-freighted ships from every zone,  
It brings the rarest gems the world has ever known.

And sweet is the reward of moments spent  
In meditating rural loves and joys ;  
For this, the courtly Roman was content  
To string his polished lyre for girls and boys.  
To one who thus his guileless thought employs  
Are shown the treasures of the richest theme ;  
If graven images and gilded toys  
Are things he cannot worship or esteem,  
His love is not confined to creatures of a dream !

This harp, to every various feeling true,  
Has often in some lone, obscure retreat,  
Been wet with tears, but tears are heavenly dew,  
Benignant showers for ardent bosoms meet ;  
Else would the young affections, opening sweet,  
With dust of daily life become impure ;  
Or passion's rays would kiss them into heat,  
Then, like unsheltered flowers, they would be sure  
To wither ere their prime, to die and not mature.

All earth is tuneful, when the infant leaves  
First whisper to the idle breeze's play,  
Yet scarce less joyous when her lap receives  
The golden tribute of an autumn day.  
The highest instinct that our lives obey  
Points forward—never to a darkened close ;  
Nor would it help us on the destined way,  
If, in the soft allurements of repose  
The desert that we tread should blossom like the rose.

Henceforward I must linger not nor pause,  
 As I have done amid the dubious waste,  
 In futile questioning of all that was,  
 Or is, or shall be ; nor with too much haste  
 Explore what little yet remains untraced,  
 Which would avail me nothing to foreknow.  
 Enough for me, at intervals, to taste  
 The hidden springs, and own its quickening flow  
 Replenished from the cloud that seemed surcharged  
 with woe.

Thus in no dreary mood I bid good night.  
 A liberal patroness has nature been  
 In furnishing, if only for delight,  
 The sources whence some scanty truths I glean ;  
 Not in the halls where learned men convene,  
 But by the wave and in the cloistered wood,  
 Where, muffled in their cloaks of sombre green,  
 Are ranked the aged trees—the brotherhood  
 On whom the Holiest looked and saw that it was good..

I still the chords, and on the Acadian birch  
 Suspend my harp. Perchance the airy note  
 Of some kind cherub on his earthly search  
 Shall make diviner spell around it float ;  
 If this should be, the day is not remote  
 When I shall take it from its silent rest  
 And all its powers with steadier touch devote  
 To the prime motive of the patriot's breast  
 And its achievements high, by which the race is blest..









