

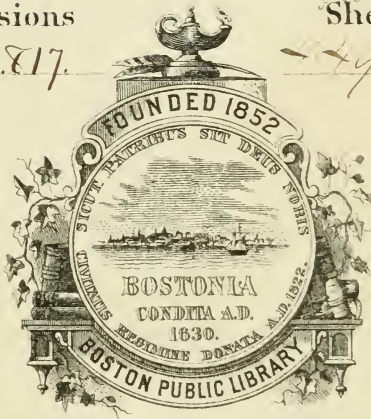


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# ARIEL AND CALIBAN

WITH OTHER POEMS

BY

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1887

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## ARIEL AND CALIBAN.<sup>1</sup>

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### I.

*Before PROSPERO'S cell. Moonlight.*

ARIEL.

So — Prospero is gone — and I am free —  
Free, free at last. His latest charge have I  
Performed with duteous care ; have sent the breeze  
To blow behind the ship whose rounded sails  
Now bear him homeward ; and I am alone.  
Yet I, who pined for freedom — I, who served  
This lordly mind, not of my own free choice,  
Though somewhat out of gratitude, — for he  
By his strong sorcery did release me once  
From durance horrible, — now, since the touch

<sup>1</sup> To forestall suspicion of my having borrowed even any suggestion of the idea on which this poem is founded from M. Renan's "*Caliban*" — though this has a totally different conception from my theme — I may say that I had written the greater part of my poem long before I had heard of or seen the brilliant and audacious satire of that distinguished French author.

And sympathy of human souls have warmed  
My cold electric blood, and I have known  
How sweet it were to love and be beloved  
Within the circle of the elements  
Whose soulless life is death to human hearts, —  
I, here alone, now grieve to be alone,  
No longer linked with mortal loves and cares.  
For as I flit about the ocean caves,  
Or thread the mazes of the whispering pines,  
Or in the flower-bells dream long sunny days,  
Or run upon the crested waves, or flash  
At no one's bidding, but in wild caprice,  
A trailing meteor or a thunderbolt, —  
Or sing along the breeze that hath no sense  
Or soul of hearing, melodies I framed  
For Prospero and his child. — I have no will  
To work as once, when serving earned this boon  
Of liberty, long sought, now tame and cheap.  
For what to me are all these air-fed sprites  
I marshalled, by his potent art constrained?  
Their bloodless cold companionship can give  
No joy to me, now half estranged from them.  
There 's Caliban, 't is true — a human beast —  
Uncouth enough to laugh at — not so vile  
Perhaps as he appears — rather misshaped  
And thwarted in his growth. And yet he seems  
In this fair Isle, where noble souls have lived,  
Like a dull worm that trails its slime along

The full heart of a rose ; and now at last  
Free from the foot of Prospero, all the more  
Slave to himself, crawls feeding where he lists.

*Enter CALIBAN in the distance.*

Lo, here he creeps, and looks as if he meant  
To enter his old master's cell. But no !  
I 'll enter first, and there assume the voice  
Of Prospero. He some sport at least shall yield.  
Ah, sometimes I must be a merry sprite,  
If only to beguile these lonesome hours.

*[Vanishes into the cell.]*

CALIBAN.

So — so — the island 's mine now. I may make  
My dwelling where I choose. Methinks this cell  
Might serve ; though somewhat I suspect  
Its walls are steeped in magic. And besides,  
Too well my bones remember how that lord  
Let fly his spirits at me. How he cramped  
My limbs ! The devil-fish o'ertake his ship !  
He 's far away — and I can curse him now,  
And no more aches shall follow. As for him,  
Yon drunken fellow — and his mate — good Lord,  
How I was fooled to gulp his bragging lies !  
The man in the moon, forsooth ! And yet he bore  
Brave liquor, though it set my wits agog.  
Would there were more of it. Well, I 'll make my bed

E'en here, where Prosper slept. King of the isle —  
 King Caliban! But I've no subjects yet,  
 Save beasts of the wood, and even over them  
 I lack those strong old charms of Sycorax.

[*Enters the cell.*]

ARIEL (*within*).

Halt there! What man art thou? Slave — Caliban!

CALIBAN.

Ah, ah! 'T is Prospero back again — Ah me!

ARIEL.

How dar'st thou here intrude upon my rest?

CALIBAN.

Nay now — I cannot tell — I thought thee gone —  
 I saw thee go.

ARIEL.

Think'st thou I cannot leap  
 Across the seas? Think'st thou I cannot ride  
 Upon the wind? Know'st thou not Prosper's might?

CALIBAN.

Do not torment me! Alas, alas, I thought  
 His book and staff were buried — he at sea!  
 Ah, here's a coil — here's slavery again.  
 I'll run, before the cramp gets to my legs.

[*Exit.*]



ARIEL (*advancing*).

Good riddance! He 'll not venture here again.  
 This grot is sacred to remembered forms  
 'T were base ingratitude could I forget.  
 Their names make fragrant all the place. They fill  
 The void of life within me more and more,  
 And draw me closer to all human-kind.  
 Much have ye taught me. Thou, O Prospero,  
 Whom all too grudgingly I served, dost seem  
 Now not a master, but a gracious friend.  
 And she — Miranda, peerless in her bloom  
 Of maidenhood — had I but human been,  
 What tenderer germs — but no — too late, too late  
 Those virtues, graces — this proud intellect  
 That made a sport of magic, and renounced  
 The sceptre of Wonderland as though it were  
 The bauble of a child. Too late I see  
 The topmost glory of the Duke, who shone  
 Grandest abjuring supernatural gifts —  
 Most godlike in forgiving his base foes.

(*Pauses in deep thought.*)

There is no life worth living but that life  
 I missed, the sympathetic interchange  
 Of mind with mind and heart with heart. This world  
 Of air and fire and water, where I dwell,  
 Is but a realm of phantasms — spectral flames  
 Like the pale streamers of the frozen North ;

Is less than half of life — motion without  
 Life's warm reality — a trance, a dream.  
 Nay, even this slave — this son of Sycorax  
 Hath something human in him. Might I now  
 But find some passage to his heart, but breathe  
 Into his sluggish brain some finer breath,  
 But lift him to companionship of thought —  
 'T were worth the trial. At least I 'll follow him  
 And wind about him with an airy song.  
 He 's fond of music, for whene'er I sing  
 He listens open-mouthed. He 's not so bad  
 But some ethereal trap may snare him yet.

(Sings.)

I, a spirit of the air,  
 Now may wander anywhere  
 All about the enchanted Isle.  
 But no more the master's smile  
 Greets me as his door I pass ;  
 I shall hear no more, alas !  
 Hear no more the magic word  
 Of the seer who was my lord —  
 Nevermore !

Nevermore my flying feet  
 Bring him music strange and sweet,  
 Run for him upon the wind,  
 While the cloven air behind  
 Meets with roar and thunder-crack

In the lightning of my track —  
Nevermore !

*Enter CALIBAN, listening.*

CALIBAN.

This might be one of them. Full oft I hear  
Their music in the air. And yet he lies,  
And is a devil of Prospero's, for he hints  
That Prospero's gone : and yet I heard his voice.  
And yet that voice might be a mimicry.  
Good Moon, assist me. Tell me, friendly Moon,  
Is Prospero gone ? Tell me, good Man i' the Moon,  
He will not pinch me again.

ARIEL.

Nay, doubt not, friend.  
He's gone.

CALIBAN.

Now Setebos preserve my bones !  
What voice art thou ? For nothing can I see  
But stars, and moonlight twinklings in the woods,  
And black broad shadows of the trembling trees,  
And here and there a fluttering zigzag bat.

ARIEL.

I hover in the moonbeam overhead.

CALIBAN.

I think I've heard thee sing and talk before.  
Did Prosper leave thee here to govern us,

And sing us into pitfalls with thy lies  
And lying songs? And yet how sweet thou singest!  
Come, show thyself — I think thou 'rt not a fiend.

ARIEL.

I'll show myself anon. But do not fear.  
Prosper is gone. A lonely spirit am I  
Seeking companionship. I'd talk with thee.

CALIBAN

Good — an' thou talkest sense, and wilt not bite  
Or hunt me — nor dost bid me bring thee logs.

ARIEL.

I have no need of fuel, nor of food  
Nor dwelling, nay, not even of bodily shape.  
Yet I can take a shape if so I choose.

CALIBAN.

Then prythee do. I fain would see thee, friend.  
I like it not, this talking to the air.

ARIEL.

I'll humor thee if I can be thy friend.  
What shape shall I assume?

CALIBAN.

Why, any shape  
But Prospero's — and I'll shake thee by the hand,

And swear thou art as merry a fellow as e'er  
 I have sat cracking nuts with — in my dreams —  
 For wide awake I ne'er encountered such.  
 Nay, this seems like a dream. Perchance it is —  
 And I asleep, and babbling in my sleep —  
 And Prospero still lord of all the Isle.

## ARIEL.

Nay, all is real. I tell thee he has gone.  
 Follow me now to yonder cave, where laps  
 The sleepy sea upon the pebbled shore,  
 Smoothing the flickering wrinkles of the moon,  
 Who steeps her golden column in the brine.  
 There will I meet thee in a human garb.

## CALIBAN.

Where'er you please, so I but see your face.  
 You are no Jack-o'-lantern, I believe.  
 I know thee not, but something tells me true  
 That I may trust thee. Sing then. I will follow.

[*Exeunt, ARIEL singing.*]

## SONG.

Follow, follow,  
 Down the deep hollow —  
 Down to the moonlit waves,  
 Down where the ocean caves  
 The full tides swallow.  
 Follow, follow!

From the curse, from the blight,  
 From the thralldom of night,  
 From the dark to the light,  
 From the slave to the man  
 We will lift Caliban.  
 Farewell, Hecate! Rise, Apollo!  
 Follow, follow, follow!

## II.

*In a cave by the sea. CALIBAN, and ARIEL as a  
 forester, seated.*

CALIBAN.

So then it seems thou 'rt one of these who served  
 This wizard lord — and he a duke disguised —  
 One of his tricky spirits. I like not this.  
 Why did'st thou serve him?

ARIEL.

He delivered me  
 From torture by his magic. I was bound  
 By gratitude as well as by his spells  
 To wait upon him. Oft unwillingly  
 I served him. But at last I loved him well;  
 Knew his soul's greatness, honored what he prized,  
 Which yet was but his minister — his art;  
 Felt in my airy veins a blood-warm beat,

Till through them double color seemed to run,  
Like moonlight mingled with the rosy dawn.

CALIBAN.

If he was noble, why did he enslave me?  
I never did him wrong, till he by force  
Took from me this mine island — pent me up  
In a vile prison — made me toil and drudge  
All day, and when I lagged, beset me sore  
With pinches and with terrors of his art.

ARIEL.

Thou nam'st not all he did. Was he not kind?  
Taught thee to speak and reason — treated thee,  
At worst, as he would treat a faithful dog,  
(For little more thou wast at first,) till thou  
Did'st bite the hand that stroked and fed thee, yea,  
And would'st have wrought dishonor on his child.

CALIBAN.

I know not. I was never taught to curb  
My passions, and I lived a lonely life.  
I wronged him? Yet my punishment was hard.  
I might have served him, yet not been a slave.  
It turned all love to hate to be his slave.  
He did not treat me as he treated thee.

ARIEL.

I was his servant too. But I perceived  
There was a nearer tie 'twixt him and me,

For which I learned to love him. Let that pass.  
What now behooves thee is to summon up  
Thy human heart long styed in ignorance  
And fear and hate ; and since thou call'st thyself  
Lord of this island, learn to be a lord  
In nobler style, and with a human love  
Of all things good. 'T were little gain for thee  
To have thy freedom, if thou 'rt still enslaved  
To baser powers within thee. What thou hadst  
Ere Prospero came, is thine to enjoy and own.  
But own thyself — the man within the beast ;  
For man thou art, and of the same stuff framed  
As his who owned thee — and better than it seemed  
Thou wert, perchance, to one whose will enslaved  
All human and all elemental power  
His magic could enforce, to overpay  
For a few brief years the dukedom he had lost.  
Learn now to prize thy freedom in a field  
Where thou may'st work for good and not for harm.  
Curse not, but bless. If I do chance to talk  
Above thy head, I 'll dwarf my thought to thine ;  
Or meet thee again when thou upon my words  
Hast pondered. . . . Now, by Apollo's shaft, I think  
The moon-calf is asleep ! I 'll vanish then.

[Exit ARIEL.]



## III.

*Sunrise.*CALIBAN (*waking*).

What, is he gone! Or is it another dream?  
 It is my fate, I think, still to be duped  
 With visions and with shows. Perhaps now he  
 Was the man in the moon — Perhaps we 'll meet  
 again.

He may have said the truth. And yet, somehow,  
 I dropped asleep as when I hear the wind  
 Sing in the pines, or listen to the fall  
 Of streams in drowsy summer afternoons.  
 I do begin to love this spirit — albeit  
 He spoke in praise of Prosper. Prosper? — well —  
 It may be that I knew him not — who knows?  
 I am glad he has sailed away though. Setebos!  
 What — sunrise! Did I sleep so long? In faith  
 I know it, for I 'm hungry. I will dig  
 Some mussels from the sand, and pick some fruits.  
 I 'm not a cub, it seems — said he not so? —  
 But made for better things; no slave — a man  
 Fit to be talked with, and not called vile names —  
 Made of the same stuff with that Prospero —  
 Ah ha! good stuff, do you see? — the very same —  
 Only a little soiled. We 'll see — we 'll see.

## ARIEL AND CALIBAN.

(ARIEL sings in the distance.)

The golden sun the clouds hath kissed  
 And fires the hilltops grim and old.  
 And down the valley melts the mist  
 And turns the earth to gold.

The lordly soul is lord of all.  
 The heart that loves its human-kind,  
 Where'er its warming sunbeams fall,  
 Leaves night and death behind.

## CALIBAN.

Fine sprite, I hear you : think I love you too.  
 I 'll follow you — though what you said to me  
 Is hard to understand. I 'll hear you talk  
 Again ; but first of all must eat and drink.  
 Made of the same stuff with that Prospero?  
 No beast — no slave ! well — this is something new.

## IV.

*A pine grove by the sea. ARIEL as a forester.*

## ARIEL.

Free, free at last ! Yet bound by a chain whose links  
 Are the heart's memories. Free to roam unchecked,  
 Untasked. Free as these glancing dancing waves,  
 This summer wind. But by an inward need

Of action, and by late-born sympathies  
With human life, bound not the less to serve ; —  
Though for the present I must waste my art  
Upon this son of Sycorax. Yet I have seen  
A kindlier sight flash in his brutish eyes,  
And in his harsh voice heard a tenderer tone.  
I think he almost loves me. But alas,  
What room for human fellowship, what hope  
To evolve the obstructed and distorted germ  
Of manhood here, in idle solitude  
Haunted by soulless elves and sprites — a land  
By human hearts and human intellects  
Untenanted? Around us Nature smiles  
In indolent repose — too beautiful,  
Too soft — a land of dull lethargic ease,  
Steeped in the oblivion of the sleepy South.

*(Pauses in thought.)*

I know another island — where the North  
Blows with a fresher wind ; — where pulses bound  
Electric to assured results of thought.  
Its fertile plains, its rocky coasts and hills  
Are peopled with a vigorous race. Its ports,  
Forests of masts ; its fields by labor tilled ;  
Its growing towns and cities from afar  
Flash in the morning of a crystal sky,  
And stud its winding streams like jewels strung  
On silver threads : — a people brave and strong,  
Yet peaceful, and advancing in all arts,

Science and culture, by wise freedom nursed.  
Oft in my master's errands flying north  
I have seen it far across the wrinkling waves,  
Facing the sunrise like a golden cloud,  
And heard the humming of its alien marts.  
And thither we might sail — I and this slave  
That was — not long a slave when he has known  
Contact with men of a superior mould  
In bonds of law and human brotherhood.

CALIBAN (*who has been approaching unperceived*).

Good brother Ariel, you are lost in thought.  
I know 't is about something wise and good.  
Come — don't be glum. A penny for your thoughts.

ARIEL.

How like you this fair island, Caliban?

CALIBAN.

Oh, well enough — not having known a better.  
And yet 't is lonely here — a prison still,  
Although our jailer's gone. And I would fain  
See some new faces — not Italian dukes  
Or jesters — I have had enough of them —  
But like your own, whene'er you let yourself  
Be seen, and condescend to talk with me.

ARIEL.

What think you of a voyage from this shore  
To another island? — better far than this,  
I needs must think; a place where men have built  
Great cities, tilled broad fields, and sail huge ships —  
A home for you and me more fit than this;  
For I'm becoming human very fast,  
While you will need ere long some earthlier friend.

CALIBAN.

Well — on the whole I'm tired of this dull life,  
And don't object to see some other lands:  
But how do you propose to sail away  
Without a ship?

ARIEL.

We'll see. Trust me for that.  
One task the more my magic shall achieve.  
We'll build a boat. Your toil shall not be great.  
Yet your old task you must resume awhile,  
And bring me a few logs.

CALIBAN.

Most willingly  
For you, good Ariel. But for Prospero —  
Thank Heaven, I've carried my last load for him!  
*(They retire, talking together.)*

## V.

*Sunset.* ARIEL and CALIBAN in a sail-boat are leaving  
the island.

ARIEL sings.

I have built me a magical ship ;  
Its sails of the air were wrought.  
From the land of symbol and dream we slip  
To the land of deed and thought :  
To a clime where the north and south  
Have mingled their noble seed ;  
And the glance of the eye and the word of the mouth  
Are one with the honest deed.  
We sail, away, away !

To a land where the brain of man  
Works magic as strange as this ;  
And the heart of the future builds a plan  
As deep as the soul's abyss.  
We need not the tide nor the gale,  
Nor the sun nor the moon with their beams,  
For our boat has a magical rudder and sail  
That were wrought in the island of dreams.  
Away, away, away !

(*Voices, echoing from the island.*)

In the island of dreams we stay.  
 We echo your parting lay.  
 Speed on by night and day!  
 Speed on! away, away!

(CALIBAN *sleeps.*)

ARIEL.

Sleep on! We leave the past. The night enshrouds  
 The enchanted isle. And wake thou when the sun  
 Shines on another clime — and shines in thee  
 With the new light which thou hast never seen.

L'ENVOI.

Pardon, great Poet, should I seem to mar  
 One mystery of thy supernatural tale;  
 Or with unreverent eye to scan the star  
 Whose splendor makes his satellites so pale!  
 If in my play and privacy of thought,  
 Led by thy light, I lingered for a while  
 Amid the scenes thy master-hand had wrought,  
 And, hovering over thy deserted isle,  
 Dared to invoke thy sprites without command  
 To come unmarshalled by thy mystic wand —  
 If on the margin of thy immortal page  
 I scrawled a sketch unfit to grace thy stage,  
 'T was but the joy of dwelling there with thee  
 Near that enchanted sea.

'T was but the wondering question of a child,  
To know what may have chanced beyond the wild  
Fantastic dream, from which too soon he woke  
To common daylight and life's weary yoke.  
Pardon I crave once more, O mighty seer!

I bow before thee here

With reverent love and awe,

And say — “ I only sported with his thought,  
While in its golden meshes gladly caught,  
I dreamed and fancied. He awoke and saw ! ”



## LIONEL AND LUCILLE.

### I.

IN the beautiful Castleton Island a mansion of lordly style,  
Embowered in gardens and lawns, looks over the glimmering bay.  
In the light of a morning in summer, with stately beauty and pride,  
Its turrets and glittering roof flash down from the hills like a star.  
There, pillowed in woods, it blinks on the dusty village below ;  
And ere it settles itself to its rest in the ambered dusk,  
Its windows blaze from afar in the gold of the setting sun.

There in a curtained alcove facing a lawn to the south,  
Lucille one morning in early spring was sitting alone.  
Now in a novel she read, and now at her broidery stitched ;  
And now, throwing both aside, at her piano warbled and trilled.

Then on a balcony leaning, she wished that the weeks  
would pass,

For she with her mother to Europe was going. Her  
father had died

And left her an heiress; and lovers like moths came  
fluttering round,

Dazzled with visions of gold, and half believing them  
love, —

All but one, who was poor, and loved her, but not for  
her wealth.

Three months had Lionel known her — but never had  
told her his love.

How could he ask her to wed him, the scholar who  
drudged for his bread?

Even were his offers accepted, (and little his chances, he  
thought,)

What would they say in the city? “He has picked up  
a fortune, it seems:

A shrewd lucky fellow!” So proudly he kept his fond  
thoughts to himself.

Seldom he saw her alone. In a circle of fashion she  
moved.

Whenever he called, there were carriages waiting, with  
liveries fine —

Visitors going and coming, with shallow and gossiping  
talk.

Those who knew him would surely have said, “’Tis  
strange he should love

A girl of such frivolous tastes." But such are the ways  
of the heart —

Ever a riddle too deep for the crude common-sense of  
the world.

To-day no visitors came, and Lucille was deep in her  
book —

(A tale of romantic affection far back in the Orient  
days) —

When a ring at the door was heard, and — Lionel stood  
in the hall.

He had heard she was going to Europe. He would n't  
yet bid her good-bye,

For he hoped he might see her again ere fate put an  
ocean between.

Something more earnest than usual she felt was in  
Lionel's face ;

Something more tender and deep in the tones of his  
tremulous voice,

Though half hidden in jest too grave and intense for a  
smile.

She, brimming o'er with her poets, and fresh from her  
bath of romance,

Clothed the season, and him, and herself, in an opaline  
light.

Softer her tones, and her words less tinged with fashion  
and form,

Cordially lighted like birds on the ground of his intimate  
thoughts.

And as he left her, to stroll on the hills of the beautiful  
island,  
Hope with her roseate colors enveloped the earth and  
the sky.

'T was one of those April days when the lingering Winter  
stands  
Waving his breezy scarfs from the north for a last good-  
bye ;  
When the delicate wind-flowers peep from the matting  
and moss of the woods,  
And the blue Hepatica lurks in the shadowy dells of the  
fern ;  
When the beautiful nun, the Arbutus, down in her clois-  
ters brown,  
Creeps through her corridors damp in the dead old leaves  
of the past,  
Whispering with fragrant breath to the bold things dan-  
cing above :  
“ Tell me, has Winter gone? May I peep — just peep,  
at the world? ” —  
When the spaces of sky are bluer, with white clouds  
hurrying fast,  
Blurring the sun for a moment, then letting him flash  
on the fields,  
While the shadows are miles in breadth, and travel as  
swift as the wind  
Over the sparkling cities afar and the roughening bay ; —

When the pine-groves sigh and sing as the wind sweeps  
under and through  
The cheerful gloom of their spicy shade ; and the wil-  
lows lithe  
Bend and wave with the tender green of their trailing  
boughs ; —  
When the furry catkins drop from the silvery poplar tree ;  
When the bare, gray bushes are tipped with the light of  
their new-born leaves,  
And the petted hyacinths sprout and curl their parasite  
lips  
Under the sunlit, sheltering sides of the palace walls,  
And seem to scoff at the violets hidden deep in the grass,  
And the common, yellow face of the dandelion's star,  
As it peeps like a poor man's child through the rails of  
the garden fence.

Then, as Lionel entered the crowd and the city again,  
Lighter his labors appeared in his office, wall-shadowed  
and dusk.  
Dreams of the island and woods swept over his figures  
and books :  
Visions of love in a cottage, with fashion and splendor  
forgotten.  
Changeable April had shown but its sunniest side to his  
heart.

Once more,—twice, to the island he went : and Lionel  
hoped

A tenderer feeling for him had dawned in the heart of  
Lucille.

Ever with friendlier greeting she met him : for she in  
her mind

Had dressed up a hero of fiction ; and Lionel — could  
it be he ?

Was not his name of itself a romance ? Then his face  
and his form,

Voice and manners and culture, were just what her hero's  
should be.

So with the glamour of life unreal she saw him ; and  
yet —

Was it love ? She thought so, perhaps. At least she  
would dream out her dream :

This was a real live novel — and worth reading through,  
was it not ?

## II.

One day, when the bushes were white in the lanes, and  
the bees were astir

In the blooms of the apple-trees, and the green woods  
ringing with birds,

Lionel asked Lucille to walk with him over the heights  
Looking far down on the Narrows and out on the dim  
blue sea.

So through the forest they strolled. They stopped here  
and there for a flower,

Then sat to rest on a rock. An oak-tree over their  
heads

Stretched abroad its flickering lights and shadows. The  
birds

Sang in the woodlands around them. The spot seemed  
made for romance.

And Lionel drew from his pocket a book that had lately  
appeared,

A volume of lovers' verse by a poet over the seas,  
And read aloud from its pages. Lucille sat twisting a  
wreath,

Laurel and white-thorn blossoms that half dropped  
away as she twined them ; —

Paused now and then to listen ; and as he was closing  
the book,

Laid a wild flower between the leaves to remember the  
place —

And playfully placed her wreath on his head, as if *he*  
were the poet.

Silent and musing they sat, as they turned to look at the  
sea,

Watching the smoke of the steamers and white sails  
skimming afar.

And Lionel said, " Ah, soon *you* too will be steaming  
away

Down the blue Narrows ; and I — shall miss you — more  
than you know."

" Why should you miss me ?" she said. " So seldom  
you visit our house."

" Had I but followed my wishes ; — but you like the  
lady appeared,

Shut in the circle of Comus. How hard to enter your ring ! ”

“ What should prevent you from coming ? How often I wished you would come !

Nobody calls that I care for : our island is growing so dull.”

“ Yes — and you long for a change — and so you are going to Europe.

There in a whirl of delights, with fashion and wealth at command,

Soon you ’ll forget your poor island, and all the admirers you knew.”

“ No ” — she whispered — “ not all ” — and blushed, with her head turned away,

Looked down and murmured : “ You think I am wedded to fashion and wealth :

Yet often I long for the simpler manners the poets have sung,

The grand old days when souls were prized for their natural worth.

You think I can rise to no feelings and thoughts of a serious life —

Can value no mind and no heart but — such as you meet at our house.

I care not for such — I fancied you knew me far better than that.”

“ Lucille ” — he never had called her Lucille, but the name came unbidden ;



“Lucille, could you love a poor toiler who dared not to  
offer his heart

And his hand — and in silence had loved you, and  
wished you were poor for his sake,

So fortunes were equal ?” And she, still floating in rosy  
romance,

Murmured, “I could,” with a look that melted the walls  
of reserve

And mingled two souls into one. Then, turning away  
from the sea,

The sea that so soon must divide them, they pledged to  
each other their troth.

And Lionel saw not the fates that were frowning afar  
o’er the waves ;

For the world wore the color of dreams, as homeward  
they wended their way.

Bright were the meetings that followed — and yet with  
a shadowy touch

On Lionel’s hopes, as if in the changeable April days  
He still were roaming the hills, and still looked over the  
bay

Where cloud and sunshine were flying, with doubtful  
promise of spring.

Lucille had a reason, it seemed, to keep their betrothal  
untold.

The day was so near of their parting. She feared what  
her mother might say.

'T were best they should part but as friends. They would  
 write to each other the same —  
 And they would be true to each other — and all would  
 be clear before long.  
 And Lionel yielded, and pondered. And so they parted  
 at last.

## III.

The summer had hardly begun when a letter from Eng-  
 land came,  
 Full of the voyage and landing — but little of what he  
 had hoped.  
 Too light, too glancing it seemed for a first love-letter  
 from one  
 Far over the sea, who had said he should ever be first  
 in her thoughts.  
 Bright and witty it fluttered from topic to topic — but  
 never  
 Paused with a tremulous wing to dwell on the love she  
 had left.  
 Something there was in its tone that said “I am happy  
 without you :”  
 Something too little regretful — too full of her glittering  
 life.  
 And as one gathers a beautiful flower ne'er gathered be-  
 fore,  
 Hoping a fragrance he misses, and yet half imagines he  
 finds —

Wooping the depths of its color too rich for no perfume  
to match —

So seemed her letter to him, as he read the lines over  
and over.

Yet when Lionel answered, he breathed not a word of  
the thought,

Shading the glowing disc of his love with distant surmise.

“Soon,” he said, “will the novelty cease of this foreign  
excitement.

Then she will think sometimes of me as the sun goes  
down

Over the western waves — and tenderer tones will flow,  
And mingle with warmer words in her letters from over  
the sea.”

Yet when another letter came, it brought her no nearer,  
Less of herself, and more of the colors that tinted her life.

And Lionel wrote with passionate words: “Only tell  
me, Lucille,

Tell me you love me — but one brief line — and I will  
not complain.”

Restless, troubled, one day he passed her house on the  
island ;

Shut to the sun and the breeze, it blinked on the village  
below.

Over the balcony leaned a purple Wisteria vine,

(Blooming, but not in its season, as oft 't is their habit to  
do,)

Trailing its ladylike flounces from window and carved  
balustrade,

And dropping its blossoms as brief as love. And Lionel  
muttered :

“She too over that balcony leaned one day as I passed —  
Leaned like a flowery vine ; and smiled as I passed be-  
low,

And waved me an airy kiss, with a pose of her beau-  
tiful form.

Can love that promised so truly be frail as these clus-  
ters of June ?”

Month after month now passed. Though he wrote as  
fondly as ever,

Brief were her answers, and longer between — till they  
finally ceased.

A year from the day when they parted, a letter from  
Paris arrived,

Short and constrained. It said : “ I fear I have made  
you unhappy.

We have read too much of the poets. Our troth was a  
thing of romance.

My mother forbids it, it seems. There are reasons 't were  
painful to tell.

I'm sure you would find me unfitted — and I am not  
worth your regretting.

Adieu — and be happy. Lucille.”

Next month in the papers he saw  
She had married a Count — some Pole with an unpro-  
nounceable name.

## SAN BORONDON.

SAINT Brandan, a Scotch abbot, long ago  
Sailed southward with a swarm of monks, to sow  
The seeds of true religion — nothing else —  
Among the tribes of naked infidels.  
And venturing far in unknown seas, he found  
An island, which became monastic ground.  
So runs the legend. Little else was known  
Of him we Spaniards call San Borondon.  
Some said he was a sorcerer, some a priest ;  
None truly knew. But this is clear at least,  
That there was seen to appear and disappear  
An island in the west, for many a year,  
That bore his name : but no discoverer yet  
His feet upon that shore had ever set.

At Teneriffe and Palma I was one  
Who saw that island of San Borondon.  
A hundred of us stood upon the shore,  
And saw it as it oft was seen before.  
The morn was clear ; and westward from the bay  
It glimmered on the horizon far away.

We watched the fog at sunrise upward curl  
And float above that land of rose and pearl;  
And sometimes saw behind a purple peak  
The sun go down. And some said, "We will seek  
Westward, until we touch the fairy coast,  
Or prove it only some drowned island's ghost" —  
But after many days returned to swear  
The vision vanished in the pale blue air.  
Yet still from off the fair Canary beach  
Lay the strange land that none could ever reach.  
Then others sailed and searched: and some of these  
Returned no more across the treacherous seas;  
And no one knew their fate. Until at last  
We hailed a caravel with shattered mast  
Toiling to harbor. Half her sails were gone.  
"Ho, mariners, what news of Borondon?"  
We shouted — but no answering voice replied;  
No sailors on her gangway we descried;  
Her shrouds looked ghostly thin, her ropes were dim  
As spiders' webs athwart a tree's dead limb;  
And still as death she drifted up the bay,  
A battered hulk grown dumb and old and gray.  
At length she touched the strand, and out there crept  
A haggard man, who feebly toward us stepped,  
And answered slowly, while we brought him food  
And wine. He sitting on a stone, we stood  
An eager crowd around him, while we sought  
What news he from San Borondon had brought.

With eyes that seemed to gaze beyond the space  
Of sea and sky — with strange averted face,  
And voice as when some muttering undertone  
Of wind is heard, when sitting all alone  
On wintry nights, we see the moon grow pale  
With hurrying mists — he thus began his tale.

“ We saw the island as we sailed away.  
It glimmered on the horizon half that day.  
But while our caravel still westward steered,  
Amazed we stood — the isle had disappeared.  
At night there came a storm. The lightning flashed  
From north to south. The frightful thunder crashed.  
Under bare poles we scudded through the dark,  
Till morning gleamed upon our drifting bark —  
The red-eyed morn 'neath beetling brows of cloud, —  
And the wind changed. Then some one cried aloud,  
'Land — at the westward!' And with one accord  
All took contagion of that haunting word  
'San Borondon.' The island seemed to lie  
Three leagues away against a strip of sky  
That on the horizon opened like a crack  
Of yellow light beneath the vault of black;  
Then, as with hearts elate, we nearer sailed,  
The clouds dispersed, the sun arose unveiled.  
The wind had almost lulled; the waves grew calm.  
We neared the isle, we saw the groves of palm,  
The rugged cliffs, the streamlet's silver thread

Dropped from the misty mountains overhead ;  
The shadow-haunted gorges damp and deep ;  
The flowery meadows in their dewy sleep ;  
The waving grass along the winding rills ;  
And, inland far, long slopes of wooded hills.  
And all the sea was calm for many a mile  
About the shores of that enchanted isle.  
Our sails half-filled flapped idly on the mast ;  
And all the morning and the noon had passed  
Before we touched the shore. Then on the sand  
We stepped and took possession of the land  
For Spain. No signs of life we heard or saw.  
But suddenly we stopped with fear and awe ;  
For on the beach were giant footsteps seen,  
And upward tracked into the forests green,  
Then lost. But there, with wondering eyes we found  
A cross nailed to a tree — and on the ground  
Stones ranged in mystic order — and the trace  
Of fire once kindled in that lonely place.  
As though some sorcerer's sabbath on this ground  
A place for its unholy rites had found.  
And so, in vague perplexity and doubt,  
Until the sun had set, we roamed about.  
And some into the forest far had strayed,  
While others watched the ship at anchor laid.  
When through the woods there rang a distant bell.  
We crossed our breasts, and on our knees we fell.  
Ave Maria — 't was the hour of prayer.



A consecrated stillness filled the air.  
No heathen land was this ; no wizard's spell  
The clear sweet ringing of that holy bell.  
Scarce had we spoken, when we heard a blast  
Come rushing from the mountains, fierce and fast  
Down a ravine with hoarse and hollow roar ;  
And sudden darkness fell upon the shore.  
'The ship — the ship ! See how she strains her rope —  
All, all aboard — cast off ! we may not hope  
To save her on these rocks. Away, away !'  
Then as we leapt aboard in tossing spray,  
Still fiercer blew the wind, and hurled us far  
Into the night without a moon or star.  
And from the deck the sea swept all the crew.  
And I alone was left, to bring to you  
This tale. When morning came, the isle was gone —  
The unhallowed land you call San Borondon ;  
A land of sorcery and of wicked spells,  
Of hills and groves profane and demon dells.  
Good friends, beware ! Seek not the accursed shore,  
For they who touch its sands return no more,  
Save by a miracle, as I have done —  
Praised be Madonna and her blessed Son ! ”

Such was his story. But when morning came,  
There lay that smiling island, just the same.  
And still they sail to find the enchanted shore  
That guards a fearful mystery evermore.

A thousand years may pass away — but none  
Shall know the secret of San Borondon.

And so, perchance, a thousand years may roll,  
And none shall solve the enigma of the soul —  
That baffling island in the unknown sea  
Whose boundless deep we name Eternity.

## THE OLD YEAR.

O GOOD Old Year ! this night 's your last.  
And must you go ? With you I 've passed  
    Some days that bear revision.  
For these I 'd thank you, ere you make  
Your journey to the Stygian lake,  
    Or to the fields Elysian.

Long have you been our household guest ;  
To keep you we have tried our best.  
    You must not stay, you tell us,  
Not even to introduce your heir,  
Who comes so fresh and debonnair  
    He needs must make you jealous.

I heard your footsteps overhead  
To-night — and to myself I said  
    He 's packing his portmanteau.  
His book and staff like Prospero's  
He has buried, where nobody knows,  
    And finished his last canto.

Your well-known hat and cloak still look  
The same upon their entry hook,  
    And seem as if they grew here.  
But they, ah me! will soon be gone,  
And we be sitting here alone  
    To welcome in the New Year.

The boots so oft put out at night  
Will vanish ere to-morrow's light  
    Across the east is burning.  
When morning comes, full well I know  
They'll leave no footprints in the snow  
    Of going or returning.

At twelve o'clock to-night Queen Mab  
Will take you in her spectral cab  
    To catch the downward fast train.  
Some of us will sit up with you,  
And drink a parting cup with you,  
    While I indite this last strain.

O good old wise frost-headed Year,  
You've brought us health and strength and cheer,  
    Though sometimes care and sorrow.  
Each morn you gave us newer hope  
That reached beyond the cloudy scope  
    Of our unseen to-morrow.

We knew you when you were, forsooth,  
No better than a stranger youth —  
    A *fast* youth, some one muttered,  
When thinking how the days you gave  
On ghostly horses to their grave  
    Have galloped, flown and fluttered.

But what is time, by moon and stars  
Checked off in monthly calendars,  
    To fairy kings like you here ?  
What are the centuries that span  
The inch-wide spaces ruled by man ?  
    Or what are Old and New Year ?

You go to join the million years,  
The great veiled deep that never clears  
    Before our mortal seeing :  
The shrouded death, the evolving life,  
The growth, the mystery, the strife  
    Of elemental being.

We see in your abstracted eye  
The clouded flame of prophecy,  
    Of time the immortal scorning —  
And yet the sympathetic smile  
That says, " I fain would stay awhile  
    To bid your rhymes good-morning."

Ah! no more rhymes for you and me,  
Old Year, shall we together see, —  
    Yes, we to-night must sever.  
Good-bye, old Number Seventy-five!  
It's nearly time you took your drive  
    Into the dark forever.

The train that stops for you will let  
A stranger out we never met,  
    To take your place and station.  
With greetings glad and shouts of joy  
They'll welcome him — while you, old boy,  
    Depart with no ovation.

Besides, he has a higher claim  
Than you — a grand ancestral name  
    That sets the bells a-ringing.  
The great Centennial Year is he.  
The nation's noisy jubilee  
    Young Seventy-six is bringing.

I hear the puffing of his steam.  
I hear his locomotive scream  
    Across the hills and meadows.  
One parting glass — the last — the last!  
Ten minutes more, and you'll have passed  
    Into the realm of shadows.

Five minutes yet? But talk must end.  
On with your cloak and cap, old friend!  
Too long we have been prating.  
Your blessing now! We'll think of you.  
Ah, there's the clock! Adieu — adieu!  
I see your cab is waiting.

*December 31, 1875.*

## THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.

A HUNDRED years — and she had sat, a queen  
Sheltering her children, opening wide her gates  
To all the inflowing tribes of earth. At first  
Storms raged around her; but her stumbling feet  
Were planted firm upon the eternal rock.  
Her young majestic head with sunny curls  
And features tense with hope and prophecy  
Now rose above the clouds of war. She gazed  
Wistful yet calm into the coming years,  
And grew in strength and wisdom: and afar  
Across the sea the nations of the world  
Beheld, and muttered from their ancient halls,  
“ Who is this stranger, young, unskilled and bold,  
This Amazonian regent of the wilds  
We spurned, and only sought when exile doomed —  
Whose sons are marshalling the land and sea,  
The winds, the electric currents and the light,  
To do her bidding? Who this Titan queen  
Whose face is flushed with sunrise, and whose hands  
Reach forth to welcome all our swarms disowned,  
Cast forth upon her shores, and turn their blight  
To bloom and culture — e'en their crime to good?”



Then some beheld her with derisive sneers,  
Judgments derived from rules of use outworn,  
And stale conventional comparison ;  
With fear and envy some — others with awe  
And vague hope of ideal rights of man, —  
Green harvests now, but swelling into grain  
For future time.

And still the years rolled on.  
Tremors of battlefields thrilled through her limbs,  
Once, twice, and thrice — the last, alas ! like shocks  
Of agonizing pain ; for round her feet  
Her own — her children grappled in the fields  
Of blood and cannon-shot and fire and smoke —  
One recreant multitude for slavery's crown,  
And one for freedom and the common cause  
That gave the country birth, and pledged the States  
To unbroken union based on equal rights.  
But justice triumphed, and the stricken land  
Regained her poise hard-won.

Still rolled the years,  
Till now she rounds her circling century ;  
And Peace and Plenty smile upon her fields  
That stretch from sea to sea. Then she arose  
And spake unto the States that clustered round,  
Her children all, war's yawning gulf o'erbridged,  
North, south, and east and west, her children still ;  
And to the ancestral realms across the seas : —  
“ This year I celebrate my birth. For me,

One of the Titan race of latest days,  
A race Saturnian fables knew not of,  
When giants grew, but hearts and minds were dwarfed  
And cramped by precedents of brutal force  
That stormed Olympus, so must needs be crushed —  
For me a hundred years are as one year  
To you, and this centennial year a day.  
Therefore 't is meet that we invite the world  
To bring its various treasures to our shores,  
And blend with us, through symbols and results  
Of art and grand achievement, in the creed  
Of human brotherhood. And may this year  
Be as the seal and pledge of race with race  
Forever — one with all, and all with one ! ”

Then in a chosen spot, where the first vows  
Of Liberty were plighted, we beheld  
A wonder-work, as though some Geni snared  
By incantation wrought the people's will.  
For stately palaces arose and gleamed  
Amid the trees ; and on the distant sea  
Came argosies full-laden with a wealth,  
Not such as Cortez from the plundered realms  
Of Montezuma bore, blood-steeped and wrapped  
In crime, back to voracious Spain — but brought  
With friendly rivalry from every clime ;  
From shops and looms of quiet industry  
And rare inventive art ; more wonderful

Than crude barbaric days could ever dream.  
There, heaped profusely through those spacious halls,  
The treasures of the abounding century  
Were ranged in order. Thither, as to a shore,  
The crowding time-waves of a hundred years —  
Silent as streams of air — had pulsed and flowed  
And broke in surges, not of yeasty foam,  
Resultless thought, and aimless bubble-dreams,  
But products of the busy world-wide Mind.  
From European and from Asian lands,  
From tropic heats and Arctic solitudes,  
From towns of traffic and from western wilds,  
From sunless mines and clear, high-windowed halls  
Of skill and industry, and lonely rooms  
Where artists and inventors dreamed and toiled,  
Pledged to some dear thought-burden of a life : —  
From schools and laboratories closely bent  
On nature's inmost secrets, and where swift  
Discovery trod upon discovery's heels,  
In silent unforeseen audacity  
Of masterly conception and result.  
Here Europe lavished all her modern wealth  
Of apt contrivance, imitative skill,  
And costly comfort. There remote Japan  
With strange and fascinating styles of art  
Took fancy captive ; and the Orient lands,  
Whose more familiar forms we knew, set forth  
Their porcelain wonders and their bronzes quaint,

Their ivory lace-work and their brilliant silks.  
And there, from end to end of one vast space  
Throbbled the blind force whose swift gigantic arm  
A thousand glistening iron slaves obeyed,  
By science taught to serve the age's need.  
And day by day the thronging multitudes,  
Flowing and ebbing like a tide, swept by,  
And up and down through halls and corridors  
Feasting their eyes in endless holiday,  
Through long, far-reaching vistas all compact  
Of use and beauty.

Proud she well may be.

Once cast on rocks and cradled in the winds,  
She now commands, our Titan mother queen ;  
While thus the flattering world crowds round her feet,  
One half to see the gifts the other half  
Has laid before her — and we celebrate  
Her first proud century's close with worthy signs  
Of universal brotherhood and peace.

Then ring, ye bells ! and let the organs blow  
And swell the choral hymn of praise and joy.  
And let the grand orchestral symphonies  
Resound through park and palace ; while afar  
The flying thunders of the steam bring in  
And out the thousands who in joyous groups  
Make blithe centennial festival and cheer.  
And as the autumn days move calmly on,

And from the trees the red and yellow leaves  
Drop to the earth — let not the lesson fall  
Unheeded. With fraternal grasp we have met  
Through all these summer and autumnal months.  
Henceforth may peace and unity prevail  
O'er all the land. America demands  
No pledge less true for her Centennial Year.

*October, 1876.*

## AFTER THE CENTENNIAL.

(A HOPE.)

BEFORE our eyes a pageant rolled  
Whose banners every land unfurled ;  
And as it passed, its splendors told  
The art and glory of the world.

The nations of the earth have stood  
With face to face and hand in hand,  
And sworn to common brotherhood  
The sundered souls of every land.

And while America is pledged  
To light her Pharos towers for all,  
While her broad mantle, starred and edged  
With truth, o'er high and low shall fall ;

And while the electric nerves still belt  
The State and Continent in one, —  
The discords of the past shall melt  
Like ice beneath the summer sun.

O land of hope ! thy future years  
Are shrouded from our mortal sight ;  
But thou canst turn the century's fears  
To heralds of a cloudless light !

The sacred torch our fathers lit  
No wild misrule can ever quench ;  
Still in our midst wise judges sit,  
Whom party passion cannot blench.

From soul to soul, from hand to hand  
Thy sons have passed that torch along,  
Whose flame by Wisdom's breath is fanned,  
Whose staff is held by runners strong.

O Spirit of immortal truth,  
Thy power alone that circles all  
Can feed the fire as in its youth —  
Can hold the runners lest they fall !

*February 2, 1877.*

## A NIGHT-PICTURE.

A GROAN from a dim-lit upper room —  
A stealthy step on the stairs in the gloom —  
A hurried glance to left, to right  
In the court below — then out in the night  
There creeps a man through an alley dim,  
Till lost in the crowd. Let us follow him.

The night is black as he hurries along ;  
The streets are filled with a jostling throng ;  
The sidewalks soak in the misty rain.  
He dares not look behind again —  
For every stranger eye he caught  
Was sure to know his inmost thought.  
The darkened casements looking down  
From tall grim houses seemed to frown.  
The globes in the druggists' windows shone  
Like fiery eyes on him alone,  
And dashed great spots of bloody red  
On the wet pavements as he fled.  
And as he passed the gas-lamps tall,  
He saw his lengthening shadow fall



Before his feet, till it grew and grew  
To a giant self of a darker hue.  
But turning down some lampless street  
He left behind the trampling feet,  
And on through wind and rain he strode,  
Where far along on the miry road  
The unwindowed shanties darkening stood —  
A beggarly and outlawed brood,  
'Mid half-hewn rocks and piles of dirt —  
The ragged fringe of the city's skirt.  
Then on, still on through the starless night,  
Shrinking from every distant light,  
Starting at every roadside bush,  
Or swollen stream in its turbid rush —  
On, still on, till he gained the wood  
In whose rank depths his dwelling stood.  
Then over his head the billows of wind  
Rocked and roared before and behind ;  
And all of a sudden the clouds let out  
Their pale white moon-shafts all about  
A dreary patch where the trees were dead,  
By a rocky swamp and a ruined shed ;  
And a path through the tangled woods appeared  
Between two oaks where the briers were cleared.  
And under the gloom he reaches at last  
His door — creeps in and locks it fast ;  
Then strikes a match and lights a lamp,  
And draws from his pocket heavy and damp

A wallet of leather thick and brown.  
Then at a table sitting down,  
To count the — Hark, what noise was that!  
A rattling shutter? A rasping rat  
Under the floor? He turns to the door,  
And sees that his windows are all secure.  
Then kindles a fire, and dries his clothes,  
And eats and drinks, and tries to doze.  
But down the chimney loud and fast  
Like distant cannon roars the blast,  
And on the wind come cries and calls  
And voices of awful waterfalls,  
And winding horns and ringing bells,  
And smothered sobs and groans and yells.  
And though he turns into his bed  
And wraps his blanket around his head,  
Sleep will not come, or only sleep  
That slides him down on an unknown deep,  
From which he starts — and then it seemed  
He had not done the deed, but dreamed.  
Ah, would it were a dream, the wild  
Wet night, and he once more a child!

. . . . .  
On a flying train, in the dawning day  
And the fragrant morn, he is far away.  
But secret eyes have pierced the night,  
And lightning words outstripped his flight.  
And far in the north, where none could know,  
The law's long arm has reached its foe.

## A CHILD-SAVIOR.

(A TRUE STORY.)

SHE stood beside the iron road,  
A little child of ten years old.  
She heard two meeting thunders rolled  
From north and south, that plainly showed  
Danger too fearful to be told.

Nearer, still nearer, rumbling on,  
One train approached with crashing speed.  
What could she do? Who would give heed  
To her — a child, who stood alone  
And voiceless as a roadside weed?

A feeble cry she raised, and stood  
Across the track, — and then untied  
Her little apron from her side,  
And waved it swiftly as she could —  
If only she might be espied!

If only on the hissing back  
Of that huge monster nearing fast  
The engineer his eye might cast  
On her there on the curving track,  
And heed her signal ere he passed!

She stands with shout and warning beck;  
On comes the train with thundering roar.  
The fireman sees — he looks once more —  
He sees a little waving speck,  
And slackening, slower moves and slower.

“Hi — little girl! what’s all this row?”  
“Another train! — my ears it stuns!  
It rounds the curve like rattling guns!  
Back — back! — for I must signal now  
The other.” And away she runs.

So by this little maiden’s hand  
Were hundreds saved from fearful lot.  
But when with awe they spoke of what  
They had escaped, and made demand  
About the child, they found her not.

For she had vanished through the wood.  
None guessed her dwelling-place or name,  
Nor by what wondrous chance she came;  
While home she ran in blithesome mood,  
Nor knew she had done a deed of fame.

But in the old times they would have said

It was an angel had stood there —

The hood above her golden hair

A nimbus glowing round a head

With supernatural radiance fair.

The small white apron that she waved

Across the dangerous iron track

To warn the rushing engines back,

Might have been wings, whose flashing saved

Five hundred souls from mortal wrack.

*November, 1882.*

## AN OLD UMBRELLA.

AN old umbrella in the hall,  
Battered and baggy, quaint and queer ;  
By all the rains of many a year  
Bent, stained, and faded — that is all.  
Warped, broken, twisted by the blast  
Of twenty winters, till at last,  
Like some poor close-reefed schooner cast,  
All water-logged, with half a mast,  
Upon the rocks — it finds a nook  
Of shelter on an entry hook : —  
Old battered craft — how came you here ?

Ah, could it speak, 't would tell of one —  
Old Simon Dowles, who now is gone —  
Gone where the weary are at rest ;  
Of one who locked within its breast  
His private sorrows o'er his lot,  
And in his humble work forgot  
That he was but a toiling bark  
Upon the billows in the dark,  
While the brave newer ships swept by

Sailing beneath a prosperous sky,  
And winged with opportunities  
Fate had denied to hands like his.

A plain, old-fashioned wight was he  
As these sport-loving days could see ;  
He in his youth had loved and lost  
His loyal true-love. Ever since  
His lonely life was flecked and crossed  
By sorrow's nameless shadow-tints.  
Yet never a murmur from his lips  
Told of his darkened soul's eclipse.  
I often think I still can hear  
His voice so blithe, his tones of cheer,  
As, dropping in to say "good-day,"  
He gossiped in his old man's way.  
And yet we laughed when he had gone.  
We youngsters could n't understand —  
No matter if it rained or shone,  
He held the umbrella in his hand.  
Or if he set it in the hall,  
Where other shedders of the rain  
Stood dripping up against the wall,  
His was too shabby and too plain  
To tempt exchange. All passed it by,  
Though showers of rain were pouring down  
And all the gutters of the town  
Were torrents in the darkening sky.

He never left it once behind  
Save the last time he crossed our door.  
Oblivious shadows o'er his mind  
Presaged his failing strength. Before  
The morning he had passed away  
In peaceful sleep from night to day.  
And here the old brown umbrella still  
In its old corner stays to fill  
The place, as best it may, of him  
Who on this wild and wintry night  
Is surely with the saints of light —  
For whom my eyes grow moist and dim  
While I this simple rhyme indite.



TO IONE.

ALL day within me, sweet and clear  
    The song you sang is ringing.  
At night in my half-dreaming ear  
    I hear you singing, singing.

Ere thought takes up its homespun thread  
    When early morn is breaking,  
Sweet snatches hover round my bed  
    And cheer me when awaking.

The sunrise brings the melody  
    I only half remember,  
And summer seems to smile for me,  
    Although it is December.

Through drifting snow, through dropping rain,  
    Through gusts of wind, it haunts me.  
The tantalizing old refrain  
    Perplexes, yet enchants me.

The mystic chords that bore along  
Your voice so calmly splendid,  
In glimmering fragments with the song  
Are joined and vaguely blended.

I touch my instrument and grope  
Along the keys' confusion,  
And dally with the chords in hopes  
To catch the sweet illusion.

In vain of that consummate hour  
I court the full completeness,  
The perfume of the hidden flower,  
The perfect bloom and sweetness.

Of strains that were too rich to last  
A baffled memory lingers.  
The theme, the air, the chords have passed ;  
They mock my voice and fingers.

They steal away as sunset fires  
Lose one by one their flashes,  
And cheat the eye with smouldering pyres  
And banks of gray cloud-ashes.

And yet I know the old alloy  
That dims and disenfrances  
The golden visions and the joy  
Of hope's resplendent fancies

Can never touch that festal hour  
In soul and sense recorded,  
Though scattered rose leaves from your bower -  
Alone my search rewarded.

The unconnected strains alone  
Survive to bring you nearer,  
As when our queen of song and tone  
Made vassals of each hearer.

Yet through the night and through the day  
The notes and chords are ringing.  
Their echo will not pass away —  
I hear you singing — singing.

## AFTER-LIFE.

O BOON and curse in one — this ceaseless need  
Of looking still behind us and before !  
Gift to the soul of eyes that cannot read  
Life's open book of cabalistic lore ; —

Eyes that discern a light and joy divine  
Twinkling beyond the twilight clouds afar,  
Yet know not if it be the countersign  
Of moods and thoughts, or some eternal star.

What taunt of destiny still stimulates  
Yet baffles all desire, or wise or fond,  
To pierce the veil ne'er lifted by the fates  
Between the life that ends and life beyond ?

We sit before the doors of death, and dream  
That when they ope to let our brothers in,  
We catch, before they close, some flitting gleam  
Of glory where their after-lives begin.

And with the light a transient burst of song  
 Comes from within the gates that shut again  
 Upon our dead. Then we, the proud, the strong,  
 Sit crushed and lonely in our wordless pain.

Weeping, we knock against the bars, and call,  
 "Speak — speak, O love, for we are left alone!"  
 We hear our voices echo against the wall,  
 And dream it is a spirit's answering tone.

"Come back, or answer us!" In vain we cry.  
 Naught is so near as death, so far away  
 As life beyond. They only know who die:  
 And we who live can only guess and pray.

If 't were indeed a voice not born within —  
 Some sure authentic sign from unknown realms —  
 Some note that heart and reason both could win —  
 Some carol like yon oriole in the elms;

Though but a vague and broken music caught,  
 Heard in the darkness, and then heard no more —  
 Sinking in sudden silence — while in thought  
 We piece the strains outside the muffled door

That leads into the light and perfect joy  
 Of the full concert — then 't were bliss indeed  
 No present griefs could darken or destroy;  
 Somewhere life's mystery we should learn to read.

Somewhere we then might drop the ripened seed  
Of life, to grow again beyond the sky —  
Nor deem the human soul a withering weed  
Born but to bloom a summer time and die.

## PRINCE YOUSUF AND THE ALCAYDE.

### A MOORISH BALLAD.

IN Grenada reigned Mohammed,  
Sixth who bore the name was he ;  
But the rightful king, Prince Yousuf,  
Pined in long captivity :

Yousuf, brother to Mohammed.  
Him the king had seized and sent  
Prisoner to a Moorish castle,  
Where ten years his life was spent.

Ill and feeble, now the usurper  
Felt his death was hastening on,  
And would fain bequeath his kingdom  
And his title to his son.

Calling then a trusty servant,  
He to him a letter gave —  
“Take my fleetest horse, and hasten,  
If my life you wish to save.

“ Hie thee to the brave Alcaide  
 Of my castle by the sea ;  
 To his hands give thou this letter,  
 And his physician bring to me.”

Then in haste his servant mounted,  
 And for many a league he rode,  
 Till he reached the court and castle  
 Where the captive prince abode.

There sat Yousuf and the Alcaide  
 In the castle, playing chess.  
 “ What is this ? ” the keeper muttered.  
 “ Some bad tidings, as I guess.”

Pale he grew, and sat and trembled,  
 While his eye the letter scanned ;  
 And his voice was choked and speechless,  
 As he dropped it from his hand.

“ Now what ails thee ? ” cried Prince Yousuf.  
 “ Doth the king demand my head ? ”  
 “ Read it ! ” gasps the good Alcaide.  
 “ Ah, my lord — would I were dead ! ”

Yousuf read : “ When this shall reach you,  
 Slay my brother, and his head



Straightway by the bearer send me ;  
So I may be sure he's dead."

"So" — cried Yousuf. "This I looked for.  
Now let us play out our game.  
I was losing — you were winning  
When this ugly message came."

All confused, the poor Alcayde  
Played his knights and bishops wrong ;  
And the prince his moves corrected.  
So in silence sat they long.

In his mind Prince Yousuf pondered,  
"Why this hasty message send,  
If my kind and thoughtful brother  
Were not hastening to his end ?

"Surely he is ill or dying.  
And if I must lose my head,  
My young nephew will succeed him  
O'er Grenada in my stead.

"Though my keeper still is friendly,  
I must gain some hours' delay.  
He is poor : the king may bribe him.  
He may change ere close of day."

Then aloud — “ Come, good Alcayde —  
One more game before I die.  
And be sure you make no blunders —  
I may beat you yet. I’ll try.”

In his lonely life the keeper  
Dearly loved his game of chess ;  
Therefore needs he little urging,  
Though sad thoughts his soul oppress.

For an hour or two they battled,  
And the Alcayde gained amain ;  
For the prince with restless glances  
Gazed beyond the window-pane.

Still the chess-board lay between them ;  
And the Alcayde played his best ;  
Took no note of gliding hours,  
Till the sunset fired the west.

Yet he gained not, for Prince Yousuf  
With a sudden checkmate sprang  
Unforeseen — and that same moment —  
Hark — was that a bugle rang ?

Through the western windows gazing  
Far across the dusty plain,

Yousuf saw the flash of lances —  
And the bugle rang again.

And two knights appeared advancing  
Like two eagles on the wing.  
Allah Akbar! From Grenada  
Faces flushed with joy they bring.  
The king is dead! Long live King Yousuf!  
Long lost lord — our rightful king!

## ROSAMOND.

IN the fragrant bright June morning, Rosamond, the  
queen of girls,  
Down the marble doorsteps loiters, radiant with her  
sunny curls ;  
O'er the green sward through the garden passes to the  
river's brink —  
Throws away an old bouquet, and wonders if 't will float  
or sink.  
Then returning through the garden, round and round the  
lawn she goes,  
Singing, as she cuts fresh roses, she herself her world's  
fair rose ;  
In her dainty morning-robe and straw hat shading half  
her face —  
Picturesque in form and feature, lovely in her youth  
and grace ;  
In her hand a little dagger, sharp and glittering in the  
sun,  
Rifling hearts of thorny bushes, cutting roses one by one,  
Pink and white and blood-red crimson — some in bud  
and some full-blown,

There through lawn and grove and garden sings she to  
herself alone ;  
Softly sings in broken snatches some old song of Spain  
or France,  
As she holds her roses off at full arm's length, with  
sidelong glance,  
Shifting groups of forms and colors ; for a painter's eye  
hath she,  
And all beauty pleaseth her, so artist-like and fancy-free.

Now she enters her boudoir and sets her roses in a vase.  
There for seven days and nights their bloom and fra-  
grance fill the place.  
When the petals droop and fade, she 'll bear them to  
the river's brink ;  
Singing, throw them on the waves, and wonder if they 'll  
float or sink.

Will she bear away to-night a bunch of lovers' rose-  
hearts, pray ?  
Set them in her vase a week — then throw them with  
her flowers away ?

## A QUESTION.

Al, who can tell which guide were best  
To truth long sought, but unattained —  
The early faith, or late unrest?  
What age has earned, or boyhood gained?

When down life's vista as we gaze,  
Where vanished youth's remembered gleam,  
The radiance of the unconscious days —  
The dream that knew not 't was a dream —

The time ere yet the shades of doubt  
Before our steps crept lengthening on,  
And morn and noon spread all about  
Their warm and fragrant benison —

Was this a vision of the mind  
That comes but once and disappears?  
And can our riper wisdom find  
A clearer path in after years?

The lore of philosophic age,  
The legendary creed of youth —  
Say which should trace upon life's page  
The book-mark of the surest truth?

Ah, question not. The unconscious life  
That leaps to its spontaneous deed  
Alone can harmonize the strife  
Between the impulse and the deed.

Through dark and light — through change on change  
The planet-soul is pledged to move,  
Steeped all along its spinning range  
In sunshine born of thought and love.

## MY STUDIO.

I LOVE it, yet I hardly can tell why —  
My studio with its window to the sky,  
Far up above the noises of the street,  
The rumbling carts, the ceaseless tramp of feet ;  
A privacy secure from idle crowds,  
And public only to the flying clouds.  
No shadowed corners round about me hide.  
Clear-lighted stand its walls on every side,  
Each sketch and picture showing at its best.  
A room for cheery work that needs no rest.  
Only too short these days of autumn seem,  
Where labor is but joy and peace supreme ;  
Where fields and woods, towns, skies, and winding rills  
Still haunt the memory as the canvas fills.  
And while the painter plies his earnest task,  
He seems as in some vision-land to bask ;  
And all that fed his eye and fired his soul  
When in the golden summer days he stole  
Their forms and colors, now lived o'er again,  
Runs like a strain of music through his brain.



O joyous tasks of art! without your spell  
Life were a dull and dreary cloister-cell,  
All nature darkened and all beauty dim.  
But ye fill up its chalice to the brim  
With draughts as sweet as ever yet, I ween,  
Flowed in the poets' sparkling Hippocrene.

## TALENT AND GENIUS.

### I.

ON the high road travelling steady,  
Sure, alert, and ever ready,  
Prompt to seize all fit occasion,  
Courting power and wealth and station ;  
One clear aim before him keeping  
With a vigilance unsleeping ;  
Prizing most the ephemeral flower  
Blooming for a brilliant hour ;  
With self-conscious action moving ;  
Well known truths intent on proving ;  
Radiant in his day and season  
With the world's reflected reason ;  
Noting times, effects, and causes,  
Phaon wins the crowd's applauses.

### II.

Wing'd like an eagle o'er mountains and meadows,  
Lit by their splendors or hid by their shadows ;  
Borne by a power supernal, resistless ;  
Dreaming through trances abstracted and listless ;

Swooping capricious to faults and to errors,  
Redeemed by a virtue unconscious of terrors ;  
Linking with ease his result and endeavor ;  
Opening through chaos fresh pathways forever ;  
Gilding the world with his thoughts and his fancies ;  
Scornful of fashions and heedless of chances ;  
Yet in obscurity living and dying —  
Hylas, a voice in the wilderness crying,  
Only is heard when no hand can restore him,  
Only is known when the grave closes o'er him.

## VENICE.

WHILE the skies of this northern November  
    Scowl down with a darkening menace,  
I wonder if you still remember  
    That marvellous summer in Venice.

When the mornings by clouds unencumbered  
    Smiled on in unchanging persistence  
On the broad bright laguna that slumbered  
    Afar in the magical distance.

And the mirror of waters reflected  
    The sails in their gay plumage grouping  
Like tropical birds that erected  
    Their wings, or sat drowsily drooping.

How by moonlight our gondola gliding  
    Through gleams and through shadows of wonder,  
With its sharp flashing beak flew dividing  
    The waves slipping silently under.

Then almost too full seemed the chalice  
Of new brimming life and of beauty,  
As we floated by Riva and palace,  
Dogana and stately Salute —

Through deep-mouthed canals overshadowed  
By balconies gray, quaint and olden,  
Where ruins of centuries faded  
Stood stripped of their azure and golden.

Do you call back the days when before us  
The masters of art shone revealing  
Their marvels of color — and o'er us  
Glowed grand on the rich massy ceiling

In the halls of the doges, where trembled  
The state in its turbulent fever,  
And purple-robed senates assembled  
In days that are shadows forever ?

You remember the yellow light tipping  
The domes when the sunset was dying ;  
The crowds on the quays, and the shipping ;  
The pennons and flags that were flying ; —

Saint Mark's with its mellow-toned glory,  
The splendor and gloom of its riches ;

The columns Byzantine and hoary ;  
The arches, the gold-cruled niches ;

And the days when the sunshine invited  
The painters abroad, until mooring  
Their bark in the shadow, delighted  
They wrought at their labors alluring ;

The pictures receding in stretches  
Of amber and opal around us —  
The joy of our mornings of sketches —  
The spell of achievement that bound us ?

Ah, never I busy my brushes  
With scenes of that radiant weather,  
But through me the memory rushes  
When we were in Venice together.

Fair Venice, the pearl-shell of cities !  
Though poor the oblations we bring her —  
The pictures, the songs and the ditties —  
Ah, still we must paint her and sing her !

A vision of beauty long vanished,  
A dream that is joy to remember,  
A solace that cannot be banished  
By all the chill blasts of November !

## THE TWO DREAMS.

I MET one in the Land of Sleep  
Who seemed a friend long known and true.  
I woke. That friend I could not keep —  
For him I never knew.

Yet there was one in life's young morn  
Loved me, I thought, as I loved him.  
Slow from that trance I waked forlorn,  
To find his love grown dim.

He by whose side in dreams I ranged,  
Unknown by name, my friend still seems ;  
While he I knew so well has changed.  
So both were only dreams.

## AT THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

TO G. W. C.

LONG, long ago, in the sweet Roman spring  
Through the bright morning air we slowly strolled,  
And in the blue heaven heard the skylarks sing  
Above the ruins old —

Beyond the Forum's crumbling grass-grown piles,  
Through high-walled lanes o'erhung with blossoms  
white  
That opened on the far Campagna's miles  
Of verdure and of light ;

Till by the grave of Keats we stood, and found  
A rose some loyal hand had planted there.  
Making more sacred still that hallowed ground,  
And that enchanted air.

A single rose, whose fading petals drooped,  
And seemed to wait for us to gather them.  
So, kneeling on the humble mound, we stooped  
And plucked it from its stem.



One rose, and nothing more. We shared its leaves  
Between us, as we shared the thoughts of one  
Called from the fields before his unripe sheaves  
Could feel the harvest sun.

That rose's fragrance is forever fled  
For us, dear friend — but not the poet's lay.  
He is the rose — deathless among the dead —  
Whose perfume lives to-day.

## BROKEN WINGS.

GRAY-HEADED POETS, whom the full years bless  
With life and health and chance still multiplied  
To hold your forward course — fame and success  
Close at your side ;

Who easier won your bays because the fields  
Lacked reapers ; — time has been your helper long.  
Rich are the crops your busy tillage yields —  
Your arms still strong.

Honor to you, your talent and your truth.  
As ye have soared and sung, still may ye sing !  
Yet we remember some who fell in youth  
With broken wing.

Names nigh forgotten now, by time erased,  
Or else placarded o'er by those long known,  
Had fate permitted, might they not have blazed  
Beside your own ?

Ah yes, due fame for all who have achieved ;  
And yet a thought for those who died too young —

Their green fruit dropped — their visions half conceived —

Their lays unsung !

A tribute song for them ! Reach forth, renowned  
And honored ones, from your green sunny glades,  
And grasp their spirit-hands — the bards uncrowned  
Amid the shades.

Not those whom glory follows to a bier  
Enshrined in marble, decked with costly flowers.  
The loud world speaks their praise from year to year.  
They need not ours.

But for the dead whose promise failed through death,  
The great who might have been — whose early bloom  
Dropping like roses in the north-wind's breath,  
Found but a tomb.

Yet it may be, in some bright land, unchecked  
By fate — some fair Elysian field unknown,  
Their brows by brighter laurel wreaths are decked —  
Their seat a throne ;

While spirits of the illustrious dead, the seers,  
Prophets and poets of the olden days  
Mingle, perchance, with theirs, as with their peers,  
Immortal lays.

## SEA PICTURES.

### I.

#### MORNING.

THE morning sun has pierced the mist,  
And beach and cliff and ocean kissed.  
Blue as the lapis-lazuli  
The sea reflects the azure sky.  
In the salt healthy breeze I stand  
Upon the solid floor of sand.  
Along the untrodden shore are seen  
Fresh tufts of weed maroon and green,  
And ruffled kelp and stranded sticks  
And shells and stones and sea-moss mix.  
The low black rocks, forever wet,  
Lie tangled in their pulpy net.  
The shy sand-pipers fly and light —  
And swallows circle out of sight.  
Out where the sky the horizon meets  
Glide glimmering sails in scattered fleets.  
Old Ocean smiles as though amid  
His leagues of brine no treachery hid.  
And safe upon the sandy marge,  
By stranded boat and floating barge,

Gay children leap and laugh and run,  
Browned by the salt air and the sun.

## II.

## EVENING.

Now thickening twilight presses down  
Upon the harbor and the town,  
And all around a misty pall  
Of dull gray cloud hangs over all.  
The huddling fishing-sloops lie safe,  
While far away the breakers chafe.  
And now the landsman's straining eye  
Mingles the gray sea with the sky.  
Far out upon the darkening deep  
The white ghosts of the ocean leap.  
Boone Island's light, a lonely star,  
Is flashing o'er the waves afar.  
Up the broad beach the sea rolls in  
In never-ending foam and din ;  
And all along the craggy shore  
Resounds one long continuous roar.  
We turn away, and hail each gleam  
Where lamps from cottage windows stream.  
For sad and solemn is the moan  
Of ocean when the day has flown,  
And, borne on dusky wings, the night  
Wraps in a shroud the dying light.

ARS LONGA, VITA BREVIS.

I STARTED on a lonely road.

A few companions with me went.  
Some fell behind, some forward strode,  
But all on one high purpose bent :

To live for Nature, finding truth  
In beauty, and the shrines of art ;  
To consecrate our joyous youth  
To aims outside the common mart.

The way was steep, though pleasure crowned  
Our toil with every step we took.  
The morning air was spiced around  
From many a pine and cedar nook.

I turned aside and lingered long  
To pluck a rose, to hear a bird,  
To muse, while listening to the song  
Of brooks through leafy coverts heard ;

To live in thoughts that brought no fame  
Or guerdon from the thoughtless crowd ;

To toil for ends that could not claim  
The world's applauses coarse and loud ;

Then onward pressed. But far before  
I saw my comrades on the heights.  
They no divided homage bore  
To Beauty's myriad sounds and sights.

In blithe self-confidence they wrought.  
Some strove for fame and fame's reward.  
They pleased the public's facile thought ;  
Then paused and stretched them on the sward.

And still though oft I bind my sheaf  
In fields my comrades have not known ;  
Though Art is long and life is brief,  
And youth has now forever flown,

I would not lose the raptures sweet,  
Nor scorn the toil of earlier years ;  
Still would I climb with eager feet,  
Though towering height on height appears —

And up the mountain road I see  
A younger throng with voices loud,  
Who side by side press on with me,  
Till I am lost amid the crowd.

## LOVE'S VOYAGE.

As once I sat upon the shore  
There came to me a fairy boat,  
A bark I never saw before,  
Whose coming I had failed to note,  
Wrapped in my studies conning rules of life by rote.

The stern was fashioned like a heart ;  
The curving sides like Cupid's bow.  
And from the mast, which like a dart  
Was winged above and barbed below,  
A pennon like an airy stream of blood did flow.

Upon the prow on either side  
Was carved a snowy Paphian dove.  
Between, reflected in the tide  
An arching swan's neck rose above  
The deck o'erspread with broidered tapestries of love.

Against the mast the idle sail  
Flapped like a lace-edged valentine.  
It seemed a canvas all too frail,



Should winds arouse the sleeping brine.  
A toy the boat appeared, for sport in weather fine.

And so I stepped, in idle mood,  
Aboard the bark — when suddenly  
A breeze sprang up : and while I stood  
Uncertain, thinking I was free  
To make retreat, the vessel bore me out to sea.

Silent and swift away from land  
It cut the waves. No pilot steered.  
No voice of captain gave command.  
Yet to and fro it tacked and veered.  
All day it flew. At eve a distant land appeared.

An island in the restless seas,  
With rosy cliffs, and gold and green  
Of dappled fields, and tropic trees,  
With trailing vines and flowers between,  
Across the purple waves through amber skies was seen.

And music floating from afar  
I heard, of voice and instrument  
As the sun sank, and star by star  
Throbbled in the living firmament ;  
And all kind fates seemed pledged to cheer me as I  
went.

Till in a deep and shadowy bay  
The little argosy, self-furled,  
Self-anchored, in the silence lay,  
And landed me upon a world  
By other stars and moons endiamonded, impearled.

A region to my student's nooks  
Unknown — where first I learned to see  
That love is never conned from books,  
Nor passion taught by fantasy —  
But in the living, beating heart alone can be.

For on that shore a maiden stood,  
Who smiled with sympathetic glance,  
And when I pressed her hand, and wooed,  
Turned not her truthful eyes askance,  
And proved my voyage was no idle sport of chance.

Ah, from this island if I veer  
Into the seas of worldly strife,  
Give me the bark that brought me here,  
Where now the tried and faithful wife  
Year after year renews the lover's lease of life.

## SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

“NAUGHT but the fittest lives,” I hear  
Ring on the northern breeze of thought :  
“To Nature’s heart the strong are dear,  
The weak must pass unloved, unsought.”

And yet in undertones a voice  
Is heard that says, “O child of earth,  
Your mind’s best work, your heart’s best choice  
Shall stand with God for what they are worth.”

Time’s buildings are not all of stone.  
With frailest fibres Nature spins  
Her living webs from zone to zone,  
And what is lost she daily wins.

I fain would think, amid the strife  
Between realities and forms,  
Slight gifts may claim perennial life  
’Mid slow decay and sudden storms.

This tuft of silver hairs I loose  
From open windows to the breeze,

Some bird of spring perchance may use  
To build her nest in yonder trees.

These pictures painted with an art  
Surpassed by younger sight and skill,  
May pass into some friendly heart,  
Some room with Nature's smiles may fill.

These leaves of light and earnest rhyme  
Dropped on the windy world, though long  
Neglected now, some future time  
May weave into its nest of song.

## A WORD TO PHILOSOPHERS.

COLD philosophers, so apt  
With your formulas exacting,  
In your problems so enwrap,  
And your theories distracting ;

Webs of metaphysic doubt  
On your wheels forever spinning,  
Turning Nature inside out  
From its end to its beginning ;

Drawing forth from matter raw  
Protoplasmic threads, to fashion  
What Creation never saw —  
Mind apart from faith or passion ;

Faculties that know no wants  
But a logical position —  
Intellectual cormorants  
Fed on facts of pure cognition ; —

Like Arachne's is your task,  
By Minerva's wisdom baffled.

Defter weavers we must ask ;  
Tissues less obscurely ravelled.

Larger vision you must find  
Ere your evolution-plummets  
Sound the abysses of the mind,  
Or your measure reach its summits.

Not from matter crude and coarse  
Comes this delicate creation.  
Twinned with it a finer force  
Rules it to its destination.

All beliefs, affections, deeds  
Feed its depths as streams a river,  
Every purpose holds the seeds  
Of a fruit that grows forever.

Souls outsoar your schoolmen's wit,  
In a loftier heaven wheeling.  
Lights ideal o'er them flit.  
Every thought is wing'd with feeling.

Conscience born of heavenly light  
Mingles with their lofty yearning ;  
Phantasy and humor bright  
Cheer their toilsome path of learning.

Poesy with dreamy eyes  
Lures them into fairy splendor,  
Music's magic harmonies  
Thrill with touches deep and tender.

Love, that shapes their mental moods,  
Offers now its warm oblations,  
Now the heart's dark solitudes  
Glow with solemn adorations.

Vain your biologic strife,  
Your asserting, your denying ;  
Ygdrasil the Tree of Life  
Flouts your narrow classifying.

Every living leaf and bud  
On its mighty branches growing,  
Palpitates with will and blood  
Past primordial foreknowing.

Your dissecting-knives can show  
Less than half these wondrous natures,  
In these beating hearts there glow  
Flames that scorch your nomenclatures, —

Lights that make your axioms fine  
Fade like stars when day is breaking ; —  
Splendors, hopes, and powers divine,  
New born with each day's awaking.

Raise your scientific lore,  
Grant us larger definitions ;  
Souls are surely something more  
Than mere bundles of cognitions.

Take the sum — the mighty whole —  
Man, this sovereign Protean creature,  
Follow the all-embracing soul,  
If you can, through form and feature.

Whence it came in vain you guess,  
Where it goes you cannot measure,  
And its depths are fathomless ;  
And exhaustless flows its treasure.

And its essence holds the world  
In abeyance and solution,  
For the gods themselves are furled  
In its mystic involution.



## THE COAL-FIRE.

### 1.

COME, we 'll light the parlor fire ;  
    Winter sets in sharp and rough.  
Wood is dear, but coal 's provided,  
    For three months, I think, enough.  
Bring one hod of Lackawanna,  
    One of Sidney's softer kind,  
Mix them well — clap on the blower,  
    Let the grate outroar the wind.

### 2.

See — they are coming — the guests I expected,  
    Not a man's party, o'er punch and cigars ;  
Sexes must blend in the friends I've selected,  
    Moonlight must mellow the glittering stars.  
Soon will it kindle, the blithe conversation,  
    Spirits to spirits responsively fit ;  
Men with their logic and grave moderation,  
    Women with sentiment, gossip and wit.

### 3.

Now the softly flaming Sidney  
    Mixes with the anthracite ;

Quickens all its slow-paced ardor  
 With a fluttering glow and light;  
 While their heat and radiance blended  
 Flash in gleams of red and blue,  
 Filling all the room with sunshine,  
 Gaily sparkling up the flue.

## 4.

Lonely was Adam till Eve came to cheer him —  
 Came to commingle her warmth with his light.  
 Man is a fossil till woman comes near him,  
 A rose on his brier — a moon to his night.  
 Then when the tenderer feminine color  
 Rims the hard stalk with its delicate gleams,  
 All his best life growing sweeter and fuller  
 Wakes in the glow of those holier beams.

## 5.

Hard and soft in cordial union  
 Now have fused, like molten wax.  
 Each a temper gives and borrows —  
 Each the half the other lacks.  
 Should they lose their flames and smoulder  
 With a dull and sullen light,  
 Stir them up — the sparking Sidney  
 Soon will start the anthracite.

## 6.

What — have my guests then exhausted their topics ?

Why is this lull in the murmur of tongues ?

Where is that breath from the flowery tropics ?

Lead to the piano our empress of songs !

Music shall stir us to harmonies hidden,

Flooding to rapture like beakers of wine.

Stories shall move us to laughter unbidden ;

Laughter like music is something divine.

## 7.

Ah, 't is midnight ! Are you going ?

Parties will break up so soon.

Count not hours so swiftly flowing,

Heed not the high wintry moon.

One more song before we sever,

And the cinders turn to white ;

One old story, good as ever !

No ? Too late ? Ah, well — good night !

## 8.

Now they have gone with the pale dying embers.

Here in my parlor, still cosy and warm

With the glow of the hearth, how my fancy remembers

Each guest of the evening — each talent and  
charm ; —

The slow-burning fervors of masculine reason,  
The swift-glancing flame of the feminine heart ; —  
And I vow that no fire shall be lit at this season,  
But coal of each sex shall contribute its part.

## TWO VIEWS OF IT.

BEFORE the daybreak, in the murky night  
My chanticleer, half dreaming, sees the light  
Stream from my window on his perch below,  
And taking it for dawn he needs must crow.

Wakeful and sad I shut my book, and smile  
To think my lonely vigil should beguile  
The silly fowl. Alas, I find no ray  
Within my lamp or heart, of dawning day.

## OLD AND YOUNG.

### 1.

THEY soon grow old who grope for gold  
In marts where all is bought and sold ;  
Who live for self, and on some shelf  
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf  
Cankered and crusted o'er with mould.  
For them their youth itself is old.

### 2.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold  
Where spring awakes and flowers unfold ;  
Where suns arise in joyous skies,  
And fill the soul within their eyes.  
For them the immortal bards have sung,  
For them old age itself is young.

## THE VICTORIES OF PEACE.

### 1.

GONE is the tempest that clouded  
The land with its dark desolation.  
Out from the pall that enshrouded  
Leaps the new strength of the nation.

### 2.

Never again shall the cannon  
Roar with their terrible voicing,  
Save where the free flag and pennon  
Wave o'er a country rejoicing.

### 3.

Boast not when musketry rattles  
O'er corpses of landsmen and seamen.  
Gains that are greater than battles  
Come with the ballots of freemen.

### 4.

Praise ye the peace that engenders  
Trust in a people enlightened ;  
Honor to valiant defenders,  
Hope for the days that have brightened.

## SUMMER DAWN.

SOME summer mornings — when you've taken tea  
Too late the night before — perhaps you'll see,  
If at some Berkshire farmhouse far away  
You chance to wake while yet the sky is gray,  
A glory, to your landscape-painter men  
Unknown, yet worthy of a poet's pen.

Look from your window. Long gray banks of cloud  
The fields, the hills, the distant view enshroud.  
Faint stars still glimmer in the heavens above.  
Below dim shapes of fog o'er stream and grove  
Hang wreathing, shifting in the sluggish breeze.  
Are yonder shadows mist, or mist-clad trees?  
For what is cloud and what is land no eye  
(Sleepy at least like yours) can yet descry.  
And now the rushing streams, by day unheard,  
You hear, and now the twitter of a bird,  
And now another, till at last the hills  
And woods are all alive with fugues and trills.  
The sheep begin to bleat, the cows to low;  
Three hoarse, young roosters try their best to crow,



Responding to some thirsty, quacking duck,  
Or hen who folds her chicks with motherly cluck.

Now morning spreads apace. The stars are drowned.  
Trees loom above the fog ; and all around  
The landscape is transfigured in the light  
Of pearly skies. Westward the wings of Night  
Are folded as she steals unseen away.  
Now in the far northeast an amber gray  
Gleams under bars of long dark-pencilled cloud.  
The crows above the woods are cawing loud.  
Brighter and brighter up the dewy slope  
The coming sunrise floods the lands with hope.  
The clouds from north to south begin to blush.  
Old Graylock answers with a rosy flush.  
One mountain peak looms up with crimsoned sides ;  
A moment more, and in the mist it hides.  
And now the valleys catch the sun below,  
And elms and barn-roofs redden in the glow.

O for a pencil rapid as the light  
To paint the glories bursting on the sight !  
Making the plain New England landscape seem  
The unfamiliar scenery of a dream.  
For this might be in Arcady — my rhyme  
Some Eastern shepherd's of the olden time.  
Here might I pipe with Tityrus in the grove ;  
Here to fair Amaryllis whisper love ;

Here the wild woodland haunts of Dryads seek —  
But what is that! The locomotive's shriek  
Calls me from Dreamland and the Arcadian dawn.  
The sun is up. The mystery is gone.  
Another book of poesy the West  
Has opened. Let the bards of old go rest.

## THE OLD APPLE-WOMAN.

A BROADWAY LYRIC.

SHE sits by the side of a turbulent stream  
That rushes and rolls forever  
Up and down like a weary dream  
In the trance of a burning fever.

Up and down through the long Broadway  
It flows with its tiresome paces —  
Down and up through the noisy day,  
A river of feet and of faces.

Seldom a drop of that river's spray  
Touches her withered features ;  
Yet still she sits there day by day  
In the throng of her fellow-creatures.

Apples and cakes and candy to sell,  
Daily before her lying.  
The ragged newsboys know her well —  
The rich never think of buying.

Year in, year out, in her dingy shawl  
The wind and the rain she weathers,  
Patient and mute at her little stall ;  
But few are the coppers she gathers.

Still eddies the crowd intent on gain.  
Each for himself is striving  
With selfish heart and seething brain —  
An endless hurry and driving.

The loud carts rattle in thunder and dust ;  
Gay Fashion sweeps by in its coaches.  
With a vacant stare she mumbles her crust,  
She is past complaints and reproaches.

Still new faces and still new feet —  
The same yet changing forever ;  
They jostle along through the weary street,  
The waves of the human river.

Withered and dry like a leafless bush  
That clings to the bank of a torrent,  
Year in, year out, in the whirl and the rush,  
She sits, of the city's current.

The shrubs of the garden will blossom again  
Though far from the flowing river ;  
But the spring returns to her in vain —  
Its bloom has nothing to give her.

Yet in her heart there buds the hope  
Of a Father's love and pity ;  
For her the clouded skies shall ope,  
And the gates of a heavenly city.

## THE WEATHER-PROPHET.

A FABLE.

“WHAT can the matter be with the thermometer?  
Is it the sun or the moon or the comet, or  
Something broke loose in the old earth's pedometer?”  
Thus in his study a weather philosopher  
Mused — every minute more puzzled and cross over.  
Wind-charts and notes he proceeded to toss over.  
“Up in this tower, this breezy and barren height,  
One should be cool as an elderly Sharonite.  
Something is wrong with the scales of my Fahrenheit.  
'T was but this morning the wind blowing northerly  
Roughened the tops of the ocean waves frothily;  
Now it has shifted, and seems to be southerly” —  
(These are not rhymes — I am fully aware of it.  
But the hot weather — for he had the care of it —  
Fully excused him, and I have no share of it.)

Time to this sage was so precious that never he  
Ate at regular hour; forever he  
Seemed to be lost in a weather-wise reverie.

So a small kitchen the town-folks did make for him  
Right underneath, where a servant could bake for him,  
Boil for him, cook up a chop or a steak for him,  
So that he need n't be starving while measuring  
Rain-storms and calms that the heavens were treasuring.  
'T was a bright thought which they took a great pleasure in ;

For 't was the weather that made the great theme for them.

This was their day-talk and this their night's dream for them.

Here was the man who could skim the sky's cream for them ;

Thousands of miles away see a cloud-macula —

Tell what was coming in language oracular —

Translate his science in common vernacular.

Quite independent of housekeeping syndicates

He could pronounce what the weather-glass indicates

Long ere old Boreas had opened his windy gates.

Knew all the signs from the Crab to Aquarius,

Shifting or permanent — single or various ;

Bright signs that gladden us, dark signs that weary us,

Versed in the trade-winds and currents could spy a way

How a storm-centre in Texas or Iowa

Might prove a cyclone or peaceably die away.

Skilled in all secrets of meteorology,

Clear in his mind as that H I should follow G.

If he made blunders he made no apology.

He was the boldest of Old Probabilities ;  
 Scorned all assistance and short-hand facilities.  
 Ah, what a thing to have genius and skill it is !  
 Pity if he should be forced to take off his eye ;  
 Leave for a dinner his notes to a novice eye !  
 Food was a trifle for one who could prophesy.  
 So like the prophet of old when the city he  
 Left for the woods, and the ravens had pity, he  
 Found himself served by a black-coat committee.

Now while engrossed in his figures, not dreaming it,  
 Bridget below in the kitchen was steaming it ;  
 Making the building so hot that ice-cream in it  
 Melted like butter. Her stove and the range in it  
 Cooking his dinner — though this may seem strange  
 in it —

Was the sole reason the air had a change in it.  
 Over his figures his brow getting rigid, he  
 Kept at his task, never thinking of Bridgety —  
 Growing each minute more fussy and fidgety.  
 Up through the speaking-tube rushed the hot air on him,  
 Bringing the steam of the boiler to bear on him.  
 So with a mystified sort of despair on him  
 Soon he proceeded to write and to scratch away,  
 And by his telegraph sent a despatch away —  
 (Never before was Old Prob so *infatué*)  
 Saying — “ It seems by my Aëroscopical  
 Great heats with thunder will soon be the topic all —



Weather, in short, most decidedly tropical.  
Can it be sun-spots? Volcanic impurities  
Caused by a meteor bursting? I'm sure it is  
Something abnormal — but very obscure it is!  
Possibly something may ail my thermometer;  
Possibly 't is the effect of the comet, or  
Something broke loose in the old Earth's pedometer."

MORAL.

Prophets are struck now and then with insanity.  
Ever since Adam man's measureless vanity  
Thinks his own mood is the mind of humanity.

## OMAR KHAYYÁM.

READING in Omar till the thoughts that burned  
Upon his pages seemed to be inurned  
    Within me in a silent fire, my pen  
By instinct to his flowing metre turned.

Vine-crowned free-thinker of thy Persian clime —  
Brave bard whose daring thought and mystic rhyme  
    Through English filter trickles down to us  
Out of the lost springs of an olden time —

Baffled by life's enigmas, like the crowd  
Who strove before and since to see the cloud  
    Lift from the mountain pinnacles of faith —  
We honor still the doubts thou hast avowed,

And fain would round the half-truth of thy dream ;  
And fain let in — if so we might — a beam  
    Of purer light through windows of the soul,  
Dividing things that are from things that seem.

True, true, brave poet, in thy cloud involved,  
 The riddle of the world stood all unsolved ;  
 And we who boast our broader views still grope  
 Too oft like thee, though centuries have revolved.

Yet this we know. Thy symbol of the jar  
 Suits not our western manhood, left to mar  
 Or make, in part, the clay 't is moulded of:  
 And the soul's freedom is its fateful star.

Not like thy ball thrown from the player's hand  
 Inert and passive on a yielding strand ;  
 Or if a ball, the rock whence it rebounds  
 Proves that e'en this some license may command.

But though thy mind, which measured Jove and Mars,  
 Lay fettered from the Unseen by bolts and bars  
 Of circumstance, one truth thy spirit saw,  
 The mystery spanning life and earth and stars.

Dervish and threatening dogma were thy foes.  
 The question though unanswered still arose ;  
 And through the revel and the wine-cups still  
 The honest thought, " Who knows, but One — who  
 knows ? "

And as I read again each fervent line  
 That smiles through sighs, and drips with fragrant wine ;

And Vedder's thoughtful muse has graced the verse  
With added jewels from the artist's mine —

I read a larger meaning in the sage,  
A modern comment on a far-off age ;  
And take the truth, and leave the error out  
That casts its light stain on the Asian page.

## LONGFELLOW.

ACROSS the sea the swift sad message darts  
And beats with sudden pang against our hearts.  
Under the elm-trees in his homestead old  
The Laureate of our land lies dead and cold ;  
Wept by the love of friends, and crowned with fame ;  
Revered by youth and age, his well-known name  
Caught in fast-circling whispers, sad and low,  
In streets where noisy crowds move too and fro —  
“ Can it be true that he is dead — is dead ? ”  
Life seemed to love that noble, silvery head,  
And youth still lingered in the kindly eyes  
Now closed, alas, to all beneath the skies !

No more across the fields by Charles's stream  
Those eyes shall see their well-loved landscape gleam.  
No more the treasured books upon his shelves  
Suggest the visions rarer than themselves.  
No friends around his hospitable fire  
Hear the last touches of his graceful lyre.

The coming spring will flush with purple bloom  
His lilacs, and waft in their sweet perfume ;

His roses unregarded drop away ;  
Unheard the oriole's warble through the day ;  
Unmarked the bees' low hum from flower to flower,  
The dial's shade, the sunshine and the shower.  
Yet from the garden of his thoughts and deeds  
Still will his poems fly like winged seeds.  
And far and wide, through city, plain and hill,  
Borne to a thousand firesides, bloom and fill  
The people's hearts, and touch to issues fine  
Of aspiration human and divine.

PARIS, *March 28*, 1882.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

OUT of the cloud that dimmed his sunset light,  
Into the unknown firmament withdrawn  
Beyond the mists and shadows of the night,  
We mourn the friend and teacher who has gone.

As in the days of old when Plato freed  
The Athenian youths into a heavenlier sphere,  
Long will the age with reverence hear and heed  
The sweet deep music of our poet-seer.

For to his eye all objects and events  
Spoke a symbolic language ; and his mind  
Pierced with the poet's vision through the dense  
Dull surface to the larger truth behind.

And yet no solitary mystic trained  
To spin a metaphysic web was he ;  
But open-eyed to all that life contained,  
And the broad earth, of living harmony.

Nature adopted him from boyhood's hour.  
The pines, the elms, the willows knew him well.

The lonely streams where blushed the cardinal-flower,  
And where the shy Rhodora's petals fell.

And well his mother's lore he loved and learned ;  
His master-hand her crudest stuff refined.  
All that she gave he back to her returned  
Woven with figures of the shaping mind.

It seemed as if the hill-tops where he met  
The sunrise still the livery put on  
Of nobler days, and never could forget  
The Syrian splendors of the poet's dawn.

And books to him unfolded all their store ;  
What soul was in them he had eyes to see.  
And past and present turned up golden ore,  
Transmuted by his mind's fine alchemy.

He drew his circles of so wide a sweep  
That they encompassed every sect and creed.  
Beneath the thought which seemed to others deep  
His swifter spirit dived with brilliant speed.

His keen, clear intuition knit the threads  
Of truths disjoined in one symmetric whole ;  
And barren wayside weeds and scattered shreds  
Of facts found mystic meanings in his soul.



He dared to ope the windows to the breeze  
Of Nature, when sectarians shuddering frowned,  
While through the close air of their cloistered ease  
The leaves of creeds fell fluttering to the ground ;

Yet lived to see harsh theologians change  
From blind mistrust to love the truth he taught ;  
And shallow wits grow dumb beneath his range  
Of brilliant apothegm and daring thought.

Choice words and images like Shakspeare's best  
Dropped from his lips and waited on his pen.  
His voice in tuneful eloquence expressed  
The manliest minds of Plutarch's noblest men.

For him our Western world its keen, dry lore  
Recorded with a stenographic hand,  
While the far Orient climes for tribute bore  
The scriptures old of many a pagan land.

He saw the Soul whose breath all being breathes ;—  
The Life that glows in atoms and in suns ;  
The Law that binds ; the Beauty that enwreathes ;  
The Ideal that all mortal wit outruns.

Yet close to earth and common duties bound,  
Pledged to all true and gracious tasks he stood.  
His presence made a sunshine all around,  
His daily life a bond of brotherhood.

He needed not to worship at a shrine  
Purer than private hours might well approve.  
His missal was illumed with thoughts divine,  
His rosary strung with kindly deeds of love.

Yet love and justice were at one with him ;  
And on the base oppressor's brow the stain  
And brand were laid, not in derision grim,  
But sad and fateful as the mark of Cain.

Thus, true as needle to the polar star,  
He espoused the righteous cause, rebuked the wrong,  
And flashed chivalric 'gainst a nation's bar  
Of precedent, though fixed and sanctioned long.

Poet and sage ! thy lofty muse demands  
An insight deeper than the times attain.  
Across the stagnant pools and drifting sands  
Of thought I see thee like a sacred fane

Rise sunlit in the broad expanse of time ;  
And young and old shall greet from far thy light,  
And pilgrims turn from many an old-world clime  
To hail thy star-like dome of stainless white.

The wise will know thee, and the good will love.  
The age to come will feel thy impress given  
In all that lifts the race a step above  
Itself, and stamps it with the seal of heaven.

FREDERICK HENRY HEDGE, D. D.

ON HIS 80TH BIRTHDAY, DEC. 12, 1885.

WHAT lapse or accident of time  
Can dull that soul's sonorous chime  
Which owns the priceless heritage —  
Youth's summer warmth in wintry age?  
The gods can grant no rarer boon  
Than heart with mind in genial tune,  
Through a long life's vicissitudes  
Unjarred by chances and by moods;  
A soul elastic and unworn  
Whose eve retains the smile of morn;  
And all the poesy of youth  
Is wedded to the soul of truth.

So have I seen the Alpine glow  
On hoary pinnacles of snow,  
While many a younger wilderness  
Of woods beneath lay colorless  
And darkling in the twilight sky,  
Touched by no sunset alchemy.

For some there are whose youth is old  
Long ere their youthful blood grows cold ;  
And some in age so young that time,  
Deceived, still sees them in their prime.

No form or face that prophesied  
A strength to after years denied —  
No spirit lost in aims that seem  
The cloud-land of a worldly dream —  
No head discrowned — no incomplete  
And slackened course to-day we greet  
In him whose fourscore years have spanned  
The gulfs of fact and wonder-land ; —  
Who brought the seeds of Europe's lore  
To fertilize our western shore ; —  
By pastoral care, by voice and pen  
Toiling to serve his fellow-men ;  
Who early stood in freedom's van,  
And with forecasting eye outran  
The cloudy creeds that long obscured  
The light to later days assured.

What claim of youth by word or deed  
Can e'er dislodge or supersede  
The royal right to place and fame  
Earned by long years of earnest aim,  
Of learning deep, of vision wide,  
Of wisdom to fit speech allied ;

While all along their downward trend  
Youth's earlier lights his steps attend?  
Still in the gloaming of his day  
Lingers the glow that mocks decay.

Friend, poet, scholar, teacher, sage!  
Unshadowed by the mists of age,  
Long may the generous faith and thought,  
The lights from the ideal caught,  
That guided and inspired his youth,  
Shine clearer toward the perfect truth.  
And like some minster tower whose grand  
Melodious bells ring o'er the land,  
His voice be heard when daylight fails  
Across the darkened hills and vales;  
And ere night's pall be o'er him cast,  
His mellowest music be his last.

## SO FAR, SO NEAR.

THOU, so far, we grope to grasp thee —  
Thou, so near, we cannot clasp thee —  
Thou, so wise, our prayers grow heedless —  
Thou, so loving, they are needless !  
In each human soul thou shinest.  
Human-best is thy divinest.  
In each deed of love thou warmest ;  
Evil into good transformest.  
Soul of all, and moving centre  
Of each moment's life we enter.  
Breath of breathing — light of gladness —  
Infinite antidote of sadness ; —  
All-preserving ether flowing  
Through the worlds, yet past our knowing.  
Never past our trust and loving,  
Nor from thine our life removing.  
Still creating, still inspiring,  
Never of thy creatures tiring.  
Artist of thy solar spaces,  
And thy humble human faces ;  
Mighty glooms and splendors voicing ;

In thy plastic work rejoicing ;  
Through benignant law connecting  
Best with best — and all perfecting,  
Though all human races claim thee,  
Thought and language fail to name thee,  
Mortal lips be dumb before thee,  
Silence only may adore thee !

## SONNETS.

TO E. P. C.

I.

1.

THE Summer goes, with all its birds and flowers ;  
The Autumn passes with its solemn sky ;  
The Winter comes again — yet you and I  
Know not the old companionship once ours.  
The twilight mist between us hangs and lowers ;  
Your face I see not — voice I cannot hear.  
No letter tells me you in thought are near.  
The west-wind blows and sweeps away the showers,  
But from the west no whisper comes of you.  
Friends press around you in your distant home —  
(Your distant home I never yet have seen.)  
And old familiar greetings still renew ;  
While I with fancy's eyes alone can come  
And peep unnoted there behind your screen.



## II.

## 2.

PARTED by time and space for many a year,  
Yet ever longing, hoping for a day  
When, heart to heart, the happy weeks shall stay  
Their flight for us, and all our sky be clear  
As in our boyhood's spring — my brother dear,  
You and I bide our time. The buds of May  
Shall blossom yet for us. What though the gray  
Of dusky Autumn eventide be near,  
And silver locks and beards have changed us so  
From what we were — you still to me are young,  
And I to you. The fireside of our loves  
Shall be our summer, bright as in the glow  
Of youth, when we, two blithe Arcadians, sung  
And fluted in those old Virginia groves.

## III.

## 3.

Ah, happy time ! when music bound in one  
Two kindred souls that ne'er were out of tune :  
When in the porch, beneath the summer moon,  
Our supper o'er, our school-boy lessons done,  
While other lads were at some boisterous fun,  
We trilled our Tara's Hall or Bonnie Doon :  
Or in some fire-lit wintry afternoon,  
Our flutes, you first, I second, bravely won  
Their winding path through many a tough duet ;  
Nor cared for plaudits louder than the praise  
Mother or sisters, in those simple days,  
Well pleased, bestowed : ah, sweeter than we met  
In after-life, from critics pledged to raise  
Art's standard high as dome or minaret.

## IV.

## 4.

FRIEND, dear as Memory's joys! of life that's past  
A part, and part of better life to come,  
If life to come there be, in some dear home  
Beyond the rigid clouds that overcast  
Our sundered lives — all that is mine thou hast; —  
All thoughts, all sympathies; — though far I roam  
From you — by mountains, streams, or ocean's foam  
Divided long — yet ever, first and last,  
Our love knows no division. In my soul  
And yours, we twin-born spirits of one blood,  
Still, as of old, are one. No sea can roll  
Between its league-long melancholy flood,  
No separate interests, loves, or pressing cares  
Disturb the mutual trust our being shares.

## V.

## 5.

ALL loves have frailer roots than loves that start  
From one ancestral blood. The friends we find  
In youth pass on before us, or behind  
Are dropped, or on diverging paths depart,  
While branches from one trunk still own one heart,  
And bud and bear from one maternal mind.  
Sister and brother need no vows to bind  
Their pre-ordained alliance, nor the art  
Of lovers plotting through a thousand fears  
Lest love, of passion born, should fade or change ;  
Nor dread the undermining drip of years ;  
Nor stand on forms that other souls estrange.  
Such love is ours, and theirs who bear our name,  
Born in the honored home from which we came.

## VI.

## 6.

АH, many a time our memory slips aside  
And leaves the round of present cares and joys,  
To live again the time when we were boys ;  
To call our parents back with love and pride ;  
To see again the dear ones who have died ;  
To dream once more amid the household toys,  
The sports, the jests, the masquerades, the noise,  
The blaze and sparkle of the wood fireside ;  
The books, the drawings, and the merry press  
Around the blithe tea-board ; the evenings long ;  
Rattling backgammon and still, solemn chess ;  
And best of all when instrument and song  
Bore us to visionary lands and streams,  
And crowned our nights with coronals of dreams.

## VII.

## 7.

THOSE times are gone, that circle thinned away,  
And we who live, now scattered far and wide,  
Each in our separate centres fixed abide,  
Round which new interests now revolve and play  
In separate loves and duties day by day.  
Yet, by the records of old loves allied,  
We clasp each other's hands beneath the tide  
Of time, and cling together as we may.  
Even so beneath the sea the throbbing wires  
That bind the sundered continents in one,  
In space-annihilating pulses thrill  
With swift-winged words and purpose and desires.  
Our earlier visions haunt our memories still,  
And age grows young in friendship's quickening sun.

## VIII.

## 8.

YOU were not born to hide such gifts as yours  
'Neath dreary law-books, nor amid the dust  
And dry routine of desks to sit and rust  
Where clerks plod through their tasks on office-floors.  
Let duller laborers drudge through daily chores,  
And do what fate for them makes fit and just.  
You bravely do your work because you must ;  
And when released, your genius sings and soars.  
Such humor from your pen hath ever run  
In pictures or in letters all unforced,  
As Hogarth, Lamb, or Dickens might have done ;  
Finer than many a noted wit, who, horsed  
Upon the people's favor, waves his blade  
Like Harlequin, and makes his jests his trade.

## IX.

## 9.

I NEEDS must praise the natural gifts of one  
Who praises not himself, nor seeks for praise ;  
Too unambitious for these emulous days,  
When each small talent seeks the public sun,  
And victors' wreaths are worn before they are won.  
So true to conscience that he oft betrays  
Himself, o'ervaluing standards others raise,  
Or underrating what himself has done.  
Who might have risen in letters or in art ;  
But faithful to the work he early chose,  
To that he gave his time, if not his heart.  
Whose genuine self begins when labors close —  
When with his friends, or books, or pen, apart,  
His cheerful sunset light far round him glows.



## X.

## 10.

FORGIVE — that thus the trumpet I have blown  
You never sounded — never cared to hear.  
The world, I know, can give no smile or tear  
To those whose story it has never known.  
But must the poet tune his lyre alone  
To themes of passionate hope or love or fear, —  
Or thoughts of loftier flight, yet shun the clear  
Affection of two brothers' hearts at one?  
If gallant sonneteers may sing the light  
And radiant demoiselles of olden time —  
If in their melodies they may not slight  
The fleeting passion of their youthful prime,  
The old true loves from boyhood ever bright  
Are surely worth the tribute of a rhyme.

## SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

## XI.

## THE PRINTING-PRESS.

IN boyhood's days we read with keen delight  
How young Aladdin rubbed his lamp and raised  
The towering Djin whose form his soul amazed,  
Yet who was pledged to serve him day and night.  
But Gutenberg evoked a giant sprite  
Of vaster power, when Europe stood and gazed  
To see him rub his types with ink. Then blazed  
Across the lands a glorious shape of light,  
Who stripped the cowl from priests, the crown from  
kings,  
And hand in hand with Faith and Science wrought  
To free the struggling spirit's limèd wings,  
And guard the ancestral throne of sovereign Thought.  
The world was dumb. Then first it found its tongue  
And spake — and heaven and earth in answer rung.

## XII.

## THE OCEAN STEAMER.

WITH streaming pennons, scorning sail and oar,  
With steady tramp and swift revolving wheel,  
And even pulse from throbbing heart of steel,  
She plies her arrowy course from shore to shore.  
In vain the siren calms her steps allure ;  
In vain the billows thunder on her keel ;  
Her giant form may toss and rock and reel  
And shiver in the wintry tempest's roar ;  
The calms and storms alike her pride can spurn.  
True to the day she keeps her appointed time.  
Long leagues of ocean vanish at her stern —  
She drinks the air, and tastes another clime,  
Where men their former wonder fast unlearn,  
Which hailed her coming as a thing sublime.

## XIII.

## THE LOCOMOTIVE.

WHIRLING along its living freight, it came,  
Hot, panting, fierce, yet docile to command —  
The roaring monster, blazing through the land  
Athwart the night, with crest of smoke and flame ;  
Like those weird bulls Medea learned to tame  
By sorcery, yoked to plough the Colchian strand  
In forced obedience under Jason's hand.  
Yet modern skill outstripped this antique fame,  
When o'er our plains and through the rocky bar  
Of hills it pushed its ever-lengthening line  
Of iron roads, with gain far more divine  
Than when the daring Argonauts from far  
Came for the golden fleece, which like a star  
Hung clouded in the dragon-guarded shrine.

## XIV.

## THE TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.

FLEETER than time, across the Continent,  
Through unsunned ocean depths, from beach to beach,  
Around the rolling globe Thought's couriers reach.  
The new-tuned earth like some vast instrument  
Tingles from zone to zone ; for Art has lent  
New nerves, new pulse, new motion — all to each,  
And each to all, in swift electric speech  
Bound by a force unwearied and unspent.  
Now lone Katahdin talks with Caucasus ;  
The Arctic ice-fields with the sultry South,  
The sun-bathed palm thrills to the pine-tree's call.  
We for all realms were made, and they for us.  
For all there is a soul, an ear, a mouth ;  
And Time and Space are naught. The mind is all.

## XV.

## THE PHOTOGRAPH.

PHŒBUS APOLLO, from Olympus driven,  
Lived with Admetus, tending herds and flocks :  
And strolling o'er the pastures and the rocks  
He found his life much duller than in Heaven.  
For he had left his bow, his songs, his lyre,  
His divinations and his healing skill,  
And as a serf obeyed his master's will.  
One day a new thought waked an old desire.  
He took to painting, with his colors seven,  
The sheep, the cows, the faces of the swains,  
All shapes and hues in forests and on plains.  
These old sun-pictures all are lost, or given  
Away among the gods. Man owns but half  
The Sun-god's secret — in the Photograph.

## XVI.

## THE SPECTROSCOPE.

ALL honor to that keen Promethean soul  
Who caught the prismic hues of Jove and Mars,  
And from the glances of the dædal stars,  
And from the fiery sun, the secret stole  
That all are parts of one primeval Whole, —  
One substance beaming through Creation's bars  
Consent and peace, amid the chemic wars  
Of gases and of atoms. Yonder roll  
The planets; yonder, baffling human thought,  
Suns, systems, all whose burning hearts are wooed  
To one confession — so hath Science caught  
Those eye-beams frank, whose speech cannot delude, —  
How of one stuff our mortal earth is wrought  
With stars in their divine infinitude.

## XVII.

## THE MICROPHONE.

THE small enlarged, the distant nearer brought  
To sight, made marvels in a denser age.  
But Science turns with every year a page  
In the enchanted volume of her thought.  
The wizard's wand no longer now is sought.  
Yet with a cunning toy the Archimage  
May hear from Rome Vesuvius' thunders rage,  
And earthquake mutterings underground are caught,  
Alike with trivial sounds. Would there might rise  
Some spiritual seer, some prophet wise,  
Whose tactile vision would avert the woes  
Born of conflicting forces in the state ; —  
Some listener to the deep volcanic throes  
Below the surface — ere we cry, " Too late ! "



## XVIII.

## THE FIRESIDE.

WITH what a live intelligence the flame  
Glow and leaps up in spires of flickering red,  
And turns the coal just now so dull and dead  
To a companion — not like those who came  
To weary me with iteration tame  
Of idle talk in shallow fancies bred.  
From dreary moods the cheerful fire has led  
My thoughts, which now their manlier strength reclaim.  
And like some frozen thing that feels the sun  
Through solitudes of winter penetrate,  
The frolic currents through my senses run ;  
While fluttering whispers soft and intimate  
Out of the ruddy firelight of the grate  
Make talk, love, music, poetry in one.

## XIX.

## THE LADY'S SONNET. TWILIGHT.

I KNOW not why I chose to seem so cold  
At parting from you ; for since you are gone  
I see you still — I hear each word, each tone ;  
And what I hid from you I wish were told.  
I, who was proud and shy, seem now too bold  
To write these lines — and yet must write to own  
I would unsay my words, now I 'm alone.  
From my dark window out upon the wold  
I look. 'Twas through yon pathway to the west  
I watched you going, while the sunset light  
Went with you — and a shadow seemed to fall  
Upon my heart. And now I cannot rest  
Till I have written ; for I said, “ To-night  
I 'll send your answer.” Now I 've told you all.

## XX.

## THE LOVER'S SONNET. MIDNIGHT.

I WAITED through the night, while summer blew  
The breath of roses through my darkened room.  
The whispering breeze just stirred the leafy gloom  
Beyond the window. On the lawn the dew  
Lay glistening in the starlight. No one knew  
I did not sleep, but waited here my doom  
Or victory. I saw the light-house loom  
Across the bay. The silence grew and grew,  
And hour by hour kept pace with my suspense.  
Each rustling noise, each passing footstep seemed  
The coming messenger I hoped yet feared.  
At last a knock — a throb — a pause intense —  
Your letter came. I read as if I dreamed.  
Almost too great to bear my bliss appeared !

## XXI.

## THE PINES AND THE SEA.

BEYOND the low marsh-meadows and the beach,  
Seen through the hoary trunks of windy pines,  
The long blue level of the ocean shines.  
The distant surf, with hoarse, complaining speech,  
Out from its sandy barrier seems to reach ;  
And while the sun behind the woods declines,  
The moaning sea with sighing boughs combines,  
And waves and pines make answer, each to each.  
O melancholy soul, whom far and near,  
In life, faith, hope, the same sad undertone  
Pursues from thought to thought ! thou needs must hear  
An old refrain, too much, too long thine own :  
'T is thy mortality infects thine ear ;  
The mournful strain was in thyself alone.

## XXII.

## PENNYROYAL.

HEAVY with cares no winnowing hand could sift,  
Wrapt in a sadness never to be told,  
As o'er the fields and through the woods I strolled,  
Following with restless footstep but the drift  
Of the still August morn, so I might shift  
The scenery of my thoughts, and gild their old  
Monotonous fringes with a light less cold,  
I found the aromatic herb, whose swift  
And sweet associations bore me away  
To boyhood, when beneath an oak like this  
I culled the fragrant leaves. Crude childhood's bliss  
Was in the scent ; but brighter smiled the day  
For memories no cold shade could overcast —  
Safe 'mid the unblighted treasures of the past.

## XXIII.

## BEETHOVEN'S FIFTH SYMPHONY.

THE mind's deep history here in tones is wrought,  
The faith, the struggles of the aspiring soul,  
The confidence of youth, the chill control  
Of manhood's doubts by stern experience taught ;  
Alternate moods of bold and timorous thought,  
Sunshine and shadow — cloud and aureole ;  
The failing foothold as the shining goal  
Appears, and truth so long, so fondly sought  
Is blurred and dimmed. Again and yet again  
The exulting march resounds. We must win now !  
Slowly the doubts dissolve in clearer air.  
Bolder and grander the triumphal strain  
Ascends. Heaven's light is glancing on the brow,  
And turns to boundless hope the old despair.

## XXIV.

## THE SECEDERS.

## 1.

FAR from the pure Cástalian fount our feet  
Have strayed away where daily we unlearn  
How Truth is one with Beauty. For we turn  
No more to hear the strains we sprang to greet  
When we were young, and love and life were sweet  
Before the world had taught us how to earn  
Its baser wealth, and from our doors to spurn  
The Muse like some poor vagabond and cheat.  
For we are young, and did not see the baits  
That in the distance lured us down the roads  
Where Toil and Care and Doubt, those lurking fates,  
Subdued our pliant backs to alien loads ;  
Till long since deadened to the Poet's tones,  
They fall on us as rain on logs and stones.

## XXV.

## 2.

YET what were love, and what were toil and thought,  
And what were life, bereft of Poesy?  
Who lingers in a garden where the bee  
By no rich beds of fragrant flowers is caught —  
A homely vegetable patch where naught  
Is prized but for some table-caterer's fee,  
And Nature pledged to market-ministry?  
To me another lore was early taught;  
And rather would I lose the dear delights  
Of eye and ear, than wilfully forego  
The power that can transfigure sounds and sights,  
Can steep the world in symbols, and bestow  
The free admittance to all depths and heights,  
And make dull earth a heaven of thought below.



## XXVI.

## IN A LIBRARY.

## 1.

IN my friend's library I sit alone,  
Hemmed in by books. The dead and living there,  
Shrined in a thousand volumes rich and rare,  
Tower in long rows, with names to me unknown.  
A dim half-curtained light o'er all is thrown.  
A shadowed Dante looks with stony stare  
Out from his dusky niche. The very air  
Seems hushed before some intellectual throne.  
What ranks of grand philosophers, what choice  
And gay romancers, what historians sage,  
What wits, what poets, on those crowded shelves!  
All dumb forever, till the mind gives voice  
To each dead letter of each senseless page,  
And adds a soul they own not of themselves.

## XXVII.

## 2.

A MIRACLE — that man should learn to fill  
These little vessels with his boundless soul ;  
Should through these arbitrary signs control  
The world, and scatter broadcast at his will  
His unseen thought, in endless transcript still  
Fast multiplied o'er lands from pole to pole  
By magic art ; and, as the ages roll,  
Still fresh as streamlets from the Muses' hill.  
Yet in these alcoves tranced, the lords of thought  
Stand bound as by enchantment — signs or words  
Have none to break the silence. None but they  
Their mute proud lips unlock, who here have brought  
The key. Them as their masters they obey.  
For them they talk and sing like uncaged birds.

## XXVIII.

## PAST SORROWS.

As tangled driftwood barring up a stream  
Against our struggling oars when hope is high  
To reach some fair green island we descry  
Lying beyond us in the morning's gleam,  
And shimmering like a landscape in a dream —  
Yet waiting patiently the logs float by,  
And all our course lies open to the eye —  
So sorrows come and go. What though they seem  
A blight whose touch might turn a young head gray,  
Joy dawns again. Hope beckons us before.  
The tide that pressed against us breaks our bars ;  
The visionary islands smile once more.  
Life, with its rest by night, its work by day,  
Forgets the old griefs, and heals their deepest scars.

## XXIX.

## LIFE AND DEATH.

## 1.

O SOLEMN portal, veiled in mist and cloud,  
Where all who have lived throng in, an endless line,  
Forbidden to tell by backward look or sign  
What destiny awaits the advancing crowd ;  
Bourne crossed but once with no return allowed ;  
Dumb, spectral gate, terrestrial yet divine,  
Beyond whose arch all powers and fates combine,  
Pledged to divulge no secrets of the shroud.  
Close, close behind we step, and strive to catch  
Some whisper in the dark, some glimmering light ;  
Through circling whirls of thought intent to snatch  
A drifting hope — a faith that grows to sight ;  
And yet assured, whatever may befall,  
That must be somehow best that comes to all.

## XXX.

## 2.

OR endless sleep 't will be, — and that is rest,  
Freedom forever from life's weary cares —  
Or else a life beyond the climbing stairs  
And dizzy pinnacles of thought expressed  
In symbols such as in our mortal breast  
Are framed by time and space ; — life that upbears  
The soul by a law untried amid these snares  
Of sense that make it a too willing guest.  
So sleep or waking were a boon divine.  
Yet why this inextinguishable thirst,  
This hope, this faith that to existence cling ?  
Nay e'en the poor dark chrysalis some fine  
Ethereal creature prisons, till it burst  
Into the unknown air on golden wing.

## XXXI.

## 3.

IF death be final, what is life, with all  
Its lavish promises, its thwarted aims,  
Its lost ideals, its dishonored claims,  
Its uncompleted growth? A prison wall,  
Whose heartless stones but echo back our call;  
An epitaph recording but our names;  
A puppet-stage where joys and griefs and shames  
Furnish a demon jester's carnival;  
A plan without a purpose or a form;  
A roofless temple; an unfinished tale.  
And men like madrepores through calm and storm  
Toil, die to build a branch of fossil frail,  
And add from all their dreams, thoughts, acts, belief,  
A few more inches to a coral-reef.

## XXXII.

## 4.

IF at one door stands life to cheat our trust,  
And at another, death, to mock because  
We thought life's promise good ; if all that was  
And is and should be ends in fume and dust —  
Then let us live for joy alone — the rust  
Of ease encase our minds — the grander laws  
Of souls be set aside. Let no man pause  
To weigh between his virtue and his lust.  
From first to last life baffles all our hopes  
Of aught but present bliss. Death waits to mock  
Our haste to indorse a visionary bond.  
Let pleasure dance us down earth's sunny slopes,  
And crown our heads with roses, ere the shock  
Of thunder falls. There is no life beyond ?

## XXXIII.

## 5.

YET in all facts of sense life stands revealed ;  
And from a thousand symbols hope may take  
Its charter to escape the Stygian lake,  
And find existence in an ampler field.  
The streams by winter's icy breath congealed  
Flow when the voices of the spring awake.  
The electric current lives when tempests break  
The wires. The chemic energies unsealed  
By sudden change, in other forms survive.  
The senses cheat us where the mind corrects  
Their partial verdict. More than all, the heart —  
The heart cold science counts not, is alive —  
Of the undivided soul that vital part  
Her microscopic eye in vain dissects.



## XXXIV.

## 6.

So, heralded by Reason, Faith may tread  
The darkened vale, the dolorous paths of night,  
In the great thought secure that life and light  
Flow from the Soul of all, who, with the dead  
As with the living, is the fountain-head.  
And though our loved and lost are snatched from sight,  
Some unseen power will guide them in their flight,  
And to some unknown home their steps are led.  
Yet has no seer, by sacred visions fired,  
Disclosed their state to those they leave behind ;  
No holy prophet, saint or sage inspired —  
Save in the magic lantern of the mind —  
Seen in ecstatic trance those realms desired :  
And all the oracles are dumb and blind.

## XXXV.

## 7.

THE wish behind the thought is the soul's star  
Of faith, and out of earth we build our heaven.  
Life to each unschooled child of time has given  
A fairy wand with which he thinks to unbar  
The dark gate to a region vast and far,  
Where all is gained at length for which he has striven —  
All loss requited — all offences shriven —  
All toil o'erpassed — effaced each battle-scar.  
But ah! what heaven of rest could countervail  
The ever widening thought — the endless stress  
Of action whereinto the heart is born?  
What sphere so blessèd it could overbless  
With sweets the soul, when all such gifts must fail,  
If from its chosen work that soul were torn?

## XXXVI.

## 8.

NOT for a rapture unalloyed I ask.  
Not for a recompense for all I miss.  
A banquet of the gods in heavenly bliss,  
A realm in whose warm sunshine I may bask,  
Life without discipline or earnest task  
Could ill repay the unfinished work of this.  
Nay — e'en to clasp some long-lost Beatrice  
In bowers of paradise — the mortal mask  
Dropped from her face now glorified and bright.  
But I would fain take up what here I left  
All crude and incomplete ; would toil and strive  
To regain the power of which I am bereft  
By slow decay and death, with fuller light  
To aid the larger life that may survive.

## XXXVII.

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

UNBIDDEN to the feast where friends have brought,  
To greet thy seventy years, their wreaths of rhyme, —  
For that thy form erect such weight of time  
Should bear, was never present to my thought, —  
Whittier, I bring my offering, though unsought.  
Thou, first of all our bards, hast rung the chime  
Of souls, whose zeal denounced a nation's crime.  
Thy fire, intense yet soft, from heaven was caught.  
Thou too the dear neglected chords hast wooed  
Of plain New England life, and earned a fame  
From whose wide light thy modest nature shrinks.  
Long shall the land revere and love thy name;  
Long find among thy songs the golden links  
That bind the world in peace and brotherhood.

*December 5, 1877.*

## XXXVIII.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. ÆT. 70.

A FOUNTAIN in our green New England hills  
Sent forth a brook, whose music, as I stood  
To listen, laughed and sang through field and wood  
With mingled melodies of joyous rills.  
Now, following where they led, a river fills  
Its channel with a wide calm shining flood  
Still murmuring on its banks with changeful mood.  
So, Poet, sound thy "stops of various quills,"  
Where waves of song, wit, wisdom charm our ears  
As in thy youth, and thoughts and smiles by turns  
Are ours, grave, gay, or tender. Time forgets  
To freeze thy deepening stream. The stealthy years  
But bribe the Muse to bring thee amulets  
That guard the soul whose fire of youth still burns.

*November, 1879.*

## XXXIX.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

CAN one so strong in hope, so rich in bloom  
That promised fruit of nobler worth than all  
He yet had given, drop thus with sudden fall?  
The busy brain no more its work resume?  
Can death for life so versatile find room?  
Still must we fancy thou canst hear our call  
Across the sea — with no dividing wall  
More dense than space to interpose its doom.  
Ah then — farewell, young-hearted genial friend!  
Farewell, true poet, who didst grow and build  
From thought to thought still upward and still new.  
Farewell, unsullied toiler in a guild  
Where some defile their hands, and where so few  
With aims as pure strive faithful to the end.

1879.

## XL.

JOHN WEISS.

THE summer comes again, yet nothing brings  
Of him but memories of that clear-lit eye,  
That voice, that presence that can never die.  
Fame o'er his dust no public trumpet rings.  
No bard beside his grave his genius sings.  
Yet he was one of that brave company,  
The apostles of the race — the champion high  
Of faith by reason guarded from the slings  
Of dull sectarians and of atheist foes.  
In him the scholar, teacher, prophet, wit  
And genial friend were blended in one strain.  
From his electric intellect arose  
Auroral lights in which the past was lit,  
And Æschylus and Shakspeare lived again.

## XLI.

GEORGE RIPLEY.

WARM, generous and young in heart and brain,  
A wise, ripe scholar of the antique mould,  
Had he but chosen he might have enrolled  
His name among philosophers who gain  
Renown, and lead an academic train.  
But unambitious in a humbler fold —  
Humbler yet wider — he the current told  
Of others' thoughts and works in graceful strain.  
So from his watch-tower calm the public mind  
He charmed and wisely led. Still young in age,  
And still in fireside talk the cordial friend,  
He read between the lines upon life's page  
The deeper meaning those alone can find  
Whose souls toward truth and not its semblance, tend.



## XLII.

TO G. W. C.

AUGUST 1, 1846.

THE day so long remembered comes again.  
The years have vanished. On the vessel's deck  
We stand and wave adieux, until a speck  
Our bark appears to friends whose eyes would fain  
Follow our voyage o'er the unknown main.  
Shadows of sails and masts and rigging fleck  
The sunlit ship. The captain's call and beck  
Hurry the cheery sailors as they strain  
The windy sheets ; while we in careless mood  
Gaze on the silver clouds and azure sea,  
Filled with old ocean's novel solitude,  
And dream of that new life of Italy,  
The golden fleece for which we sailed away,  
Whose splendor freshens this memorial day.

*August 1, 1881.*

## XLIII.

## LONDON.

BLACK in the midnight lies the City vast.  
Its dim horizon from my window high  
I see shut in beneath a misty sky  
Red with the light a million lamp-fires cast  
Up from the humming streets. And now at last  
With lessening roar the weary wheels go by.  
At last in sleep all discords swoon and die.  
Now wakes the solemn visionary Past,  
Peopled with spirits of the mighty dead  
Whose names are London's glory and her shame —  
Seers, poets, heroes, martyrs — deathless lives  
Long blazoned in the chronicles of fame.  
The inglorious Present veils its dwarfish head.  
England's ideal life alone survives !

## XLIV.

## VEILED MEMORIES.

OF love that was, of friendship in the days  
Of youth long gone, yet oft remembered still,  
And seen like distant landscapes from a hill,  
Clothed in a garment of aërial haze,  
What need to sing? Yet real is each phase  
Of life; and Time, that brings all good and ill  
Of this our mortal lot, can never spill  
One drop of that full cup he fills and weighs.  
Ah, faces veiled that start from out the past!  
Ah, spectral images once swift and warm!  
Ye are but hidden by perspectives vast.  
To-day o'ermasters all. And yet each form  
Of life and thought, forgotten or aloof,  
Is woven through the soul's strange warp and woof.

## XLV.

TENNYSON.

## 1.

His brows were circled by a wreath of bays,  
The symbol of the bard's well-earned renown —  
Upon his head more regal than the crown  
Of kings. For he by his immortal lays  
Is King among the poets of these days.  
And far and wide where'er our mother-tongue  
Is known, his wingèd lines are read and sung  
In crowded cities and in green by-ways.  
What could his country give that he had not?  
Fame, wealth, love's best companionship he had.  
And, blown across the seas, no lonely spot  
Of our far West but felt the effluence glad  
Borne to our hearts as from ethereal fire  
In the rich music of his English lyre.

## XLVI.

## 2.

How grand he would have stood, had he declined  
The needless coronet he donned, as though  
Its gilt could heighten his proud aureole's glow.  
But downward he has stepped, a seat to find —  
Not with the lords of that imperial kind  
Whose simple manhood, fed by love and truth,  
Found far from monarchs' courts perennial youth  
In the ideal gardens of the mind ; —  
But in a throng of blank nobilities  
In outward fellowship of lip and eye —  
Of empty forms and hollow courtesies ;  
Thou art become as one of us — they cry.  
Another shape than thine must now be worn.  
Son of the morning — how thy beams are shorn !

## XLVII.

TO G. W. C.

STILL shines our August day, as calm, as bright  
As when, long years ago, we sailed away  
Down the blue Narrows and the widening bay  
Into the wrinkling ocean's flashing light ;  
And the whole universe of sound and sight  
Repeats the radiance of that festal day.  
But for the inward eye no power can stay  
The fleeting splendor of our youth's delight.  
Still shines our August day, — but not for me  
The old enchantment, — when, by care and sorrow  
Untried, the hopeful heart was ever free  
To greet the morn as herald of like morrow.  
Yet shine, fair day ! And let my soul from thee  
Hope, faith, and strength for life's dim future borrow.

*August 1, 1884.*

## XLVIII.

GLADSTONE.

FOR Peace, and all that follows in her path —  
Nor slighting honor and his country's fame,  
He stood unmoved, and dared to face the blame  
Of party-spirit and its turbid wrath.  
He saw in vision the dread aftermath,  
Should war once kindle its world-circling flame  
Through Asian tribes that bear the British name.  
Time few such crises for a people hath,  
And few such leaders. Calmly he pursued  
A course at which the feebler spirits sneered,  
The bolder fumed with clamor loud and rude.  
And while the world still doubted, hoped, and feared,  
This chief a bloodless victory hath won —  
Britannia's wisest, best, and bravest son.

*June, 1885.*

## XLIX.

J. R. L.

(ON HIS HOMEWARD VOYAGE.)

## 1.

BACK from old England, in whose courts he stood  
Foremost to knit by act and word the band  
Between the daughter and the mother-land  
In all by either prized of truth and good,  
We welcome to a fellowship renewed  
His country's friend and ours. The master-hand  
That held the pen and lyre could still command  
Affairs of state, controlling league and feud.  
So, helped, not hindered, may his later strains  
Flow deeper, richer, though by sorrow toned ;  
And life by losses grow as once by gains ;  
And age hold fast the best that youth has owned.  
But ah, hurt not with touch too heavy, Time,  
The light-winged wisdom of his gayer rhyme.



## L.

## 2.

O SHIP that bears him to his native shore,  
Beneath whose keel the seething ocean heaves,  
Bring safe our poet with his garnered sheaves  
Of Life's ripe autumn poesy and lore !  
Though round the old homestead where we met of yore  
In the unsaddened days the southwind grieves  
Through his green elms, and all their summer leaves  
Seem whispering of the scenes that come no more,  
Yet may the years that brought him honors due  
Where Europe's best and wisest learned his worth,  
Yield hope and strength to reach horizons new  
In the broad Western land that gave him birth ;  
Nor bar his vision to a sunlit view  
Beyond the enshrouding mysteries of earth.

*June 13, 1885.*

## LI.

## THE HUMAN FLOWER.

## 1.

IN the old void of unrecorded time,  
In long, slow æons of the voiceless past,  
A seed from out the weltering fire-mist cast  
Took root — a struggling plant that from its prime  
Through rudiments uncouth, through rock and slime,  
Grew, changing form and issue — and clinging fast,  
Stretched its aspiring tendrils — till at last  
Shaped like a spirit it began to climb  
Beyond its rugged stem with leaf and bud  
Still burgeoning to greet the sunlit air  
That clothed its regal top with love and power,  
And compassed it as with a heavenly flood —  
Until it burst in bloom beyond compare,  
The world's consummate, peerless human flower.

## LII.

## 2.

SHALL that bright flower the countless ages toiled  
And travailed to bring forth — shall that rare rose,  
Whose bloom and fragrance earth and heaven unclose  
Their treasuries to enrich, by death be foiled?  
Its matchless splendor trampled down and spoiled?  
Shall that Celestial Love — who watched its throes  
Through centuries of long struggles and of woes,  
And freed it from the old Serpent round it coiled;  
Who tended it, and reared its glorious head  
Above the brambles and the poisonous marsh,  
And shielded it when zones were cased in ice —  
Leave it to perish when the summons harsh  
Of death is rung, — or, ere its leaves are shed,  
Transplant it to his realm of Paradise?

## LIII.

## AUGUST.

FAR off among the fields and meadow rills  
The August noon bends o'er a world of green.  
In the blue sky the white clouds pause, and lean  
To paint broad shadows on the wooded hills  
And upland farms. A brooding silence fills  
The languid hours. No living forms are seen  
Save birds and insects. Here and there, between  
The broad boughs and the grass, the locust trills  
Unseen his long-drawn, slumberous monotone.  
The sparrow and the lonely phœbe-bird,  
Now near, now far, across the fields are heard ;  
And close beside me here that Spanish drone,  
The dancing grasshopper, whom no trouble frets,  
In the hot sunshine snaps his castanets.

## LIV.

## IDLE HOURS.

YE idle hours of summer, not in vain,  
To one by Nature's beauty fed, ye pass —  
Though sending through the mental camera glass  
No philosophic lesson to the brain,  
But only pictures fair of shaded lane,  
Of dappled cows knee-deep in meadow grass ;  
Bright hill-tops with their sloping forest mass,  
Or barn-roofs glimmering gray across the plain.  
Earth, air, and water, and the sacred skies  
Have something still to tell, not less, I ween,  
Than famous books the learned sages prize,  
Weighted with thought abstract and logic keen,  
Where Concord pores with metaphysic eyes  
O'er vasty deeps of the unknown and unseen.

## LV.

## MUSIC AND POETRY.

## 1.

SING, poets, as ye list, of fields, of flowers,  
Of changing seasons with their brilliant round  
Of keen delights, or themes still more profound —  
Where soul through sense transmutes this world of ours.  
There is a life intense beyond your powers  
Of utterance, which the ear alone has found  
In the aerial fields of rhythmic sound —  
The inviolate pathways and air-woven bowers  
Built by entwining melodies and chords.  
Ah, could I find some correspondent sign  
Matching such wondrous art with fitting words!  
But vain the task. Within his hallowed shrine  
Apollo veils his face. No muse records  
In human speech such mysteries divine.

## LVI.

## 2.

YET words though weak are all that poets own  
Wherewith their muse translates that kindred muse  
Of Harmony, whose subtle forms and hues  
Float in the unlanguage'd poesy of Tone.  
And so no true-souled artist stands alone ;  
But all are brothers, though one hand may use  
A magic wand the others must refuse,  
And painters need no sculptor's Parian stone.  
If Art is long, yet is her province wide.  
While all for truth and beauty live and dare,  
One sacred temple covers all her sons.  
Music and Poesy stand side by side.  
Through every member one blood-current runs :  
One aim, one work, one destiny they share.

## LVII.

## TO SLEEP.

COME, Sleep — Oblivion's sire ! Come, blessed Sleep !  
Thy shadowy sheltering wings above me spread.  
Fold to thy balmy breast my weary head.  
Shut close behind the gates of sense, and steep  
All sad remembrance in thy Lethe deep.  
But come not as thou comest to the bed  
Of the tired laborer sleeping like the dead  
In dull and dreamless trance. But let me keep  
The visionary paths of fantasy  
Down through the mystic mazes of a land  
Transfigured by thy wonder-working spell.  
So lead me, gentle Sleep, with guiding hand,  
That when I wake from dreams, I still may be  
Wooded back to tread thy fields of asphodel.



## ORMUZD AND AHRIMAN.<sup>1</sup>

A CANTATA.

Oh, that I could sinne once see !  
We paint the devil foul, yet he  
Hath some good in him, all agree.  
Sinne is flat opposite to the Almighty, seeing  
It wants the good of virtue, and of being.

But God more care of us hath had.  
If apparitions make us sad,  
By sight of sinne we should grow mad.  
Yet as in sleep we see foul death and live,  
So devils are our sinnes in prospective.

GEORGE HERBERT.

<sup>1</sup> I have here revised and enlarged a poem published some years ago entitled "Satan." The reader of the original text will find many important changes and additions in this its present shape—filling out and completing its rather sketch-like form. The new title too, I hope, is more appropriate to the subject than the old one.

## THE OVERTURE.

HAD I, instead of unsonorous words,  
 The skill that moves in rapturous melodies,  
 And modulations of entrancing chords  
 Through mystic mazes of all harmonies —  
 The bounding pulses of an overture  
 Whose grand orchestral movement might allure  
 The listener's soul through chaos and through night,  
 And seeming dissonance to concord and to light —  
 I might allow some harsh Titanic strains  
 To wrestle with Apollo and with Jove ;  
 And let the war-cries on barbaric plains  
 Clash through the chords of wisdom and of love.  
 For still the harmonies should sing and soar  
 Above the discord and the battle's roar ;  
 E'en as the evolving art and course of time,  
 Amid the wrecks in wild confusion hurled,  
 Move with impartial rhythm and cosmic rhyme  
 Along the eternal order of the world.

Then would I bid my lyric band express  
 In music the old earth's long toil and stress :  
 How the dumb iron centuries have foretold  
 The coming of the future age of gold :  
 How, ere the morning stars together sang,  
 Divine completeness out of chaos sprang

Through shapeless germs of lower forms that climb  
By slow vast æons of a dateless time :  
Till, through the impulse of the primal plan  
They reach their flowering in the soul of man.

All swift-contending fugues — all wild escapes  
Of passion — long-drawn wail and sudden blast —  
Weird, winding serpent-chords, their writhing shapes  
Shot through with arrowy melodies that fast  
Pursue them, or that fall and lose themselves  
In changing forms, as in some land of elves ;  
The shadows and the lights  
Of joyous mornings, and of sorrowing nights —  
Strange tones of crude half-truth — the good within  
The mysteries of evil and of sin,  
Should weave the prelude of a symphony  
Whose music voiced the world's vast harmony ;  
And only to the ears  
Of spirits listening from serener spheres  
Of thought, the differing tones should blend and twine  
Into the semblance of a work divine ;  
Where, not in strife but peace, should meet  
What single were but incomplete.

I would unloose the soul beneath the wings  
Of every instrument ;  
I would enlist the deep-complaining strings  
Of doubt and discontent ;

The low sad mutterings and entangled tunes  
     Of viols and bassoons ; —  
     Shy horns with diffident tones —  
     The insolent trombones —  
     The reedy notes  
     From mellow throats  
 Of oboë and of clarionet —  
 Their pure and pastoral singing met  
 By clash of bacchanal cymbals, and a rout  
 Of tipsy satyrs dancing all about : —  
 Carols of love and hope checked by the blare  
 Of trumpet-cries of anger and despair : —  
 All differing mingling voices of the deep —  
 All startling blasts, all airs that lull to sleep ;  
 The mountain cataract that whirls and spins  
     And bursts in spray asunder : —  
 Swift pattering rains of flutes and violins, —  
     The tymbal's muffled thunder :  
 Æolian breathings wild and soft,  
 Notes that sink or soar aloft —  
 Soar or sink with harp-strings pulsing under : —  
     Ravishing melodies that stream  
     Through chords entrancing as a dream  
     Out of a realm of wonder.

Or else, from off the full and large-leaved score  
 Into the willing instruments I'd pour  
 A noise of battle in the air unseen ;  
 Of ghostly squadrons sending tremors strange

Of trouble and disastrous change  
From beyond their cloudy screen ;  
Low rumbling thunders — drops of bloody rain —  
Earthquake and storm — presentiment of pain —  
    Strange sobbings in the air  
Hushed by degrees in fading semitones  
    And softened sighs and moans,  
As when a mother by the cradle stills  
At night her weeping child, ere morn peeps o'er the hills,  
And all the world again is bright and fair.  
    While, with receding feet,  
    Far off is heard the beat  
Of mournful marches of the muffled drums ;  
    And nearer now and nearer,  
    Sweeter still and clearer,  
The bird-like flute-notes leap into the air,  
While the great human-heavenly music comes  
Emerging from the dark with bursts of song  
And hope and victory delayed too long.

So should my music fill its perfect round  
With dewy sunrise, and with peace profound.

Ah, what are all the discords of all time  
    But stumbling steps of one persistent life  
That struggles up through mists to heights sublime,  
    Forefelt through all creation's lingering strife : —  
The deathless motion of one undertone,  
Whose deep vibrations thrill from God to God alone !

## PART I.

*Daybreak.*

## CHORUS OF PLANETARY SPIRITS.

YE interstellar spaces, serene and still and clear,  
Above, below, around !  
Ye gray unmeasured breadths of ether, — sphere on  
sphere !  
We listen, but no sound  
Rings from your depths profound.

But ever along and all across the morning bars  
Fast-flashing meteors run —  
The trailing wrecks of fierce and fiery-bearded stars,  
Scattered and lost and won  
Back to their parent sun.

Through rifts of bronzing clouds the tides of morning  
glow  
And swell and mount apace.  
We watch and wait if haply we at last may know  
Some record we may trace  
Upon the orbs of space.

Above, below, around we track our planets' flight ;  
Their paths and destinies  
Are intertwined with ours. Remote or near, their light

Or darkness to our eyes  
A mystic picture lies.

## FIRST SPIRIT.

Close to the morn a small and sparkling star-world dances,  
Bathed in the flaming mist ;  
Flashing and quivering like a million moving lances  
Of gold and amethyst  
By slanting sunrise kissed.

A fairy realm of rapid and unimpeded sprites,  
That fly and leap and dart ;  
All fierce and tropic fervors, all swift and warm delights  
Bound and flash and start  
In every fiery heart.

## SECOND SPIRIT.

Deep in the dawn floats up a star of dewy fire —  
So pure it seems new-born ;  
As though the soul of morn  
Were pulsing through its heart in dim, divine desire  
Of poesy and love ; — the star of morn and eve —  
Whose crystal sphere is shining  
With joys beyond divining —  
Passion that never tortures, and hopes that ne'er deceive.

## THIRD SPIRIT.

There swims the pale, green Earth, half drowned and  
thunder-rifted,

Steeped in a sea of rain. Above the watery waste  
Of God's primeval flood, all other land effaced —

One peak alone uplifted.

The baffled lightnings play around its crags and chasms ;  
So far away they flash, I hear no thunder-spasms.  
But now the scowling clouds are drifting from its spaces,  
And leave it to the wind and coming day's embraces.

#### FOURTH SPIRIT.

Beyond, a planet rolls with darkly lurid sides,  
Flooded and seamed and stained by drenching Stygian  
tides ;

Deep gorges, up whose black and slimy slopes there peep  
All monstrous Saurian growths that run or fly or creep ;  
And, in and out the holes and caverns clogged with mud,  
Crawl through their giant ferns to suck each other's blood.  
I see them battling there in fog and oozy water,  
Symbols of savage lust, deformity, and slaughter.

#### FIFTH SPIRIT

I see an orb above that spins with rapid motion,  
Vaster and vaster growing —  
Belted with sulphurous clouds ; and through the rents an  
ocean  
Boiling and plunging up on a crust of fiery shore.  
And now I hear far off the elemental roar,  
And the red fire-winds blowing :  
A low, dull, steady moan a million miles away,



Of whirling hurricanes that rage all night, all day.  
No life of man or beast, were life engendered there,  
Could bide those flaming winds, that white metallic glare.

## SIXTH SPIRIT.

But yonder, studded round with lamps of moonlight  
tender,  
And arched from pole to pole with rings of rainbow  
splendor,  
A world rolls far apart ; as though in haughty scorning  
Of all the alien light of his diminished morning.

## SEVENTH AND EIGHTH SPIRITS.

Cold, cold and dark — and farther still  
We dimly see the icy spheres  
Like spectre worlds, who yet fulfil,  
Through slow dull centuries of years,  
Their circuit round the distant sun who winds them at  
his will.

## CHORUS.

Round and round one central orb  
The wheeling planets move,  
And some reflect and some absorb  
The floods of light and love.  
  
The rolling globe of molten stones,  
The spinning watery waste,

The forests whirled through tropic zones  
By circling moons embraced —

We watch their elemental strife ;  
We wait, that we may see  
Some record of their inner life,  
Where all is mystery.

*A pause. The Spirits approach the Earth. The Sun rises over the Continent of Asia.*

SECOND SPIRIT.

Look, brothers, look ! The quivering sunrise tinges  
Our nearest orb of Earth. The forest fringes  
Redden with joy ; and all about the sun,  
That gilds the boundless east, the cloud-banks dun  
Flame into gold ; and with a crimson kiss  
Wake the green world to beauty and to bliss.  
See how she glows with sweet responsive smile !  
Hark, how the waves of air lap round her !  
As though she were some green, embowered isle,  
And the fond ocean had just found her,  
In Time's primeval morn of unrecorded calms  
Hidden away with all her lilies and her palms ;  
And flattering at her feet, had smoothed his angry  
mane,  
And moving round her kissed her o'er and o'er again.

## THIRD SPIRIT.

And now, behold, our wings are rapid as our thought ;  
    And nearer yet have brought  
Our feet, until we hover above the Asian lands  
    Beyond the desert sands.  
There, girt about by mountain peaks that cleave the skies,  
    A blooming valley lies :  
A pathway, sloping down from visionary heights  
    Through shades and dappled lights,  
Lost in a garden wilderness of tropic trees  
    And flowers and birds and bees.  
Far off I smell the rose, the amaranth, the spice,  
    The breath of Paradise.  
Far off I hear the singing through hidden groves and  
    vales  
    Of Eden's nightingales ;  
And, sliding down through pines and moss and rocky  
    walls,  
    The murmuring waterfalls.  
And lo, two radiant forms that seem akin to us,  
    Walk, calm and beauteous,  
Crowned with the light of thought and mutual love,  
    whose blisses  
    Are sealed with rapturous kisses.  
Ah, beautiful green Earth ! ah, happy, happy pair !  
    Can there be aught so fair,  
O brothers, in yon vast unpeopled worlds afar,  
    As these bright beings are !

## CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

The stars in the heavens are singing  
Response to the wonderful story ;  
Joy, joy to the race that is springing  
To cover the earth with its glory !

The race that enfolds in its bosom  
A birthright divine and immortal ;  
As the fruit is enwrapped in the blossom,  
As the garden is hid by the portal !

## DISTANT VOICES.

*(A change to a minor key.)*

Sin and weakness, misery and pain,  
Cloud their sunlit birth ;  
And the sons of Heaven alone remain  
Gods unmixed with earth.

Light and darkness are the twins of fate ;  
Undivided they,  
Through all realms that bear a mortal date,  
Hold alternate sway.

Through the universe the lords of life  
Never at peace can be.  
Good and evil in a ceaseless strife  
Fight for victory.

## THIRD SPIRIT.

I hear in the spaces below  
A discord of voices that flow  
In muttering tones through the air.  
But where are they hidden — where ?  
There are trailings of gloom through the spaces,  
    And far-darting cones that eclipse  
The splendor of planets whose faces  
Are dimmed by their darkening traces,  
    And frozen by alien lips ;  
And the dream of a swift-coming change  
Foretokens a destiny strange.

And what is yon Shadow that creeps  
On the marge of her crystalline deeps ?  
On the field and the river and grove,  
    On the borders of hope and of rest ;  
On the Eden of wedlock and love ;  
    On the labor contentment bath blessed ?  
That crawls like a serpent of mist  
    Through the vales and the gardens of peace,  
With a blight upon all it hath kissed,  
    And a shade that shall never decrease ?  
That maddens the wings of desire,  
    And saddens the ardors of joy —  
Winged like a phantom of fire —  
    Armed like a fiend to destroy !

## SECOND SPIRIT.

Before me there flitted a vision —  
     A vision of dawn and Creation,  
 Of faith and of doubt and division,  
     Of mystical fruit and temptation :  
 A garden of lilies and roses,  
     Ah, sweeter than dreams ever fashioned ;  
 Hopes in whose splendor reposes  
     A love that was pure and impassioned.  
 But alas for the sons and the daughters  
     Of man, in the morning of nations !  
 Alas for their rivers of waters !  
     Alas for their fruitless oblations !  
 The curse and the blight and the sentence  
 Have fallen too swift for repentance.  
 I see it, I feel it — O brother !  
     It shadows one half of their garden.  
 O Earth ! O improvident Mother !  
     Where left'st thou thy angel, thy warden ?  
 Is it theirs, or the guilt of another ?  
     Must they die without hope of a pardon ?  
 What is it they suffer, O brother,  
     In the red, rosy light of their garden ?

## THE SPIRITS.

Ye Angels — ye heavenly Powers  
 Whose wisdom is higher than ours —  
 From the blight, from the terror defend them —  
 Help, help ! In their Eden befriend them.

## THE ANGEL RAPHAEL.

Beyond the imagined limits of such space  
As ye can guess, I passed, yet heard your cry.  
For ye are brother spirits. And I come,  
Swifter than light, to shield you from the dread  
Of earth-born shadows, and the ghostly folds  
Of seeming evil curtaining round your worlds.  
Yet can I bring no amulet to guard  
One peaceful breast from sorrow ; for yourselves  
Are girt about, as I, by that divine,  
Exhaustless Love, whose pledge your souls contain.

## THE SPIRITS.

Ah, not for ourselves — but our brothers  
We plead, in their dawn overgloomings,  
For the death is not theirs, but anothers.  
Help, help ! from the doom that is coming ;

For they stand all alone and unguided ;  
No Past with its lesson upholds them ;  
Their life from their race is divided ;  
A childhood unconscious enfolds them.

Is it sin — is it death that has shrouded  
Their souls, or a taint in their nature ?  
Is there hope for a future unclouded ?  
Tell — tell us — angelical teacher !

## RAPHAEL.

Yon earth, which claimed your closer vigilance,  
 And seems so near to you in time and space,  
 Is far away. Your present is its past.  
 To spirits, worlds and æons are condensed  
 Into a moment's feeling or a thought.  
 While ye were singing as ye watched those orbs,  
 They grew and grew from incandescent globes  
 Girdled with thunder, wreathed with sulphurous steam —  
 Or from the slime where rude gigantic forms  
 Of crocodile or bat plunged through the dense  
 And flowerless wilds of cane, or flapped like dreams  
 Of darkness through the foul mephitic air.  
 These shapes gave way to forests, rocks, and seas,  
 And shapely forms of beast and bird and man —  
 The last result of wonder-working Time —  
 Man — the tall crowning flower and fruit of all —  
 And the vast complex tissues he hath wrought  
 Of life and laws and government and arts.  
 All this ye knew not; tranced in choral song,  
 Your music was the oblivion of all time.

## THE SPIRITS.

Have we not seen the approaching doom of Earth?

## RAPHAEL.

The vision ye have had of joy and doom  
 Flashing and glooming o'er two little lives,



Is truth half-typed in legend, such as fed  
The people of the ancient days, distilled  
From crude primordial growths of time, when sin  
Saw the fierce flaming sword of conscience shake  
Its terror through the groves of Paradise,  
Grasped by Jehovah's red right hand in wrath.

## THE SPIRITS.

Was it a dream? We saw that red right hand.

## RAPHAEL.

The events and thoughts that passed in olden time  
Dawn on your senses with the beams of light  
That left long, long ago those distant worlds,  
And flash from out the past like present truths.  
It was a poet's dream ye saw. It held  
A truth. 'Tis yours to unfold the mythic form,  
And guess the meaning of the ancient tale.

## THE SPIRITS.

We mark thy words; we know that thou art wise  
And good; and yet we hover in a mist  
Of doubt. Help us! Our sight is weak and dim.

## RAPHAEL.

Know then that men and Angels can conceive  
Through symbols only, the eternal truths.  
Through all creation streams this dual ray —

The marriage of the spirit with the form —  
 The correspondence of the universe  
 With souls through sense ; and that the deepest thought  
 And firmest faith are nurtured and sustained  
 By the great visible universe of time  
 And space — the alphabet whose mystic forms  
 Present all inner lessons to the soul —  
 And thus the unseen by the seen is known.  
 Yea, even the blank and sterile voids that span  
 The dead unpalpitating space 'twixt star  
 And star, shall speak, as light hath spoken once.

And hark ! Even now the unfathomable deeps  
 Begin to stir. I hear a far off sound  
 Of shuddering wings, beyond the hurrying clouds,  
 Beyond the stars — now nearer, nearer still !

DISTANT VOICES.

*(Confusedly, in a minor key.)*

Behind us shines the Light of lights.  
 We are the Shadows, we the nights,  
 That blot the pure expanse of time.  
 And yet we weave the destined rhyme  
 Of creatures with the Increate —  
 Of God and man, free will and fate ;  
 The warp and woof of heavens and hells ;  
     The noiseless round of death and birth ;  
 The eternal protoplasmic spells  
     Binding the sons of God to earth ; —

The ceaseless web of mystery  
That has been, and shall ever be.

## THE SPIRITS.

Far off we seem to hear a chorus strange,  
Rising and falling through the gathering gloom.  
And now the congregated clouds appear  
To take the semblance of a Shape, that bends  
This way — as when a whirling ocean-spout  
Drinks, as it moves along, the light of heaven.

## RAPHAEL.

Spirit — if Spirit or Presence  
Thou art, or the gloom of a symbol —  
Approach, if thou canst, to interpret  
Thy name and thy work and thy essence.

*(A pause.)*

Behold, the Shadow spreads and towers apace,  
Like a dense cloud that rolls along the sea  
Landward, then shrouds the winding shore, the fields,  
The network of the gray autumnal woods,  
And the low cottage roofs of upland farms;  
What seemed a vapor with a ragged fringe  
Changes to wings, that sweep from north to south.  
And round about the mass whose cloudy dome  
Should be a head, I see the lambent flames  
Of distant lightnings play. And now a voice

Of winds and waves and crumbling thunder tones  
Commingled, muttering unintelligible things,  
Approaches us. The air grows strangely chill  
And nebulous. Daylight hath backward stepped.  
The morning sun is blotted with eclipse.

## CHORUS OF THE SPIRITS.

Like the pale stricken leaves of the Autumn  
When Winter swoops downward to whirl them  
Afar from the nooks of the woodlands,  
And up through the clouds of the twilight,  
We shudder! We hear a wind roaring  
And booming below in the darkness;  
A voice whose low thunder is mingled  
With waves of the sibilant ocean.  
The clouds that were pearly and golden  
Are steeped in a blackening crimson.  
The spell of a magical presence  
Is nearing us out of the darkness.  
What is it? No shape we distinguish —  
No voice — but a sound that is muffled,  
Muffled and stifled in thunder.  
We are troubled. Oh, help us, strong Angel!  
A Form gathers out of the darkness,  
Awful and dim and abysmal!

## RAPHAEL.

Fear not the gloomy Phantasm. Speak to him.  
If he will answer, ye may learn of him

What human books of dead theology  
 Have seldom taught, or poets, though they sang  
 Of Eden and the primal curse of man.

## THE SPIRITS.

Spirit, or phantom — darkening earth and sky,  
 And creeping through the soul in grim despair —  
 What art thou? Speak! whose shadow darkens thus  
 The eye of morn?

## SATAN.

I am not what I seem.

## THE SPIRITS.

Art thou that fallen Angel who seduced  
 From their allegiance the bright hosts of heaven  
 And men, and reignest now the lord of doom?

## SATAN.

I am not what I seem to finite minds; —  
 No fallen Angel — for I never fell,  
 Though priest and poet feign me exiled and doomed;  
 But ever was and ever shall be thus —  
 Nor worse nor better than the Eternal planned.  
 I am the Retribution, not the Curse.  
 I am the shadow and reverse of God;  
 The type of mixed and interrupted good;  
 The clod of sense without whose earthly base  
 You spirit-flowers can never grow and bloom.

THE SPIRITS.

We dread to ask — what need have we of thee ?

SATAN.

I am that stern necessity of fate —  
Creation's temperament — the mass and mould  
Of circumstance, through which eternal law  
Works in its own mysterious way its will.

THE SPIRITS.

Art thou not Evil — Sin abstract and pure ?

SATAN.

There were no shadows till the worlds were made ;  
No evil and no sin till finite souls,  
Imperfect thence, conditioned in free-will,  
Took form, projected by eternal law  
Through co-existent realms of time and space.

THE SPIRITS.

Thy words are dark. We dimly catch their sense.

SATAN.

Naught evil, though it were the Prince of evil,  
Hath being in itself. For God alone  
Existeth in Himself, and Good, which lives  
As sunshine lives, born of the Parent Sun.  
I am the finite shadow of that Sun,

Opposite, not opposing, only seen  
Upon the nether side.

THE SPIRITS.

Art happy then ?

SATAN.

Nor happy I nor wretched. I but do  
My work, as finite fate and law prescribe.

THE SPIRITS.

Didst thou not tempt the woman and the man  
Of Eden, and beguile them to their doom ?

SATAN.

No personal will am I, no influence bad  
Or good. I symbolize the wild and deep  
And unregenerated wastes of life,  
Dark with transmitted tendencies of race  
And blind mischance ; all crude mistakes of will —  
Proclivity unbalanced by due weight  
Of favoring circumstance ; all passion blown  
By wandering winds ; all surplusage of force  
Piled up for use, but slipping from its base  
Of law and order ; all undisciplined  
And ignorant mutiny against the wise  
Restraint of rules by centuries old indorsed,  
And proved the best so long it needs no proof ; —  
All quality o'erstrained until it cracks —

Yet but a surface crack ; the Eternal Eye  
 Sees underneath the soul's sphere, as above,  
 And knows the deep foundations of the world  
 Will not be jarred or loosened by the stress  
 Of sun and wind and rain upon the crust  
 Of upper soil. Nay, let the earthquake split  
 The mountains into steep and splintered chasms —  
 Down deeper than the shock the adamant  
 Of ages stands, symbol no less divine  
 Of the eternal Law than heaven above.

## THE SPIRITS.

Shall we then doubt the sacred books — the faith  
 That Satan was of old the foe of God ?

## SATAN.

Nations have planned their demons as they planned  
 Their gods. Say, rather, God and Satan mixed, —  
 A hybrid of perplexed theology, —  
 Stood at the centre of the universe ;  
 Ormuzd and Ahriman, in ceaseless war —  
 A double spirit through whose nerves and veins  
 Throbbled the vast pulses of his feverish moods  
 Of blight and benediction. Did the Jew  
 Or Pagan, save the few of finer mould,  
 Own an unchanging God, or one self-willed,  
 Who, like themselves, was moved to wrath, revenge  
 And jealousy, to petty strifes and bars  
 Of sect and clan — the reflex of their thought ?



## THE SPIRITS.

What if it were revealed to holy men,  
By faith, that God had formed a spirit vast  
Who fell, rebelled, tempted the race to death?  
Whether a foe who rode upon the wind,  
Or one within, leagued with some sweet, strong drift  
Of natural desire, tainted yet sweet?

## SATAN.

Alas, did ever human eyes transcend  
And pierce beyond the hemisphere of tints  
That overarched their thought and hope, yet seemed  
A heaven of truth? As man is so his God.  
So too his spirit of evil. Evil fixed  
He saw, eternal and abstract, whose tree  
Thrust down its grappling tap-roots in the heart,  
And poisoned where it grew; its blighting shade  
By no sweet wandering winds of heaven caressed,  
No raindrops from the pitiless clouds. No birds  
Of song and summer in its branches built  
Their little nests of love. No hermit sought  
The shivering rustle of its chilly shade.  
Accursed of God it stood — accursed and drear  
It stood apart — a thing by God and man  
Hated or pitied as a pestilence  
O'er-passing cure. So hate not me. For I  
Am but the picture mortal eyes behold  
Shadowing the dread results of broken laws

Designed by eternal wisdom for the good  
Of man, though typed as Darkness, Pain, and Fire.

## THE SPIRITS.

Must not the eternal Justice punish man  
And spirits — now and in the great To-Be?  
What sinner can escape his burning wrath?

## SATAN.

The soul of man is man's own heaven or hell.  
God's love and justice will no curse on men  
Or spirits, who condemn themselves, and hide  
Their faces in the murky fogs of sense  
And lawless passion, and the hate and feud  
Born of all dense inwoven ignorance.  
Man loves or fears the shadow of himself.  
God shines behind him. Let him turn and see.

*[Vanishes slowly.]*

## THE SPIRITS.

Yet stay — speak, speak once more! Tell us what fate  
Awaits the human race — now on this earth  
Teeming with life — and in the great Hereafter!

## RAPHAEL.

The phantom-lips are dumb: nor could they answer.  
The book of fate is known to One alone.

## THE SPIRITS.

And thou — thou, sovereign Angel, knowest not?

## RAPHAEL.

He alone knows whose being contains the all.

Cease questioning. Have faith. Love reigns supreme.

## PART II.

## A CHORUS OF HUMAN SPIRITS IN THE MIST.

FAR in the shuddering spaces of the North

We live. We saw a Shape

Of terror rise and spread and issue forth ;

And we would fain escape

The anger of his frown. We know him not,

Nor whether it be he

Who claims our homage, for the shadows blot

The sun we may not see.

We lift our prayers on heavy wings to one

Who dwells beyond the sun ;

Whose lightnings are decrees of life or doom ;

Whose laws are veiled in gloom.

Thick clouds and darkness are about thy throne

Where thou dost reign alone.

And we amid the mists and shadows grope,

With faint bewildered hope.

We fear thy awful judgments, and thy curse  
 Upon thy Universe.  
 For we are told it is a fearful thing,  
 O thou Almighty King,  
 To fall into thy hands. O spare the rod —  
 Thou art a jealous God !  
 O save us by the blood of him who died,  
 That sin might not divide  
 Our guilty souls from heaven and Christ and Thee.  
 And yet we dread to see  
 Thy face. How can the trembling fugitive  
 Behold thy face and live !

VOICE BEHIND THE MIST.

Fear not, for ye shall live if ye receive  
 The life divine, obedient to the law  
 Of truth and good. So shall there be no frown  
 Upon his face who wills the good of all.

CHOIR OF ANGELS IN THE DISTANCE.

God who made the tempest's wingèd terror  
 And the smile of morn,  
 Who art bringing truth from sin and error,  
 Love from hate and scorn ;  
  
 Lo, thy presence glows through all thy creatures,  
 Passion-stained or fair ;

Saint and sinner bear the selfsame features  
Thy bright angels wear.

Human frailty all alike inherit,  
Yet our souls are free.  
Giver of all good, it is no merit  
That we turn to thee.

Thou alone art pure in thy perfection.  
We thy children shine  
But as our soiled garments take reflection  
From thy light divine.

Thou art reaching forth thine arms forever,  
Struggling souls to free.  
Leading man by every good endeavor  
Back to heaven and thee !

CHORUS OF PLANETARY SPIRITS.

The presence that awed us and chilled us  
Dissolves in the dews of the morning.  
The darkness has vanished around us,  
And shrunk to the shadows that color  
The cloud flakes of gold and of purple :  
So vanish the thoughts that obscured us,  
The doubt and the dread of the evil  
That stained the starred robe of Creation.  
And we hear but one music pervading

The planets and suns that are shining —  
The spirits that pine in the darkness  
Or float in the joy of the morning.

## SEMICHORUS I.

Have we wronged thee, O monarch of shadows?  
Have we named thee the Demon of spirits?  
We know that the good and the evil  
Each mortal and angel inherits —  
The evil and good that are twisted  
As fibres of brass and of gold —  
To the All-seeing Eye have a meaning  
We know not — too vast to be told;  
But the wise and the merciful Father,  
Though they stray in the desert and wold,  
Will lift up his lambs to his bosom,  
And gather them into his fold.

## SEMICHORUS II.

Yet the guilt and the crime that have triumphed,  
Though shining in purple and gold,  
Shall bring their own sure retribution,  
As the prophets of ages have told.  
For Justice is sure in the order  
That rules through the heavens of old.

## VOICE OF A PROPHET.

Aye, though no tyrant's stern decree enforce  
The law, yet Justice still must hold its course ;  
Sure as the power that draws the falling stone,  
Sure as the electric thrill from zone to zone,  
The ocean's tides, the round of day and night,  
The burning tropic sun, the winter's blight —  
So follows, though long years have hid the seed,  
The fatal fruitage of the evil deed.

## VOICE OF A PHILOSOPHER.

Yet not, we must believe,  
Like man's infirm opinion  
And incomplete tribunals  
God's larger judgments stand.  
He sees the Past and Present ;  
He knows the strong temptations ;  
The nets where lie entangled  
The creatures of his hand.

He knows the deep enigmas  
No mortal mind has solved.  
The armed and banded legions,  
That bind earth's captives down,  
Hold no divine commission  
To pass the final sentence.  
Heaven holds its perfect balance,  
And smiles above their frown.

## SONG OF HOPEFUL SPIRITS.

## 1.

Praise, praise ye the prophets, the sages  
Who lived and who died for the ages ;  
The grand and magnificent dreamers ;  
The heroes, the mighty redeemers ;  
The martyrs, reformers and leaders ;  
The voices of mystical Vedas ;  
The bibles of races long shrouded  
Who left us their wisdom unclouded ;  
The truth that is old as their mountains,  
But fresh as the rills from their fountains.

## 2.

And praise ye the poets whose pages  
Give solace and joy to the ages ;  
Who have seen in their marvellous trances  
Of thought and of rhythmical fancies,  
The manhood of Man in all errors ;  
The triumph of hope over terrors ;  
The great human heart ever pleading  
Its kindred divine, though misleading,  
Fate held it aloof from the heaven  
That to spirits untempted was given.

## CHORUS.

The creeds of the past that have bound us,  
With visions of terror around us



Like dungeons of stone that have crumbled,  
Beneath us lie shattered and humbled.  
The tyranny mitred and crested,  
Flattered and crowned and detested ;  
The blindness that trod upon Science ;  
The bigotry Ignorance cherished ;  
The armed and the sainted alliance  
Of conscience and hate — they have perished,  
Have melted like mists in the splendor  
Of life and of beauty supernal —  
Of love ever watchful and tender,  
Of law ever one and eternal.

## SONG OF A WISE SPIRIT.

The light of central suns o'erflows  
The unknown bounds of time and space.  
The shadows are but passing shows  
And clouds upon Creation's face.  
From out the chaos and the slime,  
From out the whirling winds of fire,  
From years of ignorance and crime,  
From centuries of wild desire,  
The shaping laws of truth and love  
Shall lift the savage from the clod ;  
Shall till the field and gild the grove  
With homes of man and domes of God.  
And Love and Science, side by side,  
With starry lamps of heavenly flame,

Shall light the darkness far and wide ;  
     The wandering outcast shall reclaim ;  
 Shall bury in forgotten graves  
     Blind Superstition's tyrant brood ;  
 Shall break the fetters of the slaves ;  
     Shall bind the world in brotherhood ;  
 Shall hurl all despots from the throne,  
     And lift the saviors of the race ;  
 And law and liberty alone  
     From sea to sea the lands embrace.

## HYMN OF A DEVOUT SPIRIT.

The time shall come when men no more  
     Shall deem the sin that taints the earth  
     A demon-spell — a monstrous birth —  
 A curse forever to endure ; —

Shall see that from one common root  
     Must spring the better and the worse ;  
     And seek to cure, before they curse,  
 The tree that drops its wormy fruit.

For God must love, though man should hate  
     The vine whose mildew blights its grapes ;  
     Shall he not clothe with fairer shapes  
 The lives deformed by earthly fate ?

O praise him not that on a throne  
     Of glory unapproached he sits,

For deem a slavish fear befits  
The child a father calls his own.

But praise him that in every thrill  
Of life his breath is in our lungs,  
And moves our hearts and tunes our tongues,  
Howe'er rebellious to his will.

Praise him that all alike drink in  
A portion of the life divine,  
A light whose struggling soul-beams shine  
Through all the blinding mists of sin.

For sooner shall the embracing day,  
The air that folds us in its arms,  
The morning sun that cheers and warms,  
Hold back their service, and decay,

Ere God, who wraps the Universe  
With love, shall let the souls he made  
Fall from his omnipresent aid  
O'ershadowed by a human curse.

## SONG OF AN EVOLUTIONIST.

## 1.

All in its turn is good  
And suited to its time ;  
Fire-mist and cosmic flood,

Ice, rock, and ocean slime ;  
 Savage and Druid stern,  
   Faith typed in legends wild.  
 The mills of God still turn ;  
   Order is Discord's child.  
 Ever from worse to better  
 Breaks Nature through her fetter —  
 The spirit through the letter.  
 One vast divine endeavor,  
   One purpose still pursued —  
 Upward and onward ever —  
   All in its turn is good.

## 2.

Up from the centre striving  
   Through countless change on change,  
   Through shapes uncouth and strange —  
 The weakest doomed to perish —  
   The strongest still surviving ;  
   Purpose divine in all.  
   Whether they rise or fall  
 Pledged to maintain and cherish  
   Types higher still and higher,  
   To struggle and aspire.  
 One vast divine endeavor  
 Upward and onward ever —  
 Through fish and bird and beast —  
 Power that hath never ceased —

Through darkness and through light —  
Through ape and troglodyte,  
Till best with best unite ;  
Through melancholy wastes  
Of unknown time and space —  
A power that never hastes,  
And never slackens pace  
Until the human face,  
Until the human form  
Beautiful, and swift and warm,  
Awaits the crowning hour,  
And blooms — a spirit-flower —  
Upward and onward ever  
One primal plan pursued.  
All in its turn is good.

## SONG OF AN OLD POET.

I sang of Eden and Creation's morn ;  
Of fiend and angel, triumph and despair.  
I caught the world's old music in the air —  
The strains that from a people's creed were born.

I soared with seraphs, walked with lords of doom ;  
Basked in the sun and groped in utter dark.  
I lit the olden legends with a spark  
Whose radiance but revealed eternal gloom.

I stood enveloped in a cloud o'ercharged  
With thunder ; and the blind mad bolts that flew

Were heaven's decrees. They spared alone the few  
Whose hearts by grace supernal were enlarged.

Upon imagination's star-lit wings

I flew beyond the steadfast earth's supports,  
And stood within Jehovah's shining courts,  
And heard what seemed the murmur of the springs,

The streams of living and eternal youth.

Was it a dream? Hath God another Word  
Than that between the Cherubim we heard  
When Israel served the Lord with zeal and truth?

Are those but earthborn shadows that we saw

Thronging the spaces of the heavens and hells?  
Is there a newer prophet-voice that tells  
The trumpet-tidings of a grander law?

The lurid words above the fatal door —

The door itself — the circles of despair  
Are fast dissolving in serener air.  
They were but dreams. They can return no more.

No more the vengeance of a demon-god ;

No more the lost souls whirling in black drifts  
Of endless pain. The wind of morning lifts  
The fog where once our groping footsteps trod.

I looked, and lo ! the Abyss was all ablaze  
 With light of heaven, and not abysmal fire ;  
 And fain would tune to other chords my lyre ;  
 And fain would sing the alternate nights and days —

The days and nights that are the wings of Time ;  
 The love that melts away the eternal chains ;  
 The judgments only of remedial pains ;  
 The hidden innocence in guilt and crime.

The sunlight on the illumined tracts of earth  
 Sprang from the darkness, pale and undiscerned.  
 And the great creeds the world hath slowly learned  
 Are truths evolved from forms of ruder birth.

The tides of life, divine and human, swell  
 And flood the desert shore, the stagnant pool.  
 And sage and poet know, where God hath rule  
 There is no cloud in heaven — no doom in hell.

FULL CHORUS OF THE PLANETARY SPIRITS.

1.

Hear ye, O brothers, the voices around that are swelling  
 in chorus ?  
 Nearer and sweeter they rise and fall through the  
 nebulous light :

Voices of sages and prophets — while under our footsteps  
and o'er us

Roll in their orbits the worlds whose circles we  
tracked through the night.

## 2.

Melting away in the morning, we follow their pathways  
no longer,

Knowing the hand that has guided will bear them  
forever along ;

Bear them forever, and shape them to destinies fairer  
and stronger

Than when the joyous archangels hailed their creation  
with song.

## 3.

Not with a light that is waning — not with the curse of  
a dooming,

They shall accomplish their cycles through ages of  
fire and of cloud :

Ever from their chaos to order unfolding, progressing,  
and blooming,

Till with the wisdom and beauty of ages on ages  
endowed.

## 4.

Out of the regions of discord, out of the kingdoms of  
evil,



God in the races to come shall abolish the reign of  
despair.

Who shall confront his decrees with the phantoms of  
demon and devil?

Who shall unhallow the joy of his light and the health  
of his air?

## 5.

Lo! on the day-star itself there are spots that, coming  
and going,

Send through the spaces mysterious thrillings like  
omens of blight.

And the great planets afar are convulsed, as when winter  
comes blowing

Over the shuddering oceans and islands of tropical  
light.

## 6.

Shadows are shadows; and all that is made is illumined  
and shaded, —

Bound by the laws of its being — heaven and earth  
in its breath.

He who hath made us will lift us, though stained and  
deformed and degraded —

Lift us and love us, though drowned in the surges  
of darkness and death.

## A POET'S SOLILOQUY.

ON a time — not of old —

When a poet had sent out his soul and no welcome had  
found

Where the heart of the nation in prose stood fettered  
and bound

In fold upon fold —

He called back his soul who had pined for an answer  
afloat ;

And thus in the silence of night and the pride of his  
spirit he wrote.

Come back, poet-thought !

For they honor thee not in thy vesture of verse and of  
song.

Come back — thou hast hovered about in the market too  
long.

In vain thou hast sought

To stem the strong current that flows from the Philistine  
lands.

Thou hast failed to deliver the message the practical  
public demands.

Come back to the heights  
Of thy vision — thy love — thy Parnassus of beauty and  
truth,  
From the valleys below where the labor of age and of  
youth  
Has no need of thy lights ;  
For science has marshalled the way with a lamp of its  
own.  
Till they woo thee with wakening love thou must follow  
thy pathway alone.

We have striven, have toiled,  
Have pressed with the foremost to sing to the men of  
our time  
The thought that was deepest, the lay that was lightest  
in rhyme.

We are baffled and foiled.  
The crowd hurries on intent upon traffic and pay ;  
They have ears, but they hear not. What chance to be  
heard has the poet to-day ?

So we turn from the crowd,  
And we sing as we please, like the thrush far away in  
the woods.  
They may listen or not, as they choose, to our fancies  
and moods  
Chanted low — chanted loud,

In the sunshine and storm — 'mid the hearts that are  
tender or hard.

What need of applause from the world, when Art is its  
own reward?







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