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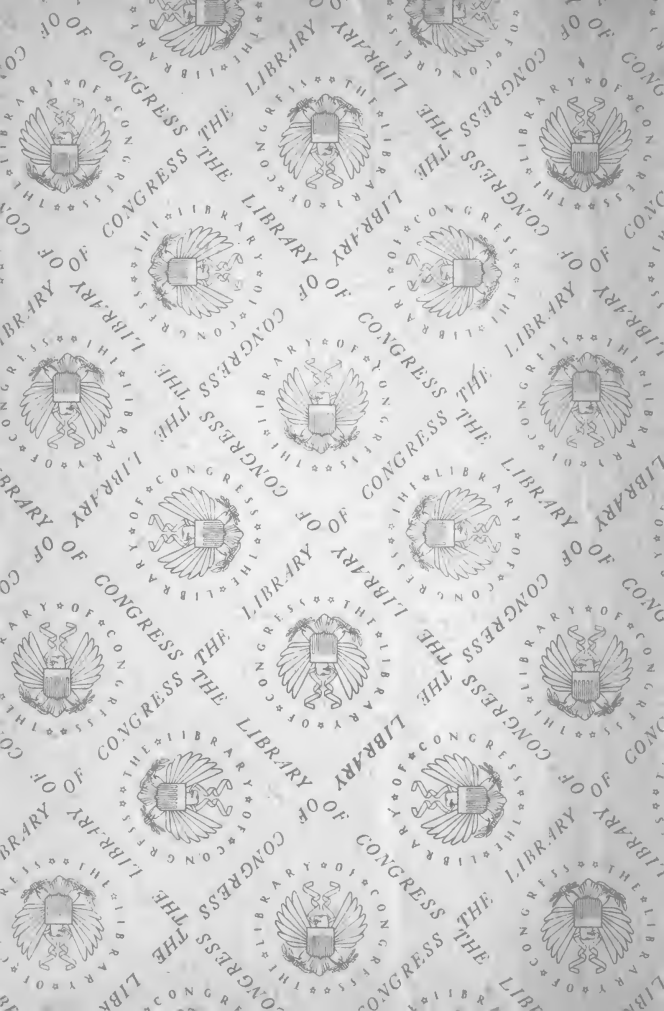
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# Poems

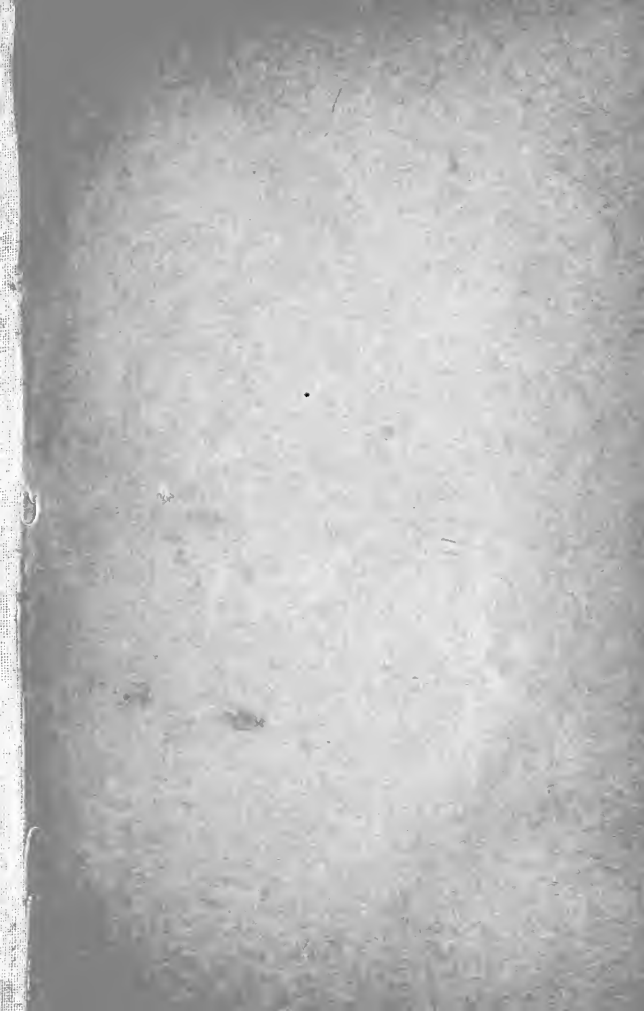


Edgar Allan Poe

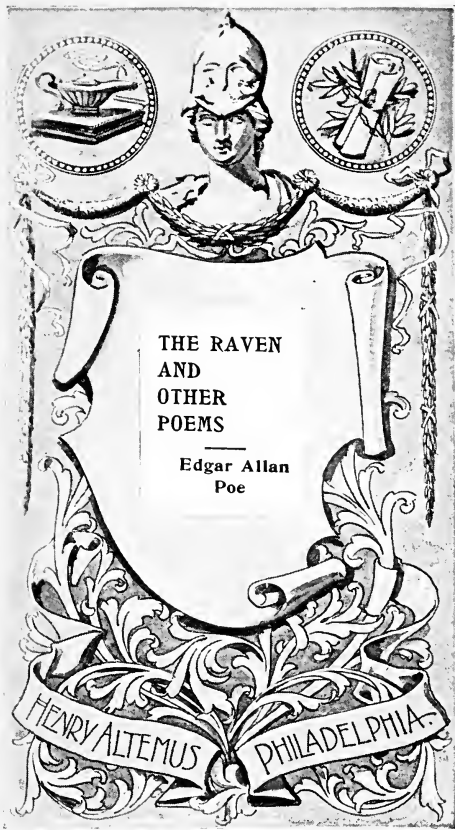












THE RAVEN  
AND  
OTHER  
POEMS

—  
Edgar Allan  
Poe

HENRY ALTEMUS

PHILADELPHIA.



EDGAR ALLAN POE



# POEMS

BY

✓  
EDGAR ALLAN POE

AUTHOR OF "WEIRD TALES," ETC.



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PHILADELPHIA  
HENRY ALTEMUS

1895

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>The Poetry of Edgar Allan Poe, . . . . .</i>	xi

### POEMS.

<i>To Helen, . . . . .</i>	27
<i>The Raven, . . . . .</i>	28
<i>The Valley of Unrest, . . . . .</i>	36
<i>Bridal Ballad, . . . . .</i>	38
<i>The Sleeper, . . . . .</i>	40
<i>The Coliseum, . . . . .</i>	43
<i>Lenore, . . . . .</i>	46
<i>Catholic Hymn, . . . . .</i>	49
<i>Israfil, . . . . .</i>	50
<i>Dreamland, . . . . .</i>	53
<i>Sonnet: To Zante, . . . . .</i>	56

	PAGE
<i>The City in the Sea,</i> . . . . .	57
<i>To One in Paradise,</i> . . . . .	60
<i>Eulalie,</i> . . . . .	62
<i>To F——s S. O——d,</i> . . . . .	64
<i>To F——,</i> . . . . .	65
<i>Sonnet: Silence,</i> . . . . .	66
<i>The Conqueror Worm,</i> . . . . .	67
<i>The Haunted Palace,</i> . . . . .	69
<i>Scenes from "Politian,"</i> . . . . .	73

#### POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

<i>Sonnet: To Science,</i> . . . . .	101
<i>Al Aaraaf,</i> . . . . .	102
<i>Tamerlane,</i> . . . . .	122
<i>A Dream,</i> . . . . .	131
<i>Romance,</i> . . . . .	132
<i>Fairyland,</i> . . . . .	133
<i>To ——,</i> . . . . .	135
<i>To the River ——,</i> . . . . .	136
<i>The Lake. To ——,</i> . . . . .	137
<i>Song,</i> . . . . .	138

## LATER POEMS.

	PAGE
<i>A Dream Within a Dream,</i> . . . . .	141
<i>The Bells,</i> . . . . .	142
<i>To Helen,</i> . . . . .	147
<i>A Valentine,</i> . . . . .	150
<i>An Enigma,</i> . . . . .	152
<i>To — —,</i> . . . . .	153
<i>To My Mother,</i> . . . . .	155
<i>Eldorado,</i> . . . . .	156
<i>To — —</i> . . . . .	158
<i>To M. L. S—</i> . . . . .	159
<i>For Annie,</i> . . . . .	160
<i>Ulalume,</i> . . . . .	165
<i>Annabel Lee,</i> . . . . .	169
<i>The Poetic Principle</i> . . . . .	171



*THE*

*POETRY OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.*

THE life of Edgar Allan Poe is, fortunately, a subject that but little concerns readers of his poetry. As far as the events of his career illustrate the enigmatic character of his genius, we have, perhaps, a right to inquire about them. We may imagine that from parents of semi-Celtic stock and artistic profession he inherited his genius, and that his pride and perversity came from his training by a wealthy, injudicious foster-father. But the legend or myth of his errors and misfortunes, so often told and retold by posthumous malice or by too fond indulgence, is really no affair of ours. Poe's career is still a topic that excites controversy in America. The spite of his first biographer, Griswold, was begetting a natural reaction when Mr. Ingram published his "Edgar Allan Poe" (London, 1880), and unwittingly stirred up the hatred of surviving scandal-mongers. Men are alive who knew Poe, and who suffered from his scornful criticism. To find their dead enemy defended by an Englishman excited their spleen, and, for other reasons, fairer American critics were not conciliated. The defense of this luckless

man of genius is not, and cannot be a wholly successful one. The viler charges and insinuations of Griswold may be refuted, but no skill can make Poe seem an amiable or an ascetic human being. It is natural that admirers of a poet's genius should wish to think well of the man, should wish to see him among the honorable, gentle, kindly and wise. But Poe wanted as a man what his poetry also lacks; he wanted humanity. Among the passions, he was familiar with pride, and with the intolerable regret, the life-long *desiderium* which, having lost the solitary object of its love, can find among living men and women no more than the objects of passing sentiment and affectionate caprice. Love, as the poets have known it, from Catullus to Coventry Patmore, love, whether wild and feverish or stable and domestic, appears to have been to him unknown. And by this it is not meant that Poe was not an affectionate husband of his wife, but that the stronger part of his affections, the better element of his heart, had burned away before he was a man. He knew what he calls "that sorrow which the living love to cherish for the dead, and which, in some minds, resembles the delirium of opium." His spirit was always beating against the gate of the grave, and the chief praise he could confer on a woman in his maturity was to compare her to one whom he had lost while he was still a boy. "For months after her decease," says Mr. Ingram,



“Poe . . . would go nightly to visit the tomb of his revered friend, and when the nights were very drear and cold, when the autumnal rains fell, and the winds wailed mournfully over the graves, he lingered longest and came away most regretfully.”

The truth of this anecdote would be more important for our purpose than a world of controversies as to whether Poe was expelled from school, or gambled, or tipped, or why he gave up the editorship of this or that journal. We see him preoccupied, even in his boyhood, with the thought of death and of the condition of the dead. In his prose romances his imagination is always morbidly busy with the secrets of the sepulchre. His dead men speak, his corpses hold long colloquies with themselves, his characters are prematurely buried and explore the veiled things of corruption, his lovers are led wandering among the *hic jacets* of the dead. This is the dominant note of all his poetry, this wistful regret, almost hopeless of any reunion of departed souls in “the distant Aidenn,” and almost fearful that the sleep of the dead is not dreamless.

*“The lady sleeps! Oh may her sleep,  
Which is enduring, so be deep!  
I pray to God that she may lie  
Forever with unopened eye,  
While the dim sheeted ghosts go by!”*

Thus Poe's verse is so far from being a "criticism of life," that it is often, in literal earnest, a criticism of death; and even when his thoughts are not busy with death, even when his heart is not following some Lenore or Annabel Lee or Ulalume, his fancy does not deal with solid realities, with human passions. He dwells in a world more vaporous than that of Shelley's "Witch of Atlas," in a region where dreaming cities crumble into fathomless seas, in a fairyland with "dim vales and shadowy woods," in haunted palaces, or in a lost and wandering star.

Not only was Poe's practice thus limited, but his theory of poetry was scarcely more extensive. He avowed that "melancholy is the most legitimate of all the poetical tones." This preference was, doubtless, caused by Poe's feeling that melancholy is the emotion most devoid of actual human stuff, the most etherealized, so to speak, the least likely to result in action. Poetry he defined as "the rhythmical creation of beauty," and beauty was in his eyes most beautiful when it was least alloyed with matter. Thus such topics as war, patriotism, prosperous love, religion, duty, were absolutely alien to the genius of Poe. He carried his theory to the absurd length of preferring Fouqué's "Undine" to the works of "fifty Molières." There is no poet more full of humanity than Molière, and no creature of fancy so empty as Undine, a sprite who is no more substantial

than a morning shower, a vapor more evanescent than a solar myth. Poe, who liked the melancholy moods of this waste-watery sprite better than all the mirth and tenderness and passion of the Mascarilles and Alcestes, the Don Juans and Tartuffes, was also of opinion that no poem could be long. The "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," he thought were mistakes; they carried too heavy a weight of words and matter. When examined, this theory or paradox of Poe's shrinks into the common place observations that Poe preferred lyric poetry and that lyrics are essentially brief. In considering Poe's theory and practice, we must not forget that both were, in part, the result of reaction. American literature then intended to be extremely moral, and respectable, and didactic, and much of it was excessively uninspired. Poetry was expected, as she so often is expected, to teach morality as her main duty. We have always plenty of critics who cry out that poetry should be "palpitating with actuality," should struggle with "the living facts of the hour," should dignify industrialism, and indite pæans, perhaps, to sewing-machines and patent electric lights. Poe's nature was essentially rebellious, scornful, and aristocratic. If democratic ecstasies are a tissue of historical errors and self-complacent content with the commonplace, no one saw that more clearly than Poe. Thus he was the more encouraged by his rebellious instinct to take up what

was then a singular and heterodox critical position, He has lately been called immoral in America for writing these words: "Beyond the limits of beauty the province of poetry does not extend. Its sole arbiter is taste. With the intellect or the conscience it has only collateral relations. It has no dependence, unless incidentally, upon either duty or truth."

To any one who believes that the best, the immortal poetry, is nobly busied with great actions and great passions, Poe's theory seems fatally narrow. Without the conceptions of duty and truth we can have no "Antigone" and no "Prometheus." These great and paramount ideas have always been the inspirers of honorable actions, and by following them men and women are led into the dramatic situations which are the materials of Shakespeare, Æschylus, and Homer. There is an immortal strength in the stories of great actions; but Poe in theory and practice disdains all action and rejects this root of immortality. He deliberately discards *sanity*, he deliberately chooses *fantasy*, for his portion. Now, while it is not the business of poetry to go about distributing tracts, she can never neglect actions and situations which, under her spell, become unconscious lessons of morality. But, as we have said, Poe's natural bent, and his reaction against the cheap didactic criticism of his country and his time, made him neglect

all actions and most passions, both in his practice and his theory. When he spoke of Keats as the most flawless of English poets, and of Mr. Tennyson as "the noblest poet that ever lived," he was attracted by that in them which is most magical, most intangible, and most undefinable—the inimitable and inexpressible charm of their music, by the delicious languor of the "Ode to the Nightingale" and of the "Lotus-Eaters." These poems are, indeed, examples of the "rhythmical creation of beauty," which, to Poe's mind, was the essence and function of poetry.

As to the nature of Poe's secret and the *technique* by which he produced his melodies, much may be attributed to the singular musical appropriateness of his words and epithets, much to his elaborate care for the details of his art. George Sand, in "Un Hiver à Majorque," describes a rainy night which Chopin passed in the half-ruinous monastery where they lived. She tells us how the melodies of the wind and rain seemed to be magically transmuted into his music, so that, without any puerile attempt at direct imitation of sounds, his compositions were alive with the air of the tempest: "Son génie était plein des mystérieuses harmonies de la nature traduites par des équivalents sublimes dans sa pensée musicale, et non par une répétition servile des sons extérieurs." In Poe's genius, too, there was a kind of pre-established harmony between

*same?*

musical words and melancholy thoughts. As Mr. Saintsbury points out to me, though "his language not unfrequently passes from vagueness into mere unmeaningness in the literal and grammatical sense of it, yet it never fails to convey the proper suggestion in sound if not in sense. Take the lines in 'Ualume:'

*'It was night in the lonesome October  
Of my most immemorial year.'*

Here it would puzzle the most adroit student of words to attach a distinct usual sense authenticated by lexicons, to 'immemorial.' And yet no one with an ear can fail to see that it is emphatically the right word, and supplies the necessary note of suggestion." As to Poe's management of his metres, one cannot do better than quote Mr. Saintsbury's criticism again. "The same indefinite but intensely poetic effect is produced still more obviously by Poe's management of his metres. Every one who is acquainted with his critical work knows the care (a care that brought on him the ridicule of sciolists and poetasters) which he bestowed on metrical subjects. 'The Raven,' 'Ualume,' 'The Haunted Palace,' 'Annabel Lee,' 'For Annie,' are, each in its own way, metrical marvels, and it is not till long after we have enjoyed and admired the beauty of each as a symphony that we discern the exquisite

selection and skillful juxtaposition of the parts and constituent elements of each. Every one of these remains unapproached and uncopied as a concerted piece. In 'The Haunted Palace,' the metre, stately at the beginning, slackens and dies towards the close. In 'Annabel Lee' and 'For Annie,' on the contrary, there is a steady crescendo from first to last, while, in the two other pieces the metre ebbs and flows at uncertain but skillfully arranged intervals. Poe stands almost alone in this arrangement of his lyric works as a whole. With most poets the line or the stanza is the unit, and the length of the poem is determined rather by the sense than by the sound. But with Poe the music as well as the sense (even more than the sense, perhaps) is arranged and projected as a whole, nor would it be possible to curtail or omit a stanza without injuring the metrical as well as the intelligible effect."

To a critic who himself feels that the incommunicable and inexpressible charm of melodious words is of the essence of song, Poe's practice is a perpetual warning. It is to verse like Poe's, so deficient as it is in all merit but lyric music and vague emotion, so devoid of human passion—a faint rhythmical echo among the stars and graves of man's laborious life—that we are reduced if we hold the theory of Poe. A critic of his own native land, Mr. Henry James, has spoken of his "valueless verse," and valueless

his verse must always appear if we ask from it more than it can give. It has nothing to give but music, and people who want more must go to others that sell a different ware. We shall never appreciate Poe if we keep comparing him to men of stronger and more human natures. We must take him as one of the voices, almost the "shadow of a voice," that sound in the temple of song, and fill a little hour with music. He is not, like Homer, or Scott, or Shakespeare, or Molière, a poet that men can live with always, by the sea, in the hills, in the market place. He is the singer of rare hours of languor, when the soul is vacant of the pride of life, and inclined to listen, as it were, to the echo of a lyre from behind the hills of death. He is like a Moschus or Bion who has crossed the ferry and sings to Pluteus a song that faintly reaches the ears of mortals.

*Ουκ ἀγέραστος  
ἔσσειθ' ἂ μολπά.*

"Not unrewarded" indeed is the singing, for the verse of Poe has been prized by men with a far wider range and healthier powers than his own.

Poe said that with him "poetry was a passion." Yet he spoke of his own verses, in a moment of real modesty and insight, as trifles "not of much value to the public, or very creditable to myself." They were, for the greater part, composed in the



most miserable circumstances, when poverty, when neglect, when the cruel indignation of a born man of letters, in a country where letters had not yet won their place, were torturing the poet. He was compelled to be a bookseller's hack. The hack's, is indeed "a damnable life," as Goldsmith said, and was doubly or trebly damnable when "The Bells" or "Annabel Lee" were sent the round of the newspaper offices to be disposed of for the price of a dinner and a pair of boots. Poe's time was spent in writing elaborate masterpieces for a pittance, and in reviewing and crushing, for the sake of bread, the productions of a crowd of mediocrities. Then came violent and venomous quarrels, which with enforced hack-work, devoured the energy of the poet. It is no wonder that he produced little; but even had he enjoyed happier fortunes, his range is so narrow that we could not have looked for many volumes from him. He declared that he could not and would not excite his muse, "with an eye to the paltry compensations or the more paltry commendations of mankind." Thus it may, at least, be said of him, that he was himself in his poetry, though, in writing prose, he often deserted his true inspiration. In his earlier verses he is very plainly the pupil of Shelley, as any one may see who has the courage to read through "Tamerlane" and "Al Aaraaf." His reputation does not rest on these poems, which are longer than his

own canon admitted, but on pieces of verbal music like "The Haunted Palace," "The Sleeper," "To One in Paradise," "Israfel," and the lines "To Helen," which I have placed at the beginning of this volume. Though this beautiful piece of verse did not appear in the very earliest editions of Poe's poems, he always declared that it was written in boyhood for the woman whose death caused him, in Beddoes' phrase, "with half his heart to inhabit other worlds." Poe was well aware that his "Raven," despite its immense popularity, was not among his best works. Indeed, it is almost too clever to be poetical, and has in it a kind of echo of Mrs. Browning, whose verse, floating in the poet's mind, probably suggested the composition. "To Helen," "The Haunted Palace," and "The Sleeper," are perhaps the most coherent and powerful as well as the most melodious of Poe's verses. As his life sank in poverty, bereavement, misfortune, and misery, his verse more and more approached the vagueness of music, appealing often to mere sensation rather than to any emotion which can be stated in words. "The Bells" was written in the intervals of an unnatural lethargy; "Ulalume" scarcely pretends to remain within the limits of the poetical art, and attracts or repels by mere sounds as vacant as possible of meaning. Mr. Stedman says, truly and eloquently, that "Ulalume" "seems an improvisation, such as a violinist might play upon

the instrument which has become his one thing of worth after the death of a companion who had left him alone with his own soul." The odd definition of the highest poetry as "sense swooning into nonsense" seems made for such verse as "Ulalume." People are so constituted that, if a critic confesses his pleasure in such a thing as "Ulalume," he is supposed to admit his inability to admire any other poetry. Thus it may require some moral courage to assert one's belief that even "Ulalume" has an excuse for its existence. It is curious and worth observing that this sort of verse is so rare. It cannot be easy to make, or the herd of imitators who approach art by its weak points would have produced quantities of this enigmatic poetry. Yet, with the exception of Poe's later verse, of Mr. Morris's "Blue Closet," and perhaps of some pieces by Gérard de Nerval, it is difficult to name any successful lines on the further side of the border between verse and music. In this region, this "ultimate dim Thule," Poe seems to reign almost alone. The fact is, that the art of hints, of fantasies, of unfinished suggestions is not an easy one as many critics, both of poetry and painting, seem to suppose. It is not enough to be obscure, or to introduce forms unexplained and undefined. A certain very rare sort of genius is needed to make productions live which hold themselves thus independent of nature and of the rules of art. We cannot define the na-

ture of the witchery by which the most difficult task of romantic art was achieved. Poe did succeed, as is confessed by the wide acceptance of poems that cannot be defended if any one chooses to attack them. They teach nothing, they mean little; their melody may be triumphantly explained as the result of a metrical trick. But, *ne fait ce tour qui veut*. The trick was one that only Poe could play. Like Hawthorne in prose, Poe possessed in poetry a style as strange as it was individual, a style trebly remarkable because it was the property of a hack-writer. When all is said, Poe remains a master of fantastic and melancholy sound. Some foolish old legend tells of a musician who surpassed all his rivals. His strains were unearthly sad, and ravished the ears of those who listened with a strange melancholy. Yet his viol had but a single string, and the framework was fashioned out of a dead woman's breast-bone. Poe's verse—the parallel is much in his own taste—resembles that player's minstrelsy. It is morbidly sweet and mournful, and all touched on that single string, which thrills to a dead and immortal affection.

POEMS.



## *TO HELEN.*

HELEN, thy beauty is to me  
Like those Nicéan barks of yore.  
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore  
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
To the glory that was Greece,  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo ! in yon brilliant window niche  
How statue-like I see thee stand,  
The agate lamp within my hand !  
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which  
Are Holy Land !

## *THE RAVEN.*

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,  
    weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious volume of for-  
    gotten lore,  
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there  
    came a tapping,  
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my  
    chamber door.  
“’Tis some visiter,” I muttered, “tapping at my  
    chamber door—  
        Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak  
    December,  
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost  
    upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow;— vainly I had  
    sought to borrow  
From my books surcease of sorrows—sorrow for  
    the lost Lenore—  
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels  
    name Lenore—  
        Nameless here for evermore.



And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain  
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never  
felt before ;  
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I  
stood repeating  
“’Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my  
chamber door—  
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my cham-  
ber door ;—  
This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then  
no longer,  
“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness  
I implore ;  
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you  
came rapping,  
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my  
chamber door,  
That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I  
opened wide the door ;—  
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood  
there wondering, fearing,  
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared  
to dream before ;  
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness  
gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered  
word, "Lenore!"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back  
the word, "Lenore!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within  
me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder  
than before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at  
my window lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this  
mystery explore—

Let my heart be still a moment and this  
mystery explore;—

'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many  
a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly  
days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant  
stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above  
my chamber door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my  
chamber door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy  
into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the counten-  
ance it wore,  
' Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,"  
I said, "art sure no craven,  
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from  
the Nightly shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's  
Plutonian shore!"  
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-  
course so plainly,  
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy  
bore;  
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human  
being  
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his  
chamber door—  
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his  
chamber door,  
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,  
spoke only  
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he  
did outpour.  
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather  
then he fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends  
have flown before—  
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes  
have flown before."  
Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly  
spoken,  
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only  
stock and store,  
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmer-  
ciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs  
one burden bore—  
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden  
bore  
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul  
into smiling,  
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of  
bird and bust and door;  
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself  
to linking  
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous  
bird of yore—  
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and  
ominous bird of yore  
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing  
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;  
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining  
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,  
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er,  
    *She* shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer  
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.  
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee  
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!  
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"  
    Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—  
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,  
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly,  
 I implore—  
 Is there—'s there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell  
 me, I implore !”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet !” said I, “thing of evil—prophet still,  
 if bird or devil !  
 By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God  
 we both adore—  
 Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the  
 distant Aidenn,  
 It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels  
 name Lenore—  
 Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels  
 name Lenore ?”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !”  
 I shrieked, upstarting—  
 “Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's  
 Plutonian shore !  
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy  
 soul hath spoken !  
 Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust  
 above my door !  
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy  
 form from off my door !”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore.”

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still  
is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my cham-  
ber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's  
that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws  
his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies float-  
ing on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

## THE VALLEY OF UNREST.

*Once* it smiled a silent dell  
Where the people did not dwell;  
They had gone unto the wars,  
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,  
Nightly, from their azure towers,  
To keep watch above the flowers,  
In the midst of which all day  
The red sun-light lazily lay.  
*Now* each visitor shall confess  
The sad valley's restlessness.  
Nothing there is motionless—  
Nothing save the airs that brood  
Over the magic solitude.  
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees  
That palpitate like the chill seas  
Around the misty Hebrides!  
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven  
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven  
Uneasily, from morn till even,  
Over the violets there that lie  
In myriad types of the human eye—



Over the lilies there that wave  
And weep above a nameless grave!  
They wave:—from out their fragrant tops  
Eternal dews come down in drops.  
They weep:—from off their delicate stems  
Perennial tears descend in gems.

## BRIDAL BALLAD.

THE ring is on my hand,  
And the wreath is on my brow;  
Satins and jewels grand  
Are all at my command,  
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;  
But, when first he breathed his vow,  
I felt my bosom swell—  
For the words rang as a knell,  
And the voice seemed *his* who fell  
In the battle down the dell,  
And who is happy now.

But he spoke to reassure me,  
And he kissed my pallid brow,  
While a reverie came o'er me,  
And to the churchyard bore me,  
And I sighed to him before me,  
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,  
"Oh, I am happy now!"

And thus the words were spoken,  
And this the plighted vow,  
And, though my faith be broken,  
And, though my heart be broken,  
Behold the golden token  
That *proves* me happy now!

Would God I could awaken!  
For I dream I know not how,  
And my soul is sorely shaken  
Lest an evil step be taken,—  
Lest the dead who is forsaken  
May not be happy now.

## *THE SLEEPER.*

AT midnight, in the month of June,  
I stand beneath the mystic moon.  
An opiate vapor, dewy, dim,  
Exhales from out her golden rim,  
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,  
Upon the quiet mountain top,  
Steals drowsily and musically  
Into the universal valley.  
The rosemary nods upon the grave;  
The lily lolls upon the wave;  
Wrapping the fog about its breast,  
The ruin moulders into rest;  
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake  
A conscious slumber seems to take,  
And would not, for the world, awake.  
All Beauty sleeps!—and lo! where lies  
(Her casement open to the skies)  
Irene, with her Destinies!

Oh, lady bright! can it be right—  
This window open to the night?  
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,  
Laughingly through the lattice drop—

The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,  
Flit through thy chamber in and out,  
And wave the curtain canopy  
So fitfully—so fearfully—  
Above the closed and fringed lid  
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,  
That, o'er the floor and down the wall,  
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!  
Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear?  
Why and what art thou dreaming here?  
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,  
A wonder to these garden trees!  
Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress!  
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,  
And this all-solemn silentness!  
The lady sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,  
Which is enduring, so be deep!  
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!  
This chamber changed for one more holy,  
This bed for one more melancholy,  
I pray to God that she may lie  
Forever with unopened eye,  
While the dim sheeted ghosts go by!

My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,  
As it is lasting, so be deep!  
Soft may the worms about her creep!  
Far in the forest, dim and old,  
For her may some tall vault unfold—

Some vault that oft hath flung its black  
And winged panels fluttering back,  
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls,  
Of her grand family funerals—  
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,  
Against whose portal she hath thrown  
In childhood many an idle stone—  
Some tomb from out whose sounding door  
She ne'er shall force an echo more,  
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!  
It was the dead who groaned within.

## *THE COLISEUM.*

TYPE of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary  
Of lofty contemplation left to Time  
By buried centuries of pomp and power!  
At length—at length—after so many days  
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst  
(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie),  
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,  
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within  
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom and glory!

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!  
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!  
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—  
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king  
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!  
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee  
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!  
Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,  
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!

Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded  
hair  
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and  
thistle!  
Here, where on golden throne the monarch  
lolloped,  
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,  
Lit by the wan light of the hornéd moon,  
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls—these ivy-clad arcades—  
These mouldering plinths—these sad and black-  
ened shafts—  
These vague entablatures—this crumbling  
frieze—  
These shattered cornices—this wreck—this  
ruin—  
These stones—alas! these grey stones—are they  
all—  
All of the famed, and the colossal left  
By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?

“Not all”—the Echoes answer me—“not all!  
Prophetic sounds and loud, arise forever  
From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,  
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.  
We rule the hearts of mightiest men—we rule  
With a despotic sway all giant minds.



We are not impotent—we pallid stones.  
Not all our power is gone—not all our fame—  
Not all the magic of our high renown—  
Not all the wonder that encircles us—  
Not all the mysteries that in us lie—  
Not all the memories that hang upon  
And cling around about us as a garment,  
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory.”

## LENORE.

AH, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown  
for ever!

Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the  
Stygian river;

And, Guy de Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep  
now or never more!

See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy  
love, Lenore!

Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral  
song be sung!—

An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever  
died so young—

A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she  
died so young.

“Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and  
hated her for her pride,

And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed  
her—that she died!

How *shall* the ritual, then, be read?—the  
    requiem how be sung  
By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours the  
    slanderous tongue  
That did to death the innocent that died, and  
    died so young?"

*Peccavimus*; but rave not thus! and let a  
    Sabbath song  
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may  
    feel no wrong!  
The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with  
    Hope that flew beside,  
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should  
    have been thy bride—  
For her, the fair and *debonair*, that now so  
    lowly lies,  
The life upon her yellow hair, but not within  
    her eyes—  
The life still there, upon her hair—the death  
    upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No  
    dirge will I upraise,  
"But waft the angel on her flight with a Pæan  
    of old days!"

- “Let *no* bell toll!—lest her sweet soul, amid  
its hallowed mirth,  
“Should catch the note, as it doth float—up  
from the damnéd Earth.  
“To friends above, from fiends below, the  
indignant ghost is riven—  
“From Hell unto a high estate far up within  
the Heaven—  
“From grief and groan, to a golden throne,  
beside the King of Heaven.”

*CATHOLIC HYMN.*

At morn—at noon—at twilight dim—  
Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!  
In joy and wo—in good and ill—  
Mother of God, be with me still!  
When the Hours flew brightly by,  
And not a cloud obscured the sky,  
My soul, lest it should truant be,  
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;  
Now, when storms of Fate o'ercast  
Darkly my Present and my Past,  
Let my Future radiant shine  
With sweet hopes of thee and thine!

*ISRAFEL.\**

IN Heaven a spirit doth dwell  
    “ Whose heart-strings are a lute ;”  
None sing so wildly well  
As the angel Israfel,  
And the giddy stars (so legends tell),  
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell  
    Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above  
    In her highest noon,  
    The enamored moon  
Blushes with love,  
    While, to listen, the red levin  
    (With the rapid Pleiads, even,  
    Which were seven),  
    Pauses in heaven.

And they say (the starry choir  
    And the other listening things)  
That Israfeli's fire  
Is owing to that lyre

\*And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—  
KORAN.

By which he sits and sings—  
The trembling living wire,  
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,  
Where deep thoughts are a duty—  
Where Love's a grown-up God—  
Where the Houri glances are  
Imbued with all the beauty  
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,  
Israfeli, who despisest  
An unimpassioned song;  
To thee the laurels belong,  
Best bard, because the wisest!  
Merrily live and long!

The ecstasies above  
With thy burning measures suit—  
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,  
With the fervor of thy lute—  
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this  
Is a world of sweets and sour;—  
Our flowers are merely—flowers,  
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss  
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell  
Where Israfel  
    Hath dwelt, and he where I,  
He might not sing so wildly well  
    A mortal melody,  
While a bolder note than this might swell  
    From my lyre within the sky.



## *DREAMLAND.*

By a route obscure and lonely,  
Haunted by ill angels only,  
    Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,  
    On a black throne reigns upright,  
I have reached these lands but newly  
From an ultimate dim Thule—  
    From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,  
    Out of SPACE—out of TIME.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,  
And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods,  
    With forms that no man can discover  
    For the dews that drip all over ;  
Mountains toppling evermore  
Into seas without a shore ;  
    Seas that restlessly aspire,  
    Surging, unto skies of fire ;  
Lakes that endlessly outspread  
Their lone waters—lone and dead,—  
    Their still waters—still and chilly  
    With the snows of the lolling lily.

By the lakes that thus outspread  
Their lone waters, lone and dead,—  
    Their sad waters, sad and chilly  
    With the snows of the lolling lily,—  
By the mountains—near the river  
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever,—  
    By the grey woods,—by the swamp  
    Where the toad and the newt encamp,—  
By the dismal tarns and pools  
Where dwell the Ghouls,—  
    By each spot the most unholy—  
    In each nook most melancholy,—  
There the traveller meets aghast  
Sheeted Memories of the Past—  
    Shrouded forms that start and sigh  
    As they pass the wanderer by—  
White-robed forms of friends long given,  
In agony, to the Earth—and Heaven.

For the heart whose woes are legion  
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region—  
    For the spirit that walks in shadow  
    'Tis—oh, 'tis an Eldorado!  
But the traveller, travelling through it,  
May not—dare not openly view it;  
    Never its mysteries are exposed  
    To the weak human eye unclosed;  
So wills its king, who hath forbid  
The uplifting of the fringed lid;

And thus the sad Soul that here passes  
Beholds it but through darkened glasses.

By a route obscure and lonely,  
Haunted by ill angels only,  
    Where an Eidolon, named NIGHT,  
    On a black throne reigns upright,  
I have wandered home but newly  
From this ultimate dim Thule.

SONNET: TO ZANTE.

FAIR isle, that from the fairest of all flowers,  
Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take!  
How many memories of what radiant hours  
At sight of thee and thine at once awake!  
How many scenes of what departed bliss!  
How many thoughts of what entombéd hopes!  
How many visions of a maiden that is  
No more—no more upon thy verdant slopes!  
*No more!* alas, that magical sad sound  
Transforming all! Thy charm shall please  
*no more—*  
Thy memory *no more!* Accurséd ground!  
Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamelléd shore,  
O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!  
“Isola d’oro! Fior di Levante!”

## *THE CITY IN THE SEA.*

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne  
In a strange city lying alone  
Far down within the dim West,  
Where the good and the bad and the worst  
and the best,  
Have gone to their eternal rest.  
Their shrines and palaces and towers  
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)  
Resemble nothing that is ours.  
Around, by lifting winds forgot,  
Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down  
On the long night-time of that town;  
But light from out the lurid sea  
Streams up the turrets silently—  
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—  
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—  
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—  
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers  
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—

Up many and many a marvellous shrine  
Whose wreathéd friezes intertwine  
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie.  
So blend the turrets and shadows there  
That all seem pendulous in air,  
While from a proud tower in the town  
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves  
Yawn level with the luminous waves;  
But not the riches there that lie  
In each idol's diamond eye—  
Not the gaily-jewelled dead  
Tempt the waters from their bed;  
For no ripples curl, alas!  
Along that wilderness of glass—  
No swellings tell that winds may be  
Upon some far-off happier sea—  
No heavings hint that winds have been  
On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air!  
The wave—there is a movement there!  
As if the towers had thrust aside,  
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—

As if their tops had feebly given

A void within the filmy Heaven.

    The waves have now a redder glow—

    The hours are breathing faint and low—

And when, amid no earthly moans,

    Down, down that town shall settle hence,

Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,

    Shall do it reverence.

*TO ONE IN PARADISE.*

THOU wast all that to me, love,  
For which my soul did pine—  
A green isle in the sea, love,  
A fountain and a shrine,  
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,  
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!  
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise  
But to be overcast!  
A voice from out the Future cries,  
“On! on!”—but o'er the Past  
(Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies  
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me  
The light of Life is o'er!  
No more—no more—no more—  
(Such language holds the solemn sea  
To the sands upon the shore)  
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,  
Or the stricken eagle soar!



And all my days are trances,  
    And all my nightly dreams  
Are where thy dark eye glances,  
    And where thy footstep gleams—  
In what ethereal dances,  
    By what eternal streams.

## *EULALIE.*

I DWELT alone  
In a world of moan,  
And my soul was a stagnant tide,  
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride—  
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride.

Ah, less—less bright  
The stars of the night  
Than the eyes of the radiant girl!  
And never a flake  
That the vapor can make  
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,  
Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded curl—  
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most humble and careless curl.

Now Doubt—now Pain  
Come never again,  
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,

And all day long  
Shines, bright and strong,  
Astarté within the sky,  
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her  
matron eye—  
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her  
violet eye.

*TO F——S S. O——D.*

THOU wouldst be loved?—then let thy heart  
From its present pathway part not!  
Being everything which now thou art,  
Be nothing which thou art not.  
So with the world thy gentle ways,  
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,  
Shall be an endless theme of praise,  
And love—a simple duty.

---

*TO F——.*

BELOVED! amid the earnest woes  
That crowd around my earthly path—  
(Drear path, alas! where grows  
Not even one lonely rose)—

My soul at least a solace hath  
In dreams of thee, and therein knows  
An Eden of bland repose.

And thus thy memory is to me  
Like some enchanted far-off isle  
In some tumultuous sea—  
Some ocean throbbing far and free  
With storms—but where meanwhile  
Serenest skies continually  
Just o'er that one bright island smile.

*SONNET : SILENCE.*

THERE are some qualities — some incorporate  
things,

That have a double life, which thus is made  
A type of that twin entity which springs  
From matter and light, evinced in solid and  
shade.

There is a twofold *Silence*—sea and shore—  
Body and soul. One dwells in lonely places,  
Newly with grass o'ergrown; some solemn  
graces,

Some human memories and tearful lore,  
Render him terrorless: his name's "No More."  
He is the corporate Silence: dread him not!

No power hath he of evil in himself;  
But should some urgent fate (untimely lot!)

Bring thee to meet his shadow (nameless elf,  
That haunteth the lone regions where hath trod  
No foot of man), commend thyself to God!

## *THE CONQUEROR WORM.*

Lo! 'TIS a gala night

    Within the lonesome latter years!  
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight  
    In veils, and drowned in tears,  
Sit in a theatre, to see  
    A play of hopes and fears,  
While the orchestra breathes fitfully  
    The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,  
    Mutter and mumble low,  
And hither and thither fly—

    Mere puppets they, who come and go  
At bidding of vast formless things  
    That shift the scenery to and fro,  
Flapping from out their Condor wings  
    Invisible Wo!

That motley drama—oh, be sure

    It shall not be forgot!  
With its Phantom chased for evermore  
    By a crowd that seize it not,

Through a circle that ever returneth in  
To the self-same spot,  
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,  
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout  
A crawling shape intrude!  
A blood-red thing that writhes from out  
The scenic solitude!  
It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal pangs  
The mimes become its food,  
And the seraphs sob at vermin fangs  
In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!  
And, over each quivering form,  
The curtain, a funeral pall,  
Comes down with the rush of a storm  
And the angels, all pallid and wan,  
Uprising, unveiling, affirm  
That the play is the tragedy “Man,”  
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.



## *THE HAUNTED PALACE.*

IN the greenest of our valleys  
By good angels tenanted,  
Once a fair and stately palace—  
Radiant palace—reared its head.  
In the monarch Thought's dominion—  
It stood there!  
Never seraph spread a pinion  
Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
On its roof did float and flow,  
(This—all this—was in the olden  
Time long ago);  
And every gentle air that dallied,  
In that sweet day,  
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
A wingéd odour went away.

Wanderers happy that in valley,  
Through two luminous windows, saw  
Spirits moving musically,  
To a lute's well-tuned law,  
Round about a throne where, sitting  
(Porphyrogene!)  
In state his glory well befitting,  
The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
Was the fair palace door,  
Through which came flowing, flowing,  
flowing,  
And sparkling evermore,  
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
Was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
Assailed the monarch's high estate.  
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow\*  
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)  
And round about his home the glory  
That blushed and bloomed,  
Is but a dim-remembered story  
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers, now, within that valley,  
Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms, that move fantastically  
To a discordant melody,  
While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out forever,  
And laugh—but smile no more.

\* V. l. *sorrow*, an obvious misprint.

SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."



SCENES FROM "POLITIAN;"

AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.

I.

ROME.--*A Hall in a Palace.* ALESSANDRA and  
CASTIGLIONE.

ALESSANDRA. Thou art sad, Castiglione.

CASTIGLIONE. Sad!--not I.

Oh, I'm the happiest, happiest man in Rome!  
A few days more, thou knowest, my Alessandra.  
Will make thee mine. Oh, I am very happy!

ALESS. Methinks thou hast a singular way of  
showing  
Thy happiness!--what ails thee, cousin of mine?  
Why didst thou sigh so deeply?

CAS. Did I sigh?  
I was not conscious of it. It is a fashion,  
A silly--a most silly fashion I have  
When I am *very* happy. Did I sigh? (*Sighing.*)

ALESS. Thou didst. Thou art not well. Thou hast indulged  
 Too much of late, and I am vexed to see it.  
 Late hours and wine, Castiglione,—these  
 Will ruin thee!—thou art already altered—  
 Thy looks are haggard—nothing so wears away  
 The constitution as late hours and wine.

CAS. (*mus'ing.*) Nothing, fair cousin, nothing  
 —not even deep sorrow—  
 Wears it away like evil hours and wine.  
 I will amend.

ALESS. Do it. I would have thee drop  
 Thy riotous company, too—fellows low born  
 Ill suit the like with old Di Broghio's heir  
 And Alessandra's husband.

CAS. I will drop them.

ALESS. Thou wilt—thou must. Attend thou  
 also more  
 To thy dress and equipage—they are over plain  
 For thy lofty rank and fashion—much depends  
 Upon appearances.

CAS. I'll see to it.

ALESS. Then see to it!—pay more attention,  
 sir,  
 To a becoming carriage—much thou wantest  
 In dignity.

CAS. Much, much, oh, much I want  
 In proper dignity.

ALESS. (*haughtily.*) Thou mockest me, Sir!

CAS. (*abstractedly.*) Sweet, gentle Lalage!

ALESS. Heard I aright?

I speak to him—he speaks of Lalage!

Sir Count! (*places her hand on his shoulder*)  
what art thou dreaming? He's not well!

What ails thee, sir?

CAS. (*starting.*) Cousin! fair cousin!—madam!  
I crave thy pardon—indeed I am not well  
Your hand from off my shoulder, if you please.  
This air is most oppressive!—Madam—the Duke!

*Enter DI BROGLIO.*

DI BROGLIO. My son, I've news for thee!—hey?  
—what's the matter! (*observing ALESSANDRA.*)

I' the pouts! Kiss her, Castiglione! kiss her,  
You dog! and make it up, I say, this minute!  
I've news for you both. Politian is expected  
Hourly in Rome—Politian, Earl of Leicester!  
We'll have him at the wedding. 'Tis his first visit  
To the imperial city.

ALESS. What! Politian  
Of Britain, Earl of Leicester?

DI BROG. The same, my love.  
We'll have him at the wedding. A man quite young  
In years, but grey in fame. I have not seen him,  
But rumor speaks of him as of a prodigy  
Pre-eminent in arts, and arms, and wealth,  
And high descent. We'll have him at the wedding.

ALESS. I have heard much of this Politian.

Gay, volatile and giddy—is he not?  
And little given to thinking.

DI BROG. Far from it, love.

No branch, they say, of all philosophy  
So deep abstruse he has not mastered it.  
Learned as few are learned.

ALESS. 'Tis very strange!

I have known men have seen Politian  
And sought his company. They speak of him  
As of one who entered madly into life,  
Drinking the cup of pleasure to the dregs.

CAS. Ridiculous! Now *I* have seen Politian  
And know him well—nor learned nor mirthful he.  
He is a dreamer, and a man shut out  
From common passions.

DI BROG. Children, we disagree.

Let us go forth and taste the fragrant air  
Of the garden. Did I dream, or did I hear  
Politian was a *melancholy* man? (Exeunt.)

## II.

ROME.—*A Lady's apartment, with a window open and looking into a garden. LALAGE, in deep mourning, reading at a table on which lie some books and a hand-mirror. In the background JACINTA (a servant maid) leans carelessly upon a chair.*

LAL. Jacinta! is it thou?



JAC. (*pertly*). Yes, ma'am, I'm here.

LAL. I did not know, Jacinta, you were in waiting.

Sit down!—let not my presence trouble you—

Sit down!—for I am humble, most humble.

JAC. (*aside*). 'Tis time.

(JACINTA *seats herself in a sidelong manner upon the chair, resting her elbows upon the back, and regarding her mistress with a contemptuous look.* LALAGE *continues to read.*)

LAL. "It in another climate, so he said,

"Bore a bright golden flower, but not i' this soil!"

(*Pauses, turns over some leaves, and resumes.*)

"No lingering winters there, nor snow, nor shower—

"But Ocean ever to refresh mankind

"Breathes the shrill spirit of the western wind."

Oh, beautiful!—most beautiful!—how like .

To what my fevered soul doth dream of Heaven!

O happy land! (*Pauses.*) She died!—the maiden died!

O still more happy maiden who couldst die!

Jacinta!

(JACINTA *returns no answer, and LALAGE presently resumes.*)

Again!—a simi'ar tale

Told of a beauteous dame beyond the sea!

Thus speaketh one Ferdinand in the words of the play—

"She died full young"—one Bossola answers him—  
 "I think not so—her infelicity  
 "Seemed to have years too many"—Ah, luckless  
 lady—

Jacinta! (*Still no answer.*)

Here's a far sterner story—  
 But like—oh, very like in its despair—  
 Of that Egyptian queen, winning so easily  
 A thousand hearts—losing at length her own.  
 She died. Thus endeth the history—and her maids  
 Lean o'er her and weep—two gentle maids  
 With gentle names—Eiros and Charmion!  
 Rainbow and Dove!—Jacinta!

JAC. (*pettishly*). Madam, what *is* it?

LAL. Wilt thou, my good Jacinta, be so kind  
 As go down in the library and bring me  
 The Holy Evangelists?

JAC. Pshaw! (*Exit.*)

LAL. If there be balm  
 For the wounded spirit in Gilead it is there!  
 Dew in the night time of my bitter trouble  
 Will there be found—"dew sweeter far than that  
 Which hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill."

(*Re-enter JACINTA and throws a volume  
 on the table.*)

JAC. There, ma'am, 's the book. Indeed she is  
 very troublesome. (*Aside.*)

LAL. (*astonished*). What didst thou say, Ja-  
 cinta? Have I done aught  
 To grieve thee or to vex thee?—I am sorry.

For thou hast served me long and ever been  
Trustworthy and respectful.

(*Resumes her reading.*)

JAC. I can't believe  
She has any more jewels—no—no—she gave me all.

(*Aside.*)

LAL. What didst thou say, Jacinta? Now I be-  
think me,  
Thou hast not spoken lately of thy wedding.  
How fares good Ugo?—and when is it to be?  
Can I do aught?—is there no further aid  
Thou needest, Jacinta?

JAC. Is there no *further* aid!  
That's meant for me. (*Aside.*) I'm sure, madam,  
you need not

Be always throwing those jewels in my teeth.

LAL. Jewels! Jacinta,—now indeed, Jacinta,  
I thought not of the jewels.

JAC. Oh! perhaps not!  
But then I might have sworn it. After all,  
There's Ugo says the ring is only paste,  
For he's sure the Count Castiglione never  
Would have given a real diamond to such as  
you;

And at the best I'm certain, madam, you cannot  
Have use for jewels *now*. But I might have  
sworn it. (*Exit.*)

(LALAGE *bursts into tears, and leans her  
head upon the table—after a short  
pause raises it.*)

LAL. Poor Lalage!--and is it come to this?  
Thy servant maid!--but courage!--'tis but a  
viper

Whom thou hast cherished to sting thee to the  
soul! *(Taking up the mirror.)*

Ha! here at least's a friend--too much a friend  
In earlier days--a friend will not deceive thee.  
Fair mirror and true! now tell me (for thou canst)  
A tale--a pretty tale--and heed thou not  
Though it be rife with wo. It answers me.  
It speaks of sunken eyes, and waisted cheeks,  
And Beauty long deceased--remembers me  
Of joy departed--Hope, the Seraph Hope,  
Inurned and entombed!--now, in a tone  
Low, sad, and solemn, but most audible,  
Whispers of early grave untimely yawning  
For ruined maid. Fair mirror and true!--thou  
liest not!

*Thou* hast no end to gain--no heart to break--  
Castiglione lied who said he loved--  
Thou true--he false!--false!--false!

*(While she speaks a monk enters her  
apartment and approaches unobserved.)*

MONK. Refuge thou hast,  
Sweet daughter! in Heaven. Think of eternal  
things!

Give up thy soul to penitence, and pray!

LAL. *(arising hurriedly).* I cannot pray!--My  
soul is at war with God!

The frightful sounds of merriment below

Disturb my senses—go! I cannot pray—  
 The sweet airs from the garden worry me!  
 Thy presence grieves me—go!—thy priestly rai-  
 ment

Fills me with dread—thy ebony crucifix  
 With horror and awe!

MONK. Think of thy precious soul!

LAL. Think of my early days?—think of my  
 father

And mother in Heaven! think of our quiet home,  
 And the rivulet that ran before the door!

Think of my little sisters!—think of them!

And think of me!—think of my trusting love

And confidence—his vows—my ruin—think—think

Of my unspeakable misery!—begone!

Yet stay! yet stay!—what was it thou saidst of  
 prayer

And penitence? Didst thou not speak of faith

And vows before the throne?

MONK. I did.

LAL. 'Tis well.

There *is* a vow were fitting should be made—

A sacred vow, imperative, and urgent,

A solemn vow!

MONK. Daughter, this zeal is well!

LAL. Father, this zeal is anything but well!

Hast thou a crucifix fit for this thing?

A crucifix whereon to register

This sacred vow? *(He hands her his own.)*

Not that!—Oh! no!—no!—no! *(Shuddering)*

Not that! Not that!--I tell thee, holy man.  
 Thy raiments and thy ebony cross affright me!  
 Stand back! I have a crucifix myself,—  
 I have a crucifix! Methinks 'twere fitting  
 The deed—the vow—the symbol of the deed—  
 And the deed's register should tally, father!

*(Draws a cross-handled dagger and raises  
 it on high.)*

Behold the cross wherewith a vow like mine  
 Is written in heaven!

MONK. Thy words are madness, daughter,  
 And speak a purpose unholy—thy lips are livid—  
 Thine eyes are wild—tempt not the wrath divine!  
 Pause ere too late!--oh, be not—be not rash!  
 Swear not the oath—oh, swear it not!

LAL. 'Tis sworn!

### III.

*An apartment in a palace. POLITIAN and BAL-  
 DAZZAR.*

BALDAZZAR. Arouse thee now, Politian!  
 Thou must not—nay indeed, indeed, thou shalt not  
 Give way unto these humors. Be thyself!  
 Shake off the idle fancies that beset thee,  
 And live, for now thou diest!

POLITIAN. Not so, Baldazzar!  
*Surely I live.*

BAL. Politian, it doth grieve me  
To see thee thus.

POL. Baldazzar, it doth grieve me  
To give thee cause for grief, my honored friend.  
Command me, sir! what wouldst thou have me  
do?

At thy behest I wil! shake off that nature  
Which from my forefathers I did inherit,  
Which with my mother's milk I did imbibe,  
And be no more Politian, but some other.  
Command me, sir!

BAL. To the field then—to the field—  
To the senate or the field.

POL. Alas! alas!  
There is an imp would follow me even there!  
There is an imp *hath* followed me even there!  
There is—what voice was that?

BAL. I heard it not.  
I heard not any voice except thine own,  
And the echo of thine own.

POL. Then I but dreamed.

BAL. Give not thy soul to dreams: the camp  
—the court

Befit thee—Fame awaits thee—Glory calls—  
And her the trumpet-tongued thou wilt not hear  
In hearkening to imaginary sounds  
And phantom voices.

POL. It *is* a phantom voice!  
Dids't thou not hear it *then*?

BAL. I heard it not.

POL. Thou heardst it not!—Baldazzar, speak  
no more

To me, Politian, of thy camps and courts.  
Oh! I am sick, sick, sick, even unto death,  
Of the hollow and high-sounding vanities  
Of the populous Earth! Bear with me yet awhile!  
We have been boys together—school fellows—  
And now are friends—yet shall not be so long—  
For in the eternal city thou shalt dome  
A kind and gentle office, and a Power—  
A Power august, benignant, and supreme—  
Shall then absolve thee of all further duties  
Unto thy friend.

BAL. Thou speakest a fearful riddle  
I *will* not understand.

POL. Yet now as Fate  
Approaches, and the Hours are breathing low,  
The sands of time are changed to golden grains,  
And dazzle me, Baldazzar. Alas! alas!  
I *cannot* die, having within my heart  
So keen a relish for the beautiful  
As hath been kindled within it. Methinks the air  
Is balmer now than it was wont to be—  
Rich melodies are floating in the winds—  
A rarer loveliness bedecks the earth—  
And with a holier lustre the quiet moon  
Sitteth in Heaven.—Hist! hist! thou canst not say  
Thou hearest not *now*, Baldazzar?

BAL. Indeed I hear not.



POL. Not hear it!—listen now—listen!—the faintest sound

And yet the sweetest that ear ever heard!  
A lady's voice!—and sorrow in the tone!  
Baldazzar, it oppresses me like a spell!  
Again!—again!—how solemnly it falls  
Into my heart of hearts! that eloquent voice  
Surely I never heard—yet it were well  
Had I *but* heard it with its thrilling tones  
In earlier days!

BAL. I myself hear it now.  
Be still!—the voice, if I mistake not greatly,  
Proceeds from yonder lattice—which you may see  
Very plainly through the window—it belongs,  
Does it not? unto this palace of the Duke.  
The singer is undoubtedly beneath  
The roof of his Excellency—and perhaps  
Is even that Alessandra of whom he spoke  
As the betrothed of Castiglione,  
His son and heir.

POL. Be still!—it comes again!

VOICE (*very faintly*).

“And is thy heart so strong  
As for to leave me thus,  
Who have loved thee so long  
In wealth and wo among?  
And is thy heart so strong  
As for to leave me thus?  
Say nay—say nay!”

BAL. The song is English, and I oft have heard  
it  
In merry England—never so plaintively—  
Hist! hist! it comes again!

VOICE (*more loudly*). "Is it so strong  
As for to leave me thus,  
Who have loved thee so long  
In wealth and wo among?  
And is thy heart so strong  
As for to leave me thus?  
Say nay—say nay!"

BAL. 'Tis hushed and all is still!

POL. All *is not* still.

BAL. Let us go down.

POL. Go down, Baldazzar, go!

BAL. The hour is growing late—the Duke  
awaits us,—

Thy presence is expected in the hall

Below. What ails thee, Earl Politian?

VOICE (*distinctly*).

"Who have loved thee so long,  
In wealth and wo among!  
And is thy heart so strong?

Say nay—say nay!"

BAL. Let us descend!—'tis time. Politian, give  
These fancies to the wind. Remember, pray,  
Your bearing lately savored much of rudeness  
Unto the Duke. Arouse thee! and remember!

POL. Remember? I do. Lead on! I *do* re-  
member. (*Going.*)

Let us descend. Believe me I would give,  
 Freely would give the broad lands of my earldom  
 To look upon the face hidden by yon lattice—  
 "To gaze upon that veiled face, and hear  
 Once more that silent tongue."

BAL. Let me beg you, sir,  
 Descend with me—the Duke may be offended.  
 Let us go down, I pray you.

VOICE (*loudly*). *Say nay! say nay!*

POL. (*aside*). 'Tis strange!—'tis very strange  
 —methought the voice  
 Chimed in with my desires and bade me stay!

(*Approaching the window*)

Sweet voice! I heed thee, and will surely stay.  
 Now be this Fancy, by Heaven, or be it Fate,  
 Still will I not descend. Baldazzar, make  
 Apology unto the Duke for me;  
 I go not down to-night.

BAL. Your lordship's pleasure  
 Shall be attended to. Good-night, Politian.

POL. Good-night, my friend, good-night.

#### IV.

*The gardens of a palace—moonlight.* LALAGE  
 and POLITIAN.

LALAGE. And dost thou speak of love  
 To me, Politian?—dost thou speak of love

To Lalage?—ah, wo—ah, wo is me!

This mockery is most cruel—most cruel indeed!

POLITIAN. Weep not! oh, sob not thus!—thy  
bitter tears

Will madden me. Oh, mourn not, Lalage—

Be comforted! I know—I know it all,

And *still* I speak of love. Look at me, brightest

And beautiful Lalage!—turn here thine eyes!

Thou askest me if I could speak of love,

Knowing what I know, and seeing what I have  
seen.

Thou askest me that—and thus I answer thee—

Thus on my bended knee I answer thee.

(*Kneeling*)

Sweet Lalage, *I love thee—love thee—love thee;*

Thro' good and ill—thro' weal and wo *I love thee.*

Not mother, with her first-born on her knee,

Thrill's with intenser love than I for thee.

Not on God's altar, in any time or clime,

Burned there a holier fire than burneth now

Within my spirit for *thee*. And do I love?

(*Arising.*)

Even for thy woes I love—even for thy woes—

Thy beauty and thy woes.

LAL. Alas! proud Earl,

Thou dost forget thyself, remembering me!

How, in thy father's halls, among the maidens

Pure and reproachless of thy princely line,

Could the dishonored Lalage abide?

Thy wife, and with a tainted memory—

My seared and blighted name, how would it tally  
 With the ancestral honors of thy house,  
 And with thy glory?

POL. Speak not to me of glory!  
 I hate—I loathe the name; I do abhor  
 The unsatisfactory and ideal thing.  
 Art thou not Lalage, and I Politian?  
 Do I not love—art thou not beautiful—  
 What need we more? Ha! glory!—now speak  
 not of it:

By all I hold most sacred and most solemn—  
 By all my wishes now—my fears hereafter—  
 By all I scorn on earth and hope in heaven—  
 There is no deed I would more glory in,  
 Than in thy cause to scoff at this same glory  
 And trample it under foot. What matters it—  
 What matters it, my fairest, and my best,  
 That we go down unhonored and forgotten  
 Into the dust—so we descend together,  
 Descend together—and then—and then per-  
 chance—

LAL. Why dost thou pause, Politian?

POL. And then perchance  
 Arise together, Lalage, and roam  
 The starry and quiet dwellings of the blest,  
 And still—

LAL. Why dost thou pause, Politian?

POL. And still *together—together*.

LAL. Now, Earl of Leicester!

Thou *lovest* me, and in my heart of hearts  
I feel thou lovest me truly.

POL. Oh, Lalage!

(*Throwing himself upon his knee.*)

And lovest thou *me*?

LAL. Hist! hush! within the gloom  
Of yonder trees methought a figure past—  
A spectral figure, solemn, and slow, and noise-  
less—

Like the grim shadow Conscience, solemn and  
noiseless. (*Walks across and returns.*)

I was mistaken—'twas but a giant bough  
Stirred by the autumn wind. Politian!

POL. My Lalage—my love! Why art thou  
moved?

Why dost thou turn so pale? Not Conscience'  
self,

Far less a shadow which thou likenest to it,  
Should shake the firm spirit thus. But the night  
wind

Is chilly—and these melancholy boughs  
Throw over all things a gloom.

LAL. Politian!

Thou speakest to me of love. Knowest thou the  
land

With which all tongues are busy—a land new  
found—

Miraculously found by one of Genoa—

A thousand leagues within the golden west?

A fairy land of flowers, and fruit, and sunshine,

And crystal lakes, and over-arching forests,  
 And mountains, around whose towering summits  
     the winds  
 Of Heaven untrammelled flow—which air to  
     breathe  
 Is Happiness now, and will be freedom hereafter  
 In days that are to come?

POL. Oh, wilt thou—wilt thou  
 Fly to that Paradise—my Lalage, wilt thou  
 Fly thither with me? There Care shall be for-  
     gotten

And Sorrow shall be no more, and Eros be all.  
 And life shall then be mine, for I will live  
 For thee, and in thine eyes—and thou shalt be  
 No more a mourner—but the radiant Joys  
 Shall wait upon thee, and the angel Hope  
 Attend thee ever; and I will kneel to thee  
 And worship thee, and call thee my beloved,  
 My own, my beautiful, my love, my wife,  
 My all;—oh, wilt thou—wilt thou, Lalage,  
 Fly thither with me?

LAL. A deed is to be done—  
 Castiglione lives!

POL. And he shall die! (Exit.)

LAL. (after a pause). And—he—shall—die!  
     —alas!

Castiglione die! Who spoke the words?  
 Where am I?—what was it he said?—Politian!  
 Thou *art* not gone—thou art not *gone*, Politian!  
 I *feel* thou art not gone—yet dare not look.

Lest I behold thee not—thou *couldst* not go  
 With those words upon thy lips—Oh, speak to me!  
 And let me hear thy voice—one word—one word,  
 To say thou art not gone—one little sentence,  
 To say how thou dost scorn—how thou dost hate  
 My womanly weakness. Ha! ha! thou *art* not  
 gone—

Oh, speak to me! I *knew* thou wouldst not go!  
 I knew thou wouldst not, couldst not, *durst*  
 not go.

Villain, thou *art* not gone—thou mockest me!  
 And thus I clutch thee—thus!—He is gone, he  
 is gone—

Gone—gone. Where am I?—'tis well—'tis very  
 well!

So that the blade be keen—the blow be sure,  
 'Tis well, 'tis *very* well—alas! alas!

## V.

*The suburbs. POLITIAN alone.*

POLITIAN. This weakness grows upon me. I am  
 faint,  
 And much I fear me ill—it will not do  
 To die ere I have lived!—Stay—stay thy hand,  
 O Azrael, yet awhile!—Prince of the Powers  
 Of Darkness and the Tomb, Oh, pity me!  
 Oh, pity me! let me not perish now,



In the budding of my Paradisal Hope!  
 Give me to live yet—yet a little while:  
 'Tis I who pray for life—I who so late  
 Demanded but to die—what sayeth the Count?

*Enter BALDAZZAR.*

BALDAZZAR. That, knowing no cause of quarrel  
 or of feud  
 Between the Earl Politian and himself,  
 He doth decline your cartel.

POL. *What* didst thou say?  
 What answer was it you brought me, good Bal-  
 dazzar?

With what excessive fragrance the zephyr comes  
 Laden from yonder bowers!—a fairer day,  
 Or one more worthy Italy, methinks  
 No mortal eyes have seen!—*What* said the Count?

BAL. That he, Castiglione, not being aware  
 Of any feud existing, or any cause  
 Of quarrel between your lordship and himself,  
 Cannot accept the challenge.

POL. It is most true—  
 All this is very true. When saw you, sir,  
 When saw you, now, Baldazzar, in the frigid  
 Ungenial Britain which we left so lately,  
 A heaven so calm as this—so utterly free  
 From the evil taint of clouds?—And he did *say*?

BAL. No more, my lord, than I have told you,  
 sir:

The Count Castiglione will not fight,  
Having no cause for quarrel.

POL. Now this is true—

All very true. Thou art my friend, Baldazzar  
And I have not forgotten it—thou'lt do me  
A piece of service; wilt thou go back and say  
Unto this man, that I, the Earl of Leicester,  
Hold him a villain?—thus much, I prythee, say  
Unto the Count—it is exceeding just  
He should have cause for quarrel.

BAL. My lord!—my friend!—

POL. (*aside*). 'Tis he—he comes himself!  
(*Aloud*.) Thou reasonest well.

I know what thou wouldst say—not send the mes-  
sage—

Well!—I will think of it—I will not send it.  
Now prythee, leave me—hither does come a person  
With whom affairs of a most private nature  
I would adjust.

BAL. I go—to-morrow we meet,  
Do we not?—at the Vatican.

POL. At the Vatican.                    (*Exit BALDAZZAR.*)

*Enter CASTIGLIONE.*

CAS. The Earl of Leicester here!

POL. I *am* the Earl of Leicester, and thou seest,  
Dost thou not, that I am here?

CAS. My lord, some strange,  
Some singular mistake—misunderstanding—

Hath without doubt arisen: thou hast been urged  
 Thereby, in heat of anger, to address  
 Some words most unaccountable, in writing,  
 To me, Castiglione; the bearer being  
 Baldazzar, Duke of Surrey. I am aware  
 Of nothing which might warrant thee in this thing,  
 Having given thee no offence. Ha!—am I right?  
 'Twas a mistake?—undoubtedly—we all  
 Do err at times.

POL. Draw, villain, and prate no more!

CAS. Ha!—draw?—and villain? have at thee  
 then at once,

Proud Earl! (*Draws.*)

POL. (*drawing*). Thus to the expiatory tomb,  
 Untimely sepulchre, I do devote thee  
 In the name of Lalage!

CAS. (*letting fall his sword and recoiling to  
 the extremity of the stage*). Of Lalage!  
 Hold off—thy sacred hand!—avaunt I say!  
 Avaunt—I will not fight thee—indeed I dare not.

POL. Thou wilt not fight with me, didst say,  
 Sir Count?

Shall I be baffled thus?—now this is well;  
 Didst say thou *darest* not? Ha!

CAS. I dare not—dare not—  
 Hold off thy hand—with that beloved name  
 So fresh upon thy lips I will not fight thee—  
 I cannot—dare not.

POL. Now by my halidom  
 I do believe thee!—coward, I do believe thee!

CAS. Ha!—coward!—this may not be!

*(Clutches his sword and staggers toward POLITIAN, but his purpose is changed before reaching him, and he falls upon his knee at the feet of the Earl.)*

Alas! my lord,

It is—it is—most true. In such a cause

I am the veriest coward. Oh, pity me!

POL. *(greatly softened)*. Alas!—I do—indeed  
I pity thee.

CAS. And Lalage—

POL. *Scoundrel!—arise and die!*

CAS. It needeth not be—thus—thus—Oh, let me  
die

Thus on my bended knee. It were most fitting

That in this deep humiliation I perish.

For in the fight I will not raise a hand

Against thee, Earl of Leicester. Strike thou  
home— *(Baring his bosom.)*

Here is no let or hindrance to thy weapon—

Strike home. I *will not* fight thee.

POL. Now s'Death and Hell!

Am I not—am I not sorely—grievously tempted

To take thee at thy word? But mark me, sir!

Think not to fly me thus. Do thou prepare

For public insult in the streets—before

The eyes of the citizens. I'll follow thee—

Like an avenging spirit I'll follow thee

Even unto death. Before those whom thou  
lovest—

Before all Rome I'll taunt thee, villain,—I'll taunt  
thee,

Dost hear? with *cowardice*—thou *wilt not* fight  
me?

Thou liest! thou *shalt!* (Exit.)

CAS. Now this indeed is just!

Most righteous, and most just, avenging Heaven!



POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH.

Private reasons—some of which have reference to the sin of plagiarism, and others to the date of Tennyson's first poems—have induced me, after some hesitation, to republish these, the crude compositions of my earliest boyhood. They are printed *verbatim*—without alteration from the original edition\*—the date of which is too remote to be judiciously acknowledged.

E. A. P.

\*This statement is incorrect.--ED.



*SONNET: TO SCIENCE.*

SCIENCE! true daughter of Old Time thou art!  
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.  
Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,  
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?  
How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,  
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering  
To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,  
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?  
Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?  
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood  
To seek a shelter in some happier star?  
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,  
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me  
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

*AL AARAAF.\**

PART I.

OH! nothing earthly save the ray  
(Thrown back from flowers) of Beauty's eye,  
As in those gardens where the day  
Springs from the gems of Circassy—  
Oh! nothing earthly save the thrill  
Of melody in woodland rill—  
Or (music of the passion-hearted)  
Joy's voice so peacefully departed  
That, like the murmur in the shell,  
Its echo dwelleth and will dwell—  
Oh! nothing of the dross of ours—  
Yet all the beauty—all the flowers  
That list our Love, and deck our bowers—  
Adorn yon world afar, afar—  
The wandering star.

'Twas a sweet time for Nesace—for there  
Her world lay lolling on the golden air,

\* A star was discovered by Tycho Brahe which appeared suddenly in the heavens—attained, in a few days, a brilliancy surpassing that of Jupiter—then as suddenly disappeared, and has never been seen since.

Near four bright suns—a temporary rest—  
 An oasis in desert of the blest  
 Away—away—'mid seas of rays that roll  
 Empyrean splendor o'er th' unchained soul—  
 The soul that scarce (the billows are so dense)  
 Can struggle to its destined eminence—  
 To distant spheres, from time to time, she rode,  
 And late to ours, the favored one of God—  
 But, now, the ruler of an anchor'd realm,  
 She throws aside the sceptre—leaves the helm,  
 And, amid incense and high spiritual hymns,  
 Laves in quadruple light her angel limbs.

Now happiest, loveliest in yon lovely Earth,  
 Whence sprang the " Idea of Beauty " into birth,  
 (Falling in wreaths thro' many a startled star,  
 Like woman's hair 'mid pearls, until, afar,  
 It lit on hills Achaian, and there dwelt)  
 She looked into Infinity—and knelt.  
 Rich clouds, for canopies, about her curled—  
 Fit emblems of the model of her world—  
 Seen but in beauty—not impeding sight  
 Of other beauty glittering thro' the light—  
 A wreath that twined each starry form around,  
 And all the opal'd air in color bound.

All hurriedly she knelt upon a bed  
 Of flowers; of lilies such as rear'd the head  
 On the fair Capo Deucato,\* and sprang  
 So eagerly around about to hang

\* On Santa Maura—olim *Deucadia*.

Upon the flying footsteps of—deep pride—  
 Of her who loved a mortal—and so died.\*  
 The Sephalica, budding with young bees,  
 Uprear'd its purple stem around her knees:  
 And gemmy flower, of Trebizond misnam'd †  
 Inmate of highest stars, where erst it sham'd  
 All other loveliness : its honied dew  
 (The fabled nectar that the heathen knew)  
 Deliriously sweet, was dropp'd from Heaven,  
 And fell on gardens of the unforgiven  
 In Trebizond—and on a sunny flower  
 So like its own above, that, to this hour,  
 It still remaineth, torturing the bee  
 With madness, and unwonted reverie:  
 In Heaven, and all its environs, the leaf  
 And blossom of the fairy plant, in grief  
 Disconsolate linger—grief that hangs her head,  
 Repenting follies that full long have fled,  
 Heaving her white breast to the balmy air,  
 Like guilty beauty, chasten'd, and more fair:  
 Nyctanthes too, as sacred as the light  
 She fears to perfume, perfuming the night:  
 And Clytia pondering between many a sun, ‡

\* Sappho.

† This flower is much noticed by Lewenhoeck and Tournefort. The bee, feeding upon its blossom, becomes intoxicated.

‡ Clytia—*The Chrysanthemum Peruvianum*, or, to employ a better-known term, the *turnsol*—which turns continually towards the sun, covers itself, like Peru, the country from which it comes, with dewy clouds which cool and

While pettish tears adown her petals run:  
 And that aspiring flower that sprang on Earth\*—  
 And died, ere scarce exalted into birth,  
 Bursting its odorous heart in spirit to wing  
 Its way to Heaven, from garden of a king:  
 And Valisnerian lotus thither flown †  
 From struggling with the waters of the Rhone:  
 And thy most lovely purple perfume, Zante! ‡  
 Isola d'oro!—Fior di Levante!  
 And the Nelumbo bud that floats for ever §  
 With Indian Cupid down the holy river—  
 Fair flowers, and fairy! to whose care is given  
 To bear the Goddess' song, in odors, up to  
 Heaven: ||

refresh its flowers during the most violent heat of the day.—B. DE ST. PIERRE.

\* There is cultivated in the king's garden at Paris a species of serpentine aloes without prickles, whose large and beautiful flower exhales a strong odor of the vanilla during the time of its expansion, which is very short. It does not blow till towards the month of July; you then perceive it gradually open its petals—expand them—fade—and die.—ST. PIERRE.

† There is found, in the Rhone, a beautiful lily of the Valisnerian kind. Its stem will stretch to the length of three or four feet—thus preserving its head above water in the swellings of the river.

‡ The Hyacinth.

§ It is a fiction of the Indians that Cupid was first seen floating in one of these down the river Ganges, and that he still loves the cradle of his childhood.

|| And golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints—REV. OF ST. JOHN.

" Spirit! that dwellest where,  
 In the deep sky,  
 The terrible and fair,  
 In beauty vie!  
 Beyond the line of blue—  
 The boundary of the star  
 Which turneth at the view  
 Of thy barrier and thy bar—  
 Of the barrier overgone  
 By the comets who were cast  
 From their pride, and from their throne,  
 To be drudges till the last—  
 To be carriers of fire  
 (The red fire of their heart)  
 With speed that may not tire,  
 And with pain that shall not part—  
 Who livest—*that* we know—  
 In Eternity—we feel—  
 But the shadow of whose brow  
 What spirit shall reveal?  
 Tho' the beings whom thy Nesace,  
 Thy messenger hath known  
 Have dream'd for thy Infinity  
 A model of their own\*—  
 Thy will is done, O God!  
 The star hath ridden high

\* The Humanitarians held that God was to be understood as having really a human form.—*Vide* CLARKE'S SERMONS, vol. i, pag: 26, fol. edit.

The drift of Milton's argument leads him to employ

Thro' many a tempest, but she rode  
 Beneath thy burning eye;  
 And here, in thought, to thee—  
 In thought that can alone  
 Ascend thy empire and so be  
 A partner of thy throne—  
 By winged Fantasy \*  
 My embassy is given,  
 Till secrecy sha'l knowledge be  
 In the environs of Heaven."

language which would appear, at first sight, to verge upon their doctrine; but it will be seen immediately that he guards himself against the charge of having adopted one of the most ignorant errors of the dark ages of the Church.—  
 DR. SUMNER'S NOTES ON MILTON'S CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

This opinion, in spite of many testimonies to the contrary, could never have been very general. Andeus, a Syrian of Mesopotamia, was condemned for the opinion as heretical. He lived in the beginning of the fourth century. His disciples were called Anthropomorphites.—*Vide* DUPIN.

Among Milton's minor poems are these lines:—

Dicite sacrorum præsidēs nemorum Deæ, &c.  
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus?  
 Eternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,  
 Unusque et universus exemplar Dei.

And afterwards,

Non cui profundum Cæcitas lumen dedit  
 Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu, &c.

\* Seltsa nen Tochter Jovis  
 Seinem Schosskinde  
 Der Phantasie.—GOETHE.

She ceased—and buried then her burning  
     cheek,  
 Abashed, amid the lilies there, to seek  
 A shelter from the fervor of His eye;  
 For the stars trembled at the Deity.  
 She stirred not—breathed not—for a voice was  
     there  
 How solemnly prevailing the calm air!  
 A sound of silence on the startled ear  
 Which dreamy poets name “the music of the  
     sphere.”  
 Ours is a world of words: Quiet we call  
 “Silence”—which is the merest word of all.  
 All nature speaks, and ev'n ideal things  
 Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings—  
 But ah! not so when, thus, in realms on high  
 The eternal voice of God is passing by,  
 And the red wings are withering in the sky!

“What tho' in worlds which sightless cycles  
     run,\*

Link'd to a little system, and one sun—  
 Where all my love is folly and the crowd  
 Still think my terrors but the thunder-cloud,  
 The storm, the earthquake, and the ocean-wrath—  
 (Ah! will they cross me in my angrier path?)  
 What tho' in worlds which own a single sun  
 The sands of time grow dimmer as they run,

\* Sightless—too small to be seen.—LEGGE.



Yet thine is my resplendency, so given  
 To bear my secrets thro' the upper Heaven.  
 Leave tenantless thy crystal home, and fly,  
 With all thy train, athwart the moony sky—  
 Apart—like fireflies in Sicilian night,\*  
 And wing to other world; another light!  
 Divulge the secrets of thy embassy  
 To the proud orbs that twinkle—and so be  
 To ev'ry heart a barrier and a ban  
 Lest the stars totter in the guilt of man!"

Up rose the maiden in the yellow night,  
 The single-mooned eve!—on Earth we plight  
 Our faith to one love—and one moon adore—  
 The birthplace of young Beauty had no more.  
 As sprang that yellow star from downy hours,  
 Up rose the maiden from her shrine of flowers,  
 And bent o'er sheeny mountain and dim plain  
 Her way—but left not yet her Therasæan reign.†

## PART II.

HIGH on a mountain of enamelléd head—  
 Such as the drowsy shepherd on his bed  
 Of giant pasturage lying at his ease,  
 Raising his heavy eyelid, starts and sees

\* I have often noticed a peculiar movement of the fireflies;—they will collect in a body and fly off, from a common centre, in<sup>to</sup> innumerable radii.

† Therasæa, or Therasea, the island mentioned by Seneca, which, in a moment, arose from the sea to the eyes of astonished mariners.

With many a muttered "hope to be forgiven"  
 What time the moon is quadrated in Heaven—  
 Of rosy head, that towering far away  
 Into the sunlit ether, caught the ray  
 Of sunken suns at eve—at noon of night,  
 While the moon danced with the fair stranger  
 light—

Upreared upon such height arose a pile  
 Of gorgeous columns on th' unburthen'd air,  
 Flashing from Parian marble that twin smile  
 Far down upon the wave that sparkled there,  
 And nursled the young mountain in its lair.  
 Of molten stars their pavement, such as fall\*  
 Thro' the ebon air, besilvering the pall  
 Of their own dissolution, while they die—  
 Adorning then the dwellings of the sky.  
 A dome, by linked light from Heaven let down,  
 Sat gently on these columns as a crown—  
 A window of one circular diamond, there,  
 Lock'd out above into the purple air,  
 And rays from God shot down that meteor chain  
 And hallow'd all the beauty twice again,  
 Save when, between th' Empyrean and that ring,  
 Some eager spirit flapp'd his dusky wing.  
 But on the pillars Seraph eyes have seen  
 The dimness of this world: that grayish green  
 That nature loves the best for Beauty's grave  
 Lurked in each cornice, round each architrave—

\* Some star which, from the ruin'd roof  
 Of shak'd Olympus, by mischance, did fall.—MILTON.

And every sculptured cherub thereabout  
 That from his marble dwelling peeréd out,  
 Seemed earthly in the shadow of his niche—  
 Achaian statues in a world so rich ?  
 Friezes from Tadmor and Persepolis\*—  
 From Baalbec, and the stilly, clear abyss  
 Of beautiful Gomorrha ! O, the wave †  
 Is now upon thee—but too late to save !

Sound loves to revel in a summer night:  
 Witness the murmur of the gray twilight  
 That stole upon the ear, in Eyraco, ‡  
 Of many a wild star-gazer long ago—

\* Voltaire, in speaking of Persepolis, says, "Je connois bien l'admiration qu'inspirent ces ruines—mais un palais erigé au pied d'une chaîne des rochers sterils—peut il être un chef d'œuvre des arts !"

† "O, the wave"—Ula Deguisi is the Turkish appellation; but, on its own shores, it is called Bahar Loth, or Almotanah. There were undoubtedly more than two cities engulfed in the "Dead Sea." In the Valley of Siddim were five—Admah, Zeboim, Zoar, Sodom, and Gomorrha. Stephen of Byzantium mentions eight, and Strabo thirteen (engulfed)—but the last is out of all reason.

It is said [Tacitus, Strabo, Josephus, Daniel of St. Saba, Nau, Maundrell, Troilo, D'Arvieux] that after an excessive drought, the vestiges of columns, walls, &c., are seen above the surface. At any season, such remains may be discovered by looking down into the transparent lake, and at such distances as would argue the existence of many settlements in the space now usurped by the "Asphaltites."

‡ Eyraco.—Chaldea.

That stealeth ever on the ear of him  
 Who, musing, gazeth on the distance dim,  
 And sees the darkness coming as a cloud—  
 Is not its form—its voice—most palpable and  
     loud ? \*

But what is this!—It cometh—and it brings  
 A music with it—'tis the rush of wings—  
 A pause—and then a sweeping, falling strain,  
 And Nesace is in her halls again.  
 From the wild energy of wanton haste  
     Her cheeks were flushing, and her lips apart;  
 And zone that clung around her gentle waist  
     Had burst beneath the heaving of her heart.  
 Within the centre of that hall to breathe  
 She paus'd and panted, Zanthé! all beneath  
 The fairy light that kiss'd her golden hair,  
 And long'd to rest, yet could but sparkle there!

Young flowers were whispering in melody†  
 To happy flowers that night—and tree to tree:  
 Fountains were gushing music as they fell  
 In many a star-lit grove, or moon-lit dell;  
 Yet silence came upon material things—  
 Fair flowers, bright waterfalls and angel wings—

\* I have often thought I could distinctly hear the sound of the darkness as it stole over the horizon.

† "Fairies use flowers for their charactery."—MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

And sound alone that from the spirit sprang  
Bore burthen to the charm the maiden sang:

“ 'Neath the blue-bell or streamer—  
Or tufted wild spray  
That keeps, from the dreamer,  
The moonbeam away\*—  
Bright beings! that ponder,  
With half closing eyes,  
On the stars which your wonder  
Hath drawn from the skies,  
Till they glance thro' the shade, and  
Come down to your brow  
Like —eyes of the maiden  
Who calls on you now—  
Arise! from your dreaming  
In violet bowers,  
To duty beseeming  
These star-litten hours—  
And shake from your tresses  
Encumber'd with dew  
The breath of those kisses  
That cumber them too—  
(O! how, without you, Love!  
Could angels be blest?)

\* In Scripture is this passage—“The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.” It is perhaps not generally known that the moon, in Egypt, has the effect of producing blindness to those who sleep with the face exposed to its rays, to which circumstance the passage evidently alludes.

Those kisses of true love  
 That lull d ye to rest!  
 Up!—shake from your wing  
 Each hindering thing:  
 The dew o' the night—  
 It would weigh down your flight;  
 And true love caresses—  
 O! leave them apart!  
 They are light on the tresses,  
 But lead on the heart.

Ligeia! Ligeia!  
 My beautiful one!  
 Whose harshest idea  
 Will to melody run,  
 O! is it thy will  
 On the breezes to toss?  
 Or, capriciously still,  
 Like the lone Albatross,\*  
 Incumbent on night  
 (As she on the air)  
 To keep watch with delight  
 On the harmony there?

Ligeia! wherever  
 Thy image may be,  
 No magic shall sever  
 Thy music from thee.

\* The Albatross is said to sleep on the wing.

Thou hast bound many eyes  
    In a dreamy sleep—  
But the strains still arise  
    Which *thy* vigilance keep—  
The sound of the rain,  
    Which leaps down to the flower  
And dances again  
    In the rhythm of the shower—  
The murmur that springs\*  
    From the growing of grass—  
Are the music of things—  
    But are modell'd, alas!—  
Away, then, my dearest,  
    O! hie thee away  
To springs that lie clearest  
    Beneath the moon-ray—  
To lone lake that smiles,  
    In its dream of deep rest,  
At the many star-isles  
    That enjewel its breast—  
Where wild flowers, creeping,  
    Have mingled their shade,  
On its margin is sleeping  
    Full many a maid—

\* I met with this idea in an old English tale, which I am now unable to obtain, and quote from memory:—"The verie essence, and, as it were, springehead and origine of all musicke is the verie pleasaunte sounde which the trees of the forest do make when they growe."

Some have left the cool glade, and  
 Have slept with the bee—\*  
 Arouse them, my maiden,  
 On moorland and lea—  
 Go! breathe on their slumber,  
 All softly in ear,  
 The musical number  
 They slumber'd to hear—  
 For what can awaken  
 An angel so soon  
 Whose sleep hath been taken  
 Beneath the cold moon,  
 As the spell which no slumber  
 Of witchery may test,  
 The rhythmical number  
 Which lulled him to rest?"

Spirits in wing, and angels to the view,  
 A thousand seraphs burst th' Empyrean thro',

\* The wild bee will not sleep in the shade if there be moonlight.

The rhyme in th's verse, as in one about sixty lines before, has an appearance of affectation. It is, however, imitated from Sir Walter Scott, or rather from Claud Halcro—in whose mouth I admired its effect:—

“ Oh! were there an island,  
 Tho' ever so wild,  
 Where woman might smile, and  
 No man be beguiled,” &c.



Young dreams still hovering on their drowsy  
flight—

Seraphs in all but “Knowledge,” the keen light  
That fell, refracted, thro’ thy bounds, afar,  
O Death ! from eye of God upon that star:  
Sweet was that error—sweeter still that death—  
Sweet was that error—ev’n with *us* the breath  
Of Science dims the mirror of our joy—  
To them ’twere the Simoom, and would destroy—  
For what (to them) availeth it to know  
That Truth is Falsehood—or that Bliss is Woe ?  
Sweet was their death—with them to die was rife  
With the last ecstasy of satiate life—  
Beyond that death no immortality—  
But sleep that pondereth and is not “to be”—  
And there—oh ! may my weary spirit dwell—  
Apart from Heaven’s Eternity—and yet how far  
from Hell !\*

\* With the Arabians there is a medium between Heaven and Hell, where men suffer no punishment, but yet do not attain that tranquil and even happiness which they suppose to be characteristic of heavenly enjoyment.

“Un no rompido sueno—  
Un dia puro—allegre—libre  
Quiera—  
Libre de amor—de zelo—  
De odio—de esperanza—de rezelo.”

—LUIS PONCE DE LEON.

Sorrow is not excluded from “Al Aaraaf,” but it is that sorrow which the living love to cherish for the dead, and

What guilty spirit, in what shrubbery dim,  
 Heard not the stirring summons of that hymn?  
 But two: they fell: for Heaven no grace imparts  
 To those who hear not for their beating hearts.  
 A maiden angel and her seraph-lover—  
 O! where (and ye may seek the wide skies over)  
 Was Love, the blind, near sober Duty known?  
 Unguided Love hath fallen—'mid "tears of perfect  
 moan."\*

He was a goodly spirit—he who fell:  
 A wanderer by the moss-y-mantled well—  
 A gazer on the lights that shine above—  
 A dreamer in the moonbeam by his love:  
 What wonder? for each star is eye-like there  
 And looks so sweetly down on Beauty's hair—  
 And they, and every mossy spring were holy  
 To his love-haunted heart and melancholy.  
 The night had found (to him a night of wo)  
 Upon a mountain crag, young Angelo  
 Beetling its bends athwart the solemn sky,  
 And scowls on starry worlds that down beneath it  
 lie.

which in some minds resembles the delirium of opium. The passionate excitement of Love, and the buoyancy of spirit attendant upon intoxication, are its less holy pleasures—the price of which, to those souls who make choice of "Al Aaraaf" as their residence after life, is final death and annihilation.

\* "There be tears of perfect moan  
 Wept for thee in Helicon."—MILTON.

Here sate he with his love—his dark eye bent  
 With eagle gaze along the firmament:  
 Now turned it upon her—but ever then  
 It trembled to the orb of EARTH again.

“ Ianthé, dearest, see! how dim that ray!  
 How lovely 'tis to look so far away!  
 She seem'd not thus upon that autumn eve  
 I left her gorgeous halls—nor mourn'd to leave,  
 That eve—that eve—I should remember well—  
 The sun-ray dropp'd, in Lemnos, with a spell  
 On th' Arabesque carving of a gilded hall  
 Wherein I sate, and on the draperied wall—  
 And on my eye-lids—O, the heavy light!  
 How drowsily it weighed them into night!  
 On flowers, before, and mist, and love they ran  
 With Persian Saadi in his Gullistan:  
 But O, that light!—I slumbered—Death, the  
     while,  
 Stole o'er my senses in that lovely isle  
 So softly that no single silken hair  
 Awoke that slept—or knew that he was there.

“ The last spot of Earth's orb I trod upon  
 Was a proud temple called the Parthenon ;\*  
 More beauty clung around her columned wall

\* It was entire in 1687—the most elevated spot in Athens.

Than even thy glowing bosom beats withal,\*  
 And when old Time my wing did disenthral  
 Thence sprang I—as the eagle from his tower,  
 And years I left behind me in an hour.  
 What time upon her airy bounds I hung  
 One ha'f the garden of her globe was flung  
 Unrolling as a chart unto my view—  
 Tenantless cities of the desert too!  
 Ianthe, beauty crowded on me then,  
 And half I wished to be again of men.”

“ My Angelo! and why of them to be?  
 A brighter dwelling place is here for thee—  
 And greener fields than in yon world above,  
 And woman's loveliness—and passionate love.”

“ But list, Ianthe, when the air so soft  
 Failed, as my pennon'd spirit leapt aloft †  
 Perhaps my brain grew dizzy—but the world  
 I left so late was into chaos hurl'd,  
 Sprang from her station, on the winds apart,  
 And rolled a flame, the fiery Heavens athwart.  
 Methought, my sweet one, then I ceased to soar,  
 And fell—not swiftly as I rose before,

\* “ Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows  
 Than have the white breasts of the queen of love.”  
 —MARLOWE.

† Pennon, for pinion.—MILTON.

But with a downward, tremulous motion thro'  
 Light, brazen rays, this golden star unto!  
 Nor long the measure of my falling hours,  
 For nearest to all stars was thine to ours—  
 Dread star! that came, amid a night of mirth,  
 A red Dædalion on the timid Earth."

"We came—and to thy Earth—but not to us  
 Be, given our lady's bidding to discuss:  
 We came, my love; around, above, below,  
 Gay fire-fly of the night we come and go,  
 Nor ask a reason save the angel-nod  
*She* grants to us as granted by her God—  
 But, Angelo, than thine grey Time unfurled  
 Never his fairy wing o'er fairier world!  
 Dim was its little disk, and angel eyes  
 Alone could see the phantom in the skies,  
 When first Al Aaraaf knew her course to be  
 Headlong thitherward o'er the starry sea—  
 But when its glory swelled upon the sky,  
 As glowing Beauty's bust beneath man's eye.  
 We paused before the heritage of men,  
 And thy star trembled—as doth Beauty then!"

Thus in discourse, the lovers whiled away  
 The night that waned and waned and brought no  
 day.

They felt: for Heaven to them no hope imparts  
 Who hear not for the beating of their hearts.

## TAMERLANE.

KIND solace in a dying hour!

Such, father, is not (now) my theme—  
I will not madly deem that power

Of Earth may shrive me of the sin  
Unearthly pride hath revell'd in—

I have no time to dote or dream:  
You call it hope—that fire of fire!

It is but agony of desire

If I *can* hope—O God! I can—

Its fount is holier—more divine—  
I would not call thee fool, old man,  
But such is not a gift of thine.

Know thou the secret of a spirit

Bowed from its wild pride into shame.  
O yearning heart! I did inherit

Thy withering portion with the fame,  
The searing glory which hath shone  
Amid the Jewels of my throne,  
Halo of Hell! and with a pain  
Not Hell shall make me fear again—

O craving heart, for the lost flowers  
And sunshine of my summer hours!  
The undying voice of that dead time,  
With its interminable chime,  
Rings, in the spirit of a spell,  
Upon thy emptiness—a knell.

I have not always been as now:  
The fevered diadem on my brow  
I claimed and won usurpingly—  
Hath not the same fierce heirdom given  
Rome to the Cæsar—this to me?  
The heritage of a kingly mind,  
And a proud spirit which hath striven  
Triumphantly with human kind.

On mountain soil I first drew life:  
The mists of the Taglay have shed  
Nightly their dews upon my head,  
And, I believe, the winged strife  
And tumult of the headlong air  
Have nestled in my very hair.

So late from Heaven—that dew—it fell  
(Mid dreams of an unholy night)  
Upon me with the touch of Hell,  
While the red flashing of the light  
From clouds that hung, like banners, o'er,  
Appeared to my half-closing eye  
The pageantry of monarchy;  
And the deep trumpet thunder's roar

Came hurriedly upon me, telling  
Of human battle, where my voice,  
My own voice, silly child!—was swelling  
(O! how my spirit would rejoice,  
And leap within me at the cry)  
The battle-cry of Victory!

The rain came down upon my head  
Unshelter'd—and the heavy wind  
Rendered me mad and deaf and blind.  
It was but man, I thought, who shed  
Laurels upon me: and the rush—  
The torrent of the chilly air  
Gurgled within my ear the crush  
Of empires—with the captive's prayer—  
The hum of suitors—and the tone  
Of flattery 'round a sovereign's throne.

My passions, from that hapless hour  
Usurped a tyranny which men  
Have deemed since I reached to power  
My innate nature—be it so:  
But, father, there lived one who, then,  
Then—in my boyhood—when their fire  
Burn'd with a still intenser glow  
(For passion must, with youth, expire)  
E'en *then* who knew this iron heart  
In woman's weakness had a part.



I have no words—alas!—to tell  
The loveliness of loving well!  
Nor would I now attempt to trace  
The more than beauty of a face  
Whose lineaments, upon my mind,  
Are—shadows on th' unstable wind.  
Thus I remember having dwelt  
    Some page of early lore upon,  
With loitering eye, till I have felt  
The letters—with their meaning—melt  
    To fantasies—with none.

O, she was worthy of all love!  
    Love—as in infancy—was mine—  
'Twas such as angel minds above  
    Might envy: her young heart the shrine  
On which my every hope and thought  
    Were incense—then a goodly gift,  
    For they were childish and upright—  
Pure—as her young example taught:  
    Why did I leave it, and, adrift,  
    Trust to the fire within, for light?

We grew in age—and love—together—  
    Roaming the forest, and the wild;  
My breast her shield in wintry weather—  
    And, when the friendly sunshine smiled.  
And she would mark the opening skies,  
*I* saw no heaven—but in her eyes.

Young Love's first lesson is—the heart ;  
For 'mid that sunshine and those smiles,  
When, from our little cares apart,  
And laughing at her girlish wiles,  
I'd throw me on her throbbing breast,  
And pour my spirit out in tears—  
There was no need to speak the rest—  
No need to quiet any fears  
Of her—who ask'd no reason why,  
But turn'd on me her quiet eye!

Yet *more* than worthy of the love  
My spirit struggled with, and strove,  
When, on the mountain peak alone,  
Ambition lent it a new tone—  
I had no being—but in thee:  
The world and all it did contain  
In the earth—the air—the sea—  
Its joy—its little lot of pain  
That was new pleasure—the ideal,  
Dim, vanities of dreams by night—  
And dimmer nothings which were real—  
(Shadows—and a more shadowy light!)  
Parted upon their misty wings,  
And so, confusedly, became  
Thine image and—a name—a name!  
Two separate—yet most intimate things.

I was ambitious—have you known  
The passion, father? You have not:

A cottager, I mark'd a throne  
Of half the world as all my own,  
    And murmur'd at such lowly lot—  
But, just like any other dream,  
    Upon the vapor of the dew  
My own had past, did not the beam  
    Of beauty which did while it thro'  
The minute—the hour—the day—oppress  
My mind with double loveliness.  
We walk'd together on the crown  
Of a high mountain which looked down  
Afar from its proud natural towers  
    Of rock and forest, on the hills—  
The dwindled hills! begirt with bowers  
    And shouting with a thousand rills.

I spoke to her of power and pride,  
    But mystically—in such guise  
That she might deem it nought beside  
    The moment's converse; in her eyes  
I read, perhaps too carelessly—  
    A mingled feeling with my own—  
The flush on her bright cheek, to me  
    Seem'd to become a queenly throne  
Too well that I should let it be  
    Light in the wilderness alone.

I wrapp'd myself in grandeur then,  
    And donn'd a visionary crown—  
Yet it was not that Fantasy  
    Had thrown her mantle over me—

But that, among the rabble—men,  
Lion Ambition is chain'd down—  
And crouches to a keeper's hand—  
Not so in deserts where the grand—  
The wild—the terrible conspire  
With their own breath to fan his fire.

Look 'round thee now on Samarcand!—  
Is she not queen of Earth? her pride  
Above all cities? in her hand  
Their destinies? in all beside  
Of glory which the world hath known  
Stands she not nobly and alone?  
Falling—her veriest stepping-stone  
Shall form the pedestal of a throne—  
And who her sovereign? Timour—he  
Whom the astonished people saw  
Striding o'er empires haughtily  
A diadem'd outlaw?

O. human love! thou spirit given,  
On Earth, of all we hope in Heaven!  
Which fall'st into the soul like rain  
Upon the Siroc-withered plain,  
And failing in thy power to bless,  
But leav'st the heart a wilderness!  
Idea! which bindest life around  
With music of so strange a sound  
And beauty of so wild a birth—  
Farewell! for I have won the earth.

When Hope, that eagle that tower'd, could see  
No cliff beyond him in the sky,  
His pinions were bent droopingly—  
And homeward turn'd his softened eye.  
'Twas sunset: when the sun will part  
There comes a sullenness of heart  
To him who still would look upon  
The glory of the summer sun.  
That soul will hate the ev'ning mist  
So often lovely, and will list  
To the sound of the coming darkness (known  
To those whose spirits hearken) as one  
Who, in a dream fo night, *would* fly,  
But *cannot*, from a danger nigh.

What tho' the moon—the white moon  
Shed all the splendor of her noon,  
*Her* smile is chilly—and *her* beam,  
In that time of dreariness, will seem  
(So like you gather in your breath)  
A portrait taken after death.  
And boyhood is a summer sun  
Whose waning is the dreariest one—  
For all we live to know is known  
And all we seek to keep hath flown—  
Let life, then, as the day-flower, fall  
With the noon-day beauty—which is a'1.  
I reach'd my home—my home no more—  
For all had flown who made it so.  
I passed from out its mossy door,

And, tho' my thread was soft and low  
 A voice came from the threshold stone  
 Of one whom I had earlier known—

O, I defy thee, Hell, to show  
 On beds of fire that burn below,  
 An humbler heart—a deeper wo.

Father, I firmly do believe—

I *know*—for Death who comes for me

From regions of the blest afar,  
 Where there is nothing to deceive,

Hath left his iron gate ajar,  
 And rays of truth you cannot see  
 Are flashing thro' Eternity—

I do believe that Eblis hath

A snare in every human path—

Else how, when in the holy grove

I wandered of the idol, Love,—

Who daily scents the snowy wings

With incense of burnt-offerings

From the most unpolluted things

Whose pleasant bowers are yet so riven

Above with trellis'd rays from Heaven

No mote may shun—no tiniest fly—

The light'ning of his eagle eye—

How was it that Ambition crept,

Unseen, amid the revels there,

Till growing bold, he laughed and leapt

In the tangles of Love's very hair ?

*A DREAM.*

IN visions of the dark night  
I have dreamed of joy departed—  
But a waking dream of life and light  
Hath left me broken-hearted.

Ah! what is not a dream by day  
To him whose eyes are cast  
On things around him with a ray  
Turned back upon the past?

That holy dream—that holy dream,  
While all the world were chiding,  
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam  
A lonely spirit guiding.

What though that light, thro' storm and night,  
So trembled from afar—  
What could there be more purely bright  
In Truth's day-star?

## ROMANCE.

ROMANCE, who loves to nod and sing,  
With drowsy head and folded wing,  
Among the green leaves as they shake  
Far down within some shadowy lake,  
To me a painted paroquet  
Hath been—a most familiar bird—  
Taught me my alphabet to say—  
To lisp my very earliest word  
While in the wild wood I did lie,  
A child—with a most knowing eye.  
Of late, eternal Condor years  
So shake the very Heaven on high  
With tumult as they thunder by,  
I have no time for idle cares  
Through gazing on the unquiet sky,  
And when an hour with calmer wings  
Its down upon my spirit flings—  
That little time with lyre and rhyme  
To while away—forbidden things!  
My heart would feel to be a crime  
Unless it trembled with the strings.



## *FAIRYLAND.*

DIM vales—and shadowy floods—  
And cloudy-looking woods,  
Whose forms we can't discover  
For the tears that drip all over  
Huge moons there wax and wane—  
Again—again—again—  
Every moment of the night—  
For ever changing places—  
And they put out the star-light  
With the breath from their pale faces.  
About twelve by the moon-dial  
One more filmy than the rest  
(A kind which, upon trial,  
They have found to be the best)  
Comes down—still down—and down  
With its centre on the crown  
Of a mountain's eminence,  
While its wide circumference  
In easy drapery falls  
Over hamlets, over halls,  
Wherever they may be—  
O'er the strange woods—o'er the sea—

Over spirits on the wing—  
Over every drowsy thing—  
And buries them up quite  
In a labyrinth of light—  
And then how deep!—O, deep!  
Is the passion of their sleep.  
In the morning they arise,  
And their moony covering  
Is soaring in the skies,  
With the tempests as they toss,  
Like—almost any thing—  
Or a yellow Albatross.  
They use that moon no more  
For the same end as before—  
Videlicet a tent—  
Which I think extravagant.  
Its atomies, however,  
Into a shower dissever,  
Of which those butterflies  
Of Earth, who seek the skies,  
And so come down again  
(Never-contented things!)  
Have brought a specimen  
Upon their quivering wings.

TO —.

THE bowers whereat, in dreams, I see  
The wantonest singing birds,  
Are lips—and all thy melody  
Of lip-begotten words—

Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart enshrined  
Then desolately fall,  
O God! on my funereal mind  
Like starlight on a pall—

Thy heart—*thy* heart!—I wake and sigh,  
And sleep to dream till day  
Of the truth that gold can never buy—  
Of the baubles that it may.

*TO THE RIVER* —.

FAIR river! in thy bright, clear flow  
Of crystal, wandering water,  
Thou art an emblem of the glow  
Of beauty—the unhidden heart—  
The playful mazziness of art  
In old Alberto's dauhtger;

But when within thy wave she looks—  
Which glistens then, and trembles—  
Why, then, the prettiest of brooks  
Her worshipper resembles;  
For in his heart, as in thy stream,  
Her image deeply lies—  
His heart which trembles at the beam  
Of her soul-searching eyes.

*THE LAKE. TO —.*

IN spring of youth it was my lot  
To haunt of the wide world a spot  
The which I could not love the less—  
So lovely was the loneliness  
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound,  
And the tall pines that towered around.  
But when the Night had thrown her pall

Upon that spot, as upon all,  
And the mystic wind went by  
Murmuring in melody—  
Then—ah, then, I would awake  
To the terror of the lone lake.  
Yet that terror was not fright,  
But a tremulous delight—  
A feeling not the jewelled mine  
Could teach or bribe me to define  
Nor Love—although the Love were thine.  
Death was in that poisonous wave,  
And in its gulf a fitting grave  
For him who thence could solace bring  
To his lone imagining—  
Whose solitary soul could make  
An Eden of that dim lake.

## SONG.

I SAW thee on thy bridal day—  
When a burning blush came o'er thee.  
Though happiness around thee lay,  
The world all love before thee:

And in thine eye a kindling light  
(Whatever it might be)  
Was all on Earth my aching sight  
Of Loveliness could see.

That blush, perhaps, was maiden shame—  
As such it well may pass—  
Though its glow hath raised a fiercer flame  
In the breast of him, alas!

Who saw thee on that bridal day,  
When that deep blush *would* come o'er thee,  
Though happiness around thee lay,  
The world all love before thee.

LATER POEMS.





## A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

TAKE this kiss upon the brow!  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow—  
You are not wrong, who deem  
That my days have been a dream;  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less *gone*?  
*All* that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand—  
How few! yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep—while I weep!  
O God! can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! can I not save  
*One* from the pitiless wave?  
Is *all* that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?

## *THE BELLS.*

### I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—  
    Silver bells!  
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!  
    How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
        In the icy air of night!  
While the stars, that oversprinkle  
All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
    With a crystalline delight;  
    Keeping time, time, time,  
    In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells  
    From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
        Bells, bells, bells—  
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

### II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,  
    Golden bells!  
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night  
How they ring out their delight!  
From the molten-golden notes,  
And all in tune,  
What a liquid ditty floats  
To the turtledove that listens, while she gloats  
On the moon!  
Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!  
How it swells!  
How it dwells  
On the Future! how it tells  
Of the rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing  
Of the bells, bells, bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

## III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—  
Brazen bells!  
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright!  
Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek,  
    Out of tune,  
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic  
    fire,  
    Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
    With a desperate desire,  
And a resolute endeavor  
    Now—now to sit or never,  
By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
    Oh, the bells, bells, bells!  
    What a tale their terror tells  
        Of Despair!  
    How they clang, and clash, and roar!  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air!  
    Yet the ear it fully knows,  
    By the twanging,  
    And the clanging,  
    How the danger ebbs and flows;  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
    In the jangling  
    And the wrangling,  
How the danger sinks and swells,  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the  
    bells—  
        Of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
    Bells, bells, bells,—  
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells

## IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—

Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody  
compels!

In the silence of the night,  
How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—

They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone—

They are neither man nor woman—

They are neither brute or human—

They are Ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A pæan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells!

And he dances and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
    To the pæan of the bells—  
        Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
    To the throbbing of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells—  
    To the sobbing of the bells;

Keeping time, time, time,  
    As he knells, knells, knells,  
In a happy Runic rhyme,  
    To the rolling of the bells,—  
Of the bells, bells, bells,—

    To the tolling of the bells,  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
    Bells, bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

## TO HELEN.

I SAW thee once—once only—years ago:  
I must not say *how* many—but *not* many.  
It was a July midnight; and from out  
A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul,  
    soaring,  
Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,  
There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,  
With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,  
Upon the upturn'd faces of a thousand  
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,  
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe—  
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses  
That gave out, in return for the love-light,  
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death—  
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses  
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted  
By thee, and by the poetry of thy presence.  
Clad all in white, upon a violet bank  
I saw thee half-reclining; while the moon  
Fell on the upturn'd faces of the roses,  
And on thine own, upturn'd—alas! in sorrow!

Was it not Fate, that, on this July midnight—  
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow),  
That bade me pause before that garden gate,  
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?  
No footstep stirred: the hated world all slept,  
Save only thee and me—(O Heaven!—O God!  
How my heart beats in coupling those two words!)  
Save only thee and me. I paused—I looked—  
And in an instant all things disappeared.  
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!)  
The pearly lustre of the moon went out:  
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,  
The happy flowers and the repining trees,  
Were seen no more: the very roses' odors  
Died in the arms of the adoring airs.  
All—all expired save thee—save less than thou:  
Save only the divine light in thine eyes—  
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.  
I saw but them—they were the world to me.  
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—  
Saw only them until the moon went down.  
What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten  
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres!  
How dark a wo! yet how sublime a hope!  
How silently serene a sea of pride!  
How daring an ambition! yet how deep-  
How fathomless a capacity for love!

But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight,  
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud;



And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees  
Didst glide away. *Only thine eyes remained.*  
They *would not go*—they never yet have gone.  
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,  
*They have not left me* (as my hopes have) since.  
They follow me—they lead me through the years.  
They are my ministers—yet I their slave.  
Their office is to illumine and enkindle—  
My duty, *to be saved* by their bright light,  
And purified in their electric fire,  
And sanctified in their elysian fire.  
They fill my soul with Beauty (which is Hope),  
And are far up in Heaven—the stars I kneel to  
In the sad, silent watches of my night ;  
While even in the meridian glare of day  
I see them still—two sweetly scintillant  
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun !

## A VALENTINE.

FOR her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous  
eyes,

Brightly expressive of the twins of Leda,  
Shall find her own sweet name, that, nestling lies

Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.  
Search narrowly the lines!—they hold a treasure

Divine—a talisman—an amulet  
That must be worn *at heart*. Search well the  
measure—

The words—the syllables! Do not forget  
The trivialest point, or you may lose your labor!

And yet there is in this no Gordian knot  
Which one might not undo without a sabre,  
If one could merely comprehend the plot.

(To discover the names in this and the following poem, read the first letter of the first line in connection with the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, the fourth of the fourth, and so on to the end. It has not been thought necessary to retain the American spelling, *Læda* for *Leda*.)

Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering  
Eyes scintillating soul, there lie *perdus*  
Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing  
Of poets by poets—as the name is a poet's too.  
Its letters, although naturally lying  
Like the knight Pinto—Mendez Ferdinando—  
Still form a synonym for Truth—Cease trying!  
You will not read the riddle, though you do the  
best you *can* do.

## AN ENIGMA.

“SELDOM we find,” says Solomon Don Duce,  
“Half an idea in the profoundest sonnet.  
Through all the flimsy things we see at once  
As easily as through a Naples bonnet—  
Trash of all trash!—how *can* a lady don it?  
Yet heavier far than your Petrarchan stuff—  
Owl-downy nonsense that the faintest puff  
Twirls into trunk-paper the while you con it.”  
And, veritably, Sol is right enough.  
The general tuckermanities are arrant  
Bubbles—ephemeral and *so* transparent—  
But *this* is, now—you may depend upon it—  
Stable, opaque, immortal—all by d'nt  
Of the dear names that lie concealed within't.

TO — —.

Not long ago, the writer of these lines,  
In the mad pride of intellectuality,  
Maintained "the power of words"—denied that  
ever

A thought arose within the human brain  
Beyond the utterance of the human tongue:  
And now, as if in mockery of that boast,  
Two words—two foreign soft dissyllables—  
Italian tones, made only to be murmured  
By angels dreaming in the moonlit "dew  
That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill,"—  
Have stirred from out the abysses of his heart,  
Unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of  
thought,

Richer, far wilder, far diviner visions  
Than even the seraph harper, Israfel,  
(Who has "the sweetest voice of all God's crea-  
tures"),

Could hope to utter. And I! my spells are broken.  
The pen falls powerless from my shivering hand.  
With thy dear name as text, though bidden by thee,  
I cannot write—I cannot speak or think—  
Alas, I cannot feel; for 'tis not feeling,

This standing motionless upon the golden  
Threshold of the wide-open gate of dreams,  
Gazing, entranced, adown the gorgeous vista,  
And thrilling as I see, upon the right,  
Upon the left, and all the way along,  
Amid empurpled vapors, far away  
To where the prospect terminates—*thee only*.

## *TO MY MOTHER.*

BECAUSE I feel that, in the Heavens above,  
The angels, whispering to one another,  
Can find, among their burning terms of love,  
None so devotional as that of "Mother,"  
Therefore by that dear name I long have called  
you--

You who are more than mother unto me,  
And fill my heart of hearts, where Death in-  
stalled you,

In setting my Virginia's spirit free.  
My mother--my own mother, who died early,  
Was but the mother of myself; but you  
Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,  
And thus are dearer than the mother I knew  
By that infinity with which my wife  
Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.

## *ELDORADO.*

GAILY bedight,  
A gallant knight,  
In sunshine and in shadow,  
Had journeyed long,  
Singing a song,  
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—  
This knight so bold—  
And o'er his heart a shadow  
Fell as he found  
No spot of ground  
That looked like Eldorado.

And as his strength  
Failed him at length,  
He met a pilgrim shadow—  
“Shadow,” said he,  
“Where can it be—  
This land of Eldorado?”



“ Over the Mountains  
Of the Moon,  
Down the Valley of the Shadow,  
Ride, boldly ride,”  
The shade replied,—  
“ If you seek for Eldorado!”

TO —.

I HEED not that my earthly lot  
Hath—little of Earth in it—  
That years of love have been forgot  
In the hatred of a minute:—  
I mourn not that the desolate  
Are happier, sweet, than I,  
But that *you* sorrow for *my* fate  
Who am a passer-by.

*TO M. L. S—.*

OF all who hail thy presence as the morning—  
Of all to whom thine absence is the night—  
The blotting utterly from out high heaven  
The sacred sun—of all who, weeping, bless thee  
Hourly for hope—for life—ah! above all,  
For the resurrection of deep-buried faith  
In Truth—in Virtue—in Humanity—  
Of all who, on Despair's unhallowed bed  
Lying down to die, have suddenly arisen  
At thy soft-murmured words, "Let there be  
light!"

At the soft-murmured words that were fulfilled  
In the seraphic glancing of thine eyes—  
Of all who owe thee most—whose gratitude  
Nearest resembles worship—oh, remember  
The truest—the most fervently devoted,  
And think that these weak lines are written by  
him—

By him who, as he pens them, thrills to think  
His spirit is communing with an angel's.

*FOR ANNIE.*

THANK Heaven! the crisis—  
The danger is past,  
And the lingering illness  
Is over at last—  
And the fever called “Living”  
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know  
I am shorn of my strength,  
And no muscle I move  
As I lie at full length—  
But no matter!—I feel  
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly,  
Now, in my bed,  
That any beholder  
Might fancy me dead—  
Might start at beholding me,  
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,  
The sighing and sobbing,  
Are quieted now,  
With that horrible throbbing  
At heart:—ah, that horrible,  
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness—the nausea—  
The pitiless pain—  
Have ceased, with the fever  
That maddened my brain—  
With the fever called “Living”  
That burned in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures  
*That* torture the worst  
Has abated--the terrible  
Torture of thirst,  
For the naphthaline river  
Of Passion accurst:—  
I have drank of a water  
That quenches all thirst:—

Of a water that flows,  
With a lullaby sound,  
From a spring but a very few  
Feet under ground—  
From a cavern not very far  
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never  
Be foolishly said  
That my room it is gloomy  
And narrow my bed ;  
For man never slept  
In a different bed—  
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber  
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit  
Here blankly reposes,  
Forgetting, or never  
Regretting its roses—  
Its old agitations  
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly  
Lying, it fancies  
A holier odor  
About it, of pansies—  
A rosemary odor,  
Commingled with pansies—  
With rue and the beautiful  
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,  
Bathing in many  
A dream of the truth  
And the beauty of Annie—  
Drowned in a bath  
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,  
She fondly caressed,  
And then I fell gently  
To sleep on her breast—  
Deeply to sleep  
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished  
She covered me warm,  
And she prayed to the angels  
To keep me from harm—  
To the queen of the angels  
To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly,  
Now in my bed,  
(Knowing her love)  
That you fancy me dead—  
And I rest so contentedly,  
Now, in my bed,  
(With her love at my breast)  
That you fancy me dead—  
That you shudder to look at me,  
Thinking me dead:—

But my heart it is brighter  
Than all of the many  
Stars in the sky,

For it sparkles with Annie—  
It glows with the light—  
Of the love of my Annie—  
With the thought of the light  
Of the eyes of my Annie.



## *ULALUME.*

THE skies they were ashen and sober ;  
The leaves they were crisped and sere—  
The leaves they were withering and sere ;  
It was night in the lonesome October  
Of my most immemorial year ;  
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,  
In the misty mid region of Weir—  
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,  
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,  
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—  
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.  
These were days when my heart was volcanic  
As the scoriac rivers that roll—  
As the lavas that restlessly roll  
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek  
In the ultimate climes of the pole—  
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek  
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,  
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—  
Our memories were treacherous and sere—

For we knew not the month was October,  
And we marked not the night of the year—  
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)  
We noted not the dim lake of Auber—  
(Though once we had journeyed down here)—  
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,  
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent  
And star-dials pointed to morn—  
As the star-dials hinted of morn—  
At the end of our path a liquescent  
And nebulous lustre was born,  
Out of which a miraculous crescent  
Arose with a duplicate horn—  
Astarte's bediamonded crescent  
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian:  
She rolls through an ether of sighs—  
She revels in a region of sighs:  
She has seen that the tears are not dry on  
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,  
And has come past the stars of the Lion  
To point us the path to the skies—  
To the Lethean peace of the skies—  
Come up, in despite of the Lion,  
To shine on us with her bright eyes—  
Come up through the lair of the Lion,  
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,  
Said—" Sadly this star I mistrust—  
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:—  
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!  
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."  
In terror she spoke, letting sink her  
Wings until they trailed in the dust—  
In agony sobbed, letting sink her  
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—  
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—" This is nothing but dreaming:  
Let us on by this tremulous light!  
Let us bathe in th's crystalline light!  
Its Sibyllic splendor is beaming  
With Hope and in Beauty to-night:—  
See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!  
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,  
And be sure it will lead us aright—  
We safely may trust to a gleaming  
That cannot but guide us aright,  
Since it flickers up to Heaven through the  
night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,  
And tempted her out of her gloom—  
And conquered her scruples and gloom;  
And we passed to the end of the vista,  
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—  
By the door of a legended tomb;

And I said—"What is written, sweet sister,  
On the door of this legended tomb?"  
She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—  
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober  
As the leaves that were crisped and sere—  
As the leaves that were withering and sere;  
And I cried—"It was surely October  
On *this* very night of last year  
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—  
That I brought a dread burden down here—  
On this night of all nights in the year,  
Ah! what demon has tempted me here?  
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—  
This misty mid region of Weir—  
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,  
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

## ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;  
And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,  
In this kingdom by the sea:  
But we loved with a love that was more than  
love—  
I and my ANNABEL LEE;  
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven  
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
In this kingdom by the sea,  
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling  
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;  
So that her highborn kinsmen came  
And bore her away from me,  
To shut her up in a sepulchre  
In this kingdom by the sea.

The ange's, not half so happy in heaven,  
Went envying her and me—  
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,  
In this kingdom by the sea)  
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,  
Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
Of those who were older than we—  
Of many far wiser than we—  
And neither the angels in heaven above,  
Nor the demons down under the sea,  
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams, without bringing  
me dreams  
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;  
And the stars never rise, but I feci the bright eyes  
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;  
And so, the all night-tide, I lie down by the side  
Of my darling,—my darling,—my life and my  
bride,  
In her sepulchre there by the sea,  
In her tomb by the side of the sea.

## THE POETIC PRINCIPLE.

IN speaking of the Poetic Principle, I have no design to be either thorough or profound. While discussing very much at random the essentiality of what we call Poetry, my principal purpose will be to cite for consideration some few of those minor English or American poems which best suit my own taste, or which, upon my own fancy, have left the most definite impression. By "minor poems" I mean, of course, poems of little length. And here, in the beginning, permit me to say a few words in regard to a somewhat peculiar principle, which, whether rightfully or wrongfully, has always had its influence in my own critical estimate of the poem. I hold that a long poem does not exist. I maintain that the phrase, "a long poem," is simply a flat contradiction in terms.

I need scarcely observe that a poem deserves its title only inasmuch as it excites, by elevating the soul. The value of the poem is in the ratio of this elevating excitement. But all excitements are, through a psychal necessity, transient. That degree of excitement which would entitle a poem to be so called at all, cannot be sustained throughout a composition of any great length. After the lapse of half an hour, at the very utmost, it flags—fails—

a revulsion ensues—and then the poem is, in effect, and in fact, no longer such.

There are, no doubt, many who have found difficulty in reconciling the critical dictum that the "Paradise Lost" is to be devoutly admired throughout, with the absolute impossibility of maintaining for it, during perusal, the amount of enthusiasm which that critical dictum would demand. This great work, in fact, is to be regarded as poetical only when, losing sight of that vital requisite in all works of Art, Unity, we view it merely as a series of minor poems. If, to preserve its Unity—its totality of effect or impression—we read it (as would be necessary) at a single sitting, the result is but a constant alternation of excitement and depression. After a passage of what we feel to be true poetry, there follows, inevitably, a passage of platitude which no critical prejudgment can force us to admire; but if, upon completing the work, we read it again, omitting the first book—that is to say, commencing with the second—we shall be surprised at now finding that admirable which we before condemned—that damnable which we had previously so much admired. It follows from all this that the ultimate, aggregate, or absolute effect of even the best epic under the sun, is a nullity—and this is precisely the fact.

In regard to the *Iliad*, we have, if not positive proof, at least very good reason, for believing it intended as a series of lyrics; but, granting the



epic intention, I can say only that the work is based in an imperfect sense of Art. The modern epic is, of the supposititious ancient model, but an inconsiderate and blindfold imitation. But the day of these artistic anomalies is over. If, at any time, any very long poem *were* popular in reality—which I doubt—it is at least clear that no very long poem will ever be popular again.

That the extent of a poetical work is, *ceteris paribus*, the measure of its merit, seems undoubtedly, when we thus state it, a proposition sufficiently absurd—yet we are indebted for it to the Quarterly Reviews. Surely there can be nothing in mere *size*, abstractly considered—there can be nothing in mere *bulk*, so far as a volume is concerned, which has so continuously elicited admiration from these saturnine pamphlets! A mountain, to be sure, by the mere sentiment of physical magnitude which it conveys, *does* impress us with a sense of the sublime—but no man is impressed after *this* fashion by the material grandeur of even “The Columbiad.” Even the Quarterlies have not instructed us to be so impressed by it. *As yet*, they have not *insisted* on our estimating Lamartine by the cubic foot, or Pollock by the pound—but what else are we to *infer* from their continual prating about “sustained effort”? If, by “sustained effort,” any little gentleman has accomplished an epic, let us frankly commend him for the effort—if this indeed be a thing commendable—but let us

forbear praising the epic on the effort's account. It is to be hoped that common sense, in the time to come, will prefer deciding upon a work of Art rather by the impression it makes—by the effect it produces—than by the time it took to impress the effect, or by the amount of “sustained effort” which had been found necessary in effecting the impression. The fact is, that perseverance is one thing and genius quite another—nor can all the Quarterlies in Christendom confound them. By and by, this proposition, with many which I have been just urging, will be received as self-evident. In the meantime, by being generally condemned as falsities, they will not be essentially damaged as truths.

On the other hand, it is clear that a poem may be improperly brief. Undue brevity degenerates into mere epigrammatism. A *very* short poem, while now and then producing a brilliant or vivid, never produces a profound or enduring, effect. There must be the steady pressing down of the stamp upon the wax. De Béranger has wrought innumerable things, pungent and spirit-stirring, but in general they have been too imponderous to stamp themselves deeply into the public attention, and thus, as so many feathers of fancy, have been blown aloft only to be whistled down the wind.

A remarkable instance of the effect of undue brevity in depressing a poem, in keeping it out of the popular view, is afforded by the following exquisite little Serenade :—

I arise from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright.  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Has led me—who knows how?—  
To thy chamber-window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark the silent stream—  
The champak odors fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart,  
As I must die on thine,  
O, beloved as thou art!

O, lift me from the grass!  
I die, I faint, I fail!  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale.  
My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
My heart beats loud and fast:  
O! press it close to thine again,  
Where it will break at last!

Very few perhaps are familiar with these lines, yet no less a poet than Shelley is their author. Their warm, yet delicate and ethereal imagination will be appreciated by all, but by none so

thoroughly as by him who has himself arisen from sweet dreams of one beloved to bathe in the aromatic air of a southern midsummer night.

One of the finest poems by Willis, the very best in my opinion which he has ever written, has no doubt, through this same defect of undue brevity, been kept back from its proper position, not less in the critical than in the popular view :—

The shadows lay along Broadway,  
'Twas near the twilight-tide—  
And slowly there a lady fair  
Was walking in her pride.  
Alone walk'd she ; but, viewlessly,  
Walk'd spirits at her side.

Peace charm'd the street beneath her feet,  
And Honor charm'd the air ;  
And all astir looked kind on her,  
And called her good as fair—  
For all God ever gave to her  
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare  
From lovers warm and true—  
For heart was cold to all but gold,  
And the rich came not to woo—  
But honor'd well her charms to sell,  
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—  
A slight girl, lily-pale ;  
And she had unseen company  
To make the spirit quail—  
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walk'd forlorn,  
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow  
From this world's peace to pray,  
For as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,  
Her woman's heart gave way !—  
But the sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven,  
By man is cursed away !

In this composition we find it difficult to recognize the Willis who has written so many mere "verses of society." The lines are not only richly ideal but full of energy, while they breathe an earnestness, an evident sincerity of sentiment, for which we look in vain throughout all the other works of this author.

While the epic mania, while the idea that to merit in poetry prolixity is indispensable, has for some years past been gradually dying out of the public mind, by mere dint of its own absurdity, we find it succeeded by a heresy too palpably false to be long tolerated, but one which, in the brief period it has already endured, may be said to have accomplished more in the corruption of our Poetical Literature than all its other enemies combined. I allude to

the heresy of *The Didactic*. It has been assumed, tacitly and avowedly, directly and indirectly, that the ultimate object of all Poetry is Truth. Every poem, it is said, should inculcate a moral, and by this moral is the poetical merit of the work to be adjudged. We Americans especially have patronized this happy idea, and we Bostonians very especially have developed it in full. We have taken it into our heads that to write a poem simply for the poem's sake, and to acknowledge such to have been our design, would be to confess ourselves radically wanting in the true poetic dignity and force:—but the simple fact is that would we but permit ourselves to look into our own souls we should immediately there discover that under the sun there neither exists nor *can* exist any work more thoroughly dignified, more supremely noble, than this very poem, this poem *per se*, this poem which is a poem and nothing more, this poem written solely for the poem's sake.

With as deep a reverence for the True as ever inspired the bosom of man, I would nevertheless limit, in some measure, its modes of inculcation. I would limit to enforce them. I would not enfeeble them by dissipation. The demands of Truth are severe. She has no sympathy with the myrtles. All *that* which is so indispensable in Song is precisely all *that* with which *she* has nothing whatever to do. It is but making her a flaunting paradox to wreath her in gems and flowers. In enforcing a

truth we need severity rather than efflorescence of language. We must be simple, precise, terse. We must be cool, calm, unimpassioned. In a word, we must be in that mood which, as nearly as possible, is the exact converse of the poetical. *He* must be blind indeed who does not perceive the radical and chasmal difference between the truthful and the poetical modes of inculcation. He must be theory-mad beyond redemption who, in spite of these differences, shall still persist in attempting to reconcile the obstinate oils and waters of Poetry and Truth.

Dividing the world of mind into its three most immediately obvious distinctions, we have the Pure Intellect, Taste, and the Moral Sense. I place Taste in the middle because it is just this position which in the mind it occupies. It holds intimate relations with either extreme; but from the Moral Sense is separated by so faint a difference that Aristotle has not hesitated to place some of its operations among the virtues themselves. Nevertheless we find the *offices* of the trio marked with a sufficient distinction. Just as the Intellect concerns itself with Truth, so Taste informs us of the Beautiful, while the Moral Sense is regardful of Duty. Of this latter, while Conscience teaches the obligation, and Reason the expediency, Taste contents herself with displaying the charms, waging war upon Vice solely on the ground of her deformity, her disproportion, her animosity to the fitting,

to the appropriate, to the harmonious, in a word, to Beauty.

An immortal instinct deep within the spirit of man is thus plainly a sense of the Beautiful. This it is which administers to his delight in the manifold forms, and sounds, and odors, and sentiments amid which he exists. And just as the lily is repeated in the lake, or the eyes of Amaryllis in the mirror, so is the mere oral or written repetition of these forms, and sounds, and colors, and odors, and sentiments a duplicate source of delight. But this mere repetition is not poetry. He who shall simply sing, with however glowing enthusiasm, or with however vivid a truth of description, of the sights, and sounds, and odors, and colors, and sentiments which greet *him* in common with all mankind—he, I say, has yet failed to prove his divine title. There is still a something in the distance which he has been unable to attain. We have still a thirst unquenchable, to allay which he has not shown us the crystal springs. This thirst belongs to the immortality of Man. It is at once a consequence and an indication of his perennial existence. It is the desire of the moth for the star. It is no mere appreciation of the Beauty before us, but a wild effort to reach the Beauty above. Inspired by an ecstatic prescience of the glories beyond the grave, we struggle by multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of Time to attain a portion of that Loveliness whose very elements perhaps apper-



tain to eternity alone. And thus when by Poetry, or when by Music, the most entrancing of the poetic moods, we find ourselves melted into tears, we weep then, not as the Abbate Gravina supposes, through excess of pleasure, but through a certain petulant, impatient sorrow at our inability to grasp *now*, wholly, here on earth, at once and for ever, those divine and rapturous joys of which *through* the poem, or *through* the music, we attain but brief and indeterminate glimpses.

To struggle to apprehend the supernal Loveliness—this struggle, on the part of souls fittingly constituted—has given to the world all *that* which it (the world) has ever been enabled at once to understand and to *feel* as poetic.

The Poetic Sentiment, of course, may develop itself in various modes—in Painting, in Sculpture, in Architect, in the Dance—very especially in Music—and very peculiarly, and with a wide field, in the composition of the Landscape Garden. Our present theme, however, has regard only to its manifestation in words. And here let me speak briefly on the topic of rhythm. Contenting myself with the certainty that Music, in its various modes of metre, rhythm, and rhyme, is of so vast a moment in Poetry as never to be wisely rejected—is so vitally important an adjunct, that he is simply silly who declines its assistance, I will not now pause to maintain its absolute essentiality. It is in Music perhaps that the soul most nearly attains the

great end for which, when inspired by the Poetic Sentiment, it struggles—the creation of supernal Beauty. It *may* be, indeed, that here this sublime end is, now and then, attained in *fact*. We are often made to feel, with a shivering delight, that from an earthly harp are stricken notes which *cannot* have been unfamiliar to the angels. And thus there can be little doubt that in the union of Poetry with Music in its popular sense, we shall find the widest field for the Poetic development. The old Bards and Minnesingers had advantages which we do not possess—and Thomas Moore, singing his own songs, was, in the most legitimate manner, perfecting them as poems.

To recapitulate then :—I would define, in brief, the Poetry of words as *The Rythmical Creation of Beauty*. Its sole arbiter is Taste. With the Intellect or with the Conscience it has only collateral relations. Unless incidentally, it has no concern whatever either with Duty or with Truth.

A few words, however, in explanation. *That* pleasure which is at once the most pure, the most elevating, and the most intense, is derived, I maintain, from the contemplation of the Beautiful. In the contemplation of Beauty we alone find it possible to attain that pleasurable elevation, or excitement *of the soul*, which we recognize as the Poetic Sentiment, and which is so easily distinguished from Truth, which is the satisfaction of the Reason, or from Passion, which is the excite-

ment of the Heart. I make Beauty, therefore—using the word as inclusive of the sublime—I make Beauty the province of the poem, simply because it is an obvious rule of Art that effects should be made to spring as directly as possible from their causes:—no one as yet having been weak enough to deny that the peculiar elevation in question is at least *most readily* attainable in the poem. It by no means follows, however, that the incitements of Passion, or the precepts of Duty, or even the lessons of Truth, may not be introduced into a poem, and with advantage; for they may subserve incidentally, in various ways, the general purposes of the work: but the true artist will always contrive to tone them down in proper subjection to that *Beauty* which is the atmosphere and the real essence of the poem.

I cannot better introduce the few poems which I shall present for your consideration, than by the citation of the Proem to Longfellow's "Waif:"—

The day is done, and the darkness  
 Falls from the wings of Night,  
 As a feather is wafted downward  
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
 Glean through the rain and the mist,  
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me,  
 That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling;  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor ;  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start ;

Who through long days of labor,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
And the cares that infest the day  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

With no great range of imagination, these lines have been justly admired for their delicacy of expression. Some of the images are very effective. Nothing can be better than—

—————the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Down the corridors of Time.

The idea of the last quatrain is also very effective. The poem on the whole, however, is chiefly to be admired for the graceful *insouciance* of its metre, so well in accordance with the character of the sentiments, and especially for the *ease* of the general manner. This "ease" or naturalness, in a

literary style, it has long been the fashion to regard as ease in appearance alone—as a point of really difficult attainment. But not so:—a natural manner is difficult only to him who should never meddle with it—to the unnatural. It is but the result of writing with the understanding, or with the instinct, that *the tone*, in composition, should always be that which the mass of mankind would adopt—and must perpetually vary, of course, with the occasion. The author who, after the fashion of *The North American Review*, should be upon *all* occasions merely “quiet,” must necessarily upon *many* occasions be simply silly, or stupid; and has no more right to be considered “easy” or “natural” than a Cockney exquisite, or than the sleeping Beauty in the waxworks.

Among the minor poems of Bryant, none has so much impressed me as the one which he entitles “June.” I quote only a portion of it:—

There, through the long, long summer hours,  
The golden light should lie,  
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers  
Stand in their beauty by.  
The oriole should build and tell  
His love-tale, close beside my cell;  
The idle butterfly  
Should rest him there, and there be heard  
The housewife bee and humming bird.

And what, if cheerful shouts at noon,  
Come, from the village sent,  
Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,  
With fairy laughter blent ?  
And what if, in the evening light,  
Betrothed lovers walk in sight  
Of my low monument ?  
I would the lovely scene around  
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see  
The season's glorious show,  
Nor would its brightness shine for me ;  
Nor its wild music flow ;  
But if, around my place of sleep,  
The friends I love should come to weep,  
They might not haste to go.  
Soft airs and song, and light and bloom,  
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their soften'd hearts should bear  
The thought of what has been,  
And speak of one who cannot share  
The gladness of the scene ;  
Whose part in all the pomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills,  
Is—that his grave is green ;  
And deeply would their hearts rejoice  
To hear again his living voice.

The rhythmical flow here is even voluptuous—nothing could be more melodious. The poem has always affected me in a remarkable manner. The intense melancholy which seems to well up, perforce, to the surface of all the poet's cheerful sayings about his grave, we find thrilling us to the soul—while there is the truest poetic elevation in the thrill. The impression left is one of a pleasurable sadness. And if, in the remaining compositions which I shall introduce to you, there be more or less of a similar tone always apparent, let me remind you that (how or why we know not) this certain taint of sadness is inseparably connected with all the higher manifestations of true Beauty. It is, nevertheless,

A feeling of sadness and longing  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.

The taint of which I speak is clearly perceptible even in a poem so full of brilliancy and spirit as "The Health" of Edward Coote Pinkney:—

I fill this cup to one made up  
Of loveliness alone,  
A woman, of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragou ;



To whom the better elements  
And kindly stars have given  
A form so fair that, like the air,  
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,  
Like those of morning birds,  
And something more than melody  
Dwells ever in her words ;  
The coinage of her heart are they,  
And from her lips each flows  
As one may see the burden'd bee  
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,  
The measures of her hours ;  
Her feelings have the fragrancy,  
The freshness of young flowers ;  
And lovely passions, changing oft,  
So fill her, she appears  
The image of themselves by turns,—  
The idol of past years !

Of her bright face one glance will trace  
A picture on the brain,  
And of her voice in echoing hearts  
A sound must long remain ;  
But memory, such as mine of her,  
So very much endears,  
When death is nigh my latest sigh  
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill'd this cup to one made up  
Of loveliness alone,  
A woman, of her gentle sex  
The seeming paragon—  
Her health ! and would on earth there stood,  
Some more of such a frame,  
That life might be all poetry,  
And weariness a name.

It was the misfortune of Mr. Pinkney to have been born too far south. Had he been a New Englander, it is probable that he would have been ranked as the first of American lyrists by that magnanimous cabal which has so long controlled the destinies of American Letters, in conducting the thing called *The North American Review*. The poem just cited is especially beautiful ; but the poetic elevation which it induces we must refer chiefly to our sympathy in the poet's enthusiasm. We pardon his hyperboles for the evident earnestness with which they are uttered.

It was by no means my design, however, to expatiate upon the *merits* of what I should read you. These will necessarily speak for themselves. Boccalini, in his *Advertisements from Parnassus*, tells us that Zoilus once presented Apollo a very caustic criticism upon a very admirable book :—whereupon the god asked him for the beauties of the work. He replied that he only busied himself about the errors. On hearing this, Apollo, hand-

ing him a sack of unwinnowed wheat, bade him pick out *all the chaff* for his reward.

Now this fable answers very well as a hit at the critics—but I am by no means sure that the god was in the right. I am by no means certain that the true limits of the critical duty are not grossly misunderstood. Excellence, in a poem especially, may be considered in the light of an axiom, which need only be properly *put*, to become self-evident. It is *not* excellence if it require to be demonstrated as such:—and thus to point out too particularly the merits of a work of Art, is to admit that they are *not* merits altogether.

Among the “Melodies” of Thomas Moore is one whose distinguished character as a poem proper seems to have been singularly left out of view. I allude to his lines beginning—“Come, rest in this bosom.” The intense energy of their expression is not surpassed by anything in Byron. There are two of the lines in which a sentiment is conveyed that embodies the *all in all* of the Divine passion of Love—a sentiment which, perhaps, has found its echo in more, and in more passionate, human hearts than any other single sentiment ever embodied in words:—

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,  
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is  
still here ;

Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o’ercast,  
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same  
Through joy and through torment, through glory  
and shame?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,  
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,  
And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—  
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to  
pursue,  
And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there  
too!

It has been the fashion of late days to deny Moore Imagination, while granting him Fancy—a distinction originating with Coleridge—than whom no man more fully comprehended the great powers of Moore. The fact is, that the fancy of this poet so far predominates over all his other faculties, and over the fancy of all other men, as to have induced, very naturally, the idea that he is fanciful *only*. But never was there a greater mistake. Never was a grosser wrong done the fame of a true poet. In the compass of the English language I can call to mind no poem more profoundly—more weirdly *imaginative*, in the best sense, than the lines commencing—"I would I were by that dim lake"—which are the composition of Thomas Moore. I regret that I am unable to remember them.

One of the noblest—and, speaking of Fancy—

one of the most singularly fanciful of modern poets, was Thomas Hood. His "Fair Ines" had always for me an inexpressible charm :—

O saw ye not fair Ines ?

She's gone into the West,  
To dazzle when the sun is down,  
And rob the world of rest.  
She took our daylight with her,  
The smiles that we love best,  
With morning blushes on her cheek,  
And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,

Before the fall of night,  
For fear the moon should shine alone,  
And stars unrivall'd bright ;  
And blessed will the lover be  
That walks beneath their light,  
And breathes the love against thy cheek  
I dare not even write !

Would I had been, fair Ines,

That gallant cavalier,  
Who rode so gaily by thy side,  
And whisper'd thee so near !  
Were there no bonny dames at home,  
Or no true lovers here,  
That he should cross the seas to win  
The dearest of the dear ?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,  
Descend along the shore,  
With bands of noble gentlemen,  
And banners waved before ;  
And gentle youth and maidens gay,  
And snowy plumes they wore ;  
It would have been a beauteous dream,  
If it had been no more !

Alas, alas, fair Ines,  
She went away with song,  
With Music waiting on her steps,  
And shoutings of the throng ;  
But some were sad and felt no mirth,  
But only Music's wrong,  
In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell,  
To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,  
That vessel never bore  
So fair a lady on its deck,  
Nor danced so light before,—  
Alas for pleasure on the sea,  
And sorrow on the shore !  
The smile that blest one lover's heart  
Has broken many more !

“The Haunted House,” by the same author, is one of the truest poems ever written,—one of the *truest*, one of the most unexceptionable, one of the

most thoroughly artistic, both in its theme and in its execution. It is, moreover, powerfully ideal—imaginative. I regret that its length renders it unsuitable for the purposes of this lecture. In place of it permit me to offer the universally appreciated “*Bridge of Sighs* :”—

One more Unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate  
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;—  
Fashioned so slenderly,  
Young and so fair !

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements ;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing ;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully ;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly ;  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful ;  
Past all dishonor,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river :  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery  
Swift to be hurl'd—  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran,—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it,—think of it,



Dissolute man !  
Lave in it, drink of it  
Then, if you can !

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family—  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammily,  
Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses ;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?  
Who was her mother ?  
Had she a sister ?  
Had she a brother ?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun !  
Oh ! it was pitiful !  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none !

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly,  
Feelings had changed :  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence ;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Take her up tenderly ;  
Lift her with care ;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young and so fair !  
Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently,—kindly,—  
Smooth and compose  
    them ;  
And her eyes, close them,  
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring  
Through muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurred by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning iusanity,

Into her rest,—  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast !  
Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behavior,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour !

The vigor of this poem is no less remarkable than its pathos. The versification, although carrying the fanciful to the very verge of the fantastic, is nevertheless admirably adapted to the wild insanity which is the thesis of the poem.

Among the minor poems of Lord Byron is one which has never received from the critics the praise which it undoubtedly deserves :—

Though the day of my destiny's over,  
And the star of my fate hath declined,  
Thy soft heart refused to discover  
The faults which so many could find ;  
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,  
It shrunk not to share it with me,  
And the love which my spirit hath painted  
It never hath found but in *thee*.

Then when nature around me is smiling,  
The last smile which answers to mine,  
I do not believe it beguiling,  
Because it reminds me of thine ;

And when winds are at war with the ocean,  
As the breasts I believed in with me,  
If their billows excite an emotion,  
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,  
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
Though I feel that my soul is delivered  
To pain—it shall not be its slave.

There is many a pang to pursue me :  
They may crush, but they shall not contemn—  
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—  
'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,  
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,  
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,  
Though slandered, thou never couldst shake,—  
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,  
Though parted, it was not to fly,  
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,  
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
Nor the war of the many with one—  
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
'Twas folly not sooner to shun :  
And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
And more than I once could foresee,

I have found that whatever it lost me,  
It could not deprive me of *thee*.

From the wreck of the past, which hath perished,  
Thus much I at least may recall,  
It hath taught me that which I most cherished  
Deserved to be dearest of all :  
In the desert a fountain is springing,  
In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

Although the rhythm here is one of the most difficult, the versification could scarcely be improved. No nobler *theme* ever engaged the pen of poet. It is the soul-elevating idea that no man can consider himself entitled to complain of Fate while in his adversity he still retains the unwavering love of woman.

From Alfred Tennyson, although in perfect sincerity I regard him as the noblest poet that ever lived, I have left myself time to cite only a very brief specimen. I call him, and *think* him the noblest of poets, *not* because the impressions he produces are at *all* times the most profound—*not* because the poetical excitement which he induces is at *all* times the most intense—but because it is at all times the most ethereal—in other words, the most elevating and most pure. No poet is so little

of the earth, earthy. What I am about to read is from his last long poem, "The Princess :"—

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd  
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

Thus, although in a very cursory and imperfect manner, I have endeavored to convey to you my conception of the Poetic Principle. It has been my

purpose to suggest that, while this Principle itself is strictly and simply the Human Aspiration for Supernal Beauty, the manifestation of the Principle is always found in *an elevating excitement of the soul*, quite independent of that passion which is the intoxication of the Heart, or of that truth which is the satisfaction of the Reason. For, in regard to passion, alas! its tendency is to degrade rather than to elevate the soul. Love, on the contrary—Love—the true, the divine Eros—the Uranian as distinguished from the Dionæan Venus—is unquestionably the purest and truest of all poetical themes. And in regard to Truth, if, to be sure, through the attainment of a truth we are led to perceive a harmony where none was apparent before, we experience at once the true poetical effect; but this effect is referable to the harmony alone, and not in the least degree to the truth which merely served to render the harmony manifest.

We shall reach, however, more immediately a distinct conception of what the true Poetry is, by mere reference to a few of the simple elements which induce in the Poet himself the true poetical effect. He recognizes the ambrosia which nourishes his soul in the bright orbs that shine in Heaven, in the volutes of the flower, in the clustering of low shrubberies, in the waving of the grain-fields, in the slanting of tall eastern trees, in the blue distance of mountains, in the grouping of clouds, in the twinkling of half-hidden brooks, in the gleaming

of silver rivers, in the repose of sequestered lakes, in the star-mirroring depths of lonely wells. He perceives it in the songs of birds, in the harp of Æolus, in the sighing of the night-wind, in the repining voice of the forest, in the surf that complains to the shore, in the fresh breath of the woods, in the scent of the violet, in the voluptuous perfume of the hyacinth, in the suggestive odor that comes to him at eventide from far-distant undiscovered islands, over dim oceans, illimitable and unexplored. He owns it in all noble thoughts, in all unworldly motives, in all holy impulses, in all chivalrous, generous, and self-sacrificing deeds. He feels it in the beauty of woman, in the grace of her step, in the lustre of her eye, in the melody of her voice, in her soft laughter, in her sigh, in the harmony of the rustling of her robes. He deeply feels it in her winning endearments, in her burning enthusiasms, in her gentle charities, in her meek and devotional endurances, but above all, ah, far above all, he kneels to it, he worships it in the faith, in the purity, in the strength, in the altogether divine majesty of her *love*.

Let me conclude by the recitation of yet another brief poem, one very different in character from any that I have before quoted. It is by Motherwell, and is called "The Song of the Cavalier." With our modern and altogether rational ideas of the absurdity and impiety of warfare, we are not precisely in that frame of mind best adapted to sym-



pathize with the sentiments, and thus to appreciate the real excellence of the poem. To do this fully we must identify ourselves in fancy with the soul of the old cavalier :—

A steed ! a steed ! of matchless speede !  
A sword of metal keene !  
Al else to noble heartes is drosse—  
Al else on earth is meane.  
The neighynge of the war-horse prowde,  
The rowleing of the drum,  
The clangour of the trumpet lowde—  
Be soundes from heaven that come.  
And oh ! the thundering presse of knightes,  
When as their war-cryes welle,  
May tole from heaven an angel bright,  
And rowse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte ! then mounte, brave gallants all,  
And don your helmes amaine :  
Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honour, call  
Us to the field againe.  
No shrewish teares shall fill your eye  
When the sword-hilt's in our hand,—  
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sighe  
For the fayrest of the land ;  
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,  
Thus weepe and puling crye,  
Our business is like men to fight,  
And hero-like to die !

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