



FADED
LEAVES



Class PS1033

Book .A5F3

1872

with the kind regards of

L. S. Appleton -

March 2^d 1897



ERIK THE RED.

FADED LEAVES.



BOSTON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1872.

Ps 1039
.A5 F3
1872



Cambridge :

Press of John Wilson & Son.

852/41
06

To Father Time, THE BEST FRIEND OF US ALL, AND WHO
SO OFTEN TURNS FOR US HIS GLASS, AND IN PLACE OF
SAND OF THE DESERT, GIVES US DIAMOND SPARKS, THIS
HANDFUL OF FADED LEAVES IS FILIALLY DEDICATED.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MAY IN THE SWAN WOODS	1
THE CRUSADER'S WIFE	5
CECILIA	8
NAHANT BEACH	10
NAHANT	12
HOURS OF SUMMER.—To E. A.	16
SEASIDE	21
BEVERLY SHORE IN WINTER	24
NIAGARA	27
THE OLD HULK	31
GOAT ISLAND, NIAGARA	33
ISLE LAWRENCE	34
THE ADIRONDACKS	37
BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE	41
INTER VALLOS	42
A SUNBEAM.	44
THE CASCADE	45
LAUTERBRUNNEN.	
I.	48
II.	49
FROM THE HILL BEHIND THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPUS	50
THE CASTLE OF CLISSON	53

	PAGE
ALBANIA	56
THE RHINE NEAR BIBERICH.	59
A SNOW STORM	61
A CALM ON THE BANKS	63
ALLSTON'S ST. PETER IN PRISON.	67
YOUTH AND AGE	69
THE BLEST FUTURITY	72
W. A.	75
HELEN	79
MARY	82
TO HER	85
BOWLING	88
GROWL OF A DOUGFACE	90
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON	94
BEFORE THE WAR	95
HOW THE FOXGLOVE BECAME SPOTTED	98
TO A LADY WHO REGRETTED HER YOUTH	100
THE WIND.	102
THE MARKET GARDENER	104
THE MAGNETIZER TO THE MAGNETIZED. I.	108
THE MAGNETIZED TO THE MAGNETIZER. II.	113
TO ALICE	119
RALPH WALDO EMERSON	123
THE PAINTER.	124

Art Sonnets

I. A LION'S HEAD. — RUBENS	127
II. TROYON	128
III. COROT	129
IV. DIAZ	130
V. DECAMPS	131
VI. HUNT	132

CONTENTS.

ix

	PAGE
VII. SEA-SERPENT.—VEDDER	133
VIII. GAY	134
IX. KENSETT	135
X. CHURCH	136
XI. ROUSE	137
XII. ROGERS	138
JAPANESE ART.—A CABINET OF IVORY	139
FORCE	140
A PRESENCE	141
THE ELEVEN OF JUDEA AGAINST THE WORLD	144
THE VISION OF VERAGUA	145
ERIK THE RED	148

FADED LEAVES.

MAY IN THE SWAN WOODS.

1843.

NOT as where swoons the tranced lark
Over our dewy Mother Isle,
When May exiles the warming dark
With one intoxicating smile ;
Not as where hawthorn snows deride
December's coverlet of rime,
And the lush flowers conspire to hide
The brand of Earth's primeval crime ;
Where hangs along each lapsing stream,
As myrrh o'er some cathedral floor,
The golden crocus' heavy steam,
Each minute richer than before ;
Where song and odor bribe the hours,
Descendest thou, O May ! in this bleak clime of
ours.

Some pallid Power, instead of thee,
Sings through Morn's cage of golden wire
A doleful ditty fitfully,
Strains which depress and swift expire.
I look into the dewless air,
The sun-shafts fall, bright barbed, around ;
In the dead sky the branches bare
Stand, corpse-like, with the sunshine crowned.
I thirst, and find not by the brook
The savor of the sappy grass,
Its sifting waters have not shook
One flower bell through the vaulted pass ;
Swollen with snow, its languid sheet
Tumbles in sullen curves beside the maple's feet.

Reclined in Winter's magic trance,
Yon rock o'erlooks the shaded hill,
Musing with stony countenance
Upon its last Year's garlands still.
In whistling shreds around its brow,
They wail when cuffs the hardy wind,
Stung with the torture of the snow,
By Love untutored to be kind.

Yet, where the uncertain rays repose
All day upon the mellowing bank,
Through the sere twigs there faintly shows
Spring's vanguard, marching rank on rank.
Like elfin sworders, on they press,
Their green blades drawn in dauntless files,
Gilding the dreary duskiness,
Till, championed, May exults and pays them back
in smiles !

Wandering in the crackling wood,
The songless boughs repel my feet,
Not loving mortal should intrude,
To spy their winter-long defeat.
The dwarf oak clutches at me oft,
With skinny leaves which seem like hands ;
And round me, trailed o'er mosses soft,
The vines involve their twisted bands.
The robin from the granite wall
Clucks to the long delaying choir ;
And the thawed snake uncoils to crawl,
And bask his dappled coat of fire.

The snake unlocks his slimy jaws,
To hiss me forth from his retreat ;
And gaffer Robin maketh pause
To bid me from the wood, till now his silent seat.

THE CRUSADER'S WIFE.

WHERE ivy winds beside the tower,
The glancing swallows swim in air,
And shrivelled in the noon's bright hour
The olive droops beside the stair,
The turret-stair whence these wan eyes
Watched mingle with the darkening wood
His tossing plumes' retreating dyes,
And I gazed smote with widowhood.

Earl Godfrey's iron stride no more
Sends screaming from its painted perch
The peacock to the stony floor ;
In vain old Bevis bounds to search
His master's eye amid the throng
On Easter, when clean-vested trains
Their pious way with chants prolong
In pilgrimage across the plains.

These arrassed halls, these solemn courts,
Oppress me with their weight of pride ;
Each village girl, 'mid rural sports,
Saddens to see what smiles would hide.
Ah ! not for me their homely feats,
His arm sustaining me not here ;
Their simple mirth but more repeats
In memory how they once were dear.

Whole hours, till blinded by my tears,
My eyes implore the horizon round,
As balsam to corroding fears
Glimpse of his banner, arrow-crowned.
Its silk I shot with thread of gold,
A swooping falcon 'mid the blue,
And o'er it traced with finger cold,
"GOD GAVE OUR LOVE, GOD KEEP IT TRUE."

Ah ! let no unbeliever's hand
Trail in the dust that sacred scroll,
But may it lead our trustiest band,
And fly the battle's living soul.

Strong smite the brand beneath its shade,
A fellow to the cross below,
Which blazes where Earl Godfrey's blade,
Death's sickle, reaps the accursed foe !

My tambour frame is idle hung,
I have no heart now he's away,
Sad sitting my fair maids among,
To watch the glancing needles play.
No nun in more unworldly guise
Decks her unvalued charms than I ;
A voice to which no voice replies,
I mourn beneath the unpitying sky.

JUNE, 1843.

CECILIA.

TREMBLING to know that she is made so fair,
Cecilia lifts her blue eyes to the sun,
As by some lake shrinks from the wandering glare
A lily startled to be shone upon,
And paler grows to see herself below
 In maiden show.

An angel leans upon her soul to write
God's law supreme in characters of gold,
Its candid tablets lit with blessed light
Her daily duty and her life enfold.
A clasped missal bright with goodliest things
 And cherub wings.

I love not in the rank and gaudy row,
Where flowers of coarser mould and insolent dye
Are emulous, the lily's cup of snow ;
Nor, maiden, thee to note with timid eye
Before the shameless glitter of the crowd.

Oh ! be too proud !

Mock not the butterflies of mealy wing
In ball-rooms with that innocence of thine,
Nor on the heated air unvalued fling
Thy valley fragrance and thy bloom divine.
For thee the lifted hill where planets shed
Light round thy head !

I fancy thee Madonna-wise afar,
Deep in the unsunned twilight of a grove,
With folded palms contemplating a star,
And sending back again its looks of love ;
Crowned with its light, and Heaven within thine
eye
Fixed on the sky.

NAIIANT BEACH.

BEAUTIFUL Beach ! pure threshold to that Sea
Whose Summer voice was ever wont to shed
Round the boy's heart, by its wild witchery,
A spell that binds him till his life is wed
To Ocean's music. Soon his dream has fled.
That voice but knells for all he prized before :
Youth, dreams of life and love, all quenched in
Ocean's roar.

Yet have I found thee ever calm and fair,
Thy sunny cheek all dimples, and no frown
The sun's coy beam away from thee to scare.
Even the little ring-necks trust their down
Where billows crashing o'er them sweep to drown ;
Nor dost thou harm them, but, uplifting each
Like bubbles on thy breast, bear beyond danger's
reach.

And what so musical as is the Sea !
'Tis no monotony its changing tune
From deep-mouthed thunder on to sparkling glee.
And the choirs chanting to the abbess moon
Are never old ; the while the laughing June
Glasses therein the firmament, which glows
Redoubled on itself a fair and heavenly Rose.

Sublime in storm, I see its ordered line
Moving with punctual feet, and trumpets blown,
While its tossed foam-flags over it incline ;
And its far rank of moving snow is grown
A wavering wall of azure, o'er which shone
Its crests of pearls, till swift unloosing each
It throws them at thy feet in love, beloved Beach !

NAHANT.

NAHANT, ah! why must saddening voices float
 Along thy shore,
Chanting in dirges soft for boyish hours
 Gone evermore,
Voices whose tones but rang in pleasure's choir
 When heard before?

A twin Eternity of Time and Space
 Radiates afar,
O'ermastering in its dread infinitude
 All that we are :
Each early joy blazes along our sky
 A falling star.

Ah! why this hunger of the heart and brain
For the unknown,
This dizzy rapture snatched from our despair,
As the weird tone
Of the old sea peals through the yielding air
For us alone?

Yet for this yearning of the heart no joy
Is equal boon;
For joy is of the dying hour, and dies
Exhaled as soon.
But tempered to these heights, our lives partake
Eternal noon.

The twilight moon invites me from my cave,
I see it not;
White, bended sails gleam silent on the sea,
Seen and forgot:
For lo! where up the glimmering beach a band
Approach my grot.

The Dead, the Loved, revisit this sad Earth
 With meekest grace ;
And see, O God ! the smiles I deemed in Heaven
 Are on each face ;
And holy eyes kindle with skies afar,
 Their dwelling-place.

Their holy eyes are on me as they turn,
 In stately files,
Thrilling betwixt the floating of their hair,
 As southern isles
Shine upon wanderers lost where the mid sea
 For ever smiles.

They move, the marbled shore in snow repeats
 Each glancing limb ;
They sing, each air and wave accordant move
 In whispers dim,
While floats to Heaven in an exulting swell
 Their awful Hymn.

They sing the mysteries of Time and joys
Of useful days ;
And, singing, fix me with their mournful eyes
A warning gaze,
Till I fall chastened to the flinty earth
Before their blaze.

HOURS OF SUMMER.

TO E. A.

Now we turn our glances tender
On the Ocean's mournful splendor,
Thy warm hand fast locked in mine,
And hushed in silences divine ;
While from Memory's chamber thronging,
Ghosts to the buried Past belonging
Shake our souls with sudden sighs,
Fill with heart-warm tears our eyes.
Sunny pleasures ! Summer leisures !
Joy which moved to regal measures !
All the rose-bound Hours are there,
The flowers unwithered in their hair,
And first where dearest Newport's rocks
Streamed with thy untwisted locks.
Fervent hours of Aspiration,
Infinite with Love's libation,

Poured on Plato's starry shrine,
Harkening his mystic words divine,
Chorussed well with falling Ocean's
Cadences of sad emotion,
Till Psyche in the ravished soul
Rose to the Zephyr's mild control :
Then from our cavern's shelly gloaming,
We watch the splintered breakers foaming,
Till the sand-cups of the shore
With liquid emerald run o'er.

Autumn winds the forest stripping
Freight not air with ruddy shipping
(To touch the Earth with keel as mute
As 'twere some elfin parachute).
Thicker than our hearts with sighs,
The air that over Berkshire lies.
Visions haunt of weedy waters,
Where the fervid August brought us,
And through smoking vales a gleam
Of Housatonic's lucid stream.
All the valley's various voices
But reach us undistinguished noises,

Reconciling warbling robin
With the ruffled forest's sobbing.
On mossed seats round barky trees
(Gossips of the twilight breeze),
We sit to see the cascade flinging
Irised globes from tumult springing,
Steered by fairies through the straits
Leading to the sunshine's gates,
Sometimes like our lives to gladness,
Sometimes heart-breaking in sadness.

Shines for us the autumnal sun
Gilding woody Lebanon;
Through the orchard's umbrage deep,
Song and tender flute-notes creep;
Mimic ghosts blend fear with laughter,
And plays are played which shake the rafter.

Round us sunset's curtains fold
Draperies of creamy gold,
Set with Venus sparkling sweet,
And dropped on Earth's transfigured feet,
Till our faces something shine
With the crystal deeps divine.

Hidden in hay, a hapless fairy
Weeps o'er Brookline's woodland airy,
Seems the speary grass to shake
With an elfin's silver rake,
As with careless feet we wander,
Where the hills divide asunder,
On thy terrace holding high
Its balustrade against the sky.

 We lean to see the Evening's lips
Kiss the onward gliding ships,
And touch every promontory
With their own excess of glory,
Till new charms invest the lines
Unlovely where the city shines.

 Bobolink from spear-grass nodding
Challenges the sober robin ;
Near them, curved in stooping ranks,
The scythes go shining up the banks,
Touching with death the trembling blade
And flower-star of the blasted glade.

 Tennyson's purpureal dream
Floats along that sunset's gleam,

Very's truthful line severe,
And Barrett's lyric thrill are here ;
And clear Shakespeare's trumpet blowing
Sets our very hearts a glowing,
Till new light from earth and skies
Dances in our ravished eyes.

Such the visions as they pass,
Seen in memory's magic glass ;
And such is faithful Friendship's spell,
Evoked by that sad word, "Farewell."

SEASIDE.

I sit between two dearest ones,
Whose thought serene but mirrors mine,
While round our rocky shelf all tones
Of Earth and Heaven for us combine.

Tones from the sky of tenderest tinct,
From trampling waves of sterner meaning ;
And in our hearts, through memory linked,
Past kindred ones, the present screening.

Afar the sunset cuts the wave,
Imprisoned in a purple line ;
To timorous barks a willing slave,
Which to its patient breast incline.

They hover struck with light ; anon,
A pencilled shadow, they retire ;
Sunk in the pearly gray are gone,
Then burn in sudden cones of fire !

Hung on the net work of the foam,
Ephemeral diamonds shine and die ;
And, torn from their night-haunted home,
Shells sparkle in the amber sky.

In undulating files we note
The ridges of the advancing sea ;
Mark their white birth in plains remote,
Till past in swollen ranks they flee.

Squadrons led on to stormy tunes,
An army of exulting braves,
Whose torn flags blot the risen moon,
Their Queen, whose tears shall gild their graves.

Caught in a vision, we behold
The streaming of His ordered line,
His hot assaults on bulwarks cold,
Which still victorious o'er them shine.

So fought, so failed, 'mid tumult wild,
Napoleon's last and loftiest wave ;
So o'er their wreck cold England smiled,
And spurned to air the vanquished brave.

BEVERLY SHORE IN WINTER.

THE bittern hies,
In lazy flight,
Where star-shine lies
O'er moorlands white,
And shakes new fear from ghostly night.

The reeds hang stiff
By many a stream,
The sailing skiff
Sails like a dream,
And prayers go up beneath the gleam.

Rude falls the wave
On shingles cold,
And foam-beads lave
The forests old,
And break and die on their dark mould.

In pools like stone,
So still and bright,
The stork alone,
Like an anchorite,
Tells to himself his dreary rite.

No cloud is strewn
O'er the frozen sky ;
To a spirit tune
Their lullaby
The oaks around chant dismally.

Not a living man
Moves on the moor ;
No soul that can
Opes now the door,
But silent fear haunts the wild shore.

Bad spirits sail
On the cloudy rack,
The dark turns pale
In their blasting track,
Where they touch the frost is sooty black.

The marsh grass thin
Shivers in fear,
Thistle-downs spin
From the thistle sere,
And shadows race o'er the levels drear.

Like silver shines
Each sea-shell worn.
The ridged sand-lines
By surges torn
Seem faery ramparts left and lorn.

A star down drops
From the sea on high,
Past the forest tops
To the lower sky,
Like a tear from a suffering angel's eye.

Icicles hoar
Split and descend ;
On the freezing shore
The frost kings rend
Their sheeny jewelry evermore.

NIAGARA.

THOUGH the dusk has extinguished the green
And the glow of the down-falling silver,
In my heart I prefer this subdued,
Cathedral-like gloom on the water :
When the fancy capriciously wills,
Nor loves to define or distinguish,
As a dream which enchants us with fear,
And scarce throbs the heart unaffrighted.

With a color and voice of its own
I behold this wondrous creature
Move as a living thing,
And joyous with joy Titanic.
Its brothers in sandstone are locked,
Yet from their graves speak to it.
It sings to them as it moves,
And the hills and uplands re-echo.

The sunshine kindles its scales,
And they gleam with opal and sapphire.
It uplifts its tawny mane,
With its undulations of silver,
And tosses through showers of foam,
Its flanks seamed with shadow and sunshine.
Like the life of man is its course,
Born far in some cloudy sierra,
Dimpled and wayward and small,
O'erleaped by the swerving roebuck ;
But enlarging with mighty growth,
And wearing wide lakes for its bracelets,
It moves, the king of streams,
As man wears the crown of his manhood.
It shouts to the loving fields,
Which toss to it flowers and perfume ;
It eddies and winds round its isles,
And its kisses thrill them with rapture ;
Till it fights in its strength and o'ercomes
The rocks which would bar its progress.
The earth hears its cries of rage,
As it tramples them in its rushing,
Leaping, exultant above

And smiting them in derision ;
Till at length, its life fulfilled,
Sublime in majestic calmness,
It submits to death, and falls
With a beauty it wins in dying,
Still, wan, prone, till curtains of foam enclose it,
To arise a spirit of mist,
And return to the Heaven it came from.

As deepens the night, all is changed,
And the joy of my dream is extinguished :
I hear but a measureless prayer,
As of multitudes wailing in anguish ;
I see but one fluttering plunge,
As if angels were falling from Heaven.
Indistinctly, at times, I behold
Cuthullin and Ossian's old heroes
Look at me with eyes sad with tears,
And a summons to follow their flying,
Absorbed in wild, eerie rout,
Of wind-swept and desolate spectres.
As deepens the night, a clear cry
At times cleaves the boom of the waters ;

Comes with it a terrible sense
Of suffering extreme and for ever.
The beautiful rainbow is dead,
And gone are the birds which sang through it.
The incense so mounting is now
A stifling, sulphurous vapor.
The abyss is the hell of the lost,
Hopeless falling to fires everlasting.

JUNE, 1842.

THE OLD HULK.

It had been attempted to launch over the falls an old British hulk taken in the last war, but it caught and remained in the rapids.

TWICE-WRECKED old warrior ! once amid the storm
Of war St. George's star went down in blood ;
And thou, shot-riddled, moved thine abject form,
A helpless bulk, along the crimsoned flood.

Yet thou, presumptuous, wouldst again arise,
Burst thy red grave, and seek a nobler death ;
Ride the wild rapids, and amidst the cries
Of shuddering thousands win the cypress wreath.

In vain ! Niagara's wave may not be trod
By Freedom's foe once conquered ! Her delight
Is not in those who lift the tyrant rod,
A monarch's millions armed against the right.

Her haughty cataract is unprofaned
By thy down-speeding and subjected keel ;
Afar thou liest, wind and water stained,
While round thy corse the winds and waters peal.

GOAT ISLAND, NIAGARA.

PEACE and perpetual quiet are around.
Upon the erect and dusky file of stems,
Sustaining yon far roof expelling sound,
Through which the sky sparkles (a rain of gems
Lost in the forest's depth of shade) the sun
At times doth shoot an arrow of pure gold :
Flecking majestic trunks with hues of dun,
Veining their barks with silver, and betraying
Secret initials tied in true love knots ;
Of hearts no longer through green alleys straying,
But stifled in the world's distasteful grots.

The silence is monastic, save in spots
Where heaves a glimmer of uncertain light,
And rich wild tones enchant the woodland night.

JUNE, 1842.

ISLE LAWRENCE.

ENCHANTING Isle ! what hours were thine,
When couched on moss of tenderest green,
With shadows o'er us from the pine,
We lay and dream'd, and peeped between
Our island vista at the lake,
Which looked one sapphire for our sake !

The silence held each burning leaf
Sheathed in the pure and mellow air,
A pensiveness which was not grief
Steeped in romance the woodlands fair ;
Earth, air, and waters looked on each,
Locked in a love not needing speech.

They silently, as lovers do,
Embraced, and in each other's eyes
Saw imaged every magic hue
October drops through saffron skies ;
And a sad smile the beauty wore,
A dying gleam on lake and shore.

The pathos that the evening wears
Tempers these parting hours of gold,
And melts to dreams our common cares,
And arms like Sleep's arms us enfold ;
Drowsed with the sunshine's heady wine,
The vintage of that sky divine !

We do not speak, but lie and taste
The fruit-like ripeness of the hour,
And chide the sun for over-haste ;
Even he doth seem a wilting flower :
We lift our cheeks for him to kiss,
And feel the last one that it is.

The birch against the russet dark
Plunges its torch within the mere ;
It does not quench one living spark,
But burns undimmed in radiance clear,
While oaks and hemlock live again,
Entranced within the crystal plain.

We see the distant boat glide on,
A double boat and boatmen twain,
Silent across the scene 'tis gone ;
One shining furrow doth remain,
Which cuts the inverted mountain's gold
A levelled line of silver cold.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

WHEN autumn leaves were fading fast,
In the keen October weather,
Two fair ones from the city passed
Out to the woods together.
The sunshine which the day denied
Lived in their eyes entrancing,
And as they stepped their mutual stride
Was as a brooklets' dancing.
Through mist and rain and cloud they fared,
With sunshine in their faces,
So bright, no melancholy dared
Live in the dreariest places.
The Saranac stood robed in mist,
Struck through with gold and cherry,
And all its hemlocks would have kissed
Those cheeks so round and merry.

In keeping with the dying year,
Their balmorals repeated
The tints on every mountain sere,
And crimson crimson greeted.

The burning maple-leaf, which glows
In locks like shadowed waters,
Is the badge the woodland nymph bestows
On the forest's grateful daughters.
Thus guarded, they confiding roam
Through all the forest mazes,
Each cavern is their happy home,
And safe the wildest places.
Swift shoots their skiff where Saranac
Uplifts its cones of burnished ore,
And sends in mellowed beauty back
The rainbow glories of its shore.
With flushing cheek and happy eyes,
They glance on this their friendly realm,
Where savage things become their spies,
To watch o'er, shield, and worship them.

The poisonous berry turns in shame
Away from their extended hand,
And snakes and toads for them made tame
Retire as from a faery wand.

His war-horn no mosquito dare
Sound as they float between the islands,
No midget bite, no spider scare,
Where all is perfume, dream, and silence.

For them new beauty paints the sky,
For them the hills are blazing ;
Dances the wave but for their eye,
Rewarded by their gazing.
A deity enthroned Manito
Here holds his state, and smiles,
Amid more opulence than Quito
Possessed, a welcome to his isles.
His autumn from the kingly store,
To them escaped from sylvan perils,
Throws sparkling largess more and more
Of rubies, chrysoprase, and beryls.
The eagle circles lost in air,
And watches them with eye of splendor,
His charge from wind and storms to bar
Annoyance, their supreme defender.

The pine-tree, like a Persian chief,
Bearded and dark above them towers,
His carpet rich with many a leaf,
And wine-red moss and scarlet flowers.

Beside him, like a daughter fair,
The birch leans trembling modestly ;
The golden sequins in her hair,
Which caught by Zephyr fall and fly,
Flooring with gold the amber sheet
Which spreads in beauty round their feet.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE.

BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE.

CAMP of the woods ! we see thy tiny tent,
Struck with a sorrow which we have not felt
When from majestic palace-walls we went,
Welcomed where Luxury's spoiled children dwelt.
A freer hospitality is thine.
The largess of the forest all is ours :
Our banquet served by sumptuous star-shine ;
Our carpet, the fallen forest leaves in showers ;
Our hearth, a holocaust of royal trees,
Through the thin glass of whose ascending smoke
Their forest brothers nod before the breeze
White with the moon ; and startled we have woke
To hear unscared the hollow night reply
In mellow thunder to the wild wolf's cry.

INTER VALLOS.

OUR glorious vale is as an emerald vase,
From which with Hebe lip the mounting Day
At its carved rim the dew-beads doth displace,
And through its twinkling depths pours lavishly,
Like a freed river from yon mountain height,
O'er flax-field, spire, and wood, crystalline floods of
light.

I know not why, but never bird doth float
Betwixt the intervals of these dark hills,
Nor gladden with its animating note
The peasant as her ashen pail she fills;
For music the wild torrent piping loud,
And for wings only the careering cloud.

Silence is never so intensely felt,
As when in grandeur lost, vain, busy man :
He and his paltry habitations melt
To atoms under the gigantic span
Of silent mountains, whose sublime repose
Hushes the babbling of his joys and woes.

Here, 'mid a hundred plots of nodding grain,
As many dwellings rear their humble roofs,
And fair-haired children riot o'er the plain ;
Yet 'neath Galanda's taciturn reproofs,
Frowning disdainful from its skyey lair,
They scarcely seem to be, so small and lost they are.

Yet most tranquillity comes from within,
A self-lit urn gilding the world without ;
And now my life is shut to sorrow's din,
And hung with glowing pictures all about.
There halcyon Hope buildeth her odorous nest,
And biddeth dove-like Peace to be for aye its guest.

A SUNBEAM.

UPON the shoulder of the mount
In shadow fifty chalets lie,
With waving tree and gushing fount
Between the trees melodiously.

Beyond, its steep and purpling wall
An Alpine barrier rears alone,
And in the heaven high over all
Assumes its adamantine throne,
Whence to the nations gathered under
It speaketh oftentimes in thunder.

Beneath, to kiss its perfumed feet,
Comes rippling on the broad, bright Rhine,
Spreads in the sun its burnished sheet,
And dances in the evening's shine.

See! while I look, one struggling ray
Escapes from brighter skies behind;
Its level line the mountain gray
In silver fillet seems to bind;
And kindling the fantastic mist,
Which broods upon its loftiest spire,
In rosy visitation kissed,
It streams to Heaven an altar fire;
A beacon bright for shepherd swain
Toiling in provinces afar,
Deeming it some propitious star
To light him hearthward o'er the plain!

THE CASCADE.

If that this nook were haunt of Arcady,
And these the golden, ancient days of song,
Here might I meet the vagrant jollity
Of trooping satyrs and the Mænad throng.
So green the alleys are which wind about,
In sparkling light and solemn shade divided;
So honey sweet the flower's breath gushing out
From breeze-kissed banks, capriciously, unguided

Save by the frolic leading of the airs,
And fanning with light wings some little child
Sleeping amid its flax-field, unawares
Lifting its locks and all its little cares,
Exchanged for rapturous dreams of flower-beds rare
and wild.

Around me crowd in sunshine trembling
The brothers of the forest old,
Hazel and oak in thick assembling
Upon the cliff's brow dark and cold ;
Like me to hearken to the cheer,
Like me to note with eye and ear,
As upward rings through gloom and spray
The bugle of the Tamina !
Down stoops the hawk in feathery gleam,
Dreaming perchance his prey is there,
Drowns the hoarse roar with one wild scream,
But fluttering in the stormy snare,
With haggard plume and baffled breast,
It struggles from that wave unblest.

From the mossed foot of yon gray rock
The torrent seeks the gloom below,
The darkness sparkles with the shock,
As the casque beneath the armorer's blow.

Flowers grace the gulf, with peaceful dye
The gentian imitates the sky ;
On banks dew-starred the rose is met
By the gentler glow of the violet ;
But the beauty has passed from every flower,
Which sickens for a happier bower,
Trembling amid the coil and din
As angel pure in a place of sin.

PFEFFERS.

LAUTERBRUNNEN.

I.

A LOWLY hut stone piled and redly stained
With all of accident cold years have brought ;
A mother and her child in silent thought,
Sitting beside the river scarce contained
From kissing with its gray and brattling foam
Their feet, where monstrous over their lone home
Yon awful Alp in battlemented wall
Rears his sad forehead, from whose piny crest
The torrent springs to light and happier life !
It spurns the cloud where the unheeded call
Of birds is joyous 'mid the blinding strife
Of avalanches in the still deep noon :
Veiling the pines, and the convulsèd tune
Of gray streams hushing in their arrowy fall.

II.

A temple for the Father, which his hand
Hath reared for these his lowliest worshippers,
Arched with Heaven's sapphire and with whisper-
ing firs,

Garnishing these sublime walls which ever stand
With many-colored shape of column fair,
And granite peak dim in the glittering air !

A lowly flock who need no pealing swell
Of choristers within quaint minster aisles,
Where God hath shamed all boastful human piles,
And whose cloud swings their awful sabbath bell ;
While silently they bow the thankful eye,
And kneel to Him whose hymn is there so well
Sung by His torrents leaping from the sky ;
Thus live they, shut as in a holy cell,
Gracing their simple lives with natural piety.

FROM THE HILL BEHIND THE TEMPLE OF
JUPITER OLYMPUS.

LIKE Xerxes, from yon facing height,
Our sight wide wanders o'er the sea,
Whence flowed old Glory's river bright
O'er Greece the avenged, o'er Greece the free.
Heaped by the icy breath that streams
From far Olympus' caves of snow,
The gulf leaps in the mid-day beams,
As 'twere a million diamonds' glow.

Old voices ride the sparkling breeze,
The Muses flit with plaintive sigh,
And chant to airy symphonies
The Hymn once holy in this sky.
Around us booms the Attic bee ;
Behind, Hymettus' purple side
Looks down upon yon glorious sea,
In mutual memory allied.

Ripples the parched and furrowed plain
Around our feet in greenest waves,
Where the wind bends the infrequent grain,
And hurries on to mountain caves.
The watch-dog barks beside his flock ;
While idle, in his white capote,
The shepherd leans against the rock,
Nor heeds the lambs which skip remote.

Above yon cliff, as high as we,
(An altar to the God of Day,)
In floods of light we clearly see
Upon the Parthenon the ray
Fall on each sacred shaft so bright,
So cherishing each block divine,
As though Apollo fed with light
Even yet his unpolluted shrine.

It stands all holy in its place,
Keeping the meaning which of yore,
Sent all who felt of human race
In adoration to this shore.

Still we adore ; for 'twas the soul
Seeking to express its perfect part,
Divine of our new Christian whole,
Hope raised and shaped by human art.

'Tis this which lifts like burning lights
The friezes of that wondrous pile,
Which stays the unfeeling storm which smites
Its brow and bids its blackness smile ;
For Nature and this shrine are one,
And she protects her glorious child,
The Adopted of the eternal sun,
And meek Diana undefiled.

THE CASTLE OF CLISSON.

CLISSON ! thy towers, thy depth of sunless caves,
Thy humid corridors that smother sound,
And thy gapped windows whence the violet waves
A sweet farewell to Legend lingering round,
And mingling whispers echoed from afar,
Invite and chain my steps here where thy mysteries
are.

The clang of steel smiting thy solid stones
Goes with me as I wind within thy towers ;
Thy oubliettes unseal their ancient groans,
And fright the swallows from their airy bowers ;
Silks rustle, and the gray of œilletts old
Gleams with gemmed arms across the arras fold.

All this is Legend's and fond Fancy's work,
They give a tongue to every silent block ;
For, like to Memnon, now no voices lurk,
The sun of Chivalry set, in the dumb rock.
In moody sadness frowns the questioned pile,
Where only wild flowers live, and scarcely sun-
beams smile.

Below thy festering feet the undaunted wave
Whirls with a song past roofs no more profaned,
And the wood-dove rebuilds above the grave
Of other doves in what from spoils reclaimed,
Of that sweet grove where Eloisa's woes
Sighed to the quivering leaves from yon dark cave's
repose.

Here her strong spirit felt how vain the lore,
Heaped from all Eld, to dam pale passion's course,
Wish chasing wish more burning than before,
And her heart emptied to its inmost source,
To madden with new waters and swift growing
Of Love's wild passion-flower beside its flowing.

Thy cavern-like yon murderous tower is still,
It throbs no more with fiery sighs like thine ;
The lizard glances past its portals chill,
And withered vine-leaves over it entwine ;
The paths around are choked, and bear no more
Feet chased by passionate breath along that glowing
shore.

ALBANIA.

“And in Chimari heard the thunder hills of fear.” — BYRON.

BENEATH Chimari's peaks of snow
We sweep with flying keel,
The murmuring wave rolls blue below,
Above the rare clouds steal.
With faces turned towards the land,
We watch the strengthening lines,
Where o'er our tossing bow expand
Albania's far confines.

No tree, no shrub, relieves the dark
And barren precipice :
No perfume greets our hurrying bark,
From mountain peaks of ice.
To Fancy's eye only the goat
May tread those fierce defiles,
The circling eagle's shadow float
Along those splintered piles.

No streamlet from the fissured rock
Drops with its murmuring sheet
Of dew to nurse the fading flock
Of wild flowers at its feet.
Stern cliffs, all thirsty for the rain,
Implore the passing cloud,
Which droops with heavy fringe in vain,
While thunders mock aloud.

Oh! well in those tremendous vales
Must echoing thunders speak,
With antique cries awake the gales,
And man the mountain peak
With grisly shapes which throng to hear
Those martial sounds again;
Gleams fast and far the Dorian spear,
The dead desert the plain!

The men of old, the immortal Dead,
Are now again alive;
The phalanx musters overhead,
Where airy armies strive;

The watch-word and again the sweet
Call of the Spartan flute,
Above in grand confusion meet,
Where late all Heaven was mute.

Better such dream than where the shore
Swarms with its living dead ;
Men on whose sordid souls no more
Fame's fiery light is shed.
We listen where 'mid thunder rolls
Old Freedom's echoed cry,
Nor turn to look where meaner souls
Pollute that holy sky.

THE RHINE NEAR BIBERICH.

OH! there be isles within the Rhine,
Which cradle on their mother's breast,
That breast that loves them all, and heaves
In music through their noon-day rest;
And some there be, soft, green, and low,
That as the infant in its pillow
Nestles its drowsy head, so these
Hide half their brightness in the billow.
And others wear the scars of Time
Upon their bleak, ascending towers,
That fill the gazer's eye with tears,
Reverting to those sunnier hours,
When at the corselet's vivid gleam
Blue eyes peeped forth from turret stair,
While jubilant the far-seen train
Waved Christ's red banner through the air.

And still those shattered, ivied piles
Are nourished with romantic tears,
And phantoms in their own moonshine
Mock the old gleam of feudal spears.
Ay! all are fair, but one I love
So deeply it doth seem mine own,
For I have gazed upon its trees
Till they into my heart have grown.
I see it now, so meekly proud,
Steadfast amid the gliding water,
And proud as should be isle that is
Bower for a Duke's preferred daughter.
Therefore its columned sweep of trees
Have something of a courtly bearing,
And e'en its scented thickets wild
Their flowers coquettishly are wearing.
But sure no royal maiden's foot
E'er pressed the pride of India's loom
As this, so soft and colored fair,
With turfy slope and glossiest bloom.
It leaves the waves and glances wide
Its living carpet round the isle,
Enclosing in an emerald ring
The dove's low song, the daisy's smile.

A SNOW STORM.

DEFORMED by tempests, the sweet blue
Is drowned in clouds of fleecy spray ;
On, on, in ranks for ever new,
For ever maddening in their play.

Above, the driving storm ; below,
The Earth is fashioned at its will :
Its chisel carves the yielding snow
To forms beyond all human skill.

But we warm-nested, in the heart
Of this dim elemental war,
Sit calmly tranquil, or but start
When rocks the pane with stormier jar.

We look into each other's eyes,
And see a friendly peace which says,
While on the snowy Cossack flies,
"Rave ye without, here Quiet stays."

This silent, unexpressed delight
Glow brighter so severely set;
Heart-warm against the stormy white,
The Rose of Joy burns warmer yet.

One kindling of the soul can make
These wintry tumults disappear,
And all their dreariness partake
Its own illumined atmosphere.

JAN. 17, 1867.

A CALM ON THE BANKS.

Two sunless draperies of gray
Enshroud the blinded eyes of Day,
And toss in dull, incessant play.

Faint smears of undecided hue
Fatigue the eye; and, two and two,
The mottled porpoises plunge through;

Ripping the wave with snouts of ice,
And turning with a quaint device
To where the dim horizon lies.

My heart lies fainting in my breast,
With a vague heedlessness possest,
And tossing in a cold unrest.

Like thoughts too frail to swim or soar,
The sea-gulls on in eddies pour,
Trailing their feet the surges o'er.

And curving wings, like sickles bent,
Drop in the hissing element,
And fold, with idle motion spent.

Or, swooping up against the wind,
In slender files leave us behind,
Watching till with the effort blind.

Each straining plank, each quivering shroud,
Wails through the smoke pipe's driving cloud,
As March wails through a forest bowed.

The smoke stream like a funeral plume
Nods to its fellow in the gloom,
Like mutes beside a closed tomb.

A feverish tremor bids us rise
Up till we kiss the hueless skies,
Then faint and sunk the vessel lies.

On the shook knees of beldam waves,
Whose guilty conscience ever raves
Above a thousand seamen's graves.

Disquiet, darkness, undelight,
Are with us through the friendless night,
As wild we toss from left to right.

We are too void of life to dream :
'Tis one drear blank till morning's gleam
Shakes through the air a watery beam.

Tranced in a rest which is not rest,
And like a pyramid's balmed guest,
We lie upon the Ocean's breast.

I hear the grampus' fountains fly,
I hear the plaintive petrel cry,
I hear the rolling levels sigh.

I mark the Heavens' unfeatured face
Where the Day sickens in its place,
And our wan furrows swirling trace.

And gurgling hollows seem to say,
"Will but the wish, and swift away
Off shall ye dart to better day."

The fainting sea-nymphs whisper, "Try :
We'll sing ye sweet songs by and by ;
Roll off this vaulted weight of sky."

And, as they turn their shoulders white
To dive into the sea-black night,
Drops run and fall in splashes bright.

I see their sinking, rosy fingers,
Their color on the flushed wave lingers,
Deep down I hear those Ocean singers.

ALLSTON'S ST. PETER IN PRISON.

WRITTEN after seeing Allston's "Peter delivered from Prison,"
at Coleorton Hall, in Wordsworth's winter garden.

BENEATH this darkling cedar's dome
I sit, but forth my feelings fly,
Allston, to thy celestial home,
An angel now in that blue sky!

A portion of thy soul divine
Is fitly shrined in yon meek aisle,
Where arching roofs in prayer incline,
And chasten all the silent pile.

There, with a lustre not of earth,
Our heavenly brother points the way,
Past Death's dark portal, to a birth
And life renewed in ceaseless day.

Ah ! yes, dear Allston, from the bars
And dungeon of this mortal sphere,
At length thy spirit seeks the stars,
Free in their happier atmosphere.

I seemed, while gazing on the face
Pictured by thee so sweetly fair,
Thine angel lineaments to trace,
Ennobled from all touch of care.

Thy body seemed the oppressèd saint,
Which but half knew its Heavenly guest,
Trailed in the dust, with watchings faint,
And Earth's vile tyranny opprest.

But now, transfigured, both ascend,
Through ever onward states of bliss,
Whence down in pity on us bend
Thine eyes to comfort us in this.

YOUTH AND AGE.

THE slender sashes cut the moon
A moment into quarters bright,
Paling the embers' flicker, soon
She swims into the homeless night.

One watched her, his life ripe and full,
A rayless disk of saddened flame,
Swung homeless past days weariful,
Sowing with gloom the path it came.

Beside him in that narrow room
Sat a young girl whose dawning eyes
Plunged into his across the gloom,
Telling their heart soliloquies.

He held her hand, its pulse which sang
Beat like a bell against his own,
His weary brain returned the clang,
As belfries peal an after-tone.

Those eyes that met, those friendly hands,
Said more than words or poems can ;
And the heart heard, which understands
Somewhat of this weird life of man.

This faded life, this mounting soul,
Against each other silent set,
So near, so far, include the whole
Of life's wild hope and long regret.

In the bright day-beam of her eye
His spirit saw his own gone down,
The tremulous morn-streaks of her sky
With misty tears his evening drown.

And she with fortunate amaze
Wist not what meant that eager look,
Which searched the source of her young days,
And nestled deep a slumber took.

A moment's truce from grief distraught,
From sorrow's tumult pillowed fair,
From baleful skies to Eden brought,
With Youth, Hope, Happiness, all there.

THE BLEST FUTURITY.

THOUGHTS which cannot be controlled,
Hopes of future happy hours,
Fill my chamber dark and cold
As with breath of summer flowers.
Fades the pain and fades the care,
Passionate repinings fly,
All my fears dissolve in air
 In a blest Futurity.

Servant to material laws,
Bitterest bondage of the soul,
Care which all the instinct draws
Unto its severe control.
Slave of the desk ! shall never dawn
Herald with happy tints the sky,
Out of my worldly taskings drawn
 Into a blest Futurity?

The crimson dies behind the hills,
Long river-reaches run with fire ;
Ah ! not for me the sunbeam gilds,
For me no conscious flowers aspire !
Athwart the dull and narrow pane,
The cold sunbeam but falls to die.
Ah ! shall I ever thirst in vain
 For a blest Futurity ?

Sometimes the pinions of a bird
Send shadows o'er me as I toil,
Sometimes the heavy air is stirred
With gushes from some happier soil ;
And then, through tears which blur the page,
Long, long I hear that careless cry,
And all my bitterness assuage
 In a blest Futurity.

I hear my ebbing sands of life,
Weird voices call me from my grave ;
Bleeding from this unequal strife,
I seek to bear me calm and brave ;

I cannot love as I have loved,
About my heart the fountains dry,
Yet something lingers to be moved
 In a blest Futurity.

Hopes, like flowers, crave sun and air :
I wither like this fading rose,
Which shivers midst its blossoms bare,
And faints to death when come the snows.
This tainted flower would never know
Its sisters as in ranks they lie :
Like me it droops, and hopes to blow
 In a blest Futurity.

Fair Spirit of the appointed hour,
Come with that angel smile I love,
Touch with thy renovating power
My soul, and bid it mount above !
Exorcise all the fiends I fear,
Unbar the gate and set me free,
With certain hope and happy cheer
 In a blest Futurity !

W. A.

OUR prayer is for thee, dearest,
To Him who rules on high :
For all too mournfully we feel
How surely thou must die.
Nor dare our aching hearts complain
Before His sovereign will ;
With faces hidden in our hands,
We suffer and are still.

We must not ask thy life again,
That were a boon too sweet ;
Since He hath writ it otherwise,
We kiss the judgment-seat.
But oh ! how earnestly we pray
That in this parting hour
His hand, a Father's hand, sustain
Thy soul with Heavenly power !

Thy lot with ours has long been cast,
And our eyes have filled with tears,
To see each morn but strengthen
Our worst and wildest fears.
The very beauty of thine eye,
The whiteness of thy brow,
Did ever seem to nourish
The fire which burns thee now.

That eye had all the purity
Of Heaven's serenest blue,
Where something spiritual seems
For ever to shine through ;
O'er that Phidian brow's transparence
Would flit a passing gloom,
The shadow of Futurity,
A prescience of thy doom.

Fond hearts will keep thy memory fresh,
And cherish every trait
Of one whom all loved ardently,
Nor even the bad could hate.

Thy life's unchequered guilelessness,
Thy spotless, manly breast,
Where Truth was mirrored faithfully,
As the sun in lakes at rest.

Dear boy, 'tis but to wither
Through a few cold, silent days ;
Hold on, and bid thy heart good cheer
And give to God the praise,
Who fills thy glazing eye with hope,
And tints thy withering lips
With the morn of Immortality,
Beyond the soul's eclipse !

Ay ! dearest, to the last hold on,
And bid the tempter flee ;
This world is not so hard to lose
When Heaven is beckoning thee ;
Wear no proud smile upon thy lip,
Yet uncomplainingly bless
In Death, the seal of endless life,
Of Life and Happiness.

As we gaze on dying sunsets,
Or sigh o'er withering flowers,
The loss of all we love, we think
On that young friend of ours ;
And we whisper to each other,
As we tell his merits o'er,
Here Virtue has one pattern less,
And Heaven one angel more.

H E L E N.

DEEP-SET and darkly glowing eyes
Look out from Helen's youthful face,
A challenge to the cruel skies ;
Half orphaned by the Destinies,
That heart of fire, that girl of grace.

She stands on morning's shining brink,
And wists not what the Day may bring ;
Thirsting for life, her pulses drink
The promise of the hours which link
The past unto her flowering Spring.

She fears not all the storms that throng,
She laughs when lightning cuts the cloud ;
Strong in herself, in nature strong,
She feels her energies belong
To storms, as they as wildly proud.

Less of the maiden than of fire ;
Less of the woman than of wind ;
Her thoughts in brilliant jets expire,
Or over sea and cloud aspire,
Mount, fly, and leave the world behind.

Sometimes her dusky coils of hair
Enfold a sphere of fiery will ;
And her eye says what things she dare,
But will not do, not having care
To show she is a heroine still.

Oh ! beautiful is then the scorn
Which triumphs on her curving mouth ;
And her brow blazes like the Dawn
Shooting her angers through the morn
Far down into the subject South.

In her is nothing meek and frail,
She comes upon us as when June
Sends o'er us some health-serving gale,
Freshening the heart, while all the vale
Forgets the languor of its noon.

Salient and like a dipping bird,
Her gestures minister her speech ;
Both sing, both soar, her every word
Is pictured to us ere 'tis heard,
Action and utterance, each in each.

And careless is she of your praise,
She knows she's of a different kind ;
Gliding upon her mystic ways,
As heedless as a river strays
Past hill and tower as pleasant it may find.

Helen, while eagles poise and soar,
While rides the wind the streaming sea,
While from the North the Auroras pour,
While dies the surf along the shore,
These seeing, I shall think of thee.

M A R Y.

AN autumn leaf rolled in the wind ;
A flower surprising as between
A volume's leaves, quite left behind
The glow and perfume which had been.

And yet, as this in fibrous lines,
Rehearses dallyings with the breeze,
In the old ray again refines,
And faintly waves as wave the trees ;

So she, where thousand rays of home
Pierce through the wanderer's faded heart,
Feels former household motions come,
And all the weariness depart.

Her leaves expand, her soul's cup fills,
And trembles with a dew from Heaven,
While faithful memory distils
Sweets which can make the past forgiven.

I see her standing rapt and still,
Where toss the buds in clouds of bloom,
Or musing while soul shadows fill
With twilight peace the darkening room.

I know the natural thrill she feels,
My thought goes forth to share her thought,
And travels back on golden wheels,
Once more to childhood's Eden brought.

There sunbright floats each ivory cloud,
A careless play-ground is the Earth,
And over flower beds rings aloud,
Bird-like the cadence of our mirth.

The wasted form is here, but how
The far eye shines with early blue ;
And candor from the channelled brow
Gleams fair and white the long years through.

Melt, melt in mist, ye aching years !
Moan too no more, thou sullen sea !
While Love with tender grace endears
The hour which brings her back to me.

TO HER.

THE circle of the glimmering sea
Is round her like a ring of light,
And all things exquisite that be
Enhance their beauty in her sight.

The ball-room mirror sees her pass,
Enamoured of the vision fair ;
The sea-beach smooths its foam to glass
The charms which dip their freshness there.

Languid in morning's dishabille,
On sofas ringed around with beaux,
She flirts with such consummate skill
That jealous Cupid breaks his bow.

At breakfast the adoring black
Surrounds her with the nicest cates,
Blest in bestowing, and no lack
Of thumb-marks on her frequent plates.

The yacht she sails in seems a barge
With Cleopatra's silken sails,
Which only favoring winds enlarge,
And never drive the unruly gales.

The Corso sends one flashing smile
At Her behind the glossy bays,
And dandies lengthened many a mile
Lift hats whose silence still is praise.

At midnight an Aurora sent
From Paris here by Victorine,
She blinds the ball-room's firmament,
A wonder but in August seen.

Astronomers in patent leather
Watch the bright stranger with wild eyes,
Prognosticating change of weather
In every beam that from her flies.

Her room, the nest of this enchanter,
Is a cocoon, from which she spins
Herself in many shapes instanter,
And all to snare us for our sins.

So farewell, Newport's lovely Siren !
In vain this pencil shames with praise
Her whom alone the muse of Byron
Could fitly sing in deathless lays.

B O W L I N G.

HAPPY the man whose early care
An Alley for his Fair provides ;
His skill shall win the frequent spare,
And eke the triple ten besides.

A host of anxious friends shall sit
Beside him on the narrow board ;
Applaud with joy each happy hit,
And triumph when his gains are scored.

High poised in air, the polished sphere
Predicts the downfall of the pins,
As stubble flies they disappear,
And the just man his victory wins.

So triumphs in the game of life
The man whose aims are true and strong,
And so withdraws temptation's strife,
While angel choirs their shouts prolong.

GROWL OF A DOUGHFACE.

THIS world's a good world ; and, at least till we get
her,

For one I can say I have not known a better.

'Tis imperfect, no doubt, and with ills — some in-
curable ;

Yet, with love to each other and God, they're
endurable.

Though through ages and ages, for one good to
fructify,

The angels stand waiting, if I had the luck to try

My immediate receipt for the ills of humanity,

Is "now or never Millenium," — but perhaps
that's my vanity !

Who am I? I am one of some excellent fellows
Of the new ways of Providence perhaps a bit
jealous,
Who will have things put to rights. Yet some call
it knavery
To dub our respectable slow coach Pro-slavery.
I say, you love much, but show it by libelling,
And as a projectile at times bring the Bible in,
That a sermon stuffed full of too compact be-
nevolence,
Hurts as much as a "Lancaster" aimed by malevo-
lence ;
I say, were words lead, and, as guns do, could
kill — lips,
What a terrible rifleman were our friend Phillips ;
That our brother of medical name, Parker Pillsbury,
Does not look to me cheerful, but white in the
gills — very ;
I once bought a book of his, but didn't it try *at* all,
For it seemed a thin mixture of water and vitriol.
A dog bays the moon ; 'tis a sheer loss of dignity,
For a dog's but a dog, while the moon is benignity.

At our glorious orb, floating free o'er the nations,
And absorbing the light of the small constellations,
Hops up once a week an importunate barker,
And bays very loud, — that canicular Parker.
Robespierre wore bouquets on important occasions ;
He, too, graces with flowers his Sunday orations ;
From what once swayed the heart he makes easy
 severance,
Gives for meekness conceit ; for devotion, irrever-
 ence ;
I hope he's got Fowler to tell him what hurts
 him
On the side of his head, but he has Gall — and
 Spurzheim ;
Safe, sacred when dead, we were once taught to
 think a man,
But he shells Webster's grave as the Russians did
 Inkermann ;
Though a voice comes with wailing each day o'er
 the misty seas,
As I heard it in Greece, at the tomb of Themis-
 tocles ;

He runs with his mouth full of sweet canine
courtesies,
At our old friends the Gorhams, and Loring, and
Curtises ;
Who will say, though of God's law no one's a
denier,
That his higher law seems the law of Tom Hyer.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

OH! happiest thou, who from the shining height
Of table lands serene can look below
Where glared the tempest and the lightning's glow,
And see thy seed made harvest wave in light,
And all the darkened land with God's smile bright!
Leaving with him the issue. Enough to know
He drave the spear which brothers sundered so,
And that he makes his Vicegerent the Right.
Nor will he leave us bleeding, but his Time
Which healeth all things will our wounds make
whole.

While washed and cleansed of her fraternal crime,
Liberty shall count again her starry roll;
All there, and moving with a step sublime
To music God sounds in the human soul.

BEFORE THE WAR.

My friend, what sordid days of dross are these !
Of coward cringing and of cheap content,
The nation raging like a hive of bees,
And only on its honeyed spoil intent.

I thought to have beheld, as Judah saw
Her youngest Victor shamed with glorious tears,
The David of the Nations, far withdraw
His youth sublime from basest hopes and fears.

I thought to have beheld his serious eyes
Looking the Hero of the world's spent field ;
With Israel's holiness, and the grace which lies
Lost in the chisel Athens used to wield.

Could the wild seed cast by oppression's flail
On sea-beat shores but germinate for this?
The men of iron in their children fail,
Betrayed the world's deliverer by a kiss.

Speech which outruns performance craves contempt ;
True Greatness points to Acts in silent pride,
The Right from fear of Judgment is exempt,
Content Truth's tardy verdict to abide.

Man had a grandeur in the olden time,
A river freely winding at its will ;
And if at times it darkened into crime,
The force of Nature left it grandeur still.

Now Thought is cisterned in the market-place,
Whence petty conduits run to each man's breast,
One man's poor fault infects through all the race,
One man's poor virtue echoes through the rest.

The lofty thought which spreads its arms to air,
Fed by the silent dews of loneliest woods,
Till its vast crown hangs in the dazzling glare,
And o'er the landscape wide majestic broods,

Is smothered by the undergrowth around,
Content as sapling if no oak be there ;
Stems which might tower now only fringe the
 ground,
There no bird warbles, gilds no sunbeam fair.

The exaltation of a feverish life,
Bubbles we blow till they obscure the sky,
Watching their changeful tints' prismatic strife,
Weep when they break, and pine till others fly.

Our happiness is but a fond pretence,
One Io Bacche ! to the cheated soul,
Till Death's cold river bear us swiftly hence,
With waves which purify us as they roll.

HOW THE FOXGLOVE BECAME
SPOTTED.

WHEELING on its circuits airy,
To close up the flower's eyes,
Zephyr met an idle Fairy
Basking in the crimson skies.

Long they fluttered on together,
Lake and wooded valley o'er,
In the pleasant evening weather
Chatting of their garden lore.

And came where foxgloves with the roses
Emulous in beauty strove ;
Breast to glowing breast opposes,
To obtain the wanderers' love.

Zephyr with the Fay contended
That the foxgloves were most fair,
And the Fairy never ended
Saying that the roses are.

Long they warred as war Immortals,
While the angered Zephyr grieves,
And about the sunset's portals
Scattered all the roses' leaves.

The Fairy, at the Zephyr's malice,
Filled the silent air with tears :
In the foxglove's taper chalice
Every drop a stain appears.

LOVE

TO A LADY WHO REGRETTED HER
YOUTH.

MOURN not too much thy Youth, the sense of loss
Is but a hope reversed; and he doth fly
But to return with an immortal gloss
In better play-grounds far beyond the sky.

Life is no cheat: not crystal cups we hold,
To quaff one passionate draught, and from our hand
Spill all the promise on the twilight cold,
As at some loveless Fiend's severe command.

All the heart longs for, that it has and owns.
The longing is but mastery, and fear
The pledge which in its very strength atones,
Till heart to heart we lie through the eternal year.

Life like a tide swells to that lordlier world,
And tosses spray-like hopes unto the stars ;
And drives in ruin on its surges curled,
What stay us here, Age, Death, and all their bars.

The joy of Youth is that it is the dress
The spirit wears with least constraint and pain,
But all of Youth in its full loveliness
Is dark to what shall be your happy gain.

Serene as slumbers sunshine on a cloud,
Mightier than eagles floating over seas,
Then shall you hover o'er Creation's shroud,
And poise with wing intense in skies of peace.

Then let Youth go : back by his shining locks
Wouldst thou detain that child of upward eye,
And wear his beauty in our earthly shocks ?
No : let him soar, he meets thee by and by !

THE WIND.

WINDS of midnight wild are knocking
At my casement in affright,
With their mystic keys unlocking
Sources of severe delight.

I hear ye, brothers of creation,
Unheard when garish Day is by,
Descend from your celestial station
To waft me with your wings on high.

Man's foot-print on the pathless ocean
Betrays the plague spot in his soul,
In vain caves guard his dark emotion,
In vain the muffling tempests roll.

Loud, louder rings its trumpet warning,
In tones which penetrate the heart;
And bids us think upon that morning
Which shall reveal each baser part.

In crumbling homes of foreign squalor,
In shining palaces of pride,
That voice shall touch thy cheek with pallor,
That voice shall travel at thy side.

'Tis but the Father's summons tender
To the weakness of his child ;
A sure, omnipotent Defender,
When to that summons reconciled.

Leave me not naked to the tempting
Of the hot noon's guilty shows,
Which wound the giddy soul, exempting
From the strength thy voice bestows.

For this life was ne'er intended
To put by the question grand,
Which asks with all thy thunders blended,
"Where shall I with the Pure One stand?"

THE MARKET GARDENER.

SETTING down his market hamper
Full of onions by his side,
He said, "Oh! Dolly, put no damper
On my love, but be my bride."
Looking round a little fluttered,
From gray eyes which through him bore,
All that confiding creature uttered
Was, "Ned, why not speak before?"
Thus Love, the universal Pardonner,
Heeds not station or degree,
He was but a market gardener,
And a common housemaid she.
Lips more sweet than any sweeting
From his lips were not aloof,
Soon the banns are read in meeting,
And she leaves her master's roof.

Through the Mall and Common winding,
They behold the Park Street spire,
Constantly in Park Street finding
Something which they both admire.
The frog-pond struck the youth immensely,
With its flagstaff standing by,
And his small eye fixed intensely
On its small end in the sky.
So they walk to save their money,
Pitying folks who take a bus,
Sweet their path as though through honey,
As they housekeeping discuss.

She points out where Bogue and Dudley
Carve the hair of amorous youth,
Lawson's shop, and where all bloodily
Boylston Market stands uncouth.
He contemplates, with a creeping,
Ranges of stark stiffened hogs,
Every leg in air a-leaping,
Yet all frozen hard as logs.

Chickering's mighty range of windows
With piano-fortes piled,
And she hinted innuendoes
She 'd like one, and sweetly smiled.
He pretends, the subject dodging,
To be anxious to explain
All about their sylvan lodging,
Gem of fair Jamaica Plain.
So without delay they scamper
Past old Roxbury, past the Neck,
He scarce feels his market hamper,
She scarce holds her tongue in check.
Chattering of the alterations
Her good taste will soon contrive,
And so avoiding the vexations
Which to other folks arrive.
At last their cottage they discover
Set back a little from the street,
Which she in judgment to her lover
Considers for a farm-house neat.
Its sloping roof was nicely shingled,
The door was green, the knocker bright;

To touch it, every finger tingled
In perfect fulness of delight.
A row of hens with mild expression
Looked at them from the wood-house door,
And sinful chickens made confession
Of corn pecked from the kitchen floor.
A gray kitten sat a mewling
With barred tail amid the sun ;
A watch-dog sauntered, all reviewing,
Alone, because they had but one.
At last, upon the door-step standing,
What he's at she can't divine,
He exclaims, with voice commanding,
"This cottage and its yard are thine :
The garden and the so-called stable,
The duck-pond, dearest, all that's mine ;
And here we'll live quite comfortable.
To prove it, let us go in and dine."

THE MAGNETIZER TO THE MAGNETIZED.

I.

SISTER of the Spirit ! Sister !
Hover o'er this rolling world,
Burst with me our purblind trances,
Thoughts in idle darkness hurled.
Oh ! more one than when we wandered
Hand in hand amid the winds,
Out upon the open highlands,
Sharers of two fearless minds.
Now we sit in awful clearness,
Turning the mysterious leaves,
Sibyline of new world wisdom,
Prophets whence the world receives
Whispers which in darkness faltered
Circle round the Dome of Earth,
Pealing echoes far but faultless,
Perfect in a double birth.

Seem we not like curious children
In some Chemist's thoughtful home,
Seeking, touching all we find there,
From dark fact to fact to roam.

Ah ! I shudder lest the giver
Of thy life, dear, and of mine,
Gave not this transcendent compass,
Insight seeming so divine !
Though no Eden weeping see us
Evermore depart in tears,
Is there now no tree of knowledge
Which we languish for through fears?
Cannot the attempted spirit,
Chaste in saving robes of white,
Know and spurn the Serpent whisperer,
Rolling in his coils of light?
Whence this shudder, this abhorrence,
Which no common knowledge brings,
Vaulting to the truth in Heaven,
Poised upon exulting wings?

Do I not recoil when summoned,
Trusting to become a God,
Taste in every truth unholy
The affliction of the rod?

Oh! my Sister, while we tremble,
Let us bow our mounting hearts
With a prayer to be forgiven
Ere the veil withdrawn imparts
Dawns of swift, distracting knowledge,
Troubled with a rain of tears,
Whence, like ghosts, we pierce Creation,
High and self-anointed seers;
Seers condemned to pay the purchase,
To abide the ancient ban,
Gaining, ever to relinquish
Something of our worth as man;
Reading riddles which debase us,
Jeers to spirits who refrain;
Phineas-like 'mid harpies tasting
This life's feast of joy with pain.

Better were it as of old time
Fostering fancied powers in air,
Terrors of our own contriving,
Than thus lay our nature bare;
Thus to peer with dangerous freedom
Where the nursling germs of thought
In the Soul's profanèd temple
Down from Heaven to man are brought;

Pausing with audacious finger
To explore the adjustment nice
Of a God assimilate nature,
Orphaned of its rightful skies.
Is it well to thus surrender
To another's wicked will
The mind, its vacant throne and sceptre,
In its robes our seat to fill ;
Drowned in swinish damps and dulness
To expand its loaded eyes
In a Dukedom's presence-chamber,
Lying where a Sovereign lies?
Oh ! my Sister, should the passions,
The caged tigers of the Soul,
Riot in this world's arena,
Masterless of our control ;
To make sport to gaping thousands,
Wasting in the sands the life
Which should walk earth's tangled thickets
Victors in a lordlier strife?
Puppets of a human creature,
Energies which mock the skies,
Fellows of the storm and ocean,
Weavers with the Destinies ;

To become a chamber plaything
Handled by indifferent men.
Better be again a savage,
Better roam the woods again ;
Nor like Kent through tears of anger
To contemplate on the heath
The spoiled King of rightful empire,
Crazed and flower-crowned, waste in Death.

THE MAGNETIZED TO THE MAGNETIZER.

II.

SOMETHING tells me thou art troubled ;
Sounds of dread and doubt ascend,
Up where sphered in meditation
I with holier spirits blend ;
As an eagle, lost in morning,
Skirting rainbows and the cloud,
Hears far off through fields of stillness,
Murmurs from Earth's restless crowd.
Fear not for me, there is nothing
God permits his child to fear,
Veiled in humble aspiration,
Drawing to the light more near.
Trust thyself in all thy weakness
To the providence which bears
Thee caught upon the eagle's pinions
Into Heaven and softer airs.

Tropic birds past warm savannas,
Lean against the northern blast,
Piloted by Hope till Huron
Kindles in the moon at last.
Learn from Canute that truth's ocean
Holds but from the King of kings,
The law which weaves its flashing tissue
Round the solid face of things.
It has depths man never sounded,
And its sliding waters mine
Oftentimes the jutting headland,
Where His beacon tapers shine ;
Mock not then with idle terrors
The abyss on which we lie,
For all round us are the Heavens,
And their sweet, prophetic sky.

Much, dear Sister, would I utter,
Which I thirst to make more clear,
But thought snared in webs of wonder
Flutters speechless far and near ;
Faith is its master key, by love
To mortal blindness given,
Unlocking Earth's obscure recesses
And the crystal gates of Heaven.

Heart to heart with all Creation,
Clinging to its living breast,
I float with it in arms of ether,
In the shadow of its rest.
All around you ask the Instincts,
In almost articulate sighs,
For part in man's majestic passions,
And you faintly hear their cries.
Arms extend from rustling woodland,
Droop from every hurrying cloud ;
Voices whisper from the waters,
Or implore in clamors loud.
Shall forget-me-nots blue glancing
Quench within their asking eye
Their quest of human brotherhood,
Alone beneath the shrouded sky?
No oak exult in Freedom's battle,
Trembling willows weep no more,
No more in infinite bewailings
Ocean plunge along the shore ;
Type of all the tided Passions,
Mirror of the impatient Soul,
Revealing to it its own grandeur,
Fretting with its earthly goal !

Though locked in matter, still our being
Touches the ten thousand strings,
Binding in their far vibrations
All the harmonies of things.
Know that my soul fetterless
Hearkens with unmuffled ear
Creation's clarion diapason
And the planets' lofty cheer !
Love, dear Sister, is the mystic
Record of an earlier life,
Struggling to renew relations
Arms of flesh now hold at strife :
When Death pushes our bark stranded
From this bank and shoal of time,
We regain the lost relations
Which endeared our glorious prime.
Then we see the masquerading
Fairy of each sullen clod
Drop its visor, smile upon us :
Lowliest things reveal the God.
Then one murmur wanders o'er us,
Eyes shoot sympathies afar,
Hills to Ocean nod a welcome,
Glow-worm not disdained by star.

Tongues of fire electric flicker
Over every hallowed head,
Unto all the gift of utterance
In unmeasured strength is shed.

 Every flower betrays its feeling,
And its odor is its soul ;
Lilies now stoop bearing censers,
While through Heaven the organs roll.
Roses couch voluptuous bosoms,
Cleopatras in their pride,
And the thorn of sin in velvet
Drapery in vain would hide.
Blue-eyed gentians born to sorrow
On the Faulhorn's shoulder white,
Recognized as martyr brothers,
Lead us upward to the light ;
And all man's sublime confronting
Of the icy gales of pain,
Strengthens where the Faulhorn towers,
Patient of the bitter rain :
And the Bear which lights its summit,
Streams from its unchanging light
Constancy, while worlds are swerving,
Watch-tower of the realms of night.

Meanings which like sounds at midnight,
Brought me less of joy than dread,
Now reveal themselves exulting,
Night and all its spectres fled ;
Hopes which once afar benignant
Cheered from Heaven my toiling feet,
Now stand near me strengthening angels,
Holding cups of comfort sweet.
All around me warmth and splendor
Pierce into each creature's core,
Sight is Thought and Thought is Knowledge,
And the senses' reign is o'er.
No more the stars their hieroglyphics
Hang before our aching eyes,
But, like Jacob, we see seraphs
Moving heavenward up the skies.
One vast chain of happy creatures
Circles all creation through,
Soaring as their sight can bear it
Ever nearer to the true.

THE ALICE.

COME, Alice, see, the diamond flies,
And perches on its rocking nest ;
And, like a cloud against the skies,
The mainsail strains in haughty rest.
Bring shawl and cloak : against her chain
She chafes, impatient of delay ;
We may live years, nor find again
A fairer wind or better day.

Moorings let go ! the sliding keel
Answers as does a living thing :
A finger touch upon the wheel,
And low she curves her docile wing.
Here in the shade spread shawls and lie,
To taste the ozone of the air,
While trooping seas behind us try
To overtake our Alice fair.

Away! the cloven waves unite
Behind in murmuring braids of snow,
And seething whispers of delight,
As through the glassy fields we go;
And courtesying with a grace her own
Her bows of beauty in reply,
The white-winged creature moves alone,
Swan-like between the wave and sky.

The plaything, darling of them both,
They bring her where the sunsets hide,
The Sun she chases like a moth,
Till he down western steeps doth glide.
And often at her morning bath,
She startles with her daring prow,
Descended from her starry path,
The Huntress of the silver bow.

And when in saucy mood the spray
Sprinkles the weather group of girls,
And drives with merry shouts away,
With dripping cloaks and streaming curls;

Are these the seasoned mariners,
Whose fun is turned to swiftest grief,
And are those cries of trouble hers,
Who sighed but for "a double reef"?

And when by night our lantern bright,
The round moon hanging in the shrouds,
We fly along the silence white,
Flashing past sails like Sundered clouds ;
We count as beadsmen do, the isles
In triple ranks, each after each,
And all thy lovely length of miles,
Smooth sea of Eggmoggin reach !

At times we fold our snowy wings
In some sequestered, rural pool,
And Evening's star around us brings
Troops of sweet thoughts and silence cool.
The gray town sends no sound to us,
As leaning o'er the rail we muse
On tints that mix harmonious
Of glowing gold and turquoise blues.

Farewell, dear friend, my floating home ;
A menacing finger in the sky
Bids us through summer seas to roam
No more, and from harsh winter's, fly.
Sleep ! dreaming of the violet deep,
And think of us and happy hours,
While we through icy nights shall keep
Thoughts of the sails that once were ours.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

How lame the hands which would a chaplet twine
O'er Greek brows sculptured with the grace of
 thought ;
And eyes whose depth in Castaly was caught,
And with its shadowy, crystal clearness shine !
The river of thy speech, temper divine
Gave sword-blades, from Heaven's armory brought,
When the waste land in battle's furnace wrought.
Like rounded, moony pearls thy periods fine
Electric run as on a thread of gold.
Thy verse brings scent of hay-fields, and the birds
Chirp in its line, while looks from farm and fold
Sweet Peace, companion of the sauntering herds ;
And Wisdom's accents, truths as Egypt old,
Mix with this rural grace in awful words.

THE PAINTER.

HIS coffers hold no store of gold,
Of land he owns small measure ;
And yet hath he the Earth in fee,
And dividends at pleasure.

The East and West by him possessed,
Have fiefs which own allegiance ;
His castles fair in Spanish air
Tower through the cloudy regions.

Of titles plain to this domain,
The courts have little knowledge,
And Nature rules him or and gules
Unknown in Herald's college.

In her undress of loveliness
Beheld in covert shady,
A vow he seals, and to her kneels, —
Nature, his Sovereign lady !

When sunbeams dance, he lifts his lance
(A mahl-stick, long and slender) ;
With blazoned shield he takes the field,
Her champion and defender.

He sees the sun, his foray done,
Give place to Dian's crescent,
And stars that swim o'er seas grown dim
With twilight opalescent.

And when the spoil his pleasant toil
Rewards with stores of booty,
He folds his tent by fairies lent ;
That Bedouin of Beauty !

He breaks his bread uncoverèd,
Where nymphs look on attendant,
And draperies fall from every wall
Of his rich Hall resplendent.

On pallet bare in foreign air
Perhaps his body's lying,
While from the skies great companies
Of angels serve him dying.

When turned to clay, his new Birth-day
Breaks in a morn Elysian,
The angel band in welcome stand,
Leonardo, Raffaele, Titian !

"What did he leave?" ask friends who grieve.
Replies the King of Terrors,
"Why, every thing." Yet to him cling
The miser's sordid errors.

Rich in the love which lives above,
Where love for love is given,
And knows no loss nor Earthly dross ;
The Painter enters Heaven.

ART SONNETS.

A LION'S HEAD. — RUBENS.

I.

THIS easy force and fervent strength are thine,
Thou lion among men ! His eyeballs lower
Under his kingly brows in haughty power,
And glittering as is the yellow wine !
While behind ponderous jaws in knotted twine,
The fulvous terror of the desert's hour
(When at this signal lifted all things cower),
The torrent of his mane. His white teeth shine ;
On either side his muscular tongue, arrayed
Those cruel fangs, impatient to devour.
From his expanded mouth I seem to hear
Him cry to God the creature he hath made !

 This from his hand in all its strength displayed
When trifling with the brush, the great Ambassador.

TROYON.

II.

How well we love to roam in Normandy,
Guided by thee, and scent the tingling brine
Of the far sea beyond the browsing kine,
While the breeze tinkles in the poplar-tree,
And the cloud shadows sweep from lea to lea !
Manliest of men ! A peasant born, 'tis thine
To guide through furrows still the coulter's shine ,
While thy meek oxen yoked in couples three,
With massive shoulders swinging down the slope,
Uproot the noxious weed. What lofty mien !
And the great eyes soft as an antelope's,
And breath that health might envy. The scene,
Could be a leaf of Virgil, not by Pope,
Old truth for ever fixed in verse serene.

COROT.

III.

COROT, thy little squares of canvas seem
As windows, opening on the heavenly face
Of Nature, moving with her lissom grace ;
Or painted from the memory of a dream !
So softly melt thy skies, so softly gleam
Thy pearly pools through the long summer days ;
O'er which the willow's tremulous cloud displays
Its fronds of silver, set in silver haze !
Thy brush is dipped in moonshine's pallid rays
Thou painter of the essences of things !
Rapt listener to the silent song Earth sings,
And sung in colors to the sense, not sound.
Thou teachest still, simplicity, which brings
Love nearest to the heart, the love in Nature found.

D I A Z.

IV.

Is it of guava or a syrup fine
My sense has tasted, Diaz, given by thee?
Rich colorist! Yet may we never see
Thee bear a message from a Truth divine;
But sensuous as on our lip is wine.
But such wine gladdens, and shall ever be
The Enchantress of the mind's austerity.
Thy little pictures like to jewels shine:
Whether on banks of Eastern Bosphorus
We see thy children like a ring of flowers,
Or fair Circassian drooping lids at us.
But best at home we feel thy native powers
Where on French trees the sun strikes glorious!
Such gems they are, we always wish them ours.

DECAMPS.

V.

WAS thy youth mewed in some sequestered tower,
Like Rembrandt in his mill, till he was told,
By abstinence from daylight, light is gold?
Thy canvas is a Danaë, where the power
Of Jove descends in sunshine's golden shower.
Thy pencil to a sorceress is sold ;
Therefore the East is thine, whose every hour
By scented chaplets indolent is told.
There thy Turk sits in shadow, while the wall
Above him, sunlit, is a blinding square,
And hears the camel's cushioned foot-pad fall
Through a kaleidoscope of colors fair ;
The while against his shelves of silk and shawl
His jasmine pipe's blue film unwinds to air.

HUNT.

VI.

Saw we not once the wingless Victory,
Unflown from Athens, and still conquering Time,
In that small temple, at our morning prime?
And wingless may she ever prove to thee
In those fair fields whose victories bloodless be.
When we are dust, still from her height sublime,
She shall her children cheer to scale and climb
Up where her trophied Fane o'erlooks the sea,
Till they unto her welcoming arms attain.
Still be to us her minister, and show
Her beckoning smile beyond the stony plain:
Till with his liliated hand Angelico
Shall teach the world to pray aright again;
And Titian once more, the Rose of Art, shall glow.

SEA SERPENT. — VEDDER.

VII.

THOU hast a sparkle of the sacred fire !
Mother of worlds, Imagination bends
Her heavenly eyes on thee, and ye are friends !
She led thee where that creature spire on spire
Supine is coiled, its slow neck lifted higher,
Till it beholds where sky with water blends,
And the infinite hush in silence ends.
No sound, no life, but grass tinkling like wire,
And that mysterious eye which alone lives.
Where are thy brothers of the elder world?
And may we think that one sea snake survives?
Thou answerest not, in stony stillness curled.
The answer that thou wilt not, Vedder gives ;
For here lives he in endless rings unfurled.

G A Y.

VIII.

NOT where from granite ledges towers the oak,
And down their serrated crests the spindling fall
Tosses its summer-shrunken runnel small,
And red leaves twinkle on the hills that smoke
With Indian summer, thy brush caught its stroke.
But where the fencing sea-coast builds its wall
Round sparkling coves, or towers a sentinel
At Minot's, since that night of terror broke,
And left the eyeless sea to moan in vain.
How well thou lovest there the severe scene !
The ruddy rocks which frame the azure keen,
And the slow oxen staggering with the wain
Of dripping weed, and cedars' sombre green
On lichened cliffs, surveying the far main.

KENS ETT.

IX.

THY studio is the Hall of Memory,
Where thy life's pages hang upon the walls,
And every busy summer hour recalls.
Thy tiny tent of white, from Beverly
Blooms flowerlike, to where thy monstrous sea,
Point Judith, with its mountainous wave appals ;
Recovered still in tinkling waterfalls
O'er rosy stairs of granite endlessly !
All the land loves thee from the East to West.
And happiest where some Naiad of the wood
Invites thee downward, and its fluttering vest
Of silver sparkles in the solitude.
On the musical stones her feet but rest,
To dance thee on enchanted, while the brood
Of happy thoughts sing ever from their nest.

CHURCH.

X.

HAVE I not climbed with thee the Andes' Heart,
Helped by the fragrant ladder of the vine ;
From far to see the glistening divine
(So near to Heaven, it seems of it a part)
Of earthly fields of snow? Has not thine Art
Made the Arabian's magic carpet mine,
And shown each country's marvel? From the in-
cline
Where Iris spans the thundering Horse-shoe's shine,
To where Damascus, set in verdure, glows
Among her fountained flower-beds, a gem.
To where on high the sacred city shows,
A Magnet to the seed of Abraham !
We think on her who touched His garment's hem,
When looking at thy towers, Jerusalem.

ROUSE.

XI.

As when in watches of the night we see,
Hanging in tremulous beauty o'er the bed,
The face we loved on Earth, now from us fled ;
So wan, so sweet, so spiritually free
From taint of Earth, thy tender drawings be.
There we may find the friend rememberèd ;
With a new aureole hovering round the head,
Given by Art's peaceful immortality.
How many homes half empty fill the place
Death vacates with thy gracious substitutes !
Not sensuous with color, which may disgrace
The memory of the body shared with brutes ;
But the essential spirit in the face,
As angels see us, best, Affection suits.

ROGERS.

XII.

LET others hew from marble the grand forms
Imprisoned there — Zenobia liberate
To tread the Roman streets — to captivate
Again the world, Egypt the marble warms,
And hides in languid limbs Love's tropic storms,
Drooping her lotus eyes which shine with Fate!
For thee the tragedy of daily things,
To firesides brought amid our work and books.
How every group the war before us brings!
We see the frowning scout, and the sad looks
Of Love which round the vanished roof-tree clings;
And the sworn traitor whose angry eye rebukes
The courtesy which from conviction springs.
Like flowers these charm us, found in quiet nooks.

JAPANESE ART.

A CABINET OF IVORY.

THE world of Magic drops this meteor bright
To Earth, as pattern of her craftsmen there,
An aerolite from Fancy's upper air !
Or rather say Titania's cabinet.
Cobweb I see, and Master Moth alight
Upon it, with strange birds of plumage rare ;
Pheasants which live ; wild swans that dive in air,
On pearly wings extended, exquisite.
The ponderous, pygmy doors, whose silver bar
Is dropped, three little faery drawers unfold,
Where the Queen's costly robes and jewels are ;
Which open as a spider, snail or leaf we hold,
All carved in creamy, orient ivory, fair.

FORCE.

TALK not to me of Force — unless withdrawn,
Invisible, omniscient, infinite,
A Father's hand is spiritually in sight,
Which Love moves, and without which, most forlorn,
The worlds would stumble darkling with no dawn.
Trace to its source each arrow in its flight,
And from his quiver must they all alight.
No force that is not child of him is born.
A messenger and delegate of his ;
To law, its metes and bounds, obedient found.
Each moves in order ; worlds, like dancing motes,
Float in the sunbeam of his love, and sound
One song of Joy and reverent Faithfulness.
Let haughty Science touch with humbled knee the
ground.

A PRESENCE.

THERE is a Presence on our steps attending
 When most alone ;
So with the Spirit's inmost being blending,
 They seem as one.

The clasping air in Summer's golden leisure,
 With tenderest power,
Surrounds with its invisible, sweet pressure
 Each herb and flower.

Ocean forgets not, in its stormiest thunders
 Past caverned shores,
The tiniest shell or weedy chasm it sunders :
 Round all it pours !

Not air that clasps, not wave the shores entreating,
So near shall keep,
As this which floats upon the bosom's beating,
Even when in sleep.

It moves with us amid the unquiet city,
Close at our side ;
And looks from mountain-tops with eyes of pity,
Our silent guide.

We are as glass before its piercing vision,
Which reads our thought ;
And by it led, we reach the land Elysian,
In visions brought.

We see in Missals old an angel tending
With pious care,
And from assailing harm the flowers defending,
In gardens fair.

In the Soul's garden, foster those which languish,
The Spirit's flowers ;
And oh ! destroy the weeds which bring us anguish,
Through all its bowers.

Guardian and friend ! may the immortal essence,
An amaranth blown,
In Heaven's own Garden feel thy shining presence,
No more alone.

THE ELEVEN OF JUDEA AGAINST THE
WORLD.

FOILED in the game by champions of Heaven ;
Caught out, with wickets down, the gods must yield ;
Invincible, the band of Christ's eleven
Hold 'gainst the world the field.

THE VISION OF VERAGUA.

THE following verses are a paraphrase of a remarkable letter of Columbus.

VANQUISHED by thronging storms of Fate ;
His distant brother wounded sore ;
Alone and sick and desolate,
On wild Veragua's fevered shore :
He climbed his deck and asked relief
With outstretched hands of wave and sky,
In coward petulance of grief,
To which but mocking winds reply.
Heart-broken, great Columbus wept !
And, worn with anguish and fatigue, he slept.

"Faithless and weak ! was it for this"
(A voice in heavenly accents spake),
"Like Moses, through the wilderness
A guide was given for thy sake ;

And fashioned from thy youth for Fame,
When of fit age, o'er all the Earth
It made resound thy glorious name,
And high prerogatives of worth?
Oh! coward Soul, to so forget
The love which shaped thy life, and still is shaping it.

" Was it for this, by favoring Heaven,
The mighty chains which Ocean wore,
To unlock, the keys to thee were given,
And a path won from shore to shore!
For thee the veil withdrawn where slept
The spicy breath of India's skies,
For thee alone of men was kept
The secret place of Paradise?
Whole lands it gave thee for thine own,
India and all its isles were made for thee a throne.

" Did not his Isaac, Abraham see,
Born to his age, through happy tears?
God as to him may give to thee
His long inheritance of years.

Thou lookest to man for help in vain,
Whence came thy woes, for only one,
A Father's hand, can raise again,
When bowed in penitence, his son.
His love through crosses shall endure ;
His promises, thou faithless heart, are sure.

“ Let suffering teach. Look thou within,
And learn thyself and God to know,
And cleanse in tears of Faith thy sin ;
And on thy path of Glory go.
Farewell ! ” And voice or essence passed ;
And, flying, whispered in his ear,
“ Great sorrows traced in marble last,
But not in vain. Be of good cheer.”
Columbus woke — within, God's peace ;
And, as he looked, calm on the raging seas.

ERIK THE RED.

WHEN first the Norseman's prow of oak
Harsh grated on New England's strand,
And all the forest echoes woke
In welcome as he stepped to land ;
To him had seemed a faery tale
The wonders of the things to be,
And magic woven in the sail
Which brought him o'er the willing sea.

Methinks that grating keel had sent
An earthquake thrill of coming doom,
As Continent to Continent
Whispered of all the days to come ;
And sachems heard Manito moan
In far sierras of the west,
To see the white man's handful grown,
And his red children dispossessed.

The imperial eye of Europe's race
Looked conquest down the Indian's sky ;
It took possession in that gaze,
While passed with tribute nations by :
Already round his feet, like leaves,
The red men wither in its rays,
And stacked and fair the harvest-sheaves
Heap round the white man's dwelling-place.

This Erik saw : it was for him
But vision of the world to be ;
The forest pierced with steeples dim,
And swarming as the populous sea !
As Moses entered not, but on
The land of promise looked, to die,
Brave Erik gazed from Alderton,
And Odin took him to his sky.

His grapes did not from Eschol come,
And barren went his followers back ;
But Phosphor from their icy home
Left on the sea a luminous track ;

Renewing all its splendor when
In fulness of the appointed hours,
Sailed from the East those happier men,
The pilgrim ancestors of ours.

Our kinsman we will not forget,
Though not to him the land was given ;
And in our veins is glowing yet
The Norman blood to victory driven ;
Where Peace, not War, its banner rears,
And spears as sickles reap the soil,
And the red harvest of the years
Crowns with its sheaf the Norseman's toil.

THE END.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 319 3

