

THE  
♥ LONGFELLOW ♥ YEAR-BOOK ♥



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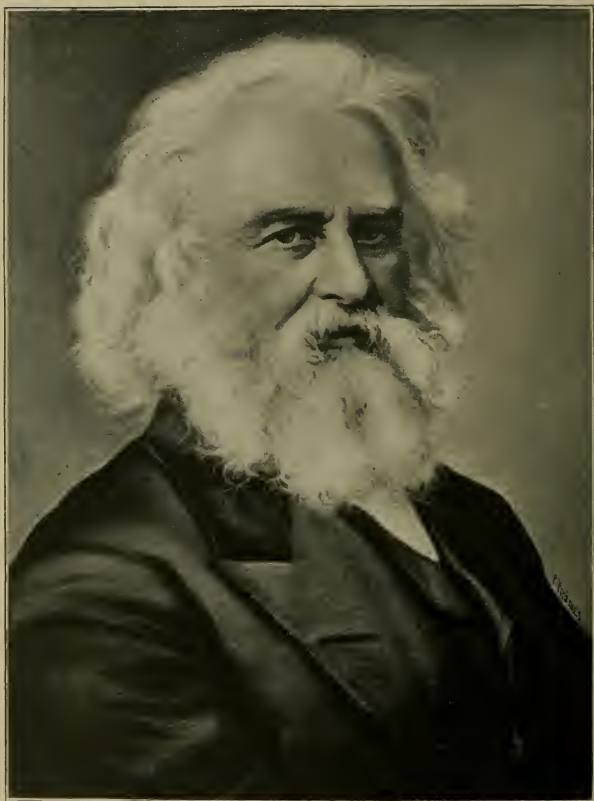












# A Year Book

Of Quotations

From the writings of

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

With spaces for Autographs  
and Records



New York

Thomas Whittaker

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## January

### CARE AND MELANCHOLY

Hence away, begone, begone,  
Carking care and melancholie!  
Think ye thus to govern me  
All my life long, as ye have done?  
That shall ye not, I promise ye;  
Reason shall have the masterie.  
So hence away, begone, begone,  
Carking care and melancholie!

If ever ye return this way,  
With your mournful company,  
A curse be on ye, and the day  
That brings ye moping back to me!  
Hence away, begone, I say,  
Carking care and melancholie!

———— January 1 ————

Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not  
back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine.  
Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear,  
and with a manly heart.

HYPERION.

———— January 2 ————

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
Act—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

———— January 3 ————

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face  
of the morning,  
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened  
thought into action.

EVANGELINE.

—— January 1 ——

—— January 2 ——

—— January 3 ——

———— January 4 ————

And when the wintry tempest blows,  
And January's sleet and snows  
Are spread o'er every vale and hill,  
With one to tell a merry tale  
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,  
I sit, and care not for the gale;  
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

LET ME GO WARM.

———— January 5 ————

Thus from the distant past the history of the human race is telegraphed from generation to generation, through the present, to all succeeding ages.

OUTRE-MER.

———— January 6 ————

There is no light in earth or heaven  
But the cold light of stars;  
And the first watch of night is given  
To the red planet Mars.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.



—— January 4 ——

—— January 5 ——

—— January 6 ——

———— January 7 ————

Oh! though oft depressed and lonely,  
All my fears are laid aside  
If I but remember only  
Such as these have lived and died.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

———— January 8 ————

And ever faster fell the snow, a roaring torrent  
from those mountainous clouds. . . . Thus the evening  
set in; and Winter stood at the gate wagging  
his white and shaggy beard, like an old harper chanting  
an old rhyme: "How cold it is! how cold it is!"

HYPERION.

———— January 9 ————

Thou comest between me and those books too often!

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Ah, what a wondrous thing it is  
To note how many wheels of toil  
One thought, one word, can set in motion!

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

—— January 7 ——

—— January 8 ——

—— January 9 ——

——— January 10 ———

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of  
exquisite music.

EVANGELINE.

Thou speakest truly, poet! and methinks  
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours  
Than one would say.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

——— January 11 ———

God sent his Singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to heaven again.

THE SINGERS.

——— January 12 ———

I venerate old age; and I love not the man who  
can look without emotion upon the sunset of life,  
when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the  
watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow  
broader and deeper upon the understanding!

OUTRE-MER.

—— January 10 ——

—— January 11 ——

—— January 12 ——

———— January 13 ————

Every twig and shrub, with its sheath of crystal,  
flashed in the level rays of the rising sun.

OUTRE-MER.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all;  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

THE RAINY DAY.

———— January 14 ————

Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

WOODS IN WINTER.

———— January 15 ————

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,  
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall.

ANNIE OF THARAW.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing  
what you can do well, and doing well whatever you  
do without a thought of fame,

HYPERION.

—— January 13 ——

—— January 14 ——

—— January 15 ——

———— January 16 ————

I saw, as in a dream sublime,  
The balance in the hand of Time.  
O'er East and West its beam impended;  
And day, with all its hours of light,  
Was slowly sinking out of sight,  
While, opposite, the scale of night  
Silently with the stars ascended.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

———— January 17 ————

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.

THE DAY IS DONE.

———— January 18 ————

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the  
gentle craft,  
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios  
sang and laughed.

NUREMBERG.



—— January 16 ——

—— January 17 ——

—— January 18 ——

———— January 19 ————

“Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,  
Of earth and folly born!”  
Solemnly sang the village choir  
On that sweet Sabbath morn.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

———— January 20 ————

I first saw Venice by moonlight. . . . A thousand lamps glittered from the square of St. Mark and along the water's edge. Above rose the cloudy shapes of spires, domes, and palaces, emerging from the sea; and occasionally the twinkling lamp of a gondola darted across the water like a shooting star, and suddenly disappeared as if quenched in the wave.

OUTRE-MER.

———— January 21 ————

Noiseless as a feather or a snowflake falls, did her feet touch the earth.

HYPERION.

Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient and simple and childlike.

EVANGELINE.

—— January 19 ——

—— January 20 ——

—— January 21 ——

———— January 22 ————

Those college days! I ne'er shall see the like!  
I had not buried then so many hopes!  
I had not buried then so many friends!  
I've turned my back on what was then before me;  
And the bright faces of my young companions  
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

———— January 23 ————

A foolish world is prone to laugh in public at  
what in private it reveres as one of the highest im-  
pulses of our nature, namely, Love!

HYPERION.

And though the warrior's sun has set,  
Its light shall linger round us yet—  
Bright, radiant, blest.

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

*Tr. from the Spanish*

———— January 24 ————

Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was  
wasted.  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, re-  
turning  
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them  
full of refreshment;  
That which the fountain sends forth returns again  
to the fountain.

EVANGELINE.

———— January 22 ————

———— January 23 ————

———— January 24 ————

———— January 25 ————

Thou art a scholar.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

What we call miracles and wonders of Art are not so to him who created them; for they were created by the natural movements of his own great soul. Statues, paintings, churches, poems, are but shadows of himself.

HYPERION.

———— January 26 ————

No one is so accursed by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate,  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own.

Responds—as if, with unseen wings,  
An angel touched its quivering strings,  
And whispers, in its song,  
“Where hast thou stayed so long?”

ENDYMION.

———— January 27 ————

Celestial King! Oh, let thy presence pass  
Before my spirit, and an image fair  
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,  
As the reflected image in a glass  
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there.

THE IMAGE OF GOD.

—— January 25 ——

—— January 26 ——

—— January 27 ——

———— January 28 ————

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,  
Take care!  
She gives a side-glance and looks down,  
Beware! beware!  
Trust her not;  
She is fooling thee!

BEWARE!

*From the German.*

———— January 29 ————

Ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection! Tender morning visions  
Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!  
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand  
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land!

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

———— January 30 ————

Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has  
torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human  
Life to light the fires of passion with, from day to  
day, that man begins to see that the leaves which  
remain are few in number.

HYPERION.



—— January 28 ——

—— January 29 ——

—— January 30 ——

O Light serene! present in him who breathes  
That love divine which kindles, yet restrains,  
The high-born soul, that in its mortal chains  
Heavenward aspires for love's immortal wreaths!  
Rich golden locks, within whose clustered curls  
Celestial and eternal treasures lie!  
A voice that breathes angelic harmony  
Among bright coral and unspotted pearls!  
What marvelous beauty! Of the high estate  
Of immortality, within this light,  
Transparent veil of flesh, a glimpse is given;  
And in the glorious form I contemplate  
(Although its brightness blinds my feeble sight)  
The immortal still I seek and follow on to Heaven!

IDEAL BEAUTY.

—— January 31 ——



## February

### THE RETURN OF SPRING

Now Time throws off his cloak again  
Of ermined frost and wind and rain,  
And clothes him in the embroidery  
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.  
With beast and bird the forest rings,  
Each in his jargon cries or sings;  
And Time throws off his cloak again  
Of ermined frost and wind and rain.

River and fount and tinkling brook  
Wear in their dainty livery  
Drops of silver jewelry;  
In new-made suit they merry look;  
And Time throws off his cloak again  
Of ermined frost and wind and rain.

———— February 1 ————

The day is ending,  
The night is descending;  
The marsh is frozen,  
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes  
The red sun flashes  
On village windows  
That glimmer red.

AN AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

———— February 2 ————

From that hour forth he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance—no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar.

HYPERION.

When I watched the outbound sail fading over the water's edge, and losing itself in the blue mists of the sea, my heart went with it.

OUTRE-MER.

———— February 3 ————

Welcome, my old friend!  
Welcome to a foreign fireside.

• And as swallows build  
In these wide, old-fashioned chimneys,  
So thy twittering songs shall nestle  
In my bosom.

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-BOOK.

—— February 1 ——

—— February 2 ——

—— February 3 ——

———— February 4 ————

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light—for strength to bear  
Our portion of the weight of care  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

What would be the fame . . . of France without  
her Racine and Rabelais and Voltaire?

HYPERION.

———— February 5 ————

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;  
Amid these earthly damps  
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

RESIGNATION.

———— February 6 ————

For what is Time? The shadow on the dial,—the  
striking of the clock,—the running of the sand,—  
day and night,—summer and winter,—months, years,  
centuries. These are but arbitrary and outward signs  
—the measure of Time, not Time itself. Time is the  
life of the Soul.

HYPERION.



———— February 4 ————

———— February 5 ————

———— February 6 ————

———— February 7 ————

As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of the summer sun breathes upon it, melts and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun, so life in the smile of God's love divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it and reflecting an image of God's love.

HYPERION.

———— February 8 ————

Building nests in Fame's great temple,  
As in spouts the swallows build.

NUREMBERG.

It comes,—the beautiful, the free,  
The crown of all humanity,—  
In silence and alone  
To seek the elected one.

ENDYMION.

———— February 9 ————

I may not know the purpose of my being, . . . but I do know that my being has a purpose in the omniscience of my Creator, and that all my actions tend to the completion, to the full accomplishment, of that purpose.

OUTRE-MER.

But the good deed, through the ages  
Living in historic pages,  
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,  
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

THE NORMAN BARON.

—— February 7 ——

—— February 8 ——

—— February 9 ——

———— February 10 ————

Why need one always explain? Some feelings  
are quite untranslatable. No language has yet been  
found for them. HYPERION.

She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight  
and abundance,  
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.  
EVANGELINE.

———— February 11 ————

The dream of science, the historical research, . . .  
the tried courage, . . . where are they? With the  
living, and not with the dead. OUTRE-MER.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.  
RESIGNATION.

———— February 12 ————

(LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY)

When the hours of Day are numbered,  
And the voices of the Night  
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,  
To a holy, calm delight;  
Then the forms of the departed  
Enter at the open door;  
The beloved, the true-hearted,  
Come to visit me once more.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

———— February 10 ————

———— February 11 ————

———— February 12 ————

———— February 13 ————

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms  
filled my brain;  
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth  
again.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

Music is the universal language of mankind; poetry  
their universal pastime and delight.

OUTRE-MER.

———— February 14 ————

Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?  
Naught see I fixed or sure in thee!  
I do not know thee, nor what deeds are thine;  
Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?  
Naught see I fixed or sure in thee!

RONDEL.

Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,  
Feeding its flame.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

———— February 15 ————

It has become a common saying that men of genius  
are always in advance of their age, which is true.  
There is something equally true, yet not so common;  
namely, that of these men of genius the best and  
bravest are in advance not only of their own age,  
but of every age.

HYPERION.

———— February 13 ————

———— February 14 ————

———— February 15 ————





—— February 16 ——

—— February 17 ——

—— February 18 ——

———— February 19 ————

Whither my heart has gone there follows my hand,  
and not elsewhere.  
For when the heart goes before like a lamp, and il-  
lumines the pathway,  
Many things are made clear that else lie hidden in  
darkness.

EVANGELINE.

———— February 20 ————

The rising moon has hid the stars;  
Her level rays, like golden bars,  
Lie on the landscape green,  
With shadows brown between.

ENDYMION.

Many have genius, but, wanting art, are forever  
dumb. The two must go together to form the great  
poet, painter, or sculptor.

HYPERION.

———— February 21 ————

Is this a dream? Oh, if it be a dream,  
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!

. . . . .

It is a dream, sweet child! a waking dream,  
A blissful certainty, a vision bright  
Of that rare happiness which even on earth  
Heaven gives to those it loves.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

—— February 19 ——

—— February 20 ——

—— February 21 ——

———— February 22 ————

(WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY)

Tongues of the dead, not lost,  
But speaking from death's frost,  
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost!

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,  
Amid the chills and damps  
Of the vast plain where Death encamps.

L'ENVOI.

———— February 23 ————

The angels sang in heaven when she was born.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Painful indeed it is to be misunderstood and undervalued by those we love. But this, too, in our life must we learn to bear without a murmur, for it is a tale often repeated.

HYPERION.

———— February 24 ————

Oh, fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with  
splendor,  
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and  
apostles.

EVANGELINE.

—— February 22 ——

—— February 23 ——

—— February 24 ——

----- February 25 -----

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
Flaunting gaily in the golden light;  
Large desires, with most uncertain issues;  
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

FLOWERS.

----- February 26 -----

All are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of Time;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;  
Each thing in its place is best;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.

THE BUILDERS.

----- February 27 -----

A handful of red sand, from the hot clime  
Of Arab deserts brought,  
Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,  
The minister of Thought.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

----- February 25 -----

----- February 26 -----

----- February 27 -----

February 28

Her form arose like a tremulous evening star in the firmament of his soul. He conversed with her, and with her alone, and knew not when to go. All others were to him as if they were not there. He saw their forms, but saw them as the forms of inanimate things.

HYPERION.

“He is in love. Were you ever in love, Baltasar?”  
“I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my life.”

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

February 29

It was a glorious morning, and the sun rose up into a cloudless heaven, and poured a flood of gorgeous splendor over the mountain landscape, as if proud of the realm he shone upon.

OUTRE-MER.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed,  
an exile,  
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a  
country.

EVANGELINE.



———— February 28 ————

———— February 29 ————



## March

Yet even here, and in the stormy month of March even, there are bright, warm mornings, when we open our windows to inhale the balmy air. The pigeons fly to and fro, and we hear the whirring sound of wings. Old flies crawl out of the cracks to sun themselves, and think it is summer. They die in their conceit, and so do our hearts within us when the cold sea-breath comes from the eastern sea.

HYPERION.

Already the grass shoots forth. The waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees; and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in springtime! What a joy in being and moving!

HYPERION.

————— March 1 —————

Within her heart was his image,  
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she  
    beheld him,  
Only more beautiful made by his death-like silence  
    and absence.  
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it  
    was not.  
Over him years had no power; he was not changed,  
    but transfigured.

EVANGELINE.

————— March 2 —————

To charm, to strengthen, and to teach—  
These are the three great chords of might.

THE SINGERS.

O precious evenings! all too swiftly sped!  
Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages  
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,  
And giving tongues unto the silent dead!  
SONNET ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

————— March 3 —————

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,  
    Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
    Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
    Has earned a night's repose.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

———— March 1 ————

———— March 2 ————

———— March 3 ————

————— **March 4** —————

Oppression and sickness and sorrow and pain  
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

ANNIE OF THARAW.

*Tr. from Simon Duch.*

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

————— **March 5** —————

The red-flowering maple is first in blossom, its beautiful purple flowers unfolding a fortnight before the leaves. The moosewood follows, with rose-colored buds and leaves; and the dog-wood, robed in the white of its own pure blossoms. Then comes the sudden rain-storm, and the birds fly to and fro, and shriek. Where do they hide themselves in such storms? at what firesides dry their feathery cloaks?

HYPERION.

————— **March 6** —————

The star of the unconquered will,  
He rises in my breast,  
Serene, and resolute, and still,  
And calm, and self-possessed.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

. . . I love thee as the good love heaven.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

———— March 4 ————

———— March 5 ————

———— March 6 ————

————— March 7 —————

I confess, with all humility, that at times the line of demarcation between truth and fiction is rendered so indefinite and indistinct, that I cannot always determine, with unerring certainty, whether an event really happened to me, or whether I only dreamed it.

OUTRE-MER.

————— March 8 —————

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!  
O drooping souls, whose destinies  
Are fraught with fear and pain,  
Ye shall be loved again!

ENDYMION.

————— March 9 —————

“Ah! this beautiful world!” said Flemming, with a smile. “Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and clouds shut out the sky.”

HYPERION.



———— March 7 ————

———— March 8 ————

———— March 9 ————

———— March 10 ————

I heard a brooklet gushing  
From its rocky fountain near,  
Down into the valley rushing,  
So fresh and wondrous clear.

Is this the way I was going?  
Whither, O brooklet, say!  
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,  
Murmured my senses away.

WHITHER ?

*Tr. from the German of Muller*

———— March 11 ————

Spring is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf,  
and smiles the sun,  
And the loosened torrents downward singing to the  
ocean run;  
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds  
'gin to ope,  
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and  
hope.

FRITHIOF'S SAGA.

———— March 12 ————

A melancholy train of thought forced itself home  
upon my mind. The joys and sorrows of this world  
are so strikingly mingled! Our mirth and grief are  
brought so mournfully in contact! We laugh when  
others weep, and others rejoice when we are sad!  
The light heart and the heavy walk side by side and  
go about together!

OUTRE-MER.

----- March 10 -----

----- March 11 -----

----- March 12 -----

———— March 13 ————

Generations perish, like the leaves of the forest passing away when their mission is completed; but at each succeeding spring, broader and higher spreads the human mind unto its perfect stature, unto the fulfilment of its destiny, unto the perfection of its nature.

OUTRE-MER.

———— March 14 ————

He was not yet in love, but very near it; for he thanked God that he had made such beautiful beings to walk the earth.

HYPERION.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
Of the selfsame universal being  
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

FLOWERS.

———— March 15 ————

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of  
heaven,  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the  
angels.

EVANGELINE.

—— March 13 ——

—— March 14 ——

—— March 15 ——

————— March 16 —————

And, to cheer thy solitary labor, remember that the secret studies of an author are the sunken piers upon which is to rest the bridge of his fame, spanning the dark waters of Oblivion. They are out of sight; but without them no superstructure can stand secure!

HYPERION.

I never hear the sweet warble of a bird from its native wood, without a silent wish that such a cheerful voice and peaceful shade were mine.

OUTRE-MER.

————— March 17 —————

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom  
Makes the flowers of poesy bloom  
In the forge's dust and cinders,  
In the tissues of the loom.

NUREMBERG.

————— March 18 —————

I felt her presence by its spell of might  
Stoop o'er me from above;  
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,  
As of the one I love.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

Believe me, every man has his secret sorrows which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.

HYPERION.

———— March 16 ————

———— March 17 ————

———— March 18 ————

————— March 19 —————

Mighty is the spirit of the past, amid the ruins of  
the Eternal City! OUTRE-MER.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

————— March 20 —————

Yet oft I dream that once a wife  
Close in my heart was locked,  
And in the sweet repose of life  
A blessed child I rocked.

And when I see that lock of gold  
Pale grows the evening red;  
And when the dark lock I behold  
I wish that I were dead.

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

*Tr. from the German of Pfizer.*

————— March 21 —————

What a noble figure! What grace! What at-  
titudes! How much soul in every motion! . . .  
Every step is a word, and the whole together a  
poem!

HYPERION.



—— March 19 ——

—— March 20 ——

—— March 21 ——

———— March 22 ————

Maiden! with the meek brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies  
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

MAIDENHOOD.

———— March 23 ————

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!  
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

———— March 24 ————

If you find a lady who pleases you very much, and you wish to marry her, and she will not listen to such a horrid thing, I see but one remedy, which is, to find another who pleases you more, and who will listen to it.

HYPERION.

—— March 22 ——

—— March 23 ——

—— March 24 ——

————— March 25 —————

It is recorded in the "Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillana" that, when this renowned personage first visited the city of Madrid, he took lodgings . . . in the Puerta del Sol. . . . I followed, as far as practicable, this illustrious example; . . . and my balconies looked down into . . . the heart of Madrid, through which circulates the living current of its population at least once every twenty-four hours.

OUTRE-MER.

————— March 26 —————

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

————— March 27 —————

Weak minds make treaties with the passions they cannot overcome, and try to purchase happiness at the expense of principle. But the resolute will of a strong man scorns such means, and struggles nobly with his foe to achieve great deeds.

HYPERION.

—— March 25 ——

—— March 26 ——

—— March 27 ——

————— March 28 —————

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

THE BUILDERS.

The False takes away the birthright and the blessing from the True. Hence it is that the world so often lifts up its voice and weeps.

HYPERION.

————— March 29 —————

The young set up a shout of joy,  
The old forget their years,  
The feeble man grows stout of heart,  
No more the craven fears.

ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS.

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

RESIGNATION.

————— March 30 —————

Does every grave awaken the same emotion in our hearts? . . . No! Then all are not equal in the grave.

OUTRE-MER.

And the trembling maiden held her breath  
At the tales of the awful, pitiless sea,  
With all its terror and mystery.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

———— March 28 ————

.

———— March 29 ————

———— March 30 ————

The skylark and the nightingale, though small and  
light of wing,  
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the birds  
that sing:  
And so a little woman, though a very little thing,  
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that bloom in  
spring.

The magpie and the golden thrush have many a  
thrilling note,  
Each as a gay musician doth strain his little throat—  
A merry little songster in his green-and-yellow coat:  
And such a little woman is, when Love doth make her  
dote.

A peppercorn is very small, but seasons every dinner  
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprin-  
kled thinner:  
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win  
her—  
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find  
within her.

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.



———— March 31 ————



## April

### AN APRIL DAY.

When the warm sun, that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,  
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs  
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,  
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell  
The coming-on of storms.

. . . . .  
Sweet April! many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;  
Nor shall they fail till, to its autumn brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.

———— April 1 ————

Within her tender eye  
The heaven of April, with its changing light.  
THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

Those who bow down upon their knees to drink of  
these bright streams that water life are not chosen  
of God either to overthrow or to overcome!

HYPERION.

———— April 2 ————

His heart was full of indefinite longings, mingled  
with regrets: longings to accomplish something worthy  
of life; regrets that as yet he had accomplished  
nothing, but had felt and dreamed only. Thus the  
warm days in spring bring forth passion-flowers and  
forget-me-nots.

HYPERION.

———— April 3 ————

Downward, and ever farther,  
And ever the brook beside;  
And ever fresher murmured,  
And ever clearer, the tide.

WHITHER ?

I have read, in the marvelous heart of man,  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms vast and wan  
Beleaguer the human soul.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

—— April 1 ——

—— April 2 ——

—— April 3 ——

— April 4 —

I hate the crowded town!  
I cannot breathe shut up within its gates!  
Air—I want air and sunshine and blue sky,  
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,  
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,  
And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

— April 5 —

Men are at work in gardens, and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snowflakes, and ere long our next-door neighbors will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage.

HYPERION.

— April 6 —

'Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,  
When woods and fields put off all sadness.

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

Gentle Spring, in sunshine clad,  
Well dost thou thy power display!  
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,  
And thou, thou makest the sad heart gay.

SPRING.

*Tr. from Charles d'Orleans.*

—— April 4 ——

—— April 5 ——

—— April 6 ——

———— April 7 ————

He resolved henceforward not to lean on others; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed;—no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfilment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the Present wisely, alike forgetful of the Past, and careless of what the mysterious Future might bring. And from that moment he was calm and strong; he was reconciled with himself.

HYPERION.

———— April 8 ————

Well done! Thy words are great and bold;  
At times they seem to me  
Like Luther's, in the days of old,  
Half battles for the free.

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

———— April 9 ————

'Twas Easter Sunday. The full-blossomed trees  
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf!  
The Battle of our Life is brief;  
The alarm,—the struggle,—the relief,  
Then sleep we side by side.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.



—— April 7 ——

—— April 8 ——

—— April 9 ——

———— April 10 ————

There is one kind of wisdom which we learn from  
the world, and another kind which can be acquired  
in solitude only.

OUTRE-MER.

Her heart was a passion-flower, bearing within it  
the crown of thorns and the cross of Christ.

HYPERION.

———— April 11 ————

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple,  
reverent heart,  
Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist  
of Art.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems  
more fair,  
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once  
has breathed its air!

· NUREMBERG.

———— April 12 ————

The elm-trees reach their long, pendulous branches  
almost to the ground. White clouds sail aloft; and  
vapors fret the blue sky with silver threads.

HYPERION.

And that smile, like sunshine, dart  
Into many a sunless heart;  
For a smile of God thou art.

MAIDENHOOD.

—— April 10 ——

—— April 11 ——

—— April 12 ——

———— April 13 ————

How beautiful is the rain!  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain!  
How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs!  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

RAIN IN SUMMER.

———— April 14 ————

I saw, with its celestial keys,  
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,  
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,  
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,  
From earth unto the fixed stars.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

———— April 15 ————

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!  
Many a lesson deep and long;  
Thou hast been a generous giver;  
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness  
I have watched thy current glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflowed me, like a tide.

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

—— April 13 ——

—— April 14 ——

—— April 15 ——

———— April 16 ————

But since the Fates so cruel prove,  
That Pyramus should die of love,  
    And love should gentle Thisbe kill;  
My Thisbe be an apple-tart,  
The sword I plunge into her heart  
The tooth that bites the crust, apart,—  
    And let the world laugh, an' it will.  
                                    LET ME GO WARM.

———— April 17 ————

Alas, poor child! thou too must learn, like others,  
that the sublime mystery of Providence goes on in  
silence, and gives no explanation of itself,—no answer  
to our impatient questionings!      HYPERION.

How well does the song of a passing bird represent  
the glad but transitory days of youth!  
                                    OUTRE-MER.

———— April 18 ————

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
    As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And the moon rose o'er the city,  
    Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection  
    In the waters under me,  
Like a golden goblet falling  
    And sinking into the sea.

THE BRIDGE.

—— April 16 ——

—— April 17 ——

—— April 18 ——

———— April 19 ————

Her silver voice  
Is the rich music of a summer bird  
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.  
THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

When I stood by the sea-shore and listened to the  
. . . familiar roar of its waves, it seemed but a step  
from the threshold of a foreign land to the fireside  
of home.  
OUTRE-MER.

———— April 20 ————

Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur,  
And wander merrily near;  
The wheels of a mill are going  
In every brooklet clear. WHITHER ?

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base:  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.  
THE BUILDERS.

———— April 21 ————

People drive out from town to breathe and to be  
happy. Most of them have flowers in their hands,  
bunches of apple-blossoms, and still oftener lilacs.  
HYPERION.

Wondrous strong are the spells of fiction!  
OUTRE-MER.



—— April 19 ——

—— April 20 ——

—— April 21 ——

———— April 22 ————

As vapors from the ocean, floating landward and dissolved in rain, are carried back in rivers to the ocean, so thoughts and the semblances of things, that fall upon the soul of man in showers, flow out again in living streams of Art, and lose themselves in the great ocean, which is Nature.

HYPERION.

———— April 23 ————

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,  
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,  
Buds that open only to decay.

FLOWERS.

His household gods were broken. He had no home.

HYPERION.

———— April 24 ————

How . . . the wind plays on those great, sonorous harps, the shrouds and masts of ships!

HYPERION.

She is a precious jewel I have found  
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.  
I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,  
Set on my forehead like the morning star,  
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

—— April 22 ——

—— April 23 ——

—— April 24 ——

———— April 25 ————

From the earth's loosened mold  
The sapling draws its sustenance and thrives;  
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

AN APRIL DAY.

No tears dim the sweet look that nature wears.  
SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

———— April 26 ————

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
Stars that in earth's firmament do shine.

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,  
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,  
In the center of his brazen shield.

FLOWERS.

———— April 27 ————

And she has hair of a golden hue,  
Take care!  
And what she says, it is not true,  
Beware! beware!  
Trust her not;  
She is fooling thee!

BEWARE!

———— April 25 ————

———— April 26 ————

———— April 27 ————

— April 28 —

How merry is a student's life, and yet how changeable! Alternate feasting and fasting, . . . alternate want and extravagance! Care given to the winds—no thought beyond the passing hour; yesterday forgotten, to-morrow, a word in an unknown tongue!

OUTRE-MER.

— April 29 —

What do I say of a murmur?  
That can no murmur be;  
'Tis the water-nymphs that are singing  
Their roundelays under me.

WHITHER ?

Imagination was the ruling power of his mind.

HYPERION.

— April 30 —

Like black hulks, the shadows of the great trees ride at anchor on the billowy sea of grass. I cannot see the red and blue flowers, but I know that they are there. Far away in the meadow gleams the silver Charles.

HYPERION.

—— April 28 ——

—— April 29 ——

—— April 30 ——





## May

The May-flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold buttercups under each other's chins to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions, pull out the yellow leaves to see if the school-boy loves them, and blow the down from the leafless stalk to find out if their mothers want them at home.

HYPERION.

———— May 1 ————

The birds are caroling in the trees, and their shadows flit across the window as they dart to and fro in the sunshine; while the murmur of the bee, the cooing of doves from the eaves, and the whirring of a little humming-bird that has its nest in the honeysuckle, send up a sound of joy to meet the rising sun.

OUTRE-MER.

———— May 2 ————

Many sweet little poems are the outbreaks of momentary feelings;—words to which the song of birds, the rustling of leaves, and the gurgle of cool waters form the appropriate music.

HYPERION.

Bright Sun! that, flaming through the midday sky,  
Fillest with light heaven's blue, deep-vaulted arch,  
Say, hast thou seen in thy celestial march  
One hue to rival this blue, tranquil eye?

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

———— May 3 ————

There is a quiet spirit in these woods  
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows;

With what a tender and impassioned voice  
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought!

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

—— May 1 ——

—— May 2 ——

—— May 3 ——

———— May 4 ————

This journey is written in my memory with a sun-beam. We were a company whom chance had thrown together,—different in ages, humors, and pursuits; and yet so merrily the days went by, in sunshine, wind, or rain, that methinks some lucky star must have ruled the hour that brought us five so auspiciously together.

OUTRE-MER.

———— May 5 ————

How beautiful is this green world which we inhabit! See yonder how the moonlight mingles with the mist. What a glorious night is this!

HYPERION.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

THE WRECK OF THE "HESPERUS."

———— May 6 ————

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird,  
wildest of singers,  
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the  
water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious  
music  
That the whole air and the woods and the waves  
seemed silent to listen.

EVANGELINE.

———— May 4 ————

———— May 5 ————

———— May 6 ————

———— May 7 ————

There was no sympathy between them. Their souls never approached, never understood each other, and words were often spoken which wounded deeply.

HYPERION.

The moon is full and bright, and the shadows lie so dark and massive in the street they seem a part of the walls that cast them.

OUTRE-MER.

———— May 8 ————

Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth—it will not stay;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For O, it is not always May!

Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth;  
To some good angel leave the rest;  
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,  
There are no birds in last year's nest!

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

———— May 9 ————

Shall I be mute, or vows with prayers combine?  
Ye who are blessed in loving, tell it me:  
Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?  
Naught see I permanent or sure in thee!  
Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought.

RONDEL.

———— May 7 ————

———— May 8 ————

———— May 9 ————

———— May 10 ————

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys,  
here and there,  
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished,  
ghost-like, into air.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell;  
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

ANNIE OF THARAW.

———— May 11 ————

It is worth a student's while to observe calmly  
how tobacco, wine, and midnight did their work like  
fiends upon the delicate frame of Hoffman, and no  
less thoroughly upon his delicate mind. . . . He was  
a man of rare intellect, . . . but the fire of his ge-  
nius burned not peacefully and with a steady flame,  
upon the hearth of his home.

HYPERION.

———— May 12 ————

Her soul, like the transparent air  
That robes the hills above,  
Though not of earth, encircles there  
All things with arms of love.

THE GOOD PART.

There is something exceedingly thrilling in the  
voices of children singing.

OUTRE-MER.



—— May 10 ——

—— May 11 ——

—— May 12 ——

———— May 13 ————

Thus the bard of love departed;  
And, fulfilling his desire,  
On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair,  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air.

WALTER VON DER VOGELWEIDE.

———— May 14 ————

Material wealth gives a factitious superiority to  
the living, but the treasures of intellect give a real  
superiority to the dead.

OUTRE-MER.

———— May 15 ————

And I thought how like these chimes  
Are the poet's airy rhymes—  
All his rhymes and roundelays,  
His conceits and songs and ditties,  
From the belfry of his brain,  
Scattered downward, though in vain,  
On the roofs and stones of cities!

CARILLON.

———— May 13 ————

———— May 14 ————

———— May 15 ————

———— May 16 ————

The broad meadows and the steel-blue river remind me of the meadows of Unterseen and the river Aar, and beyond them rise magnificent, snow-white clouds piled up like Alps. Thus the shades of Washington and William Tell seem to walk together on these Elysian Fields.

HYPERION.

———— May 17 ————

Joy and Temperance and Repose  
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

POETIC APHORISMS

It has done me good to be somewhat parched by the heat and drenched by the rain of life.

HYPERION.

———— May 18 ————

All things above were bright and fair,  
All things were glad and free;  
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,  
And wild birds filled the echoing air  
With songs of Liberty!

THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

———— May 16 ————

———— May 17 ————

———— May 18 ————

———— May 19 ————

I love these rural dances—from my heart I love them. This world, at best, is so full of care and sorrow, . . . there is so much toil and struggling and anguish and disappointment here below, that I gaze with delight on a scene where all these are laid aside and forgotten.

OUTRE-MER.

———— May 20 ————

Moon, honor of the night! Thou glorious choir  
Of wandering Planets and eternal Stars!  
Say, have ye seen two peerless orbs like these?  
Answer me, Sun, Air, Moon, and Stars of fire—  
Hear ye my woes, that know no bounds nor bars?  
See ye these cruel stars, that brighten and yet  
freeze?

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

———— May 21 ————

All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fulness of their first delight!  
And learn from the soft heavens above  
The melting tenderness of night.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

I lift my head boldly to the threatening mountain peaks, . . . and say, "I am eternal, and defy your power!"

HYPERION.

———— May 19 ————

———— May 20 ————

———— May 21 ————

———— May 22 ————

There are seasons of reverie and deep abstraction  
which seem to me analogous to death. The soul  
. . . sees familiar faces and hears beloved voices  
which to the bodily senses are no longer audible.

HYPERION.

———— May 23 ————

Here runs the highway to the town;  
There the green lane descends,  
Through which I walked to church with thee,  
O gentlest of my friends!

Thy dress was like the lilies,  
And thy heart as pure as they:  
One of God's holy messengers  
Did walk with me that day.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

———— May 24 ————

Into the ocean faint and far  
Falls the trail of its golden splendor,  
And the gleam of that single star  
Is ever refulgent, soft, and tender.

THE EVENING STAR.



———— May 22 ————

———— May 23 ————

———— May 24 ————

———— May 25 ————

Live I, so live I:  
To my Lord heartily,  
To my Prince faithfully,  
To my Neighbor honestly.  
Die I, so die I.

THE LAW OF LIFE.

———— May 26 ————

The hand of man unconsciously inscribes upon all his works the sentence of imperfection, which the finger of the invisible hand wrote upon the wall of the Assyrian monarch.

OUTRE-MER.

Beware of dreams! Beware of the illusions of fancy! Beware of the solemn deceivings of thy vast desires!

HYPERION.

———— May 27 ————

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity, with all its fears,  
With all its hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

———— May 25 ————

———— May 26 ————

———— May 27 ————

———— May 28 ————

Sultry grows the day, and breathless! The lately crowded street is silent and deserted—hardly a foot-fall.

OUTRE-MER.

———— May 29 ————

The trees are heavy with leaves; and the gardens full of blossoms red and white. The whole atmosphere is laden with perfume and sunshine. The birds sing. The cock struts about and crows loftily. Insects chirp in the grass. Yellow buttercups stud the green carpet like golden buttons, and the red blossoms of the clover like rubies.

HYPERION.

———— May 30 ————

(MEMORIAL DAY.)

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,  
And with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between.

. . . . .  
Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,  
The Reaper came that day;  
’Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flowers away.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

—— May 28 ——

—— May 29 ——

—— May 30 ——

— May 31 —

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of  
the forest,  
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon.  
On the river  
Fell here and there through the branches a tremu-  
lous gleam of the moonlight,  
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and  
devious spirit.  
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers  
of the garden  
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their  
prayers and confessions  
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent  
Carthusian.

EVANGELINE.

———— May 31 ————





## June

Moon of the summer night!  
Far down yon western steeps,  
Sink, sink in silver light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!  
Where yonder woodbine creeps,  
Fold, fold thy pinions light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!  
Tell her, her lover keeps  
Watch! while in slumbers light  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

———— June 1 ————

There is no scene over which my eye roves with more delight than the face of a summer landscape dimpled with soft, sunny hollows, and smiling in all the freshness and luxuriance of June.

OUTRE-MER.

Sooner or later, some passages of every one's romance must be written either in words or actions.

HYPERION.

———— June 2 ————

Pleasant it was, when woods were green,  
And winds were soft and low,  
To lie amid some sylvan scene,  
Where, the long, drooping boughs between,  
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen  
Alternate come and go.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

———— June 3 ————

If the clouds are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain, but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep, but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.

HYPERION.

—— June 1 ——

—— June 2 ——

—— June 3 ——

———— June 4 ————

Man-like is it to fall into sin,  
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,  
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,  
God-like is it all sin to leave.

SIN.

History casts its shadow far into the land of song.  
OUTRE-MER.

———— June 5 ————

The sword of his spirit had been forged and beaten by poverty. It was not broken, not even blunted, but rather strengthened and sharpened by the blows it gave and received.

HYPERION.

She is a maid of artless grace,  
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

SONG.

———— June 6 ————

I have a passion for ballads. . . . They are the gipsy children of song, born under green hedge-rows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature, in the genial summer-time.

HYPERION.

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,  
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

ANNIE OF THARAW.

—— June 4 ——

—— June 5 ——

—— June 6 ——

———— June 7 ————

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

MAIDENHOOD.

———— June 8 ————

And as within the little rose you find the richest  
dyes,  
And in a little grain of gold much price and value  
lies,  
As from a little balsam much odor doth arise,  
So in a little woman there's a taste of paradise.

Even as the little ruby its secret worth betrays,  
Color and price and virtue, in the clearness of its  
rays,  
Just so a little woman much excellence displays,  
Beauty and grace and love and fidelity always.

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

———— June 9 ————

A beautiful girl, with flaxen hair, . . . and the  
form of a fairy in a midsummer-night's dream, has  
just stepped out on the balcony beneath us! See  
how coquettishly she crosses her arms upon the  
balcony, thrusts her dainty little foot through the  
bars, and plays with her slipper!

OUTRE-MER.

—— June 7 ——

—— June 8 ——

—— June 9 ——

———— June 10 ————

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;  
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,  
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended  
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

EVANGELINE.

———— June 11 ————

Just at my feet lay a little silver pool, with the sky and the woods painted in its mimic vault, and occasionally the image of a bird, or the soft watery outline of a cloud, floating silently through its sunny hollows. The water-lily spread its broad green leaves on the surface, and rocked to sleep a little world of insect life in its golden cradle.

OUTRE-MER.

———— June 12 ————

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,  
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,  
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.

EVANGELINE.

I love that tranquillity of soul in which we feel the blessing of existence, and which in itself is a prayer and a thanksgiving.

HYPERION.



—— June 10 ——

—— June 11 ——

—— June 12 ——

———— June 13 ————

Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,  
Love gives itself, but is not bought;  
Nor voice, nor sound betrays  
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

ENDYMION.

———— June 14 ————

What a time it is! How June stands illuminated  
in the calendar! The windows are all wide open;  
only the Venetian blinds closed. Here and there a  
long streak of sunshine streams in through a crevice.  
We hear the low sound of the wind among the  
trees; and, as it swells and freshens, the distant  
doors clap to with a sudden sound.

HYPERION.

———— June 15 ————

Childhood is the bough where slumbered  
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;  
Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

MAIDENHOOD.

—— June 13 ——

—— June 14 ——

—— June 15 ——

———— June 16 ————

“I like,” said he, “after a long day’s march, to lie down in this way upon the grass, and enjoy the cool of the evening. It reminds me of the bivouacs of other days, and of old friends who are now up there.” Here he pointed with his finger to the sky.

OUTRE-MER.

———— June 17 ————

Christ to the young man said: “Yet one thing more;  
If thou wouldst perfect be,  
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,  
And come and follow me!”

HYMN.

———— June 18 ————

Great are the sea and the heaven;  
Yet greater is my heart,  
And fairer than pearls and stars  
Flashes and beams my love.

Thou little, youthful maiden,  
Come unto my great heart;  
My heart and the sea and the heaven  
Are melting away with love!

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

—— June 16 ——

—— June 17 ——

—— June 18 ——

— June 19 —

Let the good and the great be honored even in the grave. Let the sculptured marble direct our footsteps to the scene of their long sleep; let the chiseled epitaph repeat their names, and tell us where repose the nobly good and wise!

OUTRE-MER.

— June 20 —

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality;  
His great fires up the chimney roared;  
The stranger feasted at his board.

- THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

— June 21 —

I see the lights of the village  
Gleam 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.

THE DAY IS DONE.

—— June 19 ——

—— June 20 ——

—— June 21 ——

———— June 22 ————

O star of strength! I see thee stand  
And smile upon my pain;  
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,  
And I am strong again.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

———— June 23 ————

Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,  
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,  
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise,  
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.  
Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom;  
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,  
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies  
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!

DANTE.

———— June 24 ————

Time has a Doomsday-book upon whose pages he  
is constantly recording illustrious names. But as  
often as a new name is written there, an old one  
disappears. Only a few stand in illuminated char-  
acters, never to be effaced.

HYPERION.



—— June 22 ——

—— June 23 ——

—— June 24 ——

———— June 25 ————

It is a beautiful morning in June; so beautiful that I almost fancy myself in Spain. The tessellated shadow of the honeysuckle lies motionless upon the floor, as if it were a figure in the carpet; and through the open window comes the fragrance of the wild brier and the mock-orange, reminding me of that soft, sunny clime where the very air is laden, like the bee, with sweetness.

OUTRE-MER.

———— June 26 ————

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

RESIGNATION.

———— June 27 ————

So when storms of wild emotion  
Strike the ocean  
Of the poet's soul, ere long  
From each cave and rocky fastness,  
In its vastness,  
Floats some fragment of a song.

SEAWEED.

—— June 25 ——

—— June 26 ——

—— June 27 ——

———— June 28 ————

Through the meadow winds the river—careless,  
indolent. It seems to love the country, and is in no  
haste to reach the sea. The bee only is at work—  
the hot and angry bee. All things else are at play;  
he never plays, and is vexed that any one should.

HYPERION.

———— June 29 ————

And silver white the river gleams,  
As if Diana, in her dreams,  
    Had dropt her silver bow  
    Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this  
She woke Endymion with a kiss,  
    When, sleeping in the grove,  
    He dreamed not of her love.

ENDYMION.

———— June 30 ————

We are not to suppose that all who take holy  
orders are saints; but we should be still further  
from believing that all are hypocrites.

OUTRE-MER.

Believe me, upon the margin of celestial streams  
alone those simples grow which cure the heartache!

HYPERION.

—— June 28 ——

—— June 29 ——

—— June 30 ——



## July

I stood upon the hills when heaven's wide arch  
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,  
And woods were brightened, and soft gales  
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.  
The clouds were far beneath me; bathed in light,  
They gathered midway round the wooded height,  
And, in their fading glory, shone  
Like hosts in battle overthrown,  
As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,  
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,  
And rocking on the cliff was left  
The dark pine, blasted, bare, and cleft.  
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below  
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow  
Was darkened by the forest's shade,  
Or glistened in the white cascade,  
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,  
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

———— July 1 ————

There are times when my soul is restless, and a voice sounds within me like the trump of the arch-angel, and thoughts that were buried long ago come out of their graves. At such times my favorite occupations and pursuits no longer charm me. The quiet face of Nature seems to mock me.

HYPERION.

———— July 2 ————

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!

To love me in prosperity,  
And leave me in adversity!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy bosom!

THE HEMLOCK-TREE.

———— July 3 ————

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,  
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills! No tears  
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.



———— July 1 ————

———— July 2 ————

———— July 3 ————

———— July 4 ————

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

———— July 5 ————

The soul . . . seemed . . . to be rapt away to  
heaven in the full, harmonious chorus, as it swelled  
onward, doubling and redoubling, and rolling upward  
in a full burst of rapturous devotion.

OUTRE-MER.

———— July 6 ————

The tramp of horses' hoofs sounds from the  
wooden bridge. Then all is still, save the contin-  
uous wind of the summer night.

HYPERION.

When imagination spreads its wings in the bright  
regions of devotional song, . . . judgment should  
direct its course; but there is no danger of its soar-  
ing too high.

OUTRE-MER.

—— July 4 ——

—— July 5 ——

—— July 6 ——

———— July 7 ————

Shall I thank God for the green summer and the  
mild air and the flowers and the stars, and all that  
makes the world so beautiful, and not for the good  
and beautiful beings I have known in it?

HYPERION.

———— July 8 ————

So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where waiting till the west wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

———— July 9 ————

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain!

RAIN IN SUMMER.

—— July 7 ——

—— July 8 ——

—— July 9 ——

———— July 10 ————

Stars of the summer night!  
Far in yon azure deeps,  
Hide, hide your golden light!  
She sleeps!  
My lady sleeps!  
Sleeps!

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

———— July 11 ————

Thou Summer Wind, of soft and delicate touch,  
Fanning me gently with thy cool, fresh pinion,  
Say, hast thou found, in all thy wide dominion,  
Tresses of gold that can delight so much?

THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

Fame comes only when deserved, and then it is as  
inevitable as destiny.

HYPERION.

———— July 12 ————

It was a bright, beautiful morning after night  
rain. Every dewdrop and raindrop had a whole  
heaven within it; and so had the heart of Paul  
Flemming.

HYPERION.

We shall all meet again at the last roll-call.

OUTRE-MER.

—— July 10 ——

—— July 11 ——

—— July 12 ——

———— July 13 ————

A very strange, fantastic world; where each one pursues his own golden bubble, and laughs at his neighbor for doing the same. I have been thinking how a moral Linnæus would classify our race.

HYPERION.

———— July 14 ————

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless heart;  
Till at length in books recorded,  
They, like hoarded  
Household words, no more depart.

SEAWEED.

———— July 15 ————

We have now entered the vast and melancholy plains of La Mancha—a land to which the genius of Cervantes has given a vulgo-classic fame. . . . A few years pass away, and history becomes romance and romance history. To the peasantry of Spain, Don Quixote and his squire are historic personages.

OUTRE-MER.



—— July 13 ——

—— July 14 ——

—— July 15 ——

———— July 16 ————

And, falling on my weary brain  
Like a fast-falling shower,  
The dreams of youth came back again,  
Low lispings of the summer rain  
Dropping on the ripened grain,  
As once upon the flower.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

———— July 17 ————

How slowly through the lilac-scented air  
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down  
The vapory clouds float in the peaceful sky;  
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade  
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

———— July 18 ————

“By the way,” said the Baron, “did you mind what a curious head he has? There are two crowns upon it.”

“That is a sign,” replied Flemming, “that he will eat his bread in two kingdoms.”

“I think the poor man would be very thankful,” said the Baron, with a smile, “if he were always sure of eating it in one!”

HYPERION.

—— July 16 ——

—— July 17 ——

—— July 18 ——

———— July 19 ————

When I read his strange fancies . . . a feeling of awe and mysterious dread comes over me. I wish to hear the sound of living voice or footstep near me, to see a friendly and familiar face.

HYPERION.

———— July 20 ————

And in better hours and brighter,  
When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
And leap onward with thy stream.

Not for this alone I love thee,  
Nor because thy waves of blue  
From celestial seas above thee  
Take their own celestial hue.

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

———— July 21 ————

Why perplex the spirit of a child with these metaphysical subtleties, these dark, mysterious speculations, which man, in all his pride of intellect, cannot fathom or explain?

OUTRE-MER.

———— July 19 ————

———— July 20 ————

———— July 21 ————

———— July 22 ————

On every side comes up the fragrance of a thousand flowers, the murmur of innumerable leaves; and overhead is a sky where not a vapor floats—as soft and blue and radiant as the eye of childhood!

HYPERION.

———— July 23 ————

Why will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.  
The poor too often turn away unheard  
From hearts that shut against them with a sound  
That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more  
Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

———— July 24 ————

As he . . . heard at times the sound of the wind in the trees, and the sound of Sabbath bells ascending up to heaven, holy wishes and prayers ascended with them from his inmost soul, beseeching that he might not love in vain.

HYPERION.

Glorious scene! one glance at thee would move the dullest soul—one glance can melt the painter and the poet into tears.

OUTRE-MER.

———— July 22 ————

———— July 23 ————

———— July 24 ————

———— July 25 ————

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,  
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,  
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.  
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,  
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest.

EVANGELINE.

———— July 26 ————

Through the closed blinds the golden sun  
Poured in a dusty beam,  
Like the celestial ladder seen  
By Jacob in his dream.  
And ever and anon the wind,  
Sweet-scented with the hay,  
Turned o'er the hymn-book's fluttering leaves  
That on the window lay.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

———— July 27 ————

Or where the denser grove receives  
No sunlight from above,  
But the dark foliage interweaves  
In one unbroken roof of leaves,  
Underneath whose sloping eaves  
The shadows hardly move.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.



———— July 25 ————

———— July 26 ————

———— July 27 ————

———— July 28 ————

What were the nations without their philosophers, poets, and historians? Do not these men, in all ages and all places, emblazon with bright colors the armorial bearings of their country?

HYPERION.

———— July 29 ————

So perish the old gods!  
But out of the sea of Time  
Rises a new land of song  
Fairer than the old.  
Over its meadows green  
Walk the young bards, and sing.

TEGNÉR'S DEATH.

———— July 30 ————

Day, panting with heat, and laden with a thousand cares, toils onward like a beast of burden; but Night, calm, silent, holy Night, is a ministering angel that cools with its dewy breath the toil-heated brow; and, like the Roman sisterhood, stoops down to bathe the pilgrim's feet.

OUTRE-MER.

———— July 28 ————

———— July 29 ————

———— July 30 ————

———— July 31 ————

He found the veteran sculptor, Dannecker, sitting alone with his psalm-book and the reminiscences of a life of eighty years. . . . "So you are from America; . . . but you have a German name. Paul Flemming was one of our old poets." . . . He took Flemming by the hand, and made him sit down by his side. "My hands are cold; colder than yours. They were warmer once. I am now an old man." . . . "Yes; these are the hands," answered Fleming, "that sculptured the beauteous 'Ariadne' and the 'Panther.' The soul never grows old."

HYPERION.

—— July 31 ——



## August

### A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE

This is the place. Stand still, my steed,  
Let me review the scene,  
And summon from the shadowy Past  
The forms that once have been.

The Past and Present here unite  
Beneath Time's flowing tide,  
Like footprints hidden by a brook,  
But seen on either side.

. . . . .

The shadow of the linden-trees  
Lay moving on the grass;  
Between them and the moving boughs,  
A shadow, thou didst pass.

. . . . .

I saw the branches of the trees  
Bend down thy touch to meet,  
The clover-blossoms in the grass  
Rise up to kiss thy feet.

———— August 1 ————

Annie of Tharaw, my true love of old,  
She is my life and my goods and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again  
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

ANNIE OF THARAW.

Surely it is a characteristic trait of a great and liberal mind that it recognizes humanity in all its forms and conditions.

HYPERION.

———— August 2 ————

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for  
thine example!

So long as summer laughs she sings,  
But in the autumn spreads her wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for  
thine example!

THE HEMLOCK-TREE.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies  
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite  
numbers.

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the  
heavens.

EVANGELINE.

———— August 3 ————

The basis of his character was good, sound common sense, trodden down and smoothed by education; but this level groundwork his strange and whimsical fancy used as a dancing-floor whereon to exhibit her eccentric tricks.

HYPERION.



— August 1 —

— August 2 —

— August 3 —

— August 4 —

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
God has written in those stars above;  
But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
Stands the revelation of his love.

FLOWERS.

— August 5 —

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures and his fields of grain,  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

— August 6 —

The eye of age looks meekly into my heart! the  
voice of age echoes mournfully through it! the  
hoary head and palsied hand of age plead irresistibly  
for its sympathies!

OUTRE-MER

— August 4 —

— August 5 —

— August 6 —

———— August 7 ————

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,  
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,  
Like a fair lady at her casement, shines  
The evening star, the star of love and rest!  
And then anon she doth herself divest  
Of all her radiant garments, and reclines  
Behind the somber screen of yonder pines,  
With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.

THE EVENING STAR.

———— August 8 ————

In the elder days of Art  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part;  
For the gods see everywhere.

THE BUILDERS.

———— August 9 ————

The pleasant books, that silently among  
Our household treasures take familiar places,  
And are to us as if a living tongue  
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces!

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold  
With eye of sense your outward form and semblance;  
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,  
But live forever young in my remembrance.

DEDICATION.

— August 7 —

— August 8 —

— August 9 —

———— August 10 ————

Through these streets so broad and stately, these  
obscure and dismal lanes,  
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude  
poetic strains.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my  
dreamy eye  
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a  
faded tapestry.

NUREMBERG.

———— August 11 ————

Wonderful and many were the soft accords and  
plaintive sounds that came from that little instru-  
ment touched by the clever hand. Every feeling of  
the human heart seemed to find an expression there,  
and awaken a kindred feeling in the hearts of those  
who heard him.

HYPERION.

———— August 12 ————

Their faces were angelical, celestial forms had they,  
And downward through the fields of air they urged  
their rapid way;  
They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and  
angry look,  
And in their hands, with dire portent, their naked  
sabers shook.

VIDA DE SAN MILLAN.

— August 10 —

— August 11 —

— August 12 —

———— August 13 ————

Oh, this lassitude, this weariness! . . . I have  
this morning a singular longing for flowers.

HYPERION.

Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering  
tree of the forest  
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with  
mantles and jewels.

EVANGELINE.

———— August 14 ————

How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,  
Interpreting by tones the wondrous pages  
Of the great poet who foreruns the ages,  
Anticipating all that shall be said!  
O happy Reader! having for thy text  
The magic book whose Sibylline leaves have caught  
The rarest essence of all human thought!

SONNET ON MRS. KEMBLE'S  
READINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE.

———— August 15 ————

How the chorus swells and dies, like the wind of  
summer! How those passages of mysterious import  
seem to wave to and fro, like the swaying branches  
of trees; from which anon some solitary sweet voice  
darts off like a bird, and floats away, and revels in  
the bright, warm sunshine!

HYPERION.



— August 13 —

— August 14 —

— August 15 —

———— August 16 ————

To-morrow night  
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star  
To guide me to an anchorage. Good-night,  
My beauteous star! My star of love, good-night!

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.

FLOWERS.

———— August 17 ————

These are the high nobility of Nature. . . . Pos-  
terity shall never question their titles.

HYPERION.

And earnest thoughts within me rise  
When I behold afar,  
Suspended in the evening skies,  
The shield of that red star.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

———— August 18 ————

Overhead bends the blue sky, déwy and soft, and  
radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted  
bell of some blue flower sprinkled with golden dust  
and breathing fragrance.

HYPERION.

— August 16 —

— August 17 —

— August 18 —

———— August 19 ————

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,  
In Fancy's misty light,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.

THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with  
streams and vapors gray,  
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast  
the landscape lay.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

———— August 20 ————

In surveying a national literature, the point you  
must start from is national character. The most  
prominent trait in the French character is love of  
amusement and excitement, and—"I should say,  
rather, the fear of ennui," interrupted Flemming.

HYPERION.

———— August 21 ————

I know a maiden fair to see,  
Take care!  
She can both false and friendly be,  
Beware! beware!  
Trust her not;  
She is fooling thee!

BEWARE!

—— August 19 ——

—— August 20 ——

—— August 21 ——

———— August 22 ————

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying  
dances,  
Under the orchard trees and down the path to the  
meadows;  
Old folk and young together, and children mingled  
among them.

EVANGELINE.

———— August 23 ————

Ne'er had I found on earth a spot that had such  
power to please,  
Such shadows from the summer sun, such odors on  
the breeze:  
I threw my mantle on the ground, that I might rest  
at ease,  
And, stretched upon the greensward, lay in the  
shadow of the trees.

VIDA DE SAN MILLAN.

———— August 24 ————

The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

—— August 22 ——

—— August 23 ——

—— August 24 ——

———— August 25 ————

“Bitter as Juvenal!” “Not in the least bitter;  
. . . it is all true.”

HYPERION.

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

THE DAY IS DONE.

———— August 26 ————

Long was the good man’s sermon,  
Yet it seemed not so to me;  
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,  
And still I thought of thee.

Long was the prayer he uttered,  
Yet it seemed not so to me;  
For in my heart I prayed with him,  
And still I thought of thee.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

———— August 27 ————

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of  
thy falsehood!

It flows so long as falls the rain;  
In drought its springs soon dry again.

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of  
thy falsehood!

THE HEMLOCK-TREE.



—— August 25 ——

—— August 26 ——

—— August 27 ——

— August 28 —

If I am fair, 'tis for myself alone,  
I do not wish to have a sweetheart near me,  
Nor would I call another's heart my own,  
Nor have a gallant lover to revere me.

FLORENTINE SONG.

— August 29 —

The moon was pallid, but not faint;  
And beautiful as some fair saint  
Serenely moving on her way  
In hours of trial and dismay.  
As if she heard the voice of God,  
Unharmed with naked feet she trod  
Upon the hot and burning stars,  
As on the glowing coals and bars  
That were to prove her strength and try  
Her holiness and her purity.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.

— August 30 —

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

THE DAY IS DONE.

The resolute, the indomitable will of man can  
achieve much.

HYPERION.

—— August 28 ——

—— August 29 ——

—— August 30 ——

He laid the lesson to heart, and it would have saved him many an hour of sorrow if he had learned that lesson better and remembered it longer.

HYPERION.

Flowers with the sweetest odors filled all the sunny  
air,  
And not alone refreshed the sense, but stole the  
mind from care.  
On every side a fountain gushed, whose waters, pure  
and fair,  
Ice-cold beneath the summer sun, but warm in win-  
ter were.

There on the thick and shadowy trees, amid the foli-  
age green,  
Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear and  
apple, seen;  
And other fruits of various kinds, the tufted leaves  
between,  
None were unpleasant to the taste, and none de-  
cayed, I ween.

The verdure of the meadow green, the odor of the  
flowers,  
The grateful shadows of the trees tempered with  
fragrant showers,  
Refreshed me in the burning heat of the sultry  
noontide hours:  
Oh, one might live upon the balm and fragrance of  
those bowers!

VIDA DE SAN MILLAN.

— August 31 —



## September

### AUTUMN

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,  
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,  
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,  
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!  
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,  
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand  
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,  
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!  
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended  
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;  
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;  
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;  
And, following thee, in thy ovation splendid,  
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden  
leaves!

———— September 1 ————

If there be a sympathy between the minds of the writer and reader, the bounds and barriers of a foreign tongue are soon overleaped. . . . In every man he loves his humanity only, not his superiority.

HYPERION.

———— September 2 ————

I breathed a song into the air;  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong  
That it can follow the flight of song?  
. . . . .

The song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

———— September 3 ————

“Did it ever occur to you that he [Goethe] was in some points like Ben Franklin? The practical tendency of his mind was the same; his love of science was the same; his benignant, philosophic spirit was the same; and a vast number of his little poetic maxims and soothsayings seem nothing more than the worldly wisdom of Poor Richard versified.”

HYPERION.



—— September 1 ——

—— September 2 ——

—— September 3 ——

———— September 4 ————

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,  
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,  
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.

AUTUMN.

———— September 5 ————

O Land! O Land!  
For all the broken-hearted  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
To the land of the great Departed  
Into the Silent Land!

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

———— September 6 ————

Ah, how skilful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love's command!  
It is the heart, and not the brain,  
That to the highest doth attain;  
And he who followeth Love's behest  
Far excelleth all the rest.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

———— September 4 ————

———— September 5 ————

———— September 6 ————

———— September 7 ————

It was Sunday morning, and the church bells were all ringing together. . . . Anon they ceased, and the woods and the clouds and the whole village, and the very air itself, seemed to pray—so silent was it everywhere.

HYPERION.

———— September 8 ————

On her cheek  
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,  
With ever shifting beauty.

SPIRIT OF POETRY.

———— September 9 ————

The father sat and told them tales  
Of wrecks in the great September gales,  
Of pirates coasting the Spanish Main,  
And ships that never came back again.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

There soft reclining in the shade, all cares beside  
me flung,  
I heard the soft and mellow notes that through the  
woodland rung:  
Ear never listened to a strain, from instrument or  
tongue,  
So mellow and harmonious as the songs above me  
sung.

VIDA DE SAN MILLAN.

———— September 7 ————

———— September 8 ————

———— September 9 ————

———— September 10 ————

As in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the great eternity, burning solemnly and forever.

HYPERION.

———— September 11 ————

One morning on the sea-shore, as I strayed,  
My heart dropped in the sand beside the sea;  
I asked of yonder mariners, who said  
They saw it in thy bosom—worn by thee.  
And I am come to seek that heart of mine;  
For I have none, and thou, alas! hast two;  
If this be so, dost know what thou shalt do?  
Still keep my heart, and give me, give me thine.

A NEAPOLITAN CANZONET.

———— September 12 ————

Longing already to search in and round  
The heavenly forest, dense and living green,  
Which to the eyes tempered the new-born day,  
Withouten more delay I left the bank,  
Crossing the level country slowly, slowly,  
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE, FROM DANTE.

—— September 10 ——

—— September 11 ——

—— September 12 ——

————— September 13 —————

“The clouds are passing far and high;  
We little birds in them play;  
And everything that can sing and fly  
Goes with us, and far away.”

THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

“Shall I have naught that is fair?” saith he;  
“Have naught but the bearded grain?  
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,  
I will give them all back again.”

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

————— September 14 —————

From the neighboring villages came the solemn,  
joyful sounds, floating through the sunny air, mellow  
and faint and low, all mingling into one harmoni-  
ous chime like the sound of some distant organ in  
heaven.

HYPERION.

————— September 15 —————

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the  
world's regard;  
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs,  
thy cobbler-bard.

NUREMBERG.

O Lord! that seest, from yon starry height,  
Centered in one the future and the past,  
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast  
The world obscures in me what once was bright!

THE IMAGE OF GOD.



—— September 13 ——

—— September 14 ——

—— September 15 ——

— September 16 —

I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star. Those  
only are beautiful which, like the planets, have a  
steady, lambent light. HYPERION.

There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the  
leaves of the maple  
Pave the floors of thy palace halls with gold, and in  
summer  
Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous  
breath of their branches.

TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

— September 17 —

Beneath some patriarchal tree  
I lay upon the ground;  
His hoary arms uplifted he,  
And all the broad leaves over me  
Clapped their little hands in glee,  
With one continuous sound.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

— September 18 —

O gentle spirit! Thou didst bear unmoved  
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate!  
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee  
Melts thee to tears! O, let thy weary heart  
Lean upon mine! and it shall faint no more,  
Nor thirst, nor hunger; but be comforted  
And filled with my affection.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

———— September 16 ————

———— September 17 ————

———— September 18 ————

————— September 19 —————

When the silver habit of the clouds  
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with  
A sober gladness the old year takes up  
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,  
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.

AUTUMN.

————— September 20 —————

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked,  
and the maidens  
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a  
lover.

EVANGELINE.

The pages of thy book I read,  
And as I closed each one,  
My heart, responding, ever said,  
“Servant of God! well done!”

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

————— September 21 —————

O child! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city! on thy head  
The glory of the morn is shed  
Like a celestial benison!  
Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscovered land.

TO A CHILD.

———— September 19 ————

———— September 20 ————

———— September 21 ————

————— September 22 —————

A youth, light-hearted and content,  
I wander through the world;  
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,  
And straight again is furled.

TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

And with childlike, credulous affection  
We behold their tender buds expand;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.

FLOWERS.

————— September 23 —————

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

————— September 24 —————

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.

THE DAY IS DONE.

———— September 22 ————

———— September 23 ————

———— September 24 ————

———— September 25 ————

Long among them was seen a maiden who waited  
and wandered,  
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all  
things.  
Fair was she, and young.

EVANGELINE.

———— September 26 ————

His heart was like the altar of the Israelites of  
old; and, though drenched with tears as with rain,  
it was kindled at once by the holy fire from heaven!

HYPERION.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith that we shall rise again  
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

GOD'S-ACRE.

———— September 27 ————

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

MAIDENHOOD.

In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm.  
The voices of the Present say, "Come!" but the  
voices of the Past say, "Wait!"

HYPERION.



———— September 25 ————

———— September 26 ————

———— September 27 ————

———— September 28 ————

The sculptured bust, the epitaph eloquent in praise,  
cannot indeed create . . . distinctions, but they  
serve to mark them.

OUTRE-MER.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;  
I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

ANNIE OF THARAW.

———— September 29 ————

Just above yon sandy bar,  
As the day grows fainter and dimmer,  
Lonely and lovely, a single star  
Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

THE EVENING STAR.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is;  
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man  
sees.

POETIC APHORISMS.

———— September 30 ————

O, what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent!  
For him the wind, aye, and the yellow leaves,  
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.

AUTUMN.

———— September 28 ————

———— September 29 ————

———— September 30 ————



## October

### THE TWO HARVESTS

But yesterday these few and hoary sheaves  
Waved in the golden harvest; from the plain  
I saw the blade shoot upward, and the grain  
Put forth the unripe ear and tender leaves.  
Then the glad upland smiled upon the view,  
And to the air the broad green leaves unrolled,  
A peerless emerald in each silken fold,  
And on each palm a pearl of morning dew.  
And thus sprang up and ripened in brief space  
All that beneath the reaper's sickle died,  
All that smiled beauteous in the summer-tide.  
And what are we? A copy of that race,  
The later harvest of a longer year!  
And oh, how many fall before the ripened ear!

————— October 1 —————

“A life of sorrow and privation, a hard life indeed, do these poor devil authors have of it,” replied the Baron.

HYPERION.

————— October 2 —————

Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,  
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down  
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees  
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,  
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,  
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,  
And pecks by the witch-hazel; whilst aloud  
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird sings,  
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,  
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

AUTUMN.

————— October 3 —————

“And is Uhland always so soothing and spiritual?”

“Yes; he generally looks into the spirit-world, . . . but there is nothing morbid in his mind. He is always fresh and invigorating, like a breezy morning.”

HYPERION.

—— October 1 ——

—— October 2 ——

—— October 3 ——

— October 4 —

Have you real talent—real feeling for art? Then study music,—do something worthy of the art,—and dedicate your whole soul to the beloved saint. If without this you have a fancy for quavers and demi-semi-quavers, practise for yourself and by yourself, and torment not therewith the Capellmeister Kreisler and others.

HYPERION.

— October 5 —

Bright angels are around thee;  
They that have served thee from thy birth are there;  
Their hands with stars have crowned thee;  
Thou, peerless Queen of air,  
As sandals to thy feet the silver moon dost wear.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

— October 6 —

The unfinished fabric stands a lasting monument of the power and weakness of man—of his vast desires, his sanguine hopes, . . . and of the unlooked-for conclusion, where all these desires and hopes and purposes are so often arrested.

OUTRE-MER.



—— October 4 ——

—— October 5 ——

—— October 6 ——

————— October 7 —————

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood;  
And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe—  
“Forever—never!  
Never—forever!”

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

————— October 8 —————

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever  
round;  
If they have nothing else to grind, they must them-  
selves be ground. POETIC APHORISMS.

“Peace! peace! Why dost thou question God’s  
providence?” HYPERION.

————— October 9 —————

What Love may be, indeed, I cannot tell,  
Nor if I e’er have known his cunning arts;  
But true it is, there’s one I *like* so well  
That when he looks at me my bosom starts,  
And if we meet my heart begins to swell;  
And the green fields around, when he departs,  
Seem like a nest from which the bird has flown;  
Can this be love?—say—ye who love have known!

A FLORENTINE SONG.

—— October 7 ——

—— October 8 ——

—— October 9 ——

————— October 10 —————

The eldest of the three was a woman in that season of life when the early autumn gives to the summer leaves a warmer glow, yet fades them not. Though the mother of many children, she was still beautiful, resembling those trees which blossom in October, when the leaves are changing, and whose fruit and blossom are on the branch at once.

HYPERION.

————— October 11 —————

Forms of saints and kings are standing  
The cathedral door above;  
Yet I saw but one among them  
Who hath soothed my soul with love.

THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

But now the dream is wholly o'er,  
I bathe mine eyes and see,  
And wander through the world once more,  
A youth so light and free.

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.

————— October 12 —————

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined;  
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

POETIC APHORISMS.

Thus, O Genius! are thy footprints hallowed; and  
the star shines forever over the place of thy nativity.

HYPERION.

—— October 10 ——

—— October 11 ——

—— October 12 ——

— October 13 —

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. Shadows of evening fall around us, and the world seems but a dim reflection—itsself a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night. The soul withdraws into itself. Then stars arise, and the night is holy.

HYPERION.

— October 14 —

Yes; Love is ever busy with his shuttle,  
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp  
Bright, gorgeous flowers and scenes Arcadian;  
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about  
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate  
In never-ending vistas of delight.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

— October 15 —

Beloved country! banished from thy shore,  
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,  
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!  
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore  
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way  
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

NATIVE LAND.

—— October 13 ——

—— October 14 ——

—— October 15 ——

— October 16 —

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,  
That sailest on the sea,  
If ship or sail or evening star  
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou swain, that guard'st thy flock  
Beneath the shadowy tree,  
If flock or vale or mountain ridge  
Be half so fair as she! SONG.

— October 17 —

The twilight is sad and cloudy,  
The wind blows wild and free,  
And like the wings of sea-birds  
Flash the white-caps of the sea.

THE TWILIGHT.

Toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much.  
HYPERION.

— October 18 —

“The land of Song within thee lies,  
Watered by living springs;  
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes  
Are gates unto that Paradise;  
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,  
Its clouds are angels' wings.”

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.



—— October 16 ——

—— October 17 ——

—— October 18 ——

————— October 19 —————

On sunny slope and beechen swell  
The shadowed light of evening fell.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

The night is come, but not too soon;  
And sinking silently,  
All silently, the little moon  
Drops down behind the sky.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

————— October 20 —————

There's naught can be compared to her throughout  
the wide creation;  
She is a paradise on earth—our greatest consolation;  
So cheerful, gay, and happy, so free from all vexa-  
tion:  
In fine, she's better in the proof than in anticipation.

If, as her size increases, are woman's charms de-  
creased,  
Then surely it is good to be from all the great re-  
leased.

PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

————— October 21 —————

A mill forms as characteristic a feature in the  
romantic German landscape as in the romantic Ger-  
man tale.

HYPERION.

———— October 19 ————

———— October 20 ————

———— October 21 ————

————— October 22 —————

“Spirit of the past! look not so mournfully at me with thy great, tearful eyes! . . . Chant no more that dirge of sorrow through the long and silent watches of the night!” Mournful voices from afar seemed to answer, “Treuenfels!” And he remembered how others had suffered, and his heart grew still.

HYPERION.

————— October 23 —————

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

So much to pardon—so much to pity—so much to admire!

HYPERION.

————— October 24 —————

All are sleeping, weary heart!  
Thou, thou only sleepless art!  
All this throbbing, all this aching,  
Evermore shall keep thee waking;  
For a heart in sorrow breaking  
Thinketh ever of its smart!

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

———— October 22 ————

———— October 23 ————

———— October 24 ————

— — — October 25 — — —

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it bespoke;  
But alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the smoke.

POETIC APHORISMS.

This earthly life, when seen hereafter from heaven, will seem like an hour passed long ago, and dimly remembered.

HYPERION.

— — — October 26 — — —

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,  
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

ANNIE OF THARAW.

We spake of many a vanished scene,  
Of what we once had thought and said,  
Of what had been, and might have been,  
And who was changed, and who was dead.

THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD.

— — — October 27 — — —

One half of the world must sweat and groan that  
the other half may dream.

HYPERION.

It was autumn, and incessant  
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,  
And, like living coals, the apples  
Burned among the withering leaves.

PEGASUS IN POUND.

—— October 25 ——

—— October 26 ——

—— October 27 ——

————— October 28 —————

How often, oh, how often,  
I had wished that the ebbing tide  
Would bear me away on its bosom  
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
Seemed greater than I could bear.

THE BRIDGE.

————— October 29 —————

And all that fills the hearts of friends  
When first they feel, with secret pain,  
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,  
And never can be one again.

THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD.

————— October 30 —————

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals or forts.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

Every one . . . forms an image in his fancy of  
persons and things he has never seen; and the artist  
reproduces them in marble or on canvas.

HYPERION.



———— October 28 ————

———— October 29 ————

———— October 30 ————

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,  
Thou didst seek after me—that thou didst wait,  
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,  
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?

. . . . .

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,  
“Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see  
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!”  
And oh, how often to that voice of sorrow,  
“To-morrow we will open!” I replied,  
And when the morrow came I answered still, “To-  
morrow.”

TO-MORROW.

*Tr. from the Spanish of Lope de Vega.*

———— October 31 ————



## November

### MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR

Yes, the Year is growing old,  
And his eye is pale and bleared!  
Death, with frosty hand and cold,  
Plucks the old man by the beard,  
Sorely, sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,  
Solemnly and slow.  
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling;  
It is a sound of woe,  
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes  
The winds, like anthems, roll;  
They are chanting solemn masses,  
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,  
Pray, pray!"

———— November 1 ————

Men of iron, men who have dared to breast the  
strong breath of public opinion.                      HYPERION.

And thus she walks among her girls  
    With praise and mild rebukes;  
Subduing e'en rude village churls  
    By her angelic looks.

THE GOOD PART.

———— November 2 ————

O'er the bare upland, and away  
    Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
    And gladden these deep solitudes.

WOODS IN WINTER.

There is nothing so good for sorrow as rapid  
motion in the open air.                      HYPERION.

———— November 3 ————

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,  
    The flowers she most did love;  
She knew she should find them all again  
    In the fields of light above.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

Did we but use it as we ought,  
This world would school each wandering thought  
To its high state,                      COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

—— November 1 ——

—— November 2 ——

—— November 3 ——

———— November 4 ————

A temple dedicated to Heaven, and, like the Pantheon at Rome, lighted only from above.

HYPERION.

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.

THE DAY IS DONE.

———— November 5 ————

All evil thoughts and deeds,  
Anger and lust and pride,  
The foulest, rankest weeds  
That choke Life's groaning tide!

THE WITNESSES.

Art is the revelation of man; and not merely that, but likewise the revelation of Nature speaking through man. Art preëxists in Nature, and Nature is reproduced in Art.

HYPERION.

———— November 6 ————

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay  
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Blé,  
Listening with a wild delight  
To the chimes that, through the night,  
Rang their changes from the Belfry  
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

CARILLON.



—— November 4 ——

—— November 5 ——

—— November 6 ——

———— November 7 ————

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,  
Has ever given delight or consolation,  
Ye have repaid me back a thousandfold  
By every friendly sign and salutation.

DEDICATION.

———— November 8 ————

The day is cold and dark and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary;  
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

THE RAINY DAY.

———— November 9 ————

Truly, the love of home is interwoven with all that  
is pure and deep and lasting in earthly affection.  
Let us wander where we may, the heart looks back  
with secret longing to the paternal roof.

HYPERION.

—— November 7 ——

—— November 8 ——

—— November 9 ——

———— November 10 ————

What shall I do, sweet Nici, tell me!  
I burn—I burn—I can no more!  
I know not how the thing befell me,  
But I'm in love, and all is o'er.

SICILIAN CANZONET.

———— November 11 ————

I do not see why a successful book is not as great  
an event as a successful campaign, only different in  
kind and not easily compared.

HYPERION.

Long ago,  
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,  
When upon mountain and plain  
Lay the snow.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

———— November 12 ————

But now it has fallen from me,  
It is buried in the sea;  
And only the sorrow of others  
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river  
On its bridge with wooden piers,  
Like the odor of brine from the ocean  
Comes the thought of other years.

THE BRIDGE.

—— November 10 ——

—— November 11 ——

—— November 12 ——

— November 13 —

Thou glorious spirit-land! Oh, that I could behold thee as thou art,—the region of life and light and love, and the dwelling-place of those beloved ones whose being has flowed onward, like a silver-clear stream into the solemn-sounding main, into the ocean of Eternity!

HYPERION.

— November 14 —

And now the sweet day is dead;  
Cold in his arms it lies;  
No stain from its breath is spread  
Over the glassy skies,  
No mist or stain!

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

— November 15 —

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar  
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

—— November 13 ——

—— November 14 ——

—— November 15 ——

— November 16 —

A life that is worth writing at all, is worth writing minutely.

HYPERION.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!  
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,  
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,  
Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

DEDICATION.

— November 17 —

Glorious indeed is the world of God around us,  
but more glorious the world of God within us.  
There lies the Land of Song; there lies the poet's  
native land.

HYPERION.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,  
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

ANNIE OF THARAW.

— November 18 —

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

THE DAY IS DONE.

People of a lively imagination are generally curious, and always so when a little in love.

HYPERION.



———— November 16 ————

———— November 17 ————

———— November 18 ————

November 19

In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn on our hearths nor in our hearts, and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark.

HYPERION.

November 20

And the boy that walked beside me,  
He could not understand  
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,  
I pressed his warm, soft hand!

THE OPEN WINDOW.

November 21

The windows rattling in their frames,  
The ocean roaring up the beach,  
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,  
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part  
Of fancies floating through the brain,  
The long-lost ventures of the heart,  
That send no answers back again.

THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD.

—— November 19 ——

—— November 20 ——

—— November 21 ——

———— November 22 ————

Friends my soul with joy remembers!  
How like quivering flames they start  
When I fan the living embers  
On the hearthstone of my heart!

'Tis for this, thou Silent River!  
That my spirit leans to thee;  
Thou hast been a generous giver,  
Take this idle song from me.

TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

———— November 23 ————

Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality!  
I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other  
than it is. This alone is health and happiness.  
This alone is Life.

HYPERION.

———— November 24 ————

The law of force is dead!  
The law of love prevails!  
Thor, the thunderer,  
Shall rule the earth no more,  
No more, with threats,  
Challenge the meek Christ.

TEGNÉR'S DRAPA.

—— November 22 ——

—— November 23 ——

—— November 24 ——

———— November 25 ————

Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the airy  
veranda,  
Entered the hall of the house, where already the  
supper of Basil  
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted  
together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.  
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape  
with silver,  
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but  
within doors,  
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in  
the glimmering lamplight. EVANGELINE.

———— November 26 ————

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found;  
Her swift-revolving wheel turns round,  
And they are gone!  
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,  
But changing, and without repose,  
Still hurries on. COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

———— November 27 ————

What we call miracles and wonders of Art are  
not so to him who created them; for they were  
created by the natural movements of his own great  
soul. Statues, paintings, churches, poems, are but  
shadows of himself; shadows in marble, colors,  
stone, words. HYPERION.

—— November 25 ——

—— November 26 ——

—— November 27 ——

———— November 28 ————

Far-sounding he heard the great gate of the Past shut behind him, as the Divine Poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up to the Holy Mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

HYPERION.

———— November 29 ————

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

———— November 30 ————

If it be painful to see this misunderstanding between scholars and the world, . . . it is still more painful to see the private suffering of authors by profession. How many have languished in poverty!

HYPERION.



—— November 28 ——

—— November 29 ——

—— November 30 ——



## December

### THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

To-day from the Aurora's bosom  
A pink has fallen, a crimson blossom;  
And oh, how glorious rests the hay  
On which the fallen blossom lay!

When silence gently had unfurled  
Her mantle over all below,  
And, crowned with winter's frost and snow,  
Night swayed the scepter of the world,  
Amid the gloom descending slow,  
Upon the monarch's frozen bosom  
A pink has fallen—a crimson blossom.

The only flower the Virgin bore  
(Aurora fair) within her breast  
She gave to earth, yet still possessed  
Her virgin blossom as before:  
The hay that colored drop caressed,  
Received upon its faithful bosom  
That single flower—a crimson blossom.

————— December 1 —————

At the court of Naples, when the dead body of a monarch lies in state, his dinner is carried up to him as usual, and the court physician tastes it to see that it be not poisoned, and then the servants bear it out again, saying, "The king does not dine to-day." Hope in our souls is king; and we also say, "The king never dies."

HYPERION.

————— December 2 —————

There, in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star—

Excelsior!

EXCELSIOR.

Oh, there is something sublime in calm endurance.

HYPERION.

————— December 3 —————

The silent falling of the snow is to me one of the most solemn things in Nature. The fall of autumnal leaves does not so much affect me.

HYPERION.

Let us by the fire  
Ever higher  
Sing them till the night expire!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

———— December 1 ————

———— December 2 ————

———— December 3 ————

— December 4 —

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the Northeast;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength;  
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,  
Then leaped her cable's length.

THE WRECK OF THE "HESPERUS."

— December 5 —

When winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill  
That overbrows the lonely vale.

WOODS IN WINTER.

Sometimes we may 'learn more from a man's  
errors than from his virtues.

HYPERION.

— December 6 —

The soul seemed to be rapt away to heaven in the  
full harmonious chorus, as it swelled onward, dou-  
bling and redoubling, and rolling upward in a full  
burst of rapturous devotion.

OUTRE-MER.

Each one thought in his heart that he too would go  
and do likewise.

EVANGELINE.

— December 4 —

— December 5 —

— December 6 —

— December 7 —

Müller . . . has written a great many pretty songs, in which the momentary, indefinite longings and impulses of the soul of man find an expression. . . . There is one among them much to our present purpose. He expresses in it the feeling of unrest and desire of motion which the sight and sound of running waters often produce in us.

HYPERION.

— December 8 —

In December ring  
Every day the chimes;  
Loud the gleemen sing  
In the streets their merry rhymes.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Like a Goth of the Dark Ages, he consults his wife on all mighty matters, and looks upon her as a being of more than human goodness and wisdom.

HYPERION.

— December 9 —

It has been truly said by some wise man,  
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and, before I  
was aware,  
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illu-  
mined square.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.



———— December 7 ————

———— December 8 ————

———— December 9 ————

———— December 10 ————

He was glad to do a good deed in secret and yet  
so near heaven. HYPERION.

Else our lives are incomplete,  
Standing in these walls of Time,  
Broken stairways, where the feet  
Stumble as they seek to climb.  
THE BUILDERS.

———— December 11 ————

Oh, did we but know when we are happy! Could  
the restless, feverish, ambitious heart be still, but  
for a moment still, and yield itself, without one fur-  
ther-aspiring throb, to its enjoyment, then were I  
happy—yes, thrice happy!

OUTRE-MER.

There is something Faust-like in you. °  
HYPERION.

———— December 12 ————

O thou sculptor, painter, poet!  
Take this lesson to thy heart:  
That is best which lieth nearest;  
Shape from that thy work of art.  
GASPAR BECERRA.

His readers should be poets themselves, or they  
will hardly comprehend him.

HYPERION.

———— December 10 ————

———— December 11 ————

———— December 12 ————

————— December 13 —————

In this wondrous world wherein we live, which is the world of Nature, man has made to himself another world hardly less wondrous, which is the world of Art.

HYPERION.

How often, O, how often,  
In the days that had gone by,  
I had stood on that bridge at midnight  
And gazed on that wave and sky!

THE BRIDGE.

————— December 14 —————

Earth is but dust and heaven is light; I have pledged  
you to heaven.  
God of the universe, hear me! thou fountain of Love  
everlasting,  
Hark to the voice of thy servant! I send up my  
prayer to thy heaven!  
Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit  
of all these  
Whom thou hast given me here! I have loved them  
all like a father.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

————— December 15 —————

For a while there was a breathless silence in the church which to Flemming was more solemnly impressive than any audible prayer.

HYPERION.

———— December 13 ————

———— December 14 ————

———— December 15 ————

— December 16 —

To say the least, a town life makes one more tolerant and liberal in one's judgment of others. One is not eternally wrapped up in self-contemplation, which, after all, is only a more holy kind of vanity.

HYPERION.

— December 17 —

Yet I fain would die!  
To go through life unloving and unloved;  
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul  
We cannot still; that longing, that wild impulse  
And struggle after something we have not  
And cannot have; the effort to be strong,  
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile and smile  
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks;  
All this the dead feel not—the dead alone!  
Would I were with them!

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

— December 18 —

Her figure was slight; her countenance beautiful, though deadly white; and her meek eyes like the flower of the nightshade, pale and blue, but sending forth golden rays.

HYPERION.

———— December 16 ————

———— December 17 ————

———— December 18 ————

————+ December 19 ————

We shall wake up and find that the frost-spirit has been at work all night building Gothic cathedrals on our windows.

HYPERION.

———— December 20 ————

Winter is here in earnest! How the old churl whistles and threshes the snow! Sleet and rain are falling too. Already the trees are bearded with icicles; and the two broad branches of yonder pine look like the white mustache of some old German baron.

HYPERION.

———— December 21 ————

Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds  
and my horses.  
Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled,  
his spirit  
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.  
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever.

EVANGELINE.



———— December 19 ————

———— December 20 ————

———— December 21 ————

----- December 22 -----

Cover the embers  
And put out the light;  
Toil comes with the morning,  
And rest with the night.

Dark grow the windows,  
And quenched is the fire;  
Sound fades into silence—  
All footsteps retire.

CURFEW.

----- December 23 -----

All the pomp of earth had vanished,  
Falsehood and deceit were banished,  
Reason spake more loud than passion,  
And the truth wore no disguise.

THE NORMAN BARON.

He only is utterly wretched who is the slave of  
his own passions or those of others.

HYPERION.

----- December 24 -----

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

THE WRECK OF THE "HESPERUS."

"Why has Heaven given me these affections, only  
to fall and fade?"

HYPERION.

———— December 22 ————

———— December 23 ————

———— December 24 ————

December 25

(CHRISTMAS DAY)

When Christ was born in Bethlehem,  
'Twas night, but seemed the noon of day;  
The stars, whose light  
Was pure and bright,  
Shone with unwavering ray;  
But one, one glorious star  
Guided the Eastern Magi from afar.

December 26

Filled is Life's goblet to the brim;  
And though my eyes with tears are dim,  
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,  
And chant a melancholy hymn  
With solemn voice and slow.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

He does not so much idealize as realize. He only  
copies nature.

HYPERION.

December 27

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,  
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come  
snow,  
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

ANNIE OF THARAW.

———— December 25 ————

———— December 26 ————

———— December 27 ————

— December 28 —

It is truly a wondrous winter! what summer sunshine! what soft Venetian fogs! How the wanton, treacherous air coquets with the old graybeard trees! Such weather makes the grass and our beards grow apace!

HYPERION.

— December 29 —

Southward with fleet of ice  
Sailed the corsair Death;  
Wild and fast blew the blast,  
And the east wind was his breath.

Alas! the land-wind failed,  
And ice-cold grew the night;  
And nevermore, on sea or shore,  
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

— December 30 —

Good-night! Good-night, beloved!  
I come to watch o'er thee!  
To be near thee—to be near thee  
Alone is peace for me.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

What forms of strength and beauty! what glorious creations of the human mind!

HYPERION.

———— December 28 ————

———— December 29 ————

———— December 30 ————

Winter giveth the fields and the trees, so old,  
 Their beards of icicles and snow;  
 And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,  
 We must cower over the embers low;  
 And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,  
 Mope like birds that are changing feather.  
 But the storm retires and the sky grows clear  
 When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky  
 Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud;  
 But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh;  
 Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,  
 And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,  
 Who has toiled for naught both late and early,  
 Is banished afar by the new-born year,  
 When thy merry step draws near.

SPRING



December 31











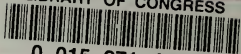








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