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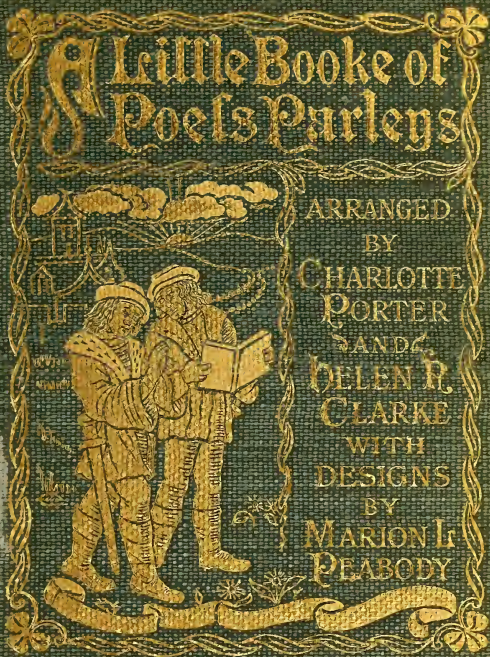
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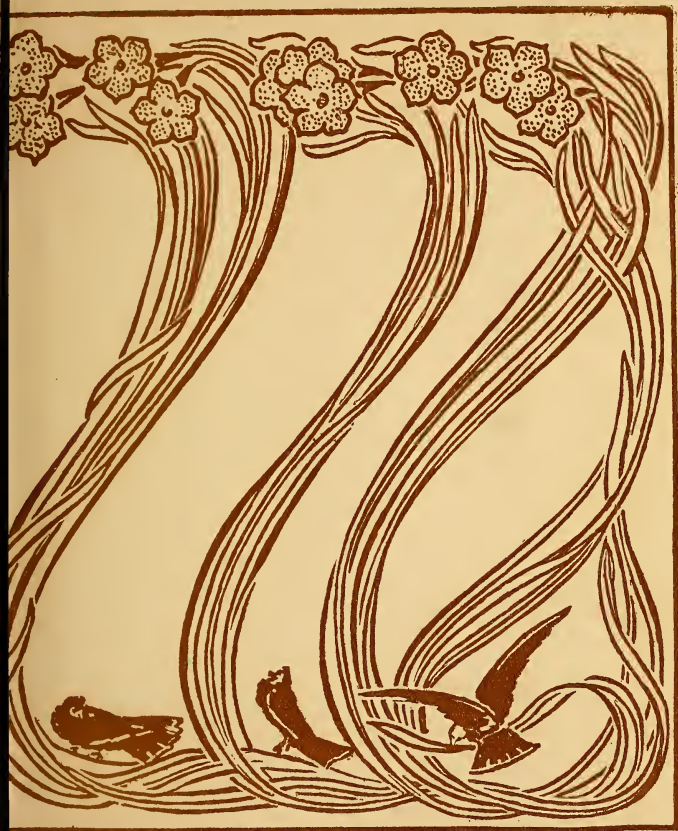
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POETS' PARLEYS

**A LITTLE BOOKE
OF POETS' PARLEYS**

**BEING A SET OF CONVERSA-
TIONS BETWEEN SUNDRY
PAIRS OF POETS ASSENT-
ING OR ANON DISSENTING
IN CONVEYING TO ONE AN-
OTHER THEIR MINDS ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS**

**SELECTED & ARRANGED IN
DIALOGUE FORM BY CHAR-
LOTTE PORTER AND HELEN
A. CLARKE & ACCOMPANIED
WITH DESIGNS BY MARION
L. PEABODY**

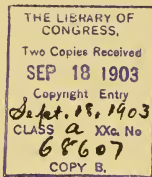
**NEW YORK: THOMAS Y. CROWELL
AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 1903**



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Published September, 1903

TN 6082
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03-23404

Composition and electrotype plates by
D. B. Updike; The Merrymount Press, Boston

WILSON

Ms. A. 20.0.11

"'T is but brother's speech
... Speech where an accent's change gives each
The other's soul."

BROWNING: Sordello. V. 635.

Thanks are given to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Charles Scribner's Sons, Little, Brown & Co., and the Literary Executors of Walt Whitman, for courteous permission to reprint here the extracts made from their authors.



CONTENTS

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED

	Page
AMERICA	7
Lanier and Whitman	
BEAUTY	39
Keats and Browning	
DEMOCRACY	5
Browning and Shakespeare	
DREAMS	27
Rossetti and Coleridge	
EARLY RISING	29
Shakespeare and Hood	
EVOLUTION	61
Emerson and Browning	
EVOLUTION OF POETIC ART	51
Emma Lazarus and George Eliot	
FLOWERS	21
Spenser and Shakespeare.	
FREEDOM	1
Whittier and Lowell	
IMMORTALITY	67
Tennyson and Browning	

CONTENTS

	Page
LOVE: "ONE WAY OF LOVE"	11
Shakespeare and Browning	
LOVE: "ANOTHER WAY OF LOVE"	13
Louise Chandler Moulton and Swinburne	
MOTHER-WIT	55
Whitman and Burns	
MUSIC	41
Shakespeare and Shelley	
NATURE	17
Wordsworth and Bryant	
PHILOSOPHY	59
Milton and Shakespeare	
POETRY	49
Shakespeare and Keats	
POETS	47
Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning	
ROME	43
Clough and Byron	
SEA	23
Keats and Emerson	
SOUL	65
Shelley and Browning	
SUPERSTITION	31
Burns and Swinburne	

CONTENTS

	Page
TRUTH	33
Browning and Dryden	
WAR	15
William Morris and Clough	
WILL	37
Emerson and Tennyson	
WOMAN	9
Shakespeare and Tennyson	



A DREAM OF FREEDOM

WHITTIER

THE airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me, —

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,

The love of God and neighbor;
An equal-handed labor;

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.

MY TRIUMPH.

LOWELL

So charmed, with undeluded eye we see
In history's fragmentary tale
Bright clues of continuity,

POETS' PARLEYS

Learn that high natures over Time prevail,
And feel ourselves a link in that entail
That binds all ages past with all that are to be.

UNDER THE OLD ELM.

WHITTIER

On then, my brothers! every blow
Ye deal is felt the wide earth through;
Whatever here uplifts the low
Or humbles Freedom's hateful foe,
Blesses the Old World through the New.

THE FREED ISLANDS.

LOWELL

For soul inherits all that soul could dare:
Yea, manhood hath a wider span
And larger privilege of life than man.

COMMEMORATION ODE.

WHITTIER

O East and West! O morn and sunset, twain
No more forever! Has he lived in vain
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told
Your bridal service from his lips of gold?

THOMAS STARR KING.

A DREAM OF FREEDOM

LOWELL

The single deed, the private sacrifice,

Is covered up ere long from mortal eyes
With thoughtless drift of the deciduous years;
But that high privilege that makes all men peers, —
That leap of heart whereby a people rise —

That swift validity in noble veins —
Of choosing danger and disdaining shame, —

These are imperishable gains,
These hold great futures in their lusty reins
And certify to earth a new imperial race.

COMMEMORATION ODE.





DEMOCRACY

BROWNING

WHEN all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-blown powers — then, not till then,
I say, begins man's general infancy.

PARACELSUS. V. 749.

SHAKESPEARE

How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
.
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows!

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. I. iii. 103.

BROWNING

But little do or can the best of us:
That little is achieved through Liberty.
Who, then, dares hold, emancipated thus,

POETS' PARLEYS

His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,
Who live, love, labor freely, nor discuss
A brother's right to freedom.

WHY I AM A LIBERAL.

SHAKESPEARE

Where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance, — it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose.

CORIOLANUS. III. i. 144.

BROWNING

Whom do you count the worst man upon earth?
Be sure, he knows, in his conscience, more
Of what right is, than arrives at birth
In the best man's acts that we bow before.

CHRISTMAS EVE. 1034.

SHAKESPEARE

Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. I. iii. 83.



LANIER

NOW fall the chill reactionary snows
Of man's defect, and every wind that blows
Keeps back the Spring of Freedom's rose.

PSALM OF THE WEST.

WHITMAN

Be not dishearten'd, affection shall solve the problems of
freedom yet;
Those who love each other shall become invincible,
They shall yet make Columbia victorious.

OVER THE CARNAGE.

LANIER

How if this contrarious West
That me by turns hath starved, by turns hath fed,
Embraced, disgraced, beat back, solicited,
Have no fixed heart of Law within his breast?

PSALM OF THE WEST.

POETS' PARLEYS

WHITMAN

I see Freedom, completely arm'd and victorious, and very
haughty, with Law on one side and Peace on the other,
A stupendous trio all issuing forth against the idea of Caste.

YEARS OF THE MODERN.

LANIER

And the Time in that ultimate Prime shall forget old regret-
ting and scorn,
Yea, the stream of the light shall give off in a shimmer the
dream of the night forlorn.

PSALM OF THE WEST.

WHITMAN

— Then turn, and be not alarm'd . . .
To where the future, greater than all the past,
Is swiftly, surely, preparing for you.

TURN O LIBERTAD.





ON WOMAN

SHAKESPEARE

'T IS beauty that doth oft make women proud;
'T is virtue that doth make them most admired;
'T is government that makes them seem divine.

3 HENRY VI. I. iv. 128.

TENNYSON

Woman is the lesser man, and all her passions matched
with mine
Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

LOCKSLEY HALL.

SHAKESPEARE

. . . Yourself

But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell . . . but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure?

JULIUS CÆSAR. II. i. 282.

POETS' PARLEYS

TENNYSON

Some said their heads were less.

THE PRINCESS.

SHAKESPEARE

Let husbands know

Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have.

OTHELLO. IV. iii. 94.

TENNYSON

Yet in the long years liker must they grow,
The man be more of woman, she of man,
.
.
.
.
.
.
.
Till at the last she set herself to man
Like perfect music unto noble words.

THE PRINCESS.





SHAKESPEARE

THAT love is merchandized whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.

SONNET CII.

BROWNING

Love is whole
And true; if sure of naught beside, most sure
Of its own truth at least; nor may endure
A crowd to see its face, that cannot know
How hot the pulses throb its heart below.

SORDELLO. I. 730.

SHAKESPEARE

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?

SONNET CLI.

Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

SONNET CXV.

POETS' PARLEYS

BROWNING

How else should love's perfected noontide follow?
All the dawn promised shall the day perform.

A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON. I. iii. 226.

SHAKESPEARE

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

SONNET CXVI.

BROWNING

The soul
Whence the love comes, all ravage leaves that whole;
Vainly the flesh fades; soul makes all things new.

ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND.





"ANOTHER WAY OF LOVE"

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

LOVE is a fire,
Beware the madness of that wild desire!
I know for I was young and now am old.

GRANDMAMMA'S WARNING.

SWINBURNE

Now all good that comes or goes is
As the smell of last year's roses
As the radiance in our eyes
Shot from Summer's ere he dies.

PASTICHE.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

If love could last, I'd spend my all
And think the price was yet too small,
To buy his light upon my way,
His sun to turn my night to day,
His cheer whatever might befall.

FRENCH TUNES.

POETS' PARLEYS

SWINBURNE

But his wings will not rest and his feet will not stay for us:
Morning is here in the joy of its might;
With his breath has he sweetened a night and a day for us;
Now let him pass, and the myrtles make way for us;
Love can but last in us here at his height
For a day and a night.

AT PARTING.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

When Love was young in days of yore,
On bended knee full oft I swore,
To him alone I'd homage pay;
I'd love forever and a day,
And love with every day the more.

FRENCH TUNES.

SWINBURNE

For a day and a night Love sang to us, played with us,
Folded us round from the dark and the light;
And our hearts were fulfilled of the music he made with us,
Made with our hearts and our lips while he stayed with us,
Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight
For a day and a night.

AT PARTING.



WAR

WILLIAM MORRIS

CANST thou in rhyme
Tell stories of the ancient time?
Or dost thou chronicle old wars?

THE MAN BORN TO BE KING.

CLOUGH

Really, who knows? One has bowed and talked, till little by
little

All the natural heat has escaped of the chivalrous spirit.

.
Should I incarnadine ever this inky pacifical finger?

AMOURS DE VOYAGE.

MORRIS

Bitter war!

Wherein the right and wrong so mingled are,
That hardly can the man of single heart
Amid the sickening turmoil choose his part;
For him suffice the changes of the year,

POETS' PARLEYS

The God-sent terror was enough of fear
For him; enough the battle with the earth.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

CLOUGH

Dulce it is, and Decorum, no doubt, for the country to fall,—
to

Offer one's blood an oblation to Freedom, and die for the
Cause; yet—

AMOURS DE VOYAGE.

MORRIS

—Yet, for him must idle soldiers range
From place to place about the burdened land,
Or thick upon the ruined corn fields stand?

THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

CLOUGH

Alas! 't is ephemeral folly,
Vain and ephemeral folly, of course, compared with pictures,
Statues, and antique gems!—Indeed,— . . .

. . . And yet did I, waking,
Dream of a cadence that sings, Si tombent nos jeunes héros, la
Terre en produit de nouveaux contre vous tous prêt à se
battre;

Dream of great indignations and angers transcendental!

AMOURS DE VOYAGE.



NATURE

WORDSWORTH

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

BRYANT

Has nature in her calm majestic march
Faltered with age at last? Does the bright sun
Grow dim in heaven? or, in their far blue arch,
Sparkle the crowd of stars, when day is done,
Less brightly?

THE AGES.

WORDSWORTH

Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;

POETS' PARLEYS

But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

BRYANT

Look on this beautiful world and read the truth
In her fair page; see, every season brings
New change, to her, of everlasting youth.

THE AGES.

WORDSWORTH

I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.

TINTERN ABBEY.

BRYANT

Oh, no! a thousand cheerful omens give
Hope of yet happier days, whose dawn is nigh.
 . . . he whose eye
Unwinds the eternal dances of the sky,
And in the abyss of brightness dares to span

NATURE

The sun's broad circle, rising yet more high,
In God's magnificent works his will shall scan —
And love and peace shall make their paradise with man.

THE AGES.





FLOWERS

SPENSER

STROWE me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups and lovèd Lillies.

SHEPHEARD'S CALENDER. APRILL.

SHAKESPEARE

O Proserpina,

For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath.

WINTER'S TALE. IV. iv. 116.

SPENSER

Whence is it, that the flowret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buryed long in Winter's bale?

SHEPHEARD'S CALENDER. NOVEMBER.

POETS' PARLEYS

SHAKESPEARE

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.

SONNET XVIII.

SPENSER

Yet, soone as Spring his mantle hath displayde,
It flowreth fresh as it should never fayde.

SHEPHEARD'S CALENDER.

SHAKESPEARE

When daffodils begin to peer,

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;

 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

WINTER'S TALE, IV. iii. 1.





THE SEA

KEATS

OH ye! who have your eye-balls vex'd and tir'd,
Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;
Oh ye! whose ears are dinn'd with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody, —
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quir'd!

SONNET ON THE SEA.

EMERSON

Lie on the warm rock-ledges, and there learn
A little hut suffices like a town.
I make your sculptured architecture vain,
Vain beside mine. I drive my wedges home,
And carve the coastwise mountain into caves.
Lo! here is Rome and Nineveh and Thebes,
Karnac and Pyramid and Giant's Stairs
Half piled or prostrate; and my newest slab
Older than all thy race.

POETS' PARLEYS

Behold the Sea,
The opaline, the plentiful and strong.

SEA-SHORE.

KEATS

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.

SONNET ON THE SEA.

EMERSON

Illusion dwells forever with the wave.
I know what spells are laid . . .
I make some coast alluring, some lone isle,
To distant men, who must go there, or die.

SEA-SHORE.

KEATS

Come to pay devotion due,—
Each a month of pearls must strew!
Many a mortal of these days
Dares to pass our sacred ways;
Dares to touch audaciously,
This cathedral of the sea!

STAFFA.

THE SEA

EMERSON

Rich are the sea-gods: — who gives gifts but they?
They grope the sea for pearls, but more than pearls:
They pluck Force then, and give it to the wise.

SEA-SHORE.







DREAMS

ROSSETTI

VAPOROUS, unaccountable,
Dreamland lies forlorn of light.

LOVE'S NOCTURN.

COLERIDGE

And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight;
All melodies the echoes of that voice,
All colors a suffusion from that light.

ODE TO DEJECTION.

ROSSETTI

There the dreams are multitudes:
Some whose buoyance waits not sleep,
Deep within the August woods;
Some that hum while rest may steep
Weary labor laid a-heap;
Interludes,
Some, of grievous moods that weep.

LOVE'S NOCTURN.

POETS' PARLEYS

COLERIDGE

Though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress,
And all misfortunes were but as the stuff
Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness.

ODE TO DEJECTION.

ROSSETTI

Master, is it soothly said
That, as echoes of man's speech
Far in secret clefts are made,
So do all men's bodies reach

. . . .
Shape or shade?

LOVE'S NOCTURN.

COLERIDGE

Such it seems,
. . . A fragment from the life of dreams;
But, say that years matur'd the silent strife
And 't is a record from the dream of Life.

PHANTOM OR FACT.



EARLY RISING

SHAKESPEARE

WHILE you here do snoring lie,
.

If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake, Awake!

THE TEMPEST. II. i. 300.

HOOD

Let Taylor preach upon a morning breezy
How well to rise while nights and larks are flying,
For my part getting up seems not so easy

By half as lying.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

SHAKESPEARE

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chalice'd flowers that lies.

CYMBELINE. II. iii. 21.

POETS' PARLEYS

HOOD

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are naught,
His steeds that paw impatiently about,
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
The first turn-out.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

SHAKESPEARE

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light.

ROMEO AND JULIET. II. iii. 1.

HOOD

Why from a comfortable pillow start
To see faint blushes in the east awaken?
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
Excepting — bacon.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.





SUPERSTITION

BURNS

SOUR Bigotry, on her last legs,
Girnin' looked back.

EPISTLE TO JOHN GOUDIE.

SWINBURNE

All the dark dead centuries rose to bar
The spirit of man, lest truth should make him free.

IN THE BAY.

BURNS

The reverend gray-beards raved and stormed
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were informed
Than their old daddies.

Frae less to mair, it gaed to sticks;
Frae words and aiths to clours and nicks,
And mony a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt;

POETS' PARLEYS

And some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hanged and brunt.

TO WM. SIMPSON.

SWINBURNE

Because the days were dark with gods and kings
And in time's hand the old hours of time as rods,
When force and fear set hope and faith at odds.

IN THE BAY.

BURNS

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple,
But now she's got an unco' ripple;
.
And gasps for breath.

Poor, gapin', glowerin' Superstition,
Waes me! She's in a sad condition;
.


Alas! There's ground of great suspicion
She'll ne'er get better.

TO JOHN GOUDIE.

SWINBURNE

Night's childless children; here your hour is done;
Pass with the stars, and leave us with the sun!

TWO LEADERS.



THE SOURCE OF TRUTH

BROWNING

TRUTH is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fulness.

PARACELSUS. I. 726.

DRYDEN

Thus man by his own strength to heaven would soar,
And would not be obliged to God for more.
Vain wretched creature, how art thou misled,
To think thy wits these Godlike notions bred!
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropp'd from heaven, and of a nobler kind.

RELIGIO LAICI.

BROWNING

Watch narrowly

The demonstration of a truth, its birth,
And you trace back the effluence to its spring

POETS' PARLEYS

And source within us; where broods radiance vast,
To be elicited ray by ray, as chance
Shall favor.

PARACELSUS. I. 737.

DRYDEN

Whence but from heaven could men unskill'd in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths?

RELIGIO LAICI.

BROWNING

May not truth be lodged alike in all,
The lowest as the highest? some slight film
The interposing bar which binds a soul
And makes the idiot, just as makes the sage
Some film removed, the happy outlet whence
Truth issues proudly?

PARACELSUS. I. 754.

DRYDEN

How comest thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear?
Nor Plato these nor Aristotle found:
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,

THE SOURCE OF TRUTH

Or canst thou lower dive or higher climb?

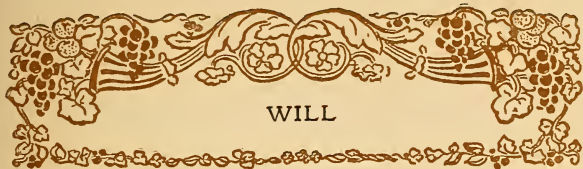
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In doubtful questions 't is the safest way

To learn what unsuspected ancients say.

RELIGIO LAICI.





WILL

EMERSON

UNLESS to Thought is added Will
Apollo is an imbecile.

THE POET.

TENNYSON

All

Life needs for life is possible to Will.

LOVE AND DUTY.

EMERSON

No fate save by the victim's fault is low,
For God hath writ all dooms magnificent,
So guilt not traverses his tender will.

LIFE.

TENNYSON

O, well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong.

WILL.

POETS' PARLEYS

EMERSON

Where his clear spirit leads him, there 's his road,
By God's own light illumined and foreshowed!

WOODNOTES.

TENNYSON

He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

ODE ON WELLINGTON.





BEAUTY

KEATS

SPITE of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits.

ENDYMION.

BROWNING

If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI. 217.

KEATS

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

POETS' PARLEYS

BROWNING

Indeed, to know is something, and to prove
How all this beauty might be enjoyed, is more.

CLEON. 291.

KEATS

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us.

ENDYMION.

BROWNING

And all this joy in natural life is put
Like fire from off thy finger into each,
So exquisitely perfect is the same.

CLEON. 203.





MUSIC

SHAKESPEARE

IF you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again.

OTHELLO. III. i. 16.

SHELLEY

Music when soft voices die
Vibrates in the memory.

A FRAGMENT.

SHAKESPEARE

I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs
and the bones.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. IV. i. 39.

SHELLEY

I pant for the music which is divine,
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower,
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the notes in a silver shower.

A FRAGMENT.

POETS' PARLEYS

SHAKESPEARE

Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished! Is it not strange
that sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. II. iii. 60.

SHELLEY

It . . . will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before.

TO JANE WITH A GUITAR.





ROME

CLOUGH

ROME disappoints me much ; I hardly as yet understand,
but

Rubbishy seems the word that most exactly would suit it.
All the foolish destructions, and all the sillier savings,
All the incongruous things of past incompatible ages,
Seem to be treasured up here to make fools of present and
future.

AMOURS DE VOYAGE.

BYRON

The Goth, the Christian, time, war, flood, and fire
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride ;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep, barbarian monarchs ride ;
Where the car climbed the Capitol far and wide,
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.

CHILDE HAROLD. IV. lxxx.

POETS' PARLEYS

CLOUGH

Would to heaven the old Goths had made a cleaner sweep
of it!

.
Ye gods! what do I want with this rubbish of ages de-
parted,

Things that Nature abhors, the experiments that she has
failed in?

AMOURS DE VOYAGE.

BYRON

Despise, laugh, weep, for here
There is such matter for all feeling. . . .
Ages and realms are crowded in this span.

.
Yes; and in yon field below,
A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
The Forum, where the immortal accents glow
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero.

CHILDE HAROLD. IV. cix-cxii.

CLOUGH

What do I find in the Forum? An archway and two or three
pillars.

.

ROME

No one can cavil, I grant, at the size of the great Coliseum.
Doubtless the notion of grand and capacious and massive
amusement,

This the old Romans had; but, tell me, is this an idea?

AMOURS DE VOYAGE.

BYRON

Arches on arches! As it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands. . . .
. . . And the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume
Hues which have words, and speak to eye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory.

CHILDE HAROLD. IV. cxxviii, cxxix.







POETS

MRS. BROWNING

AT last, because the time was ripe,
I chanced upon the poets . . .
. . . the only truth-tellers, now left to God.

AURORA LEIGH. I. 844, 859.

MR. BROWNING

The one royal race
That ever was, or will be, in this world!

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE. 2416.

MRS. BROWNING

Ay, and while your common men
Lay telegraphs, gauge railroads, reign, reap, dine,
And dust the flaunty carpets of the world
For kings to walk on, or the president,
The poet suddenly will catch them up
With his voice like a thunder.

AURORA LEIGH. I. 869.

POETS' PARLEYS

MR. BROWNING

He with a "look you!" vents a brace of rhymes,
And in there breaks the sudden rose herself,

.
Buries us with a glory, young once more,
Pouring heaven into this shut house of life.

TRANSCENDENTALISM. 39.

MRS. BROWNING

The poet hath the child's sight in his breast,
And sees all new. What oftenest he has viewed
He views with the first glory.

THE POET. 1.

MR. BROWNING

They give no gift that bounds itself and ends
I' the giving and the taking: theirs so breeds
I' the heart and soul o' the taker, so transmutes
The man who only was a man before,
That he grows godlike in his turn, can give—
He also: share the poet's privilege,
Bring forth new good, new beauty, from the old.

BALAUSTION'S ADVENTURE. 2419.



POETRY

SHAKESPEARE

OUR poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 't is nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself and like the current flies
Each bound it chafes.

TIMON OF ATHENS. I. i. 21.

KEATS

. . . Poesy alone can tell her dream,
With the fine spell of words alone can save
Imagination from the sable chain
And dumb enchantment.

HYPERION, A VISION.

SHAKESPEARE

And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. V. i. 14.

POETS' PARLEYS

KEATS

. . . The unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven.

ENDYMION.

SHAKESPEARE

. . . Shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. V. i. 5.

KEATS

. . . The leaven
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth.

ENDYMION.





THE EVOLUTION OF
POETIC ART

EMMA LAZARUS

I AM one who would not restore the Past,
Beauty will immortal last,
Though the beautiful must die —
This the ages verify.

AUGUST MOON.

GEORGE ELIOT

I should ask
Whence came taste, beauty, sensibilities
Refined to preference infallible?
.
Is your beautiful
A seedless, rootless flower, or has it grown
With human growth, which means the rising sun
Of human struggle, order, knowledge?

A COLLEGE BREAKFAST PARTY.

POETS' PARLEYS

EMMA LAZARUS

Who seeks shall find
Widening knowledge surely brings
Vaster themes to him who sings.

AUGUST MOON.

GEORGE ELIOT

Taste, beauty, what are they
But the soul's choice toward perfect bias wrought
By finer balance of a fuller growth—
Sense brought to subtlest metamorphosis
Through love, thought, joy—the general human store
Which grows from all life's functions?

A COLLEGE BREAKFAST PARTY.

EMMA LAZARUS

He shall be of bards the king,
Who in worthy verse shall sing
All the conquests of the hour,
Stealing no fictitious power
From the classic types outworn,
But his rhythmic line adorn
With the marvels of the real.
He the baseless feud shall heal

THE EVOLUTION OF POETIC ART

That estrangeth wide apart
Science from her sister Art.

AUGUST MOON.

GEORGE ELIOT

Nay, ask

The mightiest makers who have reigned, still reign
Within the ideal realm.

See if their thought

Be drained of practice and the thick warm blood
Of hearts that beat in action various
Through the wide drama of the struggling world.

A COLLEGE BREAKFAST PARTY.





MOTHER-WIT

WHITMAN

BEGINNING my studies, the first step pleas'd me so
much,

The mere fact, consciousness . . .

. . . aw'd me and pleas'd me so much,

I have hardly gone, and hardly wished to go, any farther,
But stop and loiter all the time to sing it in ecstatic songs.

INSCRIPTIONS.

BURNS

Critic folk may cock their nose,
And say, "How can you e'er propose,
You, wha ken hardly verse frae prose,
To mak a sang?"

TO J. LAPRAIK.

WHITMAN

Did you ask dulcet rhymes from me?
Did you find what I sang erewhile so hard to follow, to un-
derstand?

POETS' PARLEYS

. . . Go lull yourself with what you can understand . . .
For I lull nobody.

DRUM TAPS.

BURNS

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns and stools,
If honest nature made you fools,
What sairs your grammars?

.
A set o' dull conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!

.
And syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

TO J. LAPRAIK.

WHITMAN

Shut not your doors to me, proud libraries,
For that which was lacking on all your well-fill'd shelves,
yet needed most, I bring.

.
The words of my book nothing, the drift of it everything!

INSCRIPTIONS.

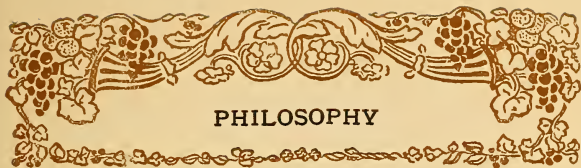
MOTHER-WIT

BURNS

Give me ae spark o' Nature's fire!
That's a' the learning I desire.

TO J. LAPRAIK.





PHILOSOPHY

MILTON

HOW charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose;
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

COMUS.

SHAKESPEARE

Then give me leave to read philosophy.

TAMING OF THE SHREW. III. i. 13.

MILTON

Unsphere

The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The mortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook.

IL PENSEROSO.

POETS' PARLEYS

SHAKESPEARE

I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

TAMING OF THE SHREW. I. i. 26.

MILTON

Shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece?

COMUS.

SHAKESPEARE

Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.

TAMING OF THE SHREW. I. i. 29.





EVOLUTION

EMERSON

ONWARD and on the eternal Pan,
Who layeth the world's incessant plan,
Halteth never in one shape,
But forever doth escape,
Like wave or flame, into new forms
Of gem, and air, of plants, and worms.

WOODNOTES.

BROWNING

And all lead up higher,
All shape out dimly the superior race,
The heir of hopes too fair to turn out false,
And man appears at last.

PARACELSUS. V. 707.

EMERSON

I tire of globes and races,
Too long the game is played;

POETS' PARLEYS

What without him is summer's pomp,
Or winter's frozen shade?

SONG OF NATURE.

BROWNING

Progress is

The law of life, man is not Man as yet.
Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows: when the host
Is out at once to the despair of night,
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then,
I say, begins man's general infancy.

PARACELSUS. V. 741.

EMERSON

Let war and trade and creeds and song
Blend, ripen race on race,
The sunburnt world a man shall breed
Of all the zones and countless days.

SONG OF NATURE.

EVOLUTION

BROWNING

He shall start up and stand on his own earth,
Then shall his long triumphant march begin,
Thence shall his being date, — thus wholly roused,
What he achieves shall be set down to him.

PARACELSUS. V. 764.







SOUL

SHELLEY

AH! to the stranger-soul when first it peeps
From its new tenement, and looks abroad
For happiness and sympathy, how stern
And desolate a tract is this wide world!

QUEEN MAB. IV. 121.

BROWNING

The earth's first stuff
Was, neither more nor less, enough
To house man's soul, man's need fulfil.

EASTER-DAY. 843.

SHELLEY

Throughout this varied and eternal world
Soul is the only element, the block
That for uncounted ages has remained.

QUEEN MAB. IV. 139.

BROWNING

Soul has its course 'neath Mind's work overhead,—
Who tells of, tracks to source the founts of Soul?

CHARLES AVISON. 181.

POETS' PARLEYS

SHELLEY

Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds
Of high resolve; on fancy's boldest wing
To soar unwearied, fearlessly to turn
The keenest pangs to peacefulness, and taste
The joys which mingled sense and spirit yield.

QUEEN MAB. IV. 154.

BROWNING

As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps
soul!"

RABBI BEN EZRA. 70.





TENNYSON

WHAT the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying voices of prayer?

All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with all that is fair?

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,

Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the depths of a meaningless Past?

VASTNESS.

BROWNING

You fear, you agonize, die: what then?
Is an end to your life's work out of ken?

Have you no assurance that, earth at end,
Wrong will prove right? Who made shall mend
In the higher sphere to which yearnings tend.

REPHAN. 98.

POETS' PARLEYS

TENNYSON

Men have hopes, which race the restless blood,
That after many changes may succeed
Life, which is Life indeed.

THE PROGRESS OF SPRING.

BROWNING

Whereof the effect be — faith
That, some far day, were found
Ripeness in things now rathe,
Wrong righted, each chain unbound,
Renewal born out of scathe.

REVERIE. 176.

TENNYSON

Act first, this Earth, a stage so gloom'd with woe,
You all but sicken at the shifting scenes.
And yet, be patient. Our Playwright may show
In some fifth Act what this wild Drama means.

THE PLAY.

BROWNING

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time
Greet the unseen with a cheer!

.

IMMORTALITY

“Strive and thrive!” Cry “Speed, — fight on, fare ever
There as here!”

EPILOGUE TO ASOLANDO.



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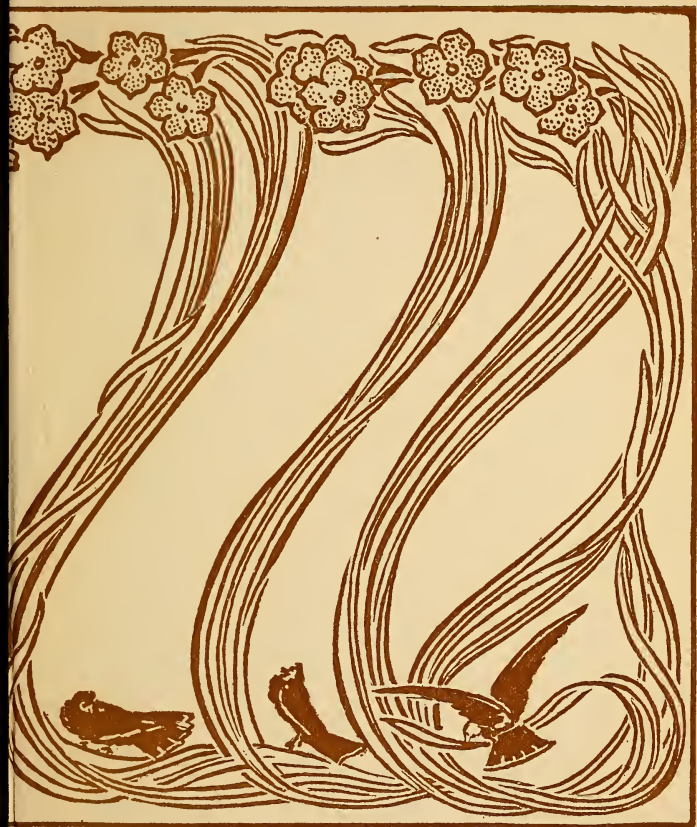
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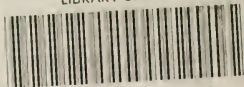
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