

♦ ♦ GOD ♦ ♦

AND · OTHER · POEMS



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GOD

And Other Poems

Translated by
SIR JOHN BOWRING

Compiled by
MARGARET S. LINN PARR



RICHARD G. BADGER

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*To the ONE and the All
this book is most reverently dedicated
Margaret S. Linn Parr.*

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GOD!*

O Thou eternal One Whose presence bright,
All space doth occupy, all motion guide:
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Three in one!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;
Embracing all,— supporting — ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God — and know no more,

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean — deep — may
count
The sands or the sun's rays — but, God! for Thee
There is no weight or measure: none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy Light, in vain would
try

*This is the poem of which Golevnin says in his narrative that it has been translated into Japanese, by order of the Emperor, and hung up embroidered with gold, in the Temple of Jeddo. Sir John Bowring says, "A similar thing has been done in China to the same poem. It has been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of silk and suspended in the Imperial palace at Peking."

To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark,
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness did'st call
First chaos, then existence,— Lord! in Thee
Eternity had its foundation: all
Spring from Thee:— of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin: — all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space woth rays divine.
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious!
Great!
Light-giving, Life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround;
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end has bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from
Thee;
And as the spangles in their sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry*
Of Heaven's bright array glitters in Thy praise.

*The force of this simile can hardly be imagined by those who have never witnessed the sun shining, with unclouded splendour, in a cold of twenty or thirty degrees of Reaumur. A thousand and ten thousand sparkling stars of ice, brighter than the brightest diamond, play on the surface of the freezing snow; and the slightest breeze sets myriads of icy atoms in motion, whose glancing light and beautiful rainbow hues dazzle and weary the eye.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
Thy own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light —
A glorious company of golden streams —
Lamp of celestial ether burning bright —
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art — as noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:
What are ten thousand worlds compared with
Thee?
And what am I, then? Heaven's unnumbered
host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought,—
Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd
Against Thy greatness: is a cipher brought
Against Infinity! What am I, then! Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of Thy light divine
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too:
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
As shine the sunbeams in a drop of dew.
Nought! but I live, and in hopes pinions fly
Eager towards Thy Presence; for in Thee
I live and breathe, and dwell, aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God! And surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee:
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart,
Though but an atom, midst immensity,
Still I am something fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth.
In the last verge of mortal being stand
Close to the realms where angels have their
birth,
Just on the boundaries of spirit land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradatim lost,
And the next step is Spirit — Deity!
I can command the lightning and the dust
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? Unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy,
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal Soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of external day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source — to Thee — its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!

Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft it homage to Thy Deity.

God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;

Thus seek Thy presence — being wise and good!
Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

DERZHAVEN.

I BORE YOU FROM THE REGION
OF THE NORTH*

I bore you from the regions of the North,
Where ye first blossom'd flowers of poetry.
Now light your smiles and pour your incense forth,
Beneath our Albion's more benignant skies.

I culled your garlands neath the polar star,
From the vast field of everlasting snow,
Adventurous I transplant your beauties far:
Still breathe in fragrance, still in beauty glow.

Within our temple many a holy wreath,
Hallowed by genius and by time, is hung.
At our altar many a bard has sung,
Whose Music vibrates from the realms of
death.

I may not link your lowlier names with theirs —
The giants of past ages — but to bring
To our Parnassus one delightful thing
Would glad my hopes and answer all my
prayers.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, F. L. S.

*This is the introductory poem of the Russian collection.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY

O Thou unutterable Potentate!
Through nature's vast extent sublimely great!
Thy lovely form the flower-decked field discloses,
Thy smiles are seen in Nature's sunny face;
Milk-colored lilies and wild-blushing roses
Are bright with Thee: Thy voice of gentleness
Speaks in the light-winged whispering zephyr
 playing
Midst the young boughs, or o'er the meadow
 straying;
Thy breath gives life to all: below, above
And all things revel in Thy light and love,
But here, on this gigantic mountain, here
Thy greatness, glory, wisdom, strength and spirit
In terrible sublimity appear:
The awe-inspiring voice is heard,— we hear it!
Th' Almighty fearful voice: attend, it breaks
The silence and in solemn warning speaks:
His the light tones that whisper midst the trees;
His the whistling of the busy breeze;
His the storm-thundering, roaring, rattling sound,
When element with element makes war.
Amidst the echoing mountains, in whose bound,
Whose highest bound he drives his fiery car,

Glowing like molten-iron; or enshrin'd
In robes of darkness, riding on the wind
Across the clouded vault of heaven: what eye
Has not been dazzled by Thy majesty?
Where is the ear that has not heard Thee speak?
Thou breathest! forest oak of centuries
Turn their uprooted trunks towards the skies.
Thou thunderest! Adamantive mountains break,
Tumble, and totter, and apart are riven;
Thou lightenest! and the rocks aflame; Thy
power

Of fire, to their metallic bosom driven,
Melts and devours them: — Lo! they are no
more: —

They pass away like wax in the fiery flame,
Or the thick mists that from up in the sun,
Which he but glances at, and they are gone,
Or like the sparkling snow upon the hill
When noontide darts its penetrating beam,
What do I say! At God's Almighty will,
The affrighted world falls headlong from its
sphere,

Planets and suns and systems disappear!
But Thy eternal throne,—Thy palace bright,
Zion,— stands steadfast in unchanging might
Zion,— Thy own peculiar seat — Thy home!
But here, O God! here is Thy temple, too;
Heaven's sapphire arch is its resplendent dome;
Its columns — trees that have for ages stood:
Its incense is the flower-perfumed dew,
Its symphony — the music of the woods.

Its ornaments — the fairest gems of spring,
Its altar is the stony mountain proud!
Lord! from this shrine to Thy abode I bring
Trembling, devotion's tribute — although not
 loud,
Nor pomp-accompanied: Thy praise I sing,
And Thou wilt deign to hear the lowly offering.

BOBROV.

From the Khersonida.

MEDINA ✓

Thou wondrous brother of the prophet sun!
So brightly on Medina's temple burning,
And scarce less beautiful the crescent moon,
When moving gently o'er the shadows dim
Of evening: — and then verge to silver turning.
O what a lovely, soft tranquility
Rests on the earth and breathes along the sea!
No holy cypress sighs or weeps, as seen,
'In other lands, where his dark branches green
Mourn in the desert o'er neglected graves.
Here his all-sheltering boughs he calmly waves.

In the dim light, the sacred vigils keeping
O'er the blest ashes on earth's bosom sleeping.
Picture of God! Upon the prophet's shrine
Upon whose holy fields where once he trod,
And flowers spring up beneath his innocent feet,
Tulips and aloes and narcissus sweet.
A lovely carpet for the child of God!
There have our privileged pilgrims footsteps been,
This have we seen,— yes, brother! this have seen!
The grave, the life, the ashes, and the dome
Eternal and the heavens; and there have brought
The grace of God and found the joy we sought.

A certain entrance to our final home
And now, be short our homeward way!
Our fathers' habitations now appear!
O with what transports shall we hear them say,
With what loud greeting, "Welcome, welcome,
here!
The swelling bosomed wife, the black-hair'd son
And black-eyed daughter greet our joyous train,
Rushing from our own doors they hither run,
And songs of rapture loudly hail us then.
Their trembling hands the fragrant aloe bear,
Which joyful o'er our wearied limbs they threw:
Home of our fathers! now appear,
Our homeward path be shortened now!

BOBROV.

From the Khersonida.

FRAGMENT

The ass that looks upon the stars
Is not less asinine,— the base
And cowardly that boast of scars,
Or wear a crown may take the place
Of generous spirits, in the throng
When usurpation reigns, for men
Confound the worthy with the strong,
Nor weigh, pretension's clamor vain.

The hollowest vessels sound the loudest,
The richest treasures deepest lie;
Yet piled up wealth, and rank the proudest,
Are but tumultuous vanity.
I am a prince — with princely spirit,
A ruler — if I rule my heart;
A titled heir,— if I inherit
Of virtue, wisdom, truth, a part.

DERZHAVEN.

MORNING MEDITATION

O'er the wide earth yon torch of heavenly light
Its splendor spreads, and God's proud works un-
veils,

My soul, enraptured at the marvellous sight,
Unwonted peace and joy and wonder feels,
And with uplifted thoughts of ecstasy
Exclaims, "How great must their Creator be!"

O! if a mortal's power could stretch so high,—
If mortal sight could reach the glorious sun,
And look undazzled at its majesty,
'Twould seem a fiery ocean burning on,
From time's first birth, whose ever-flaming ray
Could ne'er extinguished be by Time's decay.

The waves of fire against waves of fire are dashing,
And know no bounds, these hurricanes of flame,
As if everlasting combat flashing,
Roar with a fury which no time can tame;
There molten mountains boil like ocean waves,
And rain in burning streams the welkin laves.

But in Thy presence all is but a spark,
A little spark, that wondrous orb was lighted

By Thy own hand, the dreary and the dark
Pathway of man to cheer — of man benighted,
To guide the march of seasons on their way
And place us in a paradise of day.

Dull night her scepter sways o'er plains and hills,
O'er the dark forest and the foaming sea,
Thy wondrous energy all nature fills,
And leads our thoughts, and leads our hopes to
Thee.

How great is God! A million tongues repeat,
And million tongues re-echo, God, how great!

But now again the day-star bursts the gloom,
Scattering its sunshine o'er the opening sky,
Thy eye, that pierces even through the tomb,
Has chased the clouds, has bid the vapors fly,
And smiles of light, descending from above,
Bathe all the universe with Joy and Love.

LOMONOSSOV.

EVENING REFLECTIONS ON THE MA-
JESTY OF GOD, ON SEEING THE
GREAT NORTHERN LIGHTS

Now day conceals her face, and darkness fills
The field, the forest, with shades of night;
The gloomy clouds are gathering around the hills,
Veiling the last rays of lingering light.
The abyss of heaven appears,—the stars are
kindling round,
Who, who can count those, who that abyss can
sound.

Just as a sand 'whelmed in infinite sea;
A ray the frozen iceberg send to heaven;
A feather in the fierce flame's majesty;
A mite, by midnight's maddened whirlwind
driven,
Am I in this parade: an atom, less than nought,
Lost and overpowered by the gigantic thought.

And are we told by wisdom's knowing ones,
That there are multitudes of worlds like this:
That yon unnumbered lamps are glowing suns,
And each a link midst creation is:—

There dwells the God-head, too,— There shines
His wisdom-essence —
His everlasting strength — His All-supporting
Presence.

Where are Thy secret laws, O nature, where?
Thy north-lights dazzle in the wintry zone:
How dost Thou light from ice Thy torches there?
There has Thy sun some sacred secret throne?
See in yon frozen seas what glories have their
birth?
Thence night leads forth the day to illuminate
the earth.

Is there some vast — some hidden magazine,
Where the gross darkness flames of fire supplies?
Some phosphorous fabric, which the mountain
screen?
Whose clouds of light above those mountains
rise?
Where the winds rattle loudly around the foaming
sea,
And lift the waves to heaven in thundering revelry.

Come then, philosopher! whose privileged eye
Reads nature's hidden pages and decrees: —
Come now, and tell us whence, and where, and
why,
Earth's icy regions glow with lights like these,
That fill our souls with awe: — profound in-
quired say,

For thou dost count the stars, and trace the
planets' way!

What fills with dazzling beams the illumined air?
What makes the flame that lights the firma-
ment?

The lightning's flash: — there is no thunder then,
And earth and heaven with fiery sheets are
bent;

The winter night now gleams with brighter,
lovelier ray

Than ever yet — adorned the golden summer day.

Thou knowest not! 'tis doubt, 'tis darkness all!
Even here on earth our thoughts benighted
stray,

And all is mystery, through this worldly ball —

Who, then, can reach or read, yon milky way?
Creation's heights and depths, are all unknown —
untrod —

Who, then, shall say how vast, how great, crea-
tion's GOD?

LOMONOSSOV.

ODE FROM JOB

O Man! whose weakness dares rebel
Against the Almighty's strength, draw nigh
And listen, for my tongue shall tell
His message from the clouded sky.
Midst rain and storm and hail, he spoke,
Around the piercing thunder broke,
At his proud word the clouds disperse
And thus He shakes the Universe.

Come forth, then, in thy pride and power —
Come answer me, thou son of Earth!
Where wert thou in that distant hour
When first I gave creation's birth?
When all the mountain heights were rear'd,
When all the heavenly hosts appear'd,
My wisdom and my strength display?
Man! Let thy towering wisdom say!

Where wert thou when the stars, new born,
Sprung into light at my command,
And filled the bounds of Eve and Morn,
And sung the intelligence that plan'd —
Their course sublime? When first the sun
On wings of glory had begun

His soar, and oceans of pure light,
Wafted mild Luna through the night.

Who bid the ascending mountains rise?
Who fixed the boundary of the sea?
Who, when the waves attack the skies,
Confined their furious revelry?
The caverns hid in darkness I
Unveiled — my breath of Majesty
Dispersed the gathering mists — my hand
Divided oceans from the land.

Say, canst thou bid the morning dawn
At earlier hour than I have given —
Or water the rain-thirsty lawn
When I have shut the gates of heaven?
Canst thou a favoring breeze prepare
To waft the anxious mariner;
Or guide this earthly ball — to crush
The vile — and the tumultuous hush?

Say, hast thou scaled the mountains height,
Or sounded oceans vast abyss;
Or measured all the infinite
Immensity that o'er thee is?
Or couldst thou ever penetrate
Those clouds so dark, so desolate
That round death's midnight portal dwell,
Or dive into the depths of hell?

When he prepares him for the fray,
The ocean like a furnace gleams,
The thundering surges mark his way,
His anger like a cauldron stream,
His eyes with burning fury roll,
As in a forge the scarlet coal.
All fly before him — who shall stand
Before my frown, when I command?

When my high will creation's plan
And self-supported wisdom drew,
Did I consult thee, feeble Man,
To tell me what my hand should do?
Why did'st thou not my purpose check,
Thou who wert then an atom's speck,
And say, when I was framing thee,
Why art thou thus creating me?

Insolent Mortal! — bow thy head;
God's wisdom and God's goodness trace,
In the safe path He marks thee — tread,
'Tis He who fix'd thy earthly place,
And joy and grief alike are given
To lead thee in thy way to heaven;
Then hope and bear — in patience bear —
And throw on Him thy woe, thy care.

LOMONOSSOV.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON

ISAIAH xiv: 5-28

'Tis over — she exists no more —
The terror of the bad and good
Is fallen — an awful solitude
Spreads all her insolent trophies o'er.
Her crumbling ruins are in dust.
The Almighty, in his anger just,
Has scattered all her glories, He —
The Lord — hath riven the heavy yoke,
He hath the accursed scepter broke,
And given His people liberty.

Thus did the Lord — the Lord of might!
His day of wrath for us is past!
The smitten He hath smitten at last,
And beamed on us His smile of light.
Joy around his Israel tents has sped
And grateful Lebanon bows his head
And joins with ours his song of praise,
The heavenly cedars from on high,
Bending — And thou art razed; they cry,
And we have seen thy dying blaze.

Destruction now in robes of night,
Hath veiled thy fading rays in gloom,

Strange shadows round thee take their flight,
As in the storm the surges foam.
The empress of a hundred states —
The city of the thousand gates —
Her glory in the dust is laid.
What! thou who wert a god in pride
Is this thy fate,— so magnified?
And so defenceless,— so decayed?

Where is thy pride, thy pageantry?
Where is thy glory, humbled throng?
O bid thy choral voices sing
The triumphs of thy vanity!
No! All is still — for, like a shade
The idle tones of flattery fade;
And music's charms — a shifting play.
Murd'ress! how baseless was thy trust!
My house is night, thy bed the dust,
Thy covering — crawling worms of clay.

There was a light from heaven that shone,
Dazzling all visions with its ray,
It shone in glory yesterday —
This morn it gleamed,— but now 'tis gone.
Then, there was an imperial will —
Now as the grave, thy voice is still.
Thou said'st, in insolent pride, "My throne
I'll build upon the highest star,
Ride on the rolling worlds afar,
And this proud Zion trample down.

“My car the glorious sky shall sweep
My towers the very heavens shall reach,
Obedience to the gods to teach
And now — thou art a ruined heap.
The pilgrim who shall seek thee there,
Will only find a wild beast’s lair.
In a vast desert he shall stand
Trembling before the God of heaven,
And pray his sins may be forgiven,
And hide his pale cheek in his hand.

Was this the city that we fear’d,
This she whose fetter-bearing hands
Enslaved, insulted countless lands.
While misery in her train appear’d?
Who shall resist death’s night dawn?
Who shall oppose the good man’s fame?
His sons shall watch his generous fires,
And he shall live in memory’s store,
In the wet eyelids of the poor,
Until he sleeps where sleep his sires.

Thou’rt stretched upon the battle-plain!
And shame and misery hem thee round,
Indignant voices curse the ground
Where thou once rear’dst thy trophies vain.
There, the destroyer of thy sons:
Thou thy own people’s murderer once:
Now liest beneath unwholesome dew,—
A peaceful grave is now denied thee,

The God of vengeance stands beside thee,
Thy children's children to pursue.

Now rise, in all thy fury rise,
Sprout of the fallen, accursed race.
New threads of slavery I trace —
Another plague towards us flies.
No! God hath said, my strength shall wake,
And sweep the daring hordes away;
Their towns the tygers' haunts shall be,
Their lands — the cradle of the sea —
And all their memory shall decay!

He spake, and as He spoke 'twas done,
The mandate of Thy heavenly will,
To utter, Lord! is to fulfill;
For art Thou not the Almighty One?
Thou hast subdued their tyranny,
Broken our bonds of slavery;
Has waved Thy fearful fiery rod,
And who shall check Thy awful hand?
Who shall Thy thunderbolt withstand?
Who battle with a battling God?

MERSLAKOV.

ON THE DEATH OF COUNT ORLOV ♡

What do I hear? An eagle from heaven's cloudy
sea,

Midst the high towering hosts that swam
Before Minerva's steps, when she
To earth from proud Olympus came:
That eagle, sailing in its state,
Heralding Russia's naval might,
Pierced by the fatal spear of fate,
Falls rustling from the glorious height!

Alas! Alas! whither his flight through heaven's
blue vault?

Where is his path on ocean's deep?
Where is his fearful thunderbolt?
Where do his forked lightnings sleep?
Where is the bosom nought could fright,
The piercing, penetrating mind?
'Tis all, 'tis all enshrined in night;
He left us but his fame behind!

DERZHAVEN.

ON THE DEATH OF MESHCHERSKY ✓

Ah! that funeral toll! loud tongue of time!
What woes are centered in that frightful sound!
It calls! it calls me with a voice sublime,
To the lone chambers of the burial ground.
My life's first footsteps are midst yawning graves;
A pale, teeth-clattering specter passes nigh,
A scythe of lightning that pale specter waves,
Mows down man's days like grass, and hurries
by.

Nought his untired rapacity can cloy;
Monarchs and slaves are all the earth-worm's
food;
And the wild raging elements destroy
Even the recording tomb. . Vicissitude
Devours the pride or glory; as the sea
Insatiate drinks the waters, even so days
And years are lost in deep eternity;
Cities and empires vandal death decays.

We tremble on the borders of the abyss,
And giddy totter headlong from on high;
For death with life our common portion is
And man is only born that he may die.

Death knows no sympathy; he tramples on
All tenderness — extinguishes the stars —
Tears from the firmament the glowing sun,
And blots out worlds in his gigantic wars.

But mortal man forgets mortality!
His dreams crowd ages into life's short day;
While, like a midnight robber stealing by,
Death plunders time by hour and hour away.
When least we fear, then is the traitor nigh;
Where most secured we seem, he loves to come;
Less swift than he, the bolts of thunder fly,
Less sure than he, the lightning strikes the dome.

Thou son of luxury! child of dance and song,
O whither, whither is thy spirit fled?
On life's dull sea thy bark delayed not long,
But sought the silent haven of the dead.
Here is thy dust! Thy spirit is not here!
Where is it? There. Where there? 'Tis all
unknown;
We weep and sigh — alas! We know not where!
For man is doubt and darkness' eldest son!

Where love and joy and health and worldly good,
And all life's pleasures in their splendor glow
He dries the nerves up, he congeals the blood,
And shakes the very soul with mighty woe.
The songs of joy are funeral cries become —
And luxury's board is covered with a pall —
The chambers of a banquet is a tomb;
Death, the pale autocrat, he rules o'er all.

He rules o'er all — and him must kings obey,
Whose will no counsel knows and no control;
The proud and gilded great ones are his prey,
Who stand like pillars in a tyrant's hall.
Beauty and beauty's charms are nought to him,
Man's intellect is crushed by his decrees;
Man's brightest light his dreadful frown can dim—
He whets his scythe for trophies such as these.

Death makes all nature tremble! What are we?
To-morrow dust, though almost gods to-day!
A mixture strange of pride and poverty —
Now basking in hope's fair and gladdening ray,
To-morrow — what is man to-morrow? Nought!
How swiftly rolls the never-tarrying stream,
Hour after hour, to gloomy chaos brought;
While ages dawn and vanish like a dream!

Even like an infant's sweet imagining,
My early, lovely spring-tide hurried on,
Beauty just smiled and sported, then took wing;
Joy laughed a moment, and then joy was gone.
Now less susceptible of bliss, less blest,
Wiser and worldlier, panting for a name;
With a vain thirst of honor, pained, opprest,
I labored up the hill of fame.

But manhood, too, and manhood's care will pass,
And glory's struggles be ere long forgot;
For fame, like wealth, has busy wings, alas!
And joys and sorrow's sound will move us not.

Begone, ye vain pursuits, ye dreams of bliss,
 Changing and false, no longer flatter me!
I stand upon the sepulchre's abyss,
 In the dark portals of Eternity.

To-day, my friend! may bring our final doom;
 If not to-day, to-morrow surely will;
Why look so sadly on Meshchersky's tomb?
 Here he was happy,— he is happy still!
Life was not given for ages to endure,
 Though virtue even on death may find a rest.
But know — a spirit ordered well and pure,
 May make life's sorrows and life's changes blest.

DERZHAVEN.

TO MY PENATES

Fatherland Penates! come,
Kind protector of my home!
Not in gold or jewels rich —
Can ye love your simple shrine?
Smile, then, sweetly from your niche
On this lowly hut of mine.
Thus removed from worldly care,
I a wearied wanderer,
In this silent comer here,
Offer no ambitious prayer.
Here, if ye consent to dwell,
Happiness shall court thy call,
Kind and courteous ever prove,
Beaming on me light and love!
Not with streams of fragrant wine,
Not with incense smoking high,
Does the poet see your shrine —
His is mild devotion's sigh,
Grateful tears, the still, soft fire
Of feeling heart, and sweetest streams,
Inspired by the Aonian quire.
O Lares! in my dwelling rest,
Smile on the poet where he reigns,
And sure the poet shall be blest.

Come survey my dwelling over;
I'll describe it if I'm able;
In the window stands a table,
Three-legged, tottering with a cover,
Gay some centuries ago,
Ragged bare and faded now.
In a corner, lost to fame,
To honor lost, the blunted sword
(That relic of my father's name)
Harmless hangs, by rust devoured.
Here are pillaged authors laid
There, a hard and croaking bed;
Broken, crumbling, agile-ware,
Furniture shoved here and there,
And these in higher love I hold
Than sofas rich in silk and gold,
Or China vases gay and fair.

 Kind Penates! thus I pray —
O may wealth and vanity
Never hither find her way
Never here admitted be!
Let the vile the slavish soul,
Let the sons of pomp and pride,
Fortune-spoilt ones, turn aside.
Not on them or theirs I call!
Tottering beggar! hither come,
Thou art bidden to my home;
Come — be welcome and be gay;
Warmth and rest thy limbs require,
Stretch thee by my cheerful fire,
Reverend teacher! old and hoary,

Thou whom years and toils have taught,
Who with many a storm have fought,
Storms of time, and storms of glory.
Take thy merry balalaika,*
Sing thy struggles o'er again;
In the battle's bloody pain,
Where thou swungst the rude nagaika,†
Midst the cannon's thunder roar,
Midst the sabres clashing o'er;
Trumpet sounding, banners flying,
O'er the dead and o'er the dying:
While thy never-wearied blade
Foes on foes in darkness laid.

And thou, Lesitle! at evening steal,
Through the shadowed cover'd vale,
To this soft and sweet retreat,
Steal my nymph, on silent feet,
Let a brother's hat disguise
Thy golden locks, thy azure eyes,
O'er thee be my mantle thrown,
Bind my warlike saber on;
When the treacherous day is o'er,
Knock, fair maiden, at my door;
Enter then, thou soldier, sweet!
Throw thy mantle at my feet,
Let thy curls so brightly glowing,
On thy ivory shoulders flowing,

*Balalaika is a two-sided musical instrument of which the Russian peasant is extremely fond.

†Nagaika is a hard thing used by the Cassocks to flog their horses.

Be unbound; thy lily breast
Heave no more with robes opprest!
Then, enchantress! be it so?
Sweetest, softest shepherdess!
Art thou come indeed to bless
With thy smile my cottage now?
O, her snowy hands are pressing,
Warmly, wildly pressing mine!
Mine her rosy lips are blessing,
Sweet as incense from the shrine,
Sweet as zephyr breath divine,
Gently murmuring through the bough;
Even so she whispers now.

O, my heart's friend, I am thine;
Mine, beloved one! art thou.
What a privileged being he,
Who in life's obscurity,
Underneath a roof of thatch
Till the morning dawns above,
Sweetly sleep, while angels watch
In the arms of holy love!

But the stars are now retreating
From the brightening eye of day,
And the little birds are greeting,
Round their nests the dewey ray —
Hark! the very heaven is ringing
With the matin song of peace.
Hark! a thousand warblers singing
Waft their music on the breeze.
All to life to love are waking,
From their wings the slumber shaking,

But my Lila still is sleeping
In her fair and flowery nest;
And the zephyr, round her creeping,
Fondly fans her breathing breast;
O'er her cheeks of roses straying,
With her golden ringlets playing,
From her lips I steal a kiss;
Drink her breath; but roses fairest,
Richest nectar, rapture dearest,
Sweetest, brightest ray of bliss,
Never were so sweet as this.
Sleep, thou loved one! sweetly sleep;
Angels here their vigils keep!
Blest, in innocence arrayed,
I from fortune's favor flee,
Shrouded in the forest shade,
More than blest be love and thee.
Time on dove-like wings glides by:
O has gold a ray so bright
As the seraph smile of light
Shines o'er happy poverty?
Thou good genius! in thy view
Wealth is vile, and worthless too.
Riches never brought thee down
From thy splendor gilded throne,
But beneath the shadowy tree,
Thou hast deigned to smile on me,
Fancy daughter of the skies,
Thought on wings of light arise,
Waft my spirit gay and free,
When the storm of passion slumbers,

Far above humanity,
To the Aonian land of numbers.
Where the choirs of music stray,
Rapture, like a feathered arrow,
Bursting life's dark prison narrow,
Bear me to the heaven away.

Sovereign of Parnassus! stay
Till the morning's rosy ray
Throws its brightness o'er your hill;
Stay with Natures' poet still.
O reveal the shadowy band,
Minstrel of my fatherland!
Let them pass the Stygian shore,
From the ethereal courts descending;
Yonder airy spirits o'er,
O! I hear their voices blending.
List! the heavenly echoes come,
Wafted to my privileged home;
Music hovers round my head,
From the living and the dead.
Our Parnassian giant,* proud,
Towering o'er the rest I see.
And like storm or thunder loud,
Hear his voice of majesty.
Songs and deeds of glory singing
A majestic swan of light,
Now the harp of angels stringing,
Now he sounds the trump of fight;
Midst the muses' graces' throng,

*Derzhaven.

Sailing through the heavens along
 Horace's strength and Pindar's fire,
 Blended in his mighty lyre.
 Even like Luna o'er the waste.*
 Now, like Philomela's song
 Soft and spring-like, sweet and chaste,
 Gently breathing o'er the wild,
 Heavenly fancy's best loved child! †
 Gladdening and enchanting one,
 History's gayest, fairest son!
 He who oft with Agathon,
 Visits evening's fane of bliss;
 Or in Plato's master tone,
 Near the illustrious Parthenon,
 Calls the rays of wisdom down
 With a voice sublime as his.
 Now amidst the darkness walking,
 Where old Russia had her birth,
 With the Vladimiri talking,
 As they ruled o'er half the earth;
 Or Sclavonian heroes hoary,
 Cradled in a night of glory.

Sweetest of the sylphs above, ‡
 And the graces, darling, see!
 O, how musically he
 Tunes his citra's melody,

*In the original steppe, a long, mighty barren desert, such as the Siberian (suna) flow over.

†Karamsin.

‡Bogdanovich.

To Dushenka,* and to love.
 Near, Meletzy smiling stands,
 Mutual thoughts their souls employ;
 Heart in heart, and hands in hands,
 Lo! they sing a song of joy:
 Next engaged with love in play,
 Poets and philosophers
 Close to Phædrus and Pilpay,†
 Lo! Dmitriev appears.
 Sporting like a happy child,
 Midst the forest's tenants wild.
 Garlanded with smiling wreaths,
 Truth unveiled beside him breathes.
 See her brothers toying there,
 Nature's children — Phœbus priests.
 Kriloff leading Khemnitzer!
 Teaching poets! ye whose song
 Charms the idle minutes long,
 When the wearied spirits rest.
 Heavenly choir! the graces twine
 O'er your garlands all divine,
 And with you the joys I drink,
 Sparkling round Pierian brink,
 While I sing in raptured glory
 "Ed is auche son pittore."

*Dushenka (the diminutive of Dusha, the soul) or the Little Psyche, is the title of the celebrated poem of Bogdanovich.

†The wise man, who, according to the oriental story (current in Russia) received Truth when she had been inhospitably driven from place to place.

Friendly Lares! O conceal
From man's envious, jealous eye,
Those sweet transports which I feel,
Those blest rays, of heart-born joy!
Fortune! hence thy treasures bear,
And thy sparkling vanities.
I can look with careless eyes
On thy flight — my little bark,
Safely led through tempest dark,
Finds a peaceful haven here —
Ye who basked in fortune's ray
From my thoughts have passed away.
But ye gayer, wiser ones,
Glory's pleasures' cheerful sons!
Ye who with the graces walk,
Ye who with the muses talk,
Passing life's short hours away,
In intellectual children's play;
Careless, joyous, sages! you,
Philosophers, and idlers, too!
Ye who hate the chains of slavery!
Ye who love the songs of bravery!
In your happiest moments come,
Come and crowd the muses home.
Let the laugh and let the howl
Banish sorrow from the soul:
Come, Zhukovsky, hither hieing,
Time is like an arrow flying —
Pleasures like an arrow fleet,
Here let friendship's smile of gladness
Brighten every cloud of sadness —

Wreath with cypress, roses sweet.

Love is life; — thy garlands bring
Bobrov, while they're blossoming,
Bind them blooming, round our brow,—
Bacchus, friends! is with us now.

Favorites of the Muses fill;
Pledge and drink, and pledge us still!
Arisippus' grandson — thou!

O thou lov'st the Aonian lasses,
And the harmonious clang of glasses;
But when evening's silence fills
All the vales and all the hills,
Thou, remote from worldly folly,
Tak'st thy walk with melancholy.
And with that unearthly dame
(Contemplation is thy name)
Who conveys the illumined sense
In sublime abstraction hence —
Up to those high and bright abodes
Where men are angels,— angels, gods.

Give me now thy friendly hand;
Leave for me thy spirit land!
Come, companion of my joys,
We will all time's power destroy
On our Chazha solotoi!*

See behind, with locks so gray,
How he sweeps life's gem away,
His remorseless scythe is moving,
All the flowers around are blooming.

*The golden cup.

Be it ours to drive before us
Bliss — tho' fate is frowning o'er us!
Time may hurry if he will;
We will hurry swifter still;
Drink the cup of ecstasy,
Pluck the flowerlets as we fly,
Spite of time and destiny,
Many a star and many a flower
Shine and bloom in life's short hour,
And their rays and their perfume
For us shall shine — for us shall bloom.

 Soon shall we end our pilgrimage,
And at the close of life's short stage
Sink smiling on our dusty bed.
The careless winds shall o'er us sweep,
Where sleep our sires, there sons shall sleep
With evening's darkness round our heads.
Let no kind mourners weep!*

No costly incense pour the sod;
No bells pretend to mourn, no hymn
Be heard midst midnight's shadow dim,
Can thy delight a clay-clod cold?
No! If love's tribute ye still pay,
Assemble in the moonlight ray,
And throw fresh flowerlets o'er my clay,
Let my Penates sleep with me —
Here bring the cup I loved — the flute
I played — and twine its form, though mute,
With branches from the ivy tree!
No gravestone need the wanderer tell,

* Plakalschitzii, women hired to mourn around a corpse.

That he who loved and loved so well,
Is sleeping in serenity.

BATIUSHKOV.

TO MY FUTURE BRIDE

O unknown being! thou who long my soul has
sought,
Vision of fancy bright, thou mild and lovely
queen!
Thou vainly, long-pursued by my impatient
thought,
Thou pure divinity unseen.

O tell me in what mist thou veilest thy shadowy
form!
O tell me where thy steps have left their wonted
trace!
For in hope's sunshine hour, and in grief's frown-
ing storm,
I feel thou art my resting place.

When I my civic post or social circle fill,
And with the infirm and poor my narrow por-
tion share,
The widow's sorrow soothe, the orphan's mur-
muring still,
I know, sweet spirit! thou art there.

When fancy takes her flight beyond terrestrial
things,

And towers above all space, and leaves behind
all time,
And up to holiest stars of thought's creation
springs
Thou art her brightest dream sublime.

Once in the moonlight shade, I saw thee, Angel,
stand,
Bent o'er a marble urn, whose waters gently
swell'd,
Clad in celestial white, bound with an azure band,
A heavenly lyre thy fingers held.

And once amidst a crowd, bright tears hung on
thine eye,
Thy head sank on thy breast, devotion seem'd
t'engross
Thy thoughts, and kneeling, thou prayed'st
heaven in ecstasy,
Pressing the consecrated cross.

I saw thee, angel-like, through yonder temple
glide,
Scattering thy light around like some ray-
crested saint,
Whispering sweet notes of peace, in the still even-
tide,
To many a pilgrim, tired and faint.

I love to paint thee when thy bounty's generous
store

Soothes the beggar's wants and comforts the
distrest,
Anoints the sick with oil, provides with bread the
poor,
And for the homeless finds a rest.

And O! how blest a dream that thou may'st yet
be mine,
A very dove of peace, around my step to hie,
Waking from thy sweet lyre a melody divine,
Gay as a summer butterfly.

And when upon the wave, midst lovelight's peace-
ful gleam,
I launch my little bark, wilt thou sit smiling by,
And with thy lovely hand conduct it o'er the
stream,
And rule my blessed destiny.

And listen to my tale of fond and passionate love,
Not like a ghost, as now, but holding in thy
hand
A golden lamp, nor e'er seek thy own shrine above,
But throw aside thy misty band.

My guardian spirit, hail! unveil thee in thy bloom,
For thou art lovelier far than feeble poet's art;
Come in thy virtues now — in all thy glory come
And fill the volume of my heart.

VOIEKOV.

THE LORD AND THE JUDGE

The God of heaven stood up, and loudly
Thus to the gods of earth he spoke:
How long shall folly triumph proudly,
And virtue wear its heavy yoke?

'Tis years, however high the wronger,
The wrongs of misery to redress;
Defend the weaker from the stronger,
Widow and orphan shield and bless.

So guard the naked head of snow,
To make the paths of wisdom light,
To free the prisoner; and to borrow
My attributes for truth and right.

They will not hear, see, know — O, never!
Dark mists are on them unseen thrown.
And shall the sick earth groan forever?
Wilt Thou not tire, long-suffering One?

Kings, gods of earth! no earthly being
May bid you at his bar appear,
Yet there is One, all-knowing — seeing —
Who sits in sternest judgment there.

Proud as ye are, your gems imperial
Shall fall like leaves: your kingdom grow.
Your martial pomp,— a pall funereal.
Your throne — looked down on by your slave.

God of the righteous! God, arise Thee!
Hear the faint prayers thy children bring!
Judge, scatter all who dare despise thee,
And be the earth's unrivaled King!

DERZHAVEN.

THE MARINER

Rudderless my shattered bark,
Driven by wild fatality,
Hurries through the tempest dark,
O'er the unmeasurable sea.
Yet one star the clouds shine through,
Little star! shine on, I pray!
O that star is vanished, too —
My last anchor breaks away.

Gloomy mists the horizon bound,
Furiously the waters roar;
Frightful gulfs are yawning round,
Fearful crags along the shore.
Then I cried in wild despair,
Earth and Heaven, abandon me,
Fool! there heavenly pilot — there
May thy silent helm-man be.

Through the dark the maddened waves,
O'er the dangerous craggy bed;
Midst the night-enveloped groves,
Lo! I was in safety led.
By the unseen guardian hand —
Darkness gone, and calm the air,

And I stood in Eden's land,
Three sweet angels hailed me there!

Everlasting fount of love!
Now will confide in Thee,
Kneeling midst the joy above,
Thy resplendent face I see;
Who can paint Thee, fair and bright,
Thy soul-gladdening beauty tell?
Midst heaven music, heaven light,
Purity ineffable.

O unutterable joy!
In thy light to breathe to be,
Strength and heart and soul employ,
O, my God! in loving Thee.
Though my path were dark and drear,
Holiest visions around me rise
Stars of hope are smiling there,
Smiling down from Paradise.

ZHUKOVSKY.

RULES FOR THE HEART AND THE
UNDERSTANDING

1

O son of Nature! Let self-culture be
The object of thy earliest toils: as yet
Thy lamps burn bright — thy days shine glori-
ously —
Thou canst not labor when thy sun is set!

2

Wouldst thou the Unseen Spirit see:
First learn to know thyself: and He
Will then be shadowed forth in thee.

3

God is a spirit through creation's whole,
As in this mortal tenement — the Soul.

4

The sun that gives the world its fairest light
Is not yon orb welcomed by the morning hour?
And by the eve expelled: — it is the power,
Of an enlightning conscience, pure and bright.

5

Mark where thou standest first, and whence thou
art come.
And whither goest, and straight speed the home

6

The woe *to come*, the woe that's *gone*,
Philosophy thinks calmly on:
But show me the philosopher
Who calmly bears the woes that *are*.

7

How wise is he who marks the fleeting day
By acts of virtue as it rolls away!

8

Be all thy views right forward, clear and even,
The straightest line the soonest leads to heaven.

9

Thou wouldst count all things, proud philosophy:
Now measure space, and weigh eternity!

10

Light first thy heart with virtue: then thy soul
With wisdom — purest joy shall o'er thee roll.

11

The most perverted spirit has greatness in it,
The very savage bears a heart that's noble.

12

Virtue, the loveliest of all lovely things,
From modesty apart no more is fair;
And when her graceful veil aside she flings,
(Like ether opened to the intrusive air)
Loses her sweetest charm, and stands a cypher
there.

BOBROV.

DURING A THUNDER STORM

It thunders! Sons of dust,— in reverence bow!
Ancient of days! Thou speakest from above;
Thy right hand wields the bolt of terror now;
That hand which scatters peace and joy and
love,
Almighty! trembling like a timid child,
I hear Thy voice — alarmed — afraid —
I see the flashes of Thy lightning wild,
And in the very grave — I hide my head.

Lord! What is man? Up to the sun he flies —
Or feebly wanders through earth's vale of dust;
There is he lost midst heaven's high mysteries,
And *here* in error and in darkness lost.
Beneath the storm-clouds, on life's raging sea,
Like a poor sailor, by the tempest toss't
In a frail bark, the sport of destiny
He sleeps, and dashes on the rocky coast.

Thou breakest,— and the obedient storm is still,
Thou speakest: silent is the submissive wave,
Man's shattered ship the rushing waters fill,
And the hush't billows roll across his grave.
Sourceless and endless God! compared with Thee,

Life is a shadowy, momentary dream:
And Time, when viewed through Thy eternity,
Less than the mote of morning's golden beam.
DMITRIEV.

SHEIK-HUIABIS CREED

As described by the Chief
From the Khersonida

'Tis Allah governs this terrestrial ball,
To all gives laws, as he gave life to all!
He rules the unnumbered circles bright with bliss,
That from the ends of heaven send forth their
 beams,
He rules the space, the infinite abyss,
The undefined and wandering ether-strains.

Where thousand, thousand stars and planets
 play —
Where the laws that guide them on their way?
They are no perishable records — laws
Written with pen and ink: — No! Allah spreads
The golden roll of Nature, o'er our heads
Opens His glorious volume, and withdraws
The veil of Ignorance: read the letter there,
That is the blazing, burning record, where
The letters are not *idle lives*, but, *Things*.

BOBROV.

GLORY TO THEE!

Glory to Thee, Thou who art the Center and the Radiance of All that sprung in to being, Thou who givest unto all that is animate and unto all that seemeth inanimate the Love which is their creator and the sustenance, their root and their branching, their beginning, and their middle, and their ending — the Love that is principle within them, that reacheth unto inscrutable heights and stretcheth into immeasurable depths, that bridgeth over every chasm and smootheth all that is rough — the Love that maketh the bitter sweet and the unseemly beautiful, that giveth reward unto all that struggleth upward and holdeth the weak in their totterings, that maketh the strong mount on rungs of their own endeavor, and the frail to find strength in their own stumblings — Glory to Thee, Thou who bestowest upon Thine own that which is the Crown of Thine own POWER!

Oriental Magazine.

(The name of magazine is *East and West Combined with Light of India.*)

KHERUVIMIG
OR
O SONG OF CHERUBIM

(The Hymn chanted in the Russian churches
during the procession of the Cup.)

See the glorious Cherubim
Thronging around the Eternal throne:
Hark! they sing their holy hymn,
To the unknown, Three in One,
All-supporting Deity —
Living Spirit — praise to Thee!

Rest, ye worldly tumults, rest!
Here let all be peace and joy;
Griefs no more shall rend our breast,
Tears no more shall dew our eyes.

Heaven directed Spirits rise
To the temple of the skies!
Join the ranks of Angels bright,
Near the Eternals' dazzling light.
Khvatim Boga!

Hallelujah.

BOBROV.

MIDNIGHT HYMN

(Of the Russian churches sung at Easter)

Vskuin mia eso oostavil?

Why hast Thou forsaken me?

Why, Thou never-setting light,
Is Thy brightness veiled from me?
Why does this unusual night
Cloud Thy blest benignity?
I am lost without Thy ray,
Guide my wandering footstep, Lord!
Light my dark and erring way
To the noon-tide of Thy word!

BOBROV.

THE GOLDEN PALACE

Chertog Tvoi Vizhdu

(Sung at midnight in the Greek churches the last week before Easter)

From the Slavonic

The golden palace of my God
Towering above the clouds I see:
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
Higher than angels' thought can be;
How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding garment on?
Conduct me, Thou Life-giver, there,
Conduct me to Thy glorious throne!
And clothe me with Thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night,
My Saviour and my God!

BOBROV.

FROM THE DUSHENKA*

Turn but vain daring thro' dark time to range,
Chasing the shadowy forms of words, which
change,
Forever restless, gave to beauty's power;
All lived an hour, and perished within that hour;
The subject of the aspiring poet's lay
Is that fair royal maiden, youngest child
Of the eastern monarch, whom, with passion wild,
Crowdshonor'd, loved, and sighed for night and day,
She of the Greeks, called Psyche — meaning
(According to our learned ones' explaining),
A Soul or Spirit,— our philosophers,
Thinking that all that's tender, fair and bright
Must needs be hers,
Named her Dushenka! — thus,
A word so sweet, so musical to us,
With all the charm of novelty,
O loveliest Psyche, was conferred on thee!
Conveyed from tongue to tongue its throne it found
In memory's archives: its melodious sound
Now breathes the angel harmony of love,
A music and a radiance from above.

*Dusha—Dushenka, its diminutive, a word expressing great tenderness and fondness.

BOGDANOVICH.

FROM THE DUSHENKA

Dushenka! Dushenka! the robe that thou wearest
Seems ever most lovely and fitting;
Whether clad like a queen of the east thou
 appearest,
Or plain as a shepherdess sitting,
By the door of her cottage, at evening's calm tide,
Thou still art the chasm of the world, ardent's
 pride!
Thou fairest of saints, that devotion has sainted,
 Divinest of all the divine,
All the pictures of beauty that art ever painted
 Can give no idea of thine!

BOGDANOVICH.

THEE I WORSHIP

On thee, O GREAT ONE, I meditate, Thou who art Ruler over all the worlds that are. Thou who createst all that is. Thou who art the beginning, the end and the interval of all time. Thou who madest the firmament to be life-giving because it was Thy Breath which is LIFE. Thou who madest the earth from Thy Thought and the creatures from Thy Love. Thou who are the provider of Life from Thy Bounty, and Blessing of Life from Thy Beauty. Thou who knowest all that was, is and shall be, because Thou art the Cause of all that is, and was, and shall be. Thou who art the Effect of all Causes because Thou art the Doer and even the Accomplishment of all that exists. Thou, O First and Only Atom, Thou, O Word that is Life, Thou, O World upon World in Thine own Name, Thou Essence of all that hath given form to all creation from the beginning unto the Eternal End — Thee I worship, upon Thee I meditate.

O Thou who art the Pivot upon which the universes revolve, and yet art that which revolveth around all universes. Thou art the Ether and that which fills it. Thou art the

Parenthood of all Birth and yet Thou art the soft, lowly foundling which even I may croon in my empty arms. Thee I worship, upon Thee I meditate.

O Thou Order in all Chaos, Thou Chaos in all Order! Thou Silent rich with Tumult Thou Tumult in the Silence! Thou Creator of the Formless, Thou Formless in all Creation! Thou who art One in all Abstraction, yet who art the Abstraction of each form! Thee do I worship, upon Thee do I meditate.

ANONYMOUS.

From an Oriental Magazine.

(This Oriental magazine is *The Light of India Combined with East and West.*)

PRAYER

GLORY TO THEE, WHO ART LOVE!

Glory to Thee, O Creator of all, Thou who art in all, of all, and with all. Glory to Thee, Thou who art Love. May we know Thee as Thou art, may we see Thy face where'er our eyes do turn, may we feel Thy hand where'er our gropings are, may we know Thy footsteps where'er our footfalls linger! May Thy Word be recognized in each sound that falls athwart our hearing, may Thy smile be spied in each grace that encompasses us about, and Thy Love be proven in each obstacle that confronts us! May Thy Will be the rungs by which we mount unto Thy Love, and the cognition of Thy Will the fulfilment of our desire! May we know, do, and love Thy law, seeing in it the weal of the world and the crown of welfare unto its people.

ANONYMOUS.

From an Oriental Magazine.

PRAYER

Take us by the hand, O Master of all lands, and lead us to touch the harp of life. There teach us how to strike the notes in harmony with Thy Great Will. O let us sound a chord as deep and true as is the hymns of morning stars, and sweet and pure as angels sing and bards of holy writ bring forth. Make us to hear Thy call in every word that issues from the heart of striving man. Yea, give us Wisdom, too, to minister unto its needs. And grant us, Lord, that we may see Thy soft command to Love in every eye where unshed tears are held; for, lo, we know that in each soul that breathes and walks, that suffers and strives, Thou, too, art lodged therein, and when they come our way inspire our blind and erring eyes to know Thee when we see. Make our words Thine, Thine, the same in every writ, Thine the same in every clime.

ANONYMOUS.

From an Oriental Magazine.

BLESSED BE THE NAME

Glory to Gooroo, whose light taketh away the darkness of the night of ignorance. Blessed be the Name whose Breath maketh the universe. Blessed be the universe whose firmament is the breathing of the Lord. Blessed be the breathing of the Lord who giveth Life unto all Creation. Blessed be the Creation that holdeth in itself even the meaning of the Creator. Blessed be the Creator who looked upon himself and in the gazing on His beauty gave birth to the desire that man be created even like unto Himself. Blessed be the desire that gave birth unto man. Blessed be the Love that cognized that beauty and thrilled and conceived creation into being. Blessed be the Creation that is lodged in the seed of every heart, and that wakes to fruitfulness even at the fertile and warm smile of the Lord.

ANONYMOUS.

A PRAYER

A living sacrifice! O Master, hear
The prayer I offer. Let me consecrate
My life to Thee. Both Soul and Body wait
Thy purifying fires. O God, draw near!
Consume the flesh, and if I sink from fear
Or cry with pain, let not the flames abate.
I must be pure. I must see Thee. No state
Of suffering shall be accounted dear.
Should foreign fire enflame my fickle heart,
Transmute it by Thy breath to living coals —
Of love Divine aglow with sacrifice,
Till from the altar purged thoughts shall rise
In redolent oblation. Then impart
The vision Thou vouchsafest to pure souls.

ARIEL.

A PRAYER

Bestow Thy Cross! O God, I come to Thee
A willing, yea, a joyful sacrifice;
In silent adoration lift my eyes
To catch the glory of Infinity.
Though torn with bruises, let my body be
A swift disciple, rising toward the skies
The weary brother, giving as we rise
Together, of the life Thou givest me.
O lift me from the earth! Tho' Thou must tear
My soul asunder, separate the dross!
And then, unspotted, pure, without alloy,
Thy sacred symbol may I wear
In arms outspread with blessings, while Thy cross
Doth shed its halo,— Love and Peace and Joy.

ARIEL.

PRAYER

O, prayer, immerse me in the universal soul,—
The over-soul which lies so close above my head,
Until I feel myself an atom of the whole,
A spark divine to burn when all the worlds are
dead.

O, lift me in Thy wings, imagination pure,
Till pure in heart I pass within the sphere of
GOD;
Unveil my spirit there; its latent germ mature;
That I may issue forth with peace and mercy
shod.

The momentary prayer, extend thy realm until
Through thee I rest in Him, with every breath
I draw;
Transmute each fond desire to one,— to do His
will,
And show the world the mighty workings of
His Law.

Then let the veil be drawn upon the transient,
The semblance and the show of passing things
which seem
Reality,— the rainbow bubbles, or the mirth
Which vanishes in tears, less real than a dream.

And keep unveiled, O Prayer, the inner vision
clear,
Relating me to All the wondrous host above
Who touch our tiny world, and change its
atmosphere
Into a symphony of Peace on earth and Love.

ARIEL.

PRAYER

O Thou Glorious Creator of All that IS!

Giver of All Life, in whatever manifestation we find life in the universe. Thou by whom All Life is developed. Thou who dost speak to me in the sunlight and in the tempest. Thou who createst the beauty of the flower, and by whom the harvest is ripened. Thou who dost thrill me in the singing of the birds; whom I see in the sporting of the waves. Thou who dost whisper to me in the gentle sighing of the summer breeze, and whose Presence shines forth in the beauty of every sunlit cloud.

Thou from All things have come forth, by whom All things are maintained, and to whom All things must return. Thou, O Lord, Art All in All. There is none beside THEE.

O Thou Great Eternal ONE of Whom I am a part! Teach me Wisdom and Understanding that I may glorify THEE.

MARGARET S. LINN PARR.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

LOMONOSOV

Michael Vasselyenich Lomonosov was born in Cholmagnie in the year 1711. He was the son of a sailor. He studied Latin and Greek, rhetoric, and poetry in Sakonospaskoe Wcheleshchoe. In the year 1734 he entered the Imperial Academy, and two years afterwards was sent to Germany as a student.

On his return to St. Petersburg he was appointed to the professorship of chemistry. In the year 1751 he was made associate of the academy, and in 1760 called to the directorship of the Academical Gymnasium and of the University. He died in 1765.

The St. Petersburg Academy of Science published a complete collection of his works, in sixteen volumes, which reached a third edition in 1804.

They comprise the following remarkable list, exhibiting a rare diversity of subjects, among them from his prose productions are:

Short Russian Annals.

The Oldest Russian History from the beginning

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of the great Prince Jaropolk the First, i. e., down to the year 1054.

Russian Grammar.

Short Introduction of Rhetoric.

Letters on the Rules of Russian Poetry.

Remark on the use of Church Books.

Eulogium on the Empress Elizabeth (which he himself translated into Latin).

Eulogium on Peter the Great.

On electrical Phenomena.

On the origin of Light, exhibiting the new theory of colors.

On the changes produced on metals by earthquakes.

On the means of obtaining the greatest correctness in sea voyages.

The appearance of Venus in the sun's disk.

Program introductory to Ledines in Physics.

Description of Comet of 1744.

Introduction to Metallurgy.

Sixteen letters to J. J. Shuvalov,

Besides his Poetical works.

DERZHAVEN

Gabriel Romanovich Derzhaven was born at Kasan, on the 3d of July, 1736.

The elements of instruction were given to him in the house of his parents, he then studied in private academies, and afterwards finished his education in the Imperial Gymnasium.

In 1760 he was inscribed in the Engineer Military Service, and in the following year, as a reward for his great progress in Mathematics, and for his excellent description of the Bulgarian Ruins, on the banks of the Volga, he was placed in the ranks of the Preobrashenshe regiment.

From the year 1762 he was promoted through the different gradations to the rank of ensign, which he held in 1772, and he obtained great credit for his prudence and ability while engaged as lieutenant in the corps sent to reduce Pugaschav in 1774.

He advanced uninterruptedly in his military career, until in 1784 he was made a counsellor of state, and appointed to the government first of Oloretz and afterwards Tambov.

In 1791 the Empress Catherine the Second gave him the office of Secretary of State. In 1783 he

DERZHAVEN

was called to the Senate, and the next year he was made President of the College of Commerce.

In the year 1800 he was appointed to the post of Public Cashier, and in 1802 to the Minister of Justice.

His official career was soon after closed by his returning on his full allowance, in the evening of his days, to the enjoyment of his long, active labors.

Such a life would appear little calculated for the pursuit of intellectual pleasures, or for the cultivation of poetical talents; but the energies of these seem to be alike uninfluenced by the burdens of pomp or the privations of poverty.

None is too high to bend down to the attraction born of song — none too low to be raised by the awakening call to the lyre.

The most celebrated compositions of Derzhaven are his Ode to God, Felitza, On the Birth of Alexander, The First Neighbor, On the Death of Count Meshchersky, On the Swedish Peace, The Fountain, The Waterfall, Autumn, and the Anescontic Songs.

Of all the poets of Russia, Derzhaven is entitled to the first place. His compositions breathe a high sublime spirit, they are full of inspiration. His versification is sonorous, original, characteristic, his subjects generally such as allowed him

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to give full scope to his ardent imagination and lofty conceptions.

Of modern poets he most resembles Klopstock.

His Ode to God, with the exception of some of the wonderful passages of the Old Testament, "written with a pen of fire," and glowing with the brightness of heaven, passages of which Derzhaven has frequently availed himself, is one of the most impressive, sublime addresses I am acquainted with, no subject so pre-eminently impressive and sublime.

ZHUKOVSKY

Vassilj Andrejevich Zhukovsky was born in 1783. He was educated in the public schools at Tula and in the Moscow University, which he left in 1803. He held afterwards an appointment from the Russian government. In 1808 and 1809 he edited the *Voestnik Evropi*, European Herald, in which he was afterwards joined by Kachenovskiy. He has translated Florian's "Don Quixote" into Russian, and published in 1810-11 the best collection of Russian poetry I am acquainted with, "*Sobranie Rushkikh Stikhotvorenii*," in five volumes. Most of his productions were originally printed in the above periodical. Of his poetical compositions, the most esteemed are "Marina Roshcha," "Mary's Goat," a tale; "The Moje," "Boginje," "My Goddess," from Goethe; "Liudmilla," and "Dvenadtzat Spjeschikh Doev," "The Twelve Sleeping Virgins."

BOGDANOVICH

Translated from Karamsin's Voestnik.

Hippolitus Bogdanovich was born under the beautiful heaven of little Russia, in the village of Perevolotchno, in the year 1743. His father was a respectable physician, to whose affectionate care and to that of an excellent mother he owed the first rudiments of knowledge. The talents which often require long years to ripen and to perfect, sometimes exhibit their blossoms in very early youth, and Bogdanovich, while quite a child, showed a passionate fondness for reading and writing, for music and poetry.

He was brought to Moscow in 1754, and placed in the college of justice. The President Sheljebushsky noticed the active and inquiring spirit of the boy, and allowed him to attend the mathematical school, which was at that time in the neighborhood of the senate. But mathematics were nothing to him;—the sweet poetry of Lomonosov, who now began to captivate his countrymen, was dearer to his mind than all the transpositions of lines or figures. Nothing, perhaps, is so likely to produce a strong and permanent impression on the heart of a young en-

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thusiast, as the pomp, parade, and poetry of the drama. What wonder, then, that a fiery boy, introduced for the first time to its witcheries, should be led to some act of giddy imprudence! A youth of fifteen once presented himself to the director of the Moskow Theater, modestly and almost unwillingly owning — he was a nobleman — he would be an actor. The director had some conversation with him, and soon ascertained his love of knowledge and his poetical ardor. He painted in strong colours the incompatibility of an actor's character with that of nobility,— he urged him to inscribe himself in the university, and to visit him at his house. This young man was no other than our Bogdanovich,— that director was no other than Michael Matveich Kheraskov, the poet of the Russiad. Thus did a lucky accident bring this scholar of the muses to their favorite bard; one who, possessed of extraordinary talent himself, was not slow to discover and to honor it in others. From him did Bogdanovich learn the rules and the ornaments of poetry; he studied foreign languages, and acquired whatever else might give strength and encouragement to his natural powers. Study, it is true, is no creator of genius, but it serves to exhibit it in all its most beautiful and mighty influence. Kheraskov gave him examples, precepts, encouragements, and in the university

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journal of this period, Polesnoe Uveselnie, we find many specimens of the powers of the young bard. These, though yet far removed from perfection, are striking proofs of his ability to reach it.

Besides Kheraskov, our young poet possessed, while he remained at the University, another invaluable protector in Count Michael Ivanovich Dashkov. The favors conferred by rank and influence on talents just developing themselves create a grateful and well-rewarding return; while, on the other hand, the fair and delicate flowers of youthful genius are but too often and too early blasted by the cold winds of neglect. But let it be said in Russia's honor, that talent has never wanted patronage there, especially if accompanied by moral worth. This was eminently the case with Bogdanovich. Like La Fontaine, in whose poetical steps he seems to have trodden, he was distinguished by the most attractive ingenuousness. Ere he was eighteen he held his station in the great and busy world, but held it with the simplicity of a child. Whatever he felt he uttered, whatever pleased him he did; he listened willingly to the wisdom of others, and fell asleep during the tiresome lessons of folly. It was our young bard's good fortune to live with a poet who exacted the productions of his muse as the price of his protection and his counsels, leaving everything else to his own waywardness.

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His openheartedness often led him into perplexities, but no sooner did he perceive that his conversation had inflicted on any a feeling or thought of sorrow than he lamented his inconsiderations with tears. He determined again and again to talk more warily; the resolution was, however, soon forgotten, and succeeded by regret and repentance and renewed vows.

He was not rich; he often had nothing to give the poor but sympathy. Is not this often more grateful to the receiver, and always more honorable to the giver, than the pieces of gold extorted by misery from the coldness of pride and of affluence? Towards his friends and acquaintances he was kindness and urbanity itself. On one occasion a fire broke out in the neighborhood of one of his connections. Bogdanovich sprang from his bed, and in spite of the bad weather and the distance hurried to the assistance of his friend, clad only in his night garment.

His dwelling was with an estimable family, who treated him as a near and dear relative, and he returned their kindness with ever active affection.

We must here linger on one mark of character, common indeed to all genuine poets; a lively sensibility to female charms, a sensibility which has been the creator of some of the sweetest songs of the choir of bards. In one who, like Bogdanovich, was born to be the poet of graces, this mighty

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sympathy could not but be early developed among the sensibilities of his character. In its origin it is timid and unpretending — in him it was peculiarly so. He saw, he felt, he supplicated, he blushed — and uttered his emotions in his harmonious songs. Stern indeed must have been the beauty that could not be moved by that melodious lyre!

In 1761 Bogdanovich was appointed inspector of the Moscow university, with the rank of officer. Soon after he was joined to the commission appointed to make the arrangements for celebrating the coronation of Catherine the Second, in Moscow. He was fixed on for preparing the inscriptions on the triumphal gates and arches. In 1763, through the recommendations of the Countess Dashkov, he was employed by Panin as a translator, and at this period he published a journal entitled, *Nevinnoe Uprashenie*, *Innocent Recreation*, to which his protectress and the protectress of literature, of native literature especially, most generously contributed. And now our poet soared in loftier flights; he translated most felicitously many of Voltaire's poems, especially that on the Destruction of Lisbon, in which his version has added greatly to the beauty and the strength of the original. A number of pieces, distinguished for the exquisiteness of the feeling and the peculiar harmony of the expres-

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sion, directed the public attention to him. Among these is that beautiful song to Climene:

Yes! since bliss is now, my lot,
I will live to love thee, fairest:
Thou, that I may live, wilt not
Now refuse to love me, dearest!

In 1765 he published a poem with the title, *The Double Bliss*. It is divided into three parts, the first of which is a description of the golden age; the second, a history of the progress of civilization and of knowledge, with pictures of the misdirection and misuse of the human passions; the last, on the salutary influence of laws and governments. This undertaking was too vast for the youthful strength of the poet. The work had some redeeming beauties, but it made little impression upon society in general. At this period, notwithstanding the laurels were rapidly growing that were to crown the brow of Bogdanovich; but those laurels were then unnoticed.

In 1776 he went with Count Beloselsky as secretary of legation to Dresden. The amiable character of this ambassador, the brilliant society which he took with him and gathered round him, the attractive and picturesque neighborhood of his dwelling, and his high appreciation of the arts, made the poet's abode so delightful to him that it

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left the fairest record on his memory, and produced a happy influence on the character of his writings. While he wandered enchanted on the flowery borders of the Elbe, whose nymphs, worthy of that magnificent stream, excited all the strength of his glowing fancy; while the works of Correggio, Rubens, and Paul Veronese charmed his eye and guided his mind in the beautiful creation of his *Dushenka*, which now engaged it; he was at the same time busied in writing a *Description of Germany*, and in all the duties of his office he united the charms of a man of the world, a friend of science, and a poet.

He left Dresden in 1768 and hastened back to his own country, devoting himself wholly to the cultivation of knowledge and the charms of song. He translated many articles from the *Encyclopedie*, Vertot's *History of the Changes of the Roman Republic*, St. Pierre's *Treatise on Permanent Peace*, and the *Poem of an Italian writer*, Michael Angelo Gignetti, then settled at Petersburg. The subject was *Catherine the Great*, which led to his introduction to that empress. He next published a periodical, of which sixteen numbers appeared (*Voestnik Petersburgsky*); and at last, in 1775, he laid his beautiful poem *Dushenka* on the altar of the Graces. He ever afterwards spoke with enthusiastic delight of that part of his life which had been

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employed in this work. His abode was then at Petersburg, on the Vassiliostrov, in a silent, solitary dwelling, wholly rapt in poetry and music, enjoying an enviable and care-divested liberty. He had agreeable acquaintances; he sometimes went out, but always to return with keener pleasure to a home where the muses welcomed him with renewed fondness, with hope and fancy's fairest flowers. The tranquil, unuttered, unutterable joy of the poet is perhaps the sweetest and brightest that this world can witness. How triumphantly do the favored sons of song scatter the misty shades of vanity and the more palpable array of earth-born passion! Who that ever tasted the charm of such enviable moments does not turn away from the sparkling follies of the substantial world to the memory of those holy hours of rapture? One energetic and harmonious line — one well-conveyed emotion — a gentle, graceful transit from one thought to another — can fill the soul of the poet with innocent and natural delight, leaving behind it a soft and placid gladness which will be doubly grateful if it can be participated by some sympathizing and sensible friend, who can enter into its enthusiasm and forgive its excess. It is indeed a guiltless and a spiritual joy, created by an effort which effort is in itself enjoyment, and then it brings the prospect of the approbation,

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the encouragement of the wise and good! But envy! envy! — the pitiful efforts of envy itself only make its triumphs the more splendid — they dash and murmur like the little waves against the firm foot of the mountain, on which the true merit raises itself in its own majesty, for the glory of its country and of mankind.

The story of Psyche is one of the most attractive which has been handed down to us by classical mythology. It originally conveyed a beautiful and impressive allegory, whose charm has been obscured and whose interest almost lost in the many embellishments with which a series of poets have crowded the simple tale; a tale, in fact, only intended to describe the nuptials of the god of love with Psyche, and the consequent birth of the goddess of enjoyment; the obvious sense of which is, that when the soul is filled with love, it enjoys the highest possible portion of pleasure. From this unadorned fable Apuleius drew a charming story, more, indeed, like the fairy-tales of modern days than the myths of the old Grecian age. On this production of Apuleius La Fontaine, founded his fascinating Psyche, adding numberless beauties to his original, and delightfully mingling verse and prose — the strikingly impressive with the playfully good-humored. To the Psyche of France we owe the Russian Dushenka; but our poet, though he never loses sight

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of his exemplar, goes onwards in his own path of flowers, and gathers many a one which the French poet overlooked or disregarded. La Fontaine has more of art — Bogdanovich of nature; and the current of the latter flows in consequence more refreshingly. Besides, Dushenka is wholly in verse, and good verse is certainly greatly better than good prose, and rarer, too. The most laborious efforts of art are also the most valued; and thus it is that the purest and most harmonious prose can never give to a representation the energy or the interest which it may derive from the power of verse to which indeed whatever is mysterious and supernatural more especially belongs. This La Fontaine constantly felt, and sought shelter for his highest efforts and sweetest fancies in the regions of song. How much better had he done, if he had made his Psyche a continuous poem! Bogdanovich's Dushenka is so. Where exists the Russian who has not read Dushenka?

This production must not be weighed in the scales of Aristotle. It is a display of the powers of a gay and joyous imagination, directed by good taste. It is sportive, excursive, ingenuous, faithful: Why must rules of art be intruded here?

(Karamsin then goes on to compare the French with the Russian fabulist, giving the most striking passages from the Dushenka, and "strewing," as

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he says, "the grave of the poet with his own flowers.")

Is it surprising that such a poem produced so great an impression. Six or seven sheets thrown uncalled for into the world, wholly changed the fate of the author. Catherine was then reigning in Russia. She saw, she admired the *Dushenka* — sent for the poet, and inquired of him how she could gratify him. It was enough — who doubts the taste of a sovereign? Nobles and courtiers learned *Dushenka* by heart, each rivalling the rest in the attentions showered upon the author. Epistles, odes, and madrigals in his honor were scattered profusely. He was mounted above the clouds. Alas! that the destructive influence of such distinctions should have overshadowed him in the brightest epoch of his poetic talents. He was thirty years old — he abandoned the muses — and the garland woven for him by his *Dushenka* was the only one that encircled his brow in his listless lethargy. It is an imperishable wreath, no doubt, but the friends of poetry mourn that it should have satisfied him. Even the thirst for fame may be quenched. Our poet afterwards wrote much, but against his own will and against the will of his inspiring genius. Perhaps he would set up no rival to his beloved *Dushenka*. From 1775 to 1789 he published the following works: *Historical Description of Russia* — an

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imperfect essay, which, however, is very well written; only the first volume appeared. A Comedy in Verse — The Joy of Dushenka — The Slavonian Woman, and the two dramatized proverbs. Catherine encouraged him to write for the stage, and sent him brilliant presents on the production of these pieces. The Slavonian piece made a strong impression. It represents the festivities with which the old Slavonians welcomed the return of the twenty-fifth year of the reign of their "great princes," and it was produced just at the period when Catherine had swayed the Russian scepter for a quarter of a century.

At the request of the empress he also published a collection of Russian proverbs, and wrote some small poems in the Sobesoenik, The Companion, a weekly periodical, which appeared at Petersburg in 1788 and 1789. Many of these graceful trifles are full of wit and gaiety, and the song "I'm fourteen summers old," etc. (p. 168), has become one of the most popular songs in Russia. He also translated at this time the best eulogiums, such as Voltaire's and Marmontel's, on the Empress, and the compositions lost nothing of their effect in being thus transferred to our language.

In the poet let us not forget the man. He was made associate of the Archives at Petersburg in 1780, and in 1788 was elected president. In

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1795 he was dismissed from service, in which he had been engaged forty-one years. The salary was continued to him in the form of a pension. The then unfortunate state of Europe — those dreadful revolutions which shook individuals as well as nations, added to many personal sorrows, excited in his sensitive mind the ardent longing after a peaceful solitude. A beautiful climate — the sweet recollections of youth — the bonds of early friendship and of brotherhood, invited him to the fair fields of Little Russia. He went to Sumii, intending to glide calmly and silently through the evening of life, in the circle of his connections, and reposing on the bosom of nature. The first weeks and months he passed in those retreats were ineffably happy. His spirits had never been so free and so tranquil. No phantoms disturbed his peace. A pure conscience, the recollections of fifty years passed in unbroken but serene activity, a poetical but strong mind, an active strength of fancy, an excellent library, the friendliest union with good men and beloved relatives, and the uniformity of an ingenuous and happy life, a life which had been so full of allurements — these were the sources of that happiness which he here enjoyed — a real enviable happiness, such as is sought by all, who amidst the world's tumultuousness strive after their own fame, and their fellow-creature's well-being;

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that happiness he had sighed after to decorate the peaceful though sometimes gloomy days of eventide — but “In this world where shall peace be found?”

And Bogdanovich did not enjoy it long: An unfortunate attachment drove him from the haven where he deemed to be safely anchored from all the storms of life. He abandoned friends, relatives, the silent abodes of peace and happiness, that he might fly from this ever-ruling passion. In the years when the sun of life sinks rapidly towards its setting and the calm of nature seems to invite to closer communion with what is left of earthly pleasure, it is then the passions are most terrible. Youth is supported by hope, but age has no such stay. It hears alone the strong voice of reason, which will not approve of the useless murmurs against destiny. Every heart that can feel will look with sorrow on this period of our poet's existence.

In the year 1798 he again returned to Kursk, in whose neighborhood he had long been wandering. Alexander mounted the Russian throne. And when every eye of patriotism, bright with hope and joy, was turned upon the young monarch, Bogdanovich again seized his long neglected lyre, and received from the emperor a ring as the token of his approval. The poet of Dushenka had had the honor of gratifying Catherine the Great;

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should not her illustrious grandson deign also to honor him?

The health of Bogdanovich had been always indifferent; in the beginning of December, 1802, it began visibly to decay, and on the 6th of January, 1803, he died, mourned by his acquaintances and friends, and by every friend of the literature of his country.

It is said that the character of an author is best painted in his works, but it is surely safer to take into account the opinions and observations of those who knew him best. And here, then, we must listen to the unvarying voice of praise. All speak of his meekness, his feeling heart, his unselfishness, and that innocent gaiety which played around him to the end of his days, and gave a peculiar charm to his society. He had no pride of authorship. He seldom spoke of literature or of poetry, and always with an unaffected modesty, which seemed to have been born with him. He loved not criticism, which often destroys even the honestest self-complacency, and he often confessed that its severity would have driven him wholly away from the exercises of his pen.

His memory will be cherished by his friends and the friends of Russian genius, and the sweet, the feeling, the acute, the joyous poet of Dushenka will be honored by the future age.

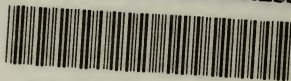
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