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A TRIBUTE
TO
BAYARD TAYLOR

MARCH 8, 1879.





Bayard Taylor

A TRIBUTE

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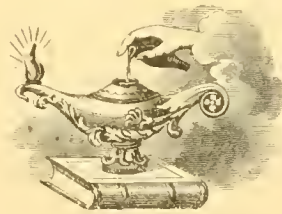
BAYARD TAYLOR

AN ESSAY AND POEM

BY

ISAAC EDWARDS CLARKE

*Read before The Literary Society of Washington
at a regular meeting held at the residence of Charles W. Hoffman, Esq.,
on the Evening of March 8th, 1870.*



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"NOCTES CŒNEQUE"

INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

AS we listened a few evenings since to the thoughtful essay "On the influence of Chaucer upon our English tongue and our English thought" which was read by Mrs. Long, the accomplished Secretary of this Society, my attention, which naturally had been drawn to the life and works of the late Bayard Taylor, was attracted to a consideration of the incidents in the story of the lives of these two poets, and to the likeness and unlikeness which could be traced between the career of this brilliant "Morning Star" of English Literature that rose so fair and still shines so brightly across the dark of four centuries, and that of our American Poet, whose recent sudden death has saddened so many hearts.

It has seemed to me fitting that some notice should be taken here, in this, "The Literary Society" of our Country's Capital, of the great loss which has come, through this too early death, to our English tongue, to the world's treasure of literature, and to the literary fame of America, and I have made bold to prepare, as my requisite contribution to the papers to be read before the Society, a simple tribute to the memory of Bayard Taylor, Poet, Traveller, Editor, and Diplomatist.

Between these two poets in their entrance upon life there existed great disparity. One was born to fortune* and became allied to high

* The recent discovery by Mr. Furnivall of the fact that the poet's family had for two generations at least been "Vintners" confirms this statement, since we learn from Pennant, that in the time of Edward III (Chaucer's time,) the Vintners were first incorporated into a guild and were divided among themselves into two classes, vintners and taburnarii—i. e. wholesale importers and retail wine merchants. It may aid us to a just conception, to recall the fact that John Ruskin, admittedly the greatest writer on Art, if not the finest master of English prose of our time in England, is the son of a wholesale wine merchant and owes to the large fortune left by his father the opportunities of which he has made such noble use. Large fortune and good position are not incompatible, even now, in our more artificial age, with being the son of a wine merchant. Apart from this, the fact remains undisputed that Chaucer was, in his youth, one of the pages in a princely household, and that later his wife was the sister of Katherine, wife of John, fourth son of King Edward.

place—near to the throne itself: the other, had the common heritage of American boys;—health, social equality, industry, and boundless ambition. These won for him what the earlier poet found waiting at his service. Chaucer “travelled, both for his own pleasure and on diplomatic missions, to France and Italy to an extent that was unusual at the time.” Taylor likewise travelled extensively, filled several diplomatic positions, and held, at the time of his death, one of the highest of those positions in the gift of his country and was received on terms of friendship, for his own sake and before attaining his high diplomatic place, by crowned Kings and by Princes, as well as by his peers in the world of art and literature.

In their death occurs a sadder coincidence; both left great works unfinished. “Chaucer designed to produce fifty-eight of the Canterbury Tales, he did not live however to complete his design.” Taylor, after devoting ten years to the Life of Goethe, with every facility offered him, and with every possible preparation for the work, for which all things seemed to have joined in fitting him, dies, leaving it incomplete! So, to the early and the later poet, as to the great story tellers of our language, to Thackeray, to Dickens, and to Bulwer, the lines written by Longfellow when Hawthorne died, equally apply:

“There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen
And left the tale half told.

“Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic Power,
And the lost clew regain!
The unfinished window in Aladdin’s tower,
Unfinished must remain!”

How often is life thus despoiled by death! It sometimes seems as if Fate had an especial spite against our modern age. In the realm of Art, for example, Fortuny and Regnault, Zamacois and Fromentin, appear, and glow with a clear shining brilliance that gives promise of an era as great as that of Raphael and Titian and Murillo, but hardly has the world realized their advent before they are snatched away!

It is, however, in their relations to the language that we may institute further comparison between these poets.

Our English tongue, like the sway of our English race, grows, as Rome grew, by conquest! Wherever it sees a province, or a word, that suits its purpose, it takes it!

So, garnering of the thought of all the ages, the language has grown

and become strong, till already it is felt to be equal to the world's need. The countless millions of India obey edicts first uttered by English tongues, and English words are even now familiar on the lips of the sun-stained children of China and Japan! England and America, Canada and Australia! Think of what those lands stand for in the world's present and immediate future, if you would realize the far-reaching power of this wonderful birth-tongue of ours.

To the English language Chaucer early gave of the best France had to give; later, in addition to the wealth of imagination and exuberance of fancy possessed by the Trouveres and Troubadours—of which race of free singers he truly was, albeit singing in a land far north of sunny skied Provence—he brought, as a free gift to England, the productions of the art, the imagination, and the genius of the great Italian master of Modern Romance.

To Chaucer, then, we owe, not only the enrichment of our tongue by the enlargement of its vocabulary but, a far greater gift, the impulse that created the school which gave to us Richardson and Fielding, Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte, and George Eliot: Cooper, Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Burnett, and the host of English speaking story-tellers that lighten the cares of life.

In like manner Taylor has given to the language the gift of Goethe, the great German, as Boccaccio, was the great Italian! What this princely gift is to do for the language, it is yet too soon to know.

Perhaps its first direct result may be found in "Prince Deukalion," the latest work of the giver, himself still under the spell of his great Master;—a work which he little thought would be his last legacy, but which nevertheless is one by which his high aspirations, his noble purpose, his ideal conceptions, his mastery over poetic forms, and his worship of poetry, may well be tested.

His ideal of the Poet's Mission will be found to be no narrow or ignoble one. He has set himself the highest tasks. He has essayed the noblest efforts, the grandest themes. If he has failed, he has failed with Shelley, along those high mountain tops of intellectual greatness where the air is so rarified that common mortals may not safely venture!

To pursue this parallel no further, as it was a comparison suggested by accident, and one which would be manifestly unjust to the younger man, whom no glamour, born of the remoteness of Centuries, protects, since, cut off by his too early death, he had hardly half the years of life which were enjoyed by the earlier poet, I propose to consider, briefly, some salient points in Taylor's career.

Believers in heredity may be interested, as I was, in the assertion in a recent newspaper paragraph, that the name of Taylor came fourth in the list of the names that have been most prolific in their contributions to English literature. In this connection we recall the names of Jeremy Taylor and of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, those intellectual giants,—and wonder if our American quaker was of that strain.

It is the fate of explorers and of discoverers, that the very brilliancy and success of their exploits and discoveries tend directly to diminish the fame to which they are entitled; in that they have *taught* the world the new thing and therefore their wondrous exploit is soon no exploit at all; and soon people forgetting that the commonplace was ever the unknown, begin to wonder why they ever praised any one for doing or finding so simple a thing. So, I suppose, it would be quite impossible for the people of this generation to understand how it was that the simple story of a boy's foot walk among the Alps and Apennines, could have excited so much of interest as did Bayard Taylor's first literary venture, "Views Afoot."

To go to Europe was not then an easy or a common event. Bright, ambitious boys and girls in their far-away country homes dreamed of it, but looked forward to it only as a distant, almost impossible goal. This boy went in the steerage to go there, went on foot, after he landed, because he was too poor to go in any other way; he went, because in him burned the soul of a poet, eager to do homage at the shrines of Poesy.

He became a great traveller: he went farther towards the heart of the mystery of the Nile than any traveller of modern times till Livingstone,—few now realize this, as we follow the footsteps of Livingstone, Baker, Speke, and Stanley; but it is, I believe, literally true. At a time when few travelled, Bayard Taylor went to unfamiliar lands and wrote of what he saw, so simply and so graphically that the readers of the New York Tribune, in which paper his letters appeared, wandered over the whole globe in his cheerful company. The Tribune sent him, as the Herald has since sent Stanley, and for many years he travelled in the service of Mr. Greeley's paper. When he returned from these frequent journeyings, he worked hard at the editor's desk of that paper, or he travelled about the country, lecturing—for his readers wished to see this wonderful man face to face. They knew him as the traveller—he knew himself as the poet, and chafed that this was to them unknown. It was not strange, for the Tribune reached far and wide, and the eager eyed boys and girls in countless

farm houses learned through its columns, all they knew of the great world; and they longed to look upon this friend who had been with them such a pleasant companion in so many strange lands. There was, however, another reason, a potent one, for this popular conception of him as a traveller, and only a traveller, and it was the consciousness of this which occasionally irritated him.

The man who makes a reputation for doing any one thing exceptionally well will soon find himself hampered and hindered in any new work in other fields by that very reputation; because with many, nay rather with most minds, the impression prevails that to label is to comprehend, and therefore the first thing that is to be done with a new writer, or a new acquaintance, is to label and dismiss him! Most minds are intolerant of thought and gladly seize upon every subterfuge to evade it.

For this reason, a few convenient classes, mental pigeon-holes, as it were, are arranged to which, at the speediest possible moment, each new specimen of the genus homo, properly labelled, is consigned; and poet, philosopher, scientist, statesman, has been comprehended, analyzed, classified and finally disposed of, by the poor, incompetent, foolish philistine to his or her entire satisfaction!

It has occurred to me, that the almost instinctive dislike that is often observed to exist on the part of respectable mediocrities towards people of genius, has its origin in just this fact, that these restless children of the gods disturb the peacefulness of those lethargic lives, by refusing to stay classified and labelled and pigeon holed; so that in the end, they come almost to hate them, because they find themselves so often disturbed by this compulsion to new classification, till it is finally impressed upon their feeble intellects, that here is a creature for whom there is absolutely no classification; one whom they do not understand and therefore, of necessity, a disorderly, revolutionary, altogether reprehensible character!

It thus often happens that persons conscious of power in various directions find themselves hampered, limited, weighted down by the "label" some partial admirer has foisted upon them, it may be in honest hero worship, or, as has been before suggested, from sheer mental laziness. This assumption is the converse of the classic instance of the shoemaker and the sandal of the sculptor's figure. In that case the cobbler, emboldened by finding his criticism heeded, complacently criticised the figure in other respects, but was abruptly checked by the reproof uttered by the indignant sculptor, "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*"—or "Don't get above your business;"—in the cases

of which I am speaking, the shoemaker is insisting that the statue shall be all sandal, because, forsooth, *that* he understands!

Whenever certain men and women have done some one thing well, are they therefore never to be permitted to do anything else? By what authority do mortals thus presume to set the limits of another's powers?

It was in sublime protest against such impertinence that, as Robert Browning so forcibly tells us:

“Dante once prepared to paint an angel,
Raphael made a century of sonnets,
You and I would rather see that volume
Would we not than wonder at Madonnas?
You and I would rather see that angel
Painted by the tenderness of Dante
Would we not, than read a fresh Inferno?”

To day, moved by a like impulse, Gérôme and Leighton throw down the palette for the chisel:—Sarah Bernhardt leaves the green room for the studio. So Bulwer, having won fame as an author, again and again essayed in new fields, anonymously, winning ever new victories and unsuspected laurels. Thus to the world of parrots he demonstrated his versatile genius; but that world of mediocre and captious critics has never quite forgiven him!

At the time of which I am speaking, Bayard Taylor had given to the world, in proof of his poetic gifts, two or three small volumes of verse, the fruit of his travels.

The earliest one has for frontispiece an engraving of the portrait painted by Thomas Buchanan Read, the painter-poet, then living in Florence. This must have been taken at the time of Taylor's first visit to Italy, when he was made much of by the hospitable American sculptor, Hiram Powers, and his kind-hearted wife, who were glad to welcome the then rare visitors from home, and whose kindness he loved to remember, as do so many other American sojourners in that beautiful City of the Lilies. The picture represents a fresh faced boy with slight figure and bright gleaming eyes. It conveys wonderfully an impression of the elastic hope and vigor of youth.

Of those first published poems, Edgar Poe,—a severe though just critic, when personal likes and dislikes were eliminated—spoke in the highest praise and proclaimed the advent of a genuine poet.

In these early poems, the spirit of the Desert and of life in the Orient, possesses him. His “Bedouin Love Song” has true lyric force and fire, and is as perfect in its way, and as full of passion, as are Shelley's

exquisite "Lines to an Indian Air." "The Arab to the Palm" witnesses to his sympathy with the needs and thoughts of the free dwellers in tents, for it is difficult to believe that it was not written by an Arab poet.

In "Hylas" he tells the old Grecian story with well sustained imaginative power, but it is in the "Song of the Camp," long since admitted to be the best poem called forth by the famous Crimean Campaign, that he touches all hearts. I give myself the pleasure of quoting this charming poem.

"Give us a song;" the soldiers cried,
 The outer trenches guarding,
 When the heated guns of the camps allied
 Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
 Lay, grim and threatening, under;
 And the tawny mound of the Molakoff
 No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said;
 "We storm the forts to-morrow;
 Sing while we may, another day
 Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery side,
 Below the smoking cannon;
 Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde;
 And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame,
 Forgot was Britain's glory;
 Each heart recalled a different name,
 But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
 Until its tender passion
 Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
 Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak
 But, as the song grew louder,
 Something upon the soldier's cheek
 Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean, burned
 The bloody sunset's embers,
 While the Crimean valleys learned
 How English love remembers!

And once again a fire of hell
 Rained on the Russian quarters;
 With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
 And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
 For a singer dumb and gory;
 And English Mary mourns for him
 Who sang of "Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
 Your truth and valor wearing:
 The bravest are the tenderest,—
 The loving are the daring!"

Taylor is emphatically a healthy writer, both in prose and verse. There is no trace of morbidness or self-consciousness in his poems. The one great sorrow that darkened all his early manhood,—the death of his but few weeks married bride,—is traceable in such verses as "The Phantom" and "Autumnal Vespers," but is never obtruded.

Of him it could have been truthfully said, as it was by Lowell, of Longfellow, in reference to the tragic sorrow that shadowed the life of the elder poet:

"Some suck up poison from a sorrow's core
 As naught but night shade grew upon Earth's ground,
 Love turned all to his hearts-ease, and the more
 Fate tried his bastions, she but forced a door
 Leading to sweeter manhood and more sound!"

Taylor seemed to possess the gift of tongues, and perpetually repeated the miracle of Pentecost,—speaking to every man in his own tongue:—not only in his own language, but his own dialect. A notable instance of this facility is found in the fact of his acquisition of the Icelandic, so completely during his six weeks voyage to that island, as to enable him, at the Thousand Years' Festival, to make a long address to the people in their own tongue. On the return voyage he similarly acquired the Danish language so that, on his appointed interview with the King, he reported in Danish upon his visit to that far-away portion of the kingdom.

It is easy to see what an open sesamé to the hearts of the people this power proved to him in strange lands.

When, in addition to the ability to converse freely with any people in their own language, there is also given the insight inseparable from the poetic faculty, and the swift sympathies which enable the true poet to enter into the lives and emotions of other men, it is no longer wonderful that this man, thus gifted, became famous as a traveller and narrator. It has been of interest to me to find that something of this same gift of tongues, this wondrous facility in the acquisition of a foreign language, exists in a nephew of the poet; suggesting that this special faculty may be a family trait as well as an individual gift.

How thorough was his knowledge of one foreign language at least, was shown to the world by his translation of Faust, admittedly the finest rendering of this great poem that has been made into English.

In this masterpiece of translation is apparent, not only his familiarity with the German, but also, not less noticeably, his mastery over the difficulties of English versification. These essential though subordinate qualities of his work, serve but to illustrate his power to comprehend and enter into the thought of the poet,—his great master, Goethe. This work was thus a test, not only of his linguistic abilities, but of his own power as a poet; for, after all, all men are tried by their peers. Only those can fully comprehend the great seers who stand on nearly equal heights. The greatest artists make the best reproductions, that is translations, of the paintings of the dead masters. Only the really great artists do not long content themselves with merely copying, even the greatest of the masters!

The publication of this translation led to an enthusiastic encouragement by the Germans of his purpose of writing the life of Goethe, and the choicest sources of authentic information were freely opened to him. Much labor had been given by him to this great work when circumstances compelled his return to America and he came back to his desk at the office of the Tribune, where he did much able journalistic work; the occasional articles in that journal on European complications which, during the past two years attracted much notice, are now known to have been his. He also returned to the lecture field, did much writing for the magazines, and was, as he ever had been, an indefatigable worker.

He had served in Russia as Secretary of Legation most creditably and, on several occasions, had been temporarily attached to various U. S. legations, so that he was not unused to diplomatic duties. He

was married in October, 1857, to a German lady, the daughter of the distinguished astronomer Hansen, and had passed several years in that country, pursuing studies in connection with the translation of Faust and for the proposed life of Goethe; so that, when the announcement of his selection to represent the United States at Berlin was made, it was felt to be peculiarly fitting and aroused an enthusiasm in both countries that was, to say the least, unusual.

His fellow-members of the Century Club, in New York, were among the first to give expression to this feeling, by a banquet at which he was surrounded by his literary co-workers, prominent among whom were his life-long intimates, the poets Stedman and Stoddard. His old home neighbors in Pennsylvania had a great gathering in his honor, a hearty expression of good will and trust, which he must have appreciated to the utmost. In Imperial New York a grand public farewell banquet was given, at which the venerable poet Bryant presided, and a distinguished company of leading citizens, professional, literary and business men, were present.

Indeed from the day of his appointment till that of his embarkation he was the recipient of a continual ovation. How striking the contrast between the day when the man, thus surrounded by hosts of friends, went on board the steamer as United States Minister to Germany, and that other day when the boy first took his passage in the steerage to Europe! How much of adventure, of labor, of usefulness, of happiness, of honor and fame, had been crowded by this industrious man between those two days!

It was my own good fortune to pass several hours in familiar conversation with him during his last visit to the Capital, just before his departure for Europe. Those golden hours were full of reminiscences of his past and of talk of his future. With what warmth he spoke of the kindness shown him by Powers and by other friends, in those early days when his fame was all to come. His manner was as simple and unaffected as ever, and while he fully appreciated the honor done him by President Hayes in selecting him for such important duties, and was, as who could fail to be, much touched by the unprecedented, spontaneous endorsement of the President's choice, which had been shown by all classes of people, still it was evident that the chief value he set upon his newly acquired position came from the prospect of the opportunities it would afford for literary work. When once the life of Goethe, so long in hand, should be finished, he looked forward to the time aside from the duties of the embassy, which he should have for his real life-work as a poet.

It was as if he saw the goal for which he had so long striven, at last within reach. Drudgery to meet the daily needs of life in which so many years had gone, was almost over, and soon the leisure that would permit him to return unreservedly to the devotion of his earliest love was to be his. It was easy to see that his love of poetry was with him an absorbing passion, and I could but feel that, once freed from the dominating influence of Goethe—unavoidable by reason of the long study of his works needed for the translations and for the preparation of his biography, Taylor, wonderfully developed by his varied experiences and made strong by honest, unremitting work, would step out upon a loftier height of original production than even his most sanguine friends had ever anticipated.

The passion and force of his early lyrics gave ample proof that he had the true poetic fire, while his recent 'Centennial Ode' showed a vigor, breadth and philosophic insight, that gave great promise for the work of his matured powers. So, a strong conviction of his future greatness was borne in upon me, for, as we talked, I saw, behind the poet, the traveler, the editor, the critic, the diplomatist, and greater than either or all of these passing phases and partial revelations of his personality, the man, with all his possibilities; and then I knew why his influence was perhaps greater even than his works would seem to justify; and I believed as never before, in the future of the Poet!

Artists and critics, have, at times, contended that in art, pure art, literary or other, there is no personality, and, in these latter days, some of our evolutionary scientific friends would fain eliminate a personal God from the Cosmos; but in man and God alike, as it seems to me, there is little but personality! Blind force is not God! Mindless mechanism is not man! Both possess individual, creative will-power!

Those who knew Bayard Taylor most intimately had most faith in his future as a Poet. Suddenly all such hopes were forever destroyed by the news of his death. When that news came to me I was moved to write the following tribute, to which the pages just read have been introductory:

MEMORIAL POEM.

FINIS!

BAYARD TAYLOR, OBIT DECEMBER 19TH, 1878.

I.

Shut is the book, and told
The story of his life,
That, with all romance rife,
Did ever grander with each page unfold.
How all his future glowed
With gleam of regal spoil,
Reward of earnest toil,
With noble purpose lavishly bestowed!
Now is the world bereft,
Despoiled by envious fate!
Ah! hadst thou lingered late
What golden treasures wouldst thou not have left!
Long did the Muses wait
Thy pleasure, to prolong
Such strains of mighty song,
As, by no mortal, e'er was heard of late.
Ah! not alone *we* pine,
And mourn thy sudden end;
Immortals called thee friend,
And weep, above thy bier, the tearful Nine!
Not ours the loss alone,
When thou by fate wast slain:
From his high brow was ta'en
A wreath, whose loss great Goethe well may mourn.

II.

In our deep grief this thought
A little solace gives,
That in thy mem'ry lives
The recollection of the tributes brought
From loving hearts to thine :
When all were glad with thee,
Oh ! how could any see
That Fate, which seemed so fair, was so malign ?
'Twas well, in foreign land,
To leave this smiling earth ;
So, in thy place of birth,
This dire word " death " we need not understand.
Thou'rt gone, but surely, soon,
From over land and sea,
Shall wondrous tidings be,
Of thy new deeds, beneath the mellow moon.
Till then, we'll talk of thee.
Recount thy early days,
And all the wandering ways
Of the brave boy that dared the land and sea !

III.

In Alpine valleys high,
Beneath the Tuscan vines,
On slopes of Apennines,
They still recall the boy with laughing eye
As, in the flush of youth,
With eager step and look,
His happy way he took, —
Seeking, in many lands, to learn life's truth.
In templed Hindustan,
On China's crowded shores,
Or, where the ocean pours,
Around the fairy isles of far Japan !
To mystic lands in quest
Of Nile's great secret hid.
Or 'neath the Pyramid,
Where smiles the Sphinx, her riddle all unguessed.

Upon that purple sea,
 Across whose gleaming wave,
 The Grecian galleys drive,
 Hurling 'gainst Priam's towers Fate's dread decree !

 That wondrous sea, whose waves
 Gave empire, where its kiss
 Woke the sad shore to bliss
 And life exultant glowed, where now are graves !

 Where the stout Argo came,
 And where proud Persia's lord
 Smote the white surge with cord ;
 And where Æneas saw Troy town aflame !

 Cam'st thou with New World eyes,
 Each storied land to scan,
 But most thy fellow-man,
 Whose heart to thee, beat true 'neath each disguise,

 Whether of speech or skin ;
 From thee he could not hide,
 So true thy heart did bide,
 So warmly throb, thy manly breast within !

 In Syrian valleys fair,
 And on the mountains grand
 Where the great cedars stand
 That lift, on Lebanon, their mighty boughs in air !

 Where the Crusaders came,
 And where, for ages long,
 Pilgrims with praise and song,
 From many lands have come, naming One Name,

 To sad Jerusalem—
 Where, on gray Olivet,
 A presence lingers yet ;—
 A kingly form, with thorns for diadem !

 Then, to the rock hewn tomb
 Where, at the Master's word,
 The dead to life was stirred ;
 And the dark grave, for aye, forgot its gloom !

Along those steep bare hills
 Which guard that inland sea—
 The sea of Gallilee !
 And slowly pacing, by the shady rills

 Where lilies grow, and where
 One loved of old to walk
 With friends, in friendly talk,
 Whose voice still echoes low, along the ambient air !

 The Muezzin's cry, was heard
 From mosque and minaret,
 What time thy feet were set
 In fair Stamboul, whose crowded streets were stirred

 With strange delight, to see
 Such grace of careless youth ;
 An Arab sheik, in truth,
 They deemed this infidel from over sea !

 The streets of Athens knew
 The bright adventurous boy,
 Whose heart leaps high with joy
 To be, at last, beneath her sky of blue,

 To stand where heroes stood :—
 Sure, never pilgrim came
 Whose soul was more aflame
 With rapt devotion and the heroic mood,

 With blazing eyes, I wis,
 Beside the Parthenon
 The boy stood, gazing on
 The scenes that lie beneath the Acropolis,

 There, smiles the Ægean wave,
 While here, as in a dream,
 Through groves of Academe,
 The broad-browed Plato walks, serene and grave !

 Again, from throngéd streets,
 The long procession winds,
 Whose locks the fillet binds,
 When Pallas, high-enthroned, her votary greets.

To his enchanted eye
 Temple and fane arise,
 Perfect, 'neath sapphire skies ;
 For, to the Poet's heart, beauty doth never die !

He looks on hill and stream,
 On earth, and sea, and sky,
 The same, that met the eye
 Of hero, poet, sage, of whom we dream !

Back roll the ages gone ;
 While, from their deathless tomb,
 The crowned immortals come,
 To gladden, with their smiles, the elected one !

Thus, to this poet true,
 Athenè's children came.
 All those of deathless name
 He saw, beneath her temple's dome of blue !

He saw ! and evermore,
 Where'er his footsteps strayed,
 His loving vows were paid
 At that high shrine, beside the Ægean shore !

IV.

In every age and clime,
 Whate'er their speech or race,
 The reverent eye may trace
 Athenè's children down the stream of time,—

Moulded of finer clay
 Than other mortals are.
 Clear as the morning star,
 That heralds to the morn diviner day,

Their lofty souls, afar,
 Stream o'er life's stormy waves,
 As, when the night wind raves,
 The sailor marks the light serene above yon harbor bar !

V.

The Norsemen knew him well ;
 True son of Viking he !
 Sweeping o'er land and sea,
 Long of his prowess high, they to their sons shall tell !

How has his exploit rung !
 When, o'er the Wintry seas,
 Far north of Hebrides,
 Sailed he to Iceland, greeting in Saga tongue,
 All the glad people, who,
 In their far island home,
 Girt by the icy foam,
 Had, for a thousand years, kept their hearts true !

VI.

East, through hot desert waste,
 Where plods the caravan,
 A sudden tremor ran ;—
 The blind presage of grief that comes in haste !
 West, neath the ocean wave,
 A direful message came ;
 A withering flash of flame !
 And hope was dead, and love was in its grave !
 The bell, that tolls thy knell
 With sad low note of woe,
 In measured tones and slow ;—
 To all the tribes of men, their loss shall tell,
 But most to those who dwell
 Within this mighty land,
 That gave into thy hand
 Its trust and power—in thee confiding well !
 Then unto those who weep
 Around thy bier ; who bring
 Laurels and palms, and sing
 In German words, Death's cradle song of sleep !
 Farewell ! Our tears no more
 We shed : for it must be
 That all is well with thee,
 In the new worlds thy eager eyes explore !

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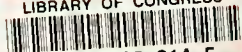
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