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POETICAL WORKS

OF
Eilshemius, Louis Michel

LOUIS M. ELSHEMUS

AUTHOR OF "MAMMON," "LADY VERE," "THE MOODS OF
A SOUL," "SONGS OF SPRING," ETC.

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L. M. ELSHEMUS.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

Mr. Louis M. Elshemus, the author of this book, was born in 1864, in New Jersey, at "Laurel Hill," near Newark. After receiving his education at various schools in this country and abroad he entered Cornell University in 1882. His strong desire to study Art inspired him to leave the University in his senior year in 1885. After devoting some time at the Academy of Design and at the Art League, he put in two years at Julian's Academy at Paris, France. From 1888 he took a studio in New York and, since that time, has steadily made himself a reputable name in landscape and figure painting; exhibiting at most of the annual exhibitions in various cities of the United States, and also abroad. His literary career began when he was nineteen, his efforts being metrical at first—and only recently he has taken to prose-writing. Mr. Elshemus is also a musical composer, having published "Six Musical Moods," that have been well received by the press. He is a fair linguist, and has traveled extensively in the United States, in Europe, Africa, and England.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Other Books by the Same Author

1. THE MOODS OF A SOUL: Being a Collection of Lyrics, Ballads and Sonnets.
2. "SONGS OF SPRING." A Volume of Poems.
3. "LADY VERE," AND OTHER NARRATIVES. Contains two long modern idyls in blank verse; one long rhymed story of East-Indian pastoral life; and a few odes, sonnets, and fugitive poems.
4. MAMMON: A Spirit-Song. A Dramatic Poem.

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5. "A TRIPLE FLIRTATION" and Other Stories. Illustrated by the author.
 6. SWEETBRIAR: A Novel. Illustrated by the author.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE POET : Proem.....	9
LIFE: A Trilogy—	
1. The Course of Love.....	15
2. Contemplation	136
3. Suppositions of a Future Life.	173
THE FABLES OF HUMANITY: an Epic.....	181
ELEGY, in Memory of Francis Saltus Saltus, Poet.....	227
LOVE—	
1. Sweet Recollections ; including Description of a Mountain-Storm.....	251
2. To a Girl at "Cleopatra" Performance.....	287
A BATCH OF BALLADS—	
1. Wanda of Flanders.....	295
2. The Monk's Deed.....	306
3. Ote Tabachani Oimë.....	323
4. To Averro.....	326
5. The Frozen Crew.....	329
6. Aloadine.....	342
7. The Sweet Nightmare.....	349
8. A Poetic Day.....	357
9. A True Story.....	366
10. The Pomp of Pride.....	375
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS—	
FRAGMENTS :	
A Vision	389
To Arrogno's Beauty.....	392
Random Strains.....	396
Written while Seated on a Rock.....	397
She and I.....	399
Inspiration.....	402
Woman's Eyes.....	406
Spirit-Lore	407
Adieu to a Mountain-Brook.....	412

	PAGE
ZULEIKA, a Tragedy.....	419
WINTER-EVENING.....	435
LA LÉGENDE.....	443
CONSCIOUSNESS OF ANOTHER'S DEATH.....	449
HAUNTED.....	453
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS—	
Idle Reveries.....	459
To Raffaëlle.....	467
To a Beauty.....	469
Evening Hour.....	471
Song.....	472
A Conceit.....	473
Association.....	475
Too Perfect for Work.....	476
A Song.....	476
Welcome Thunder.....	477
Summer Evenings.....	478
Sign of Autumn.....	479
The Fireflies.....	479
Curfew's Tale.....	480
Query.....	481
To May.....	482
To June.....	483
SONNETS—	
" Festus," by Bailey.....	487
Summer Thunder-Storm.....	488
Analogy.....	488
July Wind.....	489
The New-Bloomed Rhododendrons.....	490
July Gales.....	490
Fort George.....	491
Star-Strains.....	492
The Wind.....	495
Sonnet.....	495
To the Spider.....	496
On One of my Paintings.....	497
Her Eyes.....	497
E. A. Poe's Head.....	498
Evening on Mohawk River.....	499
Power.....	499

THE POET.

PROEM.

NOTE.

THE author considers poetry the solace of a solitary soul; by that he means a soul that has been unfortunate in being unable to find a human being who could entertain lofty thoughts or enjoy the charms of nature-contemplation.

It is therefore that in the bustle of a metropolis or a city there are so few persons who read poetry. Poesie is the silent introspection going on in the soul of a thinker. Poetry is not mere melodious verse, nor can it be of value if it seeks only to ornament ancient incidents, historical or mythical; poetry should strive to solace, as well as to urge readers to deep and new thought.

To such souls, who entertain similar ideas of poetry's function, this collection of poems might be of interest.

POETICAL WORKS.

THE POET.

WOULD you be the poet?—woo
All the breezes in the blue
Of the warm September-days.
Listen to the flower-lays,
As, through morning's coolness ringing,
From earth's heart they come upspringing,
Like youth's vigor. Keep the song
Of the lark within you long.
Let it thrill within your heart:
Anodyne for future's smart.
Let its joy enthuse your soul—
Knowing this will be life's goal.

Would you be the poet?—go
Where the quiet rivers flow
Past the holts and meadow-lands.
Where a-silvery shine the strands,
Listen to what the ocean teaches,
Murmuring on shelving beaches—
Like prophetic voices; stray
Where the field-flowers blow and sway.

Cull some; read their occult worth.
Lo! they came from darkest earth!

Would you be the poet?—on
Highest peak of Helicon
Stand; o'er vales, and mounts, and plains
Gazing, know the vast domains
That sky's showers cool and green;
Then compare the neighbor-stone
To your size—to rocks o'er-grown
With time's growth, to mountain's chain;
Then look at your shape again,
Lo! transcendent thoughts arise:
Earth is gone—but in the skies
Raptures all your soul; how small
Is this form, this soul so tall
Spreading round, as branches grown
From that tree of Lebanon.

Would you be the poet?—lie
On the moss where dragons fly;
Where the stillness hears the drone
Of the bee; where, by a stone,
Lizards linger, serpents glide
Through the flowers far and wide.

Would you be the poet?—dream
By the meadow's languid stream,
Under weeping willows: near
Sky-eyes twinkling everywhere
'Long the margin of the meadow—

Where the bluebird flirts, and perches
On the briars, where he searches
For the ruby-berries. Bask
Then within the sun, and ask
All your fancies flit among
Willows, stream, and minstrel-song!

Would you be the poet?—listen
To the calm, all when stars glisten
Diamond-like, or like the gems
Kings wore on their toga-hems.
Let that inward ear be stored
With earth's secrets, whom adored
Hoary priests in Egypt old,
Or Pamere, the world's first fold.
Wander by Euterpe's groves
Where to him who music loves
Pæans, psalms, and songs are given
Fresh from founts in eternal Heaven.
List to angels in your breast;
Nobly work—more nobly rest!

Would you be the poet?—cling
Ever to God's marveling.
Though the storm-winds scatter round,
Howling over tree and ground,
Know the scents the flowers exhale
Ever in the air prevail!
Though mount's stagnant marshlakes be—
Dryless brooks rush gleefully
Through—and laugh and flood to the sea!

Would you be the poet?—dream
By the languid meadow-stream.
Learn your lesson from the woods.
From the mountains' solitudes.
Glorify the spheres; the deep,
Deep far universe; and steep
All your thoughts in Nature's lores.
Wend your steps to distant Shores
When your lyre will be taken—
Where a new Life will awaken!

[(1887.)]

L I F E .
A TRILOGY.

1. THE COURSE OF LOVE.
2. CONTEMPLATION.
3. SUPPOSITIONS ON A FUTURE LIFE.

NOTE.

THE first part of this "Trilogy" was completed in the author's twenty-fourth year. Before his nineteenth year he had never essayed the poetical.

In order to keep the flavor of such early production, the author has not changed any part of it, but has thought, in the strain of Goëthe, when asked to alter his "Götz von Berlichen," retorted that he wished to preserve the freshness of his youth in his drama, to present it to his readers in all its spontaneous expression and naïve charm.

The last two parts are the outcome of the author's final thoughts about life and futurity, and were written during the years of 1898 and 1899.

THE COURSE OF LOVE.

A DRAMA.

CHARACTERS.

ALLONZO, Duke of a Province.
RODERIGO, a young nobleman.
HASSAN EL KADER, a scribe and metaphysician.
PHILLIPPO, a young student, and the son of a duke.
FELICIA, daughter of Allonzo.
ANGELICA, wife to Allonzo.
SOFFRINA, maid to Felicia.
ROSA, an adventuress.
HOST of Wayside Inn.
HOSTESS of Wayside Inn.
MELITA, their child.
AN OLD SAILOR.
FIRST SENOR.
Students, other noblemen, señoritas, and waiters.

PLACE.—On the coast of Spain.

TIME.—The present.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Opens in a spacious room of the*
 SCRIBE. HASSAN EL KADER *reading old folios.*
On the end of the antique table, in supine posture,
 PHILLIPPO *is seated. The room is sparsely fur-*
nished, but it is overfilled with books, MSS., chemi-
cal material, and curios.

PHILLIPPO (*cheerfully*). He's not a dunce,
 Hassan; he was born a light!
 Although his father's large estates inspire pride
 In him, I do perceive a generous heart;
 Seriously, my mentor, he hath brain,
 And what not of that special property
 You taught me was the essence of this life!
(*Gets up, and laughs.*)

He'll ne'er own up that he is deep in love.
 Though often has he muttered to himself
 Without due cause; and often have I seen
 Him steal away, of gloomy nights—alone—
 To yonder grove, where we are wont to lie
 At day, lost in our higher studies. Ha, ha!
(*Looks over EL KADER'S shoulders.*)

EL KADER (*reading to himself*). "Although
 the languages are vastly different,
 We must approve of this assertion, that they are
 The children of one great—the Aryan tongue!"
 Aye yes, aye yes, Phillippo! aye—you spoke—
 Aye, did you not? (*Takes off his spectacles, wipes*
them.) He has a generous heart,

And he may cast an eye upon that girl—
But surely she will never turn him hers!

PHILLIPPO. Why so?

EL KADER. Because she is a wilful child.
She wants what others have not; she is—well,
In short—a prudish, spoilt and changeful girl.

PHILLIPPO. Oh! say not that. I know her better, mentor!

She is a fond, sweet soul—and nothing else!

EL KADER. The old, old course with two admirers! Phillippo,

'Twere well if you should learn your sciences.

Aye, better be prepared to state the cause
Of vaporous air—and its effects on earth.

You know we have this lesson for the morrow.

PHILLIPPO (*laughs*). Tophila! Have not I so many more. (*Sits upon edge of the table.*)

EL KADER. Aye, evil 'tis that you are not instructed

In morals; sure, that nobleman's not thus!

PHILLIPPO. All sweets are in our passion—
woman's best!

EL KADER. What use are all instructions! aye,
the deep,

Abstrusest metaphysics cannot show

To you, that virtue is man's truest blessing!

PHILLIPPO (*laughing*). But pleasure is for man
of gayest caliber.

EL KADER. You aye forget resulting evils, my
friend!

PHILLIPPO. He'll soon be here!—Good-by!—
Sweet Luzan's mine.

Felicia must be mine! Farewell—Adios!
(*Runs out cheerily and carelessly.*)

EL KADER. Must I improve the mind of such a
man?

He has great intellect; some talents rare,
Which are the ornaments to any scholar.
Alas! his youth! and his companionships;
They have been those bad cankers in the bud—
Now they can never change to wingèd forms—
They must remain the maggots till they die!
'Tis like a welcome respite when, at times,
My Señor comes, to me confiding all
His troubling, heart-deep secrets; for he was
My pupil—and in all love is instructed;
Yet weak in that, which woman only teaches!
. . . Aye! venerable tome; though sixty years
Ha' elapsed, thou hast not come to head in science.
Aye, if they knew it—that I am like Satan
In old disguise!—but hearken—a crackling sound!
A huge creak; steps repeat their tapp—tapp—tapp.
I wonder who will knock. (*Looks sidewise toward
the door, then reads interestedly. A knock
at the door.*) Come in—come in!

Enter RODERIGO.

RODERIGO (*somewhat excited, yet composed*).
Good Hassan! as a friend, I adjure you, give
Me one more solvent for a mystery—

A mystery that distracts me, though I've lived
 These twenty-seven years; oh! disconcerts me;
 Drags me to utter incapability—
 Nay, makes me run awild—makes me a child!
 I saw her!—in the garden. Roses paled before her.
 Hassan! all the flowers bowed before her—perfumes
 Blew round her; sure, some nestled on my lips.
 And now, th' intoxication, which fomented—
 Hassan,

A solvent for this flint within my heart.
 It must be melted—nay, you must dissolve it!

EL KADER (*astonished*). My Señor—where are
 those sternest studies gone to,
 When we walked in acacia-scents; where linger
 Those abstruse sciences, we had propounded;
 Where is my Señor's usual rigor now!

RODERIGO. True, true; I am upset. It is un-
 manly
 To lose the self-composure. Yet, good Hassan!
 All science flits away, as birds from eve—
 All knowledge effervesces, as foam in pools—
 Good Hassan, all your teachings have not taught
 One greatest mystery;—give me a solvent—
 I entreat you, a solvent! All my vitals burn;
 That flint, so flaming here, is killing me.

EL KADER (*stands up and taps the SENOR on the
 shoulder*). Come, come, my Señor! com-
 pose yourself—
 It is in man, the common effect of joy
 That's not returned at once;—you'll soon be o'er it!
 Come, let's beguile a moment with the fumes

From strong Du Begue's rank leaves; you know we
 are
 To musing friends; and with warm Turkey's pro-
 duct
 Our minds will leave this room, and sail the air
 To fairest Fatmes by those fragrant strands,
 That have a glimpse o' those sudden-born islands,
 hailed
 The children of fair Greece. Come, come, Señor—
 Here is the pouch—you do remember it?
 That day, adown the "calle" walking—Napoli's
 Own daughter bade us buy it for a nothing.

*(Takes pouch and offers it. Brings Turkish
 pipes.)*

(Both smoke.)

So there—be seated. Swing your mind upon
 The memories of olden days, when from the sea
 We learned more than what's in a parchment-
 volume
 Or pamphlet;—when your you . . . *(Gets inter-
 ested.)*

RODERIGO.

When from the brier,
 That stuck upon my vestment, we had shown
 The verisimiltude of parasites that cling
 To plants, to those that bother thinking minds.
(Laughing.) Ha, ha! and what a trouble tear it
 off

Again. Oh! Dios! so is that prickling, prickling
 In me!—but—Hassan! to my love! for truly,
 It is love rummaging within my heart!

EL KADER. Tobacco has its virtues. Those old
Turks

Were wise to smoke. I see, it soothed your temper.
It is a sedative, at best; an equipoiser
Of man's warm-frigid nature.—When we lost
Our heads o'er some strange problem, then had gone
To the acacias; from one bole we learned
To solve the mathematical involution.

RODERIGO. Oh! Hassan, nay, past days may not
relieve

Me of this burning, flaming——

EL KADER. Means are many;—

But what results will fruit, is left to chance.

I tell you, Señor—sing fair songs to her

To-night—or try to get admission there.

But be not frightened if you see another.

For, Señor, she is fickle; there are other men

Who court her, try your best; Haha! I've passed

That bitter time, still redolent with joys!

And yet, 'tis strange that you, a scholar, a man,

Should feel the sting so all substantially.

You know Phillippo—my pupil—he doth know

You as he knows the Koran, he professes.

But you and he are friends—were playmates, then;

I do forget it—but you know him yet?

RODERIGO (*walking up and down. Curtly*). I

do; but I have my own thoughts of him.

But, what of him?

EL KADER. He has an eye on her!

RODERIGO. He has! that . . . *he* would woo
Felicia's heart!

Nay, she would be a lioness to tear him,
If she but knew. . . .

EL KADER. Puff on—and reason now.
You always showed the signs of ready reason.
I tell you, sing to her; her ears must hear
Fair song; and slowly woo her to your heart.
If she'll be loyal t' you—the stars will tell!

RODERIGO. I always thought of serenading—
playing
The lute; or lifting up my voice in rhymes
Of tender rhythm; but—but—Hassan, Hassan—
We're friends! to-night, yea, if the hornèd moon
Be prospering—before her garden-gate,
I'll trill the air; and woo her from her slumbers!

EL KADER. Come this day's afternoon to our
grove.
Participate in my instructions, since
Your restless mind will not allow of work!

RODERIGO. A little while I'll stay.—But I must
go
To compose a ditty—and the music for it.

(Meantime there's a knock at the door.)

EL KADER. Stay yet awhile; and see who comes!
Come in!

*(RODERIGO seats himself, and fumbles in the
books.)*

Enter the DUKE.

Buenas dias!

DUKE. I do presume—El Kader!
Beg pardon! am I intruding—but I came,
With recommendations of Señor Phillippo,

To ask if you instruct the tender sex.
 My daughter would delight in knowing more
 Of nature's manifestations. I thought you could
 Be useful to her; or tell me of another. . . .

EL KADER. My Duke, I can.

DUKE. You know me then!

EL KADER. Yes, Duke!

Phillippo told me of you—last Friday noon
 We saw you, by the copse—near to the brook.
 My memory's not so feeble.

DUKE. I have the pleasure!

So you can teach her what her hungry brain,
 Just now so mooded, longs to harbor.—Well,
 I hope to see you on the morrow's morn.

(*Looks around the room.*)

A real old study; almost like magician's vault.
 You are a scholar of the hidden arts, I see.
 Those chemicals, those tubes, and there, those tomes
 Whose weight could serve as dumbbells for a
 giant—

That table— (RODERIGO *looks up.*) Ah! your
 Faustus, I suppose?

EL KADER. Duke, let me make you know a
 worthy man,

Señor Roderigo. (RODERIGO *rises and bows.*)

DUKE. Very charmed, Señor; perhaps

In custody with magic; or a visitor

RODERIGO. Nay, nay, a former pupil and old
 friend,

My Duke . . .

EL KADER. Yes, 'tis a room in great disorder.

Yet, we of sciences, abstractions, live
 Like Nature almost—where great disorder reigns—
 But she may lay her hand on everything
 She looks for.

DUKE. It was aye a myth to me
 How tha' German songwright wrote his sym-
 phonies,
 When, as his aged servant says, he worked
 Surrounded by confusion, in midst of strange dis-
 order.

Well, well, Señores; a good morning to you!

RODERIGO (*While the DUKE makes his exit*). My
 Duke!

EL KADER (*accompanying DUKE to the door*). I
 wish you a good day, my Duke!

(*Exit DUKE.*)

Now, there's a chance to know Felicia!
 If you can't, I shall read her each expression.
 So soothe your heart—cheer up—make good the
 day:

By singing to her—drive your gloom away.

RODERIGO. But we have learned that, while the
 sun doth shine,

Some vapors always laugh in distant realms.

So we may not foresee!

EL KADER. Now go, and write
 Your ditty; flow a melody for to-night!

Señor, this afternoon show your success.

I hope 'twill prosper, so you'll win her well.

RODERIGO. All what I learned from you will free
 from me

That burning—I shall stroke tranquillity!

EL KADER. This afternoon.

RODERIGO. I hope to sing you all.
(*Exit* RODERIGO.)

EL KADER (*seats himself*). So—no disturbance now till noon;—this tome
(*Closes it.*) May sleep; and languages may lie at peace.

. . . (*Thinks.*) That love-affair doth trouble all my mind.

I do foresee some bad effects—some coction,
Still latent to the common vision, yet to me
As clear as lazuli on bed of stream.

(*Rests his head upon his hand.*)

Felicia is a fickle girl. I saw her play
Upon the sward within the Ducal woods;
With noblemen about her; she took their praises
So airily—yet petulantly—though all
Her prettiness gave her favor in their eyes.
Withal, she has a true good heart—'tis spoilt!
Those lavish flatteries to her, from lips
Of passive courtiers, will be showers of poison!
I do foresee—yet (if but for Rod'rig's sake)
These interested omens are but said to fate—
Inexorable fate—who bends the iron man!

(*Looks about the table.*)

Ah! here you are; exhilarating—surely,
As fresh as mulse new-pressed by maiden-feet
Who dimples give to waters, purified
By seeds, whom Indian-girls have culled.—O
World!

What wisdom in thy tombs! Yet they are left
 Fast-sealed—as in the modern mind the glories
 Of meditation: sense of soul-evection,
 Which is the call from spirits in the man.
 You, book! in whom the thoughts of ancient men
 Are stored; with whom the present staggers van-
 quished.

For in the old, old days we were a race
 Of mountain-thought; and science was in glow.
 (*Thinking.*) It is to me, our men dig in a flood,
 And shovel up the clods, thus heaping all
 Upon the bank—while onward flow the bubbles
 That should have been their study! Aye, my Soul!
 But who may preach to moles, and apple-borers.

(*He reads awhile.*)

Those old men were the flames of Aetna! Allah!

(*Dips his nose into the tome.*)

Thy glories thou hast given to pensive souls.
 How hard to cultivate them in a soil of coins!
 (*Looks up.*) Ah! gray am I; my life has been deep
 thought;

With mysteries my hours have been fraught.
 Yet in these days, one science is ignored:
 It is to know what all the ancients knew!

(*He is deeply interested in reading.*)

(*Curtain drops.*)

SCENE II.—*Opens in the park of the DUKE. A bower to the left. To the right, in middle distance, view of the castle. In the distance are hills, and a bit of sea. It is nearing noon.*

FELICIA *enters; she's dressed in a riding habit. Speaking gleefully, and looking backwards.*

FELICIA. Oh! hasten, mother!

THE DUCHESS (*not on the stage; from a distance.*) Wait, child! till I dismount!

FELICIA (*nervously, and playing with the riding-whip*). How slow my mother is; and I so swift

Of blood! She's like a condor, I, a bird
That flits from bough to twig!—Now, mother!
hasten!

Or Rodios will be neighing impatiently,
And he'll be here!—Why, there I see him come—
(*Points.*) He's at the gate! Now, mother, do
come here——

THE DUCHESS (*running in from the right*).

Child! what impatience! I am not so fleet
As you, my dear. You know youth is the morn
With blood astreaming, but that years bring on
The tranquil noon, and age doth sun itself!

FELICIA (*kisses her*). I know't, dear mother!
but we promised him
To be near to this arbor—I would not wish
To disappoint him.

THE DUCHESS. What was his new request?

FELICIA. To ask of you permission to go riding
O'er to the sea; and then come back at eve.
But there he comes.

Enter PHILLIPPO.

How punctual! We just came.
And I was scolding mother that she labored
Wi' the stirrups, and she did not leap adown,
As Amazons do, of whom the legends tell.

PHILLIPPO (*bowing*). My Señoritas, a good,
good morning to you!
You were too kind to wait till I should come—
But punctuality is life to events.
Señora! would you gratify a wish of mine—
To let Felicia ride with me beyond
The dunes—we shall be back ere evening-time.

THE DUCHESS. I have no reasons for declining it,
Señor; but, you'll be back before the moon
Peeps through the gloaming, and the night would
let

Your moods be all unwary! Surely, Señor,
I count upon your virtues, and your guidance!

PHILLIPPO. Thanks!—Señorita, you will be
equipped
With all the necessaries for a riding-bout!
At morn then!—

FELICIA (*laughing*). Señor, be assured of it.
To-morrow then!

PHILLIPPO. Adios, Señoritas!

(*He takes leave. Exit.*)

FELICIA.

Is he not full worthy

Of confidence, dear mother? Why, although
 So young yet, he's my senior by four years,
 What cavalier! a courtier to a king!
 How lively! and what comedy he plays!
 Dear Mother! we shall have a glorious time,
 To-morrow—by the blue, warm sea,—we two;
 And think! we'll have a glimpse of our towers—
 And I'll imagine seeing you there, waving
 Your kerchief—and we both shall think of you.

(THE DUCHESS *kisses her.*)

THE DUCHESS (*She goes to the bower, and seats herself. FELICIA follows*). Here are some tears for you! (*FELICIA kneels at her feet.*)

You are upon

A shore, whose sea can swallow, and whose leas
 Can furnish you with beds of asphodel!
 That I consent your going with him, implies
 Not that I shall allow you every day. . . .
 Felicia! Tell to me your secrets always.
 I love to guide you!

FELICIA. Why such frightful words!

Dear Mother, why in tears, when all the air
 Is glowing! See the glitter on the orange-bush!
 And hear the cheeping of the birds.

THE DUCHESS (*composing herself*). 'Tis nothing!

Felicia! I was only dreaming; 'tis not good
 To burden youth with age's omens, though
 Experience shows aright; but who doth know
 If what I saw and felt will be your lot.
 Dear child! so let us trust to Providence.—

For, what befalls us, misery, or fortune,
Is after all the course for all the world.

(*Kisses her.*) My maidenhood has gone—and I'm
a wife—

I passed the clefts engulfing thoughtless maids ;
And many are the jungles in the woods
Of wooing ;—happy she who glows a queen
In wifhood's reign ; who listened to her con-
science—

. . . But I am dreaming, child ; you cannot grasp
The meaning yet. . . .

FELICIA. Mother, what besets you, mother !
Why all so fretful of your own Felicia ?
Are we not merry—does your daughter anger
You ? (*Laughing.*) Why, there is the nobleman
who courts me.

Then Señor Miquel sends me many flowers
And Duke this, and Marquis that bestow on me
Their compliments. But one has not approached
me—

I saw him blushing, at the early morn—
He thought he then was unobserved—and I
Did blush, all contrary to my will. What more
Can any Doña Clara wish ; dear Mother, say !

THE DUCHESS (*smiles*). You baby-girl ! You
rosebud in the breeze !

You innocent ; you have too many cavaliers,
And know not whom to give your heart to ! Child,
I think that he who steals his way to you
Doth dream of you ; and is the most sincere—
And if he blushed, what greater sign of love !

FELICIA. Señor Phillippo is so gracious, civil,
pleasing.

He calls me ever by sweet names, and brings
To me the rarest bits of novelty in town.
We know him long; and he who blushes, finds
(*thoughtfully*) Two moons' slow rounds within our
home!

THE DUCHESS.

But, child!

Be wary! Keep your conscience; trust to love.
Be deaf to flatteries; confide in me!

Enter, from behind, the DUKE.

THE DUKE (*throwing orange-blossoms on the
two*). See there! I found you. Mother
and daughter, bound
Together as any loving unadepts;
Exchanging sorceresses' dreams; conniving
Small wrongs, contracted by Rodios' amble—
Or by the caracole of Felicia's palfrey.
Abetted by the swift-following perfumes—blowing
From all our country's sweet luxuriance.
Angelica, Phillippo was right—I've found
The scholar; Felicia! now cater to your wish—
For he will come the after-morrow here,
And teach you, out in nature's arms, her truths
And un beholden mysteries.

FELICIA (*stands up and kisses the DUKE*). I'm
so happy,
Dear father. Now can I weigh those questions well
Which sometimes come to me, while picking flowers,

Or, riding through the avenues, when far
I behold the sea in haze or hear the gull!

THE DUCHESS (*rising*). Yes, now you may.

And many another secret

Will be disclosed. Now run to Soffrina, bid
Her order our repast. (FELICIA *kisses both.*)

FELICIA.

And though my habit

Be inconvenient, like a Cupid I'll fly—

To please you, mother! (Exit.)

THE DUKE.

There's the image, dear,

O' yourself, when I had wooed you long ago!

When you had run about the lawns, and I

Had chased you, all in play's own gamboling!

Dear wife! what do you think about our child?

There are too many wooers—better, flatterers!

We must essay to choose one, and impress her

With his good qualities; time will assist us!

You, as her mother, know her better far

Than I, her father—she keeping more with you,

And sharing your own nature. Tell me what

She dreams of!

THE DUCHESS. Maybe I do. She's like all girls:
At Spring's bright portal, when March blossoms
first.

Yet undecided; changeful—with no wish—

Nor any will, or thought. She's cradled on

The sea of desires, and fancies; she parades

With many a cavalier; she's vain, to know

That all give flowers, compliments; or tell

Her things, that weigh on any other heart

But hers——

THE DUKE. You are my own dear wife—the day
Which glows, after the morn did prophesy
Its radiance by the dawn's dew, that exhaled.
You realize my one ideal, Angelica!
Yes, she is young—and we must guard her yet.

THE DUCHESS. Not too severely. Let her know
all men,
Choose for herself. I had my choice, you know!
(*She kisses him.*) I'm so glad—we must let our
child be th' same!

THE DUKE. Yet one day's not example for the
following—
And radiant Saturday may give gloomy Sunday!
Angelica! we shall see!

THE DUCHESS. There's one who steals to
her—
She knows it, but his silence doth annoy her.
She cannot understand such deeper love!

THE DUKE. Yes, he was with El Kader. I
think him stern
Of mind, erudite, and what I saw—a nobleman!

THE DUCHESS. We know him not so well; yet
do I think
His love is sudden, therefore more sincere!

THE DUKE. O Angelica! What a bother is this
seeking,
This searching for a lover, and this pairing.
We must consider ourselves more happy now;
(*Kissing her.*) Each one must find the other;
Heaven directs!

What is the use of coupling adverse natures,

Oh! let the lovers be surprised at their own finds.
 The parents give their daughters those they cherish.
 Come, give your arm! like lovers we shall walk,
 Like whispering lovers shall we sweetly talk!
 And to our chatellete, such fortunate home!
 Shall go.

THE DUCHESS (*takes arm*). I am so happy—oh!
 so happy—

May Heaven give to my own child such bliss—
 And when she's wedded, such dearest husband's
 kiss!

O Heaven, forbear to shower stinging cares, and
 woes——

THE DUKE. Come, love! why think of woe,
 when affluence flows!

(*Walking.*) Why, there's Felicia—waiting on the
 steps!

THE DUCHESS. So I've been waiting often-
 times for you.

Do you remember when you kept me waiting—
 Yet all at once strewed flowers on my head,
 Then kissed me. . . .

(*They laugh and walk out. Curtain drops.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A grove with the blue sea through the trees; upon the lawn, in background, students are seated; each is interested in some natural object, some form groups, the units of which discuss problems with each other. It is afternoon—a clear day—here and there are tropical bushes. A general murmuring is heard.*

From the right enters RODERIGO, with a book under his arm. Before coming forward, he stands still and looks toward the pupils.

RODERIGO. What hive of busy souls completes
the foreground
Of such a view, that emulates with Diaz' brush-
work!
Oh! sea, the glory of our Spain! so blue,
And calm; oh! grove, enriched with every hue
That rainbow's prism showeth, blessèd be,
Of Spain her fairest charm, such scenery!
Aye, so was I in youth's unruly days,
When fluttering Psyche never steadfast stays;
In higher studies lost, the hours glowed!
But now I'm traveling on another road.
Oh! youth lies in Spring's redolency, manhood
Walks sternly through some endless, addered
cañon!—
His class 's composed; they're studiously employed.

But where may Hassan be? He told me come,
 And show him my quick ditty—nothing more
 Than dew that falls at morn!—'Tis worthiest study,
 Amongst them—What humming of bees industri-
 ous!

They learn not marble lessons, but the blood
 And lymph of every branch commingles richly
 With their own minds, thus keeping all their
 thoughts

In *wondering* strain, e'en as when lightning flashes
 Before us, we never can forget it—so clings
 The lore to them, since it was given alive!

*Enter PHILLIPPO from the back; he loses himself
 among the pupils.*

Is that he? Proud and giddy: he would woo
 My love!—He sees me.

(Both bow, and PHILLIPPO comes up to him.)

Enter PHILLIPPO.

PHILLIPPO. Welcome to these halls!
 Where Pan is tutor, and the Zephyr our book—
 We have not met for many days—say, Roderig!
 And how's the heart this glorious afternoon!
 Expecting Hassan?

RODERIGO. Yes. I wished his counsel;
 That's all. But how the class has grown. Aris-
 totle
 Could not have wished his walks more favored;
 surely

Our Hassan's Socrates—aye, Buddah revived!

PHILLIPPO. And shaming all instructors of the
age!

Why, Señor, we learn more in one short moment
Than they in weeks of study with their books.

RODERIGO. Yes, object-study's the best; and
youth can gaze
And meditate; to history they can give
A casual eye, for it abounds in wrong and sin!
And is no study—since our children's thoughts
Should harbor things that edify the soul!

PHILLIPPO. True; much that we are made to
know is means
To sin, be profligate—and mimic vice.
Yet what a world, if all would stately be
As Vestals—Roderig! gaiety for me!

RODERIGO. But you've enlisted here, why not
improve
Yourself—and learn the charms of man to love!

PHILLIPPO. Hell keep them! Pluck the Spring-
bud in the May!
For in old age all pleasures fly away!

Enter HASSAN EL KADER.

Ah! Mentor! why so late! the pupils mutter.

RODERIGO. *Good afternoon!* I kept my promise,
Hassan!

HASSAN. Forgive my tardy arrival—but the
Duke
Stopped me and asked for kind participation
In our lessons; he'll come later on.

Phillippo, you as head-pupil—prepare the class!

(He goes and brings quiet and order in the class.)

Now, Roderig! that book has talismanic power!
Through it the stars will change their course's fury!
E'en meteors will eclipse their burning showers.
Señor! she must fall prone before its essence,
Which you will waft to-night, e'en as the strain,
Mellifluent, of Philomel to Irene!

Show!

(Reads.)

Like my pupil's; yet inspired by love
To dazzle my instructions with flowers' colors!
Señor! well done!—And if the moon will glisten
Through fragrant jasmines, she will surely listen!

RODERIGO. You flatter, Hassan! I did only
copy—

For right in front o' my brow those words did
hover.

It was a moment's penning;—but there's the
music—

Two pages further back—there—written sweetly!

HASSAN. A simple measure—good!—you
listened to me

To take as models Schubert, or Schumann; well,
Señor, as passionate as Chopin's—sweet as Grieg's—
Harmonious as any of Haydn's motets.

This music must needs enter any heart!

RODERIGO. All owing to your kind suggestions,
though,

As was the roundelay, the melody flowed

While my pen moved o'er the five bars . . .

HASSAN.

Exactly

My method—inclination blossoms perfection!
 And Spring-rains ever shower more sweetly down
 When mellow hours fill all the atmosphere.
 You'll sing it to her this night—will you not?

RODERIGO. Why, these are plenilunary nights;
 I shall,

Hassan, when the quiet seemeth more than still!

HASSAN. The class!—I leave you to your
 fancies, Roderigo!

(Goes to the pupils).

RODERIGO. Now heart! oh! triumph once for all
 —and night!

Do prosper my undertaking of delight!
 But what's the matter, heart! what sudden burn—
 What rummaging—command that I must yearn!
 Is it some unseen, unknown spirit's doings—
 That, all at once, my mind is sweet with wooings?
 What truth in proverbs! Speak of one not nigh—
 And there the spoken of comes suddenly!
 For there they are, o'er yonder through the green—
 O she it is, whose sweetness none hath seen
 But he who loved her. What a graceful step!
 She smiles so sweetly, as she nods assent—
 Wait—I shall stay yet—see what favors me.—
 O Dian, thro' the Heliconian mountains
 Sweet running, has not ever sprung to fountains
 As she now hastens onward!—Her maid is by her—
 The Duke lingers behind; she's fraught with fresh-
 ness—
 O leaping, as the fragranced falls down moss-steps!

Enter FELICIA, followed by her maid.

FELICIA (*running up*). I'm here the first,
Soffrina!—Why, good afternoon,
Señor!

RODERIGO. You seem a little out of breath!
Señorita! this is sweet surprise indeed.
Is this a visit to the school?

FELICIA. I came
To see El Kader's class;—quick, quick, Soffrina!
Do take this brier off my skirt.

RODERIGO (*detaching it*). An envious
Branch; fate did let it share your vividness.

(*Confused.*)

FELICIA (*confused*).

Enter the DUKE.

THE DUKE. Why running in advance, dear
child! and leaving
Your father alone? Ah, Señor! (*They shake
hands.*) I find you here—

Excuse me please! I promised to El Kader
That I should come. Felicia, I'll soon be back!
(*Walks to the background.*)

RODERIGO (*aside*). Oh! sting. What pierces
me! a lance hurled through me!

SOFFRINA. Señorita, do rest awhile.

FELICIA. I am not tired,
Soffrina; only a little out of breath.

RODERIGO. A draught of water—there's a spring
near by.

FELICIA. Oh! do not trouble—Soffrina will be waiting. *(Exit RODERIGO.)*

There was a sudden sting within my heart!
Now that he left—a flame burns in its walls.
Soffrina, let us on this bank recline.

(Re-enter RODERIGO.)

Thousand thanks! how kind of you! *(Drinks.)*
I'm quite refreshed!

Re-enter HASSAN and DUKE, in conversation.

HASSAN. Yes, Duke! instruction is a noble thing—

But there is art to it—a thought-deep art!

DUKE. Come, come, Felicia. Here's your master,—know him!

FELICIA. Señor, all my powers and gifts will bow before

Your biddings—I'm glad to be your pupil!

HASSAN. I hope, Señorita, your eyes will glisten.

FELICIA. Oh! I'll irradiate beams as doth the sun.

RODERIGO *(aside)*. Oh! happy earth, that liveth in such rays!

FELICIA *(aside)*. I know not; he confuses me! I blush.

DUKE. Señor, be good enough to come with us. Señor Hassan needs you as interpreter.

Felicia, wait awhile; we'll soon return.

FELICIA. O father, you won't stay long.

(Retire HASSAN, DUKE and RODERIGO.)

Be lively now! Soffrina, stamp on the lawn—
Till all the flowers flow their fragrance out.
For, through my heart, there steals a soothing
sense—

Unknown before—like incense through the aisles
Of some all-hallowed grove. (*Aside.*) Of sudden
came

This pierce—O nay, this pleasant flame of scent,
Which, by its richness, widened the hot wound.
(*Aloud.*) Soffrina, see!—but who comes bounding
there—

As bounds a coît, o'er marigolds and cresses
To the vined fence to neigh at its own mother!
SOFFRINA. Señorita, 'tis the gallant cavalier.

Re-enter PHILLIPPO.

PHILLIPPO (*bowing*). Here, here? Offend I
this sweet privacy?
Señorita—how blissful, to have found you here:
As sweetly canopied, as Ægle was,
When waterfalls did sing to nymphs and mortals.
(*Lies down.*) What perfect freshness strays about
this grove;
And sits at watch, at times, by some dark tree.
Oh! here, fair Señorita! 'twere sweet to blush—
To gaze—and find a Narciss in your eyes!

FELICIA. You flatter all the gods of woods and
streams,
And make me be your pastime's idol only!
My Señor, maidens are so shy to praisers,

They often tremble at such glowing words.

PHILLIPPO. Come, do not listen to heart's
sedater tenets—

Enjoy the scene with lover's fairer rules
Of quick enrapturement!

FELICIA. I cannot smile
At such dictations so presumptuous—
Please moderate those statutes—for my sake!

PHILLIPPO. Felicia! unveil your mind, and let
its soul
Be seen! We were so dear to one another—
Why such a rupture now? Think of to-morrow—
Oh! by the sea—by cliff, and colored reef!

FELICIA. We'll cling together; be Daphnis and
his Chloe!

PHILLIPPO. And speak fond language; bill—and
sweeten
Our lives with delicate caressings. See here!
*(He takes out a map and points out places to
her. During this, RODERIGO comes from
background and looks at the two.)*

RODERIGO. Heart!
Be not the murderer of thyself by rash
And thoughtless action! quell thy hatred! be
The cliff, defying swiftest ocean-gales!
That is the scene in which I would be actor—
But here I am the audience in a temper!
O Heaven, that such must be the course of love!
And he's a friend; what is her heart deciding.
For she is not completely lost to him.
Abide, O jealous heart! the stars will tell

If, with my song, I win her truly well!

(Retires again.)

FELICIA. Please go and tell to father I'm impatient.

He stays away so long.

PHILLIPPO. Again you change

Your mood—and wish away the one who loves you!

FELICIA. To-morrow, all day we may dream and talk.

PHILLIPPO. So you are fair—my own Felicia—see.

I do your bidding as the winds of May

Bid all the fields to quicken, and to fragrance!

(Exit.)

SOFFRINA. Señorita! he is gallant—yet there winds

A guileful, unseen smiling through his words.

They seem a fairy-garden—yet beneath

Each bloom a beetle doth prepare destruction!

FELICIA (*laughs*). O wisely maid! you put your lorgnettes on—

I need none—I prefer a view with haze;

With sparkles glowing; some knolls indistinct;

With here and there a coiling puff—and there some marsh

In smoke!

SOFFRINA. Yet you will know it soon!

FELICIA (*laughing*).

What, what!

SOFFRINA. Fate tells not her designs—she's veiled!

FELICIA (*aside*).

Again!

Oh! am I waking in my prime, as buds
 In the fair Spring; or is my heart in bloom
 Which since but felt the bud's unfolded leaves!
 Soffrina, I wish my fortune were told me.

SOFFRINA. Trust not to them—those double-
 tonguèd mouths.

Trust to a heart sincere—to sacred Time,
 They are worth more than oracles, or means
 Of seeing clearly what man's future harbor.

FELICIA (*laughing*). Ha ha! transplant us to
 Vesuvius—

Where, so I read, the witches met to form
 Their spells. (*Rises.*) I wish dear father would
 return.

(*She gets to be languid and moody.*)

SOFFRINA. It is an effort to be loving two at
 once.

Resolve thyself to give thy heart to one
 True noble being!

FELICIA (*looking away*). Where is he, who
 stung
 Me here?

Enter DUKE and the others, speaking.

You, wretched father! Why so long?

DUKE. You seem in sweeter glow! (*Kisses her.*)

PHILLIPPO. The rest begot

In her such colors as are seen in pinks,
 When after showers, they reope their chalices.

HASSAN. Señorita, you may inspect the grounds

And flutter 'bout at butterflies' ease and will!

FELICIA. Thanks, thanks!

(*While eager to go, she confronts RODERIGO.*)

RODERIGO (*stepping slowly aside*). I shall not
bar your way—fly on!

FELICIA (*startles a little*). O Señor, I wish you
always could—to keep
Me long within your premises!

(*Both are confused. She stands still awhile,
wishing to speak, but cannot.*)

Father! show me all! Señor Hassan, come with us!

DUKE. Fly on, my darling! we shall follow you
In shortest minutes.

FELICIA. Come, Soffrina, follow
Me to the classes. (*Exit FELICIA and SOFFRINA.*)

RODERIGO (*aside*). What was that she said?—
It was the blush of love—the accents true
Which skip across the quiet lake of love.

(*Aloud.*) Well, my Phillippo, let us join the
others!

PHILLIPPO (*aside*). It was as though she acted
maidenly.
She lost her will—yet on the morrow all
For me! before it be too late a venture.

(*Aloud.*) We may—and see the beauty of the
party
Befit herself to cope with Juliet's grace
And loveliness.

RODERIGO. Oh! more than that—no Flora,
Gracing the morn of mellow June, can swing
To her melliginous bowers, as she!

PHILLIPPO. She is
The simulacrum of a goddess.

DUKE. Señor, on!
(*Exit DUKE and PHILLIPPO to the background.*)

HASSAN. This night will be the zenith-path for
you!

She did exhale her heart unconsciously.
Yet in her silence blushed the joy sincere
Of having complimented one she values.

RODERIGO. Could any god have desired more
than that!

O may my song its serpentine way find quickly—
To touch the musing cells of her Aonian brain!

O hope! diffuse odoriferous dreams of her!

May this clear night be as a dawn to them!

HASSAN. Be sure, to-night! Sing while the
moon is half

Way up the skies—for then the fragrance spreads
More richly—and a maiden's heart is longing.

So will your song be brought on fumes to her,
Which acts more than a spell. Then sing to her!

RODERIGO. I shall!—Be up, so I can tell to you
If Venus has been near her, or if Cupid's bow
Was strung to wound a new-won heart.

HASSAN. I'll wait! But to the others!
(*Begins to walk back.*)

RODERIGO (*walking with HASSAN*). Happy
hour!

When love is silent—showing magic power!

(*Both lose themselves in the background. Curtain falls.*)

SCENE II.—*The stage shows to the right part of the chatelet, with the room of FELICIA visible to the audience. This takes up one-third of the stage. To the left of the chateau the park extends; and in distance, an avenue gives an open on the sky.*

FELICIA is in her room, trying on a riding habit. SOFFRINA is assisting her. The moon is peeping up from the horizon.

FELICIA, SOFFRINA.

SOFFRINA. So it should be; but this part needs some basting.

FELICIA. I had it new-made; since he takes me out
(*Thoughtfully.*) To ride o'er fields to the far sea's fair shore!

(*Laughs.*) Soffrina, will this do to bewitch a man? For, as you know, sweet witchery employs His mind—without that we may not woo a man!

SOFFRINA. But whom are you to woo?—'tis man who woos.

FELICIA. Did I say so! we dream, when loving men!
Our thoughts are away and away! . . . Soffrina! think! . . .

So, that doth narrow all my waist . . . it is
The jewel men love to handle gently—isn't it—
I think so!—At the gate he would be waiting.
My palfrey will be trapped—the best saddle—not?—
Go, let the candle burn, so that the dim

Light mate with my strange dreaminess. I'll call
When you may be my soothsayer. Presently!

(*Exit SOFFRINA. FELICIA goes to her boudoir
and opens a drawer, takes out a letter; she
scrutinizes it rapidly, then bursts out joy-
fully:*)

Ha, ha, ha! such missives form a treasure trove.
(*Sweetly.*) Sweet solace to a sorrowing soul! these
words

Resuscitate me when a doubt o'erspreads.

(*Reads parts of them.*) Each sentiment quickens
my pulse; each word,

That seems to have outpoured from his enamored
mind,

Impulsively! (*triumphantly*)—the spell which I
have wrought—

Speeds through me sweet assurances of love!—

Phillippo! He that was an ebb to me,

And love, a moon, drew all, so I am his!

Now sleep, you signs of sympathy!—I'll lock

You up (*dreamily*) and my love too?—

(*Laughingly.*)

Oh, foolish girl!

So young yet, how can your heart stay its pulse,

Should brighter men command its beat!

(*Puts letter away.*)

Now flit,

You fancy-forms, numerous as sparkles on a sea,

When white clouds, and the sun, shine gloriously.

Yea, fancy figments are so rare; the delicate dale,

When vernal breaths are yet effete, and blow

No more than but to haze with green the trees,
 Has not such tenuous tints, as fancy mingles,
 To spell—essentiate—aye beautify! (*Dreams.*)

SOFFRINA comes in with a letter.

SOFFRINA. This note the tardy news-man brings.

FELICIA. You woke

Me from such pleasant dreams; I would to scold
 You! (*Takes letter.*) Whose quaint hand is that?

(*Opens it.*) Go, go! (*Exit SOFFRINA.*)

Who wrote me! (*Laughs.*) O blush, so undemand-
 ed; blush,

Whose tremor in me leapt, when he surmised
 Quick love! (*Reflectful.*) Full well had he, for
 swifter far

Than the rose-hue, that morning spreads upon
 Some scudding cloudlet, spread th' impulsive blood
 On my surprisèd cheeks. (*Smiling.*) So, this
 small note— (*Puts it against her face.*)

Oh! scented like some Arab-token, with the fumes
 Of roses, long distilled—tells me the truth,
 He has suspected—(*bolder*) nay, warmed with a
 strong

Sure confirmation, his heart beat; but, after
 His fevered hand wrote all, was it released
 Of love's fierce burn, and swift pulsation!
 (*Pleased.*) Now, I shall break it! see! 'tis not a
 page—

A hasty hand—few words in gliding tune!
 (*Reads.*) “Carnations, roses were not thine,—

“ Oh ! 'twas the joy of love divine.

“ While, through the night, perfumes arise,

“ Love, list to thy true lover's sighs ! ”

A flower—a tryst—how pure and lovely—see!

(Runs to the window.)

The moon peeps through the bush—and shadows
draw

Themselves across the wood; the jasmine shines;

A few flowers only—seeming glittering gold!

And there, the tamarind hath a halo round.

The vines are serpentine, with sheeny scales

Bespeckled;—oh! there the owl's snow-wings pale,

As under the deep oak-shade she mopes on!

The moon's light, pearly, and of palest tissue,

Seems heavy now on all! it steeps all things—

Imbues each ray-upturned flower; exhales

Electric sweetness in the air—for us

To live in—oh! for us to talk in—oh, for us—

For us?

(Turns back to the table.)

Oh! let me feel how my heart beats!

(While she is lost in meditation, RODERIGO enters from the left, slowly, with guitar under his arm.)

RODERIGO. Stop rapping all so loudly, heart!

Be still!

List! Nature hath no voice that spoils the tones

Surrendering all their harmony to silence!

The late gold-thighed bee drones not so wildly,

He seems to know that with the moon all sleeps—

All life hath rendered up inquietudes,

And frettings!—Thou may'st burn, but rap not so.

For with the voice, the slumbering butterfly
 May stir the drowsy wind; for, with thy taps
 Her window-panes may ring; and she be frightened,
 Thinking some vile enchanter touched the lattice.
 So be composed! oh! 'tis too near to her,
 'Twill be like summer-lakes, or solstice-skies.
 I may not calm its swells, or lashing billows,
 That dash against its walls, as red-tinged waves
 Against the autumn-shores of mountain-seas!
 How full—brim-full! as forest-pools run over
 Bouncing their gushes 'gainst the obstructing
 boulders—

'Tis vain—beat on; convulse thy blood, O heart!
 Let not next moment's act my loving thwart!

*(He comes upon the road, and makes a mis-
 step, thus some branches crackle. This
 startles FELICIA.)*

FELICIA. I heard a noise; is it he?—nay, 'tis the
 owl

That perched on th' oak, descends to nether boughs.
(Goes to window.) But no—a shadow—a moving
 shadow on the road!

Heart, sting not so!—away, he must not see me!
(Retires to chair.)

RODERIGO. O moon, bright orb! to shine the
 lover's way—

Thou glowest, comforting my drear suspense!
 For with thy balm, thy silver, and thy beams
 Young maidens lie enchanted in their dreams!
 O moon! now spell my fingers, and my throat,
 To linger o'er the strings in amorous weal.

To swell the perfume, that my song may steal,
As musk through evening, to her rosèd ear!

*(Walks around in shadow of the trees, where
the gate is.)*

Now may my shadow tell not where I be.
O fairies! flitting through the beams, or resting
Upon the delicate blossoms, folded now!
O queen of night! glide through the balmy fumes—
Thy wand sway over me, bewitch thy realm!
For now her heart must soften, as hard turf,
With flowers pied, grows soft to feel the doe
Prance o'er it! now she must her soul extend
Even as, after showers, the bright heavens!
For now, through song and music, love must curb
Desire, and our love will bloom so fair!

(Prepares for a serenade.)

FELICIA. Phillippo is to me the better of the two!
I will not listen to him—no, no; no, no!

RODERIGO *(singing)*.

Hush, hush, sweet birds! She comes arrayed
In all her loveliness;
The rustle of her loose, silk dress
The soft air doth pervade!
Hush, hush, dear birds! for through my longing trips
The fondest elfin, that moon-roses sips!

Abate thy whisper, gentle breeze!
She's decked with rose and pink—
With bleeding-heart, and sweet heart's ease!
And low the murmurs sink,

The murmurs of the alley, with moon-scent
For my love's whisper all the heavens rent!

Hush, hush, sweet birds! My love comes here,
Where in the gloom I stay,
To brighten dark hours like fair day—
And mantle all with cheer!

Hush, hush! dear birds! for in me she doth dwell—
My own fond loved-one, so adorable!

(After a short pause.)

RODERIGO. Oh! doth she listen with enwitchèd
ear—

While, through her lattice, winds blow slow and
drear!

*(While he tries to look through the bush at her
window.)*

FELICIA. What draws me to the moon! what
potency

Enchains me! as charmed lizards to a flute!

What glorious storms sound through my soul, as
winds,

Olympus-scented, rove, all-madcap, 'round
The whipples of the mountain-oaks, in fall!

(Stands up.) Waves, ocean roaming, swell not so,
as on

To thee my heart-pulse dashes swiftly!

(Rushes to the window; but suddenly changes.)

Stay!

*(With regretful arm-wave, seats herself, and
muses.)*

RODERIGO. Her form was like a ghost against
 the pane,
 And like a phantom must it quickly wane!
 She hears, she hears, but maiden-shame brims over,
 Impels her heart to flee her truest lover!
 Immemorable sight!—To win her there again,
 O stringèd wood! pour out thy fairest strain!
 (*Sings again more passionately.*)

How may the sun be shining—
 When she walks in the air!
 She dazzles all the meadows—
 Makes all things thrice as fair!
 Then die, O sun!
 For with her beauty
 All of thy duty
 Is far more fondly done!

Her beams are soft—
 She shines aloft
 In the blue of my widest dream!
 Her glow is dear—
 It doth appear
 On the fields where my heart doth gleam!

Then pale, O sun!
 For with her sweetness
 All of thy meetness
 Is far more purely done!

How may the day be glowing,
 When she is never there!

She dazzles all the meadows—
 Blooms all things thrice as fair!

Moon! thousand curses, if this strain doth fail
 Its rosèd target, soft with velvet blooms!
 (*Softly.*) Felicia! love! why hesitating!—burst
 The window; ring the silentness of night
 With the slammed lattice, till the bats whirr round,
 And silvery sounds their fright;—then peer for me,
 Till thy two orbs will luster, as Olymp's stars
 Brightning woe-days in Hellas' sufferings!
 Then call out gladly to all scents that purse
 Their thousand lips to amorous night, a *word*
 That shall bring rest to the rage-moon—and balm
 To the wild turn of earth, and universe!

FELICIA (*calls*). Soffrina . . . Nay, I am re-
 solved to grow

For Phillippo! (*Undecided.*)

RODERIGO. Art thou culling fondest rose-bud
 To throw it to the scented airs that will
 Direct me to its beauty! art thou loth
 To lavish on those strains of love thy treasures!
 O Felicia!

FELICIA (*calls*). Soffrina! , . . the strain has
 ceased.

Is he low under some rosebush—in tears;
 His love-heart swelling; then, of hope bereft,
 Is prey to love-regret, . . . and sheds more tears!

Enter SOFFRINA.

Go to the garden-gate with this short note.
 Give it to him who sings sweet song, and strums

A ravishing low tune upon the lute!

Go, go! (SOFFRINA goes out with letter.)]

RODERIGO. Expect, O heart! to feel the beat
Of her pur' bosom, while her lips bring me
Such visions, the lotus-eaters know—away
Where Djerba dreams in oases of flowers!
Oh! all the jasmynes dance in her sweet breath,—
She comes—it is the rose, who loses life!
It is the lily lolls no more—admiring!
It is the lonely fuschia shines no more.
All pales—'tis she! coming in all her charms,
As, through some Shiraz-grove, bland breezes flit
With stolen riches from fair Malabar!
Her steps I hear! it seems, her hand doth fondle
Some purple flower, whose scents permit of dreams!
A stem, with crimson blooms enburdened, falls!
Her breath steals on my burning cheek—she comes;
She blooms before me!

(SOFFRINA appears; throws the note to ROD-
ERIGO; then she hurries back again. ROD-
ERIGO looks intently at the flying figure.)

Not Felicia!!

(A pause.) What sea hath poured its contents vast
in me!

That like a swollen mountain-brook, my throat
Seems wild! unmannng every utterance!
Oh! as in dog-days welters the hot air—
A glorious morn, with prospects bright and fair—
Is drowned in descending waves, to drench all life!
So are these songs the night-winds heard. O doom!
To love—to dream—all ended in a gloom!

(Picks up the letter.)'

Yet is this missive sweet indicative of thought!
 Moon, friend in this my woe, O bear with me,
 Still shine for me, till her dear words I see!

(*Opens the missive; gazes at moon.*)

Great monster! Who art thou, frustrating love!
 Vile asp, to sting the last dear hope; and rid
 Me of the last fond thought I kept of her.
 Blank sheet! paler than the cold moon, whose white
 Hath in it signs that she is not forlorn.

Sheet! folded by her tender, rose-envermeiled
 fingers,

O sheet! (*almost weeping*) I would to turn thee
 icy cold—

And in thy new-assumed hardness, thrust
 Thee at her—till she freeze to arctic snow.—

Oh! could she send a note without a word!

Without a dot—without a crushèd edge?—

Vile asp—can'st thou coil round the lover's heart—

Press till thy venom oozes out from every pore—

Deadly, till in its bath, my corpse liquesces!

FELICIA (*nervously*). Soffrina, retire!

(*SOFFRINA exit.*)

Good-night! my Roderigo, sleep!

Sleep, so thy wound be healed. I cut it not!

My heart is his—we bow before our God!

(*She blows out candle and leaves the room.*)

RODERIGO (*goes away with down-bent head*).

Moon, hast thou no compassion with my
 fate!

Bear up, my heart! reap harvest soon or late!

(*Curtain falls.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A sea-beach.* FELICIA and PHILLIPPO enter from the side. They are on horseback; and dismount.

PHILLIPPO. Wait! There's a hollow near the beach—made low,
To shelter men from the wild briny wind!
There the sea-air turns warm, and soft, and sweet;
And trees sprout there before the March is over!
And plants I've seen develop buds before
Spring's cornucopia lets fair blossoms fall!
There we may rest erelong! (*Exit with horses.*)

FELICIA. I'll wait for you!
I do not know, but strange his manner seems,
This morning, as we rode over the plains.
He pressed me so to do his wishes all—
His speech was more romantic, and his eye
More glowing; yet was diffidence aroused
In him; for his free hand touched mine with more
Reserve—shall I say with timidity!
(*PHILLIPPO returns.*)

PHILLIPPO. Felicia dear! gaze on the wide, far
sea!
The silver ripples, where the sun shines down,
Are resplendent! see the curls of nearer waves;
And hearken to the crashing surf!

(*They seat themselves on the beach.*)

FELICIA. A haze

Lies over all the distant sea ;—so gold,
 Yet azure tints waft to it, like a gauze
 Of violet-odors floating o'er gilly-flowers.
 I love the sea, the fair, free ocean's realm.
 Phillippo! here a home would be so dear :
 I love the sea-gull's scream; and every tone
 With which the main is gifted; every sound
 That rises from the deep is ever burdened
 With stranger secrets! Oh! the fair free ocean—
 In storm; in placidness of surface—in a lull—
 The surf is beating all eternally!

PHILLIPPO. A home!—When you will be mine
 own, my dear,
 Felicia, we shall dream within the spray.
 Oh! with the gale we must be friends; the sea
 Will cheer you, if you be mine only sweet!

FELICIA. Soon we may know the truth!
(Growing to be affectionate, yet undecided.)

PHILLIPPO. If we can sing
 Those melodies which will one day be ours—
 Felicia! this sweet day my throat would carol out
 Long promises of love, and home-kept faith.
(Affectionately.) Yes, 'bove some lea our towers
 shall loom; our casement

Be radiant with full flowers, and their scents
 Shall linger with the ocean-breezes—no more salt,
 But sweet with thy speech, and my loving whispers!

FELICIA. Oh!

PHILLIPPO *(takes her hand)*. Felicia! love,
 sweet dear, O Seraph's lyre!
 Thy castle in fair Spain will open gloriously!

You do remember what you said, when by the lake,
 Where jacqueminots and purple verbenas prided,
 Your lips blushed that you would grant all to me!
 Your trembling hand sought mine—and with a
 bound,

As when a hind leaps to her roe, in June—
 Full-blossomed! on my cheeks those pouting roses
 Did pelt a rain of kisses!—Dear Felicia!

FELICIA (*slowly*). I remember! —

PHILLIPPO. Then we swore to be
 true lovers.

Oh! with the radiance of the rippled lake
 A honeyed compact did we seal! wi' the birds,
 We pledged our hearts to constancy forever.
 In all our wild forgetfulness, we called
 Unto the gods!

FELICIA (*delighted*). I was the wavelet—
 seemed

The ripple playing with the lilies, bright
 In the cool sunshine!

PHILLIPPO. You were playful Nais—
 Beamed as a sparkle on a mountain-brooklet,
 Where flowery covers hide all save the pure sparkle!
 Felicia! (*They kiss each other.*)

FELICIA (*laughs*). My Phillippo!

An OLD SAILOR appears.

OLD SAILOR. Gents! 'xcuse me! I lost
 My little Friedie; passing here, perchance,
 You saw a little girl?

PHILLIPPO. No human shape

Has met our gaze, while we rode over here.
But how had you lost her, my good old man?

FELICIA. Was she so young—or did she steal
away
From home, fulfilling deeds inordinate?

OLD SAILOR. No, Señorita, she is my son's dear
child.

She is but five years old. At play she was;
With lads and lassies, where the beech-trees weave
A grateful net about our hut; they danced,
The custom on each fourth day of the week.

All lived in the wild frolic—jars of ale
Lay in the nooks; the pipers piped away.
When calling for my Friedie, not a voice
Did answer. Hastening through the crowd, not
one

Could tell me where she hid herself; through hut,
Through alley; down the dunes—up waves of
sand—

Nowhere—till here, upon the beach I seek,
With tremors creeping o'er me: has the sea
Ta'en away my Friedie—is she dead—i' she dead?

FELICIA. Man! hope yet—she must hide in some
near place

For children like to cheat their elders; children
Will seek forlornest nooks, so that some one
Must think of them; they know the wiles of lovers,
And to be cherished, they will leave their dear ones
Out o' spite—just— . . .

PHILLIPPO. Just to aggravate our seek
ing.

Fine philosophy! Ha, ha, if a child could think like that!

She must have run away—been led astray.

If we should meet her—what may be your name—

Where is your home?

OLD SAILOR. How kind, Señor; and you, Señorita—so kind! God bless you both!—

I live a furlong from this spot; from yonder

Green dune your eye can see the red roof—and near,

The beech-trees clustering round the hut. My name's

Bernardo; all know me; I'm the children's pet—

They ride on my old knees, and think the gale

That whips the ocean cannot gallop faster!

Adios! (*Looking around, and to the sea.*) Has the sea my dear small Friedie!

Oh! is she dead! (*After a pause.*) Yon little speck is sign

Of storm before the evening! Adios!—

(*Wanders away disconsolately.*)

FELICIA and PHILLIPPO. Adios!

PHILLIPPO (*aside*). Now courage; she must never thwart me!

(*Aloud.*) Felicia! see—the clouds are silvery now—

For noon advances. Hear! the surf's more sullen—

Because the quietude doth wax, when in the heavens

The sun is in the zenith!

FELICIA. See the gulls!

They sail in the gold haze—as in warm dreams.

They dip into their tea-rose-bath, and, on the sea,

Rouse up its azure calm. How voracious they are!

PHILLIPPO. For little fishes, whom they beak in
a moment;

Then soar again into their watch-towers—quiet
As, in the autumn-air, a white balloon!

FELICIA. But see! those flocks upon the tur-
quoise wave—

How they do fly; but seem so lost to our eye.

PHILLIPPO. Oft have I watched them, when I
sailed alone

To Afric, from the vessel's side; they bring
The boreal days, and sailors call them ice-birds.

FELICIA. What more strange creatures did you
see? Tell, tell!

PHILLIPPO. At morning did the dolphin tumble,
at noon

The geysers of the ocean spurted, and they seemed
Like golden jets, when the sun shone; but when
A cloud perturbed the flow of rays, a silver stream
Shot up within the vault, and all the crew,
Wild with delight, would shout; but when a boat
Was lowered, then the wide calm sea grew cheery—
The white-topped eagle grew frantic in such noise—
At time when down the day the sun doth travel
Oft would the wingèd fish fly on the tackle—
And when the West grew radiant, like a bloom
In Afric's wilds—and psalms were sung by Eve,
As in a dream, the siren sang strange song,
Melodious, yet sweet sorrow streaming through.

Felicia! reflective of those days, come, kiss
Your own dear Phillippo! (*She kisses him.*)

Dear love. . . .

As they do when glistening in the sun! I have
 Some at the castle—I shall give them to you, love—
 O Felicia!

FELICIA (*aside*). My love is bursting open—a
 spring,
 That knows its swells doth lave most radiant
 flowers,
 Bubbles not with such a bright delight as I!
 (*Aloud.*) Phillippo! (*He kisses her.*) But tutt!
 if mother knew of this!

Shame, shame! We do forget our promise!

PHILLIPPO (*aside*). Patience.
 A moment's thoughtfulness—a scud within
 The pure blue of a perfect day! 'twill leave her!
 (*Aloud.*) But, when the shores of Loando came in
 sight,

Grim terror struck the crew: an army thick
 Of black, strong warriors held dominion of the
 coast.

Our men were few—yet they were resolute.
 And cannons lurked from every side o' the ship.
 We fired—how like the dark small clouds aft' storms
 That leap into the air, in a wink's time,
 Those black spots were dispersed, and vanished fast!
 We knew they feared us, so could moor, descend,
 And take possession of their land. But loss
 Comes often deep in the lusciousness of power!
 Heading the crew, we reach the wood obscure;
 When, suddenly, that Satan's brood surround us—
 Firing, our crew but aggravate their menaces;
 They are wild lions—grown apace to monsters;—

Lance, arrow, boomerang, stone, all fly 'round us.
 They charge—we send our volley in their midst—
 Strange things explode in time's unconscious nick!
 Who thought some unexpected turn would bring
 Death to those pitch men—and glory to our crew—
 Felicia! (*She grows amorous, and clings to him.*)

All of sudden were the heavens gray;
 Then black clouds rolled o'er the coast-woods—
 quick fright
 Rushed through our foes—we saw that they re-
 treat—

Insuring for our side great victory;
 So we, in numbers small, advanced—could reach
 The woods—but those dark clouds were the air's
 fiends

Revolting with the winds—so they blew over.
 No sooner shines the declining sun again,
 When all our adversaries re-establish battle!
 We, luckful now, having the trees as battlement
 And having re-supplied lost ammunition—
 Evade their missiles; each report from us
 Sends one grim savage to the far-off world,
 Till their quick loss perplexes them, like prey
 Driven at bay—some cower—most run away.
 Felicia! The evening grew to a glorious one!
 We set up our banner—and its streamers
 Belied within the fragrant forest-wind!

FELICIA. Such memories must be a constant day
 To you! I see you, brave, determined, lead
 The combatants to fight—and spur them on—
 Phillippo! I hear your voice—and the report

Of such a shot, that levels savages with earth!

PHILLIPPO. O love! (*Aside.*) Oh! inadvised
moments—put

Before me to pronounce the means for conquest!

I must be listener—their advantage take!

(*Aloud.*) But here the sun shines much too heavy
on us.

The sea is calm; its azure doth proclaim

The birth of noon. The seabirds skim no more

The ocean's rippled surface; the gulls sleep now,

Poised like some forlorn crescent in fair day.

The surf plays dreary tune, so like the humming

Of languid maidens, when their lovers roam

The fields and mountains for rich spoil; the trees
Seem lit, and night lies round their bending trunks.

Come to yon hollow, where the breezes blow—

Letting their fragrance fall—abiding there.

So that the magic sun makes from it odors

More subtle, pure and rare than censer's fumes,

And fresher than the breaths of lily-angels!

FELICIA. Phillippo! with you I'll go the wide
world over!

Come, come.

PHILLIPPO. Felicia! (*They kiss. Aside.*)

She is mine! Rejoice!

One more is mine—victorious heart! your health!

(*Aloud.*) Yes, there the air is bland and warm; the
sand

Is cushioned with soft tufts of blooming grass;

And lawns incite to indolence. Felicia,

O love! we must enjoy this day—oh! come

Prepare in pleasures our near and lovely home
By talking love, and back of dunes reclining,
Where airs are fragrant, have a blander shining!

FELICIA. Come, come! The rainbow, following
the storm
Across broad valleys, o'er pine-gloomed mountains,
Is not more close to the swift rolling cloud
Than I to you! Phillippo!

PHILLIPPO. Perfect piece
Of handicraft! sweet girl! as though soft nature,
As in all of her myriad works, found joy
In culminating all her powers in such image!
Come, run with me to the bright world's glow-end.
(*Aside.*) Victorious heart, beat proudly! (*Aloud.*)
I'm your friend,
Felicia!—Sweetest of the honey-maidens you!
Come, come! (*Aside.*) Poor girly! if she knew
my mind!

FELICIA. I hear the horses hinnying—

PHILLIPPO. They sniff
The sea-air; grow to be as amorous as we.
O see the clouds put on their golden drapery!
The very wind is nepenthe-sick; the spray
Comes laden with Thetis' breath, and Proteus' lay!

FELICIA. It seems to me that we are sympathetic
With all, that lives, and dies on earth!

PHILLIPPO. We act—
We breathe—we work—we bear travail like all
Of creatures. Sweet! fond love is but for man;
And heavenly smiles steal only round your dimples.
How true to great creation's jubilee:

T' have thought on love, and smiles, and blushes
free!

T' have thought on what I now so sweet perform!
To kiss thee while in love's most blooming storm!

FELICIA (*laughing*). See, there's an eagle on
that rock; how tame!

'Tis perched so near us. How I wish it could
Be mine, so that sweet posies it could carry
To you, when far in strange lands you do tarry!
Let me but try—Phillippo, run with me!

(*Runs away.*)

PHILLIPPO. I'll follow you as Siroccos go to
Nubia,

To cool their impetuous whirl. (*Aside.*) Look at
the bird

Caught with vanilla fragrance! Ere the sea
Be gold I'll know my passion's victory!

(*Runs out.*)

(*Curtain drops.*)

SCENE II.—*The garden of EL KADER; flower-beds; here and there statues of Greek gods and goddesses. A stone bench, shaded by sycamores, to the right. A two feet high stone-wall shuts up the background; over this wall trees bend, allowing glimpses of the distant sea, and, to the left, coast-mountains. It is early afternoon. HASSAN, lying on the stone bench, smoking. RODERIGO, walking*

up and down; then cowering at the feet of the bench, takes his guitar, and begins to strum upon it.

HASSAN. Let music soothe your perturbed spirit
—strike
The chords with passionate fingers—so 'tis good!
(Smokes.)

RODERIGO *(sings passionately)*.

What is best—
Strife, or rest?
In rest we forfeit all the joys of life;
In strife we win life's jewel in a wife!
Better weep!
Later, reap
A pleasure, that outshineth mortal bliss—
Till, with her troth, we harvest kiss and kiss!
(Strums carelessly.)

Dear Hassan, all is lost: the diamond bright
That to my darkest hours brought joy and light!
I have not told you all!
(Strums his disappointments.)

HASSAN. Away with disappointment! Your
song was love—
Timidity lay by her—she dared not open
Her jasmine-curtained lattice—for the night
Intrigues with girls; and oft they fear such songs
That wing the adventurous breeze's mysteries!
Go! try again! one ill-success may change
Another night, to triumph's glorious skies!
Just as a brooding storm can bring the morrow

Delightful melodies, woven in the gauzy blue
Of immaculate day. Sing songs, flowered with
hope!

And gore such terror-bulls, that rage so fiercely
In the arena of your heart!

RODERIGO. Hassan, speak
Not while your thoughts are lacking certainty.
All in the wildest passion of my voice,
I heard slow steps back of the roses—Hassan!
My heart was like the fires in Edda's song—
Raging in their delight! My fingers tripped along
The strings as bubbles, down the mountain-lynn,
That rush to seek their death against the rocks!
My voice did wane—for softly did it flow—
Oh! as slow whispers round the blooms of snow
When Hylas blushes! Her dear name rushed out
Upon the glimmering bushes—Hassan! weep—
For in her stead, her maid moved, ghost-like, by;
And stayed no longer but to give to night
A sparkling jewel in a letter white
From her dear mistress.—I snatch it—Hassan—not
A word—no fold—no tear upon the blank—
If wild winds, hurled headlong from Eblis' snows,
Can drown the thunder of the seas—believe,
That disappointment, nay, woe worse than rack,
Seemed like a deluge on my heart's volcano!
My guitar hung on the jasmine-bough—my voice
Was far deep in the depth o' profound inuse—
Hassan! I cursed the moon; and menaced wildly
With my ill-fortune; till I almost swore
Deep vengeance on her; but the solemn night,

And the soft sprinkle of the fair moonbeams,
 Acted as strong enchantment; hipped, and wild
 In heart, I sought the path that led my trust
 To one, who, in the exuberance of love—
 Even in the intoxication of sweet passion—
 Did shower on me long snakes with icy fangs—
 Oh! poured the five great oceans in my throat!!
 Oh! cruel heart of woman!

HASSAN (*leaning on one arm*). Damn not wo-
 man!

For, perfidy, suckling at her breast, can die—
 And, where the vampire sucked, a sweetest scent
 May nestle there!

RODERIGO (*strumming away*). She knows not
 her own heart!

Felicia! whom I loved—who filled mine eyes
 With voluptuous tears—as wells of Pathia,
 Swell in the perfumes of rich honey-flowers!

(*Sings.*)

May love be hate,

One day!

Can love abate

Its sway!

Where the roses shiver, by the whispering river—
 Can the bird no more voice the odorous shore;

For his mate, she has flown away—

Leaving tears, and a long dismay!

HASSAN. Sing brighter themes!

RODERIGO.

When such a night

is fresh,

As morning-dew upon the silken threads of webs,
 In all my being—nay, dear Hassan, sport
 May be an anodyne to deathly memories—
 Laughter may weave a curtain, so to hide
 Vindictive feelings—but to build a wall,
 More firm than that which is great China's boast,
 To cage the lover's woes—first make of light
 A chaos!

HASSAN. Tutt, tutt! my friend; I've seen, before
 Your saddest misadventure, the sunken heart
 Revive its freshness, as the trodden mosses,
 Anemones, and deep-pressed forest-herbs,
 Will stand in all their sweetened pride again—
 Receiving their cool tribute from the morning's
 kiss—

Rejoicing, with their odors, wandering lasses—
 Replenishing, with berries, the wood-bird's nest—
 So can your heart walk in the sun-rays bright
 Of newest exaltation! Friend . . .

RODERIGO. Oh! never!
 The caverns round this heaving life-well seem
 So dark—so uninhabited—as though
 That Cyclops love had never lain his length
 From one fire-wall to its adamantine opposite!
 Dear Hassan! all your years have quenched the
 flame
 That, in our manhood, rages at the thought
 Of love!

HASSAN. I do forget those tribulations!
 (*Thinks.*)

Far sterner than the loss o' substantial treasures.

RODERIGO. Why keep in hidden lofts your
secrets, Hassan?

Here, here, reclined upon such classic bench—
With cool airs murm'ring by—and sweet birds
twittering;

And at wild intervals, the stringent strokes
O' this gentle instrument, to reverberate
A passion, assume the office fair of some
Improvisatore, whose swift verses told
Of long dead deeds, and recent woes!—Recount
In your own mystic way—with mystic phrase—
With strangest similes—those hours of your love!
(*Strums.*) Do, do! Perhaps consoling me—per-
haps—

If deserts have small isles with palms and fountains,
Creating in the chamber of my torn heart
A world of thought—an oasis for life!

HASSAN. To you my sad recital will give
benefit;
And if you take joy to your thoughts, while list'n-
ing

To my strange story, it will please me, Rod'rig!
Full confident that you will comprehend me
Since you have learned to think—and by the means
Of stern analogy were taught to open
The golden portals to nature's hidden stores!

RODERIGO. Impatient as the storm, whose
heralds blow
Their horns and bugles ere it can be wild—
Is my curiosity—intense as woman's!

HASSAN. But I'm to be the storm, and you the
poet,

Who opens all his myriad senses to such show,
With which grand nature baffles art, and invention!

RODERIGO. If storms show a turbulency, truly I—
If skies may do sad havoc to themselves, so I.
Hassan, sing your wild tune, though you are not
young—

I'll be the rain catching the wind's own song!

(Strums.)

The rainbow knows the dun thick cloud—

For it hangeth on it, as a babe to its mother.

Why may I not cling to stories proud,

For I love the sad plights of love, told by an-
other!

Then ring the wild fragrant air—

Let murmurs provoke the tears in your eyes—

I shall strum for you song so fair,

To melt the last woes, and quench the last sighs.

(Lies down in listening attitude.)

Recite, my Tasso! think your Lenore nigh!

At your feet a greater list'ner ne'er may lie!

HASSAN. Accept this—you don't enjoy a houka
well—

This tribute of the Indian, these tobacco leaves;

Rolled so to lip them, and puff out their fumes.

'Tis one from that fair magic isle of flowers

Within the lone Caribbean sea—fair Cuba!—

Where rosewood-trees the continuous murmur hear

Of Guacanayabo's full-golden surf,

Sweet Manzanillo lies; from there it comes—

Fragrantest leaf, with dew-drops sprinkled o'er;

And here and there a golden beauty-spot

Upon the hirsute leaf; all dreamers prize it.
 To listen to my tale, the material world
 Must be enveloped, as the river-mountains.
 At early morn, when golden mists arise—
 Shedding a dream around each object!—listen!

(Both smoke.)

Why must we cling to life, e'en as earth's air
 Doth never fade; but, aft' cloud-skies, doth blow
 Its freshest breezes azure-clear! So wears
 My age, though in my manhood's prime, more times
 Than change of tides I wished myself Heaven-
 flown!

Aft' leaving Zaffra, where my childhood leapt,
 And brandished lance, or sling—O Zaffra, home!
 That, near a palm-girt shott, hadst grown my
 dreams—

I sailed to Malaga, fair town—whose slants,
 With vines made dreamy, gave to me a home,
 Where, with the mysteries of alchemy and nature,
 My heart found momentary solace. Once,
 By Zaffra's hills, so golden in the Noon's fierce sun!
 A slave, whose charms were sinuous as olives,
 That bend in gardens of Pozzuoli's palaces,
 Or those around Monaco's proud stronghold—
 A slave, white as the white rose, blushed at me!
 'Twas morning in my thought—a sun rode forth;
 My thinking's stream reflected each precious ray!
 All my ambitions centered toward possession.
 To bask in such sweet sun were truly life—
 But, Roderigo! how well the poet said:
 Life is a dream, and all our actions through it—

For while my impetuous passion penetrated
Most courageous designs—the jewel of my
thought—

The jasmine of my dreams, was forced away!—
Attempting wild pursuit, they baffled me;
And I was prisoner in Zaffra's tower.

With such a memory fair Malaga
Was tainted. Lost in study, I soon forgot
My heart had in it burning orbs of skies—
Soon was the savage-power mastered!—Day
Of glory—day that sprinkled dews of freshness
o'er—

Oh! day when first my gaze was trancèd sweet
By Malaga's fairest—brightest, tenderest, loveliest
(RODERIGO *strikes some joyful accords and
rippling notes.*)

Yea, strike such notes Orphean in their passion—
Or such that Krishna heard, to slumbers lulled,
By sensuous music, played by ravishing maids,
Oh! almond-eyed—sun-girls by Jumna's reeds!
At that time my researches were acknowledged
By the nobility; so I found entrance
To most of castles. High upon a hill,
Her father's castle seemed a proud thought, reared
Upon our brain; how oft, of evenings,
That castle has been as planet to star-lovers,
And scrutinized as some slow meteor, round
Earth's years!—I loved her, she loved me as
deeply—

Dear Rod'rig! you do love a duke's fair daughter—
A prince's jewel I've loved; can planet win

More sweet a radiancy than from the air
 That doth suffuse bright colors, till it shines
 A beauty in the wide glare-sky of eve! . . .
 It was a calm, free night; the moon in glow—
 The castle quiet; the sea, like peace, below!
 The stars sweet garbed in moonbeam-gauzes drear,
 When, with her, sharpest clangs of swords I hear!—
 More warmly we embrace—we murmur now.
 We kiss—we say sweet syllables—we vow
 Our love to be eternal! . . . it is he,
 Who oft had won her arm—had whispered free.
 Words that would flush her maiden-cheeks; with
 sword

Outdrawn, with fire-eyes, flashing victory;
 With quick voice warning me—oh! wild with wrath
 His sanguine sword he sways before me!—tigress,
 Her young brood guarding, springeth no more
 quickly

Against the insidious foe, than she her grace,
 Grown glorious to unmatchable beauty, bounds
 Between us; screaming softly: “Do desist!
 “For sweet love’s sake!”—He heedeth not; I
 draw!—

Like scintillating stars, around us flash
 The sparks—and, in between, my pleading voice and
 hers

Resound, as in the brook low moans of newts.
 “I love both; both I love!” sounds like a burden
 Around my ears. My sinews strengthen; strong
 I grow; but, like some awful vision in dun
 Of latest eve, her shape springs ’tween our swords,
 Ere our eyes behold her sudden action.—

As soon she falls down dead—in such great wrath
 Indulgence wanes, the blood doth course unrul'd;
 And, like a frenzied hero through the thick
 Of Moorish battle, I spend my energies,
 Killing my adversary!—What could I do
 But tell the truth to the proud prince—he knew
 Of stories bold in past ancestral times;
 He knew the strength that love doth permeate
 Within the man; and, not to break our friendship,
 He banished me from Malaga only!—Rod'rig!
 So I had lost my love! and, since that night,
 My heart is shut to all appeals from woman.

RODERIGO. Let me dark-improvise to such a
 tale! *(Strums and sings.)*

What are you, love! what are you, love!
 A chain sweet-girdling life for ages.
 Yet you can be a misery,
 That time, nor bliss, e'er assuages!
 Oh! love! bright morning through this life!
 Oh! love! death loves thee, so doth strife!

HASSAN. So is Felicia, as I deem, my Roderig!
 Phillippo is your rival; woman chooses.
 We ask—her answer is our bliss or wo!

RODERIGO. It must be so—I shall, this after-
 noon,
 Go to her garden—for my heart still beats,
 At moments. Hassan, all is not lost!

HASSAN. He left
 With her you love, this morn; on to the beach.

RODERIGO. With her—with her! Hassan, do not
 tell me so.

I strumming idly here; and listening long
 To tales of love, while she is taken—and she
 Connives at words from one whose looseness serves
 To enamor virgin-thought. They've gone together!
 While in this shaded nook, with Phidian statues
 Adorned, to wo-sad sounds I sing the pangs
 Of unrequited love!—Hassan! tell no more
 That he has taken her—that he's my friend!—
 With her—with her!—afar from home, with her!
(*Gets up.*)

Hassan! fare you well! your friend is wild; sweet
 music!

Cease! Rest is gone. . . .

HASSAN. Take my experience, friend!
 Use reason! rashness killeth fast as sword—
 Let fate decide; though man may war against her
 Till he be in the van, as high commander!

RODERIGO. With her—alone! What can I do!
 oh Hassan!

The issue we leave with fate—we form the plan—
 For, true, in fate's firm hand is all of man!
 Hassan—if he—if he—but—away—away!

(Throws guitar upon the ground.)

Oh! if there be a Providence around
 Us!—shield her!—Hassan! fare you well! . . .

HASSAN (*gets up, and detains him*). Let not
 The monster clutch you! wait, and dream awhile!

RODERIGO. I will be quieted; but when the time
 Will burst—wo, wo to its promoter!—Hassan!
 I must seek my lonely wanderings; rejoice
 In what sweet nature gives to forlorn man!

Again our dreamy noons, when in me springs
 Such consolation, that deep contemplation brings!
 Adios! (*Exit.*)

HASSAN. Keep your reason, Roderigo!
(Reclines upon bench, and puffs at pipe.)

Aye, others would have grown sheer mad from
 such!—

Good Rod'rig is indeed the trodden flower,
 That rises in new glory!—True were all
 Those solitudes I harbored yesterday!
 They've come to head so quickly! what may the
 morrow,

Or the near night develop!—hush!
 Hush! I have seen the glorious day be drowned
 In blackest clouds when no one thought of storms!

(Curtain drops.)

SCENE III.—*To left: a room of an inn, occupying two-thirds of the stage. To right: a country-road, leading off upon hilly country. It is late evening, and in the distant sky black clouds are gathering. In the room: HOSTESS, and HOST, and a Young Girl (ten years old). At a table the INTRIGUANTE is seated; she is dressed in a very elegant apparel.*

HOST. It is not safe to leave at present, lady!
 Thick clouds are in the western sky!

HOSTESS *(opening door, and looking at the sky).*

Yea, black

They are, and swelling rapidly. *(Returned.)*
 Dear lady,

'Tis far to where you live; the storm will speed
Faster than you can drive.

CHILD (*hugging her mother's knees*). Mother,
I fear

The thunder, and the lightning!—

INTRIGUANTE. Come, dear child!

Don't cry! here, hide your face—you'll be protected.

HOSTESS. Go to the lady! (CHILD *goes.*)

INTRIGUANTE (*caressing her*). So, sweet child;
—how do

They call you? (Child *is abashed.*)

HOSTESS. But you know; what is your name!
Tell the good lady!

CHILD (*timidly*). Melita! (*Runs to her
mother.*)

INTRIGUANTE. Well, well!

Say! Host! some fine liqueur to keep me 'live!
In Valladolid the Students drink it; what a life
The Students lead! (*Aside, smiling.*) Myself
have studied there!

(*Distant thunder is heard.*) You were aright de-
terring my departure.

The distant rollings of sea-thunder announce
A furious storm!

HOSTESS. 'Twill soon be here, I'm sure!

(*It grows more dusky. There is a noise out-
side; upon road arrive the DUCHESS and
SOFFRINA, both on horseback.*)

THE DUCHESS. Soffrina!

'Twere better if we enter here; those clouds
Run faster than the steeds of Araby.

They'll overtake us ere we are aware!

SOFFRINA. Ho, ho!

HOSTESS. Dear, go!—See, who is there!

HOST. The voice

Seems not like ours—'tis soft—it must be woman's.

(*Exit to right door.*)

Aye, ladies! wait a moment! (*Runs into room.*)

Dear wife! a stool!

(*Runs out with stool.*)

So, now dismount!—My wife will see to you!

While to the horses will be given food

And rest.

(*Leads horses away.*)

Enter the DUCHESS and SOFFRINA.

HOSTESS. The storm has overtaken you!

THE DUCHESS (*aside*). They cannot be far off
from here—

For I had sight of a small streak of sea!

(*Aloud.*) Yes, woman!

HOSTESS. Rest, my ladies; pale you are—

Your eye is quick, yet shows inquietude.

Melita! get a flask!—So, now you seem

Yourself again. Drink—drink!

SOFFRINA. 'Twill pass! thanks, thanks!

HOST (*reentering*). The wind is strong; already
whistle the trees;

The black clouds are dispersing in the van.

A sheet of white is underneath—in a wink

The blast will cover us—fear nought—

MELITA (*goes to INTRIGUANTE*). Hide me,

Upon your lap; I'll sleep.

INTRIGUANTE. Good child, I'll be
A second mother to you; come, be quiet!

THE DUCHESS (*aside*). She has a mother's
manners in her; strange,
That, by lost virtue, still love's feelings dwell!
(*Aloud.*) Soffrina! I hear the blast now; they
must be

Thick in the thunder—and no shelter. There!
Why had I wished to give joy to Felicia!—
Hear, hear! The peals of thunder! see the light!
Full balls of it bobbing in the room!

HOST. 'Twill be
A storm worthy of memory! hearken now!
'Tis over us; may God spare all our lives!

HOSTESS. Be calm, good lady!
THE DUCHESS (*faintly*). Mind me not, Soffrina.
Why had I given rash permission then!

SOFFRINA. They could have found some shelter,
I think, Señora.

Perhaps they know of this same inn; this road
Is the sole one that leadeth to the castle.

They must pass here.

THE DUCHESS. There is yet hope, Soffrina!
(*Sinks into reflection.*)

INTRIGUANTE. Your child has fallen asleep!—
What crack of thunder.

Some tree is struck!

HOSTESS. Oh! God! spare all young lives!

HOST. The quick succession of these claps de-
notes

Mischief—may Heaven preserve us in this dread!
(A tremendous crashing follows.)

SOFFRINA. Good God!

ALL. Good God!

SOFFRINA. Good God! where
 did it strike!

Oh! see! that fire under my dear mistress' chair!
 Señora! Señora! up—up—or you will burn!

HOST. The lightning struck . . .

HOSTESS *and* INTRIGUANTE *(running to the*
 DUCHESS) Struck dead!

SOFFRINA. My mistress dead!
(She faints. HOST revives her.)

HOSTESS. It was that terror-clash; oh! all is
 lost.—

There is nought to revive the lightning-struck!
 We only can bewail such sad mischance!

INTRIGUANTE. Her face is black! oh! let me see
 no more!

SOFFRINA. What shall I do! alone here, and the
 Count

He'll die of sorrow—ah! he loved her so.

HOST. Count! Fret not, Señorita; I will lead
 the horse!

SOFFRINA. Thanks, thanks.

INTRIGUANTE *(consoling SOFFRINA)*. And I
 shall see you home. Come, come!

The Count must be prepared for such sad news.
 I will be its stern messenger—refrain
 From inquietude. . . .

HOST. I hear the clatter of hoofs.

(*Goes out by the door. FELICIA and PHILLIPPO come trotting up the road.*)

PHILLIPPO. Felicia! here, at last, we may find shelter!

Man! take our horses!—Felicia, dismount.

(*The women have borne the corpse aside.*

SOFFRINA *watches over it; she is with face away from the center of the room. The INTRIGUANTE is seated at the table.*)

INTRIGUANTE. Some traveler, bound for home, I do suppose.

(*Aside.*) Phillippo! aye, the last time you did kiss, You swore that soon you would release me sure From my bad life—Phillippo!

PHILLIPPO and FELICIA enter, hurriedly.

PHILLIPPO. Take a chair!
Señoras, what a storm!

(*Sees INTRIGUANTE; startles.*)

(*Aside.*) My mistress!

(*FELICIA'S back is turned towards the INTRIGUANTE. He goes up to her, quickly.*)

(*Whispers.*) Rosa! For love's own sake, know not of me!

INTRIGUANTE (*startled, whispers*). I will not, for our love's dear sake!

(*Aside.*) One lady here was prey to the storm's lightning.

Her lady's maid is there, lost in bereavement!

PHILLIPPO. Who is it?

- INTRIGUANTE. The wife of a count. . . .
- PHILLIPPO. (*Aside.*) Heaven's law!
It cannot be her mother. Tell her turn
Her face this way. . . .
- INTRIGUANTE (*goes to SOFFRINA, and arouses
her*). Oh! be consoled!
 (*SOFFRINA turns around.*)
- PHILLIPPO (*is speechless for a moment*). How
tell Felicia!
- SOFFRINA (*recognizing the two*). O God!
Salvation comes in need!
- Phillippo! Dear Felicia! (*runs to FELICIA and falls
upon her*). Can you hear it!
- FELICIA. Why here—what should induce you
be out here!
- Has mother sent you after us; and she
Was fretting for her child! Oh! good, good
mother!
- SOFFRINA. She came with me. . . .
- FELICIA. Where, where is
she! I must
- Kiss her . . . ah! be again in her dear arms!
- PHILLIPPO. 'Tis better to be short in telling such
sad fate.
(*Goes to her.*) Felicia! your mother has been
struck
- By lightning! . . . (*FELICIA faints.*) Hostess!
bring some water, quick, oh! quick!
- . . . It would be well to lay her on a couch!
- INTRIGUANTE. Yes, yes!
- PHILLIPPO. I'll carry her to the next
room!

(Actions take place. Exeunt all. Returning to the room, he stands before the corpse.)

There lies the mother of a child whose youth
I've spoiled!—Fate, fate! in smallest compass thou
Dost perpetrate thy doings. Time is not
A minister of thine, but thou art like the gale
That, in a moment, turns the sea's calm to mounts
Of seething turbulence!—Great storm, thou wert
Th' admonisher of my day's actions sweet,
Art now the slayer of a saintly woman!
Thy thunder warned us—and thy lightning struck
An angel! . . . Oh! that we could see, or hear,
Or feel, or be foretold of such quick haps—
So that their suddenness would not incur
Upon our sensibilities such pain!
That bliss, and sorrow, thus should meet in one
Short day! That, having won the heart of passion
Within its radiant glow—its drear decline
Should be the murderer of one so fair—
So true in love sincere;—her mother dead! . . .
(Reflects.)

Reenter SOFFRINA.

SOFFRINA. Señor! she doth revive; she breathes
again.

PHILLIPPO *(reflectful and to himself)*. Her
mother dead! And I have been so dastard
To be pollutor of her child! *(Turns around.)*
You there!

Is Felicia better! Tell me!

SOFFRINA. *(Aside.)* He must dream!

Yes, she can open her eyes; her lips seek utterance!

PHILLIPPO. Immediately away! to tell the
Count!

Oh! strangest of coincidences! amassed,
To build a fortress, that doth stand the siege
Of strongest resolutions! Would you were
To subtile shapes transmuted, so our curse
Could make them volatile, and so be freed
Of their so ghastly phantoms!—She will ride
With you, Soffrina! The corpse will be my charge.
Make ready! hasten—come, let us dispatch.
Host! quick, saddle the horses!

(Both exeunt, to room.)

HOST *(entering)*. Right away,
Señor! *(Gazing at the corpse.)* Aye, aye, the
storm has got its prey!

Such tender woman! Had my wife been struck,
O God! what would it cost me! I could not live.

(While walking out of the room, curtain falls.)

At this stage of events an effective tableau can be introduced, picturing the party riding back to the castle. A gloomy night upon a wavy land. In the distance a cloudy horizon, with one or two stars peeping out, in solemn places. Four horses would be necessary. One with the corpse on its back, led by PHILLIPPO, on horseback. The others ridden by FELICIA and SOFFRINA. The HOST, as protection, would have to walk alongside the funeral cavalcade; a muffled silence accompanies them; and, now and then, a flash of lingering lightning would

give emphasis to the ghastly, gloomy, and solemn procession. It would rest entirely with the inventive and imaginative manager of scenes, whether the tableau be effective and pathetic, or not.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The park of the DUKE. Some months are elapsed since the death of the COUNTESS.*

The DUKE is walking alone.

DUKE. 'Tis solace, once in a long while, to leave
The castle, with its many memories—
And breathe the leafy air. Are four months fled—
Four months!—In that long time no laughter went
From door to room, from path to flowery sward!
Her sweet light laughter! oh! her cherry-breath,
Fresh as the fragrant May! what am I now?
And dear Felicia's story grows to me
To assume the shape of contemptibility.
Be calm, gray hairs! O learn to bear your lot—
Though monstrous 'tis, look up to judging God!

(Through the trees comes FELICIA.)

Felicia comes—the last sweet likeness left
To love! when of my wife I am bereft.
'Tis like devotion to the soul—when round
Us strike the lightnings, and the thunders sound!

Enter FELICIA.

Come here, my child! (*Kisses her.*) You'll be my
comfort still—

And though thy acts be all contemptible!

FELICIA (*calmly*). Dear father, will you love
me ever so—

I'll love you longer, even in far Heaven!

DUKE. Dear child! you ought to have some
younger love.

Has not Phillippo come?—you both were friends.

It seemed to me you made much of him, girl!

Aye, did you not?

FELICIA. Yes, father; but he writes
No more to me. For many weeks no word,
No line—(*Vaguely.*) O father! I feel culpable.
I must not see you any more; my dreams
Are filled with bloody scenes—it is to me,
I suffer from some ill-deed, I know not of!

DUKE. You seem so pale—be hale and hearty,
child!

Remember how your mother smiled!

FELICIA. O mother,
How can I see you in the face again!

DUKE. What thoughts are making havoc in
your soul!

Sweet delicate child, come kiss me!

FELICIA. No, dear father!
(*Shudders abstractedly.*)

I think I see the whole sweet past take claws,
And crawl along my way—to swallow me—

Away!—Phillippo, when will you send a sign—
Be quick! let me not think you are malign!

DUKE (*aside*). What craze is stealing over her!

(*Aloud.*) Come, come!

Felicia! courage! He will soon be here!

Go back to Soffrina, she will give you strength.

She knows what delicate girls need most. Go, go!

I'll soon be with you.

FELICIA. This kiss—to console me!

(*Walks off in a dreamy manner.*)

DUKE. She's changed; she's changed. What is
the cause? O God!

Could she have fallen, nay, oh! nay—thrice nay!

She is disturbed in thought—her mother's dead.

And these last weeks Phillippo has not come.

Phillippo!—but who's walking up the lane?

There're two—a long, rich gown—yea, 'tis Has-
san's gait!

Señor Roderig must be with him.

Enter HASSAN and RODERIGO.

HASSAN.

Salutations

We thought of seeing you before we made

The designs for the chatelet—opinions serve

To modify projects, as you know, and tend

To improve the original.

DUKE.

True. Thanks, Señores!

Come with me to the room; and there we may

Have better means to amplify, construct,

Or create anew.

RODERIGO. We thought it well to form
 The grand façade as in some Turkish mosque——
 DUKE (*moving onward*). Quite good; the more
 it seems oriental—the better—
 RODERIGO (*following*). But it will be——
 HASSAN (*following*). I thought
 that some new plinth . . .
 (*All exeunt.*)

Enter FELICIA and SOFFRINA.

SOFFRINA. Dear mistress, oft I warned you, oft
 I've told
 You, that young men were made to tempt us
 maidens—
 So be consoled—you are not solely sad.
 Oh! others, others have been drawn to guilt.
 FELICIA (*looking around*). But father was here,
 just a few moments since.
 SOFFRINA. He does expect some friends—so he
 is home.
 FELICIA (*dreamily*). And—and what did they
 do to her; you said.
 They often hooted at her—even threw stones—
 Even spit upon her face—is that the truth?
 SOFFRINA. So say the writers; but she was so
 poor
 That she was open to all talk—all eyes
 Could see her everywhere. Now do not think
 Of her—lest you be so wrought up to deem
 Yourself more gross than any wench on earth.
 FELICIA. But did she have a lover so unfaithful!

SOFFRINA. Not thy fault 'twas, Angelica's
daughter fair!

'Tis man who makes poor woman lose her will—
'Tis man who swears to love, for her to care—
And lets her be to all contemptible!

So hear a tale: At first the snow did melt—
And sleeping blossoms knew that Spring would
come . . .

FELICIA. See, there is Señor Rod'rig; go, call
him here—

He may know where he is——

SOFFRINA. I'll run—and call him.
(*Exit—returns with RODERIGO.*)

Señor Rod'rig was with the Duke a while ago.

FELICIA. So, so!—Good day——

RODERIGO. You asked a wish
of me?

FELICIA. Have you not seen Señor Phillippo,
lately?

RODERIGO. Not for some weeks; I've heard, he
left the land——

Some of my friends told me they saw him far
In Valladolid——

FELICIA. So far away! does he not write
To you?

RODERIGO. No more; I think he leads so fair
A life, that writing is forgotten; how otherwise,
When gay eyes laugh with him—and ruby lips
Give up their wine to him—who loves them all!

FELICIA (*aside*). Can I hear this! O God—
Thanks, Señor! But, Soffrina, come!

Excuse us, please; we must be home anon.

(*Aside to SOFFRINA.*) Soffrina, I am choking—quick—before I faint! (*Exit with SOFFRINA.*)

RODERIGO. Señoritas, good day!—

She grew so pale; O tender bud, I see it all—

Thou wouldst not love me for my station's doom;

Now love thou him who sings with twenty maids—

Who cursed thee! Oh! I pity thee; what may befall

Thee soon—'tis life or death with thee, my love!

(*Exit; curtain drops.*)

SCENE II.—*The Study of HASSAN. He is alone. On the table are drawings, cartoons. He is thinking.*

HASSAN. This cupula requires computation. Aye, Roderig has well designed the plan, but failed to calculate the strength of posts and arches. It will be a richly decorated construction, this chatelet the Duke intends for his young daughter, as dower. Aye, good Duke, you little suspect what a man may be, outside the pale of married life! I thought 'twould be as now it shows itself: Phillippo gone to entertain his mistress, while he kills his other love!

Enter RODERIGO.

Well, to work now, Roderig! We have to prove the Duke that intellect is worth the many

architects who pride themselves of supersharpness in the cheapest way to erect their edifices; we must prove that thought, expended on . . .

RODERIGO.

Dear Hassan—

We must suspend our calculations now,
A moment. There is some ill-flavored wind
A-blowing, near to the Duke's far castle. Hassan,
On returning here, in the park, I was, sudden, called
By Felicia—and she asked me strangest things.
I was struck by her peculiar gaze—her look
Seemed far, far off—a pallor spread o'er her,
That haunts me even now; oh, rose-bud blithe,
That thou shouldst be so blanched by Longing's
rays!

Hassan, she asked me where Phillippo was.
I did inform her with straightforwardness,
And told her of his life in Valladolid. Oh! wrong
I did, it seemed to me; for she did turn
To white—O Hassan, have you seen the roses
Of happy cheeks, of sudden, die—and in their stead
A gloomy white spread, like at moon-sung night,
With stormy clouds a-flying—the moon streams
down

Her livid beams upon a mound of flowers!
She asked no more—but with heroic composure
She wished me pleasure; and, like an agony,
She dreamed away; but, as she reached the steps,
She fainted; then I hurried here, to think
Of what her fate will be; and muse on how
Phillippo find his penalty!

HASSAN.

Be calm!

Dear Roderig, the more I teach—the more I see
 That characters are born; and good ones live
 A destined day; while those, who sully all
 Their higher nature, remain to badness linked!
 Phillippo proves it—you do prove it too;
 The one loves Heaven, the other earth's gross joys.
 But for Felicia—she is the fair flower, plucked,
 And must bear all her wo; or die alone.
 I see the consequences, Roderig!
 Bright nature loves the dead, and cares so little
 For those who live! So temper yourself—and be
 As I am, loyal to high Destiny!

RODERIGO. She knows how he has treated her—
 she knows

Her future; oh! she feels her inner soul
 Loud wailing! She will dream and dream—and,
 lost,

Will see her dreams take shape—what may result!
 I dare not speak it. Hassan! is there not one way
 To keep her bright of mind—oh! must he come
 To her—he the wry Monster: maid's Despair!

HASSAN. Go, pacify your heart! She could
 not love

Thee now; and though she now begin to hate
 Her own Phillippo—strange sequences will grow,
 Erelong, dear Roderig!

RODERIGO. I shall go, and try
 To soothe her wound; and with apt words win her
 To yield to fate—and bear.

HASSAN. What fruits will't yield!
 O Roderig! There seems a power over all

Our doings. What boots it question its designs!
 Upon the threshold of our will we fail.
 With wings of certainty to success we fly—
 And as we are alighting on the ground—
 Some irresistible current draws us far away.
 Thus all we contemplate is frustrated—
 It seems we are by some strange power led.
 Roderig! the best and wisest you can do
 Is standing patiently till time will clear
 All clouds away—and brighter sun will reign.
 Trust in the words of one who lived so long!

RODERIGO. How can my heart beat—when I
 know her sad—

Discomfited in mind—aye, wintry cold
 In her dear dreams. Aye, Hassan, who forbid
 The bland sweet breezes of the Spring to blow
 Upon the snow-encumbered almond tree—
 And there to breathe new life—so that some days
 Will impart pink blossoms on its bare light twigs!
 I will go—— (*There is a knocking at the door.*)

Who's knocking—'tis some evil boding.

HASSAN (*opens*). Good day, my lady. Do you
 seek me?

Enter SOFFRINA.

SOFFRINA. No, Señor.
 'Tis Señor Roderig, t' whom I should like to give
 This note from my young mistress.

RODERIGO. (*impatient*).

Pardon!

Give, give!—
 (*Reads letter.*)

Fate, fate!—Hassan, you were right!—I'll quickly reply.

Señora, was she well—aye, is she losing strength, And will? *(Goes to the table, and writes.)*

SOFFRINA. She seems to wither now. Oh! day By day. Señor, there's nought to do for her. My endeavors went all askew; she loves him yet. But in her eyes there flash bitter rays of despair. Aye, aye—I knew 'twould turn to this. You, Señor,

Were better as her suitor, but her childlike, Capricious fancies shattered on gay cliffs— And now she suffers wreck—remorse, and wo.

RODERIGO. Well, I'll do all that's in my feeble power

To win her take the course of reason—there! Good Soffrina—let her read these lines and give My love to her!

SOFFRINA. I will. I know she will Be more composed, when she'll have read your words.

RODERIGO. May God prevail upon her!

SOFFRINA. Adios, Señores.

HASSAN *(showing her the door)*. Farewell, my lady! *(Exit SOFFRINA.)*

RODERIGO. I'll see her to-morrow. When she doth walk about the garden-alleys— Oh! now a plaintively cadenced step she has! She vies no more with roses' richest red; I see her lying, weeping on the grass; I hear her, trembling: would that I were dead!

Yea, I have wronged her; she writes so wildly—
 So madly! Hassan, read, read—and say if love
 Could be more sacred to a maid than hers.
 But can I spot my character with falsehood!
 Hassan, I answered her—she knows now all.
 'Tis better so—the sun is better blessed
 When shining brilliantly, so man is better
 If with stern truth he acteth nobly!

HASSAN.

True!

Dear Roderig, her words are cut with sharpest
 wo;

And the rare essence streaming through them,
 brings

Before me all her misery and sorrow.

RODERIGO. Oh! that a young fair flower should
 be plucked,

And cast away into some forlorn nook,

Where no hope-rays pierce its obscurity!

Where no one dare to stretch a succoring hand

Where it is left to wither—mold—exhale!

And such I loved—with strains of Hellas-tone

Have tried to woo her to my own affections.

Now all is disappointment—all is wail—

Both of us are like ships with shattered sails.

Hassan, I'll write a song again—to-morrow,

At moon's uprise—the breezes will be mine.

I'll charge them with the melody so bright

That roseate morning will beam in the night!

HASSAN. Aye, noble soul! you are too angel-
 like!

All-sacrificing labors futile prove on earth;

Yet, well it is that you do act so truly.
 Bid that the Muse will guide you—all is well
 Yet, when one's soul does paint a heaven of hell!

RODERIGO. True, master! you have taught me
 to compose

Myself—even when wroth gales around me howl.
 See here! your friend has learnt his lesson well—
 And lives in heaven, though round him burneth hell!
 But now to work, dear Hassan!

HASSAN.

Well, to work!

(*Curtain drops.*)¹

SCENE III.—FELICIA'S chamber; like in Act I.
*It is night. She is seated; the window is half
 opened; the moon is shining without. On the table
 letters and trinkets lie scattered.*

FELICIA (*reflectively*). He answered me! How
 old my thoughts have grown!

I, antelope-Felicia—Diana's bow—

So did they call me; who calls me now! A few—
 Who but exchange their common minds with mine!
 Exchange—O would he had not done it so
 With his—exchange! O would I could my life
 With that of some bright maid who loves yet love—
 For all its sweetest bliss! How old I've grown—
 With this my burden unenjoyed—an iron
 Cold iron working icy in my inner blood!

O God! that he has left me!—Is man so:
 To love, then leave his love in shame and wo!
 He says—(*goes to the table, takes a letter, and re-
 seats herself.*) He says: for life's sweet sake,
 bear up!

Keep bright thy mind; and think no more about it!
 And he does close with this: as ever your lover!
 But how bear up—when hourly my life's consumed
 With thoughts that are too woful far for tears.
 O blank cold eyes—no tears swell in your sockets—
 They are as dry as streams in hottest summer,
 With stones and rocks parched, all their verdure
 seared!

Oh! would my tears could flow again, as months
 Ago—but they've been shone upon by wo's
 Own sun that scorches all within its reign!
 O bear my shame!—oh! mother in the skies,
 Look down upon thy daughter in distress!—
 It would be sweet to fly to thee—and shirk
 A life, bright with a child, whose father's name
 Can ne'er be uttered—ne'er be loved again!—
 Be loved again!—Oh! I begin to feel
 A hate come weltering in my tortured heart!
 Soffrina will come soon—she must console me.
 What's consolation to a life irreparable:
 Dew on one's life—absorbed by wo, remorse—
 An ever-dying ray relumed by all
 Its changing colors! Consolation—death
 Alone may now console me—only death!
 Phillippo, Phillippo! rememberest thou that hour
 When, kissing me, I fell a thrall to thee!

How ardent were thy words—how true thy eyes—
 Ah! I believed them—now thy lover sighs!
 Sighs! nay, I will not sigh—yet, sighing soothes—
 Yet kills me—oh! the pain from oversighing!
 (*Throws letter on the table.*) Would that Soffrina
 be here! 'Twere better be amad
 Than consciously with shame abide—a shame!
 Nay, nay, live with past memories—and know
 Them withered—poisoned—till they grow to be
 Worse than vile detestation!

Enter SOFFRINA.

SOFFRINA. Wroth again!
 Come, come, Felicia! as a mother dear
 I will give comfort. (*Kneels before her.*) You
 have your father yet,
 Who shines for thee, as for the earth the sun.
 He's ignorant of it—I shall prepare him;
 He loves you so, that only tears will burst—
 O tears of pity; do not worry! Come—
 Oh! listen to stories of the May—the blossom-
 month!
 'Tis ever blossoming in our soul—there's not
 A winter-blast! O May is soul-like, Felicia!
 For though our hearts be icy—we can bloom
 Our soul with hope's own hues and flowers!

FELICIA. More,
 More, dear Soffrina! A mother cannot show
 More fondness for her child, than you for me.
 But tell me, tell me—that woman's face and dress
 Will never leave my mind—is she a one

Who lost her virtue like myself—and now
Is being confronted by all men who sin?

SOFFRINA (*aside*). O wretched meeting with
that lady!—Stop!

Stop! Paint not pictures of wrong scenes and deeds
Within thy mind—'tis far too much deep-colored.
Weep, dear Felicia! so tears may shed a screen
Of freshening dew upon the glaring truth!

FELICIA (*abstractedly*). She wanders now from
town to town!—she seeks
In bowers, fragrant with forbidden passion,
What many find when honey-days have come!

SOFFRINA (*aside*). Her thoughts are sadly gone
astray! (*She walks to the window, opens
it.*) Felicia—

See! there the suckle glows from the gold kiss
Of a more golden moon! The birks are trembling.
How silvery they glitter!—Come, and gaze
Upon the scene! hark! the nightingale
Sings forth her song—how the short close does
mingle

With the soft murmur of the wind, that steals
Through aisles, and oaken-rows its darkling way.
(*Aside.*) What, what! She does not stir! (*Goes
to her.*) Felicia, hear—

O hear me—be not all so silent! (*A pause.*)

FELICIA (*startled*). What!

Did you speak? (*Takes SOFFRINA'S hand.*) Leave
me not. Soffrina, stay

By me! I feel that I must die so soon!
Soffrina—a dream it was! You spoke to me?

Sit here! (SOFFRINA *at her feet.*)

SOFFRINA (*aside*). O Heaven, preserve this child! Say, say!

FELICIA. I saw myself derided; 'twas in town;
And as I walked the streets, the people scoffed,
And pointed at me. Then I screamed—I ran—
I fell—they were upon me—then I raised
Mine arms, and cried for mercy—but no one
Would listen; till the crowd did tear my robes—
Than on an ass they placed me, who was naked.
Soffrina—then I screamed—and tore my tress—
I cried, and shrieked—and, with a bound, I leapt
From saddle to the ground—where bleeding,
crazed,

I bit myself, and died! (*A pause.*)

SOFFRINA. No more of this!

Felicia, if thou lovest me—cheer up!

(*Aside.*) How can I change her train of thoughts!

Here, take

Thy mandoline, and ring the night with tones

That will reverberate in echo low

To the fond murmur of the suckle-bees!

(*She gives it to her.*)

FELICIA. Nay, nay! it doth remind me of that
eve,

When Señor Rod'rig thrilled my heart a moment.

O days of hours whose apt reason lost

Itself in prudish choosing! nay, away—

(*She stares.*) Could it have been—if—if—if I
had written!

Three words upon that note, that eve—perhaps:

His heart a treasure, and his knowledge worth
 More than the stores of Babylon! Would life
 Be joyous at his side—two lovers true
 Sporting o'er scented fields—away, away—
 Soffrina, take that ugly thing from me!
 Oh! now!—irreparable—he would not look
 At me. Oh! what can I—worse than to be
 Exiled to islands, homes of beasts of prey! . . .
 Oh! mother! where art thou!—oh! father dear,
 Thy daughter is disgraced; O could I fly
 To thee, O mother—— See, there he walks,
 And there beside him is that creature vile—
 I'll spring upon them! I have claws as strong
 As any tiger's; they shall know that!—where
 Art thou, my Roderig? . . .

SOFFRINA. Listen, child! I beg
 You, come to reason! . . .

FELICIA. Reason—ha—ha—ha——
(She screams, and laughs. A pause.)

SOFFRINA. Felicia. *(She tries to arouse her.)*

Felicia, smile again! O smile!

O God! *(She falls upon FELICIA'S lap.)*

Enter THE DUKE.

THE DUKE *(from door to left)*. What were
 those screams, they came from here?

Felicia fallen asleep—and Soffrina too!

(Walks to them; startles.)

O God! dead . . . dead! *(Kisses FELICIA. SOFFRINA revives, and rises.)* Oh! tell the dole-
 ful story.

SOFFRINA. My Duke, your daughter died from
overpain.

Oh! listen to her fate: thy son-in-law
Has left her—she was with his child—how could
She, delicate, darling body, live with wo!

THE DUKE. He left her!—Oh! how can I
breathe amore,
When fate strikes down its bolts upon my doom
So quickly!—All is gloom and wailing now!
I'm left alone—I must needs die of grief.

Out in park enter RODERIGO, and sings.

RODERIGO. Oh! birdling, struck with wo,
Die not yet, for my sake.
Cheer up—for thee I glow—
My old love doth awake!
Then sing thy songs again—and, sweeting, be
My love as in old days, when we were free!

THE DUKE. Who sings out there unconscious
of Death's blow?

Oh! he must soon this saddest story know!

SOFFRINA. 'Tis Roderig—oh! concourse of
these woful tales—

They shed their gloom o'er many a cheery heart.

THE DUKE. Oh! soon we all must go to Death's
quiet vales—

We all must from our fond and loved ones part!
(*They attend to FELICIA while the curtain drops.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—EL KADER'S garden. *View on the sea.* HASSAN and RODERIGO to the left, seated on the stone bench. *Two months have elapsed.*

RODERIGO. Aye, must the past loom up, as craggy mounts
Rear up above a Scandinavian sea!
HASSAN. Inopportunately you do mar your thinking
With incidents whose nucleus none can know—
Nor whose dark flowers none has plucked. Ah!
Roderig!

The Past must dwell with us as, in our room,
The hideous spider, that we never see:
She spins her web, or if she hath forsaken
Her labors, leaving but the web—we know
It there, but do not reck its darkling life.
Oh! therefore shun to rummage in the cells
Of thy near memory—go out to view
The present scene, and take its brightness all.
The spider must be there; but there's no use
Of seeking for it—it does well alone!

RODERIGO. O well you say—my master! for the
sea
Is blue—between the olive-leaves it sparkles!
'And see the bluefinch, on yon myrtle-twig:
Hear how it chirps—now cheeps!—And, do you
smell
The perfume of those gladioli, rank

Of growth, along that hedgerow, live with birds.
What balmy air, this morn; for Tasso fit
To sing a song to his Lenore—O Love!
That now art in the Heavens where thou smilest,
Couldst be now near me, here—and dream
Upon my breast, and listen to my songs:
Such Dante, to his lyre, sung, when visions
Around him floated—blessed by his Beatrice!
Sad memory to all my life—that night,
When to thee had I sung my ditty sweet,
Unknowing of thy death! Felicia—name,
That would have darkened all my sterling fame!
Couldst thou have seen me when thy ghost was
free—

Oh! seen me singing songs of love to thee!

HASSAN. Again in dreams! 'Tis wrong for
man to dream!

RODERIGO. Nay, nay! 'Tis well for man to keep
to dreams!

Demulcent 'tis to fair-transcend our day,
And turn our phrases to a lovelier lay.
But dreams are sweet prerogatives; it seems,
Those, whom the higher powers love the best,
By high fair dreams are sweetly filled with rest!
What truer, purer way to spend the hours
Than think of distant worlds of rosy flowers?
O Hassan! though that saddest day was mine—
Have I not cause to dream a dream divine!

HASSAN. My words were rude, dear Roderigo—
yea,

You may dream so—yet manlier 'tis to bear,

Forget your wo, and work anew for man!

RODERIGO. True, true. Now two months have
 been drearily ranging
 Since she, Felicia, died a death of wo.
 Three weeks are gone since her kind father died!
 All dead!—what devastation to a house
 Of noblest hearts thou bringest—sudden Death!
 Oh! would thou comest with a lightning-flash
 To strike me dead!—But where's Phillippo,
 Hassan?

Two months, and more, no news from him. He
 strums

To his lascivious songs—and kisses more
 Than is man's due.

HASSAN. I heard of him—he seems
 To keep his paramour long company.
 Holds dalliance with her near the fragrant coast.

RODERIGO. To him I must;—oh! he, a murderer!
 Is it a truth that vile low thoughts, intact
 Within his cultured brain, have sullied him!
 Aye, aye! though he's my friend—I would to drive
 A javelin within his breast—and curse
 His corpse! He's not acquainted with her death!
 I would to see his face when he doth hear
 That saddest tale. I fear no wide surprise
 Would leer from him—but, soon as heard, he would
 Back to his gay carouse—and loll his head
 Upon a bosom hot with wine and lust.

He! Hassan! I shall start upon the morrow!

HASSAN. What for? To perpetrate a crime,
 that, done,

Will burn your conscience! Let Heaven deal the
blow!

RODERIGO. Oh! light! upon the azure sea; how
fair

Thy life, to lume the spheres so constantly.
Repairest then within thyself to warm
Thine orb, that gives light to us generously!
No ails, no frets, no wo—no past, nor pain
Hast thou. Oh! glorious in thyself, thou glowest
Full glorious all without; self-vital—self-
Inspiring—all thy life is giving life!
And we, dear Hassan, are the outcome sad
Of such a brilliancy! oh! strangeness vast
Of our life! we would to act, when all
We do is merely what a power ordains.
So, Hassan, will I listen to thy words—
Let Heaven rule our dooms—and I shall work
For man—at least do what my powers can!

HASSAN. Such is the wisdom-strain within our
souls:

The highest he who overmasters passions.
He acteth most, who listens to his soul,
For in that song the deeds of Heaven dwell!

RODERIGO (*standing up*). So let us walk to
yonder cove, and lie
Upon the beach—and there forget to sigh!
(*Curtain drops, while they walk away.*)

SCENE II.—*In a village in the Southern part of
Spain. To the left is a tavern; the stage represents*

the tavern garden, with vine-arbors; flowers, and walks; the garden ends in a wall, overlooking the tables are many girls with young Señors. At one in the right foreground is PHILLIPPO, with ROSA. The scene opens with the girls in a row, in front of the stage, singing to mandolinatas which the men are strumming.

SONG OF GIRLS. Amamos todos los besos

De los Señores nobiles—

Teniendo entre los dedos

Sus cigarritos por fumar.

Besa V. ! sonreiamos.

Con Vs. en alguna parte vamos !

(They go back to several tables, and drink and chat.)

PHILLIPPO. Dear Rose! This jolly crowd is as
a draught of wine—

Their song so fiery—flamed with warmest love!

ROSA. Now that we married are, and live all day
Together—they please me all the more; Phillippo!
Dost know it—'tis a wretched life they lead.

Before I knew thee—such was mine.

PHILLIPPO.

Rejoice

Then, Rose, that fate was generous, to have given

Thee one who kisses thee when passionate;

And does for thee all thou dost wish be done.

Heh! fill our glasses! Coy, be quick!—Such wine

They grow nigh Syracuse, inspires Joy

To play the game Silenus loved; not so,

Dear Rose?

ROSA (*drinks the last quaff*). 'Tis Pleasure running down my throat,
And laughing in each crevice of my heart.
Phillippo; buoyant do I feel—these cherished quaffs
Do me, and thee, more good than all the proverbs
The prelate in the village spouts upon
His tethered sheep! Ha-ha! What imagery
Uprises in the mind. . . .

(*While speaking, some of the Señores surround their table.*)

1ST SENOR. Phillippo, these two strangers came to-day.

I told them that your Rose's voice was sweet—
Divine as Seraph-song; they begged me ask
Her trill awhile——

(*The evening advances, lights are lit—the moon is seen rising.*)

PHILLIPPO. Welcome to our town!
Señores!

1ST SENOR. This is Señor Cosmo; this
Is Señor Vegas.

PHILLIPPO (*standing up*). Señores! Pray, accept
My hospitality. Señora! know
Señor Cosmo—Señor Vegas.

ROSA. Strangers are
As birds that fly to us with news of Spring!

SEÑOR COSMO. Señora! You do compliment us!

SEÑOR VEGAS and COSMO. Thanks!

(*They seat themselves.*)

PHILLIPPO. Boy, four large bottles of that
bloody wine!

Be quick! . . . The Señora will now gratify your
wish.

Señores! This most beauteous night will serve
To make the song enchanting. A mandoline!

(1ST SENOR gets one.)

Now Rose!

(*He takes her chair, and puts it in the shade
of a tree; ROSA sits down in a languid pose.
He returns to table.*)

So sing that love song, languid more
Than aromatic winds that fill the hill-side dark,
Where birds sing dreamily. (He strums.)

ROSA (*sings*).

I.

¿ Porquè piensas tu
Que non amaré te siempre?
Un pájara me ha dicho,
Nel' canzonata su,
Que has lorrado para me—
* * * * *
Hombre nobil'! amo te—
Despues el muerte te amaré!
* * * * *

II.

Homos visto á nosotros—
Hemos dado muchos besos là

Los pájaras han cantado—
 Oh! Dios! que gran'gusta da
 L'amor que vive siempre—

* * * * *

Los besos de un hombre nobile!

* * * * *

SENOR VEGAS. Enchanting!

SENOR COSMO. Full

Of languorous sound—'tis Love's substantial song.

SENOR VEGAS (*aside to COSMO*). 'Tis all his way!

SENOR COSMO (*aside*). Odd fancies aye were his!

1ST SENOR. I see that you are pleased!

PHILLIPPO (*taking a glass of wine*). Señores, now

To drink the health of her who sang so sweetly!
 Come, dearest Rosa, on my lap!

(*Drinks—all join him.*)

SENOR VEGAS. Indeed,

Your mistress sings like angels in the skies.

'Tis all divine, her voice!

1ST SENOR. Our dearest 'tis—

The sweetest 'mong the belles of our town—

You are, Señora—you cannot deny it.

ROSA. I must submit—the one who compliments
 Is a fair judge!

1ST SENOR. Thanks, thanks.

(*Kisses her hand.*)

PHILLIPPO (*gets to be maudlin*). Señores, luck
To you! (Drinks.)

SEÑOR VEGAS (*aside to COSMO*). Ha, this will
aid us!

SEÑOR COSMO. And the darkness!

PHILLIPPO (*takes up his glass*). Señores!

Down Guadalquivir to the sea,
We often sailed, and Rosa sang all way!
Her voice was from the magic gardens got—
Near Manzanares' quiet flow. Bright wine!
Aye, drink with me a glass! may glory shine—
And fame upbear to you her banners all!
Now, Rosa, sing your quatrain: union sweet
To wine, that floweth to old Bacchus' feet!

ROSA (*sings*).

Bloody wine—wild flowing—

Makest eyes fire-glowing—

Thou comest from red skies down-showering—

Thy blood in us is overpowering!

PHILLIPPO (*sings, then all join in the last lines*).

Señores, tell of your exploits!

SEÑOR VEGAS. Too cruel

My tale for any one to hear!

SEÑOR COSMO (*aside to VEGAS*). Stop! let
Me drive the dagger in his breast by art!

(Aloud.) But I know one, I heard on our road
From the blue sea to Madrid's battled walls.

1ST SENOR. So tell it us!

PHILLIPPO (*drinks*). To him who's funny-tongued!

Let comedy play love with adventurous hap!
So there, my Rosa and myself, we listen!

(*Takes ROSA around her waist.*)

SEÑOR COSMO. He walked with us. He was so stern of mind

To show his moral tenets, e'en while jesting!
He had a tear swim in his eye, at close
Of his strange woful story.

PHILLIPPO (*drinks*). Tell the tale.

SEÑOR VEGAS (*aside*). He's maudlin; tell the truth, my Roderigo!

SEÑOR COSMO. You seem quite interested—I will tell:

It seems, he passed a castle, some long months
Ago; and there he met with ugly sights.
He saw the noble house in wail—a coffin
Lay in the hall—wide open—in it was
The body of a fair young girl—scarce old
Enough to know the bitter of the world.
Aghast, he noticed that her waist was swollen—
She was with child—a young dear mother dead—
Dead ere a nursling could have mouthed her breast!
So was she in the flowered bier—her face
Wild with unrest—her eyes yet full of pain—
Her lithe fair body sweet to see—alas,
'A mother, dead ere she could kiss her babe!
He said he gazed at her awhile, when soon
Into the hall a tall old man appeared.
The house was solitary—no one there—

The hall left all unlocked. . . .

PHILLIPPO (*aside, with heavy breath*). What is he saying!

SEÑOR COSMO. He followed the man's ways—
he bent his head

Low o'er the girl—when, suddenly, he screamed;
And fell upon the coffin's edge—he ran
Towards him—but trying to revive him was vain—
The old man died at seeing his daughter's corpse.

PHILLIPPO (*aside*). What veil is taken from
my memory!

Señor, who was that man who walked with you?

SEÑOR COSMO (*aside to VEGAS*). The point is
piercing. (*Aloud.*) Never have I seen
Him ere that time. He was reserved, and silent
About his name.

PHILLIPPO (*drinking; affecting unconcern*).
Most strange and sad—but, more!

SEÑOR COSMO. After, he aided in the obsequies.
He learned the tale—oh! sorrowful it was;
And while he told it to me, he did weep.

PHILLIPPO (*aside*). Is my life to be told! (*Arousing himself. Takes glass, and drinks.*)
Say, wine! my friend.

SEÑOR VEGAS (*aside to COSMO*). Well told. He
feels his conscience burning him.

SEÑOR COSMO. He wept—it seems, his daughter
had been sworn
To a young nobleman; they loved—but he,
After he gave sweet tokens of his love,
Deserted her; left her to dream away

With longing which grew to a grim despair.
Is this not sorrowful—a man who swore—
To leave his love, and love her nevermore!

PHILLIPPO (*waving away some hallucination.*
Sees ROSA on his lap—disgustingly repulses
her, and intends standing up—but as soon is
seated; strokes his forehead).

(*Aside.*) Felicia! (*Aloud, and standing up.*)
Aye, Señor! unsheath your sword!

How o'er audacious are you to disclose,
In company of others, the hidden secrets
That lie concealed within my heart.

SEÑOR VEGAS (*aside to COSMO*). Too much
You have revealed. The wine in him excites
His fancy!

SEÑOR COSMO. I am not aware I've told
A word concerning you, Señor!

PHILLIPPO (*regaining his senses; aside*). Fool,
fool!

(*Aloud.*) Dear Rosa! Come, upon my lap!
Señor—

Resume the tale—the sad mishaps recounted
Stirred up my mind—I thought myself concerned.
It is a woful story.

SEÑOR COSMO. All is told, Señor!

PHILLIPPO. But what became of him whose
heart
Was low enough to kill a tender girl?

SEÑOR COSMO. He lived like many a prodigal
son, afar,
With women who conceive life's only joys

To be the sipping passion without love.

PHILLIPPO. Ha, ha! Here, Rosa! drink to him!

What wit

He must have had! Life's cares and pains are
drowned

In wine—and woman's grace inspires in us

The satisfaction that we live. Drink, drink!

1ST SENOR (*drinks*). Phillippo! you do always
drink to love!

Señores, drink!

SENOR COSMO (*rises*). Nay, never! I thought
I was

With estimable men.

PHILLIPPO (*laughing*). He thought he would
to preach

To us, who are like magnates to wild love!

Sit down!

SENOR VEGAS (*aside*). 'Twere better to conjoin,
my Roderig.

SENOR COSMO (*not heeding*). Commanding me
to sit, when I'm his guest!

Ha! 'tis an insult!

SENOR VEGAS (*aside*). Stop! Forget not words
I told thee!

PHILLIPPO (*drinking*). Ho there! Boy! Wine!
(*Stops suddenly.*) And I—

Am I the one who killed her?—who does know
it?!

(*To SENOR COSMO.*) Will you not drink to our
carousing life?

Again a drink to him who had some wit

In him to live! Ha, ha!

SENOR COSMO. My blood is boiling—he had killed Felicia;

Killed my own love; no, no! (*Draws his sword out.*) It is too much;

I will not drink, but will inflict harsh wounds

On those who slay a woman's only hope.

You who are drinking to their life, must be

Akin to them!

PHILLIPPO (*aside*). His words do sting me!

SENOR COSMO. Draw!

And if you are a nobleman, show your worth!

(*PHILLIPPO rises. ROSA holds him back.*)

ROSA. Be calm!

SENOR VEGAS (*to COSMO*). Let Fate decide.

No murder!

PHILLIPPO. Here is the nobleman!—Away (*to ROSA*).

(*They fight with swords. The people of the background are startled and look at the proceedings. PHILLIPPO is wounded. ROSA faints.*)

SENOR COSMO (*runs to him and holds him up*).

My friend! (*Recollects himself, and stands firm.*)

So there you reap what you deserve!

SENOR VEGAS (*aside*). Too rash,

My Roderig!

1ST SENOR (*tending to PHILLIPPO*). It is not fatal, Señor!

Merely a cut—it needs a fortnight's healing.

I bow before so fair a fencer!

(SENOR COSMO goes to PHILLIPPO, and whispers in his ear.)

PHILLIPPO. My God—is this my doom!

(ROSA recovers.) How

is my love?

ROSA (*runs to him*). You are not dead!

PHILLIPPO. A trifle only, love!

Fate is life's queen! we all must bow before her!

SENOR VEGAS. I am displeas'd that this has grown amongst

Our company—but virtue holds her reign—

And will victorious be for any price.

SENOR COSMO. So let us off!—Phillippo—you have been

A base man; you do know it. I have had

My own requital—live now as you will—

Your doom is in the hands of higher powers!

PHILLIPPO. 'Tis you, my Roderig!—this wound has told

Me that I've wronged two hearts. I trust

For life in Him who is in dealings just.

Farewell! You were a messenger of news

That would have made me weep—if in my mind

I then had been. Will you forgive me, Roderig?

SENOR COSMO. Forgive! I came out here to show you all

Your meanness; think upon it! ask forgiveness

Of Him who judges you when death comes to you.

Farewell!

SENOR VEGAS. We cannot linger any more.

Farewell, Señores.

(*Exeunt. 1ST SENOR retires to background.*)

PHILLIPPO (*raising himself a little*). Perfidious
act of mine!

Come, Rosa! You must tend to me. We must
Curse those two men. They spoilt our night
In which we ever drink to love's delight.

ROSA (*bending over him*). All will be well,
Phillippo! all wounds must heal—

I'll be a tender nurse to you! (*Kisses him.*)

PHILLIPPO (*while curtain is falling*). O God,
Where Thou dost curse us, Thou dost bless again!
I was harsh punished—yet I have near me
A heart, who makes me praise, and thank but Thee!

(*Curtain falls.*)

SCENE III.—EL KADER'S garden. *Same as in*
SCENE I.

HASSAN *is smoking, reclined on the stone bench.*
RODERIGO *leans against bench, his guitar lying on*
the ground.

HASSAN. The messenger said all the truth—the
letter,
Sent to us by our friend, corroborates it.

RODERIGO. Aye, is it so? Phillippo in his grave.
And Rosa, as he called her—by his side!
And though she was such woman, she had love;

Affection clung to her—she would not live
Alone. I do suppose he treated her
Too well; so she no more could single be.
But follow him.

HASSAN. It must be true, that often
Lost womanhood returns—and sprouts to leaves
That take up drops from heavenly showers!

RODERIGO. Yea,
Her story tells it to us. How it moves
My heart. I almost could forgive Phillippo!

HASSAN. Relent not to the softer nature in us,
Roderigo.

'Tis done—the vaster powers willed it so.

RODERIGO. How was the incident: he felt the
wound
Grow worse than had at first been said. Ah me,
Foreshadowings in life are futile: speak
A word, and lo! its meaning may be turned.
Who settles our future—no one knows.
Who thought that two deaths would evolve from
one

Small wound alone; aye, who thought, that a mind,
Sworn to the bad that's in us, once would beam
A flash of diamond-sparkle to the world!
For Rosa's soul did fulminate that hour—
Her past life burned to ashes—there was born
Her woman's purity; and love's large flower
Exhaled its fragrance as on Love's sweet morn!
So must her heart's affection have arisen
Seeing her lover dead—*his* grave was *hers*!
If she could hear me, I should sing a song

In her remembrance; but, alas! the dead
Are to such subtile essence changed, they hear not.

HASSAN. What has become of Soffrina, she who
cared

So for Felicia? The day we left, she seemed
Forlorn—her dearest friends had died—alone
She stood, to face grim life!

RODERIGO. I offered station
To her; she did refuse.

HASSAN. I have a thought!
Suppose we ask her live with us, and be
A keeper of our hold!

RODERIGO. 'Tis loyal—yea!
But where has she repaired to—many months
No signs of her existence. She may drop
Upon us like the Phœnix-bird on Egypt
Was wont to, once in five hundred years!

HASSAN. When men
Speak of the devil, he is sure to appear.
I'll give mine orange-tree to you, if Soffrina
Will not be present ere the sun has set!

RODERIGO. Proverbs say generally the truth.
We'll see.

HASSAN. Do sing your song in memory of
Rosa's love.

Compose the words while you're preludeing to't—
Gaze, through the limes, upon the ocean's blue,
And listen to the throstle's madcap notes; they will
Pour soul astirring melodies in you!

For many days you have not touched the lute!

RODERIGO (*taking his lute, and strumming on it*)

aimlessly). 'Tis poetry that taught that
nature's sounds

Are sweet suggestions for some nobler aim
Of man. 'Twas music the fair child! Oh! listen,
The throstle maddens in his song! so must
The poet in his rapture be, when soaring high
Above the earth! O Hassan, what is song
But the deep bubble breaking through man's soul,
Till on the air 'tis all-resplendent made
By sympathetic listeners, who, like rays
Of our fair sun, beam color, sparkle on
That bubble, rounded in man's nobler heart.

HASSAN. True, true. You are a poet; born
poet; born
To be like any bird that sings in Spring!
The poet's art is not acquired—'tis laid
Within his heart—and blooms when his soul
dreams!

So improvise a song—and tune a melody—
Though yet it have no life—thy genius quickens
It, like a flower, bursting through the leaves,
When Winter fades away!

RODERIGO. So let me be
The strain that, through the Scandinavian pines
Glides so canorously—when to the day
The fragrant Southwind sings her dulcet song!
(*Plays on the lute, then sings.*)

O strew no maledictions on
A woman who was left alone,
At Spring of life!

To face the cold, cold world—to shun
 The beams of love—the radiant sun
 Of blissful wife!

For lo! she can be purer far
 In secret soul, than others are.

I know of one
 Who led gay days—then loved a man—
 And when he died—to his grave she ran,
 And died alone!

HASSAN. 'Tis fitted to the tale as rare silks,
 woven

To gauze, lie warm and close to Zillah's waist.
 Yes, inspiration's the touch of sympathy
 Upon a human heart. If Rosa's fate
 Had not impressed you so to flame up wildly
 To your fair soul, those words and tones would not
 Have lived. What does bring life to nature's
 works—

It is the breezes bounding as quick gnu
 Throughout the air.

RODERIGO. Nay, inspiration is
 The union sweet of love and high aspiring!
 Without love, nought hath value—and without
 An aspiration our love doth melt away!

HASSAN. Another song: another version to it!
 See yonder, where the cyclamen their flowers
 Rich hang upon their tender boughs—see there
 Does not the sparkles on those leaves dictate
 To us, to brighten our life till all be sheen!

RODERIGO. It does; and does not our soul spread
 glow
 On our life, as does the very orb of day—
 Oh! if we could keep all our soul, as the earth
 Doth keep her sun—all would be hope and cheer!
 Then listen, Hassan! and the birds, that carol
 O'erhead of us, will be surpassed!
 (*Preluding; sings.*)

There lived a maiden, fair to see—
 Her eyes had magic in their sparkling brown—
 Oh! weep not yet—I'll tell to thee
 A sadder tale than happed to any crown!
 Judge not a woman so badly—
 Before thou seest her grave—
 May she have lived e'er so madly—
 One day, she proved more than brave.
 That maiden roamed all over the world—
 She kissed full many a cavalier—
 At last she loved a nobleman well
 And lived with him in conjugal cheer!
 Alas for the happy pair—
 Soon she alone was there.
 (If the world believe it not—
 Shame, shame upon their low base thought!)
 For on his grave she was found—
 Dead, like a death-flower, on the ground.
 Wail, wail—yet judge not a woman so badly—
 Her heart did love, though she lived e'er so madly!

But who walks there, among those trees, with vines

O'ergrown? Who sought an entrance to your garden?

Why, 'tis a woman.

HASSAN. Orders are that friends
Be welcomed here. I do suppose that woman
Must be quite dear to us, my Roderig.

RODERIGO (*straining his sight*). What cheats
me! The gait is like Soffrina's—
'Tis she! (*Goes up, and walks toward her.*)—

Enter SOFFRINA, back of the trees. She is dressed rather shabbily.

What! you, Soffrina?—What has happened?

HASSAN (*goes up*). Most welcome here; an old
friend's blessed, Soffrina!

SOFFRINA. Thanks, thanks! and thanks a thousand times!

That you do love me yet, for I am now
Forsaken by the world—upon the edge
Of my life's cliff—ready to fall—and die!
Thanks; in the memory of olden days,
We can be friends—though I have none afar!

HASSAN. See, Roderig! Was I not right!—
Soffrina!

Five minutes gone, we thought of you—we said
How dear it would be if Soffrina's days
Could be made happy near by us. Oh! God,
Our plans, sometimes, are strangely sanctioned;
see—

We spoke of them, and here comes one whose wants

Make bloom our good intention.—Come, Soffrina,
This bench shall be our auditor; relate
Your mishaps!

RODERIGO. Yes, Soffrina, we shall do
For you all what we can! (*They seat themselves.*)

SOFFRINA. Dear friends, your kindness
Is overbounding. (*She weeps.*) God! that I
should find

Such refuge in this paradise—and more, kind hearts
That beat so warmly for me! My story's short.
The common doom of those who roam this world
Alone. My relatives are dead—my friends
Of old have gone to heaven. I am here
Alone—left to the hearts of kindest people.

HASSAN. Old friends can never separate,—we
three
Shall form a cozy household—wherein thought
Must be the master; do you acquiesce, Soffrina?

SOFFRINA. Not only acquiesce, dear Hassan—
may God
Spend all His dearest blessings on you!

RODERIGO. Yea,
Thought must be master—must be life; what boots
This world of doing—when saddest disappoint-
ments

Have been preponderating!

SOFFRINA. I'll be widow;
And all the time seek courtship with your thoughts.

HASSAN. What happy trefoil this will be!—more
sweet,
Methinks, than living in some Persian park,

Where bulbuls shower their songs on roses fair.
 For here, by musing, we engross the spark
 That lives in Heaven, making us God's heir!—
 So then—let happy thoughts be ours—come!
 In song, and love, and thought, we'll bless our
 home!

SOFFRINA. How young I feel—it seems, new
 life has found
 Itself a nook within my heart. Is't true
 That in this paradise of songs and flowers
 I may live quietly in peace with you—
 And think and dream in these most fragrant
 bowers?
 Great Heaven! Would that all those minds, that
 live
 Dejectedly, journey to friends of old,
 They give rare comfort!

RODERIGO. I'll be there erelong!
 I want to watch the golden clouds awhile,
 'As they sail o'er the azure sea!

HASSAN (*taking SOFFRINA under the arm*). Be-
 guile
 Your weary thoughts with pictures of the ocean—
 And let its beauties quiet your sad emotion.
 (*To SOFFRINA.*) Come, I shall show you where
 to rule, and what
 To subjugate—and, lastly, what to love!

RODERIGO. Till noon!
 SOFFRINA. I go with you to live, and chat—
 I'm certain that our days will joyful prove!
 (*Exeunt, laughing and chatting.*)

RODERIGO. Rich scents of all those flowers, ag-
 gregated
 By the soft lingering breezes by this sea—
 How may you well evolve this mystery
 That to my life has been so strangely mated!
 O golden oranges! that shine within the heat
 Of glowing day—smile on me, to complete
 My joy that sprung to life when Soffrina came!
 She can relate, on whispering eves, the same
 Sweet stories, that some youthful mariner heard
 Aft' his love fell a prey to the sad sea—
 And he sat lonely on the gray bare sand,
 Alist'ning to an immemoräble word
 Repeated by the main's immensity—
 And echoed from the cliffs that gird the land!
 Rare opiates—languidly embowering
 Yon cypress, and yon olive-trees—you bring
 Long trains of pictures to me—like the skies
 On June's fair eves, when clear sounds quicken
 To Seraph-tones, and all is languid stillness.
 You birds, that flit from rose-stem to the yew;
 Or pipe within the orange—or in the blue
 Of yon warm bower's shade—flush forth your
 notes;
 Rain consolation on me from your throats!
 Oh! is the day come that doth shroud my life!
 My love is dead—I ne'er can bless a wife!
 Irrevocable death—when thou dost work,
 Or when thou in our inmost heart dost lurk—
 Who may cry loud enough to call thee back
 And take another one on thy gloom-track!

No voice is ours—we bear ill as well—
The good we taste hath in it dregs of hell!
But nature! thou hast pleasures none can give;
With thee and thought shall I till life's end live.
Felicia!—Ring thy tone, O hollow sea—
There is a hope-note wafted gloriously!
Oh! warble! bird upon yon rose-bough—sing!
With thee I mean to meditate—and bring
To flower newer lore—and sweeter days—
For all the world's good!—And some darker ways
Of mystery will lead me to a heaven
On *earth*, where shall to each his love be given!

(*Curtain falls.*)

CONTEMPLATION.

PERSONS.

HASSAN EL KADER.

RODERICK.

SOFFRINA.

TIME.—The present.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A garden in California. A view on the Pacific Ocean. Five years have elapsed.*

RODERICK seated near an arbor of passion-flowers; he is smoking a Turkish pipe.

RODERICK. Conflicting trains of thought, that
work drear havoc
To all those dreams of promise and of glory,
Cannot the twang of yon poised emerald gem
That sucks the honey of bloodred passion-flowers
Transform your grim, dark, dire reality

To some fair wingèd element that could evolve,
In future days to supernatural things,
Such that an Indian knows of when he dreams
In trances of most exquisite duration!
Five years have gone, and with them many dreams
That, once believed so true, are now mere ghosts—
Nay, are like exhalations of a flower!
Five years! ah! is there such a word as time?
One moment's thinking takes me through all space,
One instant's thought-review, and all the scenes
That crossed mine eyes through five long years,
pass by

My mind in swift succession like wild levin!
Time must a fiction be, wrought in man's brain.
There is no time—for these five years have seemed
As they were lengthened to some planet's seasons
That in their long, long course would bring to
head

A thousand worlds such like our prodigal globe,
So teeming with rare growths and strange events!
Ah me! and think of how the Fo-tree grows
From a small seed to its majestic stature
In less than five long years! Ah me! five years!
Who can account for all the things that fell
Upon my sight; for all the haps and woes
That chained me, or did spell my wondering mind.
Who say how in that time my soul hath spread
Its magic branches to the mystic worlds
That turn afar, to all our eyes unseen!
Where are my dreams of youth—they all are gone
Like pageants of a summer-sunset sky.

Youth held before my visionary eyes
A happy life. Methought fate would award to me
Sweet days as had been fair apportioned then
T' my noble sire;—he had joy's cup filled full;
He drank the potion sweet of wedded bliss—
Had children sporting round him—and his wife
Had proved as Hannah in the biblic days.
And me she bore—a golden spoon was mine.
As princes hunting in the royal woods
Or dancing in the rich illumined halls
So lived I through my childhood days; and joy
Was my boon friend. I thought when years had
passed

I too would find a loving spouse—and live
On some estate. But manhood came, and left
Me all forlorn of love, of house, and joy.
I've wandered all o'er earth—and here I am
A lonely single man to whom life seems
A comedy—and nothing more—a comedy!
Felicia dead! and since her death my heart
Has never felt a thrill at sight of woman.
My love has gone with her into the grave;
It died with her! And now my love has turned
To the Creator—whose lavish Hand has spilled
Such wonders on this earth on which I breathe.
Were they not visible or had I not
That blissful inner eye that shows me ever
New wonders—aye, I should have settled account
With nature and with man long time ago.
But all creations tend to console the wo
That blights our life. They are to our high mind

'As to our body quickening bath in brooks,
 Whose crystal waves lap us refreshingly—
 Exhilarate us;—to marvel at a shell
 Upon the strand is joy enough for me.
 And list'ning to the breakers soothes my pain.—
 Aye, marking, o'er some mountain, eagles sailing;
 Or hearing through the woods the sighing trees,
 As on the northwind hurries—are to me
 Most welcome boons. Again I wish to live!

Enter EL KADER.

Ah! there you are! What glory lives to-day!
 The passion-flowers turn up their chalices
 As though grown proud that they are bosom friends
 Of the fair sun. Scarce blows a wind—but from
 the sea

A fan-like waft brings freshness to the air
 That lies as calm as Beauty sleeping soft
 On couch of flowers. And see the ocean far—
 A stretch of smoothest azure; come, my friend!
 Sit down; and we shall talk of deeper things
 Than most men think of during earthly life.

EL KADER (*sits down*). I will comply, dear
 Roderick. Fair the moment
 When two congenial souls may true-commune
 Together, while all nature shines in glory—
 Such was the Godhead's first design, when He
 Created man, with intellect as high
 Prerogative o'er any brute—and breathed
 In us His spirit. For man from brute doth differ
 In speech articulate—in soul-evection—

In conversation speculative—in deeds
 Compassionate. Yes, friend, most men prefer
 To talk of profits—of labor that promotes
 Their welfare—of necessities—and of coins.—
 But, ah! how few there are who deign to broach
 High thought—or rare invention—or fair love.
 Convention calls a poet mad; society
 Deem prophets all insulting;—barter treats
 The artists deprecatingly;—and wealth
 Sneers at the minds who would make of this world
 A brotherhood. Yet so it always was.
 The riddle, that lies all unraveled still,
 Is why proud ignorance must reign; why souls
 Who have the light of Heaven are scorned by all;
 Why poets, the inspired heads of mankind—
 Are left to starve—unnoticed in their need.
 And, last, why man to sweet religion tends
 Yet in his heart no shadow of a God
 Is visible; and man does crime—and sins—
 And, man, unwilling to listen to the pure
 High poet-song,—still is the “blatant brute” of
 yore!

Yes I am most enraptured that we talk
 Of things more deep than average mankind’s think-
 ing.

For I have known bright intellects expire
 For want of sympathy with their great thoughts.—
 No one could understand them—their high minds
 Could not find men; all they could find
 Were sordid brains! Then what is life, dear Rod-
 erick?

RODERICK. Ah! could we know—fain would I
 show my powers
 That seem to prove that in my mind are harbored
 The minds of seven men! So thou art too!
 Yet we are rare in mankind. Hence are shorn
 Of popularity—and recognition.
 One-sided minds successful are; vain boast
 We uttered years ago—we thinking then
 That all our knowledge would increase
 The world's esteem; but nay! our friends that know
 The commonplace so well, but never dream
 Or try to be original—they shine
 Before the self-sufficient world all times;
 While we sit all forlorn in solitude,
 Dejected; knowing not why they ignore us.

EL KADER. The temporizers win renown; but
 those
 Whose genius towers above them, they must know
 Obscurity—as it has been all time.
 When he the young “sun-treader”* walked this
 earth,
 No more than ten souls loved his songs sublime—
 He was ignored. But he who lives to-day,
 The temporizer, † writing dialect
 And tuning his shrill horn to martial measures,
 Inventing ribald balladry—he's hailed
 A genius great. Haha! They sing for fame,
 Perchance for lucre, but their graves will bear
 No monument—nor will they be adored
 By dreamy souls in far futurity!

* Shelley.

† Kipling.

They pleased the crowd; they pleased no intellect;
 The crowd within a century improves,
 So will their low songs be forgotten then;
 Whereas those lofty dreamy men's own lays
 That erst escaped the multitude, will be
 Received; for in them lay the seeds of truth;
 In them were stored the thoughts sublime, the
 throbs

Of feelings fair that dwell in genius-souls.

RODERICK. Aye, here in young America, so
 young

In all the fine arts, for the lust of gold,
 The multitude buy books of minor men—
 Whereas the works of souls supreme lie idle
 On shelves of stores—and rarely find new bids
 For second issues. Novelists sing praises
 For versifiers, extolling them as poets—
 Whereas the hidden geniuses, lacking
 Their high encomium, must despair—and live
 Forgotten. Stern high thought is never valued;
 But comic censure, humorous sacrilege,
 And persiflage, all these have largest praise.
 Where is fair justice?

EL KADER. The nation is yet young;
 And youth, if not by genius guided, cares
 For pleasure, nonsense, catches, and for puns.
 O wait for days as in fair Hellas shone
 When Pericles had chiseled marbles fair,
 And poets sang of beauty, soul, and, God.
 Those days must bloom! As soon as Mammon
 finds

Decline in worship, then the fine arts all
Will tower serene as once in Athens old!

RODERICK. O it doth seem God hath no power
to change

This world grown wild; or are there other Powers,
Beyond, in worlds unthought of? Can it be?

Were Shakespeare living now, his works were vain.

For, nowadays, those facile fiction-mongers

Reign; they have prostituted art; and soul

Is a mere word; but money hath estranged

Fair literature, since most men write devoid

Of feelings deep, of fiction beautiful—

They write of man, his crimes, his baser nature—

Oblivious of the soul, of books and flowers.

O there must be a world where all must shine

In rays of a fair sun most gloriously.

For are not poets, artists, dream-musicians,

And scientists above the haggling crowd?

EL KADER. They stand above the tricky mul-
titude

Like splendrous peaks of the wide snow-capped
Rockies

Above the torrid silent desert-sands.

Yet tradesmen deem themselves superior—

For they think profits need more brains than song

Or picture, or some epic—Milton-fair.

RODERICK. Aye, brains they have to wait till un-
timely death

Doth snatch a poet lone away from life—

Then may they laugh; for fame that was denied

The harassed poet while he toiled alone

Is quick all after death—and so they live
 On works of him who, all for lack of praise,
 Was forced to use the bodkin to his breast! *
 Why must true genius—lofty in its works—
 Sublime of thought—and pure in heart—
 Be so ignored by men contemporary,
 When in the future all bow to his genius?
 Ah! then too late!—and herald him abroad!
 It is the tricky brains of bartering men;
 That is the cause, I know it all too well!
 They think but of low gain—their pelf—
 But never think of godliness; are they
 Church members, who, affecting Christ's high
 creed,
 In reality are lower than those crowds
 That set their mart within the temple's halls—
 And whom Christ lashed out with His leather-
 thong,
 Reproaching them? Are they all pure in heart?
 Theirs is severe attendance at their church—
 But all through week-days they deny their Christ—
 And homage pay to Satan and to Mammon.
 Their prayers are forced; their sanctity is feigned;
 A cloak they wear to hide their demon low;
 Have they a God?

EL KADER. Their God is trade—to it
 They are but slaves. I pity them their thralldom!

RODERICK. Then what is life, I ask again. I
 know

* Chatterton.

That life meant friendship, brotherhood, at first.
 But that is passed these latter days, when flurry
 And selfishness fleet, hand in hand, o'er earth;
 Discarding noble life and thought and love—
 Profaning sentiment—and relegating virtue.
 Oh! must we join them? We the dreamers great
 Like thunderclouds on summer-noons that tower
 Above the thirsting plains and valleys broad?
 Must we the thinkers be with them—those minds
 So mercenary, who prefer to praise
 An average talent to a genius glorious?
 It is all sad, but true! Aye, are we moderns
 More civilized than Greeks of olden glory?
 Nay, we are not; for to the soul's exploits
 None lend an arm. Yet war thrives as of yore;
 And nations still prefer intestine feud
 To peace. The world hath no fair brotherhood—
 But as of old lives inharmoniously—
 One nation seeking to destroy its neighbor.
 Though we are civilized—we are indeed
 Like savage-tribes that pillage, war, and kill
 All ruthlessly. Though patriots are most loyal
 They fighting for their country——

EL KADER.

Paradox—

The patriot, thinking he shows loyalty
 When killing his own brother—shows a heart
 As savage as Apaches of the desert.
 His country may in word be different,
 But 'tis the same in eyes of the Creator.
 'Twas trade and rivalry that made him be
 An enemy to his own brother. Pelf

Lured him away from any friendly feelings;
 At first, when men lived as in sinless Eden
 All lovèd one another—but possession
 Caused all to shun their brother's welfare—while
 Their selfishness enthused them to be kings—
 And afterwards low tyrants.

RODERICK. All so true,
 Dear friend and tried—yet though stern laws exist
 Not one doth punish nations that do war—
 And murder all their brothers. Single crimes
 Find penalty—but when a power commits
 Iniquity—or when a nation's king
 Orders his subjects to be murderers,
 'Tis well—unscathed the crime is done—and praise
 Is showered on him who hath succeeded well
 To murder thousands of his fellow-men!
 Oh! senseless laws! and selfish motives have
 Enacted them—while money e'er connives
 Such selfishness—so is the deed done basely!

EL KADER. Yet who can change the wilful
 world? 'Tis sad
 To know that evil must exist—and savages
 Whom missionaries essayed to civilize
 Remain as unrefined as in ages old;
 A Dante hath ne'er sung in Java's woods—
 No Shakespeare wrote on Congo's lavish shores—
 A Newton never graced a Natchez-town—
 The savage was created for a wild career—
 While, through our special gifts from God, we
 stand
 The glory of this earth's innumerable life.

The planets rule us all; their potency
 Is felt within our blood; we are as mastered;
 We serve them even though we try repulsion.
 God the Creator wrought the worlds, and all:
 He left His creatures roam about at will—
 Their instinct tells them how to act in peril.
 But God cares nought—He thrilled us with life's
 blood—

The blood is master over us—it thinks
 And doth perform more marvels than a surgeon!

RODERICK. Right! Blood is gifted with a
 brightest mind—

For who could heal more wondrously than blood?
 What surgeons do with their own hands, ofttimes
 Requiring most ingenious instruments—
 The blood does all invisibly alone!

EL KADER. Yet though this marvel-blood hath
 skill

And almost intellect—there is a power
 That lurks anear—and ere a leaf hath time
 To fall from lowest branch upon the sward
 So Death doth quickly work destruction gray—
 And all the occult might of blood hath left
 The body. Sad to think that fabric rare
 Must needs grow molded—then in time
 Be powder and nought more.—

O friend!

Our earthly span is short—and it is time
 That we should thrill our souls with thoughts
 divine;

For wo to those who but to matter bowed

And things spiritual left untouched;—they must,
Methinks it true, be born again on earth
Till they have thought deeply enough to know
That soul exceeds all else in earthly life!

RODERICK. Yea, soul alone should guide a states-
man's actions—

If not, he's like a leper to a nation.
Soul thrones o'er all! The artist fails; the scribe
Writes feebly—the musician slights his Muse,
If in his rare performance soul is wanting.
Th' enduring works are blazoned with rare soul;
And soul reigns ever!

EL KADER. But men differ still;
Some have no soul—some ridicule a lofty strain—
Some smile at how an artist dreams away,
While they who wondered raise their eyes and say:
“Hm! Hm! there must be something more
Than commonplace in him, who lets new scenes
Have life upon the canvas-white. 'Tis well;
He must have soul!” Yet they cannot unravel
The secret means by which the artist worked;
Nor through their life can they be well-informed
How difficult a task the artist hath.

RODERICK. This leads me to the understanding
new
How lofty music finds ill-favor ever
With the world's masses—and how Beethoven's
soul
Scorned negro-songs, and popular tunes.

EL KADER. Yes, though the public are a flock of
sheep—

That follow blindly the fat bell-dame "Custom"—
 I vouch, my friend, that in the end soul triumphs—
 Immortal proves! . . . But there comes our Sof-
 frina!

Enter from rear, SOFFRINA.

Ah! Welcome, welcome, rare and favored dame
 Soffrina, friend! It seems that woman was born
 To be the idol of some man—but now,
 In this large mercenary town, bright eyes
 Win quickly what of yore took years to conquer,
 The race hath grown emancipated now—
 Sweet wooing they forsake—since money only
 Doth set their breasts aflutter;—join our talk—
 Soffrina; take a seat—and we three souls
 Can argue on the vivid theme: "Fair Woman."

SOFFRINA. And gladly will I give my life's
 own facts
 As illustration thereto.

RODERICK. Yes, since her Death
 You must have seen much of the world.
 Ah! how the sexes must seek union sweet—
 And yet, there are some women that forswear
 Fond love's long tie. The human races own
 Alone the lofty love—yet women oft
 Provoke many a man to deem love's reign
 Illusionary.

EL KADER. A woman is unfathomable;
 Her mind is like the sparkling sea always—
 Her heart is like a mountain-lake where springs

Are glacier-cold, and round the waters flow
Warm as the Gulf-stream near th' Atlantic shore.

SOFFRINA. Hold! I am here, friends, to defend my own.

Though true your sayings—fickleness
Clings not forever to her variable mind.
She seems to dote on being April-changing,
And thinks that showers, snow, and shine, all living
At once, will win her men and make them love her.
Thus is her mind, and still she is unconscious
That 'tis ill-doing's way to show herself
Not as she really is, but as dissembling.
Aye, 'tis our nature that we're so; the moon,
So changeful, has been named a lady fair—
And well 'twas given. For woman has her moods—
Man never owned that he had solved her quaint,
Delusive character—for, as the reed
Bends to each breath of wind, so woman's mind
Bends to her strange caprice, that comes and goes
As doth the moonlight through a cloud-flecked sky.
I know you, Rod'rick, think most women cold—
You deem us light of heart—and reasonless;
Why should you not? Your life-experience clings
To your warm heart as tightly as lianens
Coil firmly to the boles of forest-giants.
And all the cruel end still hurts your heart—
And all its memory still enshrouds your soul.
Not over-fickle are we—nay, 'tis pride
That makes us timid when we think we love.
But most, 'tis that our mothers taught us to be
On guard when men come wooing.

RODERICK. Ah! and men
 Make love to gay dissemblers—who are oft
 Like Jack-o'-lanterns in some fenny nook—
 We think we see their love-spark in their eyes—
 But, oft, too quickly does it vanish!

SOFFRINA. Shame!
 My Rod'rick! Show some pity for our weakness.
 Perhaps we cannot help it, for it seems,
 'Tis nature made us with our petty faults—
 Perhaps that men should love us tenfold.
 Ah! who can tell!

EL KADER. You banter pleasantly—
 'Tis lovely thus—it seems like the soft splash
 Of nymphs in quiet shady dell at morn:
 How splash and plash make merry music there:
 Resounding through thicket and down brooklet's
 way
 So clearly. Beauteous woman, as methinks,
 Was made for manly strength—and should keep
 sacred
 Her place in God's wise plan; why emulate
 With him in deed or thought—'tis needless trying:
 For nature made her his own sweet companion.
 She rules by serving man—he rules by loving—
 If not, she serves him who despises her.
 Man is the lord, and woman the favorite.
 Thus God had placed them on this wondrous earth
 And so they shall remain, in spite of those
 That wish to act as men, and reign as lords.

SOFFRINA. You say full well, El Kader, wisest
 man.

Your judgment I revere—we are at best
 But helpmeets of you men—and sweetest soul
 Is she, who helps her master lovingly—
 Who, soul and heart, concentrates in his thoughts
 Her varied activities, that beam for him.

RODERICK. Yea, you say well, my friends—and
 now

I'll think of woman as she were a blessing
 Created for us men—and shall no more
 Misjudge her for her faults, that ofttimes prove
 To be the sore effects of man's own shame.

So, sing, Soffrina, songs of praise again.

I love sweet beauty only since God made her—
 My love is dead, but beauty lives fore'er—
 In new-recurring types in endless nature!

SOFFRINA. Aye, songs we'll sing together,
 friends, to them

The beauties that are budding to the world.

To those, so innocent, kept in the dark

By their own mothers, who fall erelong—and live

Their days in vice. To those, who toil away—

Constant to virtue's stricter whispers ever;

To those, who, affluent, lead a life of sloth

And brainless pleasure; to those whose souls are
 fire

And love fair art and song—and poesy,

Though rare they be.

EL KADER. I join you in your songs—

For though I'm old—I love the rosy cheeks

Of nubile girls—and all their beauty glows

Before mine eyes as though a garden small

Of richest roses exhaling scent and freshness
 Were shining at me in June's softest morn.

SOFFRINA. But oh! that girls must fade and
 one day change!

I feel my years swift-gath'ring in my hair—
 The white streaks tell-tale that fair beauty's gone.
 Ah! all's instinct with pitiless decay—
 Not even God's most beauteous women will
 Live fresh and fiery—though her soul is brave
 And feels youth's adulation in her age.

EL KADER. Too true—but as you say the soul
 still lives

As in the days of youth—so at strange death
 'Tis fit to range to regions new and young
 Where in new shape it reigns, perhaps to glow
 In youth-blessed knowledge many centuries.
 But who can tell!

RODERICK. Aye, who can tell—
 All mysteries are all unsolvable.
 We try to search for truth, yet, seeking, find
 We know no more than when we sought at first.
 So is all query futile; we are chained—
 Like Titans to the cliffs of Tartarus—
 Tight chained to all-relentless laws, and there
 We must abide in patience till our end.

EL KADER. I know it too, dear brother, I who
 long
 Have fathomed every mystery here on earth—
 And by analogy essayed to speculate
 What lives we might enjoy all after death.
 But every time my dreams sped on to realms

Unknown—ah me! they ever brought me back
 My query sealed as I had sent it out!
 Philosophy hath messengers that voyage
 The heights o' the dark and brilliant universe:
 Those messengers return with blackest page
 From God; and it doth seem that we should live
 In ignorance here through our earth-life long.
 For what have sage astronomers revealed?
 Nought else but that which any eye can see.
 To know that Saturn hath his four great rings
 Hath no great worth—for strife-full wo still
 grieves;

And poverty frets yet through moneyed towns.
 And wars still crush the weaker—while Injustice
 Hobnobs with Mammon fattening at the expense
 Of Virtue, Honesty, Truth—who live alone
 Like patriarchal oaks on some high hill
 O'erlooking plains that stretch down to the sea!

SOFFRINA. Then seems all vain—a wild chimera's
 work—

A God who wrought a fanciful sweet world
 With redolent blooms rioting in lawn-filled wood
 To tempt us rove therein—and pluck the flowers
 And lie at ease by brooks pellucid, when lo!
 As we lie dreaming, from the grassy hollow
 A viper darts!—and, ere we think to pray,
 The asp's bite limits the sweets of life—
 And we must die!

RODERICK. Indeed a woful world—
 A saint is born—a high and pious mind
 Writes lofty dictates to his fellow-men

Who live in darkness—when this servant pure
 Of God is exiled from his country's bounds—
 Thus Luther met his fate full years ago.
 The noble men are slain by God's own men—
 The Devil gets his due—the angels mourn—
 And crimeless genius weeps in solitude,
 While criminals hold festive days in sight
 Of all the world!

EL KADER. Too true—I do not know
 How we can reconcile the works of God
 With all the deviltries that men are heir to,
 Or that the cruel heart reaps fair insigniæ
 While nobleness is thrust within the ditch
 Of low forgetfulness, as proud girls throw
 God's beauteous roses, hardly plucked, away
 Into a mire. There see a Shelley serene—
 Who helped many a man in poverty—
 Yet he was exiled from his natal fields
 And died, forgotten, in Italia's scenes—
 While here to-day there lives a man
 Who goes to war and murders, in cold slaughter,
 Ten thousand human beings innocent,
 Yet he is lorded, feasted, medal-orned—
 And wins a wife—his name is Kitchener—
 The victor over perilous Omdurman.
 Oh! think! God plays at swift creating beings
 That He destroys in playful way and cruel—
 To Him death is a finger-move—to Him
 A life is but as mold born suddenly
 On trees aft' showery nights in summer-time.
 Him listeth not if pain besets young clay—

Nor if a myriad germs infest our breath—
 To Him creation is a play--and lo!
 He cares not if in two short hours of war
 Ten thousand souls most poignant pangs sustain--
 Then die--and are a prey to crying vultures!

SOFFRINA. And we are said grim lies when
 we are born--

What fairy-tales my infant mind had stored--
 What voices whispered to me of sweet bliss
 When girlhood blossomed. But ah! too soon I
 learned

The thorns that pricked me when in womanhood.
 O that sweet truth were told our infant ears--
 And fables were forbidden to be sung--
 But more of snares were shown us, so we keep
 Out of low harm.

RODERICK. Aye, many a girl were spared
 Her fall, had her own mother told the truth!

EL KADER. And many a lad of twenty years
 had thought
 Before temptation, had he been instructed
 In what is noble in a manly heart; but lies
 Are told to youth--and age is loth to guide--
 Full often actuated by great fear
 To spoil the secret joys that pleasure hath.

SOFFRINA. And so with woman too; the hid-
 den sweets
 Are sacred to her.

RODERICK. Who can laws enact
 To beautify our actions? Who is wise
 Enough to check youth's passions, and to grow

In manhood godlike attributes, that bloom
Life to a perfect state of welfare, who?
Ah me! when shrewd philosophy sets out
In simple way to sing the world to right—
Swift in the air a grim alarum sounds:
The multitudinous tempers of all men
Shriek riotous—and each will see its reign
Supremely set in wild and bold defiance
To one small law; thus is each man a world
Unto himself—a god he seems—a power
Whom not the Demigorgon can assail
And trample down. See Luther, heavenly pure,
With wisdom fired, he sang his hymns sublime
In honor of the God—yet his own sovereign,
Who ruled his subjects, revolted, and in ire
He had great Luther exiled from his land.
See Hugo—who took pity on his own:
Oppressed by tyrants, he was banishèd
Though Heaven's truth and reason's liberty
Rang from his lyre inspired. It seems this world
Runs riot in its centifold governing:
The law is weak; man always finds a path,
Most labyrinthine, that deludes the pursuer;
And so lives all unpunished in his guilt.
This world is like a garden richly kept
Where flowers, grandly blooming, trees superb,
And innumerable plants, in variant gloss,
Grow splendrous there—but though well tended to,
Rude nature's weeds will spring all unsuspected;
So, though stern laws have civilized most men,
So, 'twixt sweet virtue and fair honesty

The shotten eyes of vice and drink and game
 Leer ominous; where sainthood dreams of good—
 There crawl the vipers of wry villainy—
 Aye, wherefore sing as Memnon sang of yore?
 Aye, wherefore write new laws on tablets mystic—
 What boots it—nature sways us all—the good
 That Moses wrought was scorned when Nero ruled
 And Rome was one grand hideous lupanar!

EL KADER. And you, my brother, have too suffered much:

With all your clean and constant heart you failed
 To reap the love that Heaven had showed your sight.

Heaven fired your heart—but that which Heaven gave you

The Fiend snatched ruthlessly—yet he too failed,
 For death saw all, and, cruel-minded, smote
 Thy love's fair reason, till she sudden expired.

Aye, is there fair perfection to be found
 Within this world? and e'en within man's mind
 Sits error, watching, so Perfection lose
 Her sway. See Shakespeare, peer of all of men
 Thus mortals vouch, but lo! he hath his faults.

And Milton, who had studied all his life
 To sing his song sublime in Lydian tones
 And Æolian modulations deep—he too
 Struck some wrong chords; and Dante pure and great

Whose genius towered above his fellowmen
 Like Ætna looming 'bove the isle Sicilian—
 He failed in showing reason, for in him

Blind superstition lay, and myth and fable
 Clung to his genius though so vast and glorious!

RODERICK. Then wherefore live? Why breathe
 the air that clothes

This wondrous earth with all its villainous world
 When we do know the poet's word hath no power,
 The seer's prophecy is like a moan
 Some lost one makes in the wood's deeps forsaken.
 I know of one young boy scarce eighteen years
 Whose brain was over sedulous to delve
 In philosophic books—and thus learned more
 Than even man of seventy winters' load.
 His mind saw all the world's injustice low—
 Saw how the masses will not rise to be
 Furnished with common knowledge, reason just—
 Saw that most men adhere to olden lore—
 And saw the world still groveling in its vice.
 Then he despaired—what use was he to them
 That would not listen to his words superior
 And from the God inspired—so in his youth
 He said farewell to all—a pistol-shot!
 And he lay dead. O why still live and be
 Sentient that one hath Angel-ken yet seems
 Vile treated by the world as though I were
 Some insignificance whom most ignore.

SOFFRINA. Aye, you might say why should
 some girls still live—

When they walk all degraded in the eyes
 Of their own sisters! Or when destitution
 Assails some beauteous woman, whose young days
 Were all luxurious, and whose mind was pure—

But when grim poverty knocked at her door—
She fell, to earn a pittance so she breathe.

RODERICK. 'Tis true, Felicia, your sex seems
worth more

Of pity than we men deserve. For we
Have strength and villainy to boot—while you
Must aye succumb to us, since coin is power.
Were barter not—aye! love were just as sinful;
But love is just—and sins not as for money.
Were marriage law as in fair Besalim,*
Where all must married be—a woman's shame
Were never rudely played with—but true love
From early years on would be age's bliss—
And so no vice can be—since each man owns
A woman to whom he hath pledged deep love.
But ah! 'twere long to alter what seems rooted
In society that shuts an eye to vice.

Then wherefore live we yet—you teacher deep,
Who knows more than the famed Crichton knew—
Hast seen all human phases, vicious, pure;
And written words fit for the God to con.
And you, Francesca, who has known all bliss—
All wo that life may give to womankind.
And I, worsted in love; a dreamer deep—
Philosopher, a songwright, artist, author,
A poet and a child of God who showed me
Signs wondrous in the midnight summer skies!

SOFFRINA. O there are still for me sweet joys
to boot—
Remembrances of love-filled moments fond—

* Vide Bacon's "New Atlantis."

Long parleys with dear friends of autumn-morns ;
 And bantering. There is the bond of friendship
 That makes me think of others ; and the thought
 That in my age I yet may joyaunce give
 To some lone being left forlorn and sad.
 And may we three not spend rapt evenings,
 As now, to muse of things unknown, unfelt
 Before—oh ! in the peace of nature's realm
 We find new thought to wish we lived fore'er !

EL KADER. My Roderick, though there
 is little pleasure

The world affords to one whose mind hath grasped
 The deeper meaning of this fitful life,
 There's nature with her myriad works to love ;
 She gives me food yet for my abstruse thought.
 She shows new life. There are her elements
 That yet inspire me with delight and awe.
 O fire, O earth, O water, and O air !
 See how the winter-ingle entertains—
 The flames burn blue and white, and rage
 Above in yellow glow that takes quaint shapes
 Like lething tongues—or arabesques, or swords.
 Or in the autumn-fields, the stubble-piles
 Are lit—and crackling fire leaps and dances—
 While clouds of fumes coil dense around, above.
 And in the evening-gloom what fairer sight
 Than when the yeomen set the leaves afire—
 While 'bove the heavy woodland, in the east,
 The argent moon looks on, benignly rising :
 And earth ! what wonders dost thou bear in thee—
 On thy round surface, wooded, rock-bound, flowery—

Hilly, or valley-blest, or mountain-crowned.
Thine unknown deeps, or fiery, or water-filled,
They may bear things we men have never seen.
What marvels move upon thy bosom, earth—
What beauty-growths glow in thy murmurous dells—
What wondrous trees stand, ages-long, on hill,
On plain or Alpine vales ; to thee, O earth,
We owe that soul and spirit are refreshed
When in the world we find no sympathy.
And thou, O water, art a solace pure :
For thou dost seem the sparkle of the earth—
O sea, thou vast expanse, omnipotent—
Lord of the other two—thou checkest fire—
Thou hidest earth—when dashing over the beach,
Thou never ceasing sustainer of all life.
For without thee the earth were swayed by fire.
Nor would the flowers blow—nor creatures roam ;
Nor clouds tower in the west—nor showers sing
In summer's heat. O water ! what joy we feel
When to the woods we wander some June morn
And sit beside the brook that sings all time
And lets me swim and splash at will and shout
And be exhilarated by its cooling gift.
Or by the cliff-shored river smooth—where glide
The swans of commerce to the distant seas ;
And skiffs sail, triumphing o'er oar-moved boats.
Or by some inland lake, what charm the sheet
Of sparkling water shows the weary wand'rer—
Where he perchance bathes in its lucent waves.
And oh ! the crystal springs, so icy cold,
That haunt the fields, or solemn oaken-glooms—

Those mystic wells whom nature fashioned fair
That bubble lastingly for all world's good.
And, last, the showers pouring beneficent
On all the solstice-withered grass and flowers—
Replenishing the dried-up streams and rills—
And filling man-dug wells with liquid store
For yeoman and his various stock and fowl.
Such, water, givest thou. And air—O air—
Supreme o'er all—for thou sustainest them.
Thou keepest the wild flame in lively glow—
And art the spirit of the earth and sea.
Thou lutist in the summer eves; thou trumpeter
When th' hunter wild seeks shelter in the woods
From autumn windstorms, bending herb and trees.
Thou melodist at morn, when mellow June
Smiles radiant on her lawns of jeweled green.
And oh! when through the midnight mountain
woods

Some maddened village Magdalen runs wild
Thou moanest weirdly, till the stilly skies
Re-echo thy low moan. Thou hast ten score
Of voices—and thy lyre ten thousand strings—
Preluding—singing—shrieking—bellowing—
Now whispering—then sad'ning in thy tone.
O Wind—thou art the molder of the clouds—
Thou tearest them asunder—and thy stress
Doth drive them, like the dreaded lion's growl
Drives herds of antelopes o'er desert lones,
O'er the blue firmament; the full-blown blooms
Of summer's afternoon thou carriest triumphant
From bound to bound—and at the solemn eve

When the large sun makes roses of their foam—
Thou breakest them and scatterest them—till scud
and scud

Fly swift athwart the glare of eventide.
Thou quickenest all life, that dies when once
Bereft of thee, O air! Thy miracles procure
Rapt sight for us whose minds are weary grown.
My brother, there are many beauties still
That nature shows to tempt us live on earth:
The seasons' changes; each bountiful in gifts;
Her lavish store of forms, of life, of works;
All marvelous. But often those who fail
To drive the fell, grim tempter from their thoughts
Away, are not the ones who tire of knowledge.
They either are bereft of normal reason,
Or last despair and destitution prompt
Their suicide. So will we live here, friends,
Awaiting reverently death, when 'tis
The hour for us to die by nature's wish.
No matter if a cruel end we reap,
Or are the preys of germs—or accident—
'Tis well, we are content 'twas thus to be—
For we our spirit give to Him the Peer.

RODERICK. And I still love the flower-aisles of
forests;
The thuds of falls in mystic woodland gorge,
Where solemn silence spreads her sullen spell;
The rorid morns along the river-curves
When fields shine splendent in the ripening sun.
O, friend, you say too true—we souls that live
Above the motley crowds as those that spend

Their hours in style, and show, in market-halls—
We find sweet moments in rapt thought and sights
In varied nature. They care not for her charms—
Nor study all her works; intent on gain,
They fatten on their riches—but their minds
Are void of nature—adoration—they are dull—
And when their day of last despair draws near
They think of naught but what the world will say,
And kill themselves. But we engross our minds
With beauties that fond nature shows to us
Who open our hearts to her—and all our senses.
And thus we are become true poets fair—
For poets are the love and world-forlorn,
The souls that see the shallowness of show—
And find at last how full of glorious works
This earth yet proves to be. Aye, you said true,
El Kader; we all are governed by the planets.
Hence, laws are good for definite temperaments,
But not for all. We poets need no laws:
For we are born with angel-fiber in us—
In all world's history not one poet ever
Offended laws. For those that love low vice
There must be laws, else would they grow to be
Hell's vermin. It seems that some are born all-
bad—
And penalty corrects not their offenses.
When set at liberty—they do again
Their evil acts. Ah me! who form a fair
And perfect government; old Greece, and Rome,
Have gloried in their time—but soon 'twas gone—
And now Acropolis stands cold on high

That we are fit to joy in higher realms
 When we shall die ; for we have thought so much—
 Have delved in mysteries ; and loved to learn
 Of all the greatest men that graced this world.
 So let us sing to nature—my dear friends—
 I love her quiet—in the eve to muse ;
 And sit beside a gently flowing stream
 And think of life. And though perplexed I see
 The infinite types of men, and nature's works
 On earth, in ocean, in the air eternal—
 There is a consolation comes to me :
 All was created ; creation needs a Spirit
 That thinks—and in the glory of that vision
 I know a Power—a God—a Spirit lives.
 So will I here abide in trust and love—
 And still learn more of His deep mysteries,
 For that is time well spent—exceeding all
 The many games the world plays—games that
 shame

The soul—for soul is e'er instinct with God.

EL KADER. Aye, soul and spirit—those two
 are from Heaven.

But mind and brain, they crouch still on the earth.
 It needs a soul to love the jocund morn ;
 A spirit to feel the tears of joy come sudden.
 A soulful man may thrud the woodlands green
 And listen to the many birds that trill ;
 And pluck the lone white violet in some nook—
 And he will never slay the timid game.
 A soulless man will rove the woods through day
 And shoot the meek brown deer, or some fair bird

But for his passing whim ; he never kneels
 Before a tiny flower, and studies deep
 Its delicate forms, nor rings a praise to One
 Who thought of hue, and shape, and sap and root.
 Aye, soul and spirit—employ them, pitiless man,
 And then thou'lt think that nature-dreams are
 fair—

For thy rude manners will be softened then,
 Thy heart have pity—and thy joys be more.
 For such is the true import of this life :
 To tend to th' hidden powers of the Spirit.
 All else is futile—then rebirth will be—
 But soul-dreams and high spirit-thoughtfulness
 Prepare one for the life beyond the tomb.

SOFFRINA. Then let us live a lovely life yet
 here—

Though age is ours, El Kader, manhood yours.
 My Señor, we have joys enough as pleasure—
 And you have years before you so you win
 High fame—and oft create great works of thought.
 O, there's the freshness of the morning air—
 The gentle thrill that trembles all the trees
 When burgeoning in the May. There are the clouds
 Heavy in storms ; soft foaming in the calm—
 And sending in the brisk west-wind through day.
 There are the secrets of the mind, whom none
 On earth hath yet divulged full well ; the soul
 Hath sweet surprises for the tedious hours—
 What thoughts loom up of sudden ; what pictures fair
 Are painted for our solitude to see.
 We have the vast and ceaseless ocean ; and the sky

A miracle of azure when the sun rolls round—
 A splendor of stars when night holds solemn sway.
 And people, creatures, flowers, plants, and mounts,
 And waterfalls; enow for us to dream by
 When weariness o'ertakes us; thus we soon
 Forget the wo-sighs of the proud small world!

RODERICK. 'Tis well! God's laws stand stern,
 and none will bend

To please the whim of mortal power. Lo!
 We all are flies that whisk the magic wheel
 That keeps the universe's laws in order—
 We are like children who strike at their eye
 Not knowing that their hand is their own hand—
 We stand upon the beach of immensity
 Wishing to cry, but the hoarse surf drowns us—
 And the unseen remains a marvel still!
 So let us love our life, and all that's ours—
 Soon, soon, change comes to make our world an-
 other—

And then, what use were all our questionings—
 Our fears, our small solitudes, our moans—
 Life's happiness rests in this sweet assurance:
 Perform the best within your power—trust
 To God the marvelous Maker of us all.
 Those who are villains or low mercenaries—
 They will return on earth until they find
 That soul is highest—and that lowlihood
 Crowns all—and is the Key to Heaven's Halls
 That is: the state of spirit's bright perfection.

EL KADER. Well said, my trusty friends—
 there's still

The lavish world of nature for our weal.
For you, dear Rod'rick, quickening love still lives—
And on some rubious lips of nubile girl
You still have anodyne for woes untold.
You, dame esteemed, who unreploached has lived,
You have the friendship of us two—and oft
Fond musings at the tender evening hour—
When westering the sun glows all majestic
And o'er the cotes and farms the swallows dip
In golden airs, refreshed by breezes cool
The evening breeds. And I who am so old
And am nigh worn of mind from overstudy—
I still have thought, and praise to give to Him
Who though He seems far-off from earth and man—
By mystic means He still hath access strange
To soul and spirit, Then let us praise and praise—
For such is truest to the man of soul.
Who hath no praise to give—I count him bad.
For praise is testimony that a mind hath thought,
Hath studied deep—and seeing mystery there
Hath communed with Him the All Unknowable!
Then let our thoughts be luminous with joy—
For still we have rare health, and sanity—
Without the two this life is not worth living.
See, yonder is the surf beating the sand—
And there the headland looms above the sea—
A lonely pine bends as if plaining there—
And ever and anon the crash of surf
Comes softly to our ears. We have this garden—
This fair hacienda for our own, and all
That man of reason should enjoy ; so, friends !

We may not moan ; content with little here
Is happiness on earth. We have the charms
That nature shows around us ever there—
So let us live—and praise ; what next may be
The God omnipotent hath in His Hands.

SUPPOSITIONS ON A FUTURE LIFE.

A REVERIE.

Is Truth all truthful ; has her tongue a way
To sing low guile to all that round her throng ?
We're taught that Christ takes pity on the poor—
But lo ! a Nabob feasts, while at his gate
A wretch breathes out his last for want of food.
In youth we're told that virtue wins a wife—
But manhood sees that villainy is wreathed—
And women pity those that stray from right—
And leave the just, the loveful, to their woe.
Ay, Truth ofttimes hath lies upon her lips
And she laughs at our deep credulity—
So must each soul think on life's import high
And must not trust what men of fame had said.
Each soul must work out his salvation fair—
And must conjecture what will be aft' death.
No one hath from the shades returned, to tell
What there exists ; what company he hath—
Nor how the soul feels aft' the body's end—
So much we dream what could be blossoming,
What could the heaven be, whom all await.
The antepast of Heaven is each one's own—
The song we hear in solitude all hear ;
But who hath well unraveled what it holds ?

A mystery still veils us from the truth—
 We ask, and ask—but 'tis like asking stars;
 They reign in silentness, all dumb—and mute!
 Some think all dies at once, body and soul.
 Annihilation absolute us owns;
 Some dream the soul lives on in other spheres.
 Some say we live again on earth—our soul
 Reentering births in generations new.
 Oh! complexity of suppositions dim—
 As walking in some forest's inmost gloom
 We know not which way leads us to the plain.
 Who says the truth—for truth means one sure
 path—

But there are many paths on every side.
 Oh! torture of the soul—have demons placed
 Us in a wilderness of doubt—that we
 Can never know where death will lead us to?
 Or is all sheer imagination's trick
 That we should feel a longing for new scenes
 When death, the mystery, stops short earth-life?
 Ah! me! methinks that heaven were beautiful—
 Perhaps our greatest joys we know on earth
 Prolonged to hours and days; insatiate
 The sweet desires man knows when woman loves.
 Perchance no ugliness lives there; but beauty
 Reigns there as flowers the fairest grow in woods
 By Amazonian shores. Or, could our work—
 Such work those do that pleasureth the soul—
 Be done without the worry that accrues
 When knowing that most may not understand
 Our fair ideal. Methinks each talent seeks

'A region where it may enjoy its bent—
For artist craves a place; while he who labors
In field or wood desires such country-life;
And he, a king who rules, would wish a sphere
Where he were sovereign to eternity.
Each man doth crave continuance of his joy—
Then wherefore should not death lead to such place
Where what through life he loved so well in all
Were aye his pleasure. Aye, to me Heaven seems
A garden glowing, with rarest scented flowers;
And wondrous trees; and mossy lawns; and brooks
In bubbling flow, winding; and there no houses
Should be, but all the air were temperate
Through day and night; no seasons, but sweet spring
Forever smiling in its dewy innocence.
No creatures wild—but radiant birds; fluting all
time—
And animals, such as the timid doe—
Or the gazelle. And there should be sweet beauties
That naked walk through all this peaceful sphere.
They living but for love. Then for my soul
I'd while away the hours by singing songs—
Creating works of beauty; and would share
My transports with my loves, who knew enough,
By intuition given, to understand all!
My bed would be on flowers; each eve sweet maids,
All beautiful, would burn the flowers large
To scent the vesper-hour—then they would bring
Fresh roses, lilies, and all meadow-blooms
And make my couch for me to sleep through night
That is so warm, I lie there robeless—free!

Food is in plenty—fruits and nuts—sweet herbs—
 Nought else; no labor there—just pluck it off
 The tree; no wines; but on some vines there grow
 Large beauty-gourds, filled with a juice like nectar.
 No manual labor there is requisite—the soul
 Alone lives there in power absolute.
 Such would my paradise insure—but ah!
 A Nabob could not tolerate nor love
 Such sweet simplicity—he would be longing
 For palace, pomp; and pageants; festal show;
 And viands, tidbits, for an Epicure.
 Perchance among the billion stars and planets,
 Whom no astronomer hath seen, there roll
 Through space some worlds where he could live in
 wealth
 And show, like Borgia or Rome's pompous King.
 Perhaps, I would it were so, there's a sphere
 For me to live in, when my earth-form dies—
 O I must have my beauties, love, and soul—
 My flowers, nooks, and woodland-shades for me—
 Naught else I crave—my paradise it is!

'Twere paradise, indeed, to be away
 From earth, all silly customs of the world:
 And joy in spheres where no conventions are.
 For, sad it is that we must woo so long
 Before the bridal kiss be ringing sweet.
 O for a world where the sweet sex may love
 Untrammelled by propriety, and show
 Their fire-emotion when 'tis joying them.
 Where garbs are not, to make them loveless, vain.

But where their thoughts yearn but for tender love—
Love, that lives on caresses soft—and seems
To ne'er grow weary of endearments fond.
O for a world where value is not known,
Where gold rules not; where love and intellect
And music reign—so all exaltant thrive—
So all are Memnons, all are Aphrodites!

Vain wishes!—as the summer-dust on stones
Lies oft in strange designs whom hazard formed,
When blows the wind, how quickly fleets and flies
The dust within the air—and all the stones
Lie bare and solitary—so our dreams
We shape upon our many hopes—are blown
Away when comes to us the mocking Dæmon
And shrieks: Blinded ye are! you Spirits strange
Can never know where after death you range!

THE FABLES OF HUMANITY.

AN EPIC.

WITH

AN ELEGY IN MEMORY OF FRANCIS SALTUS
SALTUS, POET.

NOTE.

THE biography of this work is, in short, as follows :

The first attempt was written in 1891.

In 1898 the author was aware of the ludicrousness to let God speak—so the author started anew, the fruits being the novel epic.

The epic was written at Intervale, White Mountains, N. H., during July and August. He sat on the grass, five feet away from the valley brook, and generally wrote with the ease of the breezes playing around the grand elms that give such beauty to the Intervale.

The "Elegy" was written in 1891.

THE FABLES OF HUMANITY.

PROLOGUE.

'Tis God's loud voice majestic rolling
Over all the earth's great ages—
It spumeth to the skies—and there discloses
All the wrong within the Bible's pages!
God's voice it is—and Nature is witness—
He proclaimeth life's beginning—
God never wrought for man wild plaining—
God denounces Eve's and Adam's sinning!!

All, all was made for joy and smiles and flowers—
All comes from God's fair myriad Love-ruled
powers—

'Twas man that wrought cares, woes, and grief and
trouble—

For God sent joy to all—even to the brook's lone
bubble!

'Tis God's loud voice majestic rolling
Over all the earth's great ages—
It spumeth to the skies, and there discloses
All the wrong within the Bible's pages!

BOOK I.

Of Spirit, he the stronger ; and of Soul,
She blest with timid sweetness from the first,
I do indite. From these conjoined, there grows
A fire-genius—in the few observed—
Which is the peak of all man's earthly labor,
And nought exceeds such summit. So, my Muse!
Inspire me as oft thou hadst of yore—
When masters none had governed all my mind
But Thou Thyself! Infuse in me such light
That, used, shall tremble in my song, and lume
The minds of those that con this tale. For Thou
dost know

All that lies covert in the souls of men—
And in the world of God! even of God's Self
Thou hast rare knowledge, so to Thee I pledge
Myself as auditor—let me be a child,
Not made to serve by means of rod or lash,
But whose bright heart grows tender under words
Of truth! So with Thy guidance rare, promote
My love to delve great mankind's cradle-lay—
That it be plain, and by men understood!

Out of Himself God had created all—
As man of higher mind creates his will,
And diverse powers! God fashioned all the laws
That hold the universe in heavenly order—

He thought—He weighed, and all was made! the
spheres

Of fire, revolving in great cycles, held
The ether's whirl! and all phenomena
Were strewn abroad, at random, for some use.
Till then, no earth was yet aglow; for God
Had thought not of the shining trees or plains,
Of animal life—of mind intelligent—
But nebulous, or fiery—the ponderous globes
Whirled through the ether's infinite realm—
All servants of God's law, that keeps aright
The orbs celestial!

Where God doth reign God made
Rare fluid images, so sensitive as air—
Those electric shapes were gifted with His
thought—

So He with them could oft commune! About
His Spirit He had filled His thought with space,
In which His self-wrought ministers could range
And be of service! Thus came to truth what men
Upon this earth have angels ever called!
Thus grew Heaven's Hierarchy—and Heaven's
Realm!

God in His Realm called all His ministers
And God spake thus:

“Of all my work so far
I am well pleased! You foremost in my Realm,
You Angels! are equipped with My stern Thought—
So when I tell ye to perform rare tasks,
By quick intuition ye obey! So listen!
New means I shall employ for newest issue;—

My Realm is done!—While brooding in my glow,
 Methought to fashion out of ether's damp,
 And of our fiery spheres, life manyfold—
 Complex—enigmas of creation strange—
 Rapt frames for spirit, thought, and soul! At first,
 One sphere shall feel the wet of ether mix
 With the wild heat; then will the change be cool-
 ness—

And o'er the globe slowly large vapors loose
 Shall float; till the sphere's crust shall crumble,
 And, with the moisture married, it shall be
 A far-extended floor for myriad shapes,
 Which I will now design; and you may judge
 If they would yield us pleasure, or disgust!"

At which, before Heaven's Head could farther
 utter—

All Angels sang in harmonies unknown
 To us; and the Realm rang, as when, at morn,
 On earth, at Monte Rosa's verdant feet,
 Ten thousand thrushes hail the sun's uprising,
 Majestic!

“Your acclaim is satisfying!

At first, the crust will change to thousand forms—
 Wherefrom the globe will swift assume high
 mounts,

And precipices sheer, and sloping vales—
 Then, with the elements, that served us long,
 Renewal of those forms shall be! With spells,
 The atoms of some forms shall disunite
 And change to liquid or to air—or fluid,

Commixed with stronger elements, shall stiffen—
Amorphously, or to shapes strictly fair!
As I shall think it best!!”

At which one hierarch,
Whose ethereal shape dazzled in the van of all,
Fast interrupted: “Mighty All-Creator Thou—
What use are all such changes to the air
Or when 'tis compact so to form hard clay
Or harder stone? What purport hath a sphere
When all denuded of rare life that moves
From place to place—that hath a thought to act—
Or to enjoy what Thou hast made of yore?”
At which the Spirit of All smiled passively—
As one of ours do—when some rash youth
Quick knowing more than he with snowy locks,
Doth prattle wisdom all beyond his years.
And thus God answer gave:

“Wouldst thou forerun
My thoughts, as lightning doth the thunder's
clap—

Or power the rolling sphere! Await the sequence
To my designs—and now, learn what will grow
Upon the globes, to which the means for growth,
And sustenance, I shall bequeath. When air
Will be—and the orbs' heat create the clouds—
From them will bloom sweet flowers with scents
endowed.

On whom apt seeds will form, to be upblown
By winds, rare force, born of change relative
'Twixt heat and cold.—and by them scattered free
Abroad, to alight upon the hills or plains,

So they may blossom soon again—and seed—
So on forever! Then will I invent
Strange shapes—not complex—but most capable
Of motion in the element assigned them—
No seed will they be burdened with—but marvel!
While live they shall divide themselves, or cut
Themselves in numerous parts—that live when
severed
Anew—to share the fate of those before them!
So on forever! Those will live alone
In water—never on the land around.
Then in the waters there shall live a myriad
Strange creatures, some of whom must stay
Near to the bed of ocean, never higher.
And others in the middle-depths shall reign—
While some may part enjoy the land and sea.
Then on the earth a horde of creatures
Shall roam about at will. All strange to behold—

(After having seen the absurdity of letting God speak of things that had not been created at the time of His utterance—and also of using definite words (which were invented many centuries after the time I am discussing), for creatures and growths that did not exist then, I refrain from continuing the epic on the lines of my first idea in 1891. I therefore rearrange my thoughts, and start anew with my epic—treating it in a more logical manner.)

(1898.)

Poem

Thou who hadst whispered to great Milton's soul
Word-harmonies, like sound from ^{thunder} storm
That o'er the fair Aegina's flowery plain -
And mellow strains like Lydian ~~tones~~
That still arise from ^{fragrant} the ^{melodies} vales and groves
At feet of hoar Olympus - Thou inspire
My humble soul these days, when all
That life is fairer, juster than of yore -
But sterner minds will feel that much is lost
Of life sublime, when Sappho sang her woe -
When great Aeschylus urged his mind to frame
Immortal songs; when still the soul ^{was lord}
Of mankind - and fair Beauty had a shrine
And votaries unnumbered gave her tribute
With flowers, incense, song, and dance, and prayer.
Thou Muse, whom mortals so defame these days -
Thou Heaven's Voice, whom most forget to love,
Whom most deride; Thou, make in me Thy House,
And sing to me, so with my patient pen
I may indite for other eyes what Thou,
O sacred Presence, dost to me, lone man,
Sweet sing - so like sweet flutings in the Spring
Where sun and bird show love for Wondrous God!

PROEM.

THOU Who hadst whispered to great Milton's soul
Word-harmonies, like sounds from thunder-storms
That rage o'er fair Ægina's flowery plain—
And mellow strains like Lydian melodies
That still rise from the fragrant dales and groves
At feet of hoar Olympus—Thou inspire
My humble soul these days, when all proclaim
That life is fairer, juster than of yore—
But sterner minds well feel that much is lost
Of life sublime, when Sappho sang her woe—
When great Aeschylus urged his mind to frame
Immortal songs; when still the soul was lord
Of mankind—and fair Beauty had a shrine
And votaries unnumbered gave her tribute
With flowers, incense, song, and dance, and prayer.
Thou Muse, whom mortals so defame these days—
Thou Heaven's Voice, whom most forget to love;
Whom most deride; Thou, make in me Thy Home,
And sing to me, so with my patient pen
I may indite for other eyes what Thou,
O sacred Presence, dost to me, lone man,
Sweet sing—so like sweet flutings in the spring
When sun and birds show love for Wondrous God!

A PASTORAL EPIC.

I.

WHERE shall I lay the scene of this my song
Our country is so fair, so strange—to choose

Is hard. Yet, 'tis so beautiful all over
That any place where nature has endowed
The land with mountains, hills, and woodlands low
Is fit for song. Thou lovely fond America—
Sweetest of scenes of all the world, for here
All unmolested may I dream—far, far
From royal sway—from petty rulership—
Thy vales and woods are free to all that love
True liberty! Grand are the Alpine heights
With everlasting snow encrowned; and fair
The flower-bowers (where Queen Semiramis
Lay languid on her marble couch, of yore)
That view the ocean far from Egypt's hills;
Great are the towers, towns round famed Gizeh;
And great is Balbeck; where placid Arno flows,
Stupendous palaces stand on the hills;
And, from the rich Campagna, Saint Peter's dome
Seems like a star gigantic sparkling at day!
I know that Candanabbia her gardens grows
With rarest flowers, trees; and from her heights
She loves to view her sapphire sheet of water
That lies at rest with all the coves so fair—
And oft reflects her glorious mountains old.
I know that Guadalquiver sees the spires
Of fair Sevilla's quaint cathedrals loom
Above the gardened roofs of the old town;
And Porto Vino stands commemorate
Of Mauresque handiwork; and the Alhambra
Immortalizes the name of Boabdil.
And more I know; but all those vestiges
Of luxury have in their memory

The power of kings and work of slaves ; while here
Our own do labor willingly most times—
And power grows lenient in the hands of men
Who know that kingship is o'erruled by all
The people's voice. O though as yet our land
Shows no great monuments to boast—we have
Most beautiful grand scenes, not less sublime
Than any where great kings their scepters sway,
Forget not snow-encrowned Mt. Hood ; nor lose
The view immemorable from the Needles
Upon the vale : there at thy feet the Colorado
Flows, winding like an endless dragon dread
From left to right ; there, further, stretches fair
The plain, with oases of cotton-wood sweet
spotted—

Till lost in haze, where hills and rugged mountains
Climb, range, as far as naked eye can see ;
Such view perchance the soul of Milton knew
When thinking of the scapes he would depict
For Satan's combat with the Angels pure,
Victorious then. Keep sacred all the scenes
So wonderful in the Yosemite :
The glaciers broad, above strange formed Half-
Dome.

The fall Nevada—those Rainbow falls, all near
The Brothers, those huge spires of rock, that top
The Sequoi-pines ; and opposite, the wondrous falls
Three in succession, that have their source up high :
Two thousand feet above the Merced-river cold,
That spirits the vale. Nor leave to oblivion's care
What spreads before the sight from Douglas Fort

In wild Utah: beyond the flowery hill,
Whereon the gatlins stand as sentinels,
Three miles away the city lies, the quaint
Cathedral conspicuous; then, all beyond, the lake
Black, spreading weirdly there, broods in the vale—
And, farther, a wild range of mountains dark
With bald rocks, cuts, with shaggy line, the sky.
We too have deserts vast, whose sandy hills
Change through the years—and some dwindle from
sight—

While on a level stretch a mount appears—
The work of winds that pile up sand on sand,
When Whirlwind raves. And also may we boast
Of agèd towns such that of Luna, built
Of clay and straw—as like the Arab-folds.
Along the foothills of the Atlas hoar—
Midway within the Sahara—desert lone.
Still think of pleasant valleys, Napa first:
That leads from Merced to the Geysers strange.
A valley like a paradise; so beautiful,
So green its mountain sides—so flower-loved
Its lawns, and brooks; I know of none in lands
Across the Atlantic; then verdant Delaware,
Most lovely where the river's islands dream:
By Shawnee's shady fields—idyllic place.
Then Shenandoah; Mohawk, fairest graced
Near Utica; then Saco-valley's charm,—
Forever beautiful at Intervale,
Where from the richest clover-meadow will
The eyes behold most glorious view undying
Upon the range, of which Mount Washington

Is sovran peak ; then Keene : along its bed
Wild mountains are, where savage bears yet roam—
And farther in their wilds the puma lurks—
The wild-cat prowls, and wild deer haunt the lakes.
And thousand other valleys, pleasant—fair
As paradise.

So will I choose as scene
A vale, whom many know full well—for here
The farmer loves its fertile ground—the boy
At village school frequents its trout-loved stream—
The girls, who dream of winning men, at times,
Gaze at the woodlands where a tryst would prove
Delightful spot ; and people, from the cities great,
Enjoy its air salubrious, and its calm
That seems to change their thoughts of greed and
show—
To thoughts of primal happiness, when all would
love
The free, sweet sanctitude of nature pure.

To west of Intervale, across the Saco-valley,
The farm of Thurston lies upon the flat,
Below grand White Horse-ledge—beyond its ridge
Moat-Mountain rears its humped back, reclining
Southward into the wide, fair Conway region.
Mark Thurston, at the age of manhood, lived,
With wife and child, five years upon this farm.
The sheriff's daughter, Mary, was full formed—
Abundant jet black hair, in Greek-knot tied,
High, convex brow—two deep brown eyes, that
gazed

With love, benevolence, at friend or foe—
 Two perfect lips, sweetly voluptuous they—
 Red as a juicy fuchsia-petal—such
 That Love doth mould for kisses long and fond—
 Those beauties Mark had loved when first he saw
 Her at the school. Her body, tall and rounded fair,
 Was like some cherished girl Bologna graced,
 Whom Guido oft had copied in his prime—
 Immortal work; their child, sweet Susie named—
 (In memory of the Black-eyed-Susans, growing
 So plentiful near by—and for her hair
 That had the color of their dark-brown eyes)
 She was their second life; for, joyous child,
 She sang unconsciously sweet songs of wood
 And open wild; her mother called her the idol
 Of her own heart—and Mark loved, at the eve,
 When weary of the day's long work, to take
 Her on his knee, and tell her things too deep
 For her to understand—and kiss her cheeks
 That ruddy glowed, as after pastime free
 In field or lawn.

They were content—and Mark
 Worked happily, while to her chores fair Mary
 All willing went. One evening on their porch
 They sat: just then the thunder-clouds reposed
 Upon the mountain range, reluctant yet
 To dash upon the vale or roar their thunder
 Yet through the dark ravines; still they remained
 Mount-tarrying; while from the west the sun
 Sent flood and flood of colors on the clouds—
 Those resting o'er the summits lined with gold—

And, while the sunset-changes there transpired,
Mary and Mark held converse amative—
Till Mark made query: "Mary, you have learned
More at the school than I, for earning bread
Was my grand duty; tell me what your books
Say of the way that man and woman first
Found life upon this world. I oft have thought—
When in the fields or raking hay, or hoeing
The gardens fair, how strange is life and death—
To think: at once all, all is gone forever!"
"Dear Mark, the books say much about it all—
Yet long it takes to comprehend it well—
Much contradiction yet prevails—no truth
All definite." To which Mark then rejoined:
"On one thing I am yet at sea—why say
Our Adam and his Eve sinned in fair Eden—
What was the sin? That knowledge should have
proved
Fit crime for penalty, I fail to see—
Do not the books expound on that strange lie?"
Then Mary: "No, Mark, not one book I've read
Elucidates why Adam and his Eve
From Eden's groves and lawns were banished then.
The Book of Books records thus: they had sinned—
They disobeyed God's orders not to eat
The fruit of one fair tree. All on a day
Eve sat beneath that tree, and while adream
A serpent then beguiled her—and did tempt her
To taste of its fine fruit. Then Adam ate—
When Gabriel with his fiery sword showed them
The Gateway of their paradise—forever lost.

The Bible has it thus." "But that is false—
 Some fairy-tale for children's ears—but now
 I'm old enough to reason for myself.
 Dear Mary, who is there to explain full well
 The mysteries that I cannot see full clear?"
 "I know not, Mark. But there is happiness
 For us here in this vale; and we hear Suzie.
 How can we think of sin while gazing long
 In her dark eyes?" To which Mark said rejoiced:
 "Dear Mary, you say true; and thus I'll rest
 Content till years might show new light on things
 That still are dark to me." And, in his joy,
 He fondly kissed his lovely wife; while dews
 Rained unperceived upon the valley's fields—
 And clear the afterglow shone on all round;
 And from the eastern sky the moon enlarged
 Began to shine; for summer's first fair reign
 Had culminated in the end of June.

Thus lived they; happy in their ignorance—
 As doth the common world—that still believes
 In old traditions—and in works, designed
 To lead the thoughtless multitude astray.
 Mark saw his kine, his fowl—his horses two—
 With consciousness that they were his own world.
 The valley's beauties he could not enjoy—
 Because he seldom dreamed. His duties all
 Engrossed his mind: through summer, to his farm
 He had to give attention; rarely going
 To Conway, where world-news he could acquire.
 Each day seemed as the other; for, in the morn,

He tended to his kine and fowl; in the field
He was till noon, when to his frugal meal
He then repaired; nor long he stayed, nor talked
With Mary, but, as soon as done, fieldward,
And then worked till sunbeams touched tops of trees,
All horizontal. Evenings he was tired;
No intellectual pastimes could he then
Enjoy; his body all exhausted seemed—
And sleep was welcome; so his brain nor mused—
Nor thought beyond the things he saw before him.
How could he know if stories biblical
Were true, or once invented ages back?
To books he had no access—and too weary
At night he was to feel desire for them.
And through the winter when less work there was
Thinking of next year's crops, and labor ahead,
He sported in the snow with sledge, or cut
Thick ice from Echo-lake near by; small need
He felt for study; less time he spent to read
Those mighty books of nations old, that sang
Of Mystery, and thought, and spirit unseen.
As do the worldly, so he lived most time
As those who needs must worry for the morrow—
Intent on gain; nor, having more than needed,
Content themselves with riches, but must seek
For wealth untold. So Mark his life enjoyed
Yet now and then he would grow moody-wise—
Short time those periods endured—not long enough
To fathom deepest mysteries; for days
And weeks and years alone of untiring thought
May let some rays of light divine shine fair

Till truth doth gleam ; as then, in times now gone,
The alchemist, to make pure gold, kept watch
For thirty years o'er crucibles and fire,
Until the hard-wrought gold for use lay there !

And Mary, though to books she oft found fond re-
course—

Her mind all unendowed with higher power,
Such that the seers know—she read awhile—
But sleep came. Country-bred, not having seen
A city large, nor knowing of the world's deceit,
Its petty gains, its robberies, and vices—
She still was innocent ; a Black-eyed Susan
That blows amongst the meadow-grasses thick—
And happy as that flower that smiles with eyes
So dark as Mary's at all around : the mounts,
The ledges worn ; the changeful skies ; the moon
That glows with light so bright—in it a lover
May read a tender letter he so loves—
The farmers gathering the hay ; and all that lives
Upon the ground in its sweet neighborhood.
So Mary's mind : the weak recipient of learning
Such that a country school may furnish well—
But having no self-will to think, to delve
Deeper than what in books expounded lies.
And thus the world remained all stationary—
Wanting self-will ; alone intuitive minds,
Or those whom Genius sways—they aye have made
Fond Progress give her bounteous boon to earth.
But rare they be ; and therefore Christ's own reign,
That blossoms the Millennium, is so far—

Impossible.

Mark's wife to Virtue swore
True 'legiance, since she found her lover strong.
And once, Temptation tried to win her well—
But she was victor. One year aft' their child
Was born, fair Mary proved herself a heroine :
Before her plain espousal, there was Ralph,
A former schoolmate, who a passion felt
For Mary's heart. He sued full long ; but Mark,
His rival, who was in her eyes more honest,
Found her to be his wife. One evening,
When Mark had gone to Conway, errand bent,
And Mary with her one-year babe alone
At home remained, Ralph called on her ; he knocked
And Mary opened the door—she welcomed him.
Upon the vine-engarlanded veranda
They found three chairs. They sat themselves
adown—

While dusk began to waver o'er the vale—
And, far, Mount Washington wore darkest robe
Of ocean-blue ; at times the whippoorwill
His death-call sent from 'neath a bushy bosk—
And from the water-lily-burdened pool
The frogs in intervals their weird lone " cherughs " "
Tonight rung loud ; and dismal sounded then
The rush of Saco's waves, as passed the coves,
With rocks and boulders filled, they glided down.
Ralph, after converse commonplace had waned,
Began his amorous quest, with devil-thoughts
Embroidered rich ; and, night approaching, smooth
He thought his way would be to Mary's heart.

So he began: "Dear Mary, long I've waited
 For this fair chance to see you all alone."
 And he let loose his hand within her palm—
 She not opposed; "Quick sing the babe asleep,
 Then I'll be up—and then we'll talk it over."
 The thought of Suzie made sweet Mary do
 His bidding—and she left him to his thoughts.
 Alone, with weird young night abroad, Ralph sat
 Thoughtful: "Why not? I've loved her; 'twas
 mere chance
 That Mark had heard her say her 'yea' to him.
 She might have loved me first! What are the
 odds—
 I'm not the first who's soiled the marriage-bed—
 The parsons have not shunned to disobey
 The very words they preach; and I, a farmer—
 O Mary, you will love me yet, in spite
 Of Mark and Suzie." Other thoughts, more fit
 For Beelzebub to ponder, Ralph discussed
 While sitting in the dark; then he no longer
 Heard Mary humming the lullaby. "Asleep
 She's now! Quick, up to her, and win the sweet!"
 Ralph rose at once—and, up the stairs, he ran
 Into the room, sacred to Mark and Mary.
 There Mary stood: one hand yet resting fond
 Upon the cradle's edge; her eyes sweet dreaming.
 "St! She's asleep!" she whispered. "Come, we'll
 talk
 More in the next room!" So they went together—
 A candle-light was all to illumine the chamber;
 And in the dim room Ralph quickly took Mary

Upon his lap—and kissed her lips and smothered
her.

So wild his passion; Mary let him love her so.
In return her lip moved blissfully to his.

“O Mary, let us love more rapturously!”

He cried; and, strong of arm, Ralph bore her form
To a large couch in corner of the room,
And laid her down; but as he stood to take his
breath

Up Mary leapt, and hurried down the stairs—
Ralph following. She knew where Mark's own
rifle

Lay charged with shot; then, leveling it, she cried:
“Ralph, never had I thought that you, who love
me,

Would be so cowardlike to soil my name—
And soil my child! Though other wives may play
At wifhood, I will brave temptation yet—
And keep me pure. So go your way, Ralph—go!”
And, in her pardoning anger, Mary wept.
Ralph's conscience smote him hard. He said no
word—

But as a cur, on whom the lash was used,
Ralph left the room; and, out into the night,
He hurried through the woods to his own house
A mile away. And from that night she felt
That purity is sweet—and so her child
Grew fair, and fond of one who kept her life
All angel-blest. On days when from the mountains
The northwest wind came glorying with loud tune
And bent the smaller trees, and made of elm

And walnut-whipples lyres, heroic song—
 Such air sweet Suzie loved—and to the banks
 Of wild, sand-bedded Saco she would wander—
 Sitting upon a freshet-carried birch-bole—
 One end of it the braided current lipped—the other
 Was lost in covert of tall grass and flowers,
 And there she sang; for she as gift from nature
 Received a voice which, though so young, was
 sweet—

And rich of tone. And she would wander, seeing
 The trees and bushes wave: their leaves turn
 white—

And see the grasses move as flames—and see
 The sunlight play upon them—till the scene
 Seemed filled with light so strange, that made the
 eyes

Glow with new joy! And Suzie smiled—and held
 Her chubby hands in front of her, as wishing
 To catch the grasses streaming wildly from her—
 And there she sat—till she did hear the bell—
 Low-tinkling a short while—her mother rang
 To call her home. She ran o'er blossoming fields—
 And passed the apple-trees—and through a gate-
 way—

When in the garden of the farm she laughed
 And chirped full gay—for now she felt the kiss
 Of her fond mother on her cheek and lips.
 O envious lot!

And thus they lived as tune
 From master mind lives on the viol-strings—
 Oft heard in bowers fragrant years ago,

By Amalfi's towers. So lived they, farmer he—
And country woman she—absorbed in tasks
That need no higher faculties to fulfil—
Most manual—which, oft performed, leave lone
The philosophic mood—they fail to foster
The arts, inventive thought, and dreams spiritual.
So lives the world also : absorbed at ease
In tasks mechanic day aft' day—oblivious
Most time of greater things that would improve
Their humdrum life ; but they prefer to toil
For gold—leaving all dormant the high soul
That, when its splendor is felt, man grows of sudden

A glorious god : perchance feeling himself ignored
By all the multitude while earth-bound here—
But in his inner self he feels the glow
Of angel-life ; and at rare intervals
A light divine suffuses through his mind
That makes him conscious be of higher worlds,
When death releases the unseen spirit immortal
From this our clay. So lived they in that vale,
Mark hoping for solution plain of tales
That throng the Book of Books ; Mary unable
To think for her own self what truth should be,
While Suzie lived, bloss'ning into maidenhood.

PART II.

THIS life is strange : divinest men are least
Thought prominent in eyes of sage and boor.
First, Avon's bard walked o'er the wooded hills,

Or dreamed of eves by village-bridge half-worn—
Or at the tavern stood, observing men and things—
Yet 'twas unknown; and all unwritten then
In book or daily organ issuing news.
Then he who swallowed swift “the poisoned bowl”
He trudged along the strand or sought the shade
In Hyde Park's lovely lanes; yet no one knew
That in that lonely, man-forsaken soul
Did dwell a god; and later though the world
Did pride itself in civilized acts,
He, who was exiled from his London home
To Tuscan hills and Alpine lakes, his life
Was unobserved by all his fellow-men—
Yet, fifty years all aft his death, the world
Acknowledged him prince lyrist of all time.
And others—all innumerable—led lives
Sublime upon this earth—yet seemed like flowers
That bud and bloom and die way near some rock
Up Glacier mount, in the Yosemite,
Most wondrous valley. Canst thou tell me, Muse,
True cause of this; or does high God keep hidden
To common eyes His fairest men—as He
Secluded keeps His fairest works: in deepest woods
In deepest seas—in farthest skies untraveled?
Not in days gone alone those men divine
Were left untalked of—but in these later years
The sordid world still doth forbear to raise
Full fair acclaim; and all unknown their own
Great men were laid within their simple grave!
Here Poe, the mystic; there, Jones Very, great—
Too great for the world's understanding scant,

Whom most had thought all mad—but he was mad
 As Jesu was, who, proud, said He was Son
 Of great Jehovah; then fair Lanier came
 To build a song of his own country's charms,
 Yet but a few know that he lived. Then Drake
 His amorous lute played; sweet Fancy called,
 Till she sang dulcet songs, which he recorded.
 Here Whitman, soul supreme who smote full
 chords

That only late in life were heard to sound
 Around the world; and he too died obscure
 Within a hut, far from the world's applause.
 And, most like to a god, came Saltus young:
 Yet, all unknown, in manhood's prime he died,
 Unwept, save by his own, and nearest friends.
 So doth the world.

O Muse, thy themes come fair
 Most like high music to Euterpe's own—
 Thou lovest preludes—how their thrilling chords
 Touch all our inmost core! Then follow tones
 That deftly simulate emotions deep
 In heart or soul. Or art thou sweet in bond
 With her—that much of her dear sway prevails
 Within these lines; or are ye as one spirit?
 For great Beethoven's tones seem like some epic
 That thou inspirest. Yet I love both of you!

So now guide me again t' indite this tale
 Of philosophic fibre.

 This beauteous vale
 Lay in its loveliness unsung—unseen

In all its deepest nooks; until one day
 A lonely singer came: fond child of Him
 Of an immortal name. Unsought was he—
 As though some being strange whom most will
 shun.

For to the higher musings of his soul
 None could respond. So, lonely was he there.
 Large hostel sheltered him—and sumptuous board
 He found—and regal entertainment kept
 Him loath to sadden at his life secluded.
 His name was Saltus—known to bard and sage
 In towns where the Thames flows dreaming on—
 the Seine

Winds through rich plains to gardened Normandie.
 And also to the fruitful hills, and homes,
 Where Donizetti dreamed his songs; but here,
 His native land, none knew him, save four friends.
 Alone he went his way—for are there many
 Who love to dream? Most are to Mammon leal—
 And to his soul-ignoring life true slaves.
 To be a bird for once—or live the life
 Of cloud and meteor in our mind, would spoil
 The means to win large coffers full of gold.
 Yet Mammon has an army vast that cling
 To his hard life; a few forbear his sway
 And to those few rare Saltus claimed true bondship.
 It was an evening aft' a sultry day
 He had arrived; no one gave welcome due
 No one could see that lofty soared his soul—
 Or warmly beat his heart; nor people grouped
 Around him; but as though he were all worthless

They treated him. Then out into the dusk
He went: the early stars began to glow;
And in the east the moon fell slowly down.
He marked the distant mountain-range, that dark
Walled in the elm-tree-shadowed valley wide.
And heard the whippoorwill's drear call sound forth
From wooded hills not far; he walked: to left
A serpent-road wound up into a copse
Of birch and pine, and his weird soul thought seeing
A train of mourners; to right, all farther on,
The valley spread back of three barns, the vale
Half lit from the bright glare above the mount
That hid the west. Such he enjoyed—and swift
New imageries did flood his mind: new store
For poems to be sung.

Next morn he found
A nook that suited well his mind. At foot
Of a birch-shaded hill, a crystal brook
Flows pleasant past—there three old birches
stand—

And, farther, one wide maple and an elm—
Their branches spreading o'er the deep smooth pool.
There, near the two broad birches, is a mound—
All mossy, its western border laved all time
By flowing waters cold; and through the heat
Of solstice hours the shade cools all the air.
Reclined upon the moss, a wanderer sees
The vale, the brooklet near: soon lost behind
A stately elm-tree whose long foliage screens
The distant mount; he hears the robin's song
So lubricant and clear, the highhole's call—

And, at rare moments, in the meadow green
 The farmer whistling tunes. Behind him rise
 Gigantic pines that grow upon the slope,
 And they breathe music when the winds are strong.
 This nook sequestered Saltus found—and joy
 Enwrapt his soul. Here he could dream: the
 rush—

So velvety of tone—the brook let sound
 Seemed like the voice of some sweet maiden true;
 And was to him like her own company.
 Here he would sit and muse, till thoughts would
 come:

And, facile with his quill, sweet flowed the words
 That formed a poem fair—the world would love
 Long aft' his death.

On other days, he roamed
 About—and o'er the valley's fields—along
 Wild Saco's wooded banks—till soon he knew
 Each nook—the fairest trees—and found the flowers
 That there prevail.

At the hostel large, abode
 People from cities great—sojourning there.
 Yet to their eyes our Saltus was no one;
 They could not know that in him raged the thoughts
 Of Job—or dreams of Christ to enbetter the world—
 For on his brow, or on his build nought lay
 Enciphered plain, what were his talents rare.
 His name ne'er gloried on the weekly page—
 Whereon most names were writ, names of plain
 men

Yet all unfurnished with seraphic lore.

One Sabbath morn, when most had gone to service,
 Our Saltus sought the Saco's wooded bank;
 And on a grassy open in the shade
 He lay to dream, as was his wont Sundays.
 Now at full length reclined—then walking slow
 From pine to birch and back again, then down
 Upon the grassgrown sod to delve some thought
 All sudden-born—he thus would dream alone.
 And, thinking how the people treated him,
 Now loud a phrase—then in his mind—he said,
 All to himself: “For what was I then born?
 Nor universal knowledge, nor a heart full warm,
 Nor a fair genius-equipped soul
 Wins public praise; those people know me not—
 They cannot see me as I am; they act
 As though I were a low nonentity—
 Nought more.

My mind is plenished with wide store
 Of knowledge but a few can know; I've seen
 All beauteous countries of this globe; have learned
 Thrice ten strange tongues; life's mysteries are
 mine:

For years and years of earnest observations showed
 To me why things exist—in deepest abstrusions
 I've heard God whisper secrets, but divulged
 To saintly men; I've studied all religions,
 So strange, that check life's progress or enhance
 The civilized nations;—book on book
 I've written—wondrous symphonies and songs
 Have flowed from forth my brain prolific; all
 The sages of old times have known is mine—

And more, yet when among the people there
It seems that I were like a menial man—
No one feels drawn to me; I sit alone—
None come consulting me—nor all desirous
To know a man superior of the mind—
Nor seem to wish to talk to a genius fair.”
Then rose he; while he trod the flowery grass,
He spake aloud: “Apollo’s lyre emits no tones
Fairer than those I’ve sounded in my song;
My themes linger in neighborhood of angel’s—
And from the depths of hell I’ve brought full weird
And wild a mood. No sweeter flutings rise
From violet broidered dells, when Hylas sings,
Than those that teem within my golden works.
Yet I’m ignored; and those who seek the news
Reporting it, they never think to say
A word to me, nor ask what I am doing.
Hence no one knows that he who sings of God
Is at the hostel large. Why is it thus?”
Then he stooped at a flower fair—and gazed
Long, long, to keep its colors and its form
In memory; while in his mind he saw
The Hand of God in all he studied there.
And then he thought how in the holy house
They sat, dressed in their fineries, away
From the fair sun; not seeing things that prompt
To adoration; listening to speech
Of him who lives, perchance, a life of sin;
All while he praised his Maker from his soul—
While flowers, trees, and birds, descanting free—
’And sky, with halcyon clouds adored—rejoiced

In liberty. Then in his mind he thought:
“No titles have been given to me; although
I’ve mastered sciences full well, and more,
Have added to discoveries in this world.
Because I dream, most deem me useless here—
Because I sing, they think a high degree
In anything superfluous—and because
I hearken to the God the clergy shirk
My honest sermons; the world must see a badge—
The world must have substantial proofs; but when
A poet would to say a scientific truth
They laugh: ‘How can he know what others’
minds
Have taken years to fathom?’ but in a flash
We singers learn the deepest lore and arts.”
Then rising, Saltus said aloud: “We are
Like trappers of ago, when Boone was known—
They knew the woods, the streams, the valleys
long—
And knew the mounts; their life had been to learn
Each herb, each flowery bush, and tree of splendor—
They knew each stone along a mountain-brook—
Or in an open; they slept on Mother Earth—
And with the skies conversed—with wind and
breeze
Made friends—and with the tempest on the peaks.
So we in Mystery’s so varied world—
We know it well. Not prone before low Mammon,
Nor servile to vain greed, we shun through life
Sick Speculation; but, instead, we dream;
And for our dreaming sweet Mystery unbars

Abruptly fell three feet within the sandy bank
O' the changing Saco. Saltus asked the way
Back to fair Intervale—and Thurston said—
“The way you came—for to the north no bridge
Is there.” And as he saw how Saltus wondered
He asked: “The river is too wild up yonder
To bridge it; freshets are too high in Spring—
'Tis useless building.” Then he bade our Saltus
Rest on his stoop—and there they talked together.
“My wife and I have seen you often: sitting
On the other bank—and writing. What can claim
Your time to write and sit each day, my Sir?
'Tis seldom that we see men writing thus
Seated by brook and in the woods.” And Saltus,
His dreamy eyes turned to the farmer, said:
“I write my works there; most in verse, for verse
Is like a bath in crystal waves to me.
And swifter can I write in nature staying—
With winds at play, and birds singing their songs.
And seeing the waves rushing before my eyes.
I know you wonder, friend; not you alone
But also those from cities great who stay
Near to their homes. I am a poet, friend—
A man who loves to dream—and learns from nature
Great lessons all untaught in schools wide-famed.”
Then Thurston pricked his ears—and in his mind
He thought perhaps this poet knows the truth—
And quickly then he interrupted him, saying:
“You learn more than is written in the books—
From you I want to learn. For years I've tried
To read the Bible right, but failed. I wonder

If you can throw a light on my dark mind—
 Tell me what was the sin of Adam and Eve,
 Why were they banished from fair Paradise? ”
 Then Saltus gazed long at the farmer’s face—
 Wondering why he should ask such question deep,
 Too deep for country-folk; but as he saw
 His eye all honest, Saltus willing felt
 To make it clear; so with no diction cumbrous
 But simple words applied to abstruse thought
 He thus began: “ The hoodwinked multitude
 Ignores to meditate when reading long
 The Book of Books, the Bible. All the words
 Are not sincere; but many had been changed
 To suit contemporaneous customs, friend!
 Advice promulged by Moses—seems all strange
 To these our days; his people loved their idols,
 While, when Paul lived, the Christian faith arose;
 A bud at first—then blossoming large—glorious
 Through two long centuries of doubt and fear.
 Now, mark my words, my friend, in olden times
 When chroniclers wrote their histories, they knew
 That science were too hard a drug to force
 Upon the people—so they made neat fables
 Which could be understood.” Then Thurston
 smiled:
 “ All as I thought—but tell me more, my Sir!”
 And Saltus, fanned by his approval, proof
 That he perchance had thought through years of
 doubt—
 Enriched his phrase: “ Were Truth the guiding star
 Mankind were more intelligent—the sun

Is truthful—ever luming brilliantly the world
And all thereon; but, alas, our fathers,
Long ages back, had friended with Deceit
As like an ebon vapor rising full
Before the sun; and thus the multitude
Doubtful remained, nor saw the sunlike Truth.
Not all are gifted with high powers, friend—
So also when our primal sires roamed
The glorious world: they too were fain to hear
Fair stories read, reflecting what the years
Had proffered; telling of the many mysteries
Felt in the mind and heart; explaining well
The world's beginning; and of the birth of man.
And so arose the fables in our Bible,
Strange wondrous Truth!" "But the sin, I ask
Of you what was the sin that wrought
Displeasure to the One Creator high?"
Impatiently inquired Thurston thwart—
Then Saltus said: "Another fable tells
That Adam and his Eve had sinned—but reason
Comes to our aid, so like a stream of sunlight
Flashing from thundercloud down on the fields—
At once in glow—and shows that man thought
passion
The primal sin—but God had wrought its bliss
As sign of sweet delirious joy. The men
Who wrote that fable thought to check the pulse
Lascivious of their people—and as example
Created a tale, that, read, would make them fear
Eternal banishment from pleasure ordinate
And moderate. Such tales prevail as well

In books of other nations—the Koran strange,
 Bhata Gavita—Zenda Vesta, the Sagas,
 A hundred others.” Then Saltus, feeling rapt
 At having audience, seeming fit and fair
 To understand, soared with his soul to Heaven;
 And with his tongue and lips he uttered lore
 He heard, from Heaven’s empyrean sent,
 While thus he sat on Thurston’s porch, flower-
 orned :

“ Great God, a Spirit Eterne, made all you see—
 He made us sinless;—sin is relative,
 For in the orient our sins are none;
 What they call sin we do as though it were
 A common act. Man and his consort sweet
 Dwelled joyfully through primal ages fair
 With nature’s guidance; but there was a time
 When sordidness in powerful men arose—
 And greed was born; and love of riches grew;
 And Mammon ruled—then Woe spread like a pest
 Over the nations all; and Poverty
 Was heard to wail beneath his heartless sway—
 And Sin and Crime joined her—and then the bloom
 Of nature fled from men and women—lo!
 God’s paradise was gone—and now we live
 A life of flesh and blood—oblivious of the soul—
 Too earthly to enjoy the Spirit’s glow
 That our first fathers loved so sacredly.
 Fair nature hath not changed—we see her beauties
 Wherever we may roam. When first the sun
 Shone on the worlds all that we see was there—
 Th’ Creator acts—and fast as lightning thrids

The intricate paths through thunder clouds—His
power

Made all, at once; all subject to His laws
Of growth and transmutation strange. The won-
drous

Designer built the seed: a billion seeds
Not like in shape—wherefrom a billion lives,
Diverse of form and thought, prevailed on earth,
And still prevail. Not from gray chaos rose
Earth's life, as most still think it had—nor long
Through ages nebulous, glacial, fiery, grew
All that earth holds this day—but, all prepense,
God let life myriad-fold move in this globe,
Within its waters many—in its air
Of changing clime. For all our eyes behold
Is gifted with inscrutable mysteries—
And every creature, plant, or rock shows forth
The subtle design of Him by Whom 'twas wrought.
God let fond joy be all His creatures' goal—
And man and woman shared the same—man's love
Wrought sin and vice. Death is a change—
Nought else; and only fools find dread
To dwell within their hearts when thinking long
That death must come. The universe, this globe
Both team with life miraculous and strange;
All seems to be fair foreordained—and life
Depends on death to bloom again full fair
In shapes all new—continuous life in death—
Eternal life—and thus death is a name—
A means to change existences for higher—
A way to let life be forever new—

Forever sweet. All glories in the Lord, the Mighty.
 Or, God smiles ever at beholding fond
 His works; He made them, so His mind be glad;
 And in them all He found rare satisfaction.

Go, gaze on anything thine eyes can see—
 'Tis gifted with rare beauty; even so
 The ugly shapes have in their forms a mark
 That glows all beauteous: see the Iguan strange,
 Uncouth—yet no more beauteous colors
 Can Pao find, or Flora when she showers down
 Her myriad flowers on Napa's valley-lawns
 At fresh Spring-tide. See any reptiles slimy:
 Repugnant first—but where they swim in waves
 Of mountain-brooks—what emerald shapes of grace
 Move there—and where they glide o'er stones, what
 glow

Of color flashes—the envy of royal spangles!
 And more. The Lord hath not wrought wars out-
 rageous.

He made all, that we live in peace.—Strife rose
 When envious greed was born—and greed caused
 wars—

And wars made men be cruel—so thou seest
 That much within the Bible is all false—
 Tales wrought by man.” “Ah! that is true—but
 still

We're taught what here lies written—'tis a bane
 That we should learn such falsehoods—e'en in
 age!”

And Thurston seemed lost in deep meditation.
 Then Saltus, still exalted, flowed rapt words

Of Truth and light: "The greatest Book is Nature—

There God's great Word lies hidden and revealed.
 To her thine observation lend—to her thy love
 Each day express—and from her read thy fate!
 She writes no fables—nor envelops all her works
 With myths fit for an infant mind; all glows—
 All sparkles—and Truth lives by her every life—
 And, if thou study her, light will be thine—
 Thou'lt know the Truth—and thou shalt live all
 blest.

From Nature, all exhaustless in her wonders fair,
 All men of fame of old had found their themes
 To sing—to teach: so Job, and Solomon—
 So Jesu; John—and Peter, his apostles—
 So Luther—Fox;—so poets true and great—
 So those who fathom the heights of starry night;
 So those that love the sciences—so those
 That love to dream. In all her glorious time
 Fair Nature hath no sin inscribed—nor shows
 Her various life aught signs that sin is real.
 Sin came with barter; and the Golden Calf,
 In times of Moses, was the summit sin
 Had reached in mankind. They forgot fair Nature;
 They loved the gold that but allured their eye;
 And gave to them joys sensuous, nothing more.
 Gold is a toy the common mind enjoys—
 As children love their playthings—so the world
 Had loved their coins, that, by man's laws, had
 power
 To make of saints the vilest villains: vice,

Debauchery sprung in a woman's heart
 When gold bought virtue; sin is but a word—
 Live, love, and praise—that pleases God always.
 He made all so we pleasure deep and fond—
 Forsake the greed that came with Mammon's
 reign—

And love the God. My friend, a few there be
 Who take the time to break the seed of thought,
 Extracting the sweet kernel that discloses
 The real truth: some throw the seed away
 Thinking nought lies within—thus can they know
 No deepest mysteries; some see the core,
 But deem the kernel unpalatably hard—
 Ignoring thus to taste the deeper flavor—
 That, tasted, is like Hasheesh, showing fair
 To soul and intellect the wonders strange
 That throng the universe." Then Saltus gazed
 At Thurston, who perplexed stared out abroad
 O'er field and mountain blue. "Much have I
 learned

From your discourse—and I now see the light
 That should be given to young and old all times.
 I feel that progress is retarded by the schools
 That teach traditions, fable, and strange myths.
 Forgetful of the nobler lessons that we learn
 From nature's boundless store of things and lives:
 True love of God." Thus Thurston spoke in words
 Unwonted to his common speech—as though
 He were possessed by some strong Spirit, giving
 To him strange power: as poets are at times;
 When, like the waters gushing down a brook

All aft' a mountain thunderstorm, new thoughts
Rush to their brains. And Saltus, feeling this the
cause,

Answered in fire-words: "Friend, you are blest
With love and child—and home, with flowers, field,
And kine and varied fowl—to you is given
True happiness; nought sweeter can there be
Than family-life harmonious, sacred kept
By ties that bind one to the Spirit's realm.
Live on in that true way; oh! would the world
Choose such sweet model—sin were never known;
Nor crime, nor suicide." Then Saltus bade
Farewell; and walked away: passed Echo Lake—
Passed Conway—to the pleasant hostel large
At Intervale.

That night Mark Thurston sat
With Mary on his porch—and there he told
As well he could, what from the poet's lips
He had just learned. And Mary, hearing, smiled:
"Aye, poets are wild men who dream and dream;
And have no whit of knowledge of the world."
"Perhaps it's true; but they have powers supreme—
As this one had, who roams our valley's length.
And seems to find new story from its charms.—
Aye, Mary, more and more I think he told
The truth—for as he spoke his eyes seemed fire,
His words came flowing as he were inspired—
I do believe him." But Mary doubted yet.
She said: "Yes I have seen him sit of noons
Upon the other bank—while I worked hard;

I thought then what long futile hours he spent
 To write of things no one can prove be true.
 While every man doth labor for some coin—
 No matter if his stores be filled with gold—
 He seems not made for us; he leads a life
 That not a worldly man would dream to lead.”
 Then Thurston fast rebuked his wife—and said:
 “ You have the world’s ideas; the world is wrong—
 Much have I learned from him; and light hath
 glowed

Within my soul, since he hath sung to me.
 I know he is God’s special child beloved—
 For what he uttered, no book e’er had broached.
 He cleared my mind of doubt—and showed to me
 That man, obedient to fair nature’s laws,
 Can never sin—that poets live on earth
 To blazon evermore the lasting God.
 And to my mind, that now is more than fair,
 I think ’twere well if more were done for poets—
 Who, all unselfish, serve the God alone—
 Unmindful of riches that from greed
 Accrues so fast. Aye, Mary, from this day
 I shall acquaint myself with poet-works—
 And read most sedulous; for they must be
 The sayings of the Spirits: those that fill
 The poet’s soul with love unknown to men
 Who toil, invent—or think they know so much.”
 Then Mary answered him, with voice sincere—
 “ Yes, darling, as I think now, you are right!”
 And thus their thoughts dwelled sweet in harmony—
 As sounds from Saco’s waves in sweetness mingle

With bird-notes, sounding all the live-long day
In woods near by.

Our Saltus long remained
To sing of meadow-flowers, and bobolinks—
Of nenuphars that numerous blow in glow
In meadow-pools; he wandered through the pines
That lead to neat Kearsage, two miles away.
And sat full oft beneath the graceful boughs
Of giant-elms, that stand full glorious there
Upon the meadow-sweep, all wild-flower-grown.
And sang of all. Yet never any one
Rang kind acclaim—nor in the papers stood
His name once as a man of worth.
While others, who had no fair genius-souls,
Their names appeared each week; their common
 haps
Recorded were—their silly games made known;
Their dresses praised; their walks enlarged—and
 strange
Alone their worthless parts were signalized—
While anything that showed a soul to sway
Ne'er on the paper's sheet appeared. Most strange!
And in the fall our Saltus left that vale
When crimsoned woods wailed melancholy tales
Of Winter's reign. And, when he left, no one
Surmised that he had written Heaven-lore—
Had sung wild dreams; and had immortalized
Their nooks and fields, and mountain peaks in glow.
Save one lone girl, who gave sweet music-hours
To guests, of eves, she went with him the last
Fair moment of his stay—and bade him well.

He sought the wilds of countries strange and far
In India, and on Afric's golden shores,
Where Mozambique doth stretch luxuriantly
Within the main. He sang great songs of all
He saw—and when, after four years, he dwelled
Among his native hills, sweet nestled near
The Hudson's flow—he died—in life's full prime—
Unwept by his own countrymen, who knew
Not that their country's greatest genius lay
At rest;—for, while he lived, the world forsook
To honor him as he deserved—nor raised
Acclaim as most they raise unworthy noise
For little men—whose works die when they're dead.
But his great works, in music, poetry,
In wit, and tale, in drama wonderful,
Will live for aye! For in them flash the thoughts
Of superhuman minds—of Dæmons wild—
Of Angels beatific—and ofttimes
The very voice of God rings through their songs.
Yet so the world treats those, whose genius soars
Above the masses. Even Christ, whom all
Called Son of God, the world hath killed unjustly.
Yet those whose irreligion mocks at God—
Who are to Satan's lures true thralls, they reap
Loud plaudits from the crowd; and are revered!
Thus evil will persist to rule the world—
And greatness will be aye ignored—and so
The great, much-promised, fair Millennium
Can never reach this earth—for soul must rule,
And where the soul is absent—Satan sways.

III.

WHAT were this life with no fond child's caress—
No voice that babbled love as clearly as brook
Through mountain-gorge? Sweet child that run-
nest wild

O'er field in unconcern, thou bringest joy
To every one—for in thy laughter dwells
The purity of Angels—and their roseate face
Makes flee from all our thoughts the truth
That sin can blight God's bloomiest earth; O child,
Thou art the leaven of life—and makest care
Grow light—and wo smiles when she sees thee play,
When thou dost romp adown the fragrant lane
At May-tide—Anger doth forgive—and Fury
Forgets her passion—and grim Crime forsakes
To deal the blow. For thou art God's sweet smile—
Thou art the triumph of love; the world's sole gem
That ever will be prized!—

So Suzie grew—

In beauty, by fair Saco's succulent fields
And leafy woods. Eight years it was since she
Played in the sight of Saltus,—when he lived
In sad obscurity at Intervale.
And now she helped her mother more than well,
For to her sisters two and younger brother
She oft would give delight. Sweet girl of twelve,
She seemed to know a mother's duties fair,
Tended to them as though she were a woman—
And loved to sing her brother young to sleep,
He, the last born, and, at the moment then,

Just two years old. Her form had grown so fair;
 Sweet-plump her body grew—her face
 So beautiful, that villagers seemed charmed
 When Suzie passed through shady streets, where she
 On errands went. 'Twas fair to see her stroll
 To Saco's woody bank of glorious days—
 When high Mount Washington seemed near to all—
 For in the glowing rays the house was live
 With brilliant light—and one could see the rocks
 So plain as though they were ten feet away—
 She sat upon a rock—and saw the birds
 Fly down the river's course—and heard the buzz
 Of straying bees within the flower-field.
 And saw, across the stream, the farmers work
 As they were taking in high loads of hay—
 Or whistling gay. Then run a-home o'er fields—
 When slow the sun fled all the mountain-sides.
 And solemn grew the vale, as though fair nature
 Prayed, filled with awe.

Thus Thurston and his own
 Lived there in happiness and self-contentment—
 Gazing at sky and mountains; walking o'er
 His fields—and through the woods—unthoughtful
 aye—
 Caring not why the flowers varied-bloomed—
 Nor seemed solicitous to know the cause
 Of freshets—nor what made the moon change
 shape.
 He lived—and worked; and though those words
 momentous,
 That Saltus uttered many years ago, had clung

To his small mind, he let them be forgotten
As books of wisdom: lying in a case
Of some gay flirt—who leaves them hid away
Preferring worldly vanities and joys.
Thus Thurston lived his labor-life, oblivious
Of what sweet nature shows to man who dreams,
And learns high lore through quiet meditation.
'Tis also thus with all the masses wild—
They aye forego to dream. And too the world,
Fast-chained to proud society, is lost
To all that tends to purity and thought.
The world at large still clings to olden myths,
Traditions, and to scriptures, writ for times
Long past; and modern children still are taught
What to our reason is but fairy-tale.
Teach them the truth; the mysteries of life—
The remedies of evil—show the glow
Of good—and health—and love forevermore.
Teach them what Christ, the poet, preached—forego
To load their searching minds with fables worn;
With history of the olden books, that tell
How God slew nations in His vengeance dire.
Forbear to broach that hell's fire-pit is true;
But sing to them that beauty leads to God;
And goodness, love, and health, mean happiness.
Then would we all be poets—and Christ-like—
And thus our cities blooming with fair men
And lovelier women—and our countries will
Be Edens, where all work in harmony.

EPILOGUE.

O MAY these words be borne all o'er the world
Full-glorious, like a storm, that purges
The pest-like air of towns that live in sin—
And hurls its rain-clouds, like the ocean surges,
Against a rocky headland-shore!
For in their flow the voice of God prevails—
He willed me so to sing in world's defiance—
To make new men read nature's glorious book
And seek with Truth and Love full-high Alli-
ance—
With Him Whose wonders all adore.
For we are born of Joy—of Love, of God—
But sin is born of proud and thoughtless man.
In glory we are born upon this sod—
And heirs to Heaven in God's all-wondrous Plan.

A HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO
FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.

SOLICITATION TO THE MUSE.

DIVINEST child, my Muse! thy blessings give—
So these sad tunes may ever, ever live!
For, with my shell, I strike a saddest key
To one who died when manhood bloss'ning be!
Yet, through this mourning, as through eve's lament,
Hope's glorious stars will thrill the song's warm
scent!
Aud Muse! with thy most lofty sympathy
Like hymn sublime will be this threnody!

PROEM.

RARE SALTUS! thou unknown to me—yet dear
Because I read those tributes thine
To every nation of this sweet sad world—
To joy's gay smile—to sorrow's frosty tear—
To man's strange moods, satanic or divine—
Of all thou hadst unfurled
The sails, and, with thy genius-pen as rudder strong,
Hadst steered to where rare beauties throng—

Then lead us to such gorgeous vales in dewy bloom
That we dream, oblivious of our doom!

To this strange age of diamond-dross and greed
Urania had a god bequeathed—
With heart, fond nature's—and with soul so rare—
Singing as sweetly as swart Pan with reed.
As sweet-voiced Moschus, he was laurel-wreathed.
With lyrics flower-fair,
And melodious songs, he dowered the rough, sordid
crowd—
Yet he to all was a spring-cloud:
Unloved at first, but people knew, all after hours,
It gave them fairest summer-flowers!

Oh! had I been to thee a comrade true—
What strain of purer light would pour
From forth my lyre's strings, this gloomy time.
But all I know: the heaven's tender blue;
Man's many passions, and man's wide-spread lore,
Were thy themes in every clime—
So is my song the seer's: conjecturing from thy
joys,
Thy fears, thy life's most sad annoys,
What in thy heart upsprung—or rose within thy
soul,
While singing life's strange birth and goal!

He walked among earth's men so like a child,
That fame did fear to wreath his brow;
And wide repute hid her hot face in awe!
Yet were world's geniuses by him beguiled;

And to Urania he made a vow
To love Art as a law ;
And he drank soul-wine—cared for Beauty's vibrant
lyre ;
So was his way not by greed's mire—
But to Apollo's Muses devotion he had sworn,
To last beyond Soul's fairer morn !

Oh ! had we known each other but an hour—
What love from me would have been blown ;
For thou hadst doted on Euterpe's soul—
And Clio shed on thee her rarest flower ;
And Memnon's liquid inspirations shone
As in thee they found their goal !
Oh ! had we !—woodland's meekest nooks—and
glorious trees
Of rarest blooms ; and prophecies
Of worlds to come—sweet love—and fell mysterious
lore—
To us were dearer more and more !

A traveler, and a voyager, he learned
All of the beauties of this earth ;
Yet fathomed he the mires of the race—
So that a fire of songs from him had burned
That, though unseen by his, will be a birth
Of marvel, when, apace,
The world progressive love the mighty Muse again,
And all the soul's life-thrilling strain—
When, while a poet walks among a people's crowd,
He will be praised with eulogiums loud !

Oh! sad the day when thou hadst left us lorn—
 Yet may we love thy myriad strains;
 Praise thee for thy heroic faithfulness
 To all the mind's rare gifts of Heaven born.
 And I may in my fancy's wingèd wains—
 With purity as dress—
 Ascend to thee, while loving the rich gold and blue
 With which thou didst thy songs imbue—
 Till, fond conferring with thy Spirit, Heaven flown,
 I hear thy voice now Angel-grown!

The sweets of Keats he knew—yet Satan's eye
 Bewitched him to bemoan man's lot—
 So that his lyre resounded lily-strains,
 Commingled with moans where ebon rivers ply.
 He sang of cool winds, and of samiels hot—
 He loved that which profanes
 Man's fair conception of ethereal solitude—
 And sang of passion's voluptuous food—
 Yet, since his lyre was to all earth's nations dear—
 He sang of days beyond our bier!

Oh! Francis! weird soul thou—and tender heart—
 The child's delight was in thy mind.
 Yet with thee were Cimmerian dæmons housed!
 Thou gloomy man, from whom rare songs would
 part
 As fumes from various flowers that virgins bind—
 Thou hadst more moods espoused
 Than Jove of old, when he would joy with god-
 desses—

Thou god of myriad melodies!

I see thee now with asphodel adorned—admired
By the dead great who had aspired!

He slept not—but he did invade each nook
Of sweet or vile recess on earth.
And like a Titan he had weighed all wrongs—
He praised the fair in nature or in book—
He had encompassed the world's wonder-girth;
And in his marvel-songs
Recorded only beauties, mysteries, and dreams;
And from them flashed rare lightning-beams—
Which will forever fulminate when men shall read
What thrills as quaff of Olymp's mead!

We should have dreamed together by the woods—
Or weighed world's bad or good in towns.
We should have loved the mind's vast field of
thought—
Oh! longed to know of purer solitudes—
And proved what ekes the mercenary frowns—
What blooms a thought to God!
Oh! aimed at superlunar stars in universe's light—
And pledged ourselves new gods each night.
For in thy company would my songs have faster
swelled—
And truths unknown from them have welled!

A second Poe had dwelled among this age!
His ghoulish mind fattened in gore.
And he from Death had wrenched the crimson cup
That, quaffed, will let our eye read page

And page of hidden mystery and lore.

He thought—and conjured up

Most hideous shapes of dæmons, and adventurous
mortals wild,

That ne'er our blacker dreams beguiled—

But he had thoughts of hell—and dreams of Angel-
eyes—

Of mad heavens, and of serene skies!

Oh! had we whispered, when the wintry wind

Upbore the sullen leaves—and moaned

Within some desolate brake where tarns lie still—

My hand in thine; our eyes, grown nature-blind,
Would have seen phantoms—while they groaned—

And with a ghoulisn thrill:

Our minds have stored one thousand ugly tales, to
tell

When o'er the roof the hailstorms swell—

Our hearts known more than Hoffman, maddened,
while he wrote,

To see his imps about him gloat!

A poet, mingling resonant words of glow

With liquid sentences, for lays—

He too was spelled by sounds to harmonize

Great dramas with rare music's rhythmic flow—

And when he roamed o'er fond Euterpe's ways

His soul, thrilled so god-wise,

Let from his fingers purl such tender tunes and
dreams

As linger near fair Lethe's streams—

At once a poet with the pen—his melodies came
 Inspired with Jove's rarest flame !

Oh ! soul of thee, rare Saltus ! wander near,
 When, in the dim dark of the eve,
 The melancholy mists o'er rivers rise—
 And, in my chamber, memory's ghosts appear—
 So, from my tremulous fingers, tones may grieve ;
 And form such melodies :
 Like Chopin's own, or gloom-Beethoven's in his
 sorrow.—

So may I from thy musings borrow
 A breath of hope—and with thy blessèd spirit soar
 Where thou hadst many eves of yore !

INTERLUDE.

No flower-wreaths adorn the poet's brow,
 Here in this land of young emprise and glow ;
 And if an eagle's pinions sweep our air,
 No one will love to see it soaring there.
 So thou, my love—my Spirit-love ! wast doomed
 To be reviled for all thy songs, that bloomed
 Within thy mighty soul—fed by the nations
 Who gave thee never any acclamations,
 But left thy lyre-songs like thrushes' singing,
 Unheeded—worth no fond and sweet thanksgiving.
 The greatest singers linger through lone life
 Unknown to theirs in whom low greed is rife—
 A Whitman's eagle-wings were clipped by Gold—

Yet he was praised a god in England's fold!
 Oh! most of ours, before they shone for us,
 At first in foreign lands were illustrious.
 How had they dealt with him whose giant-soul
 Was like a Titan's—whose ambition's goal
 Was to be singing on Aonian hills—
 And drinking from fair Aganippe's rills!
 Our vampire-men bled his most precious heart,
 And murdered him with low neglect's swift dart.
 Oh! thou Apollo! hast no altars rare
 Whose fumes may purify our smoky air.
 Thou hast no virgins swinging garlands round;
 Nor sisters nine to thrill this land with sound—
 Thou art for Greece, or lands where love is all—
 But here thou canst not win for thee one thrall!
 So Saltus! like some inspiration's thrill
 Thou art to me—when poetry is so still
 That who may dream there is a Heaven's spark,
 When all are drowned in greed and lucre's dark!

The crown of cultured races is rare song.
 Had Greece not shown it? Her immortal throng
 Have never been by precedents surpassed.
 She, while she loved rare quiet, and fled greed's
 blast,
 Had known the charms of singing's roseate fruit,
 And chosen as achievement's peer the wreathed lute!
 For, as rare Spring may flourish but in calm—
 So men progress when steeped in airs of balm!
 What art had lived when Bernadotte raged—
 What beauties bloomed while we wild battle waged

With those that held a lower race in chains—
When we our own deceive by sordid gains !
What arts may glow when men like huddling sheep
Hurry day after day to rooms that keep
Those dæmons Gold and Swindle fat and thriving,
And never is a moment left for shriving—
Like beetles, eating what from others comes,
They, hazardwise, get what for others blooms—
Not earning, they, like thirsty pirates, hold
Their fellows' lives by using up their gold !
Urania !—shed a tear with me this day,
Heaven's song hath fled from money-thieves away !
Urania ! let thy fulgors glow intense—
So they those mercenary spirits cleanse !
And by thy tunings, sent to me these hours,
Change all their greed to Heaven-striving flowers !

Like subtile influence that drapes our globe,
So was thy soul to each great race a robe,
With marvel diapering—and weaving rare,
That showed to all their own quaint customs there.
Thou wast a universal soul !—like lightning—
Like any wonder-work, that all is bright'ning—
Thou hadst the ease to learn—to know—to use
All what was round thee : slim, or world-profuse—
Great—bad ;—sad—glorious ;—aye, anything,
A thrall to beauty thrilled thy soul to sing !
Though born on our strands where thou hadst died
To thee thy nation's praises are denied—
Because thy songs outsoar their horizon low—
Thy doom's to shine a god in thy own glow !

Oh! better sparkle in thy lovely splendor there—
 Rare Saltus! thou wast praised by bards more fair
 Than we do own these days—in countries far—
 And thus thou art become a diamond-star,
 Whose superluminosity doth glow
 For all the races—who thy marvels know!
 Not one lone country's songs of praise are thine,
 But all the earth's!—America will chime
 With those when she will think on deeds divine—
 And learn that God alike sways every clime—
 So that thy songs which they may love not now
 Will win thee all their bay-leaves for thy brow!

ELEGY.

YE melancholy souls of ancient days!
 Come forth—and sing with me elegiac lays!
 For one of you, who on the hilltop stood,
 Worshiping the surrounding solitude
 And the high sky's expanse of blue,
 Hath passed away from all to nature true.
 He hath most need of some canorous wail;
 For he was God's own child, in town or vale!
 He loved the beauty on the hills at dawn—
 And would to stroke, at noon, the timid fawn.
 He smiled when he the snowy violet saw,
 Weeks after the last flakes of snow did thaw.
 And when the moon in splendid fulgence rose,
 He as a child leapt! and when manhood's woes,

Like blight on silvery tassels of rare corn,
Had tried to parch his throat, to make him worn,
His childlike Angel-soul sparkled gladly,
And he again sang of the summer-tree—
Of lustrous flowers in the sylvan glade--
Of blue-birds--orioles--flitting in the shade—
Of opals, morning-wet ; and many-tinted stones
That love to live in mountain's brook-sung lones.
Of the soft quiet spell
That nestles in June's fragrant bee-sought dell !
Of all that to the heart delight doth bring—
Of all their glowing beauties would he sing !
And of the wilder world he made a lay
That never from man's ears can fade away.
Of ocean's roar, and waves' tumultuous swells,
He gave to us their heart-pulse and their spells.
To Erebus he strung his lyre's silvery strings ;
And touched them, so they quivered forth strange
things,
That mortals seldom see—or wish to know--
For they blur out joy's all immortal glow.
And of the charnels he sang deliriously—
Of cold, sweet death !
And of the afterdoom of clay's last breath ;
Yet ever swelled aloft eternity.
To God he lifted timid praises fair—
Yet is not death from God in Heaven there—
And doth not God weep at His sorrow-work—
For where God glows on earth, black spots do lurk—
Alone in death we may a pæan raise
To God, and Him with words undoubting praise.

For God hath made the asp, and canker vile—
 So must His child's own soul have earth's own rille ;
 And where a rose blooms in the wood's recess,
 There glimmer eyes of lurid filthiness !

Ye timid poets of these nearest years,
 Come, wind a wreath—let fall some true warm tears !
 For him who from your limits soared up high
 And built euphonious songs for earth and sky !
 He dwelt not by religion's barriers dun,
 But sang the mysteries of stars and moon,
 And delved within the fire-maws of earth,
 To see aright this world's wild fire-birth !
 He clumb the summits of all mountains lone,
 And trumpeted that God on all had shone ;
 And though he dreamed by streams of Unbelief,
 He sailed to halls of God through pain and grief !
 He too had felt the burthen of this wo,
 Yet swift transmagiked it to song's rare glow.
 For he had tuned his shell for fair or rude—
 True man he was to sing of bad or good.
 And hath not Shakespeare cursed his loose-grown
 age—

And vice and lust becrimson page on page ?
 And hath not the great Book of Books a taint—
 Some of Christ's own last words were a complaint !
 Still he had moments when his Spirit saw
 The face of God—he yielded to His Love and Law !
 Oh ! ye one-stringed lyres, sound no more—
 We know too much of sweetly-spoken lore—
 But truth—the black high truth we oft ignore—

The truths God made so black—
Those truths which grow when youth comes no more
back—
But when the rare strange spell of Death us shakes
And in us yearning for God's Realm awakes !
And like a sage, deciphering Egypt's signs,
He had unrooted things no one divines—
He hid among death's damp white crowd—and knew
Their secrets ; and of sudden moods that grew
On us like insects that leaf's shape assume,
He showed they were not of us—but our doom :
That we with higher works were oft in bond—
Pointing to highest lives—in worlds beyond !
He walked not in a wallèd room of stone—
He in a heaven of flowers, and fall's sweet tone,
Dreamed—wondered—thought, and brought to light
Such things that are to others starless night !
He was not satisfied to sing of scenes
That all eyes see—but there where Mystery gleans
Her untold treasures he had wandered wild,
And gave to us the sooths of Mystery's Child :
Rare occult wonders lying round man's brain,
But never seen or known by those whose strain
Of life is but one same machine-like tune.
He loved his fellow-men, and woman soon—
And praised his strength—her beauty soft and rare—
And feared not to enhance what riots there,
But with melodious glorious language thrilled
Our hearts ; and like a fountain's spray, he spilled
On all our parchèd common brains a sweet
Refreshing rain that makes our love more fleet !
Of history's pangs he chaunted like a priest—

And strang his strings to fair songs of the East,
 Where passion is fair woman's rare domain,
 And love hath sway when young hearts love its pain,
 And is not hampered by a man's own gain,
 Nor laughed at by a woman's low disdain;
 But where such love is blossoming, there it blows—
 They love and wanton, while the passion glows.

You poets writing what the age proclaims
 As only fit for timid rhymers' fames,
 Come, build for him a monument of fire—
 He had outsoared your heights of weak desire,
 As the great condor doth the glades of birds.
 He winged Thought's highest airs and glowing
 words,

Like echoing strains of Orpheus, spread around:
 At once the skies were live with marvel-sound,
 Such that Apollo once was wont to make
 When Greece to all his music was awake!
 Such music dwells within his poems' strains—
 Such glow abides in them, sung without pains!
 Such mountain-freshness from them doth exhale—
 Such lightning-flashes in their thoughts prevail—
 Such candor—beauteous fond abandon's prize—
 Such knowledge deep as seers', or of the wise—
 That when you gaze upon your own conceits
 You all must own that his great work completes
 The stern requirements of song's art, and more—
 He sang, undaunted, from his own heart's core!
 And wondrous miracle: in this age of gain,
 He warbled forth a never heard of strain:

He sang of things he saw not round him growing,
But gave his moods and dreams in songs so glowing
That we must shudder—smile and deem to see
Those thoughts as though they were reality!

Ye melancholy Hours! floating o'er earth's graves,
Weep not for him who felt the spume-tipped waves,
And sat inspired by the warbling wood,
Or by the brawling seaward-dashing flood.
He needs no tears—save that we weep and weep;
And for the dead unnecessary dolor keep.
For they are blessed—and God takes each away—
When he had died, he saw God's own Array!
So weep not, for your tears are idly spent—
For God weaves life's strange shroud—by Death 'tis
rent!

And wailing through the sorrow-years is vain—
His life was run—he sang his doomèd strain!
But melancholy Hours! praise his genius fair,
And mourn that he so young was taken There;
And let some glistening drops purl down, to rue
That few are born to be so poetry-true—
That few love music with a child's own love—
That few may sing new songs of stream or grove—
That few may delve the depths of man's own mind—
That few may love the deeds of their own kind—
That few may, child-like, sing in manhood on—
That few, greed-proof, live blessèd all alone!

Ye melancholy Hours! garland for his grave
Sweet perfumed flowers—or tang from the wild wave

He sang to when he wandered by the sea,
 And marveled at its weary majesty !
 Oh ! strew upon the mound that covers him
 White lilies given you by Seraphim !
 He earned them—he a hero of fair song ;
 Who loved his lyre, his art, and music's throng,
 More than a kingdom, or a titled name—
 He worshiped Her, fair Muse, with lasting flame !
 Oh ! sing to him rare symphonies of love ;
 About his grave, from your rare urns above,
 Let incense rain, to keep his tomb-flowers sweet ;
 And on his mound let grow the rose, so meet
 For such as he : the troubadour ; the bard ;
 The seer ; creator ; and of Love a ward !
 Ye melancholy Hours ! he has died ;
 But all his songs and works are death denied ;
 They live, though he be in his oft-sung grave.
 And he hath on the mighty Spirit-Wave
 His fair, allotted place—we know not of
 Save that it swells on to rare Heaven's Love !

Oh ! thoughts that wallow in the sea of madness,
 And dreams that float in lakes of morbid sadness,
 You need his pen that sang so tunefully
 Of all your lives ; but now his soul is free
 To soar to regions all beyond eyes' ken.
 He hath emerged from the low crowd of men.
 He may have seen his dreams, or known their
 worth,
 While o'er his death dawned soul's new glorious
 birth !

But for this world no other may indite
So well those moods born of grim vice, or fright,
Or sights the madness see. He was alone
Their great depicter; though he ne'er lay prone
To their disasters; but imagination rare
Let him feel, know, and do as madmen fare;
And from his will those moods were flash-like
born—
His powers were fresh and sane like glorious
morn!

How like a shadow of some glorious cloud
That roams o'er hills and peaks, where winds are
loud;
Down sylvan steeps, o'er oceans, calm or riled;
All o'er this world he wandered, a fair child,
An unassuming boy, a man of truth,
A mortal in whose mind was rose-fresh youth;
A ghost of glory and a spirit of sheen,
With thoughts of all men glowing in between!
The pangs of love, the curse of pelf he knew,
The hell of vice, the charms of friendship true;
All, all this world breeds, foul or heaven-fair,
Swelled from the inspired strings, as wind in air.
Nor left the lonely flowers unsung—that show
That God had thought of them as of soul's glow!
And where too fearful sights had startled his eyne,
He knew they were quaint nature's deft design!
Ye melancholy Hours! when Sappho's dirge
Had faded in the ages' dusky surge,
In Scotland's glades a plowman sang her strains;

And Poesy had mounted magic wains
To flash anew such songs that thrill a world.
And true as roses will be e'er unfurled
By nature's never-lessening resurgent power,
So ever blooms rare Poesy's rosiest flower !
And though we think her lyre's strings unstrung,
A bard unknown comes forth, like morning young,
To sing of light, and air, and water, and fire ;
Of dole and joy, despair, and sweet desire !
So will those sounds of an Amphion new
Spread 'neath this green-swayed country's glorious
blue !

And he hath need of some sublimer praise
Than nations to their common mortals raise.
A hero on the field of thought and feeling ;
An emperor to music's heart appealing ;
A god in the strange realm of romance weird.
He for all nations had a temple reared
That will outstand the pyramids of yore.
His songs and works are like the ocean's shore
On whose soft sands the waters ever run,
And never will be less within the sun ;
Since one of universe's powers reigns
Supreme o'er them—so will his glorious strains,
Though o'er them Slander tries to gain her power,
Be never lost—since on them angels did shower
A lasting freshness, so that men must love
Those melodies inspired from above !

Sweet Saltus ! rare and dreamy features thine—
Who may deny thou wast a man divine ?
More, more than others was thy heart so soft—

Thou wast beloved by powers 'way aloft,
Where now thy Spirit hath more sweet a way
To make immortal thought's pure glowing lay ;
Where to thy nature's moods thou canst now weave
In Spirit-language songs that no more grieve,
But that inform all who may love thy strains
That in rare Heaven all that's earthly wanes ;
So that our all immortal dreams may be
For once a Spirit's sweet reality !

Oh ! new rare country of the free and brave,
Mourn, mourn, that he had known such early grave !
But all rejoice that he had left behind
High songs of beauty—lays like summer wind—
And ditties, fair as tress that Cressid curled
When, near her, founts of nectarine waters purled !
And glowing sonnets—stern or sweet or rare—
And moans of madness, wild as winter's air—
And jewel-strains of passion and desire—
And elegies fair-toned like Angels' Choir—
And thoughts strung to a carcanet of song—
And dreams that lash the soul as Satan's thong—
And hundred harmonies of new accords
That come to man from Heaven's myriad hordes !
Come, sound the organ ! sing an anthem sweet
For all his works sung in his still retreat—
Where he with Spirits thought, communed, and
learned
What in man's inner self had ever burned ;
What in our dreams doth riot, or what spells,
What glows like light—what like sea-surges swells.
Come, sound a praise for his heroic life ;

To work with love in streets where pelf is rife—
 To sing for love in towns where vice is free—
 To chaunt for love on fields where warriors be.
 Doth he deserve not the rare laurel-wreath,
 Or the high praise that men to bards bequeath ?
 He let the rushing flood of men, not sure
 Of what they do, flow on to its own goal—
 While he was child to his true Mother-Soul !

From these fair hills and dales, the Hudson rears,
 A young Amphion's gone !—Oh ! shed some tears,
 You noble trees that heard the arrows' twang
 Whizz through the air when battle-helmets rang ;
 And proud Bourgoyne surrendered to your haunts
 What makes a King that he his power vaunts—
 And you, you golden flowers in smiling sprays,
 Half-nodding, half in pride, through summer-days,
 Your sunny hours beguiling—think of him !
 And graceful wood-side birk, with tremulous limb,
 And silvery leaves, when through you breezes blow,
 Let the fair tune be soft, and plaintive low—
 You columbines, the cliffs' fair venturous daughters,
 When o'er you flies the spray of toppling waters,
 Let wails be heard in where the dwarf-bird builds
 Her unseen nest ;—and you, rare flower, that gilds
 The haunts of springs—you golden violet !
 Murmur to the quiet bubble : our eyes are wet !
 And you, trim gentian, mourning through the
 fall—

Where meadows stretch their luscious grasses all—
 Fold your sad purple petals that they tell
 A singer no more warbles in wood or dell !

And you, proud downward sailing waves, that crowd
Past towns, and fortress—past great cities, loud
With traffic, to the Atlantic's stormy surge,
Resound for this our poet a mighty dirge!

He loved the stars at evening, when they seem
Love-tears illumed—in longing's tender dream.
He loved the moss in wood's dim lone recess,
And loved a maiden's love-warm sweet caress.
He loved all nature loves, that nature hates—
All that our heart affrights; our soul elates:
The silk-downed petal of the pigeon-flower—
The soft low murmur of May's first warm shower—
The gloom that comes when Hesper shines in
glow—
The haze that swims o'er all when young swains
mow—
The carols, clear as drops on lonely pool—
The still retreats where airs are sweet and cool—
All, all he loved, with child's own love at heart,
And loved them all when he from us did part
In manhood's years—when other things should lead
To win a title, or be a king of greed!

But he hath an immortal name—he glows
In Heaven!—and from the skies his splendor goes
To all the world; till in the future's days
That starlight will grow to a glorious blaze—
As when a nearest meteor flashes down:
The night is glowing with light like sun's own
crown!

LOVE.

NOTE.

THIS was written in 1885 in the White Mountains, at Fabian's.

The storm, described in middle of the poem, is a transcript of the storm which transpired there in August of the same year, of which the author was a witness.

The second poem was written in 1891 in New York.

LOVE.

SWEET RECOLLECTIONS.

'ALL after this morn's pelting thunderstorm,
That whitened the high peak ; gave fuller tone
To all the rushing stream ; and cooled the air ;
When the sun left the blue sky's zenith ;—all
The birds chirped through the pine and ash-tree
woods ;

And when the August-sun had warmly looked
Askance at the gray mountain-range ; O then
It was that I strolled on the mountain-way ;
And breathed the afternoon's fresh balm, and joyed
In its gay mood.

Along the gushing stream
The Amonoosuc, whom the Indians named—
I heard its legends lull the long thick grass
To quiet sleep. I thought to hear the names
Of noble warriors, who, aglow, had shot
Their arrows o'er its crisping waves—to pierce
The heart of deer, or eye of savage bear.
Or, then, heard murmur, by the gurgling fall,
Fair lonely Indian flowers, birds, and does.
O how they played, and gamboled o'er the meadow

Gilded, and bluey, and rosy—flushed with clover
 And flaked with gold-eyed daisies ; how they swarm
 Through the stream's petulant waves—their
 bronzèd shoulders

Borne gracefully—and all their long thick hair,
 Black as the lushest ashbud's, when a breeze
 Blows winter to the North, astreaming back
 Like glossy bands of purest jet—bejeweled
 And sparkling. Then saw I fair-formed Indian
 maidens

Weave o'er the mossy floor of the dark-wood
 Their sacred dance ; with flowery garlands o'er
 Their rounded loins; like fragrant bunches seemed
 Their bosoms, heaving free;—and shining fair,
 As shines the hazel, when one ray of sun
 Pierces one side, through many a sappy leaf;
 And wreaths twined in their flowery tresses black;
 And how their joyous ebon eyes flamed bright!
 But soon these visions slow dissolved
 As Hymen's fumes, that from the altar rise,
 Curl languidly—then melt within the shade
 Of lemon-groves—where fragrance dreams away.
 Ah ! so those visions fled my thoughts, as far
 Away flowed now the legend-whispering stream
 Whose waves the low-grown willows hid.

The path

Now crossed the meadows—and a pine-tree brake.
 My eyes were wandering with a full-blown cloud ;
 Or trailing some ravine—that shot its beaded foam
 Headlong ; and trimmed its sides with richest
 green.

Or musing with the distant golden clouds,
 Caressing with their warmth the high mount-rocks;
 And darkening some high gulch ; or giving reins
 To some long-prisoned sentiment—that flowed there
 fast

Its strong reproaches to the earth.

My thoughts

Were by my distant love. O each sweet thought
 Grew sweeter in my loneliness ; each word,
 Recalling all those days, was changed to songs
 That harmonized with her dear sweetnesses
 And lovelinesses. I asked my mind for signs
 Of love—if truly she had loved me then.

Then whispered it in softest tones to me ;
 “ When first you saw her—seated lonely there
 In midst of students learning skill in art—
 She knew not you. And back of her, you drank
 All that her perfect maidenhood exhaled.
 You saw her limbs crossed—like the tender vine
 Clasping the blossomy twigs of one lone bush
 Of suckle, in whose lower murmurous leaves
 Bright passion-flowers sing songs of summer’s
 breeze.

She dreamed of no strong man she loved—hence
 gave

To passion’s languid bidding willing sway.
 But when you knew her better—when you told
 Her low of views on Alpine heights and vales:
 When she had said that she had dreamed ago
 By Como’s flowery hills—had sung in joy
 When greeting Monte Rosa, flushed at morn—

When breathing icy breezes, blown from glaciers
 high
 In Rhone's wide cradle ; when she knew that you
 Were so like her—then she would sit sedate
 And seem so innocent as any child.
 So must she then have felt soft love spring fair
 For you—she loved you then—aye loved you ! ”
 I bounded as I heard. I gazed—and stared
 At one white cloud blooming like giant-rose.
 And then I was aware that five short paces
 Only I walked—and all seemed said in less
 Than five short seconds. Now in passionate words
 My mind said on—for proofs of love were blooming
 Like largest Sharon roses, dewy, flushed,
 After a brief May-shower.

“ Do you remember
 That happy morn, when she was there to draw
 With you : that morn, when you had wished to be
 Her neighbor, so to whisper in her ear ;—
 But you sat back of her, as is the sun
 To his sweet love, the earth, when winds and hail
 Are driven by fair Æolus to lands
 Of azure seas and emerald peaks of ice ;
 Her perfect nose ; her flushed cheek ; one eye ;
 And one sweet ear ; and the quaint swell of ruffles
 That heaved now fast, now quietly, were yours
 To gaze at, while your hand was shaping lines
 To form a tender youth with arms and eyes
 Uplifted, praying to his mighty Jove :
 Yet would she speak no word to you. At times,
 Her two smile-eyes would show their magic glance ;

Her lips would form a rose-bud ; and her dimples
 Shine lustrously, like pinks in sunlight-glow.
 Aye she would gaze at you—and longing shone
 From out her eyes. Then, dreamily—one arm
 Would rise—and arch above her dreamy head—
 And she would seem like maids by Capri's cave—
 Who play their castagnettes awhile, then droop
 Like dripping flower, a dreamy beauty form
 With yearning arms, and passionate eyes that yearn
 Excessively, upon the lawn that cools
 The chestnut-roots ;—and lulls the olive-leaves,
 All wafting tales to the calm sea! So, often,
 She only turned for you—to see you there ;
 She loved you then—as sure as love bespeaks
 The strong desire to see the one beloved !”

One moment I did smile to hear such words
 Indicative of love. One instant sped
 My glance to where the raven seemed a vulture
 Against the bluey mount. One eye-flash sped
 To where the river muttered low its woes.
 Then kissed I a thousand times my love—and kissed.
 But my mind would rustle the colored leaves
 On memory's lawn ; and joyed :

“ Do you remember !

'Twas on that same sweet morn, she came to you ;
 All voluntary—unbidden ; but seemingly
 Driven to you as Lilith went to Adam—
 With mood that joyfully meandered through
 The gardens of desire ; and dreamed to entice ;
 Waylay ; ah ! woo and tease, befriend her lips

To his ; so came she then. She stood with hands
 Pressed on her blooming thighs ; her fair curled
 head

Reclined to one dream-side. Then as you asked
 Her tell what she did think of your design,
 O then she hovered all before the sheet
 As a mountain-swallow hovering o'er a pool !
 Before it settles at the brink, to sip
 The fresh cool water. Long she gazed—deep-
 thoughtful ;

While you, in sweet suspense, did wait her answer.
 Then turned she round—and said—O how describe
 it?

How quaint her lispèd accents fell ! how deep
 Their meaning lay ! How love-gone, Lydian-lulled
 Their swell had strayed to your lorn heart ! Her
 eyes

Beamed ; all in one word she her heart outpoured.
 She gave her whole pure soul in one sweet sound,
 Reverberating through your mind ; she spoke
 One word : ' O perfect ! ' and she flushed—and
 glowed—

'And seemed to burn ! Then stepped she near to
 you—

'And blushed all warm ; as though she played with
 Love

'At giddy meritot ; till all her breath
 Had flown ; and all her blood came sprinkling pink
 On her sweet cheek. Then sprang she with wild
 Love.

O arm in arm as happy girls dance gay

When flowery June wings o'er the rose-bloomed
hedge.

O hopped with Love through burning fields aflame
With deep-red poppies, sprinkled with corn-flowers.

Then swung with Love on one strong serpent wand
Of agèd vine—whereon were strung full roses

And mignonette, laburnum, and wild flowers.

O how the wind blew fuller as they fell

Upon the fragrant air ; and waned in song

As through the scented balm they flew ; till, swing

And flowers left behind, they rambled o'er

Bright orient lawns ; and culled such blooms, that
orn

The richest chamber of a Daiman !

Then ran they, while the wildest songs flowed by,

To slumberous nooks ; aroused the fays, and danced

To strummings of the elfins ; how they circled—

O how they spinned, till Love and she were borne

On mossy flowery canopies through air

To where you stood ; and how she glowed by
you!—

‘O perfect!’ rang around the glistening room ;

It swelled your heart. ‘O perfect!’ With her hands

Uplifted, she seemed like Danae, when amazement

Flashed from her eyes that saw Jove's gold rain
down!

She longed to tell you her sweet thoughts—but how

Abashed you looked—how silent was your tongue.

How like the arum-lily drooped her head.

And like the white rose paled her cheek ! Alas !

The deep loves of you two had met at once ;

And as the amorous breeze when wooing soft
 The cool east wind, both breathe on one another—
 O what deep calm pervades the airs around ;
 What stillness reigns! So were you too those mo-
 ments :

It was the calm that thrills the lover's soul
 When speech is silenced by the meeting thoughts
 Of either's love. And all the morn that word
 'O perfect!' sang to you in harmonious tone.
 O then she loved—for love sees all in hues
 Enhanced—and deems all fair that is not fair—
 And magnifies the qualities and gifts
 Of the beloved. Aye, she doth love you truly."

Such sweet avowals proving love rung loudly
 Round my entranced ears ; so that the birds
 That perched on ash, and oak, and spruce, sung wild
 In thrilling carols their surprise and joy.
 And when the lispings of my mind grew faint—
 And murmured only, like the western breeze
 That sucks the saffron-speckled mere, and woos,
 With liquid lip, the sleeping enchlore wold,
 My path was auditor of one wild falls,
 And roaring pool. And there I whiled some time.
 To left there moldered an old mill—all gray
 And black from storms and lightning's sudden burn.
 A monument of labor and busy days.
 A ruin, crooning through its rotten boards
 Of barter by the brawling brook ; of thrift
 Anear the blue-brown thicket ; now it stared
 Aweird in solitude ; a mill forlorn,

Left to the bats,—or for sad shelter scant
Of some lost wanderer. The roost for ravens ;
A nook for owls that with their sparkling eyes
Light the darkest corner, when the moon is high.
There stood the mill, whose trellised boards below
Got drenchèd with the spray, and foam so fresh
Of the white falls. Felled pines lay strewn about.
And weathered lumber lay in midst of vines
And white, blue-berry-drapèd rocks. Ere foamed
The gushing waters down in tumbling course,
There straggled some dwarf-pines adown the slant
Of glistening water-sleeked quartz; there bloomed
The white-flowered winter-berry—so daring,
To flourish near the mount's wild whirling falls—
A wild Charybdis for the small white bloom!
Terror-thrillèd frothed the roaring torrent down
The cavèd, colored rocks; its spume spat wild;
Its spray seethed, fleeting; and its libertine
Loud song of exultation to the pines
Startled the flowers, as they gossiped there
And smiled 'neath mossy stones. It dragged along
The bluey veil of distant dome-like mount,
Thus tinting all its cream-soft flood; and caught
The distant summer-thunder—and raged adown
Its narrow flume—till all its growls of wo,
Its moans of wild despair, and haunting pain,
Plunged with one thunder-thud in an eddying pool :
'A basin, whose wild-waved bosom whirled a million
Pink-shivers and splinters, red as pine-tops are
When blight has bronzed their needles' green. And
shot,

In curves and dashes, streaks of pale golden bredes,
 Passed jutting sparkling rocks adown the current—
 Lost in a dark pine forest. And farther on,
 Some long, long, eagle-flights from where the roof
 Of the old mill shone—there a deep blue mount
 Rose, like a giant-mound in Thor's great garden.
 A deep blue shroud, so lucid, that there glimmered
 Athrough the trees of the high mount—and, like
 A silver spangle, the stream, that in white bredes
 Sped down a gulch. Above there rolled gold clouds,
 With purple tints dark shadowed—with gradient
 gray
 Soft rising to the lustrous foamy gold—
 Such scene and view absorbed my thoughts ; such
 roar
 Confused my mind ; such wildness wrought a mood
 In me, forgetful of myself—oblivious
 Of musings on my love.

I left the falls—

And turned, to take the same path as I came
 To stroll homeward. In the distant shining clouds
 There rose a rumble—that subsided grim
 To one low howl ; till, rolling, like stray rocks
 Adown a granite-ledge, through the drear space,
 The sounds seemed like the low, faint ripple-rune,
 Rising from forest-brook. There was a storm
 In yonder mountains !

Again the clouds seemed loud.
 Again an echo ran up the mountain-sides,
 And leapt, with sudden bound, in a voiceful gulch,
 And all this time my thoughts still heard the roar

Of the wild thunder-falls. But as the waters
Flow down and meet with boulders, mossy stones—
Their fierce sounds softer grow—so with myself
Soon was my mind melodious—and it sang.
And thus I listened to my mind again.
To lusty lays it seemed to tune its lyre.
I listened—for the accents fell like drops
Of fragrant fountains falling on a bed
Of roses :

O carnation-blossoms faintly
Resemble that day's super-glow and scent.
Take Eden-garlands, wreath them with the aid
Of vermeil-fingered angels—let such lips,
That smile when all the Cherubs chant their hymns
Of jubilant joy, breathe o'er their brighter glow
A scent that fills rejoicing minds with fire
O such that flamed when Ruth saw in the corn
Her lover there ! And lastly, let such throngs
Of folds of saffron, emerald—and sapphire
Fan a low breeze around you ; so you hear
Through it the melodious tones of Angel-strains
And happy Heaven-harmonies ; such, on earth,
Mozart sublime had taken from Heaven's Halls,
And soothed therewith all low dejected minds !
May mimicry, may pen of greatest scribe
Make clear that momentary attitude
Of your sweet fondest flower ? Who can tell
What breath shook trees when lightning flashed ?
What flower drooped its head, just when the night
Was purple glowing—seemed for a moment's space
A sea of light and light ? Who may ? Who may !

But I shall whisper you how sweet your love
 Seemed when unconsciously her love for you
 Burst to fair passion—and she swayed her form—
 Ah! who but poets have sweet power to tell
 What happens swiftly—all unseen to others—
 So with a poet's words I will describe
 What then you saw. Now, listen to me—now
 listen!

All students were industrious that morn,
 When you walked to your easel. Then you cast
 A glance at her, who with her friends did talk.
 When she saw you—oh! how she startled sweetly—
 She lost her staid composure, and to love
 Surrendered—aye, to languid love—it seemed
 Her love lost hold of tendrils—and her heart
 Bound joyfully—as when a flower torn off
 By amorous Zephyrus—doth flutter free
 Away o'er meads of daffodils—and plains
 With cowslips gilt—with blue flags velveteed!
 Her sudden love played in her limbs—it seemed
 Her frame was like a twig of rose-bush fair
 With one rose-bud—that madly fluttered o'er
 The scented fields of passion; how the leaflets
 Tremble in the breeze; the twig dances lightly on
 As doth the bud; that heaves, droops, waves,
 responsive
 To Zephyrus—as he doth sigh, or smile!
 So was her frame: her languid arms were raised
 To grace her softly heaving bosom—how her feet
 Rose violet-high!—O how her body seemed shaken
 Like a bush of lilac, when its sprays are swaying

Just aft' the bluebirds left their night's warm lodge
To sing a carol to the morn! So drooped she—
So wawed she—sweetest thrall to tender passion.

'Tis said to us through ancient lore and lay
Of Acrisius, King of Argos, old and great,
An oracle had said: his daughter's child
Would slay him; then he built a brazen tower
Upon the bourne of his domain, and cast
Therein fair Danae; to seclusion doomed
Far from the sight of men, the dream of love.

“Aye, rather let her die, than let her slay me!”
Said he Acrisius, King of Argos old.

And so lone Danae in that brazen tower
Lived pining. But the gods are powerful more
Than limited man—so Jupiter, high god
Of all the gods, with his all-seeing eyes,
Saw her;—loved; contemplated—wooed, and won!
Then when he entered—and Danae saw him—
Why wonder that she trembled, gazed—and
blushed—

When on her bosom showered those countless grains
Of purest Olym-gold. So was your love—

When she let flow one short lived “oh!” from lips
That pursed unconsciously. How can one weary
To tell of such sweet mood, you saw that day!

It seems that, as on waters by Ind's temples
There cradles sweet the glory-lily fair,
Her maiden-mold was swayed by songs of love—
As opes, in languid, lolling June, the rose
Its crimson petals to the sky—all sudden;
As rifts the cloud, when Aeol blows upon

The Atlantic isles—and thus reveals a space
 Of brightening azure—how the rose-bee joys
 To suck the juices from the soft pink petals—
 The libant libellula darts to the bush
 Where safe it sippeth from the laurel's chaste
 And purple-eyed blossoms small; and far
 The gauzy-winged hummer strays to watch
 The sweet suffusing blush of bud burst red;
 So seemed her love to bud to sudden passion;
 That thrilled her body—and made her carol sudden
 Its wild delight—at your approach that day!
 She loves you—thinks of you—for passion blooms
 But at the thought of him who flamed her heart!"
 So spoke my mind to me—in luscious language.
 And well I recollected that odd day
 When, bashful, I forebore to speak to her—
 Not knowing how to act—after I saw
 Her tremulous shape, and heard that sigh of love!
 But it shall e'er be in my memory—
 Sweet tended to, as the fire in the fane
 Of Vesta—kept well watched as rarest treasures.

Then, dreaming, strayed I past the gadding vines,
 The bryony, that clung to hedges old, and worn
 By mountain-fiends: nor failed to touch the flowers
 Of tender stems, with fitting wings of blue;
 And on the meadow found the lush straw-berry,
 That greened on some late plant, and ruddy glowed
 Its tempting face, to win, and buzz the lips
 Of such as I: the dreamer of the mounts, the seer

Of their vast range—the prophet of their skies!
The herds grazed drowsily; the steeds stood shy,
And, browsing, turned; then galloped far, as though
In fear. The birds piped through the liquid eve
Delightful canticles; nor left a word
Of carplings 'scape the wailing wind's sharp tongue;
For every purl was pure, and harmonized
With all the melodies that nature rang!
“'Tis such that glorifies great nature's works:
Its harmony! . . . What breathings multiplex;
What sounds of pitch inscrutable; what lays
Of softest tones, as not to be distinguished;
What clamors rise from out of nature's maw;
What clangors start from the awe-universe
To bound against our globe, so wonderful!
What music, low and elevate, we hear
Resound in air; and all are one! of one!
Though myriad-voiced, from one source pouring fast
To one new spring of sound; a various joy,
Belonging all to one fair, mighty song!
O, glorious revelation! marvel-thought:
Design!—In nature nothing jars. The man
With steam and ugly sounds doth spoil the law
Of nature's harmony. Let God be praised!
He thought out a world for fairest breathing
meant;
But man, with greed and restlessness, hath set
A brangling voice to mar the purer life:
Deep adoration to the marvel-world
Of harmony!”

So thought I, as I gazed

Upon the distant mountains—with their crests
 Here capped with down-like snow—there crowned
 with clouds,
 That pinked with the declining sun; while near,
 The swift song of the laughing waters gushed,
 And swashed in numbers rapid of gone days:
 Where even-time was worshiped with hands folded,
 When souls spent incense through the fading air
 To heaven! And by the rushes flew the fowl.
 Nor hastened fast—for here was lonesome spot:
 Retreat for those that fled the booming rod:
 Invention's dire offense to man and beast!
 Then trod the road. The evening spun its web
 Of Quiet; Silence sat upon the peaks;
 Repose grew calm along the gulches' sides;
 And Piety strew round its fresh'ning balm,
 O'er sky and dark'ning landscape; for the sun
 Was shedding gold upon the lagging vapors—
 Was red'ning the dun dugs of the fair vale,
 And glanced yet o'er the highest pines—and lost
 The sweet embrace of one arm of our earth!

All seemed a sepulchre of some hierarch old:
 Where strong mails kept true watch, and voices low
 Trailed sweet, but sad, their hymnal o'er the tomb:
 Till full-sonorous, joined the guardsmen: deep
 And plaintive songs of long-mourned losses,
 brimmed
 With moaning and bereavement. So the eve
 Full rendered obsequies monarchical
 To dead day!

And the mystic raven spotted
 The gleaming West; and rooks, in wavering flight,
 Wove weirder speckles athwart the shining pane
 Of evening's drab abode! and loiteringly
 I dreamt: by haw-haws, and their vying vines
 With golden tendrils, burning leaves, inmixed
 With the far luster of the western glare.

So loitered. Till a gloom o'erspread the vale.
 Nor weened I what its cause; so turned around—
 When lo! the brightened West was shrouding fast;
 As runs, so rapidly, the storm-swept wave
 Upward the sand—till its froth-mouths devour
 Each particle of beach, so swung a cloud
 Its huge weight o'er the distant mountain-head.
 Or as in wind-storm swingèd forest-fires
 In far Nevada, when the floods are dried,
 Smoke-flames swift cowl the loftiest pines, so
 covered

Tremendous clouds the dying West; till, goaded
 By unseen giant howls, it spread itself
 To the sky's zenith, where it broke; and lunged
 Askew—aslant—and prone, in diverse ways:
 As o'er some plane, vaste slab, below a cliff
 By shuddering Baffin's waters, the towered wave
 Is weighted ponderously down—and battleth
 With myriad-flashèd thought, to win again
 Its brotherhood, within the surging sea.
 So that the heavens heaved, and quailed, and lashed
 Their fury within themselves; dashed furiously
 Their thousand-fingered hands against each other,

Rage-stricken! with dire shocks of Titan-wrath
 Convulsed their bodies 'gainst each other, till
 It seemed, as when upon a wide far plain
 Quaint battle raged:

Fierce Huns with Saracens; Moors,
 With dusky faces, brandishing arage
 Their sabers; Teutons, club-arms, warding homes
 From unkempt matrons, clasping virgins boon:
 Defending lusty arms their purport low,
 Protective; cries of cheery glory; wails
 From piercèd throats and breasts—and rushing gore
 As woodland streams, heard from afar, when no
 Soft Zephyrs blow, to lull their leaden gurgle.

A war of warriors multiform—with odd-
 Shaped panoply, free morions; gorgets; gloves;
 Gilt hauberks; others, girded with cow-hides;
 And shafts, from hoary pines, the airs wild menace;
 Bare features, crowned with curls: and slings of
 flax,

Or fashioned with their spoil's black curls; a swarm
 Of men and women strange, and charging fierce
 Without the boom of cannon—but with voice
 Of victory, and lamentable loss.

Such scene,
 From some high promontory viewed in quiet,
 Resembled the waging clouds and airs.

And now
 The tumultuous skies flashed forth quick zig-zag
 streams

Of fire: short—swift—in intervals swift—short;
 Now denser bulged the flood of dimmest vapors:

Insidiously uptowering—swooping; caught
By flames, impacting hard, then scattering—
Yet centering, as stronger bulks, with firm
Allision, brooked the raged course, hence these
The victors. As before the world was welded
Firmly out of dun chaos; some Heaven's Angel
Beheld the shapeless vapors ferment, foam,
So stood I, staring there; nor felt this globe
Beneath my awe-bound feet; surprised—confused—
Confounded—such was I, unconsciously
Dissembling spectator sublime of vast
And humbling spectacle in the aerial domes.
Against the Cimmerian mountain-chain, there rose
A rim of gray: as seen, at times, on nights
Of tempestuous moon; the ghastly mock of bands
Float—lurch—and stream uncannily through clouds
Of appalling form, with riot running through
Their thews. And rising, hid the crests; and hid,
The mountains disappeared; while through the
zenith—

As o'er the savage coals, in wilder regions
Formed hard, with leaping swiftiness swarms the hot
And burning naphtha—penetrating—sped
By sallow brands, that flicker, flash, and flame—
Some demon-essence boisterously sprang; and shone
Its furious bounds in livid light; then roved
More mystic fluid, colored as the pink
That garbs the Arab, dashing o'er the waste—
Far, far from Bassorah, with falcon awing,
And piercing, with his scream, the desolate air.
Then gleamed athwart the tumult of the storm

Wan green—and sulphurous glow; there seemed
to be

Wild combat 'twixt fell throngs and brows serene—
Pitch-showers, with flower-rains of songful flowing;
Heaven-vestments, torn by gory claws—and wails,
And anthems, striking discordant, yet in strange
Unison! All while the mountains disappeared.
And faster sped the gray rim o'er the sides.

And now my nostrils smelled the air on fire,
Lightning-lit; the brewing spent its odor keen,
Nor clashed, in tremulous beats, the thunder far
Unheard—but louder, growling as the lion
That shakes, and sounds Comoro's cliffy shore,
It roared its joy supreme—as king, as lord
Of skies and earth! With timorous moan it left
The squabbling skies. Approaching, with clear
shawm,

The lightning's purple ire—then clattering low
Its shattered cymbals, gongs and drums, wherewith
The thunder's train sounds wild, despondent notes,
The storm-foreboding resonance died—as by
Yon ancient groves, in centuries' halls of thought,
Ephysian youths were wont to revel deep
In vintner's sweet delight; to swell the gourd
With wine—and gulp it; to swim in dreamy sweets,
Lewd, sportive; sing with luscious bunches, culled
At moments lecherous and fresh; and lyre
Their vine-laced curls to dreams Lucullean; swoon
Before couth epicurean bosoms, panting,
Dew-fraught, from lips too-amorous, swelled by
passion—

Soft pillows for their fuzzled brows—when late
 At eventide; while nightingales chant free
 Their dulcet ditties—through the dark'ning trees
 The dithyrambic throng moves gleamingly:
 With loitering dancers' heads, twined arms—
 With raiments flowing—curls fumed with the breath
 Of envious breeze—and with the far, far swash
 Of melodious namèd stream, the laughters gay;
 The tambourines, mad-tinkled; cymbals, tapped
 By fairest of the feasted maids; the songs,
 Half-chafing, half hilariously broken in tone,
 And mutterings of the teasèd, with their quips,
 Commingle faint. So played the thunder, lord
 Of lofty welkin, his various song of growl,
 And trembling clash of drunken cymbal clear.
 Now waxed the odor of the heavens; flashed,
 With lightning mixed, athwart the airs and land;
 Contagious;—caught—the scent grew rank and
 sharp,
 Pervading all; till, as gray Hades fumed,
 All stunk with prickling scents; nor cave
 Of Pluto showed less odious sulphur-fumes!

“O, thou who wellest forth the poet's heart;
 Who shinest his soul! Thou strengthen me, my
 pen;
 Depict with worthy words what now ensued!
 'Tis all too vast a subject for the Muse,
 Muse, Heaven-born! yet with thy guidance rare
 My lofty flight may wing its burden on
 As conqueror! Such subject—out of air,

Out of the void of art; with no quiet aid
 Of ancient works or thought antique, as gild;
 A memory! witnessed in the mountains hoar.
 Self-taught; self-thought to breathe its life
 For eye that saw not; subject never drawn,
 Nor penned, to dare the sword of judgment pierce
 Its sensitive core. O, lofty theme! proud end!
 The Muse blooms only when the love is virile—
 It liveth when the Spirit's fire-truth
 Flashes through soul! O, thou, who wellest forth
 The poet's stream of thought—guide me—till words,
 Divinely sent, will glow!"

So noised the skies,
 While shifted on the gray-white vapor broad
 Over the mountain-heads; the mountains lost,
 The pine-tops lost their blue. As living sheet
 Drawn o'er some mighty waterfall, that stems
 Its flow with seething foam, and sky-lost froth,
 With spume from rock-dashed boles on boring
 pillars
 Of boiling water, towering thick above
 The high rim of the fell—till all weave one
 Huge, broad white sheet of coiling spray—so
 loomed
 'And neared the vapor 'neath the sounding storm.
 And whiter grew, as more approached the vale.
 As incandescent suns, hurled carelessly
 By monster-will down the abyssmal depth
 Of the strong universe, till, spinning, less
 The law of mind or fore-design—circle swift

Within each other—nor spare recoil—nor falter,
 Offensive to each other, smite themselves,
 Conflicting grimly—till all swim in light—
 Amorphous—a welded mass of glaring silver—
 So seemed the sheet of white, now driven on
 By sudden-sprung blast, that echoed loud—and blew
 Its ghastly blare, though blown within some maw
 Of nether-demon's craggy world! The sheet
 Blanched village-huts in distance; a mile off,
 Invested roofs with snow—till the last house
 Submerged; and, greed-like, lashed it onward fast
 Like fog-bane, fleeting o'er the angry roar
 Of Boothia's icy deep. Soon sped within
 Some eagle-circuits from the stream, that chafed
 Its dread in hoarser monotone to me.
 Was this the ultimate shield the earth wove stanch
 To daunt its creatures! a wall, firm and vast,
 To crush all on its raging storm-like speed:
 Devouring—killing—impassive—ruthless, sworn
 To reap its ire, to be the last great feat
 The earth could boast of! What would come! A cry.
 As vain as questioning Death what fields of blooms
 They view, when our brothers, one by one,
 Expire!

Then heard mine ear a seething sound,
 That oozed from forth the nearing sheet; a buzz,
 'As though the swarms of Hybla were let loose
 To drown oblations, sung by virgin-nymphs,
 Oak-sheltered, fanned by fragrant winds of Levant.
 'A chirring bustle, as the clouds, that roll
 O'er Gobi's sands (when the sun dips its crown

Into the Lion's mane, to gild its tiar
 With more than gold); a living cloud, with life
 And voice!—a wonder! wandering, death as wings
 O'er wastes, to home upon the boundless fields
 Of far Calcutta—preying, and destroying!
 As heard, on magic nights, the wild witch-wave
 Of dark Walpurgis, when o'er dauntless Brocken
 Broods deepest ebon dream, and but the sigh
 Of one wan moon faint gleams their horrors dread,
 Unspoken!—so swelled a sound withforth the sheet,
 That now its whiteness waxed: it seemed so huge
 As avalanche witho'er some Alpine vale,
 That gorges village, rocks and vale!—forever!
 The whiteness ekèd wroth; its fury lashed
 With harshest tones, and brangling hate! as from
 Some jasmine-bower—with one—you startle—list!
 Gruff quarreling, and brutal cries, and voices,
 With wine excited, rise to jangling sounds;
 Disputes intolerable increase—all wrangle;
 Their loud, discordant screams pitch round yon
 manor,
 That gilds its mullions, flames its turrets; while
 'bove
 The quiet hill a wreath of hues dispels
 The glare of one who shone throughout the day!

O, ward me from such rage! what deaf'ning tones
 And surges loud uproar! Have oceans vast
 With seas unboundable conspired, to friend,
 And rise—and force their weights, united strong,
 At once upon me, shuddering man! What noise!

And winds that howl—and seething, flashing spray!
Huge-towered—bastioned to foam of waves,
And beaten by a thousand-tongued blast,
Unearthly! Is this the death-gasp of the globe!
Is this the pain-moan of the skies! the roar
Of vanquished heaven—the end of all that's fair!
How all ungovernable the wind! the blast
Jeers at strong nature's laws, with strength to sunder
The Himalayas! burst their peaks—drive them,
As flock of huddling sheep is by the dog
Fast driven—and push their load and magnitude
Beyond the interstellar lones—as though
Its force resistance superpowerful
Had 'gainst that awful law, that claimeth all
To earth, and centers each strong link within
The matrix of our mother-earth! And such
Was the fleet might of wind, that drove the sheet
Within me. And my senses were all swallowed;
My breath was gone; my eyes were pressed; my
ears
Were ringing with a thousand roarings—all
That make the body live—were, for the blink,
As dead; till consciousness broke loose, as spark
From some dead stone—so sudden flashed to light
By wonder-impulse: quick as leaps of waves,
Fast down the giant-rocks by Fingal's towers,
Into the dashing tumult of drear surge:
The ocean's voice! So could I then be aware
What grandest storm was combating the scene:
O, indescribable!

But with the wand of fair,

Sweet Poesy shall my slow numbers sway
 Their warring words to harmony of flood:
 That with odd whirlpools, maelstroms, with
 Charybdis' boiling battle, all hemming rocks,
 Indomitable! within the main its troubles
 Doth tranquilly impour; so flow my tempest
 Of words, despite of jarring sounds, and trumpet-
 blares,
 Into the calm, and wide profound of thought,
 That lives when I am not!

Tell, tell! the thoughts

When saint beholdeth lure of lewdest love—
 Alone—in chapel-solitude—and Heaven high
 Within his pious gaze—what stirs within:
 Revolt at bondage—heart-chains clanging loud—
 Desire—a zest unappeasable—a hunger
 And thirst unquenchable—insatiate—
 Wild conflict with a troth that tears his flesh—
 A pledge, that leereth mockingly—a pain,
 That prays for death. What maze of thought,
 With piercing stings, runs through his brain: to do,
 Is sin—to desist, is agony—to kill, is sin—
 To murder, is damnation. Codes are canceled—
 New vows are pledged—hell enters heaven—the
 saint

Falls man! What race of dreams wild froths
 When kisses ring no longer, and Satan fell
 Lies writhing in the prints o' the action's tread!
 May'st track each swift reflection's trail—may'st
 seek
 To catch each firm design, that quivers fast,

As silver-drops withthrough some marble-ruins—
 May'st find thy path to sloughs of abject smiles
 To hovels of vice; may'st scale the lightning-ladders
 That join the soul to heaven—else soar, with pinions
 of sakes,

To have revealed to thee the fervent prayer:
 "O, save! let me be shrived!"

Tell, tell, what storms
 Withthrough the feelings roar, when one stands,
 armed

With weapons brought by others, before a lass,
 That kneeleth: eyes that shine like dew at even—
 Hands wringing wildly—bosom bare; a hope
 To be then spared; and hair all streaming round.
 What feelings heave within him, rough at heart,
 A man that lives to kill—a man whose home
 Is death, and slaughter; what may rush to stay
 His dastard act; what foam to hasten the stroke;
 Ah! how he frowneth as compassion; what
 May quell his gory stream of thought; what do
 To show him sky, and lead him to the right!

Tell, tell! what hurled within the Mind of Him
 Who formed the void: with Unity, as Law!
 Shaped images, so vast and diverse-drawn.
 To people; to feed; to joy; to entertain
 This globe! How sapient He! What wond'rous
 floods

Of giant-thoughts rushed; what gigantic trains
 Of marvel-ecstasy permeated through,
 And filled His Soul with sweet Designs! Say,
 may'st

Thou fathom how His Mind was builded, had been
taught!

(But teacher He Himself—and all His knowing
Out of Himself—nor could a wiser Mind
Have thought before!

“O, God! Thy Majesty
Is far too vast for Thy lone child to think
Upon! A flash: an age of knowledge; a blink:
An æon for creations multiform; a word:
Ten thousand tomes of sapiency divine!
All horded lore of cycles past is but
One pearl of dew that wanders lone and proud
Withthrough the expanse sublime of heaven’s air:
Unfathomed — unvoyaged! to that unknowable
Store,

That resteth balanced in thy Scales! O, God!
And shall we know the more when Thy great Good-
ness

Calls us within the glowing Halls of Heaven!
Or will earth’s knowledge worthless be; since
Heaven

Is not as earth—and welded otherwise;
And bliss of brain is not the jubilant sense
Of soul! Since all must molder, and the Spirit
Outlasts Eternity!”)

May’st wot how tore
Along the currents of His Will; how plunged
Within His Sea of Awe some Wonder-Work:
A mood of Lighting—a Sense of Power and Thun-
der!

Tell, may’st thou seem to know what smote His
Thought

To marvel out a World—such that the thoughts
 Of billion times a billion men could ne'er unravel!
 Tell, tell, what Partisan had fondly swayed
 Him to give ear to kind protection—heed
 The beaming lip of sufferer's recompense;
 And not kill the nefarious ill of wrong,
 Of mad thought, and the insupportable weight
 Of last despair! What struggles dragged His Mind
 To submit to One great, stern Decree: Death,
 Death!

May'st follow the wild race of musings deep
 That had as goal Eternity! May'st gaze
 Upon a Brow that thought upon a way
 To unite a labyrinthine life to Love!
 May'st master how the flash-like Mood, aye, Whim!
 To sit, as Lord, as God, on empyrean Throne
 Seized His ineffable Spirit, when It moved
 Not yet all o'er the depths of ebon void!
 Who can—who will! None—not a one! Nor may
 God's huge thought e'er encompassed be by man!
 God's thought it is—and God's it shall remain
 E'er last!

So stormed the skies, and hail hurled
 through
 And, driven by steeds of lightning on, snow fell.
 There moaned the menaced winds, and waved their
 wails,
 As gale-pushed swells, upon the far Pacific,
 Their doleful dirge. There blew the tearing fiends
 Their deadly blasts, and slew all in their race:
 And bending trunks of trees, as reeds; and twigs

They grasped, and swept them through the storm.
 The torrents gushed; and seethed furiously:
 Like steams of geysers through a thunder-cloud,
 Where weird Kamtschatka mourns. And, thick and
 fast,
 The hail, and snow, and rain drove down the
 heavens,
 That groaned loud; nor exhausted all their rage:
 Commanders of the wilderness of warmth
 And cold! As boiled the pools of Simois
 Their deafening surge and tumble, swirled and
 spumed
 The ocean-air of deep-embittered storm,
 That fought as fought of yore the demons of hell
 Against the lily-throngs of angels pure,
 Victorious!

 Sounded shriek-like now the gust;
 It pierced the trees, that sighed and souged; it tore
 The storm, and slung the elements: confusion
 Around; toppling in such emotion wild
 As bales of high pine-trunks upon a sea
 Of old tradition, when grim Wodan was
 The terror of all beings!

 There stormed the trains
 Of phantom-courses—sable-hooded—draped
 With pale robes, long and wide! How fleet the
 steeds;
 With supernatural manes and tails—flooding:
 As lashing spray of myriad levantins—
 That splashed the mythy white of the cold sea:
 Far back in lays of crystal queen and king,

Upon their emerald thrones! how wild the arms
 O' the wilder ghosts sway out their swiftness—stay
 With jerking breast-bounded vehemency, the rush
 Of the infuriate, foaming nostrils! How
 The hoofs, with rings of hollow bones, chafe sullen,
 As though a swathe of mystic music wound
 About the sparks, that flashed at each bound made.
 What song of deathly intonation darts
 From forth the speeding race, and spreads its
 surge:

Upwelling—then subsiding—round the train,
 Appalling with its frantic flight! And is
 It passed! or follow coursers more, and fill
 The aëreal plains with never-wonted play!

Unceasing hiss the hollow-throated winds:
 Fable-Boas—ichored god-like, winding.
 And writhing their blanchèd coils in agony
 Intense; high leaping for a spoil afar—
 Surcease for torrid hunger. Lash on lash
 They gash deep wounds withon their torturor:
 The furious cloud. Assailant and offended
 Harsh moan their pain—while none die—both
 Are spelled to warfare all unending—doomed
 Eternal adversaries!

Shelter sought

I in a lonely shed—and so could see
 And hear, unhurt, the storm. It whipped the roof;
 And the cold waters splashed around me—sleet
 And snow drove passed, as thought, athwart the
 brain,

Momentous memories! And faster driven—
 As though it were Levanter furious,
 In seconds fired across the sandy plains,
 The wind, rage-company to the tempest frore,
 With fleetness, (mortal ear would doubt its speed)
 Such that a planet shows, sped o'er the vales.
 Then flashed the lightning!

Words are wanted, tell
 The levin's movements—all its ways and tricks
 To stound the cowering beast—to awe the savage,
 And bow the wise head. Thoughts are shrugged
 and paled.

The mind hath nought to paint the storm's swift
 force—

The storm's indomitable means to herald
 The coming terrors of its brutal train:
 A train of demons, having voices, as the gales
 Upon peaks, icy-cold; and groans and growls,
 As lions, overmultiplied in cave-abodes,
 All warring with their speech, imperially swayed,
 To deaden the very monarchs of the airs.

The lightning streaked—purple-painting—dashed
 in quivers;

A rainbow-coloring sifted through its traceless
 And soundless path of light; it struck itself,
 And split its light; and rushed unevenly;
 Glowed—fitfully flashed—unmercifully burned;
 Till, as it quivered into being, so shivered
 Its glare into the unharmed storm! And all
 In less time than the eye may see, than mind

Hath power to grasp an infant-thought ; a wink ;
 A flash ; a flash : and nothing there ! and lo !
 A crack !

As though the mountains heard them-
 selves

Fall toppling o'er each other ; as though a forge
 Of giant-frame were struck by a myriad large
 And heavy hammers—at once ! As though the
 wolds

Of all the world were felled : their crack uproared,
 Mingling in cloudy heights ; and warring wild
 With common sounds ; a concord, loud with awe !
 Then growlings growing—howlings mowing deep
 The loudest winds—and crashes, cutting sharp ;
 And moans and groans subduing the loud angors.
 The thunder raved !

Destruction, with its menace,
 Cut huge trees ; rent the huts—and spared no spot !
 Revengeful, left its stamp of ire all over ;
 Till in the storm the wind rolled by ; the rain
 Swept the hot air—the sleet snatched what it could ;
 The snow tore ice, and slapped the trees, and sent
 Its chill throughout the storm, yet in its fury !
 Yet howled the violent winds, and thunders yet
 Rolled—lightnings dashed across, and gales their
 horns

Blew still with dreadful note !

As in the home
 Of ducal family, when feuds uprose
 'Twixt stern brows and the bluest eyes, the ties
 Were sundered ; and the chambers, all forlorn,

Were tenanted by spirits ; while they spoke
 Distrustfully ; discoursed with scorn and spite :
 Till one most beautiful hour, when Even shone
 Her tiar with jewels of an orient luster,
 There smiles the cheek of one, and frowns of him
 Smoothe, as the ruffled bloom, when left to nature!
 And stern brows shine in glory, and the eyes
 Of sapphire hue englow their orbs, and peace
 And concord join their whitest hands—'tis well!
 Disputing blooms devotedness ; and quarreling
 Queries, with warmthful rays, for quips and quirks :
 O, 'tis reconciliation by the hearth !
 In nations : loud dissension's afterglow !
 The kiss of unseen spirits on both brows !
 In nations : revolution's bright'ning bloom !
 O, change of wrath to bliss—of wo to joy—
 O, change of life to death—of death to Heaven !
 So changed the storm to quietude—so changed
 The tearing winds to whispering breezes ; so
 The whirlsleet strayed above the mountain-tops ;
 And so the snow lay soft upon the vale.
 The thunder played musically through the gulches ;
 The lightning streamed its beauty through the skies,
 Now breaking—bulging into forms.

The storm

Had passed !

And through the lagging clouds a moon
 Of silver paleness rode in wo—and bleared
 The vapors with a saddening stream of drops
 Of light. The calming airs seemed strange : with
 breath

Of magic freshness ; and a warble lonely fell,
 From mount to mount, with plaintive cadence ; all
 Wore legends ; and a mystery hung low
 Its pale, gold shroud ; a stillness sat in calm,
 And odors bristled their tenuous fumes : it was
 The dream of one who sees with other eyes
 And hears and feels by supernatural frame !

And while the clouds had clomb the peaks, the
 vales

Breathed out their plaints in weary veils, and films
 Of mystic-moving vapors ; till kissed slow
 By the sad moon, a bow of iridescent light
 Clung over them, and with them moved ; with dreams
 About them, languorously reached the peaks ;
 Till in the unknown melted. And more and more—
 Till like a fairy-land the heavens seemed :
 So calm and beautiful !

Now stars sparkled through,
 And lit the skies ; and but the drops, trickling down
 The delusive trees and shrubs, whispered that storm
 Of terror had been beating drums of battle
 A violet's-bursting-time ago !

How serene ;
 How beauteous the quietude ; the balm ;
 The magic sense of such an eve : with moon
 To paint—and stars to glow—and vapors lone
 To mystify the woods and mountains' cowlèd crests.

O, boon of nature. Aft' the tumults, fiercely fought ;
 Aft' wildest wars betwixt the elements, to shed

Upon the battle-field a sanctity,
A sweet breath of the dearest peace ; to bring
Beatitude before untamed confusion—
Pervade the air with music, and with scents :
Such that a Mustapha would love to hear,
And drink ; suffuse about the mountains wild
An essence, hushing their low wail—and ring
Them with a calmful song of solitude !
Unheard—but felt within our inmost soul !

In such Seraphic air I joyed the evening hours :
As marvel-gardens by some Persian stream,
When dream-Arabia told its tales, and sung
Its fancies to the maidens, flower-robed.
Such air, as in some park enchanted, filled
My way ; and by the moon I knew the flow
Of laughing brook ; and saw the silver-birk
Waver its fillets to the wide-winged breeze.
Such languid breath wove weird illusions round,
As by some Harem, float the dying fumes,
With songs to way them to voluptuous realms !

And as the last slow vapor saw itself
Within the moon, and gloried in a crown
Of jewels—my thought lingered—till the moon
Enchanted it ! And, in its beams, I dreamed !

TO A GIRL AT "CLEOPATRA" PERFORMANCE.

Saturday night, Feb. 20, 1891.

I DO not whisper that you haunt me—
 Nay, once a death-face haunted me—
 But you do round my forehead garland
 Rich roses, keeping sweet your memory!

As you did come so sudden behind me
 Unwittingly my head did turn;
 And when I saw your face and bosom,
 My lips for your rich lips did yearn!

My glances, as bubbles streaming shoreward
 To run against each pearl or shell,
 Swift streamed to where your eyes were dreaming—
 Ah! me! were doomed my heart to spell!

O Eros! she had large brown eyes fair,
 With tress hued as the bleachèd sedge,
 When on it lingers the warm sunset,
 And birds cheep by the rosèd ledge!

O Eros! she had lips so languid
 And rich, and hued like shell's own lips
 That whisper to the Southern ocean—
 Or like a rose from whom dew drips!

O lips! that seen, melt all one's sorrow,
 And longing lingers in one's breast—

Such lips that Venus had when dreaming,
And spelled her lord with sweet unrest!

O Eros! lips that thou hadst given
To women only, and to love—
For when they quiver, love's emotion
Doth ever sweetest peeress prove!

O Eros! hers was like the swan's neck—
So white, and round with beautoaus grace—
All like the neck of a full lily,
So lolled it 'neath her languid face!

And like the swell of white-rose petal
So curved her neck to her full bosom,
That heaved beneath rich ebon laces,
As, on a pool, a snow-ball blossom!

A bosom, like the purest snow-swell
That rested on a pine-cone high,
To which the fluting breezes murmur
When birds sing 'neath a clear blue sky!

O Eros! like a Peri was her figure—
Her face, with innocence still there;
And oh! those eyes and lips would languish—
Methought I heard Love's dulcimer!

And ever while the tragic passion
Of Cleopatra thrilled mine eyes,
My heart was drawn so warmly to you—
You strange one, built so Houri-wise!

Not all the opulence of Egypt,
 When Antony wooed her queen,
 Would lure me from thy languid eye-glance,
 From thy pure bosom's snowy sheen!

Not all the jewels, scents, and music,
 That lay where Cleopatra lay,
 Would be as was the strange emotion
 While seeing you in your array!

While knowing your fair eyes sweet falling
 Upon me, as I glanced at thee—
 While thy strange aura was sweet mingling
 With all my heart's strong wizardry!

Oh! while I blushed!—Oh! did you see me—
 You must have had—for you would seek
 My glance e'er after—at the ending
 Your eyes were on my bliss-wooed cheek!

You peer-creation of God's morning so—
 You woman-maiden, soft with dreams—
 From you did languish love's own languor,
 As murmur from Jumna's lotus-streams!

You Charmian of my queenly thinking—
 You mirror for my love-spelled eyes—
 From you had I those hours been drinking—
 Such nectar rare, where Lethe sighs!

You languorous, womanly, beauteous maiden,
 With tresses like a bunch of blooms
 Of those rare faint-gold Everlastings—
 Yet unculled for earth's virtue-tombs!

Oh, Eros! she was not of thine own,
For she breathed life by Lethe's bourne—
Oh! she was goddess of love's languor;
To love-lost Venus she was sworn!

Of you I thought more than of Sarah
Divinely acting Egypt's queen—
No art was needed for your witchcraft—
You were art's fairest apogeen!

Oh! languorous mouth, oh! languorous bosom—
And languors, in thine eyes, slept, rapt!
To languish in thy soft arms' fondling,
Would make me in love-languor apt!

Before I saw you, magic thrilled me,
And magic made me gaze on you!
And when I saw you, magic awed me—
And magic thrilled me through and through!

So that I could not but adore you,
And gazed, till your eyes knew my gaze.
Oh! then we both felt love's emotion,
And either's longing was ablaze!

So was it when Jove looked on Juno—
Olympos glowed in rainbow-hues—
At once Jove wrought the fairest rainbow—
And music sweet as from sea-mews!

But we could only gaze, and wonder—
We could not let love's thrill impart

What, if my lip had touched your roselip,
Would have been fire in either heart !

Oh ! fate—thou mocker of our pleasures—
Thou tantalizer to our love—
Thou showest me such love-lulled treasures,
Yet never dost a donor prove !

Oh ! Venus fresh from ocean's frothing,
Make way for this my sweetest maid.
On Lesbian waves she too may born be—
Or lie, *adored*, 'neath Pyrian-shade !

You strange one, built like fairest Houri,
With strange faint-golden, flaxen tress,
And Lethe-eyes, and richest lips for kisses—
My song's for your rare loveliness !

Oh ! could you listen to these murmurs,
Like Amphion's, when he soothed the stones,
And grant me one more thrilling love-glance,
I should translate you to Heaven's thrones ;

For you are worthy to be borne, triumphant,
Like Cleopatra, through pomp's halls—
And still more worthy for your beauty
To have for you Heaven's peers as thralls !

For to your languorous woman beauty,
A childlike innocence is wed,
That makes you like a Nais, playing—
Yet meet for Daphnis' rapturous tread !

I could translate you to the heavens,
That nightly in the stars you shaped
A set, eclipsing rare Orion's,
With softest light forever draped.

Or could I know your name—you have none—
Save one that poets only give—
To those whose charms are so transcendent
That only on their lyres live!

Oh! live there like the airs Æolian
That sound but when the breezes blow—
So do those names ring sweetly only
When poet-souls stir through them so!

So live you, strange one—Houri-beauteous!
Within this song I sing for you—
When others hear it it shall thrill them
As you had thrilled me through and through!

I do not whisper that you haunt me—
Oh! once a death-face haunted me—
But you do round my forehead garland—
Rich roses, keeping-fresh your memory.

A BATCH OF BALLADS.

THE SUBJECTS TAKEN FROM ACTUAL OCCUR-
RENCES IN MODERN DAYS.

NOTE.

THESE ballads were written at intervals during 1891 and 1899. Those I do not mention below were taken from books.

“Wanda von Flanders” describes an actual occurrence that happened in New York in 1897.

“The Frozen Crew” is from life. In 1891 the papers recorded the incident in barely fifteen lines of print. The author wrote it at white heat in five hours’ time in 1891.

“The Sweet Nightmare” is original.

“A Poetic Day” is a personal incident.

“A True Story” records the actual life of a hermit and his daughter in the woods of New Jersey. Written in 1897.

“The Monk’s Deed” is original and imaginative.

A BATCH OF BALLADS.

THE SHORT STAY ON EARTH OF WANDA VON FLANDER.

OF love that burneth vestal-true—to such
My lyre I tune—so her fair name be kept
Alive in minds of men, when dead I be.

She left her woods and fields—her mansion old—
And crossed the deep sea to Columbia's fold.
Ah! Wanda—sixteen summers rosed her face
And German air had rounded her body's grace.
Bright eyes—how large, ingenuous-looking they—
Curled tresses—brown as is the summer-bay—
Moist lips—quick tongue—and teeth as white
As grains of corn seen in noon's bright sunlight;—
Plump shape—to please a satyr in the grove.—
A heart, she had brimmed sweetly with true love.
So came she here.

She left a large fine home—
But youth's pulse urged her far from home to
roam.

Alone she fled—to seek adventure strange,
To feel convinced she could unhampered range

And not hear only censures from her own—
But live all independently alone.
Such character she had—like some of ours
Who flee th' parental roof at sudden hours
To find new life in cities large—and end
Their young days sadly—without a nearest friend!

Who cares for poverty—who gives a mite
To lonely girls that wander through the night:
Friendless and sad? This Wanda knew full well—
So that she was prepared with want to dwell—
As waitress at a plan café she worked
And never any of her duties shirked.
When yet a child she was so fond to dance—
She imitated ballets at a glance,
And, so unpleasant to her mother's sight—
High kicking was her infantine delight.
This latter gift—for all that comes as swift
To us, is but of Heaven a kind good gift—
She used, to bring fond smiles to visitors;
For when they came, her antics made them stay.
Her beauty seemed to keep them well in doors—
But soon the owner sent the girl away.
Yet, when she found a new place, they would go
And homage pay to Wanda's tricks and glow.
Ah! do not passage birds fly to the dales
Where beauty-trees give fragrance, shelter, shade?
Then why should men not follow some fair maid
In whose sweet presence rose-bloomed mirth pre-
vails!

One year she lived like this—at place and place
 Waiting—and showing her high-kicking's grace
 To tipplers, loungers, all who came to drink,
 Smoke, chat with fellows, or to rest and think—
 Till, two weeks after Wanda added one
 Quick year to her sweet sixteen summers gone,
 She saw a young fair man, whose face did sway
 Her heart—she felt it beat—and he would stay
 To see her dance—then chat and drink and sing—
 And also he felt love's strange rummaging!
 Oh! love, the theme for all world's bards to come—
 The cynic, in thy meshes caught, must hum
 A tune thy influence prompted to some youth;
 And once at least to maidens rich and couth
 Though they be mercenary, thy sweet lay
 Will fall upon their ears with rapture gay.
 Be festooned, arbor, where Love dreams to show
 New souls what she sends so they thrill and glow.
 And Love, thou abstract sense, that magic fails
 To interpret justly—be where joy prevails—
 For true love ever bursts the sluices warm
 That fill our frame with heat as of June's storm.
 Oh! Love, though Mammon rule—and Right
 Sits judge through Mammon—thy all-quicken-
 light
 That welleteth in our souls, forever proves
 That joy lives—where a swain a sweet nymph
 loves!—

They loved each other. “Wanda, you must bloom
 My wife, and you will leave this vulgar room

For three sweet others, where the sun will stream
 In on you—while we both shall love and dream!”
 No fairer words had ever struck her ears
 Than these that Billy uttered—and warm tears
 Of joy purled down her dumpling cheeks that day.
 Next morn she went from the saloon away—
 In richly ornamented rooms they dwelled
 Like man and wife. Oh! Wanda’s heart was spelled
 By genuine love—and Billy loved her deep—
 Contentment shone—and joy was ne’er asleep—
 Like festive hours their days were rose-enwound,
 And happiness would fleet with dulcet sound
 To their love-bliss. And Wanda felt her love
 Grow stanch—and more and more her heart would
 prove
 To her own mind that she at last was blest
 With one who shared with her love’s loyal zest.

But man is mean at times though stronger-grown
 Than frail woman.—Man has often shown
 His brutish temperament—has proved full oft
 That though his spirit come from realms aloft
 He still is thrall to fleshly sin and shame
 And drags into the mire his godly name!
 But woman is truer, I should deem—she keeps
 Her love aglow—though, for neglect, she weeps—
 If once she loved—her heart will hold the troth
 Till death.—

So happened it that though they both
 Loved one another all sincerely then,
 ’Twas fickle man who broke the troth the first—

And after two full moons—(of love the worst),
 He left her waiting while with other men
 And women he consorted—to the wo
 Of Wanda, to whose heart this sudden separation
 Seemed like a bolt of thunder—who could know
 Why Billy left her in her desolation!
 She waited days and days—but never came
 Her lover—her young heart was clove in twain.
 She ran to her fair casement; called his name;
 Asked where he tarried—all, all was in vain!
 So after days of long endurance, she—
 To soothe her heart-pain—sang this melody:

REVERIE.

When violet-thoughts sweet bound me
 In childhood's happy days,
 All seemed so sweet around me,
 I trilled such simple lays—
 But now, when in the world I'm wandering,
 Its meanness and its woes I'm pondering.

They spoke of love's affection,
 And said men had true hearts—
 O God! see my dejection—
 My only lover parts—
 He swore he'd marry me—ah! sorrow—
 He broke his word upon the morrow!

I've wasted all those hours
 Through dreary fretful days—

No more he sends fair flowers,
 And he his calls delays.
 Where can I find him—he's past finding—
 Perhaps some other's heart he's binding!

I love him from my bosom
 Deep, deep—and love has grown
 Within my heart a blossom
 That blooms for him alone;
 But if he ne'er returns—my sighing!
 'Tis best that I end wo by dying!

So doleful sounded this sad lay of hers—
 Like evening-wind, that the gray petals stirs
 Of everlasting blossoms—trembling by the bourne
 Of some dark wood where pines and ash-trees
 mourn.

She thought by singing she would lose the pain
 Her waiting caused her expectant heart—but vain
 Was all—love that hath the true mettle rare
 Can only happy be when love is there.
 And when the object be afar, life grows
 A lich-field, strewn with monuments of woes!
 Oh! Wanda sang—then to the window ran—
 And looked adown the street—then she began
 Again to sing—but, this time, passing swift
 Her dimpled fingers through her auburn tress—
 Because she felt an impulse wildly shift
 From thought to thought—in her sad wretched-
 ness.

She felt a deed take hold of her—she saw

Her fate rise—and it did her heart o'erawe—
She pressed her bosom—till she screamed aloud:
What should she do—no means to find her Bill—
For he had never told his name—how still
Her deep suspense—her thought was like a cloud
One sees in April speeding under heaven—
Dashed down—then by a sudden blast quick driven
Up to the blue, that still is streaked with cold.
Her thought grew desperate—poor Wanda lone—
Far, far away from your dear natal fold
And not a one to soothe you—not a one!
Poor heart, fed with the legendary lore
Of Germany—and having in its core
The tendency to think that love is true—
Not only fit for idle flirts, that sue
Short pleasure moments—flitting then away
To sip at other blooms on th' following day.
Poor heart! these towns of ours ignore the truth
Of love—hence fickle is our pride-led youth.
Our girls are set upon the wedlock-mart
Till one rich man pay what the parents ask.
So is true love o'erthrown—the parents thwart
Fair nature's sweet design, that love should bask
In genial sunshine; so are love-ties torn,
And thus the mercenary trait is born!
What could you do, poor Wanda, in whose mind
Thy thoughts would love wreaths for another bind?
Ah! many a day for him you bore his pain;
And now he never did come back again.
Your tender heart-strings needs must burst in
twain—

For harshest pain is love, that's given in vain!
You thought, that when a man doth love, his heart
Would beat for her till death would either part.
You thought, that if you showed your love sincere,
He would love you forever—or far, or near.
But now you are aware that men can lie—
That men can be the slaves of perfidy!
Ah! sad but true, that men can make of love
A toy, and only sip the honey thereof;
And never be ashamed that they have blasted lives—
That they have killed those who should be their
wives!

Poor Wanda slept but little through the night.
Awake, she thought of why Bill had not come.
But when she asked herself in wild affright:
Why he loved her no more, white as a tomb
Her cheeks grew, and her eyes stared round the
dark.

Then, at each sound, she startled, and would hark.
Those dreary hours—through that last night on
earth—

She seemed like Alcyone, upon the girth
Of the blue sea, when she had waited, waited,
For her own lover, on a galleon freighted
With rarest jewels, freshest fruits from Ind;
But never came he—o'er the breakers blind.
So Wanda waited—till the roses faint
Of sashed and ribbonèd Aurora blushed
Above the twilight o'er the land all hushed!
Till through the satin curtains, diapered quaint,

Three rays of sunlight flashed!—till with a bound
Out of the bed she leapt. Then to the light.
She hearkened now. Oh! had she heard a sound?
She gave her fancy sway: to see his bright
Young face; but ever she her head let fall
Upon her bosom—then grow to wo a thrall.
When dressed, her eyes they stared, they seem
Like windows of old barns, deserted long—
At time the whippoorwills call—and they throng
The copses on the hills, where fire-lights gleam
Of sudden—then die, as spray blown to the lea,
Where sweet verbena scents the sand so free
By lorn Del Mar. She frowns—she screams—ah
me!
Her thought is deep—she'll do it speedily.
But, ere she leaves the casement, there she sings
A strain of firm resolve:

Ah! Wherefore yet endure
The pain of life,
When I am sure
Never to be a wife?

A wife who loves her husband—but no other one—
A wife who lives for one alone.

Aye! I could live through years
A vagabond;
But then, what tears
I'd shed for him so fond?

Oh! I was told that love is but for one alone—
Better be dead when love is gone!

My Bill will ne'er return.
 Aye, I will die.
 I cannot yearn,
 Nor, waiting, moan and sigh!
 'Tis too much pain—so will I die this day—
 'Tis too sad to live alone alway.

I'll die this day for love;
 Let others sin.
 But I will prove
 That love shines far within—
 Let others lead a life of shame alway—
 But I will die this very day!

Her song was filled
 With bitter sadness—ah! young seven years
 And ten—your dreams, told when your childhood
 fears
 Were scarce unfolded, were ruthlessly thrilled
 With the ideal, that seldom glows on earth.
 Here, love is nought, but wealth has sovereign worth.
 Then Wanda went to buy some poison strong;
 Returned, she meditated yet some hours.
 Her thoughts, grown dreamy, swelled to passionate
 song,
 While others floated, as on lakes dead flowers:
 “Yea, die I will—for what is life—*my* life—
 When never 'tis with love requited rife?
 Those months with Billy were like queenly living;
 He loved me so, and was forever giving
 Me proofs of his undying love; but now—

He has brought me to shame—and crime; for how
 Can love be true, if to another I
 Give all my soul and heart and constancy?
 Nay, rather die than, like my sisters weak,
 Live on—committing sins of shame; or wreak
 Their vengeance by tell-taling; nay, to death
 I'll tell my secret—and live in glory there,
 Above the stars, where surely blows an air
 Sweet-suited for a soul that sorroweth!"

Then bubbled up a song so sad, yet sweet
 Withal—that seemed some cropping crocus-bloom
 Out from the moldered leaves, at Spring's own
 feet—
 For in it her young soul sang her drear doom:

Sweet is death, that cometh
 With no pain to me.
 I will dance—the mirror
 Will let me my dancing see.

So to death's own portal I'll come dancing:
 Like a joyous girl, to him I'll come advancing.

Then took she the strong poison!—With her
 dress—

The fairest—round her curvèd loveliness,
 She danced before the mirror. Ah! how fair
 She seemed—like those dance-girls whom Solomon
 Made dance before his throne's rich-jeweled stair,
 So he be joyed. Ah! Wanda danced till death
 Came stinging her—came sucking her young breath;

And, when she felt the poison do its service sad,
 And, fallen on the floor, she murmured soft:
 "Ah! Billy! think of all the bliss we had.
 Farewell!—I'll live for thee in realms aloft."
 Then, writhing to the poison's pressure, she
 Gapsed her last breath in lonely agony!

THE MONK'S DEED.

ALL over the dusky heaven
 A crowd of fiends move on.
 It is the third wild even
 Since she had died on earth without a moan.
 I am a monk, you know;
 And, with cowl and coat,
 Through the dark woods I go.
 But, when the moon doth gloat
 Upon the cloister's tawny lake,
 I wrap my head with cowl,
 My wretched path no longer take,
 But crouch adown—to scowl!
 So hearken to what to me befell
 Upon the day no funeral knell
 Could signal her a human grave—
 She rests low 'neath the brooklet's wave!
 That night that wrought the ebon crowd
 Of fiends, swift darkening all—aloud
 I shrieked, as some lone mad girl would
 Whose lover had left her to wan solitude!
 I shrieked: "Avaunt! ye faces

That cut your wry grimaces
To make me ne'er forget

What I did her, that frightful night
When clouds were dark as jet—

The trees howled in a wild affright—

'Avaunt!" But ever they would cut
Grimaces—till their cheeks showed rut
And rut filled with fire—red fire—

(Oh! friend! dost know an avenger's ire!)

Three nights of torture have I spent
But ever there those hellfiends went
Before mine eyes that bulged way out—

So that my lips were urged to shout
As madmen, when their visions are live—
And all their reason is in a gyve!

Three days I so did roam about,
And every night the lowery skies were filled
With fiendish faces, that my reason killed—
O fiendish faces, such Stylitus knew
When on his self-made rack he fiendish grew!

You ask me how I killed my love—
Far in that haunted chequered grove!—

Come 'neath the coolness of yon tree
Where the moonbeams not so watching be—
In the murmur of that trickling rill—

There, there shall I your thinking thrill!

You know to fair Loisa's heart

I was in bondage—and to part
From her were more than cruel sting

To all my being—(still I cling
To her as though she breathed her hour—

Had Death urged me to kill such flower!)
 I cannot think it true! . . . We strolled
 Together often merry, happy-souled—
 To one fond grave where tiger-lilies
 Grow thick, and where the daffodillies
 Their golden heads droop in April's winds,
 And where at times the stray white hinds
 Assemble to lip the crystal waters—
 And where at night you hear the laughters
 From Elfins upon the air—
 As though a fairy feast were given there!—
 O dearest hours of love-blest sweets
 Now culling brier and marguerites—
 Then kissing and caressing long—
 All in the king-bird's rapturous song—
 Then avouching that true love
 Is best for souls that heavenly prove—
 All while day's hours floated around—
 And summer was heavy with fragrant sound!

Alas! that petals of the lotus
 With their blushing tips can fade away—
 And breezes scenting a dreamy day
 Can die when howls the stormy Notus!
 So died those days of tendernesses
 Sweet interchanged—and love-caresses
 Were wilted, as leaves in Autumn-woods—
 Because she had her will, her moods—
 Loisa changed her mind—oh! she
 Who called me noble, perfect, free
 From any taint—could she have cheated
 Me once—when at the morn I greeted

Her respectfully—and she did gaze
Away—which made my temper ablaze!
I followed her—she waved me aside—
My blood boiled—and inwardly I cried—
Yet let her go her way! . . . A day
Passed by—the third, I heard one say
That she was friendly with a Count—
And loitered with him past the fount
Which we were wont to praise each morn
Since in our hearts our love was born.
I heard—I thought—I calculated—said
Three words—and thrust out a foot—to tread
The visions down that rose to haunt my brain—
Then swore—succumbing to my bitter pain!
“Aye, she must never lie with him—
And be the feather of his whim—
Aye, she must die—aye, she must die—
Ere she with that proud Count doth lie!”
Those words, uttered as summer’s heat
Proclaims a storm with dark wings fleet,
Since then did roll within my rankled brain
As waves roll in from the eternal main!
Oh! bulge not out your eyes, that seem
As in the dusk’s so darkling sky
Two holes, where the far heavens gleam—
For true, what follows rapidly
Is as a tale told on some phantom ship
That’s in the South-calm’s inextricable grip—
So listen: One night ere any glare
Witho’er the eastern hills doth herald
The moon’s wan up-rise—she was there,

Beside the woods, with her Count Gerald—
Behind a graceful group of birches
I stood concealed—when on their perches
The human-voiced owls moped on—
The two had thought they were alone—
O friend—provoke no prepense sight—
Wait till I'll tell you all aright—
I hearkened—like a lull at sea—
Or that between the ebb and flow of the surge
When to the sand the wave's snowclaws emerge—
Then downward glide—how silently!
Such stillness reigned around each tree;
Such agonizing calm prevailed—to me
It was as though some thunderbolt
Would crash and burn and raze a blooming holt.
Hast ever known wild jealousy
To creep so like a snail in thee—
Then be bewitched (when in your heart
It lingers), to a counterpart
Of tearing monsters working wild—
So that you feel like lakes, storm-riled!
Such entered in me—and my hands
Did clutch each other—till like bands
Of iron both arms seemed to weigh—
My all seemed like inanimate clay—
And I fell prostrate on the ground—
Inert—praying to ease the wound
She caused me while I saw her there
In amiable talk with Count Ridaire.
I had my dagger well abelt—
O God! why had my anger dealt

So rashly with me—but I stood
Up—ran—a moment—and the wood
Did darken all my stature proud—
When to my love I cried aloud:

“Aye, once you loved me; you did smile—
You called me with sweet phrases fond—
And called me perfect all the while.”

I thought she would to such respond—
But, like a lull at sea—
Or that between the surge's ebb and flow—
The scene was still—and quiet so—

That not an answer quick quoth she—
But then the Count's sharp voice did rise
That shook the glittering stars up high:—
“How dare you, vagrant, us surprise—
When we do wish not one soul nigh!”

He had said vagrant—God—my head
Swam in mine anger—and I said
A few words like a scourge upon
Some nation having lived for years
In vice and pleasure—and hot tears
Rolled on my cheeks—oh! should I shun
The liberation of my love—
Or kill him in this gloomy grove?
Such thoughts fell in my burning brain—
As in a cañon fire-rain!

But I was crazed—my dagger sought—
And in less time than grows a thought—
I stabbed the Count!—then turned I fast
To her who made me like a blast
At sea—swelling the waves to hills—

When the fiend-wind the heavens fills.
I clutched her bodice—tore the threads—
Till her fair bosom lay abare—
Then sucked I at her nipple-heads,
Like some wild Tartar, in the glare
Of even, sucks the blood of one
Who to his passion was a slave—
Then dies forlorn after the deed is done!
I sucked, while clasping her fair form—
Oh! God—her ears were cold—but warm
Her neck—O cygnet-beautiful—
And white, as froth upon a wave—
Thereon my heavy head to lull
An hour had been my bonny dream.
Alas! I never won her praise,
Not even in fair midnight-dream—
Not even in my passion-craze—
I clasped her form, and sucked, till she
For pain shrieked most vociferously—
Then to her lips my lips I pressed
And bit till all her rosy blood
Purled down in one slow ruby-flood
Upon her bosom, which I caressed.
I had rare vengeance then—I screamed—
I thought a moment that I dreamed—
But God—the ground was rosy red—
Upon my shoulder lay her head—
O God! her eyes—what glare—O she was dead!
So she died from my bites so wild—
She my one love—who ne'er beguiled
One hour of all my loving days—

But had been scorning me always.
Oh! was it sinful that she died near me—
When I bore years of longing for her ee—
For all her soul and body fair—
Oh! was it wrong that I was there—
I felt my love return, I held
Her corpse as though she were alive,
But fiend—what powers demoniac weld
Our hatreds to one throttling gyve!
When I did see the Count near by,
All, all my craze swelled like the cloud
Upon a clear, but windy sky,
So that I madlike grew, and loud
My voice reverberated round—
That filled the stillness with fiendish sound—
So that I flung her form away,
As though I would a clod of clay,
And with mad imprecations curse
Her—wishing that her death were worse.
Then left I the gloom grove—the moon
Had cast her sable shadows o'er
The brooklet, and her beams did pour
Upon the fields, and she did croon
Her weird songs for the ghostly hour,
And a few darkling clouds would lower
When, drawn by sudden backward power,
My head I turned to her once more.
O God! what is the human brain?
Indeed no matterous cells that get
Their pictures from our eye of jet,
But round those cells a fiend-host range,

To swift conjure our mind to pain,
 A crowd of images so strange,
 Revolting, God, so ghastly, horrible,
 That to no earthly shape it e'er befell
 To see, but round our brain there swim
 The ghosts of unknown spirits grim;
 And we do see them in our mind—
 Writhe, smirk, daunt, craze, and shriek and wind,
 Like in the dens of Afric-snakes
 When them a forest-fire awakes
 Out of their slumber!—To her once more
 I turned my face, when lo! two hundred score
 Of fiends from out her body flew,
 And from that crowd a fire-blast blew,
 So that I felt the hissing breath
 And felt the smell that flies from death.
 Fiend! worse than plagues of flies that fill
 The Syrian air, so that they people kill—
 Worse than the tortures of the crazed
 When they see visions they themselves have raised—
 Worse than the flocks of ravens of eve
 When they do flaunt and flap, and heave
 Athwart an autumn's afterglow,
 When all the earth is dark—but lo!
 The West is livid with a ghastly flare—
 Worse than all myth, when I did stare
 Once more at those two corpses cold—
 One on the field, one near the wold—
*Was that wild throng of fiendish forms
 Uprising winding like the bellying storms
 Of lifted oceans in the yeasty skies.*

Oh! ever rising, and with cries
And shrieks wild, rending all the scene,
So that I threw myself upon
The grassy ground—till morning shone
Once more, and made all shining green,
And jewels flashed like her eyes alive,
And birds sang, and the bees did thrive.
The gentle chill of zephyrs laved
My temples, and the gold sun paved
The heavens with silvery light. O God!
Then could I walk again thy blooming sod.
But I did travel far away
From where my loved one I did slay,
O'er mountain, to this blushing plain.
But every night I saw the train
Of fiends flash o'er the dark ghost-skies,
Haunting my brain with agonies;
And ev'n here, where you do sing
To me of nights in perfumes shrouded,
My wild thoughts ever are dark-clouded
With faces of those fiends and forms
Of smirking demons winding like the storms
Of lifted oceans in wild yeasty skies.
Three days are gone since she has died,
Yet never will those fiends with demon-cries
From my wild haunted vision hide!
Intact within my brain, they swell
At each suggestion of her name,
And then I feel the pains of hell,
And all my brain is one wild flame.
You say forget her—aye—tell nature

To shun her laws that grow each creature.
Avaunt! see there they come again,
From the horizon o'er the dusky plain.
See, there they bend, then flap as shrouds
Of giant-sails wrestling with clouds
Of pitch, and hail, and wind's loud blares.
See how that train of demons tears
That crowd of fiends, till both are lost
Within themselves, as waves storm-tost
Plunge in the frothy, seething brine.
Yes, they are gone now, but a line
Still pauses o'er the mountain-crown;
As, long the belty sea, a bar
Of dark clouds, when the sun is down,
And o'er its rim the evening star
Peeps like an evil eye, whose mate
Is shut to hide his mind's low hate!
So now you know how I have killed
My love, O friend. Say, has it thrilled
Your mind? No, do no violence now
Keep silent, furrow your fair brow
Till in your soul the story clears
Itself from crime or murder—rage—
And you acknowledge all your fears
Are dissipated; read this page
Of my wild life aright, O friend,
Would you not be amazed, and rend
Your heart atwain, if your love should
Scorn all the deepest love you bore
To her. O friend, O tell me, could
You live while knowing that her core

Was mocking you, and silently
Denuding all its love to one
Who ne'er deserved love's constancy,
But was a man whom virgins shun.
Well, friend, you are composed—you share
With me my pain and grief—despair.
You sing again, knowing that we
Are pardoned for love's jealousy!
O keep this saddest deed to you.
How shall I pass the nights to come!
O let me listen to your songs of home
While I may cherish all your friendship true.
O God! O there they come again,
Those fiends, that form a funereal train
And rack and haunt my burning brain.
*They flap and flaunt as sails at stormy sea,
And take wild shapes, and huge dark forms,
Arising, winding like the bellying storms
Of lifted oceans to wild yeasty skies.*
O God! friend, sing those songs to me,
That soothe my brain, and show mine eyes
Sweet nooks sequestered for sweet children, where
Neat mothers watch them in the summer's air.
So now they vanish, but a line
Still lingers o'er the low dark hills—
A line as long the belty main
A bar of dark clouds doth recline,
And now they're gone—they'll come again
To-morrow night!—O friend, what thrills
You?—be at peace; I've done a deadly deed
By love's strong power actuated.

She scorned me, yet she had not sated
My love.—God pardons us in our great need!”

THE CITY IN THE SEA.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

ON the shores of the bay of Moher,
While I strolled, all aheark to the roar
Of the ceaseless loud surge of the waves
O'er, and about the caves,
An old crony she beckoned to me;
And she pointed her finger to sea:
“Thou dost know not why angry they foam
O'er the vanished king's palace and home
Near where the rock-sprites roam?”
And aghast had I stared at the dame,
Whose small eye was with fire aflame,
And her brow with the level brown grooves
Did reveal that strong hope futile proves—
Hope not for life behooves!—
Yet, I listened to all of her words
That came flocking like tumultuous birds,
When the autumn's blood-red rolls aghast,
In the eventide's dole, at the blast—
All while the sun doth last.
I had listened, while broke the wild waves,
'Gainst each other and o'er the sea-caves:
“'Tis to-day, after seven long years,
That the king's splendrous city appears.

Once it was loud with cheers!
 But it rises from that sullen wild spume
 In its glory, but mute—since its doom
 Was to fall in the waves, long ago,
 For a crime caused its sea-king's overthrow—

Wild with shame—oh! wo!—

But 'tis said that if mortal can reach
 The fair city, arid from the beach,
 Ere it vanish again into the sea,
 He may save it from wild witchery—

Then he may royal be!

For there lieth a treasure full fair,
 For the one who is savior there.
 Here I came in the early bland eve
 To try win the rich prize that may leave

Queenly me, ne'er to grieve!

Wilt thou come with me—man so alone—
 Leap the rocks, wade the pools, till the groan
 Of the waters may cheer us to scale
 The bright turrets—its treasures to hail!

Try with me, though we fail?"

After taking my past, as they draw
 A wide seine from the ocean's deep maw,
 When they find their experience well earned,
 So the days of ago I discerned—

"Well!" and my heart-core burned.

When the sun sprinkled pollen around,
 Whose gold tints draped the sea and its sound—
 'All of flitting gold-motes was the air,
 As if myriad gold flies, past compare,
 Filled the eve. live with fair

Indescribable resplendent gold-breath,
 Such that floats aft' a lily-field's death,
 When the honey-gold stamens uprising
 To do homage to all the glow-skies,

So was the eve's surprise!

'And the burning gold-sun lay asea,
 There imparting gold-glare, gloriously—
 Then those waves that seemed never to rest
 Seemed with glitter, oh! finer than on vest,

Covering Asme's breast.

"It is well," cried the crony to me,
 Then, like meteor's quick flash, from the sea
 Rose the town, like a seal, from the spume.
 And the dripping-soft drops, gold-abloom,

Fell from the town in doom!

Sparkling gemmy, like limes in the sun,
 When the shower is sprinkling, then done.

So the turrets and citadels shone,
 And the windows, and steeples alone,

Towers, and the walls of stone.

The vast city was glittering in glow
 All the jewels of Egypt, I trow,
 In bright gorgeousness thrilled the proud town;
 Splendor gloried—magnificence fell down—

Beauty wore radiant crown!

Exultation fair lavished on all
 Rare exuberance on large and on small—

"Oh! be gazing on city while we
 Traverse rocks and salt-pools to the sea;

Till we sure victors be!"

So we kept our wild eyes city-ward;

While the dazzle and maze on us poured,
We leapt rocks, waded pools; and we clumb
O'er reefs—while the city was dumb—

Dead, like a forlorn tomb!

With rapt eyes on the splendors ahead,
We hastened to reach the city so dead,
But while clutching the rocks, that lay close
To the walls of the town that arose

Pomp-like in grand repose,

As a fire-fly dieth in night,

The town fell in its splendors full bright,
Like a glint of the sun on a wave,
Like the lizard's escape from the cave,

Quick as looks, flashed to save!

So the opulent turrets and towers,
The town, ruled by a king with rare powers,
Yet doomed ever to live all unknown—
Mingled, rushed in the sea-waves' wild groan—

Lost to our sight, was gone!

And the waves swashed incessantly there,
The wild spume murmured through the dun air;
So we waded the pools and we leapt
O'er green rocks, till we dolefully stept

Where light foam-bubbles swept

The gray sand in low curving long hills.

And we knew disappointment e'er fills
The hearts, hoping for things in their minds,
That the desires we wish are like winds—

None his ideal finds,

Here on sands of our life by thought's sea.

Then we gazed ocean-ward—thoughtfully—

Where that pompous bright city shone fair
 In the sun-down's gold-liquid live air—

Oh! like a gold myth rare!

“Our attempt is thus thwarted!” she cried,
 Wild, unearthly, she seemed—evil-eyed—

“Ha, ha, ha!” and she melted away
 In the sorrowful dusk of the day—

Melted as scud at play!

Yet asoft came some words, omen-filled—
 They put me atrembling, and thrilled

My own soul: “Vain deluded lone man,
 That dark secret no body may scan—

Dark as great nature's Plan.

That king's crime will remain sealed forever,
 As the bed and its lives of Life's River.

And man's questioning heart, like yon surge,
 Will be e'er at man's death a wild dirge

Form whose depths *may* emerge,

In a period, a flash of the tale,

But will fade—then will mystery prevail,

As yon tumultuous sounds, buffeting wild,

So yon city will keep the sea's bosom riled,

Wild as an unstained child!”

So I loitered alone on the beach,

But could never the town's towers reach,

As Death keeps its secret from Life,

So that city reveals not its strife

Where ten low crimes were rife.

So I gazed at the surges o'er there,

That would never be calm as still air,

But would ever be swashing their waves)

Out and about the caves!

BALLAD.

FROM CHINESE HISTORY.

I.

FAIR Ote Tabachani Oimë—
 Why doth she wander by the sea,
 While the rude tempest blows and scolds
 And makes a whirlwind of her gold-laced folds—
 While through the spray
 The gulls harsh scream alway—
 There's no one near, she is alone—
 Why, on this eve, away from feast and throne?

II.

More lovely than the loveliest maid
 That views the Yellow Sea from tamarind's shade
 Sweet Ote was; she loved her emperor
 Who was so great and strong in peace or war—
 She loved him well—
 Deeper than words can tell—
 Till shouts and clamors shook the land,
 War deeds were seen,
 Then the Mikado to his queen:
 "Away from thee—from life so bland.
 Away to carnage, think of me.
 While I in battle's strife will be!"
 Then to the wars he sailed.
 Grief, sorrow in the palace-room prevailed—
 Like lilies carrying in their golden hearts
 Soft drops of dew, when morning parts—

Letting no sun kiss them away,
 So Tabachani held memorial aye
 Her emperor's words and parting—
 Till on a day,
 When she for a lone walk was starting,
 A messenger sped in—
 'Ah me!—her emperor was near the coast—
 But wild the tempest blew—
 And all his ships and crew
 Were lost.
 Then did strange thoughts begin
 To crowd within her brain—
 'All clad in queenly robes she sped
 Away, away, in blast, through rain,
 Near where, on stormy seas, floated the dead!

III.

Fair Ote Tabachani Oimë—
 Why runs she through the tempest free—
 Upon the headland rushing fast,
 While howls and whistles the wild blast;
 And, on the surging wave,
 Float many, whom none can save—
 Wild flaps her queenly raiment in the wind—
 What may she in this hurly-burly find?

IV.

Upon the headland standing, she
 Cries to the ocean dolefully,
 But no one hears her anguish prayer,
 Save wind and surge and gulls down there,

“ Let me appease

Thee, tempest of the seas—

Thy blast abate, thy roars cease sounding,

So that the surge against the old rocks pounding

May lightly carry to the shore

My dear, deplorèd emperor !”

But only answer bellowing herds of wind—

The surge so loud that all the coast doth grind—

Only the sough of spray

Yielding to wind’s affray—

Only the cry of storm-tossed gulls—

Only the moan of lulls—

So that Ote, despairing, cried :

“ Ye blasts that blow and blare,

Ye fiends that riot in the air,

Oh ! cease—so I may save who plied

The seas from war-plagued lands

To these our holy far-famed strands.

Cease, cease—or may I power show

To rule the storm that riots so—

I will, I will—oh ! ocean deep !

Here is my life ; may it keep

My emperor for his great empire—

That is my only last desire !”

So shrieking, Ote Tabachani Oïmë,

The lovely queen, leapt in the stormy, sad, dumb sea !

V.

Upon the darkest wave that comes,

Burdened with bodies of the emperor’s crew,

Of sudden a large white water-rose blooms,

And blooms, and circles petals round and round
 Till they by waves, succeeding fast, are drowned,
 Then towers that wave o'er rocks and surge
 And roars and sings—'tis the queen's mystic dirge!

While near, the sad curlew
 Flies o'er the weltering brine,
 That gave a grave to such a queen divine—
 Whose love thought she could sway
 The tempest—save from death a drowning clay!

VI.

Yet cuffs the blast the headland's foaming feet.
 But no more runs a lovely maid so fleet
 Upon the headland's turf—
 Yet circles and moans the foaming surf—
 But not a man may take from that mad sea,
 The lovely blossoming queen—fair Ote Tabachani
 Oimë!

TO AVERRO, THE GIRL CONTORTIONIST.

COME, Tatze! cease thy grace-contortions now,
 And sit upon my lap, so I may feel
 Thy hand in mine; and then I would to gaze
 Deep in thine eyes, and try to read thy thoughts!
 O could I!

How young thou art, scarce fourteen years,
 Still, thy fair body is so flexible—
 Can it be true thou hast a framework rare
 As we, who never once have tried to curve

Our spine as thou? It seems thou hast no bones!
What may thy thoughts be, Tatze—I would to
know.

There shines a light from out thine eyes that seems
As though thou hadst heard angel-choirs singing—
And in thy heart a tenderness must be
That can feel love—the higher love—devotion
That loves caresses, kisses, and kind words!
How can I know thy thoughts—thou hast no store
Of abstruse learning in thy brain, thy life
Was spent in perfecting thy body frail
So thou couldst move it all a hundred ways.
Thy thoughts cannot be many, Tatze, sweet!
Thy work is all enough for thee; why load
Thy mind with erudition but *the few*
Can ever own! Live thou thy strangest life!
Perform each day before the populace;
And reap applause—'tis all enough for thee!
And think at times of some fair flower—and praise
Its beauty!

But, my Tatze, when I gaze
At thee from out the audience-room, while thou
Dost stand aside, to wait thy turn—upon
The glowing stage; oh! Tatze—then I'm spelled!
For in thine eyes there glows a strange, soft light—
Strange, as no other's glance is like to thine,
Soft, soft as melting pity thrilled to tears!
I know not but my look is riveted—
I must gaze at thee! Oh! such tenderness—
Such childlike sweet sincerity—and then
Thy smile—like beatific pure contentment

That beams out from young radiant innocence!
What may it be—but thou art otherwise
Than many a child I know. O thou must be
A foretaste of the beings that in Heaven
Their dwelling have. Thee I can study ever!
Thou hast sweet features—sweet reflecting there
Thy young glad soul—and thy soul cannot know
The taints that the foul world hath soiled it with.
Thy soul still sees the joys of unriled thought,
Pure as a Cherub's. 'Tis therefore that I love
To gaze at thee—for then I feel sweet transports,
Those that make glad the heart, unsullied yet
By gain, and lust, and vanity, and show.
Oh! Tatze, when I see thee standing there,
I know not, but I am enthralled—and when
Thou movest forward, to show thy marvel-work,
Thy arm-waive is so graceful, and so tender
It is as though thy gaze angelic moved
Thy arm so strangely tenderly, that all
My eyes can do is to be gazing—gazing long—
And then I would that I could touch thy hand
For once—and if thou feelest how some spell
Makes me love thee, then wouldst thou kiss me,
Tatze?

THE FROZEN CREW.

PRELUDE.

NOT all is known to man
Of nature's mystic plan—
Many a secret dwells
Within the myriad spells
Of nature's moody world—
Many a work is furled—
And hidden lies the lore
Of most of nature's store
Wherewith she eketh all—
Small, wide, short, lithe, or tall—
Yea, every *thought* in man
Substantial, in her plan,
Appears—let fancy dream—
Imagination seem
Wilder than wildest thought—
To substance 'twill be wrought
And live and act in nature—
As plant or stone, or creature!
Methought in dreams that man
Could have vile poison's ban
Within him—lo! 'tis true—
There are wild negroes gaunt
Have lips of bluey hue.
When furious they daunt
The boldest—for they bite
Their foes—that die outright!

Methought that men could freeze
 All, all—their very blood—
 'Tis true—for in a flood
 Of arctic wind the seas
 Were frozen, and the crew
 Changed to ice-shapes, and grew
 No more, nor breathed, nor moved—
 The frost most deadly proved.
 O many spells hath nature,
 To daunt plant, stone or creature—
 Many a secret lies
 Deep in nature's mysteries!
 And all's not known to man
 Of nature's mystic plan!

BALLAD.

'ALOUSHTA's vineyards, with their grapes
 Delicious as juicy pears,
 Glowed! like a row of sheenèd capes
 Aft' showers in vernal airs.

"Hark! Man! thou with thy snow-striped beard—
 With far-thrust look, and thy legs
 Bent like a fallen fence, dusk-weird—
 With thy lips that have known life's dregs.

"Yea, thou hast seen most ghastly things—
 Murder and calamities—
 But never such that the ice-fiend brings
 When stiffening airs and seas!

“ Now that on Aloushta’s sod again
My feet may wander at ease—
Old man! bless me that you hear a strain
Of the dangers of the seas.”

“ Thou art so young yet—with thy curls ‘
Around thy stanch brown neck,
And thy eyes aglow with flirts and girls,
And thy form with youth’s jaunty beck.

“ How may’st thou know of more evil things
Than I, mate with ninety years? ”

“ Old man! time’s dial may know not what fate sings,
So youth knows of age’s fears!

“ And many a snowy head knows not
Of hardships, borne by hearts
That flushed, like maid’s with love-song fraught,
While they felt most cruel smarts!

“ So list to the wo I saw two nights
Ago in the Axine-sea—
Then answer me fast what more affrights
Thy life or this tale by me!

“ Rise not, old man; yet linger you—
For sure as Aloushta’s wine
Flows in your vale, my tale is true—
As true as your lemons shine!”

“ Thine eyes affright me, for in them glows
A fire that burns in the crazed—
Ah! have the horrors, the frostening woes,
Thy mind with such power amazed,

“ That the memories enkindle their dread,
And thou seest the scenes—
The pitiless, the wretched, the dead . . .”
“ Old man—thy dreaming gleans

“ From my fiery eyes some of my tale;
But listen to me, old man !”
“ Thou strange, old, young one—thy story prevail—
I listen as old ears can !”

“ I was captain of the hapless crew—
I alone was saved that night—
When the ice-winds blew and howled and slew,
And the airs and seas were white !

“ Many a wondrous death hath been—
Ere the Christ preached three short years;
But the icy death that mine eyes had seen
Would have filled a Nero's with tears !

“ Off Kaffa, on the Chersonese,
That once to the Golden Horde
Had given their wines and all their ease
We sailed, with masts and cord

“ New-mended for a long sea-lurch,
Across the Tausic main,
To the shores where my own small hill-side church
Sparkles to wide fields of grain.

“ 'Twas evening on a November's day,
In the year when Browning died,

That our vessel veered out in the bay
And sped on with the Black Sea's tide.

“ Oh for Kaffa's tune ; her Tartar-song—
Her violet-odor ; her wines—
That evening each man with his voice did throng
The breezes with joyous lines ;

“ And the pomegranates, the limes, the grapes,
All luscious on the boughs—
And the wild-eyed Tartars, their maddening shapes—
And our dreamily whispered vows.

“ All, all had a nook in each man's mind—
While afar the headland waned
With the light that faded in the dusk-loved wind ;
And the ship's prow was sea-salt stained !

“ Old man ! oh ! mark you—the cheering crew
Were mad with the frolic of feast—
And, while the balmy Limat blew
Out from the fane of the east,

“ As o'er the Black Sea's lid, the rose-tinged moon
Hung like a coin on the breast
Of a Tartar—lying down to croon—
The vessel was loud with jest ;

“ And the tepid scents that floated around
Or dipped in the languid wave,
Were drenched with their day's sweet laughter and
sound——”

“ Young man, you rave, you rave.

“ For how could the balm of the evening bring
Disaster to a cheery crew ? ”

“ Forbear, thou man with thy murmuring—
Pinch thou thy brow—and sue

“ To Wonder to give thee reason to know
That, as in man’s own mind,
Where liquid whispers balmily flow,
May harrow an icy wind !

“ But listen ! forbear to mutter between,
Else will the thread of the tale
Be torn—and the truth of what I had seen
Will turn indistinctly pale !

“ Yea, drenched were the airs with their lays—
While the citrine moon arose,
And a wide sea path the lurid rays
Cut, with caps like drifted snows.

“ So listen, old man, with thy lank gaunt neck—
As gaunt as a lithe sea-rock, that juts
In the seething surge—so rude with a wreck—
O listen to truth—of woes unknown to huts.

“ The sea-god alone hath power to wage such wo—
Old man, let thy ashen locks fall wavelike there,
On the brawn of thy bare arm that’s wrinkled so—
And, in the even’s dusk, as entrancèd, stare.

“ Aye, four-and-twenty men were of the crew—
All stanch like warriors of heroic Tamerlane—

And like a whisper the lulling Limat blew—
While the stars seemed shining to assuage earth's
pain!

“ Like a prayer the angels pray when Virtue dies,
So was the sea, so solemn yet fresh with balm—
And our voices rose so madcap to the skies,
And the ripples murmured, and the night was
calm.

“ But the Limat blew so childlike in innocence,
That the men did their work as though it were
weal—

When suddenly, a gale made the air grow dense,
And the tackle rattled—the ship did lurch and
reel;

“ And the stars they twinkled as though rioting
aloft—

And the moon drew a host of vapors as her slaves—
And the sea, with all its dimples so snowy and soft,
Bore flash-like a weltering throng of plangent
waves.

“ Oh! most of the crew were at work—when I had
given

My order to unfurl the sails—and quicken our
speed—

But, ere I had thought of next hour's act, the
heaven,

The sea, the ship, the stars, and clouds indeed

“ Were deluged in frost and cold, so biting and shrap,
That I ordered my men to take refuge within ;
But lo ! when my officer went—his skin did warp—
And his body grew to ice—from feet to chin.

“ Then with caution I peeped out on the deck to
see—
O God ! such sight no man on Thy earth has
known—
For all my men, that stood at their posts so free,
Stood frozen—stiff—life-like, each to icy stone !

“ The helmsman at his helm the helmsman was he—
But his eyes were glassy, and his fingers were
frozen ;
And the sailor who furled the sail stood where he
be—
Who ran to the tackle, for which he was chosen,

“ He ran yet, but his knee was bent, and his foot
Was up in air, and his ice-charged body ran ;
But never moved he—held by the frost’s firm root—
And frozen to chilly stone was every man !

“ O God ! such sight was not known to thy fair earth,
Such cold had changed each limb and organ to
ice ;
And where it clutched the men at work or in mirth,
Its clutch was worse than death’s—for its device

“ Was to keep the form as it grew to-manly grace—
Victorious o’er black decay, or fire’s claws.

The limbs, the fingers, the hair, the chest and face
Were like wan marble, lord o'er death's quick laws!

“ And momentarily the somber swell uprose,
That on the rigging dashed, and there it froze—
So all the masts and crew were frozen stiff,
And all the ship and sea were in the frost's white
griff.

“ Then to the warm room had I gone, and there
Methought what best to do to save our ship ;
But then I heard the swells dash, sound the air,
And the ice-vessel lay in the frost's tight grip.

“ The air was icy ; the waves, the spray, were ice,
And the ship turned to a shape of gelid build ;
So that it rode no more—and, in a thrice,
The sea washed thro' the hold, and we were
thrilled!

“ Thrilled, as an army routed in a pass,
Where no breadth there be to disperse their men ;
So were we driven to flee the frozen mass,
That gradually sunk, low to the salt-whale's den!

“ As the troopers with sabers high, that had died
By Tartars in the vale by Balaclava's plains,
So saw we all our crew die by our side—
While we unhooked the boats, clashed the chains.

“ And while myself and eight brave men were asea,
Like the roar of lions on some rocky height—

So thundered the ship, and with her ice-men found-
ered she—

With her ice-men like stone, she sunk out of
sight!

“ Oh! those men, iron-hard, so stiffly frozen, fell
To the caves where the myriad fishes be.

What a death! no shrift, no kiss, no burial-knell—
Ice-welded—prey to the icy sea!

“ Nay, man, thine eyes from their sockets bulge
As a snowy moon from a wold . . .”

“ Young brave one, methought this span to divulge
The mystery of warmth and cold.

“ Methinks that death is the griff of the frost
That clutches the heart in a thrice.

Oh! hast thou touched the clay that is lost,
And feltest not there Cold's ice?”

“ Old man! but listen, art thou in dreams?
Divulge, when I have done.

Fifty, fifty miles far from Theodosia's beams,
Fifty miles through air with no sun!

“ 'Twas midnight past, with the air as cold
As round the polar belt;

And the gale sped by; the waves they scowled;
And my men, for prayers, knelt!

“ Afar from lute, from forest-strain,
Out on an icy-sea—

In a boat on an angry snow-frothed main—
O God ! what misery !

“ I rowed—we set up sail—we sped
Through the ebon night so fast,
That ere the morn her roses shed
On the orient sky, to last

“ An hour, we saw a skiff afar,
And we knew that Caffa sent,
Such craft beyond the city's bar—
So sprung new merriment

“ Of mind within each eye of my crew ;
But, one by one, they died,
As the morning-winds so sweetly blew—
Died, one by one, at my side !

“ Oh ! one by one, as the red leaves fall
When the chilly autumn weeps,
So were they summoned, at death's weird call,
To fall down oblivion's steeps.

“ And he, who had rowed for an hour, fell
On the edge of our fleeting boat ;
And he, who had rigged the mast with swell
Of sail, with his eyes did gloat,

“ As in the dark lone wood two snowy stones
In a jungle of ribbed twigs—
And he I had whispered to in lower tones
To keep yet for me the last figs.

“ He sat there, as stark as a trunk with no leaves ;
And his face was as marble so white—
Then cried we, as he, who, swimming, shrievs
To the Lord of the sea and the night.

“ We cried, we, last of the vessel’s crew,
To the Lord of the ice and sun ;
We cried while silently the Limat blew
Around our heads ; one by one !

“ O delicious as Aloushta’s wines,
The Limat was for us three ;
And we drank ; and we said sweet lines
In praise of our safety !

“ As the fires of morn burned on each ripple
And tinged rosy our comrades’ cheeks,
And the morn began her gold fields to tipple,
Then their cheeks were like sun-lorn leaks.

“ O the sun flashed on Theodosia’s roofs and walls—
We heard the dreamy bells ;
And saw the turrets of the Senachal’s
And the shoreward swells !

“ But we were too weak to shout or sing,
So we gazed up to the skies ;
And, every moment, we were nearing
The port of our destinies.

“ O for the touch on the wave, that ripplèth
And tumbleth on to the shore—
Aft’ having seen twenty victims of death,
And felt the ice at one’s core !

O for the smells of the orange and grape,
And the sight of the town—
Aft' having known of death's other shape,
And seen twenty comrades fall down !

We anchored—we were taken by friends
To shelter for our worn hearts,
And I felt like a man who rends
His body in thousand parts !

Another hour in that cold and gale,
And not a man on earth,
Would have heard this sorrowful deathly tale
That from my lips had birth !

Old man, why broodest thou so like a loon
On a cliff in the briny breeze?
And thine eyes far, far, where a dreary moon
Doth thread the darkling trees !

Say on, old man with neck wrinkled so,
Like an ocean-bitten boat ;
And thy locks a-flying to and fro,
As the spume o'er the surf-wave's throat !

“ Young man, methought to see the world all cold,
The air and the universe,
Methought that I have grown so old, so old—
My heart in ice to immerse.

“ Thy tale tells of exquisite suffering,
And thou hero in the gale—
Thou art older than I, though I wing
Thought's skies with pinions pale ;

“ For thou hast borne such cold that kills—
 O hero, my blessing take—
 And whoever hears thy tale it thrills
 The soul—and pity’s awake !

“ The speedwell’s blush is on me again—
 The violet’s fragrance I love,
 And man’s vigor returns aft’ sharpest pain,
 And I love this lime-tree grove.”

Come, old one, with death in thy crowded dreams,
 To yon height by the shining sea—
 And there I may catch the fresh sun-gleams
 To cowl this memory !

ALOADINE.

ALOADINE, the tyrant King,
 Held shrewdness in his hands.
 He prayed to Mohammed
 And loved his glorious lands.

Aloadine, the mighty lord,
 In Tartary was born—
 Held sway with tyrant-laws
 And held the world in scorn.

Full many years in power was he—
 His fair dominion spread
 O’er many a mile of plain—
 O’er many a mountain-head.

Near to the white metropolis
 A long wide vale lay there,

With wooded mounts that rose
Majestic in the air.

This vale so pleasant did it lie
He thought 'twould be a place
Fit for the Paradise
The Koran pledged the race.

He kept an army strong and proud,
But oft some would rebel ;
So in his thought he vowed
To rule them by some spell :

He'd teach the young the Koran fair—
Tell of the Paradise
Mohammed promised those
That followed him, the wise.

And when their eyes were glowing wild
With scenes of sweetness rare,
He'd promise them, as boon,
That he would lead them there.

Providing they would aye obey
His stern behests all hours :
To kill his enemies,
And keep full-strong his powers.

No sooner thought than Aloadine
Began to act and guide ;
And, at the vale's both ends,
A castle strong and wide

His builders reared all beautiful—
So none could enter there.
Then long his builders worked
To make the valley fair :

The fairest trees, with blossoms glowing,
Or those that green all time ;
And trees with luscious fruits—
The pistache and the lime,

They planted 'long the valley-ways.
The rarest flower-beds
In fair designs they laid—
Gold hues and motley reds—

The fuscous lilies, all the store
Tartarean valleys yield ;
And from far Ormus too—
That blow in wood and field.

This done, many a palace gay
With dome, and turret fair,
And pleasure houses quaint,
They built, and here and there ;

And bridges, ornamented rare,
Arched o'er the pellucid stream—
Meandering slow in curves
Beneath the sun's gold beam.

And to those palaces there flowed,
Through conduits, milk and wine,
Clear water, honey rare—
In sooth, real drinks divine !

While, when all lay in glory done,
Aloadine sought, wide
And far, for damsels young
And sweet, to there abide.

For they should be the Houris blest
Of whom Mohàmmed said :
They are more perfect formed
Than fairest earthly maid.

And they were given instruments,
The harp and dulcimer,
So to the halls and rooms
Soft music they confer.

So now his Paradise was crowned
With all that bliss doth know :
Fit vale for men to love—
For them aft' death to go.

Aloadine then taught young boys,
And budding men all things
The Koran holds—and too
Mohammed's promisings !

And told them he could lead them thither,
If they would promise him
To be his slaves in war,
And do his every whim.

And, when they grew in knowledge wise,
He gave them opiates rare—

Then twenty boys were brought
By slaves within the valley fair :

Slowly they woke ; and, once awake,
Their wondering eyes grew wide—
True Paradise they saw—
In front, on every side :

The greenest lawns, the freshest streams—
Fantastic mountains rose—
Stupendous palaces—
Fair trees, in groups and rows ;

Pavilions from whence music came—
Gold pleasure-houses rare ;
And here and there nude maids—
Voluptuous—Houri-fair.

There did they stroll beneath a sky
Of azure, with clouds of foam,
Slow wand'ring, till they died ;
Then through the groves would roam,

And lie within the sun-tree's shade,
Or linger by the flowers,
Smelling their heavenly scent,
Till called the evening-hours.

Then to the pleasure-house they strolled,
And entered, hearts aflame ;
For at the rich-orned portals
Four maids called them by name.

Four maids, in brilliant-tinted gauzes,
With golden girdles bound,
With flowers in their tresses,
With diamond-crescents crowned.

And through their raiment shone their bodies,
Shaped fair for beauty's prize,
And lips for kisses long,
With passion in their eyes.

These led them to the fountained rooms,
With curtained windows high ;
And marble-floors and pillars,
With incense floating nigh ;

And in the dimmer corners waited
Silk-covered lounges wide,
Whereon lay languorous damsels,
Coral-lipped and pleasure-eyed.

With them the boys all fondly dreamed—
While, in the pauses, wine
And honey, confits, fruits—
And other sweets divine,

By dusky slaves were offered them—
Then mellow music charmed
The mystic beauteous room—
Their boyish senses warmed ;

And soft sweet songs the slaves intoned—
Till all those spells lulled slow

The boys to dreamful sleep—
To love-filled slumbers low.

Such bliss the youths enjoyed for days—
To them were opiates given—
And by the King's own slaves
Dragged out from joyful Heaven.

Aloadine then summoned them,
And queried how they fared.
They answered : " In Paradise—
We all its sweets had shared ! "

Content with his success the King
Spake thus with earnest tone :
" If you will aye obey me—
Bow down to the Lord's throne,

" Then will such Paradise be yours ! "
To which they swore high troth.
And, since, those youths were firm,
To kill they were not loth—

But all the tyrant's enemies
By them were soon destroyed.
The land, the people all,
By them were aye annoyed.

Aloadine the mighty tyrant grew
Redoubtable, the more
His faithful soldiers showed
Their love for war and gore,

Till Ulan heard of him, and went
With army to his land.
There he besieged his castle,
And warred with mighty hand.

All after three years' siege great Ulan
Took castle—killed the King—
The Paradise was razed
With palace and everything.

And now no ruin stands to tell
Where its Paradise once lay—
'Tis gone—its charm—its spell—
All beauty died away ;

And only winds pass o'er the vale,
O'er mountains mighty high—
The only witness there
Is the warm, blue Tartar sky !

THE SWEET NIGHTMARE.

A FLARE spread o'er the west
Above the pitch-black mountain-crest,
While o'er the oaken-gloom
A cloud hung like a bird of doom.
Beside the runnel's flow
That took the sky's uncanny glow
We halted—we, three sires
Of long repute to love's desires—

We halted there, for we had lost our way—
The way, we lost at night, was known to us by day !

Low, sullen, metal-clear,
 The bubble's fillip sounded near—
 Mournfully, one dry sheath,
 Bent by the wind, the flowers beneath
 Did rustle ;—while the stillness sent
 Through us a chill of wonderment—
 And sullen, clear—yet low,
 The bubbles filliped, while the glow
 Waned o'er the mountain-crest—and livid grew
 The sky—darker the cloud—that like a griffin flew.

We three were bounden firm
 By friendship's bond for life's long term.
 We three had sinews strong
 And hearts that sought to right a wrong.
 We three were girded fair
 For emprise valiant, everywhere—
 For we by love were sent
 To seek her long-lost armament.
 Ah! Lost when Love had strayed to Mammon's
 lanes,
 To lose her kiss, but live with pelf and sordid gains.

Two slept, while I lay still
 To watch beside the rustling rill—
 Two slept, while in the dark
 I watched—till o'er the mount a spark
 Arose—a flicker—a blaze—
 Then glowed a star above the maze
 Of mottled mountains and low heavy clouds—
 Then grizzly night drew round her all her sable
 shrouds.

I watched—and dimly heard
A tiny snap—and the whirr of bird
That, scared from quiet sleep,
Upflew—fled to the delly deep.

I watched—and saw the mist
Above the brook slow wind and twist.

I saw the glint of glare upon the fallow grass
And saw the star gleam in the pool, as smooth as
glass.

Then thought I of the hours
We three had whiled, with love and flowers.

I felt her soft caress
Again, and saw her loveliness.

We three had drunk full deep
Of mystic wine from Pleasure's steep.

And all the moments of our loves returned—
The years before, when we for kiss and love had
yearned.

I rolled my eyes around—
Above the mounts, and on the ground.

I listened—all was still—
Save murmurs from the lonely rill—

Save in my ears a surge
Like, heard afar, the ocean's dirge—

'Twas all—there rose a scream—so shrill—so dread—
It seemed like fear's own voice, when fleeing from
the dead!

I turned—his eyes stared free,
His mouth agape; and nervously

His arms before his head
 As though he flew from scenes of dread.
 "What aileth thee?" I said.
 He answered not, but seemed like dead.
 Then did I wake our comrade ; then we heard
 What sudden dreadful dream his peaceful sleep had
 stirred !

Of all the dreams that love and passion
 Have sent me through these twelve long years,
 No sweeter dream, yet none more dreadful,
 This night came to me—ah ! what fears
 I battled with—till one loud piercing cry
 Spared me the fate that I should sudden die !

O let me touch your hand, I shiver
 When thinking on the dream's uncanny end—
 So, now I feel revived a little—
 What way the dream be, what portend ?
 I know not. Comrades ! listen to me now—
 'Twill thrill you to the very blood, I trow !

I lay beside a beauteous maid
 Upon a floor rare carpeted—
 The walls were all with figures laid,
 Gold-colored—fair were form and head—
 One wall was curtained—and the folds waved down :
 What in the next room lived I've never known !

She lay with me—and her I fondled :
 We let our passions playful be—
 Her languid head upon my shoulder,
 My elbow on her zone so free,

My hand drooped down—and thrills played through
our frames,
And kiss and kiss wrought in us languor's flames!

So played we, till the flood of passion
Flowed copious to my dallying hand—
Then grew she wearied—and I questioned
Would she be happy in love's land.

O had I never asked her—then the dream
Were sweet through all like lily-watchèd stream!

For all at once her eyes were blazing
With fire unwonted to my eyes—
There burst a light and in a moment—
What never mortal could surmise—

In front of me her triumphant body stood—
Transfigured, white and fit for Angelhood.

The while her mortal body withered
Upon the floor rare carpeted—
I joyed to see her glance triumphant
Within her face transfigurèd—

But grieved to see her mortal body lie
Writhing, upon the floor, in agony!

“Oh! see me where no passions trouble,
My form resplendent for the soul—
But look upon my former body—
That shows to you each mortal's goal.

Oh! look and see me writhing in my blood;
While here you see me formed for soul lovehood!”

Then gazed I at her writhing body :
 It seemed liquescent—it did seem
 Like shadows gaunt of willow branches
 Dark-wavering on a tranquil stream.
 So wavered her voluptuous loveliness—
 Like reflections on a bay when breezes shoreward
 press !

Then called I, drunken yet with kisses :
 “ I rather feel thy luscious bosom—
 I rather kiss thy cheeks all crimson,
 And soft as petals of a blossom—
 For there is blood that warms, and ekes desire—
 For there is passion, burning with its blissful fire ! ”

Then shivered her liquescent body—
 And more resplendent grew her face,
 That beamed, and lit her form transfigured
 With newborn charms and angel grace—
 Then turned my eyes toward the curtained wall—
 The curtain moved so gently—what would befall !

Then through my brain a taunt flew grimly—
 Defying life and Heaven’s light—
 I shot a jeer at her—then dreading,
 I gazed upon the floor so bright—
 Then felt I as if something made me turn
 Towards the curtain—and my forehead ’gan to
 burn !

For gently moved it—and it quivered
 As if a wizard-breeze did sway

It from the other side so lightly—
Then waved the folds of gold-array—
Then widened the scant rift a little space—
I thought that soon would leer a demon's face!

It widened, but it closed as gently,
While all the while the curtain moved—
“Ha, ha! I do defy thee, demon!
And what that you a griffin proved,
I know that nothing is more hideous seen
Than her dead body turned to blue and green!

“Ha, ha! I know the face that's horrid
And grows long teeth and straggly hair—
I know the bones will show, and brute-like
The features grow, of sweetness bare—
And know that all her curves so beautiful
Will shrivel, and change to slimy hues all dull.”

So cried I, as the curtain quivered
So gently, as by breezes swayed—
Then grew I curious to unravel
What in that room, so hidden, stayed.
I had my fears to see a monster there—
I trembled to see a face with death's cold stare.

Therefore, when now the rift slow widened,
I thought the thing would bound on me—
Conjecturing what it would seem like
I saw all what most monstrous be—
Then moved the curtain and I felt a breath—
The folds waved, and I thought to see grim death!

The breath seemed near me, and the curtain
Heaved heavily, the rift grew wide.

“Oh! are you come, you dreadful monster?

I fear not at your hideous side!”

Then rushed something out from the curtain fair—
I saw—but screamed—my eye-lids closed fore'er!

Then woke I. Comrades, is our living
But seeming, are our dreams quite true—

All what I saw was like at daylight,

And still it doth my thought imbue—

I see yet that wry monster—but nevermore
Can see the form that writhed upon the floor.

So spake he, tremor-filled,

And all our blood seemed sudden thrilled—

His eyes stared yet, and wide

His mouth kept open—wonder-tied!

He sought my hand—and soon

Above the mountain rose the moon

And filled us all with quiet—for new things

Appear as soon, to soothe our dreadful shudderings!

New things appear for us

When we are deep solicitous—

New life lives though we be

In solitude far from love's glee—

Ah! nature smiles, and shows

New beauties, so our fancy glows—

So was the flame-tinged moon a welcome guest,

For with new calm and trust it filled each fearful
breast!

Full-orbed she sailed up high ;
 And shed her beams uncannily
 On rim of mountain-far—
 On herb, on tree, and where the waters are.
 And with her solemn sheen
 A wind awoke—that moaned between
 The hill and grove—and played with reed and
 flower—
 And crooned around our ears a dirge with ghostlike
 power.

Then could we see so dim
 Our path, beyond by poplars slim—
 So on we marched, 'mid gloom,
 'Mid silence,—while the mount did loom
 Against the sky moon-kissed—
 We marched, while all were whist—
 And each dreamt dreams of love and passion sweet,
 Of smiles on rosy cheeks, when we our loves would
 meet !

'A POETIC DAY.

THE day woke with a smile upon its cheeks ;
 And I was wrapped with indecision's veil,
 As like a glorious mount with evening's haze.
 I walked abroad. I thought my sadness would pro-
 long
 Its quiet stay within my wearied mind ;
 But unexpected things occur when least
 They are thought near ; and so it was, when morn

Prevailed upon my mood to seek new fields,
 I crossed the bridge that leads from Utica
 Across the Mohawk-creek to Deerfield's lanes.
 O' the other side I found a car—when lo!
 Across the bridge a pink-dressed maiden came:
 A blossom blown across my way—a waft
 Of dream-days when my hours were Hatem-fair!
 She came; and stepped into the car, and sat
 Her down just opposite to me. Alone
 We two were, and our eyes met lightning-fast,
 Till I made timid overtures with queries
 About the village. Then I sat me side
 Of her dear side; and soon we bantered gay
 As though we knew each other many months.
 She told me she loved flowers wild; ah me!
 She was a rarest flower with a soul
 That sparkled forth from her eyes so bright and
 young.

She told me of her father's kiln, which she
 Did point out to me as the car sped on.
 I watched her smiles that came and went as fast
 As ruby-ripples 'neath a rose-bush rare,
 In Garda's gorge.

I know not, but her dress—
 A delicate linen hued as petal pink
 Of tea-rose—made her seem more beautiful
 Than had she gleamed to me in garments gay,
 That those affect, when walking afternoons
 To show their fineries to motley crowds.
 'Twas thus: her gauzy dress with flying bands
 'Around her waspish waist; her cygnet-neck;

Those folds coquettish, hiding limb and bosom ;
All gave her features something luminous,
As though the blushing raiment fair-suffused
Her face with its own brightness. Black her tress—
Her eyebrows ; and above her Cupid-lip
Soft tinge—as delicate as, on the thyme,
The bee-sought down, low in the calyx warm.
Her laughing eyes, bright with her wit, were
brown ;

Her skin, though clear, seemed breathed all over
With dusky hue, as on some evening-sky
When haze prevails, and night sighs for her hour !
Such charms had she, young girl, just through
schooldays

Anticipating what a seminary
Could add to frolick-hours of her youth.
Then, as I pointed to a mansion large
“ That seems like a hotel,” I said—when ah !
She suddenly sprang up and laughed : “ No, Sir !
That’s where I live ! ” and like a fawn, ne’er turning
To bid farewell, she fled from me, whose eyes
Grew wide—and then I felt abashed a bit
At what I said. The car sped on, and then I saw
Her enter at the postern door—but she
Nor turned her dark brown eyes to bid me well
Nor waved her hand in token of our talk.
She seemed a dream to me ; a sweet surprise
All after lonely hours of travel far ;
And seemed as when we over meadows roam,
Thinking they bear no flowers fair at all,
At once, by a lone rock that loometh up,

There smiles at us a lonely sweet-brier-bush
That soothes our heart!

Such for the morn's surprise.

Then on I traveled to fair Trenton-Falls,
A half an hour's ride from Utica.
And side by side I sat with a young lass.
We talked; and often would my knee touch hers,
And so both felt sweet thrill of blood; and so
Till at the station we both bade farewell.
Then in the stage a lady was, with whom
Sweet interchange of casual thought I had—
Till, at the house, we parted, for she dwelled
In a fair cottage there.

Then went I slow

To see the falls. Through leafy woods the path
Did wind to the deep gorge; steep steps led down
To where the waters wild sped on their course
Narrow—with gashes deep within the rocks.
Along the furious current upon the edge
My feet found foothold scant at times; but soon
The gorge did widen: there in front of me
A fall of foaming snow rushed down. I stood;
And did imprint its wild display full well
Upon my memory. Then on—a bend—
Another fall—wide—with a series fair
Of smaller ones; all white as mountain-snow.
And at the feet of these, upon a slab,
A party sat, that picnicked quietly there.
Two maidens and a couple young. I passed
Them, after gazing at the beauty-girls,
For they were in those years when nature gives

Them charms, soft, warm, that spell the manly
heart

To love and woo. They smiled at me; then up
The cliff I climbed—along the downward waters.
Then on—another bend—and on—till there
The widest falls gloried in all their grandeur.
And I sat down to do them homage deep—
I sat—and heard the roar, and heard the gurgle
And saw the foam be driven by the breeze.
Then up the stairs; till, all above, I stood;
And thought to be a Wodan, bent to rule
The spirits of the waterfall and gorge.
Up there the gorge was wide, five hundred feet—
And woodland went up steep on either side.
Oh! there it was the sweetest sight I saw.
So unexpected—are not we the toys
Of higher spirits? Aye, for we are shorn
Of all events that may be some day ours.
We live in dreams, and walk abroad in doubt;
And know not, when we wake, what wretchedness
May knock at our own door at noon, nor tell
What teeming tenderness may nudge us softly
When o'er the woods the crescent saileth slow!
Another bend—but not a path, nor right
Nor left; but, all along the rushing waters,
My feet had needs must grope their way at risk
Of slipping into pools of seething foam.
Then, at the bend, my eyes beheld a sight
So fair for poet's pen—for artist's brush
So classic—subject fit for Moscheles,
Or Bion's muse: right on the shining slab,

At edge of shallow waters, sat a girl—
Scarce twenty summers here—who had her limbs
Exposed 'way 'bove the rounded knee; she wiped
them,

Aft' wading in the shallow part of the wild flood.
Unconscious of two wondering eyes—in thought
That she were in a place where no rude eyes
Would see what Fauns so dote on; she was free
To lie at ease, while sunrays bathed her limbs
So rosy-white, and shaped, as were quick Dian's
When Acteon saw too much, and paid the price
With being doomed to wander o'er mead and hill

In shape of a fair stag. I saw, and turned
To left, thinking a path were there to take—
And so not violate propriety; but no—
Steep, straggly all with shrub, and dense with tree,
There was no path up the left side to take.

She looked my way; my eyes met hers; but smile
And smile beamed from her face; yet seemed she all
Abashed; aye, was she angry that a man

Had privilege to see what our convention hides
From general view? But, as it was, she smiled.

I smiled, but said no word, and walked past her.
But, ah! I saw her perfect limbs so white
Naked from foot to swelling hip so fair.

Her rounded knee with muscles stretched; her feet
So dainty pink—I envied all the pool

That lapped its ripples o'er their soft fair flesh—
As rose's petal. There she wiped them dry;

And bent her leg, or stretched it on the rock,
While turning her sweet features to my own,

And smiling at me. I would have said a word,
But then, just as I moved my lips, there came
Two women to my view; both old, her aunt
Perhaps; the other some acquaintance old;
So that I simply gazed and smiled; and passed.
But at the other bend I sat me there
And rested. Then I peeped around the bend;
She hastened on her stockings; then she turned
And I quick put my head away, lest she
Should think me like those two old biblic men,
Who wantonly had gazed at Sarah
While bathing in the pool. I sat awhile,
Then went my way; and by that time the girl,
The women—all had left the spot. And, ah!
I still could see her seated with her limbs
Exposèd to my Faun-like eyes; still shone
Her marble limbs, and bent her rosy knee,
And was it like a vision all I saw;
For all intangible she was to me.
So are our dreams while sleeping through the night,
And is our waking but another dream
That such sweet sights flit by us as in dreams?
Who knows! But strange it is that still I see
The beauteous girl, whose dress was up her waist
And all the charms voluptuous of her limbs
Were free to view! And still I see her smile
When turning, all abashed to see a man.
O fond surprise, with which our earthly day
Is all too chary, wilt pay me visit sweet
Again, to make my mind full eager yet
To live awhile? I trust thou wilt again,

So I may sing anew still sweeter songs.
'Twere all too fond such proofs of Fate's good will
That through the day she bless my rapture-gaze.
But often in the day sweet scenes will crowd
In numbers that another's sight is blessed with
In one long month. So on I went along
The rushing brook: under an iron bridge;
Till soon the wide gorge narrowed sudden there.
There were the rocks cut by the torrent wild
And deepest holes that sizzled and foamed were
formed.

Full thousand feet I crept from rock to rock
Till the wild waters gushed so near to me
That not a foothold found I there, and so
I was compelled to turn my steps homeward.
And when the gorge widened to pleasant shores
I saw a party camping under boughs
Of elm and ash. And three young stalwart girls
Were there; two of them waded in the brook.
Such shapes they had as lasses of fair Erin,
Their skirts raised to the buxom waists, their limbs,
White as hydrangea in its second color,
Naked—their ankles hidden in the headlong flow
Of turbulent brook. So waded they full long;
And I stood there to watch them plashing well,
Standing at times all bashful, yet withal
Emboldened by the wild seclusion, the din
Of rush and roar, so that they seemed to be
Like happy Highland-maidens, in some loch
When June has showered freshness on the hills
'And all is blossoming. So left I them

At pleasure all so innocent; and left
That place so made for Indian camps full weird.
And left those pools, those various waterfalls,
Those steep ravines, those paths with wood and
moss,
And traveled to new scenes and ventures bold.

O, ever will that day poetic be—
A fond remembrance when wild wo or care
Be mine. I'll press this sweet romantic day
Well in the leaves of all my memory—
I'll never lose it; but will keep it there,
A posy of sweet faces, and of limbs
Sweet naked in the wilds of nature's reign;
Of smiles from unknown maidens and their glances.
And with a thanks to Fate for those surprises
My pen may well lie quiet now till hours
In future days send me new scenes so fair.
If not touched with a sweeter grace than on
That fortunate day; perhaps enlivened by a kiss
Or a soft touch—a thrill of love and joy.
Yet, be it as it may, those eight fair hours
Can never fly away from my lone mind—
Caged there forever, vigilance of mine
Will tend to them with never-lessening love!

A TRUE STORY.

WE two are hunters in the wilds of Maine.
My friend had shot big moose full oft,
And scared the partridge from the oak's broad
croft.

I can excel him shooting—I'm not vain—
Aye, shooting bear—and killing wild-cats grim!

One day, when summer-leaves turn amber clear—
And others shine like rubies in the sun,
The air is bracing—and the brooklets run
In frolic laughter down the waning year—
One day we left our village for the woods.

Our shining guns ashoulder—sacks well filled—
And, true to hunters, plenished with strong wine—
We trod the path, that passed by pine
And pine—till near a gloomy cliff we stilled
Our heartbeats, resting on a mossy ledge.

Then onward pressed—along the mountain-brook
That roared o'er boulders—till we reached the place
Where we would give a long undaunted chase
To game that haunted that lone mountain nook—
And there we waited—eyes alert for moose.

But as he waits at trysting-places long,
And seeing no fair nymph come for his kiss—
We waited—and, waiting, found our place amiss;

Then in despair we sang our hunter's song,
And took a path to new secluded scenes.

One hour's trudging, till an open smiled full glad,
And there we sat us down—for grass was soft—
And liquid blew the breeze from hidden loft.
There joyed we—in nature no one can be sad—
And laid us down to quiet musing's charm.

Then from our dreaming were we sudden aroused
By wondrous singing soft, from human throat—
As clear as birdsong rose each melodious note.
Ah me! had these wild woods some strangers
housed—

These woods high up above the busy vale?

High up above the valley, live with trade—
Here in seclusion wild, unknown to most—
Here—where we nigh our mountain-path had lost,
Should wondrous strains from human throat be
made?

It seemed as though a mountain-spirit sang!

We listened—involuntary tears uprose—
What scene were we to see back of the trees?
Our hearts they beat—enchantment by the seas
Of fairy kingdoms could not thrill our woes
As did that hidden voice here in this wood.

Clear, pure, as though the voice from Aegle came—
Some Aegle, singing by her cherished pool—
Clear, pure the strains kept floating in the cool,

Fair mountain-air—while we were fain to name
That spot in honor of an unseen god!

Then ceased the singing—the lull seemed awful to
us—

Alone, where not a hut was far around
The quiet tingled —and we thought the sound
Had died with such a suddenness to show us
Unwritten scenes, Faust saw on Venus' mount!

Then rose the voice again—and we were drawn
Resistlessly by all its spell-like tone.
Back of the trees there sat a lass alone—
A lovely fair-shaped lass upon the lawn
Of this wild wood, far from the valley's noise.

But when she saw us, like a startled doe
She fled across the lawn—and cried aghast.
We followed—till by a boulder she had passed:
And there beside a man, with locks of snow,
She fell prostrate—while we held breath and won-
dered!

We wondered that in this secluded spot—
Far from a human habitation—lived
Two beings lonely—and that they had thrived—
In body strong and sane in lonely thought—
And then we questioned him with locks of snow.

At first all loth he was his tale to tell;
But soon his secret he exposed full fain;
And as we sat us down, we heard his strain

That pleasant flowed—then passion full would
 swell,
 And seemed like tales of kings in exile pent :

“ Well wonder ye two hunters at my state—
 And well ye do to gaze at me full long ;
 For sadder than the tale of Lear is mine—
 More villainy I had to bear than kings
 Of olden days ; and tears I shed as warm
 As old Tithonus when he felt that he
 Was thrall'd to tedious immortality.
 You see that through my manhood studious hours
 Were mine ; all books the world's great minds had
 bloomed

I had pored over—and fair fame had wreathed
 A fragrant garland, tribute to my works.
 I was a star in poesy's fair sky—
 Yet hidden from the aping world at large
 By clouds that fair sublimity evolved,
 And whom the dull majority could not pierce
 With their mole-eyes. My fair ideal shone
 In galaxies wherein all greatest souls
 The world had brought to light flamed brilliant :
 Grave Chaucer ; Spenser, sweetest of the stars ;
 Fire-Shakespeare ; Milton, harmonist divine ;
 Keats ; Shelley, spirit seer like Israfael ;
 Meek Very, most divine of all our bards ;
 Sad Poe ; fair Tennyson ; and our Saltus,
 He, Ishmael of song—and left forlorn
 In this degenerate age by his own friends—
 To be with them I strove ; my works were fit

To lie with theirs—but dull the world is ever :
What tends to take mankind to Heaven's reign
The world ignores and ridicules;—I found
This truth when works sublime of mine were left
Unnoticed on the shelves—whereas trite scripts
That dealt with mundane commonplace and vice
The hypocritic crowd sought eagerly.
Then was it that my mind with flames was filled—
I lost sweet Patience—and Resolve stood strong
Before my thought. Yet, as reflection came
As ripple of the rain, I dreamed of wood
And field and sky—and moon and stars; and all
That God had made for man when he is sad.
Then thought I too of woman sweet again—
For woman was like inspiration to me !
I was a widower then; alone—childless.
I thought of her who helped me in my work—
Whom death had taken when she was so young—
Alone to live seemed like in prison pent—
I could not work; then thought I of the hours
We spent together: reading—writing oft—
Communing of the higher things of life
Such that induce fair dreams. And I resolved
To wed anew. I found a fair young soul
That to the lofty nature of myself
Could lift itself at times harmoniously.
We wedded; happy months of joy and bliss
Were ours—and soon she bore a girl—and glad
Was I—for she grew up in health and beauty:
The image of the mother.—

But two years

Had gone, when at an evening in the fall
On my way home, I saw my brilliant wife
In company with gallants in the street.
I shuddered. Then truth and all dawned suddenly
Upon me. My wife untrue to me? What fears
Beset my mind! That night I learned the truth.
My roof was alien to her, for she returned not.
All kindness, gifts, and rich support she scorned—
She left me all alone with Lilian young.
What could I do? Then, with the bitterness
Of mind set at the world for their dull brains
And their low sordidness, this new experience
Galled all my heart—so in a fit of rage,
I hated the dissembling world's low life—
And I resolved to flee to woods afar,
Yet take with me my child, to keep me young.
And to these woods I went—just sixteen years
Ago. And sixteen years we lived alone—
No human soul trespassing in these wilds.
You are the first men that have strayed this way.
See, here's my Lilian, grown to beautyhood—
Strong, healthy, molded like her mother fair;
Yet all untainted with low city-thoughts!
Aye, it doth seem that pristine country life
In sympathy with nature had been wisest—
For here in this wild place my Lilian's heart
Is pure, and free—yet in the city's streets
With artificial life, planned by some fools
Who in days past had set some rules to please
Their vapid brains, it seems that nature fair
Had lost its hold upon the social man

'And those who bred in city-college
They serve the heartless codes of etiquette
And show. Thus Lilian is a perfect flower—
Her intellect I cherished—and I taught her
All useful things, and the soul's sweeter task:
To love the fair ideal, such that prompts
To work at art, or song, or sweet reflection.
You question *how* she writes and reads and sings—
Ah! I had taught her all; for I had books—
And to the village far down in the valley
I oft would go, to buy materials there.
She sings as sweetly as the damsels great
That in the opera-houses thrill the crowds
Of winter-nights. Yet sweeter still—for clear
As bird-notes purl her songs in liberty—
She has a gift that she may carol fair
As Syrens had on far Calypso's reefs,
T' enthrall Ulysses. You heard her fairy-voice
Awhile ago. You say it thrilled you—well,
You art not common men, I see—and though
You hunt big game, you are well read and like
At times to con the poets of the past.
I still can read the human face, and feel
By sudden impulse what you are at heart,
For I had studied everything man knows—
And when I came here, with such knowledge full,
The solitude seemed more for thought and dreams
Than for new study. Here these sixteen years
I've delved the secrecy of life—of love—
Of strife and greed, and all that makes man act.
'And my conclusion is that all is vain,—

All serves as toys for grown-up people's play—
Else what should be? Man's laws have altered life
That once was pure, serene and full of bliss.
As Scott sang: man has foiled fair nature's plan—
And I have found it true. The soul needs nought
That man of common intellect deems useful:
We all are social—yet society turned
Our natural instincts to obsequiousness;
And dress has aye deranged a woman's brain.
See Lilian—she enjoys sweet nature's woods
And loves the brook: yet dresses; but so plain
A raiment hath she on, she thinks nought of it.
Her soul hath richer raiments than fair Sheba's—
She *praises* all she sees in nature—and she glows
When we together sing our Vesper song in praise
Of One-In-All. She hath more knowledge sweet
Of God, than all your girls at church—who hie
There save to show their fineries; or gossip.
Each morn she chants with dulcet voice a hymn
I wrote in this fair wood—and fervently!
Though she seems like a savage being—hark!
She hath more beauty in her heart, than many
A lady, owning equipage and house.
And she is happy—nothing base she knoweth yet—
Reared in these woods, sweet purity is hers—
Dear nature's ward! No vanity incenses
Her mind—nor doth she ever think of gold.
I reared her, so her maidenhood be fair.
Her knowing thoughts are clothed with beauty-
words—
And free from envy is her heart—that beats

Accordant with the truths of life she learned
From me these years. So now you know the life
We led;—come, Lilian, sing the beauty-song
That lauds the woods and brooks I wrote for
thee!”

We stalwart hunters listened to her song—
While then her voice rose clear and resonant,
As sounds the wind when blowing down the slant
Of cedarn groves, and voices all the throng
With tones, so full with dreams of olden hours.

Yes, she had genius in her young good soul—
And therefore much she did, came from above—
For spirits rule us—we must bear strong love
To them, so they our creative mind control—
Then are we powerful as Obs, the god.

She walked like sweet Elaine of Astolat
So maidenly and chaste she walked about.—
And smiled at us—or her red lips would pout
When both our eyes, gazing at this and that,
Would quickly turn toward her, the nature-child.

Then would she huddle at her father's feet—
And sit as daughters of the skalds of old,
Intent to their sire's strains from harps of gold.
Or smile into his face with love so sweet,
As deep, sincere as came from Jesu's eyes.

O there the ideal girl lay, beauty-bred—
No low desires—nor the world's vain show

Soiled her young heart; but fair in nature's glow,
She was a prize for loyal man to wed—
A soul that praised the works of glorious God.

How strange she seemed to those we left behind
By shop and gay saloon, or on the street—
Their eyes had no faint gleam of what was sweet
To souls—but they flashed barter-crazed, and blind
To all that lifts the mind from earthy things.

We tried persuade him join us to the vale,
But firm he kept his promise there to stay—
And holding his young daughter—divinest clay—
Within his arm—he bade us well and hale—
And, wond'ring still, we left them to their joys.

THE POMP OF PRIDÈ.

UPON the lea, all succulent of grass,
And shaded by a grove of dark live-oaks,
Loheese and Ramon lay reclined. Loheese
With languor-mellowed eyes, and pleachèd tress—
A sweet, rare remnant of the dreamy souls,
That still love all that nature shows and grows.
A fair, sweet remnant of the minds, atune
To deeper things than worldly life and joy.
Loheese, the full-lipped, full-cheeked girl
Fair-formed for Lippo's chisel; full of dreams
And loving all that keeps the mind full fair.
With Ramon, he the visionary young—

Who saw strange scenes pass at high noon-tide hour
 Within his mind—who knows when friends will
 die,

For by weird signs in sky or in his dreams,
 Dark Mystery foretells the fatal day!
 They lay reclined. The soft sea-breezes came
 And laved their faces—pink from loving much.
 And scents from scores of wild verbena
 Filled all the air around; while, on the beach,
 The tang lay serpentine—and glistened bright,
 For, down the western heaven's slant, the sun
 His chariot sped with no fair retinue
 Of scud and foaming cloud; the surf was calm,
 And like the tapping of rosed baby-hands
 Upon her mother's bosom, plashed and splashed
 The gentle surf towards the shell-decked sand.
 While o'er the crests the gray-winged gull sailed bold,
 Or sea-ducks flew; or pelicans, henné-billed,
 And white as patches of sweet celandine,
 Swift-fluttered, or floated in the breeze aglow.
 Then Ramon spoke in accents musical—
 While his Loheese peered up to him, her love:
 "Loheese, how strangely men live on this earth—
 Though God's rare influence all surrounds—the few
 Reign sovereign still o'er the luckless multitude.
 How kings of old were favored by harsh Fate—
 They aye enjoyed the utmost of this life.
 While nations aye were slaves to toil and wo.
 Yet so it e'er had been—in times of old
 When Moses tried to check the monarch's power—
 When Nero made of Rome one lupenar—

When Milton vainly strove to cleanse his isle—
And Luther had no audience for his mission.
In pristine days some men elect enjoyed
Glorious life to their fill, while others toiled—
And, toiling, sought perchance an early grave ;
Till, when inventions entered some great minds
And currency was made an evil sore,
The greater intellects, and brains more shrewd,
Concerted to rule unbounded, to the wo
Of poverty—till pomp and station high
Made them proclaim themselves proud kings su-
preme.

Yet so 'twill be forever, till the end
Of worlds in the great boundless universe.
But that will never be—for there's no end
To the whole plan of God Almighty Lord.
Loheese the faithful girl, the long-tried heart—
She wistful glanced at Ramon—when he praised
Him Who no longer lives to skeptic men.
“ O Ramon, all my sisters use His gifts
For show—to deck their beauty with all time.
Rare flowers they ne'er adore, save when they
throne

Upon their bodice for the sake of show.
Sweet singing birds hop from the apple-boughs
Upon the flowery, thick, long orchard-grass—
But they are nought to them—yet in their pride
They stick their cold dead bodies on their hats ;
No thought of admiration nor of praise
To Him Who made them fair comes from their
lips ;

Ah me! my sisters' hearts are like the stone
That lies exposed to winds of Labrador.
Now tell me, as you promised, of those Kings
In Tartary—who lived in wondrous times
When aged Mohammed fled to fair Medina.
And I will listen, while the breezes low,
Soft music make, as fair accompaniment.

Then Ramon held her hand that lay adangling
O'er one mossed stone; and with a look as one
Who seemed to gaze in lands afar, unseen
By eyes—but radiantly expanding before
The soul's unfathomed realm—he spoke
In accents dreamers bold are wont to use—
They seemed like sounds in fair October woods
When bracing airs reign in the sun's bright beams—
Sounds, slowly coming from a hidden brook;
Now loud, then soft, as veers the moody wind—
Now mellow—and again strong-sounding there—
Thus Ramon told Loheese of Tartar-kings:
“Loheese, my charm—my gift of God the Good—
Thy sweet request doth vivify my mind—
And clear my thoughts are now—as after hours
When truest lovers loved on mossy lawns,
And in a brook refreshed their bodies moist—
My tongue is loosed—and like a mountain-brook
So gush my flood of words, for thee to hear!
Of Kubla thou dost know full well, Loheese!
He once decreed a pleasure-palace rare
Within his sacred valley to be built—
And maidens draped in robes of gauzy silks

Hued as a dove's breast, or as coral red—
Or striped with tinsel—or spotted purple-argent,
Dreamed in those fountained halls—or played
Upon their pearl-ingrainèd dulcimers.
And round this marvelous palace, marble-pillared,
And studded, on the walls, with stones of price—
A beauteous park, with pleasant meadows, wound.
Enlivened fair with springs—and rivers loud—
With game for hunts, and brindled leopards trained,
That rode on snow-white palfreys, so to leap
Upon the stage, when wild the hunt doth grow,
He had—for he delighted in such ways.
And there he lived through all the summer long—
There too he had ten thousand horses white—
White as the lilies growing in Cathay;
None durst drink of their milk, save he whose name
Is Timgis—and those horses were like idols
They lived, full revered, in liberty.
He was the mighty lord in his domain;
All people bowed before his sovereignty.
He had the wealth of forty thousand barons.
And every wish he uttered was fulfilled.
Four wives brought bliss to him—and from their
 bliss
Sprung two-and-twenty sons of fair strong build.
Like Solomon his retinue of slaves
And girls to dally with in amorous hours
Was thousand strong—they came from Virgut far,
Where dwelled a nation famed for fairest maids.
Ah! so are we too, we love countless lips—
Loheese—all kings loved beauty, pomp, and feasts;

We all are kings—but that we have no power
Like theirs to make the cringing populace tremble.
So must we be content with little here
And satisfy our heart from one love-fount.”
At this Loheese reproachful gazed at Ramon—
And pouted: “Art thou longing for a host
Of damsels?—Am I not full fair for thee?”
At which he pressed his lips on hers—and smiled.—
Then he resumed his tale more joyously:
“Loheese, thou art like many damsels fair
To me—for thou dost love me from thy heart—
And many favorites are like the stars
That glorify the moon on autumn nights,
When two days long no tremor of a vapor
Hath risen from the mountain vales and range.
Aye there were many kings in Tartary—
But greatest for display, was King Fanfur.
Quinsay, ‘the town of Heaven,’ was his seat—
And there he ruled with generous golden hand.
In ages past his ancestors had set
A mighty palace in center of a space
Ten miles in circuit; ’twas near Quinsay’s towers.
Strong walls surrounded the fair country-stretch;
Into three parts he had divided it.
The central one was beautiful immured;
Had stately portals, rich-designed, as entrance;
While on the other side long galleries
Ran with the wall; and there had orned roofs
Sustained by pillars, wrought in gold all pure—
And some in finest azure that Mangi gave.
Throughout those galleries were paintings rare—

Scenes in the lives of his sires long deceased.
And likenesses of those who heroes proved
All painted by the ablest in his land.
And in this palace, marble-wrought, he held
His court—on certain days, festivities—
To which ten thousand men from Quinsay went:
His lords, the merchants great from far and near—
And artificers rich—and men renowned.
Ten days the feast would last—and each glad guest
Was then apparelled in richest vestments fine:
A pomp supreme, scarce seen in other lands.
Back of this palace was a marble wall;
And back of this a cloister stood full fair—
For solemn was its strong design—rare pillars
Firm holding up the quaint magnificence.
In it were seen the private chambers of Fanfur,
Rare ornamented, joined by golden halls;
And from these cloistral rooms an entrance led
Within a gallery, six paces wide, that overlooked
The glassy lake, fair bordered by rare trees,
'Neath whose rich umbrage walks were laid—and
 green
And flowery wound the forest-aisles to hills
Afar—that, lucent in the sun, shone fair.
On each side were ten courts like cloisters built—
And each contained fifty chambers great—
With fairy-gardens blooming for each room.
In these, Loheese! the king his damsels kept—
One thousand beauties for his pleasure-hours—
And oft with them (at times the queen would join),
Dream-voyages within his royal-barge

Upon the mile-wide lake he would enjoy.
 And sailing passed some sacred grove where stood
 Within the solemn gloom of trees gigantic
 A temple—there he would moor, and go to pray,
 To his great idol for a solemn hour.

These buildings rare did constitute one part
 Of Fanfur's famed pleasure ground;—the rest
 Of all the ten fair miles showed groves—and
 lakes—

And fancy gardens—planted with quaint trees—
 Where sported twenty different kinds of beasts—
 Tamed leopards, lions young—and bears—
 And game: stags, roebucks, hares and conies
 small—

Gadderi swift—and antelopes fair-hued.
 And there the king held chase, his favorite damsels
 Leading. When weary, they would rest—and
 shout

In sport to one another o'er the waters—
 Till echo laughed at echo—and the air
 Rang joyous with the music of their voices.
 Ofttimes, when August afternoons beamed bright.
 Those damsels would untie their belts of silk
 And let their draperies of luxurious stuffs
 Fall on the sparkling green—then, in the sight
 Of King Fanfur, they swam across the cove
 And, from the tepid water swift emerging,
 Upon the mossy rock would stand aglow
 In all their beauty, like a goddess white
 Upon a lawn of olden Pelion.
 And other days when weary of the hunt

He gave great banquets in those fragrant groves,
 His damsels serving—dressed in gauzy silks.
 'All beautiful—all young—and all his own.
 For not a man set foot within those grounds.
 Oh! happy sweets had king Fanfur those days,
 When peace smiled like a child with raven hair;
 And he ruled all-beloved by lord and knave.
 But now that paradise lies half in ruin.
 Loheese! Long years he dreamed and held sole
 sway—

But war burst forth—and he was killed—while all
 The palace fell—and many galleries crumbled
 Under the frantic feet of soldiery.
 The beasts are gone, the game are now no more—
 And all the pleasures King Fanfur once had
 Are but a memory on the lips of men.”
 Then o'er the far horizon where the line
 Of sea grew dark, a bank of heaving cloud
 Swelled up—and near its wavy rim of gray
 The sun was lowering. Loheese sat dreaming—
 Then peered up to her lover—while she said:
 “'Twas like a fairy-tale—for pomp and glow
 Enframed the marvelous pictures thou hast drawn.
 Can I believe it true that kings of old
 Once led such glorious life, when now they lead
 Oft barren lives in palace-rooms alone.
 And think! my Ramon—how we live—we people
 Who have no kings—but have great millionaires—
 (Who after all are like to kings in times
 Now out of mind.)

Those worthy kings of old

They knew how life is filled with pleasures pure—
But our gold-kings are satisfied with gain.
They rest not from the toil of heaping riches—
They dream not in fair nature's fairy-realm—
Nor think to build rare mighty palaces
That stand the siege of Time. But, thralls to greed,
They horde vast sums to squander uselessly—
Nor think to fill their homes with art or song.”

To which Ramon replied reproachfully:

“Loheese, our millionaires enjoy this life.

For in the eastern cities stand their homes:

Rare ornamented palaces of stone.

And there are found rich rooms with art-designs

And halls with pillars, all of marble made.

They know to have great feasts; and dance and
sing.

But true—like kings of old they thus forsake

The many that for want of food must perish.

Yet thus, Loheese, all generations old

Have been—and thus will all the future be.

A king must reign—or, in our states united,

The millionaires must have their being so.

It is a law of humankind forever.”

To which Loheese with thoughtful gaze replied:

“O Ramon, here upon this world, where life

And death play hazard games with women, men,

And children, wealth insures sad poverty.

The tall, full-limbed oak basks in the sun

And feels so proud that all the sunshine pours

Upon its stately crown—but who can say

What host of lives it thwarts within its shade.

The violet at its roots, that gets no sun—
The many tiny nits that thus are barred
Of candent light—and many more, are placed
In shadow—thus impoverished, they must die.”
Then Ramon stood upon the rock and gazed
Far out to sea; and beckoned to Loheese
To stand up by his side. Now the gray cloud
Had to a tyrian dye fair-turned, while low
Above the sea’s curved line the sun poured through
A flood of brilliant liquid gold—that spread
Above the cloud, slow-lessening its glow
As in the zenith’s blue it melted gradually.
Then dropped the ball of gold beyond the sea
Into vast space; and solemn grew the air,
As if soft voices sang rare praise to God.
The warm air grew more chill—and slowly crept
The gentle dusk athwart the lea, and grove,
And undulant sea. Then Ramon and Loheese
Slow wandered long the beach, that sinuous ran
With surf, and hill, and rocky headland bold.
Then lost to view—while, where they long had lain
That afternoon, deep solitude sang there—
The wind, as to some herbs it whispered low—
And soon all lay deep steeped in starry night,
Left to the ravages of fate and death.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

NOTE.

THE Fragments were all written out of doors; generally on the spot where the incidents transpired.

The first three were written in 1887.

"She and I" is a souvenir of Ellenville, N. Y., penned out of doors in 1889.

"Inspiration," written in 1886 at Williams's Farm, near Ithaca, N. Y.

"Spirit-Lore," written at white heat at Paris, France, in 1887.

The author has thought well to add these brief notes—as the more interested readers might better enjoy the poems if a clue to their origin is given. Be this as it may, the author has tried his best; if he has failed, he has at least the satisfaction that his endeavors have been honest, and that all his works have sprung from a sincerity of heart.

FRAGMENTS.

A VISION.

*(Written at Arrogno—near Lugano Lake, Italy.
Descriptive of a happening at VARESE, at feet
of Monte Rosa.)*

'All the winds of the West were blowing
Their scents o'er the leafy trees and flowery lane;
All the golden stars of the heavens were glowing,
After the day, their mysteries again—
When a youth he gazed o'er the vale
To the distant Alps in their snow arrayed.
And he heard through the night-scented gale
A few whispers that were part in darkness laid.
'And he stood in the dark, in the Western wind,
No one afront—aside—or behind.
'Alone—like the central star, when the gloom
Hath not yet called the night's glowing doom.
'Alone—like the moon in its nebulous white,
When yet the sun sheds forth his waning light.
And he stood in the dark, while afar a cloud
In the east where the sun would be—
When the nightingales sing long and free—
Was lined by the peeping moon's yellow shroud;
'And his dreamy eyes they wandered far

From moon to eternity—from earth to
 While around him the surge of the west-blowing
 gale

Now rosed his cheeks—now turned them pale.
 For the gale it blew scents of longings and kisses ;
 But then rustled anear, like the tread of a crazèd
 one.

For the gale it sang loud of connubial blisses ;
 But there it moaned, like an adulteress all alone !
 And he leered at the ascending globe.
 Like daffodils at eve was her glowing robe !
 And slowly, as the thought that rises in prayer,
 The moon arose from forth her vapory lair !
 And a faint mist shed o'er the Alps and far vale,
 While ever blowed surgingly the west-coming gale.
 The moon rose, as some Hindoo-goddess in her
 gold,

Majestically doffing her dark-blue fold.
 As queenly the moon from forth the clouds did rise,
 As Sheba, when she fair Nubia did surprise :
 With her calm, her majesty, and beauty supreme !
 And he gazed at the distant array, with its gleam
 From enchantment-land—that was veiling the scene,
 Like the hope that all of our troubles doth screen !
 And alone—no one afront, aside, nor behind—
 He listened intently to the surging wind
 That was blowing from Monte Rosa's icy solitude ;
 Yet scented it came, to where the lone youth stood,
 And the moon's golden glow in his eyes
 Conjured up dusky maid's jewelries—
 From Malabar, where the palms grow wild ;

From Ceylon, where the Limat blows mild ;
From hoary Elfs they came snowy down :
In their marble whiteness, and rosy gown.
From those isles, where the maidens grow
Voluptuous, as their flower-stems aglow !
And he gazed into the orb in its fallow glare ;
And him thought a maiden's face were there ;
And he kissed it—and he swore a troth for an age ;
And he wreathed her brow, and he grew arage.—
When, as breaks the surge on the sandy shore,
That sweet-eyed maiden was there no more ;
But on his lips hung a cold white mold,
That smelled of the clay that hath turned to cold—
But where he kissed with impetuous breath,
A face gleamed there—that face was Death !
And the rustle in the near arbor bush
Seemed a train of mourners crying fierce—
When, of a sudden, there was a mournful hush—
Encompassing in its quiet the universe !
And him was as though to shatter his life where he
stood,
Than live any longer in weary solitude.
And as the gleam of the moon stole o'er the scene
He would to be where planets no more are seen,
In some world

TO THE YOUNG WIFE OF THE ARROGNO
TAVERN KEEPER.

LUGANO MTS., ITALY, 1888.

METHOUGHT to see thee by the arbor-flowers,
Near to thy room, where purple petals bunch,
Alluring beelings from their honey-way,
With fragrance filling all the mild, calm day.
Methought to press my lips, yet young and free,
Upon those accents flowing from thy mouth,
When oh! alas! I faltered sorrowingly
To know the fairest bloom of perfumed South
Had left her home, and crossed the blue
Deep waters of the winding lake—
To seek Lugano's streets, and there to do
Quiet barter for thy home and husband's sake.
I met thee where the vineyards fall,
Held up by ivied wall and wall;
Where chestnuts grow in tender green—
Where wild pinks blow—and all between
Forget-me-nots recall the dewy day
Where songful streamlets stem their current's sway.
Where songsters are at will to warble long
Whatever in their glad heart-throbs will throng—
I met thee where the winding vineyard-way
Is flushed with flowers in many-hued array;
Where on the wall the spotted lizards run
And glisten in the warm rays of the sun.
Perchance the scarlet-breasted Iguans chase—
Or slyly glides the snake from murky place—

Where drones the heavy bee with honeyed thighs ;
 Where ever breezes blow and melodize—
 Where seldom feet the hollowed slope have trod—
 Or lovers found their bliss on blooming sod.
 As in those dreams that come to us at night
 When consciousness thrills not—nor doth excite
 The actual movement—some fair face appears,
 So was I startled—when a black shape stepped
 Adown the steep towards me—it neared me—kept
 A fairy carriage like a maid's in years
 When trippingly she hastens over fields—
 Or when her blush a quickened grace-step yields.
 So camest thou, O image of sweet days—
 Of dreams of music, singing sweet always.
 Surprised to meet thee, for I would thy feet
 Had pressed the pebbles where those round stone-
 tables
 Invite to tell, with sparkling wines, old fables
 Of Prince and Knight, when steed and lance were
 fleet—
 Surprised to see thee by this flowery steep—
 Yet glad thy graceful shape had come.

To keep

My weary heart aglow, thy fair-toned accents fell,
 Like perfect notes of melody ; and well
 Their meanings dear were in my heart translated ;
 For when I heard them I grew so elated—
 As when some tranquil wind the oaken-grove
 Of sudden moves, and perfumes it with love
 And tingling rapture !—

Down thou camest slow,

As broken stem with flower-bud, whom blow
The amorous smiles of Spring's delightful air.
As graceful-slow, as down the purple hill
The crowding sweetnesses of all the evening fair,
Descend, the vale with dreamy songs to fill!
Methought thee some limp country-lass—unknown
To me; methought thee some one all alone
That strayed away to find some lover, where
The hiding green would fill the glowing air
With kisses softly-pressed—yet quickly!—at last
It came to me that thou, like some outcast
From hearth and heart, didst wander so at will
By walking e'er—to keep thy conscience still.
But as thy short robe did reveal the white
Of thy neat stockings—as with steppings light
And maidenly thy body thou didst sway
And nearer to me camest—then a ray
Of recollection struck me!—and thy speech
To me addressed—those accents to beseech
Me then to dally—were a spell on me—
And so we spoke together—bashfully—
Then “Mi rincresce!” saidst; thy deep brown eyes
Searching if I were sorry, sorry too—
Then gazed I to the far, blue, sun-lit skies—
And bade thee one long sorrowful Adieu!—
“Farewell, to meet again!” and down the way
Thy sylvan shape stepped; while the early day
Began to pour its rays with fire-love—
I saw thee pass away, as thoughts that prove
For moments fair delight—but when they leave
The mind—O how our heart and soul do grieve!

As sights, so transitory, in our sleep
Melt, ere the dawn awakes—so from this steep
Thy grace had melted—and as the fair bird flies
Beyond some flowery hill—so with low sighs
Of sad regret I saw thy grace-swayed form
Turn by the wall!—Then through the air so warm
Yet cool with breezes interluent—clomb
I the steep mount to seek thy fragrant home !

Alone I passed thy Mary-chapel small—
It seemed a casket by the chestnuts tall—
That sang their choruses with solemn tone
Around the leafing vineyards all so lone.
No flowers I threw within the cold small space
To lie with others, that were cast as grace
To Mary, Virgin Mother—sad it be
Have faith in things no one did ever see !
And up I trudged the winding path ; and clear
The birdlings' songs ; the thrushes' calling cheer
Of trill, and treble, chirp and medley-lay
To seem long concert give throughout the day.
I turned—below me lay the lake all blue—
And far the mountains breathed cerulean hue—
And the snow-peaks were soft as lily-cheeks
When sorrow paled them !—O but thee nowhere
I saw—and down where ne'er the sun-ray seeks
A nook for dalliance, thou, sweet, wast not there.
Methought to see thee on the boat that plied
The quiet waters—but to me such was denied.
And, as one knowing that some grief must grow
Upon the path each walks—life still must show

A face resigned to all what hath to come—
 So, grieved, yet wisely, cheerfully, I clomb
 The steep green mountain-side.

For had I not

Those sweet fair flowers, that grow in dell and grot—
 Upon the cliffs, and glacis glittering—
 And high, where breezes silver foam-clouds fling
 As fumes from craters—were not on my way
 The woods in vestments dight for feast-array !
 And were not all the brooks filled with a song
 That reconciled me to ill-chance ;—that throng
 Of fairy-blossoms on the new-won trees
 Did they not daze me ; and where in ecstasies
 The songsters warble, grew not shrub and herb
 Of euchlore—and of prasine leaf ! O blew
 Not blandest breezes—and such view superb
 Of Alpine scene—anon the eagle flew
 Above the nearest summit—then prey-birds
 Alighted on that distant ledge ; the cobalt lake
 Peeped out of shining green ; the oaks were gold
 A moment—then sap-fresh ; and every fold
 That perched or nestled showed no want nor girds.

RANDOM STRAINS.

AND the gusts were trailing o'er the dusky streets,
 As to the piper's tune the wild-child leapt—
 The mellow breezes in a hoar-crook slept,
 While the wild-winged flew from their retreats.

Till a solemn singer came—
 The votary of an immortal name.

I am the sweet bright planet, there
 Up yonder through the evening-gleam!
 Or a morn's brightest Lucifer
 Of day the sparkling waking-dream!

My soul is like dear Gabriel—who soothes, consoles—
 I am the generation's God-child—high above earth's
 poles.

I am the shooting-star
 Falling fair and free—
 Falling through the fire-domes
 Where legions of spirits reign.

I am the lightning of the heat,
 In vivid softest flashings burning the east—
 While through the night the murmurs sweet
 Entone their weirdness over man and beast!

WRITTEN WHILE SEATED ON A ROCK IN THE ERZGEBIRGE, SAXONY.

HERE must I rest awhile; and sing a song
 Responsive to this close—and upward wind.—
 Here must I muse; and write some theme akin
 To what the pines proclaim throughout the woods.
 Here will I rest awhile; for yonder leads
 A rocky stile to the low promontory
 That seems like some wood-demon's pulpit wild—
 When to the sylvan spirits he delivers
 Demoniac sermon; for inmidst the woods
 This solitary rock-upheaval awes

The wanderer's simple-wonted eye ; it lies
 In huge disorder : green with fern and moss—
 And dimly grayed by pretty native lichens.
 Here must I linger ; for brown fawns could play
 In yonder brake, lit by the distant close—
 And through the pillar-growing pines some deer
 Could chase his too unwilling doe ; and, where
 The distant tender green peeps through the gloom,
 Methinks some stray maid could have found
 A resting-place—where edible berries grow.
 And here I have a table-rock as seat,
 With soft moss o'ergrown ; and standeth high
 above

The way, that gleams and glooms in light and shade
 Alternately—till in the blue of far
 Off woods irrecognizably it fades.
 Affording me some patriarch's privilege
 When in the pristine period of existence
 Stray preachers mesmerized some Vandal-throng
 To purify their hearts, and ennoble their souls
 With apposite aphorisms and rhetoric.
 I see the concourse of the multitude,
 The women, children, and the babes on breasts
 Of tender mothers ; and the knightly youth
 Leaning 'gainst golden tresses of fair maids—
 And swains nod due assent to friends in quest
 Of some new-spoken crime ; and yearning eyes,
 Peering athrough long curls of purest flax,
 Told of her loneliness ; while, yonder, groups
 Of militant men announced fray's destiny.
 I heard my voice ring clear through forests lone

As even the breeze that brought the orient rain—
 And knew it touched their hearts ; for tears poured
 down
 Some swarthy cheeks ; and streamed down those of
 women.
 Till all the mass of motley beings heaved
 As on some field the herbs and flowers, weeds
 And bushes vibrate, or tremble to the sway
 Of the fruit-bringing wind. . . .
 And here the stillness telleth well, how some
 Are happy being hermits far from all
 The hectic heaviness of world's conceit
 And wrongs ; this sanctitude infers that here

SHE AND I.

SHE and I

To the dark and lonely woodland strolled,
 While overhead,
 Below Night's starlit sky,
 The weird large thunder-phantom sped,
 All broken !—now a star
 Peeped through, then lost to sight—
 While huge gray clouds hurried, in affright—
 Like ghosts, from some Walhalla far,
 Their mighty forms wave in the deep midnight !
 She thought of strains of Paganini's wo,
 While I was charmed by her eyes' deep brown
 glow—
 Her deep brown tress ; her form's voluptuousness ;
 And ah ! her genial aura with mine mingling,
 While all my frame as magic-warmed was tingling.

From gloaming's light, we came to be
 Enveloped in the wood's obscurity.
 Dark, dark the trees—the path all dark—
 Save here a dim light—there a spark
 The fire-flies danced to a leafy tune
 That sang of mystery, and the moon.
 When suddenly her eyes gazed to the ground,
 And I, quick bending to the wood path, found
 A glow-worm writhing, curling there,
 While radiant, diamond-like, a soft white flare
 Around it spread, to light the stone,
 The blade of grass, the dry leaf lone.
 And even the orange lichen-bloom that grew
 Upon the smallest of the pebble-crew !
 She stooped, and placed it on her tender palm—
 I gazed—while round lay mystery and calm
 As quiet as hoar Saturn in his glen,
 When all were gods, and none were men.
 And oh ! we loved together all to see :
 The brilliant glow, so lemon-silvery
 As that of Dian's, when sad Juno mourns,
 That lived around the caterpillar's horns.
 It seemed it took ten minute moons—
 Had ten fair minute crescents caught—
 And some strange power's weird gloom-thought
 Had placed the moons on either side,
 The crescents round its mushy body's girth,
 So that they glowed ! while Nox her love-tale
 croons
 And the full moon illumes the sun-lorn earth,
 Where Darkness and her lover Gloom abide.

It curled—it seemed to be a polyp-crown
Deep in the midnight-sea, way down—
Then writhed its ringèd length, like agony—
O doth not Anguish so, in woman's misery!
She wrapped it in her silken kerchief white
And there it glowed, within the deep dark night—
So like those pretty lanterns Creoles use
When moon-feasts in the garden's gloom they
choose.

Oh! were we not with Mystery in bond—
A living form with fire, white as diamond!
A writhing worm to be at night
A beauteous wreath of silvery light!
At day a thing rejected and unseen—
At night a marvel of mystic silver-sheen!
So nature loves to cozen oft
Her children with gloom-mysteries from aloft.
So hath a thing ungainly, wondrous gifts—
And none the veil of Mystery lifts.

She walked beside me—and her voice
Was ringing with a dulcet fairy-noise
All in the gloomy night, 'neath pitch-dark trees—
With not a sound, and not a breeze
Save the far gush of one lone waterfall—
And that was all!

INSPIRATION.

(Written out of doors principally.)

LOUD rolls the wave of inspiration—
 And clamors rise, as from some nation
 (That strong ovation shout to king
 Who, back from gory slaughtering,
 His triumphant head upbearth proud).
 Swells tumult, mixed of voices loud
 And high.

An inspiration rolled
 Athwart me ; and its pressing mold
 Deep rent my brow ; my eyes it lumed
 As, through the night yet mirky gloomed,
 The comet flashes ; sparkling trails of light
 And lashing the star-vault in its weird flight.
 As round the law-enacting lictor, famed,
 The rabble and blatant ribalds, all untamed,
 And nobles—aristocracy, high-browed,
 Their various voices unrelenting flowed—
 With shouts and eager whispers—and with noise
 Uproarious, blending each their swollen voice
 With the fleet wind that wailed of war and waste—
 So swelled strong sound—as in ungoverned haste
 It quickened what to engender was—around me ;—
 And with its spell of song and surge it bound me
 To its wild-hurrying impulse—'tis not shown
 To other minds—to Apollo's child alone !
 What governs man's own mind—what feeds the
 brain

Of him who listens—writes a hurried train
Of wisdom, light, and universal moral deep
That in humanity deft influences keep
Well chained? What cometh all within the skull
To fashion, in deep quiet, songs so beautiful?
Say, what doth flow, and surge, and spume, and roar
Within man's mind—when with a head so hoar—
As the lone harper's, where the caves the splashing
Of some green shumbling sea in its wild dashing
Momently feel and hear—he lifts his head
To wonder what those unseen lips have said?
What is that mood that cometh as the thunder
O'er the dark mountains and the ledges under—
That teareth trees, uprooteth rocks, and rolleth
down
Its intermittent bolts upon the frightened town
That lieth nestled snug between the greener hills?
Tell, what usurps the dew of morn—the calm of
eve,
And what the spotless blue, when no tear-cloudlets
grieve?
What ruthlessly doth quell that sweeter breath of
day,
And what doth chase the languid shade of groves
away?
And lo! what sheens upon the gray-green hills?
What sparkles jewel the high ledge-like sill
O'er some fair-carved old door that leads to mines
Of Demons?—Behold, the clouds are breaking—
shines
Not the old sun on pines so tall and blue—

Ah! what may spread so all glistens in silver hue?
 O sheen, serenity—O glittering glow—
 Why brighten, why glisten, why smile you so?
 What sways the poet's limbs to bear him fleet and
 lone

To some quiet brooklet, whose sweet undertone
 Voices the murmurings of the Past and Sorrow,
 And purleth lightly what will breathe to-morrow?
 What tells his mind to choose some vaster subject
 pure

Than common brain? and seems to try allure
 His fancy to some Houri-world where Peri pant
 In some exceeding joy? . . .

O say, can man instruct such mystery and law
 That springeth clear and pure and high, with not a
 flaw

Of grossness—nor the ludicrous—nor the smile
 Of Satire—not the skulking speech of treacherous
 guile?—

But, as upon some hoary peak, where the clear air
 Its keenest breath exhales—the crystal spring so
 sheer

Uppurleth like the dawn of day—so pure, so fresh,
 So white and sheen, as corn when peasants thresh
 Its kernels, when the lark starts up and clearly
 sings—

So bubbleth the slow song of poet—so its melody
 rings

With the low tinkle down the streamlet—and its
 warmer

Deep strains resound, as round the Magian-charmer
 The battling alchemies their tones prophetic swell,

Till ever in the world his songs and wisdom dwell.
 Tell, what doth breathe upon the poet's brow, to
 pour

Upon him feelings vast and glowing evermore ?

What is it—tell, O *Phantom*, large as universe,

Yet couched in brain—and small as though a midge
 to pierce !

Unconsciousness of body, copious flow of spirit—

O tell, where art thou born—what wouldest thou
 inherit !

Uncanny, when thou flashest—weird, when whisper-
 ings

Of thine I hear—yet couth and fond when from
 thee sings

Such voice sweet for the world !

 Say, say, what art thou ? where

Thy sphere ? why whisperest thou, and hauntest the
 bright air ?

How camest thou—how wanderest thou—and when
 wilt thou

Leave me ? or wilt thou ever cling to me !—O brow

Of poet—visionary eyes—and bitter lip—and yet,

The smile of radiant dreams—as on a flower-pet !

O dream of day, of night ! one true, one sadly true.

The other false, ah ! grievous false, and to eschew

Either, death ? death ?—but wilt thou, poet-soul,

Prevail when through the midnight pealeth toll on
 toll—

Or, like the light that twinkles through the evening
 bush—

Wilt flicker, then die out, till all around is “ hush ! ”

So asked my brain, with speed that flashes orbs
through airs—

And as the meteors, sudden born with fire-flares
Tracking their terrors, then sudden dead—so rose,
and died

Quick echoes in my brain, as, on the haunted side
Of some cliff-belted sea, there hello sounds of awe,
Then faint—all seems as if we some huge demon
saw !

WOMAN'S EYES.

I LOVE to dream in woman's eyes—
For aye I think to see
Gay angels animate those skies,
And hymn : Eternity !

A charm the eye of woman hath :
There rings a laughter unheard !
A sparkle plies a jeweled path,
That some sweet sorcerer stirred !

Oh ! Circe-mites are in her eyes !—
Saints ever love-sick prove
When gazing in those smiling skies,
Lit by the light of love !

O sweet ! whose eyes are heavenly fair—
I would to dream, till mad,
Aye dream in eyes so debonaire—
How could I then grow sad !

I love to dream in woman's eyes!
For aye I think to hear
God's Voice, above in azure skies:
"They bloom life's love and cheer!"

SPIRIT-LORE.

O SPIRITS, show yourselves!
O show yourselves!

"We come, we come—
From a land unknown
Where never sun had shone.
We bring thee spirit-runes;
For thee to render swift
As we that Veil uplift
That hides to others—
Thy fellows, thy sisters and brothers—
The secrets of mystery.
One of ours this secret croons,
O but to thee, only to thee!"

I see you swarming to me
As, in the summer's noon, golden bees
In legions do swarm to acacia-trees!
All glittering in your spirit-years
Even as the lilacs in the morning be,
Below the singing acacia-tree!
And one is bending a thoughtful head,
While all are entoning anthemnal song,
As I used to hear when dreaming so long,

Where the bedabbled morning refreshed the
 bees,
 That to me such mysteries said,
 That I con them, and con them these three
 years.

Oh ! listening am I,—listening serene,
 Even as the eagle, in the sunny blue,
 Hears the soft whiskings in the green,—
 O listening am I, O listening to you !

“ O thou meteor-babe,—
 What use the seaman’s astrolabe,—
 Thou flashest through the world,
 Descending, descending,
 Seeming to have no ending—
 Only a trail of tears,
 But each golden as stars—
 Gives warning that thou
 Hast a secret unfurled
 Of its fiery robes, and spangled bars,
 So that even pretentious seers
 Never know the way how ! ”

“ We are spirits that flash
 In the soul, like a swash
 Of the rock-cutting wave—
 We illumine the dark grown wood
 O’er which the whole world brood,
 In vain, in vain,
 For they listen not, listen
 Not to our sounding strain,

That portendeth to save, to save—
Till their knowing eyes glisten !”

O Spirit, sing ! that poiseth there,
Alone, in midst of all thy spirit-fellows :
As the giant-moth in moonlight’s air
When the fragrance of moon-glories mellows.
Thou knowest what to sing, and what to tell
me—

For I have asked thee what the hidden spell
be

To see thee, and hearken to thy lore—
Even as I listen to my sweet one, singing
evermore !

“ We let him sing, we let him sing ;
While we spirit-fragrance round us fling.
His song will weave into thy soul—
As drawing-power mingles with all stars that
roll :

Through Mystery’s veil, the vast inane.
This veil we lift—to let fall soon again !

Heaven !—’Tis a place
For each one of earth’s race.
Lo, ether is a subtile heat—
Spirit is its quintessence—
Life is not at death complete—
Death is Spirits’ fuller crescence.
Then cheer within thy spirit
That Heaven’s Bliss to inherit.

Often sleeps the body deep,
 When thought stern vigils keep ;
 Often sleeps the spirit well,
 When down to it comes lofty spell.
 Read all over in the inane :
 Spirit hath no boundaries :
 A wink, and we are there again—
 Away from all thine imageries !
 One moment, and we be away—
 Fleeter than virgin sayeth : nay !
 Spirit !—Lie awake at day—
 So innumerable they come :
 Thoughts that bring back youth and home !
 Spirit is that test of God—
 Through it you know all He wrought.—
 We, that come to you, are His ;
 We do reign where Heaven is ! ”

Oh ! Heaven !—Spirit !—ever swelleth
 A wave of doubt, that Heaven
 Could be, when fire, fire welleth
 All over—burning, deadly driven,
 Consuming all, yet all-sustaining.
 Oh ! lift that veil a little higher—
 Ere your hours will be waning,
 And tell of Heaven with no fire !

“ Fires are tools ;—the universe
 A veil, abaft of whom the new
 New Spirit-ether quivers ; nurse
 Thy Spirit !—though flames imbrue

Thy body--till it be cinder-dust--
 Thy spirit leaves its mansion's crust
 At once, to be, as lightning, there,
 Where we sing in that calm pure air!
 See! they lift the veil—O see!
 What your words may not frame for those
 Who see not.—See! the life—the glee—
 For these God's love more brightly glows!
 In dreams we plagued thee oft—
 But never in that Heaven soft;
 For there is truly Bliss:
 Realization of God's kiss!"

I see, I see; O Spirit!—O I see!

"He sung to thee;—we back must hie,
 On airs of Spirit—to our Spirit-sky!"

Oh! there they wander—swift as beams
 Of light! O darkling now the horizon gleams.
 Where are ye, Spirits! where, O Spirits! say!
 Come ye again before the close of day?

"We come to thee when silently
 The night-breaths lay a gauze
 O'er all the towns and plains so free—
 When in thy work's a thinking-pause;
 We leave thee, when thy body feels
 The sense of sleep; we come again:
 We subtly allay thy pain—
 We strengthen, when thy courage reels!"

O mystery doth let its darkling trail,
 Yet fulgent with swift flashing lights,
 Wave back, to finger to earthly nights,
 To point to stars: hope-spark for wo and
 wail!

ADIEU TO A MOUNTAIN BROOK.

(ADIRONDACKS.)

(Written on the spot in 1885.)

AM I to leave thee, Brook, for aye—
 O Mountain Brook!
 With thy perpetual stir:
 A splash, when passing by a nook—
 A long, long swish—adown the stones—
 Some low tones
 When lost, low in the woody lones;—
 A rippling lull, 'neath an o'erhanging burr;
 O'er rocks, like laughter from a nymph at play!
 O Mountain Brook!
 Thy note hath notched itself
 Deep in my heart!—
 And to depart
 From thee, O Mountain Brook!
 I wish I were the mate of woodland-elf
 To tell to her how dear thou art
 To me!
 And she
 Could croon to thee my wo and wail—
 When I am far on ocean-sail—

Or in cities strange and populous—

Or in southern gardens odorous.

Then, O Mountain Brook,

I shall weep in silent streams—

Wish that thou couldst weave my dreams—

O Brook, O Mountain Brook!

May I leave that haunt of mine—

Where the chequered shade is cool—

Where the leaves and twigs do twine

As hoary vine—

And where the constant splashing pool

With rocks encrowned—(so deft

For nymph's quick winsome theft

To a Satyr on his bearded cheek—

Then the glow-eyes speak :

A language eloquent, and free ;

Such as spake the guileless child of old

When perched upon its father's knee—

It spake and spake—when all the tale was told).

And where the constant splashing pool

Is constant melody—full-toned,

To my own ear—to my own ear!

And when the tune I owned

It was to me so dear, so dear!

May I leave this haunted beechen-grove

Where in Indian-days the spirits roved,

Where the Indian wrestled with the bear,

And the water's note had chaunt so strong

As to nerve the sinews of the struggling Huron ;

Where the corpse was dragged along

To the pool—the victor then would tear
Its hide,—five claws,—a sign—a warrior Huron !

Here in budding spring, mayhap—
A spring, when th' world was young.
A bronzed maid, with warm black eyes
And streaming tresses, as the booklet piles—
Here she lulled a babe upon her lap—
A babe, but born few months—a son—
And oh! the joyful tongue!
And when her mother's duty done,
On a bough her boy she hung—
And innocently then—her gown aground—
Her bronzed soft skin she sprinkled
With the crystal waters—how they twinkled!
Then the grove reechoed the fresh clear sound
Of splashes, and a mother's joy.
She in the waters—on the bough her boy!
How limp the languid mold bends o'er.
What suppleness the limbs display—
A nymph that bathed nigh Cynthus' shore
She was not formed to worthier clay.
O how refreshed!—What brightness beams
Out from her eyes!—what babble streams
Out from her lips, as to her babe she smiles.
O linger still—long in this grove—my maid—
But past the beechen trees I see her tread—
Her bending head is mirth-filled with fond
mother-wiles!

O Mountain Brook,
When the thick gemmy dew doth burthen the
green,

I've sat upon a rock by thy dear side—
And, through the alder bush, the sun's bright
sheen

Made sparkle thy bubbles wide ;
And where thy waters plied

In quietude—

The trees of the green wood,
And all the many rocks and crags,
Were seen more tender in thy waters—
And at some spots the shaggy cloud, that lags
Athwart the blue was in them seen.

Brook, if afar thy falls sound hollow, deep,
Anear, thy gurgle seems like laughters,
Such as spring from maiden-throats,
When upon their playground gloats
A worn worn woman, with a peep

In her eye
Of witchery !

O Mountain Brook,
Am I to leave thee, Brook, for aye !
But thy ripple says : Nay, nay !
For in lands of stranger scenes
Thou wilt haunt my soul—
Whose sweetest goal
Is like thy song, that nature gleans !

ZULEIKA.

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- PRINCE OF PO..... A young prince.
LODOVICO..... A peasant.
ZULEIKA... .. A Greek peasant living in Italy.

TIME.—First half of this Century.

PLACE.—Italy.

ZULEIKA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A stormy night in a wood. To left a hut. PRINCE OF PO appears from back to right.*

PRINCE OF PO. The storm is brewing ; wildly,
gust on gust,
The wind blows round my pallid cheeks and curls ;
As if 'twould fain devour my flesh, and pierce
My very bones with icy, deadly fangs.
The woods are dreary—darkness all around—
And quiet all, save pattering, trickling rain
That's falling on the phantom-branches weird !
Hark ! flashing wild, the sudden lightning rides
Through death-like forest loneliness and sky.
Ha ! crashing, roaring, he stumbles o'er a tree—
And long the steed's deep roar doth fill the air—
And thrills my soul—and smalls my lordly look !
Yea, Mansello had told me true ; he said
As I departed late this morn, that soon
A wood so dark and drear would greet my gaze ;
And, after long and tedious wandering,
A hut would welcome me, poor wanderer—
And there would find the maiden he had told
Me of. Ah ! kind thou art, my Mansello—
But how now find my way—when darkness reigns ;

How bless that cot, so wished for by my heart!

(He looks ahead, and seeing the cot :)

Joy, praise and everlasting peace to thee,
 Bright youthful eyesight! Now I gaze on yon
 Low cot—and faster, faster beats my heart.
 My soul soars high in blissful realms of blue;
 And flutters like the happy dove's white wings
 When she a tale bears to her sweet young joy!
 But lo! am I so sure of Hope's late vow?
 Am I so sure of finding her, my love,
 In secret? Ah! be temperate, heart, and flow
 With lowlier stream!—Friend Mansello hath warned
 Me not to act so rashly what I planned—
 An adventurous pilgrimage to Cupid's dell!—
 For fair Zuleika's heart doth know not yet
 Of Ravello's love—not even knoweth she
 He saw her!—Days have rolled with time since
 then:

Bright day!—'twas after gay St. Antonio's feast—
 The crowding peasant folks, with glowing faces,
 Prepared for homeward ride. I, in disguise,
 Along the strada walked with dignity—
 Zuleika stood before me—she passed—I turn,
 And follow—ask a friendly chap her name.
 Ah! why now tarry—musing harms an act!
 The cot is there—a stout and noble heart—
 And love—to sting a proud princess's soul!

(Knocks at cot door. From within voice singing :)

L'amore, l'amore
 Dolce, colla lyra

Cantar la canzone :

L'amore, l'amore—

(*Faintly.*) L'amore, l'amore:

'Tis she ; Zuleika singing Love's soft dream !

(*Knocks louder.*)

O, how I wish that she would ope the door—

To see her in her innocence and joy—

To see her lit by candle-light, with dim

Bright halo round her sweet, soft face—her locks

Of jetty hue—and flowing as a brook !

(*The door opens gently—a hand holding a lit candle appears.*)

VOICE. Chi è ?

PRINCE. A poor lone wanderer.

VOICE. Begone ! begone !

PRINCE. A poor lone wanderer, who hath no
roof

To shelter his tired and chillèd form from rain.

Have “compassione,” sweet “ragazza mia,”

But bread and bed for me, and I shall say

Farewell.

(*She looks at him.*)

VOICE. Come, I shall give to eat and drink.

PRINCE (*aside*). O praise to her ; yea, she hath
read my look

With care. And now for wooing—winning her !

(*Light vanishes, and PRINCE follows. Door is closed.*)

SCENE II.—*Room in ZULEIKA'S cot. Table in middle. A few chairs. A candle illumines the room. RAVELLO eating last bit on table. ZULEIKA watching him from a chair near to the table.*

ZULEIKA. Liquor! thou wishest more?

PRINCE. No, thanks, dear girl!
How good thou art to me. I've supped like king
To-night; and owe it all to thy dear eyes
And thy soft voice. Not every stormy night
We see so good and fair a girl like thee!
Pray tell your name.

ZULEIKA. Zuleika, Signor.

PRINCE. That name
Flows as the quiet brook in dreams of bliss!
Yet music dwells in thee, how aptly true
To thy sweet face—to thy sweet form and moods!

ZULEIKA. Yes, Padre Castellino gave it me.
He was a father to me—loved me too,
Took care of me as if I were his child.
I well remember when he said to me,
“Now, dear Zuleika, I must part. Before
I go, take this young man for guidance thine;
And if thou findest him well, then cling to him
As to a rock—and call him husband mine!”
I shed tears then—(*weeps*) and thought my heart
would break!

PRINCE. Fair girl! away with sorrow—joy
blooms near.
Believe me, I too feel the sting as thou—

Let me console thy tears with one soft kiss
And then thou mayest go on with thy dear tale.

(Kisses her eyes ; he dreams.)

Let not that one sweet sign of love offend
Thee, dear ! But with it let thy tale of life
Flow as an innocent meek voice ; cast fear
Away, and trust in me as in a friend.

ZULEIKA. Signor, you know the old palazzo,
there

Near to the town of Lordio—well, there
It was that he had left me lone and sad.
That ere I walked so slowly homeward bound
Almost I let the ants that ran along
The road o'erpass my pace—for thoughts of life
Then crowded in my mind, and made me mute.
But 'neath the threshold of my cot, erect,
In thought, stood Ludovico, my betrothed—
With love, I ran to his strong arms, and found
Myself consoled. *(Sighs.)* He swore his love.—Then
we

Two went to holy Christ's meek cross—to pray !
(She makes the sign of the cross.)

PRINCE. Ah, sweet Zuleika ! Thy true tale doth
touch

My heart. Pray, tell me more. I listen with love.
(Aside.) She hath a lover !

ZULEIKA. We loved each other—lived.
In peace and concord. I was young. Time flew.
Few months ago, he asked me be his wife.
I kissed him. And he said : " Love, I'll be back
In time to see the feast. So, wait till then. "

PRINCE. And when doth come that feast—that
feast for you?

ZULEIKA. Ere dawn creeps noiselessly through
night he comes.

PRINCE. So soon! (*Aside.*) No tarrying now!
(*Aloud.*) Ah! fair, sweet girl.

Zuleika thou! How can I hide the flame
That glows for thee? How can I prove to thee
The boundless wish to soothe my breast on thine;
To drink the hallowed dew that wets thine eyes—
To rest my weary locks on thine—to dream
With thee, and muse in thy sweet presence now?
O answer me. Couldst thou not love me more
Than him—and couldst—

ZULEIKA. Signor, what speakest thou!
Thou know'st me but for moments few—and still
Thou speak'st to me as if thou knew'st me long.
Believest thou that I am weak and fickle?
And how thou durst to speak in such bold wise
When thou art but a beggar, a peasant, come
To seek warm shelter 'neath my roof! Is that
The recompense thou boastedst of? And me,
Poor maiden, wouldst, with vile, alluring tongue,
Bring down to shame, to sin unpardonable!
Regretful am I now that entrance here
Was granted thee, but thy good look forbade
Me "nay" to say. And as I gaze at thee
Now sharp, I know not what to think of thee.

PRINCE. Zuleika dear! Behold me, know me:
Prince
Ravello—poorly, beggarly clad for thine

Own sake. I saw thee at St. Antonio's feast—
And since loved thee as lover but can love !

(ZULEIKA *falls on her knees—looks away.*)

Ah ! rise, and fear me not. I come but here
To woo thee, fairest of the fair, and make
Thee my princess. Oh ! wilt thou be my love ?

(*Silence. ZULEIKA rises ; shoots flashes of scorn
at the PRINCE.*)

ZULEIKA. Ah ! Prince Ravello, hast thou never
heard

That I am the betrothed of him who may
Appear at any moment now ? Hast thou
Not princely blood and soul enough to fall
Adown ashamed before me now, and ask
My pardon ? Thanks to dear and alway kind
Old Padre Castellino ! who had taught
Me virtue's ways, and all her blessings true
Ha !——

PRINCE. Hear me, dear Zuleika, hear my voice—
Consider all the jewels—all the bliss,
Contentment, happy dreams of life, that we
Should give our thoughts to muse with, when we
In wedlock are. And think of home on shores
Where glow the rubied castles, towering high
O'er blue and ruffled lake with woodland frame.
Anon, the rushing brook fast breaking through
Some wild and verdant vale, thund'ring to clasp
In desperate love embrace the calm and sun-
Lit bosom of the lake. And think of halls
Arrayed in splendor, shaped for king
And queen ; of ornèd rooms to dwell in—there

To dream in quietude, and muse with thoughts
 But lofty-loving! Think of gardens green
 Where flowers of fairest hues are blooming—vines
 And trees entwine their limbs in friendship true—
 And purling fountains, richly fashioned fair
 By sculptor's genial thought—spending an air
 That swells and swells with music low and sweet.
 And thou, Zuleika dear! wouldst be the star,
 The goddess fair of all those realms—wouldst blush
 For me!—wouldst roam about them—rule, and be
 Sole mistress of the realm, and I thy slave!
 Oh! speak, speak, speak! and torture me not long!

ZULEIKA. Prince, no; and thrice no--no again!

Not I

The country-lass who plays with life like that—
 Not I the fickle maid who smiles at gems,
 At gold and trinkets or at lofty castles,
 Who lends an ear to lords—who flatter aye!
 And wishing but for passionate joy and bliss.
 I say, begone, if this thy purpose be.
 And lay not hands upon my form, for sore
 Repentance waiteth there in time for thee!
 Ah! Prince!

RAVELLO. Be calm, my love! my passion burns
 And all thy words are futile—thrown to air!
 I love thee—and I love thee well—and want
 My love to find sweet place in thy dear heart.
 How sweet thy face—thine eyes so pure and fair—
 How like the lily is thy hand of snow—
 How heaves thy bosom as storm and passion grow
 With wondrous fleetness—then subside to calm!

(RAVELLO *draws near to her.*)

Ah! flow, flow on, sweet passion, bliss and joy!
 Sweet made for youthful souls and blood and mind.
 Now flows the soul to soul, and word to word;
 Now whispers breezy incensed laugh of love;
 Now smiles the eye in glistening freshness glad;
 Now purl the fountains, rich in loving words;
 And oft their brink doth kiss some secret flown,
 For passion hath no bounds, and overflows
 In streams that tear and rush through beds o'er
 rocks

With quickness as handmaiden to sweet love—
 Ah! sweet Zuleika, couldst thou but be mine!

(Trying to take her around the waist.)

I should—

ZULEIKA. Beware, oh Prince, pray calm thyself—

RAVELLO. Be mine, oh dearest! come and flee
 with me

Ere he doth come to grasp thee from my hold.

ZULEIKA. No, never shall I act in such low
 wise—

I tell thee, thou hast trod upon the path
 Of shame, and drag a poor true lass along.

O God! have mercy with thy child—O God!

(She tears herself away, kneels down and prays.

RAVELLO *looks at her, then clasps her into
 his arms.)*

RAVELLO. Oh! happy, ever happy moment this!
 Zuleika dear—and ever dear to me.

Zuleika sweet—and ever sweet to me.

Bethink thy words—be mine, and flee with me—

The castles are awaiting thee—the gardens green

Glow in rare dappled splendor, all for thee!

ZULEIKA. Begone, my Prince! begone, and
mercy have
With me—poor maiden, soon to be a wife!

SCENE III.—*From door enters slowly* LODOVICO.
Startled at seeing the two, he mutters.

LODOVICO (*aside*). Ah! there again that in-
fidelity
Of maiden's vows! Hath she forsworn her
heart!

ZULEIKA. Prince! Leave me. Never shall I
quit this room
With thee! I'm his—I love him all too well
And truly!

LODOVICO (*aside*). My heart is melting at her
words!

ZULEIKA. Bethink thyself, and off to town—thy
home!

RAVELLO. Zuleika dear, be mine, and trust him
not.
He might not think of thee—perchance hath wooed
Another girl—

LODOVICO (*aside*). Ha! thou shalt pay me
much! (*Seeks for knife in belt.*)

RAVELLO. Yea, thou shalt lose his name and his
poor home
And for it take the glory and the fame
Of one who loves thee ardently and truly.

LODOVICO (*aside*). Ah! too much for mine ears.
—But he shall fall!

(*Aloud.*) Prepare, Signor! Too many words have
flown

Out from thy mouth—and thou shalt pay me much.
Behold me, Lodovico; the betrothed
Of her whom thou hast dragged almost to shame.

(ZULEIKA, *recognizing him, disentangles herself
from RAVELLO'S embracement, and flies to
LODOVICO'S arms.*)

Dear love—not now to me—wait, I'll avenge
His insult!

(RAVELLO, *not finding his sword, takes a stiletto
from out his coat.*)

To thee, seducer, vile and lewd!

(LODOVICO *and* RAVELLO *fight. ZULEIKA
screams and tries to separate them, but
RAVELLO falls too soon.*)

Now, viper thou! repair thou to the home
Of him who liveth in eternal glow
Of burning, eating fire. Be cast among
That tribe of dark and horrid fellows. Live
A life of hardship—harvest not the fruit
Of mortal's high salvation—crawl amidst
The throng of rabid, haggard, cursèd forms—
And dwell—

ZULEIKA. Lodovico dear, enough disdain
Thrown on a man who was a prince, and might
Have grown to be a royal man. For know
That he, Ravello, Prince of Po—yes he
Hath come here wooing me—he was disguised

In peasant's clothing—

LODOVICO. What, he was a prince—
And might have been a king—but for his corpse
I should have scorned him more—yet death is
 death,

And silence reigns then over all the world.
Yea, those grand princes are a crowd of knaves
Who think that they are made to rule the world
And we to be their slaves, ay, dogs and swine.
Ah! were this world with man but all a joy,
But one grand union strong to tie all men—
With but strong hearts to combat wo and strife,
To rule the over-animated masses loud—
So all could meet the other's eyes with love
To join them to a band of links and bars
So that the lengthy chain should bear the weight
Of all mankind, its generations all.
Oh! then the earth would be a paradise
Of old, as once the Eden green was kept;
With love and meekness ruling all the throng—
With but the robe of justice and of high
Fraternity disguising truthfulness,
Sublimity that swells and guides her heart.
Ah! then no dastard rogue would venture bold
To steal the gentle dove who has been found
To be your wife, your life and all your bliss.

ZULEIKA. Dear Lodovico, what now do with
 him

Whom thou hast slain? Ah, rashly thou hast dealt
The blow of vengeance; no reflection quiet
Of soul has guarded thy ebullient blood

To flow in peace and concord to its dale
 Of lifelong lasting visit. Therefore storm
 And thunder's roar with glaring lightning's sword
 Could but have led the ship with pitching sway
 And splashing waves to wet its sides—onward.

LODOVICO. Bah! with it let my rancor die and
 rot!

Why should a prince woo lowly maids—why, why?
 Let each look to himself, and not come down
 To seek another's fortune for pleasure's sake.
 Let prince woo princess—let boor woo his fair lass.
 The ivy twines its tendrils around the elm;
 It never dreams to kiss the rank, coarse pine.
 As jewels are but for high-born wealthy duke,
 So staunch, brisk work is but for healthy boor.
 Play not with nature—use her gifts with care,
 Thus should the law of man be written—and not
 As now: Shun nature—listen to the man,
 His wealth; let arrows of vice pierce where they
 may

And brace the bow of force with nervous arm.
 Where reason fair should dwell, there sways rude
 pride—

Oh! world, hast thou come thus to dust; hast thou
 Lost all pure liveliness of natural pulse's beat—
 Where are thy concord, peace, serenity?
 But peace now—his body will be buried soon.
 Ay, let us live in love—in love for aye!

ZULEIKA. Ha! kiss me, Lodovico! dear to
 me—

Ah! happy shall the hymeneal bells

Now chime for us—for Love hath come with thee.
With it our vows shall make us one for aye!

LODOVICO. Thanks, thanks, dear maid—thine
ardor will be prized.

Let us from this small incident see wisdom!
For others care with tempered zest—and ne'er
Go down nor up to find what is not thine—
Be tempter not where thy cot does not stand—
Be tempter but in gardens like thine own.
A kiss, dear wife! Ah! sweet the kiss to girl
Who is the light to matrimony's halls,
Who leads me to the dales of fatherhood.

(They embrace. Curtain falls.)

(Written in 1883.)

WINTER-EVENING.

WINTER-EVENING.

DAY'S glowing lord hath hid behind the hills,
But rosy blushes tint the dome of blue ;
The vespers' bell hath rung—and all is still—
Save murm'ring leaves that eve hath clothed with
dew.

I sat alone in dusky, dreary room ;
And gazed with eyes full-wide at even's lone.
The glowing embers shed a mystic gloom
Upon my soul that now in dream land shone !

The blue hath kissed the even's shroud of gray—
The rosy blush a sallow hue doth spread—
Not over all the heaven's darkening way,
But near yon snow-draped hill, above its head !

In low faint swells I hear the wind-tune wane,
As it to me sings through the window-pane.
I see the tossed tree-tops, weeping, bend—
The lofty clouds to forms fantastic rend !

Methinks now, as it darker, darker grows
That hill and grayish dome two lips bespread,
And that the sallow hue, that still there glows,
A huge, devouring gulf of Satan bred.

I stare bewildered at its mocking glare
And stare benumbed at cliffs of melting ore.
What doth the glaring mocking specter bear?
Why do the darkening rocks their war-cry roar?

Out rusheth Satan's band of aping imps
Still distant, all in battle array and fierce,
Now tumbling—grumbling—and the raging imps
Grow furious—hideous—yelling high and fierce!

They fly with fleetness, as the lightning soars,
And huger—huger grows their fearful form.
Ha! burning breath they spit at me with roars—
Like thund'ring, mocking, tearing, Northern storm

I feel the blood there trickling down my brow—
The echoes drumming loudly on my ear—
The imps in fury tear my eye-lids now.
Oh! horror! the crash of Demons' laugh I hear!

The scoffing laugh so loud, so full—a shriek!
Made startle me—made turn around and around.
The burning embers, staring there with weak
Nigh dying glow, revealed the hellish sound!

My trembling hand now sought to cool the blood
That hung like rubies on my heated brow.
It was but the outpouring purling flood
Of fancy's boiling ocean, calming now!

I strained my eyes in vain to meet the horde,—
My fancy had conjured the waving trees
That pledged with blowing wind in weird accord
And still their phantom arms my soul do seize!

The distant, faint and low-bent trees o'er there
Methought to be the crowding hellish crew.
With them the tumbling rolling cloud's dark glare
Had wrought the army's roaring, as it flew!

The eve was dark'ning fast as I now mused ;
The clouds they sped like phantoms o'er the gray.
The wind through window-pane so softly oozed
As oozeth music from the spattering spray.

I cast my eyes up there, where night doth reign,
And gazed and gazed, and gazed in wonderment—
How weird, how gray, fantastic all that plain!
How grand, how awe-inspiring all that meant!

What fancies drear the wand'ring clouds do bear—
What phantoms wild the wind creates at will!
How great, oh! infinite vast those regions there—
How small our soul—how meek and low—and still!

No, never can I tire whilst gazing at the heaven
When waving shroud of somber hue is spread—
No, never am I weary, never lonely driven—
For I know Him to be, and Him to rule o'erhead!

And on the fleet, unwary clouds their dirge let
flow—

Anon the moaning wind, with cutting gushes wild,
Alights the massive air-ship, like a mortal foe,
And scatters his fleecy captives o'er the circling
field,

My sight sped with the captives, till the window-
frame

Cast back my wayward gaze, as a rocky bounding
shore

Repels the furious foaming main, to thereby tame
Its wild attack, and gain new strength for splash-
ing more!

Behold! what gleams there 'neath your fringed
sailing cloud—

What misty vapors, tinged with fallow light, emerge
From under yon dark-pillowed phantom drear and
proud?

It is the youthful moon at play—her flowing serge!

Yes, youthful, pale grown moon, the storms dwell
yonder too—

Not gray hairs only flow with strife and storm and
wo—

The golden locks of frolicksome young joy well
knew

The moments, burning fast the bliss of hours ago!

With pallid glance, O fair princess of stormy skies,
Thou rulest o'er the glowing throng of heavenly
spheres!

How placid, meek thy look—how peaceful, lowly,
lies

Thy world up high!—*for much is wrought where no
one fears!*

I long did watch the moon's pale light and long did
muse
On her weird flight—but no—the clouds they fleet-
ing flew ;
Which made me pause, and ask my soul if he did
choose
To call the moon our God—and clouds His children
true ?

Thus contemplating all the world of eve
I sat alone in th' dark and dreary room—
The embers, burning low, now bade me leave
My dreamy mood to nurse their spectral gloom !

(1883.)

LA LEGENDE.

By WINIAOWSKI.

AND OTHER BALLADS.

LA LEGENDE.

A VIOLIN PIECE BY WINIAOWSKI.

No human lip reported what I know.
I heard it where the weird wind wild did blow—
Down, down, in the mighty valley,
Where grow the lilies, soft and pure as snow.

There bend the weary willows' branches weird ;
They sigh to wandering breezes, mountain-reared,
And voice it to the woodland-alley :
Where ghouls at midnight at a wanderer leered.

That wanderer came to this strange nook last year,
And haunts the gloom with heart-sigh and warm
tear ;

While moaning of love's wild losses,
For one who gave for love low taunts and jeers.

He walketh through the woodland-ways and lane,
Wild rending the sweet calm with sobbing strain.

While far the gray oak-crown tosses,
And tosses, o'erwhelmed by loneliness and pain.

The clouds like omens float and float and float,
And in between the moonbeams peer and gloat,

While near the soft too-who-whoing
Of small white-owls seems like wizard's note.

And in the dark and dreary nooks so dank,
Where like a smaragd sheet spread the bank,
 He dreams of his first sweet wooing
When he sweet love from eyes all-loving drank.

And while his visionary eyes so bright
With all the ghoul-eyed drear, oh ! drear moonlight
 And purple pink tinge were vying,
Out flowed his wild despair and wilder plight,

In tones unearthly, such no man hath heard,
With strange sweet mourning as of widowed bird
 When slowly the snows are dying.
Oh ! tones far plainer than our richest word.

At first, a song sad-mingling with sorrow's pang--
Then lessening as though lone Anguish sang ;
 Alone in her drear despairing.
Then shorter notes as though a soul-rune rang.

While in its anguish melting tones of love
Still would their life-preserving power prove,
 As though life and death were pairing,
So like sad notes from spouse-lorn woodland-dove.

Out flowed that song of anguish wild and deep
That slow re-echoed from the awe-swayed steep,
 And waned in the woodland-hollows
Like sighs that cling to spray when sea-waves creep.

Wild, wild, continuous in its anguish wild,
Till, like strange shrieks of some lost maid defiled,
Whom harshest pale anguish follows,
His song grew to a drear shrill, sighing mild :

Such that a lorn sad bird at evening spills
When too much loss her song with sorrow fills,
Far far in a Southland-forest.
Then could that wanderer walk the sombre hills ;

Till to a ledge he came, and there outpoured
His grief and anguish to the gracious Lord,
(Thou Lord, Who our pleasures marrest !)
But all at once his wail of anguish soared

Beyond its dole ; and *brazen* did it sound
So like a rasping in a Hell-ruled ground
Where moans change to tumultuous taunting,
And where, instead of songs, vile shrieks are found.

Then rolled the echo of his grief along
The mighty valley, wide, with oak-trees strong.
Loud rang it like dæmon's haunting,
Till it inspired weird Night's starry throng.

Yet, as it grieved, soft love stole in between
Fair dances when the woods were golden green
And kisses to lovely lasses,
As though his sorrows never could have been.

While through the drear great valley shone the
beams
Of the bright lemon-silvery moon in dreams,

And darkened the gloomy passes
And ghoul-songs veiled the sleepy brooks and
streams.

Then lifted he his anguish all again,
But with a mightier, more sublime a strain,
As Satan, defeated, sang once !
Till in wild ripples did he soothe his pain.

With many mingling melodies ending never,
So is the surge and splash of seaward-river
When thunder's clear cymbals clang once !
Then near him would the flower's blue crown
quiver.

His song waxed surging as a sea when fast
O'er all its calm drives the storm's thund'rous blast,
And caps rise, plunge, ceaseless foaming,
Till the moon called a dark cloud, as aghast

She gloated at the wanderer wild and mad.
Then once again he drew forth sounds so sad,
Sad as a young mother roaming—
Gasps at the cruel fate her first child had.

Then shrieked he long, and sang discordant strains,
Such when the harvest moon in anguish wanes,
And wild are the woods with raining
Harsh notes, like hail's, upon the winter-panes.

Uplifting all his grief and losses to the air,
And thinking it would kill his deep despair,
His wo, and his love's complaining.
But not one fervent answer to his prayer !

So wild his looks grew, and they sadness showed,
Till in a swollen flood-song he outflowed
 His anguish in maddened raging—
While moon and stars, relentless, coldly glowed.

Then like a moonbeam's life upon a mote,
So flashlike leapt he down where ghouls do gloat—
 In the wild vale, with night-ghosts waging—
Fell dead, bereft of woe and song's sweet note.

.

And heart-blessed fleecy cloudlets fell upon
The wanderer all of sudden ; and a crown
 Of snow-white soft clouds they fashioned ;
And all around him wove a shrine alone.

So all upbore him through vast night intense ;
All lingeringly they took him away and hence—
 His head on white cloudlets cushioned,
And through the valley fell darkness drear and
 dense.

Faint songs uprose—reminiscent echoes soft
Of all his woes, accompanying him aloft
 Like motes in uprising fragrance !
So murmur-soft—so soft, as o'er a croft

That standeth in a maze of violets and rose
A noontide whisper creepeth to the close
 When wasps flit through the summer's vag-
 rance.

So came that strain of anguish again to those

Druidal rocks upon the pine-loved ledge
And brought his dirge to all the sleeping sedge,
 Where herons were asleep, a-dreaming.
His anguish rose again and his dismay.

O, softly as the sea-spray murmuring lone,
Upon an algæ-wrapped Dromlech-stone;
 Or as the white seething billows'
Soft song is heard beyond the breakers' moan.

That song of anguish smote the samite moon
And fired the star that wove rare glowing shoon—
 And flamed the weird shade of willows
Where in the vale they seemed an Eidoloon.

And brazen-soft some notes were lifted high
As memory of his wild-tonèd sigh
 He uttered on ledge so lonely,
Ere to weird Death he gave his last long cry.

Then upward bore those fleecy clouds his form—
Above, above the earthly days of storm,
 Where swell grief and sorrow only,
Above, to lands spiritual, rare and warm.

And while in the faint moonlight vanished he,
Down, down within the hollow vale so free,
 Dark ghouls wailed their sad dirges—
They wailèd strangely, undulatingly ;

As waves of sound, now hollow low, then swift
Their modulated broken chords would drift,
 Like sursurrus in the surges.
Then silvery sang the fairies, and would lift

Soft saddest sighings rollingly in between ;
Till with those changing sounds the night's wan
sheen—

In ledge, vale, and oaken alley—
Grew sad and seemed as though such had not been.

But I know that his ghost appears each moon
Just when the ghouls and elves begin to croon
In that awful and mighty valley—
To me 'twas told all leave that region soon !

MYSTERIOUS CONSCIOUSNESS OF AN- OTHER'S DEATH.

HERE may I write what to delicate maids,
Listening, would cause hysteria dire.
Here, dreaming in the maple shades
And listening to the brook-falls' murmur—
Here may I write what in the night
Would freeze the blood—once hot as fire ;
Ay, here, at morn, I may indite
Last night's most gruesome ghostly scene of horror !

There is a man who walks at will
Within this charming summer-home—
To look at him promotes a chill
In us—for he looks haggard—deathly !
His frame is a mere skeleton,
Yet he uncannily doth roam
Abroad—with eyes like onyx-stone,
And quivering gait ahalt at death's dark doorway.

Last night with happy thoughts to bed
 I went,—unconscious of his state—
 When lo! at dead of night, what led
 To my lone dreams a horror image!
 Then woke I—trying to clutch the dream
 That throttled me,—then did I wait—
 And think: I thought a cool fresh stream
 Of air would change my dreadful dream like night-
 mare!

It was no nightmare,—so I rose
 From bed,—and in the dark my way
 Groped—when against a door, half close,
 I struck my neck—ah! lucky mishap!
 If I had struck my temple's side!
 (But gentle souls my movements sway!)
 Then opened I the windows wide—
 When sudden gruesome thoughts flooded my think-
 ing!

No thoughts I harbored of the man—
 I felt the fresh air lave my cheek.
 Ah! who may solve strange nature's plan?
 At once like gales o'er quiet ocean,
 An image weird took hold of me—
 Then wished I that some one would speak—
 The image held me potently—
 'Twas *he* came to me, who looked haggard, deathly.

He came, like breaths of dusk in glooms;
 Stern, with his sunken cheeks yellowèd;
 Slow, like the last smoke of gun-booms;
 Weird, like a wraith, half putrid—livid.

Then came he to my bed, and bent
His bony body o'er me—there flowed
A musty smell ;—and then I rent
Him into parts, that in foul dust did vanish.

I lit a candle—so to free
My thoughts of all the darkness dread.
But too in dim-light would there be
Uncanny feelings, that did chill me.
I spoke to courage—so blew out
The light,—but when in the warm bed
Again I lay, I seemed a clout
That lies on frozen river in deep winter !

Though under covers warm I lay—
Awake—my body felt like ice ;
My temples were warm, but round my clay
An icy film pressed, as a death-shroud !
And all the while I saw him there—
And heard the ghostly rustle twice—
And thrice ; and though the fresh cool air
Laved me, I knew he watched me with stern leer-
ing !

To banish gruesome thoughts, I dwelled
With Lydia, and on valley flowers dreamed.
But sleep would come not,—ever swelled
The image of him that controlled me.
At once I felt my chest constrained,
Then took I breath ; and then I seemed
To work my will so life, that pained
Me then, still keep me fresh for coming morrow !

Sleep came not,—I was haunted then :

All power to trample the image to death
Like Sisiphus—most strong of men—

Was useless working 'gainst fate's power.
So lay I waiting for the dawn ;

With icy body, and hampered breath—
With some strange something o'er me drawn—
Half seen, half heard, half felt, yet all intangible!

In agony, half slumberingly

I lay in power of some cause—

Full two long hours—when in mystery

The thin dawn crept up slowly, slowly—
Then sang a timid thrush a tune

That cheered me as when loving voices rouse
Our solitude in woods of June—
And slow the haunting image left my thinking!

And slowly left the icy sense

That pressed against my sensitive frame.

Calm came to me I know not whence—

Perhaps from the bird's morning singing.
What change ! from the night's gruesome hours,

With a dead face chilling me, there came
The liquid madcap vocal showers
Of thrush and lark—hymning the day's fair dawning!

This could I write here by the brook,

Whose shallow falls make murmurous song ;

Where sunlight hides from grove and nook

The weird suggestions of the midnight.

This, what would cause hysteria dire
 To delicate maids—or weirdly throng
 Men's minds to chill them once warm as fire—
 At morning's fresh bright hours I may sing darkly.

Ah! strange that some are gifted so—
 To feel when others near them die—
 Yet happy they who do not know
 When death will touch some neighbor's shoulders.

For what I felt and what I saw
 But strong nerves can survive—and try.
 Then tell to me of nature's law
 That fills your mind with thoughts so ghostly,
 gruesome!

HAUNTED.

A voice sounds in those aisles!
 No glory-crownèd nun,
 But one whose life with smiles
 And hopes had once begun.

It is the hour when drear
 The bats ring in their flight.
 In that lone corner there
 The nun's ghost shrieks to-night.

The bats flap leathern on,
 Their sinuous shriek will ring
 When there from that white stone
 Will rise the ghastly thing!

A young fair nun with hair
As curly as Gertrude's,
When all the May was fair ;
But from her back exudes

Rich blood from a sharp wound
A dagger dashed wide ope,
When she fled passion's sound,
And lived with virgin hope.

With her will rise the ghost
Of Rutledge, he the monk,
Who led with him lust's host
From vice's cup had drunk.

He loved the nun, but she
Would hold her cross instead ;
Then took his dagger he
And stabbed her ;—to death she bled.

That act will he repeat ;
The nun's wild shriek you'll hear ;
While through the aisle will fleet
The faint sound of her tear.

And when the moaning wind,
The rustle of the leaves,
Will fall upon the blind,
And shiver all the sheaves ;

Then will their ghosts melt slowly,
As moisture on a blade ;
Or as on windows holy
The breath upon it laid !

When bats their leathern wings
Beat 'gainst the uncanny air,
Strange low faint murmurings
Within those aisles you'll hear,

Then hie away—lest soon
You see things far too murk,
As in a lone lagoon
Faint spirits rise and lurk.

Ah! haunted are those aisles;
And happy he who goes
Away with low fair smiles,
While gloomy the wild wind blows.

A voice rings in those halls;
A shriek from a virgin's throat,
Whom passion's sweets appals,
Preferring religion's note.

And when you dream there, muse
That though she passion had fled,
His will had stronger use;
She reaped harsh death instead.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

IDLE REVERIES.

AH me ! those languid days of two full months,
With all their bright-bloomed hours, their fragrant
joys!

Those blooming four-score days, when she was
wont

To come to school, and cheer my heart and soul
With her dear tender sway ; it seemed to me
She dreamed once by a silvery pool at eve
When Dian mirrored her wan cheeks and lips,
And lighted a dim spot ; then, stately borne,
Two antlers shook the faintly glittering trees ;
And soon a doe came to the forest pool,
Both sipping bliss. And there she watched the
neck,

The dreamy head, the sinuous lines, the bend,
And graceful side-step of the perfect doe,
All movements she would make, when both would
join

To seek their home-path through the dusky woods.
For so she yielded her dear curls to mood
Pervading all her languor-given mind !
Ay, sheened the musty walls with all her bloom

And tender tints that laved her cheeks! Her
flush,

(Like flitting petals of the sweet pea's flower
When warmer weather weans their buds to bloom
In flying liberty!) that paid to time,
To rosy time, a tribute for a long,
Ay lasting boon of her flushed charming cheeks,
That shone with a purer radiancy than all
The buds and half-oped blossoms of the May!
And when she hung her neat small sacque—and all
The while lifting the most bewitching waist
That maiden could be proud of—how her head
Would droop: I saw the languid dahlia
In that dear face, flushed to its richest hue,
And would have imaged its tall stem, if there
Were any visible undulations fair
Like those calmed wavelets laving all her mould!
Then would she finger with her rosy fingers
A charm on her snug robe—that when it heaved
It raptures sent through all my happy frame—
Ay finger it, and put aside the orning ruffles
That with a milk-white garniture of lace
Hid those bud-lilies from my eager eyes.
O, and that neck would bend—ay was not she,
By magic means, transformed to bird that prides
'Long flowery bourne in far luxuriant South:
A rosed flamingo (rosier hued by glow
That flashed and blazed through some west-nodding
woods)

All solitary in entangled vines and flowers,
And fairest of its flock—with graceful neck:

And pride-lit eye, viewing its plumes, to lay
Them smooth, or let some shine more radiantly
In rays of the departing orb!

As nymph

That paces 'long a golden garden-pool
Gilt by lit sprays of fragrant jasmine-flowers
Whose seed was sent from Himalaya's heart
In one fair vale known for its jasmine flowers—
So paced she through the room, with ease and grace,
A grace and ease but nymphs display, when lone
In dreamy woods, or when they languidly
Allure some faun or fair disguised god!
And all the while our glances had not met
To greet the morn.

Then with a grace her own,
And only hers, (for who could sway a form
So beautiful and maidenly, since none
But she possesses it?) she searches round,
And, searching, bends her waist, and smiles and
blushes

Unconsciously—perhaps her maiden shame
Arouses fears that her fair hair is curled
Not as she saw it in her ivory mirror;
Or one of her chaste sapphire fillets dangle
Too near her perfect shoulders feminine,
Not square, but curving like a purest pear,
Sweet widening to the arms; and such, or like
To such—till suddenly our enraptured eyes
Enflame and meet, as spark of levin meets
The dreary gleam that hangs o'er blackened mount,
But vanishes as soon.

Now sat she there,
 With eyes intent on one fair Hermes-head,
 And I saw each sweet bend of elbow when
 The lines would bid her hand to move, now there,
 Now here, on the white sheet.

And how that hour
 Flushes now! O while my pen creaks faintly fast,
 The slumbrous tick-tick of one old clock cradles
 slow—

And like a hail-stone, whisk a beetle's wings
 Against the dark, dark pane; and far the trill,
 Long, sad, sepulchral trill!—that seems a voice
 Of omen, its sole drear note the night may swell.
 Or then, the sudden seething, rushing roar—
 And sudden gush—retreating—dying—lost—
 Of the flash-chariot—wheeling like a storm,
 Whose winds are goaded by the salt-sea fiend!

That day, when all the lines and shadows drawn
 Were rendered fleetly; as if some fairy-hand
 Had touched my fingers;—ay, with what sweet
 view

My eyes fed their so eager sight! They gazed
 With charmèd look at her so tender waist;
 Her neck, that needed no Fillippo's stone
 As counterpart; as it was delicate more
 Than any in the beauty-marbles pure
 That Lippi chiseled; he who chiseled grace
 But for its loveliness, beauty and charm.
 And such a mass of curls, and neat-combed hair!
 Surpassing that of Venus, when her maids

Had braided her last tress, and she stood there
In spacious grot—surprised—amazed—ashamed—
At suddenly beholding Acteon's form
With bow unstrung, and arm about to seek
An arrow in the quiver.

O that day !

It flushes my cheeks, that wish its bloom soon back.
Then she would turn her grace-head from my gaze ;
Till I saw only her finely-moulded chin,
Aspiring nose-tip, and a crescent white
Of her dear eye—whose sparkling orb flashed rays
Even when her face was turned away from me.

Ah me ! those pleasant mornings when love
 bloomed !

When my eyes were at perfect liberty
To gaze at her, to devour her grace ! When she
Was not wroth, if I silently surprised
Her dreaming eye with my small foolish self.
And when I spoke to her, she seemed abashed ;
Bent her head low—and would not frankly look
In my two flashing eyes ! but like a flower
That droops its weighty petals gracefully,
So she her head—full-browed and wisdom filled.
Why had not words, like joyful laughing falls,
Broken loose their bounds, and streaming from her
 lips
Had voiced the room ; but she spoke like fair
 birds,
The sweetest birds, in smiling accents, low

And soft!

But when the hour struck highnoon
 Ah me! such sight my pen, or pencil's dash
 May ne'er express! Let Hellas flash before
 Th' imagination's sky; then single out
 The fairest goddesses; and nymphs; and maids,
 That danced for kings, or warmed their lord's rich
 couch,

And from those let thy passionate taste choose one
 That far outshines the others! She will seem
 Like her that morn, that memorable morn!
 Or take thy sorcerer's wand, strike at the air,
 Call thrice: "Ay, come, ye beauties of the East;
 Circassian dainty-flowers, with flashing eyes
 And sparkling bosoms! Appear, ye languid lassies
 That dance to cymbal-clashes, die in swoons!
 Come, fairest ladies, wined in Malaga-towers;
 Bred in the midst of fragrant blooms; your thoughts
 All fed with passionate dreams, the low breeze
 swings

And swings again!—O graceful girls, that woo
 The bland Arabian airs with sweetest songs,
 That wind sweet wreaths about your polished loins
 And dance your dreamy, winding body-dance!
 Ah! you, that languish in luxuriant garden-walls
 'Way near Amalfi's perilous cliffs, with lute
 And jasmine sprays waft to the sapphire sea
 Your Syren-lays; and draw the noblest men
 To your warm charms—come, show yourselves!"
 Call thrice thuswise; and when the air seems
 thronged

With all those beauteous shapes, with faces fair—
Then single out from all the beauteous one—
The one outshining all the other flowers!

The one whose languid grace is like the elm's;
Whose drooping curls fall like the thick-leaved vine,
With crimson, velvety, lustrous, dark-green leaves,
That climbs the trees in Java's tangled groves;
Whose bosom heaves as Indian lily-buds
Ere gold stars shine through lusty petals white.

Whose eyes beam blessings and desire; whose lips,
As wood-azaleas rosy and so sweet,
Smile now, then scorn themselves; then, like the
flowers

Of flippant suckle, purse to murmurous laughter,
That hangs, and flies, and droops, and flames—like
one

Fair blithsome bush of roses in the breeze
That stole its evening-song from southern blooms.
Whose brow seems like a noble mound of flowers.
A brow that knows of death, and wo, and pain,
And blushes deep at all the sweetnesses
Of living gratitude—and piety!

Whose waist is as the wasp's so delicate;
Whose dapper feet outstrip the fleetest elf's,
That lived on plains, where Oberon stations all
His castle-sweets on bourne of a dark wood.

If from that motley flower-throng you see
A bloom as like to this—it is herself.
And so she was that blissful morn; that morn
Of memorable mirth and loving joy and bliss.
O, as she seemed prepared to leave the room

In haste—O, there she stopped, aglow for me!
 O, how she looked with longing eyes, her head
 Half bent—in half suspense to stay or leave.
 Now listen to strains that sing of all her grace
 That morning.

As when Iphigenia

Caressed the welcome doe on pyre aflame,
 And whispered thanks to Dian in the cloud,
 Full-rosed! so seemed my charming love who bent
 Her head to gaze at her fair waist whereon
 Her dear hand rested. Then her dapper feet
 Raised her a bit, so that she seemed to list
 To cherubs singing soft; while all the while,
 That precious while, her laugh-eyes wandered here
 And there, but nearer to my anxious eyes.
 And her dear fingers fondled her dear waist
 As if she wished that her fair limbs were changed
 To heavenly ones and carried tenderly
 By angels to gardens by great Gabriel's home.
 And visions, such that came to Hagar's soul,
 Were tissued to ecstatic fancy's garb
 That flashed them athwart my fitful gaze
 And chained me there! O, chained me there; and
 when

I left that rapturous spot where she had stood,
 The beauty of it haunts me sweetly well—
 'Tis there e'en when its power hath waned and died.

Ah me, those dreamy hours of four-score days;
 Will they bloom sweet again? Will their hot flush
 Enhance the air; when both breathe fondest love?

Will ~~they~~—will she again smile sweetness, laugh
 As laughs the gorgeous pink aft' summer showers?
 And pierce her eyes deep into my glow-heart,
 As though they seemed two living stars in heaven
 When only two are shining with the moon.
 Ah me! those days when Rapture ran with me,
 Delight sped with me on love's flowery lawn,
 And Bliss with eager breath sang to my tune
 Of love more lovingly than e'er before!
 Ah me! I dare not hope—and still I dream
 (When evening wafts so drowsily her balm)
 To flush her cheeks with all the pink and bloom
 That oozeth from the deep, deep kiss, the kiss
 That wildly drinketh out the wells of love.
 The kiss I hope to give her when she says
 In joyous accents, all exultingly:
 "O, loved and cherished one, here are my soul,
 My heart, my body, all for thee alone!"

(1885.)

TO RAFFAELLE, AN ANDALUSIAN,

WHO CANNOT READ NOR WRITE.

As when a bee that thrids through fragrant ways,
 Alights upon a bloom so strange to it,
 At once its perfume's loved, and there it stays,
 Full-sipping all—so for its love-lips fit.
 So wast thou, Raffaelle,
 When first we met,
 At once a mutual spell
 Told each was either's pet.

We loved each other ; nor could jealousy
Part us, nor absence long could sever us
As tint to cloud, our love was unity.
And as the wave to main 'twas welded thus,
 So, Raffaele, we loved ;
At once a thrill
 Between us twain had proved
That love should linger still.

Thou beauty ! sprung from Arab blood, and reared
In Andalusian airs where wines are sweet ;
Thou with thy large black eyes my wo hadst
 cheered.

Then, with thy shape so lithe and charm complete,
 Fair Raffaele hadst given
Me one true test
 That Houris in Mahmud's Heaven
Through thee were manifest.

Thy tress so as some cavern's darkest air,
Upon whose rare abundance laugh and glow
Fair flowers, making thy face more than fair.
Ah me ! their witchery doth dazzle so ;
 Methinks, my Raffaele,
The Arab eyes
 Knew Heaven's manners well
To ordain for maids such guise.

Thy swift eye-glance—a trance ; thy nose a gem ;
Thy dainty lips, to press them, blooms our love.
Thy small feet, peeping from thy gauze dress' hem ;
Thy perfect bosom, and thy neck above ;—

O Raffaele, they are
As beauteous made,
As is the sparkle o' star—
And dreamy as perfumed shade!

But though thou art the cynosure of all,
Thy shape's fair charms, thy flashing orbs of jet,
Thy love, thy passion, all my mind enthrall,
Ah, me! one night I knew, to my regret,
That thou, my Raffaele,
Fair as moonlight,
(Although I love thee well)
Couldst not even read or write.

O, nature moulded thee to dazzle love ;
And beauty shed on thee her bounties fair
But literature is all thy mind above—
Thy fingers never held a lithe quill there.
But, Raffaele, thou art
More perfect blessed
With depth of soul and heart ;
And love within thy breast.

TO A BEAUTY UNKNOWN TO ME,

BUT SEEN AT HOTEL IN SPAIN.

THOU white-faced Amazon
With frame so warrior-strong
On whom proud Beauty shone
And wove thee from sweet song ;

Thou art too fair to dwell
 Upon this globe so foreign to rare Beauty's spell!

On stateliest of steeds,
 White as the wild sea's foam,
 Thy beauty fair must needs
 Superbly, godlike, roam
 Over the flower-banked roads
 Of witching love whose sumptuous passion onward
 goads.

Thou goddess! O how full
 Thy limbs, thy hips—thy bosom,
 Thy stature beautiful.
 Thy face a living blossom
 Wherein pride flames her fires;
 Yet soothed by timid love and woman's soft desires!

Thou Dido of these years!
 A spear would give thee grace;
 A tumult of warrior's cheers
 Would rose thy glorious face,
 O potent queen of power—
 Yet delicately minded as the scents o' a flower!

I know thee not, nor spoke
 A syllable to thee.
 I saw—and swift awoke
 Sweet strains of poesy.
 And in thy large soft eye
 I found a spark that called for our proximity!

O Woman, on Beauty's brink—
 With summer's sumptuousness—
 Be languid yet—and think
 That soon thy rich brown tress
 May show long streaks of snow—
 The winter to thy matchless reign in love and glow !

O white-faced Amazon
 Too glorious for our race,
 Thou shouldst dwell all alone
 In glory of thy grace.
 O powerful queen—Yet thou
 Hast love and timidness upon thy wide fair brow !

I know thee not, nor spoke
 A syllable to thee.
 I saw—and swift awoke
 Sweet strains of poesy.
 Yet—never wilt thou know
 That thou, O peer of women, mad'st my verses flow !

EVENING HOUR.

BIRDS are singing—
 Insects ringing—
 Coolest breezes blowing from the hills.
 Golden sunbeams—
 Glorious sunshine—
 Sunning all the grasses by the rills.
 'Tis the even :
 Blazing heaven,

Shed thy light upon the streams and land ;
 While the sundown
 Is resplendent,
 Sing thy chorals to the Angels bland !
 Rippling waters—
 Insects' laughters,
 Shadows lengthening on the bluey grass—
 O' the evening
 Cool and languid,
 While the sun rolls 'baft the mountain's mass !
 Cool and gentle breezes of the evening-hour,
 Bring to me my fond love, or some Angel-Power !

SONG.

ART thou shut within thyself
 Like the rose of Jericho,
 Turning all thy beauty into pelf,
 Careless of soul's fairest fumes that blow ?

Open all thy heart again
 To the voices of thy doom,
 As the silvern morning's joyous strain—
 Makes the gorgeous Sharon-rose to bloom !

Art thou shut within thyself—
 Like the rose of Jericho ?
 Scorn the clutchèd paws of sordid pelf—
 See thy beauteous soul in Heaven's glow !

A CONCEIT.

ERE, as the fumes of incense rise
To melt within the azure skies,
This fragrant flower of the mind
Its change into oblivion will find ;
Rare pen ! most dear invention, blest
By all the gods that give us rest,
Thou must commit to paper white—
O were it wart on sammite exquisite !—
This small conceit that sailed
Within my mind, and there prevailed.
As doth a skiff of golden prow
Move in a harbor—Syren-tended.
So move to words what on my brow
The sprites of thought have sweetly blended
With my couth mind ; so write it now :

My musing mind is drifting
Upon fair Poesy's silvery sea—
As doth a shallop, shifting
Upon a main so musingly.
I let it drift—so stilly ;
I let the breezes take its prow
To lands of dreams so hilly
Where winds of perfume lave my brow.

Unreefed the sails ; they're swelling
To every passing breeze that blows
Near to its prow the welling
Of soft small waves sweet music flows.

I lie within ; and, dreaming,
 Reck not whereto it takes its way.
 But when dear winds come streaming
 I make mine own their every lay.

My mind is drifting, drifting
 Upon fair Poesy's tranquil sea
 As doth a shallop, shifting
 Upon a main so murmuringly.
 Allowing winds to take me
 To groves of bloom—or strands of gold ;
 Or letting music wake me
 When it hath reached a Mermaid-fold.

So dream I, all unwitting
 What will betide, where I shall moor.
 Upon the poop dream-sitting
 I wait for breezes, fair or poor.
 For to the shallop's master
 And to the winds that guide it fair
 I leave it : to sail faster,
 Or float ashine in soothing air !

My musing mind is shifting
 Upon sweet Poesy's argent sea.
 As doth a shallop, drifting
 Upon a main so meand'ringly,
 I dream ; till pleasant breezes
 Awake in me some strain or song ;
 While, sailing where it pleases,
 My musing mind is moved along.

So am I dreaming daily
Unwitting what will fill my mind.
I trust to them that gaily
Lave all my brow with murmuring wind.
God is my shallop-master,
The sprites of thought guide on my lay,
So may I write, or faster
Or dreamily, each summer's day!

ASSOCIATION.

BACH'S dream-Adagio flowed
Out from the fifty strings that glowed
With scented musing light, such that fair redolent
music yields.

So soporific 'twas ;
Methought last summer's breeze did pass,
And touched my lids, while I lay sleeping on warm
flowery fields.

That somnolent soft strain
Brought summer's languid breeze again
Upon my brow, my eyes—to make me drowsy as of
yore.

So may a present bliss
Recall a bygone love-blest kiss ;
Above, Heaven's sweets may be like those we knew
on life's fair shore.

TOO PERFECT FOR WORK.

IT is a day when doing is ignored—

A sense of dreams pervades our moods—
We must hie to some beauty full-adored,
With her run to the lonely singing woods.

I may not paint—some cloudlike wain should be
Prepared for soaring through the balmy skies,
For dreamy is my mood to-day, and she
Would seem a quaff of Heaven's Alchemies.

Molest not him who to the Angels sings—
For on this day they whisper deepest lore—
And one, He to me seer's knowledge brings,
So may I my lone mind with wisdom store.

It is a day when doing should be dead—
And nature-praising should be as a law!
Then far from toil—by my own fond one led,
To tell me all she in her dreaming saw!

A SONG.

(*Translation of J. du Bellay.*)

To you, light-wingèd swarm,
That fly, from cold to warm,
Around this world's wide girth—
And, with a sibilant twitter,
Th' umbrageous trees, that glitter,
Soft-touch, so songs have birth—

I offer these violets—
These lilies—these flower-sets—
And these fair roses—
The marvelous roses, born
Fresh in the breath of morn—
And those dark posies !

With your sweet breath—
Soft-praise this plain
This day's refrain—
This hand that laboreth
To winnow all my wheat,
In the day's mellow heat!

WELCOME THUNDER.

THOU welcome thunder roll o'er head—
The long live day has been so hot—
We crave for rain—the day is fled—
The sky is wild with dark clouds shot.

All heavy is the air—no breeze
Blows now—and stillness reigns all o'er—
But grumbling over town and trees
And sea, thou rollest with low roar.

O welcome is thy growl to all,
Mysterious thunder, whom no man
Hath fathomed yet—but thou art thrall
To God, Ruler o'er nature's plan.

Roll, roll ! and long thy roll may sound—
 Thou thunder heralding fresh rain—
 Loud trump of God—swift wet the ground—
 And cool the air for us again !

SUMMER EVENINGS.

O WAIT awhile, ye Evenings
 Of summer's golden imaginings
 When birds their clear-tuned songs begin
 That sound like Bacchanalian din !

O rest awhile, ye halcyon eyes
 On summer's portly trancèd leaves.
 Flow now your incensed mellow beams,
 So music-thrilled, to dales of dreams !

O look upon those lazy skies :
 Gilt clouds, from south, in splendor rise ;
 Each fringe hath one warm glowing rhyme
 To tell of fragrant orient clime.

O sail ye on, ye dreamy fays
 In raiments, bringing back the days
 When ye had dreamed on swelling lanes ;
 Wept, as ye fondled sparkling mains !

O wait awhile, ye Evenings
 Of summer's balmy bickerings.
 Oh ! ring yet long your scented hymn
 So Beauty all your heavens limn.

SIGN OF AUTUMN.

LONG, long time aft' even-fall—
 In the chilly month of death—
 When the sky its crimson wreath
 Along its border sheds—a pall!—
 I see a floating serpent fly
 Beneath the dome of blue up high—
 Winding, winding—drifting, drifting—
 A line of black, like serpents shifting !
 What may it be?—I discern
 A flock of passage-birds in line—
 They fly to where the sun doth shine ;
 Where grow the palm and fern—
 Way down to Southern regions warm—
 Where free they are from cold and harm !

THE FIRE-FLIES.

WHEN the moon is seen in our imagination
 The evening is dark, lit up by stars—
 Then frequent the sloughy sedges by the mountains
 Where the watercourse the valley bars.
 A lazy haze grazès upon the distant mountains—
 The mountains are black, with a speckled gray—
 The meadow is dank and drear, the grass is tranquil,
 For the breeze is blowing far away !
 The shrill chirp of the cricket is heard in the valley,
 The loud belch booms forth from the marrish-
 grass—

A mist, transparent, is hung o'er the sedges
The clouds prevent the mist to pass.

O, then it is that the myriad fire-flies gather
And illumine the sedge with flickering glow—
O, then it is that the goblins are strangely flying—
In desperate chase aft' the foes they know.
(*Adirondack Mountains.*)

CURFEW'S TALE.

I HEAR the curfew tolling there
And long its music fills the air—
So solemn, quiet, full, its peal—
That nought but lowliness I feel.

'Twixt joy and pain its metal rings,
Then ghastly visions drear it brings,
Then faintly soft of angels tells
As prelude for its heavenly swells.

Methinks, at first, the glare to see
Of some fantastic open sea
Where countless laughing mermaids play,
And music lulls the sparkling spray!

As still it pealeth—softer now—
Methinks to hear the distant vow
Of lone repentant Magdalën—
Anon, the wood's repeating strain!

Methinks, as mellow now it waves
 To muse amongst the church-yard graves—
 To hear the rustling leaves commune.
 And hear the specter's clatt'ring tune!

And, as the curfew fades away,
 My soul, with darkness, wends his way
 To regions far below our reach—
 To realms where lurketh Death's dark Beach!

QUERY?

WILT thou tell me whence the shadows
 Lingering on the flowery meadows
 Get their shades of gray—
 While the sun is goldish shining
 And the light on trees reclining
 In the eve of day?

Is it substance, that comes falling,
 When the birds for rest are calling,
 On the grasses green?
 Is it nothing that is graying
 Mountain-sides—and there delaying
 In the western sheen?

Canst thou tell me? Nay! thou sayest?—
 Well for thee, for when thou mayest
 Tell why shadows gloom—
 Then thou art a god of Heaven,
 Secrets thus with earthly steven
 Disclosing out of doom!

TO MAY.

HIGH in the mountains yet the sober snow
 Keeps icy many a crevice unexplored—
 But, in the valleys, blossoms blush and blow,
 Thy floral tribute to the year's adored ;
 And, by the well, young Innocence dreams sweetly.
 Aft' blustering blasts, with e'er inconstant hours,
 Aft' rain and sun at hide-and-seek all day,
 Thou ush'rest in for Beauty a thousand flowers ;
 Thou singest clearly : " Here is mild green May ! "
 And all of nature re-echoes thee most meetly.

Within our woods, I know, the anemones
 Are seen ; rare pink arbuti peep from leaves ;
 And golden lilies nod by blushing trees ;
 And fragrant violets blow ; and, by young sheaves,
 Birds sing inimitable songs of sweetness !
 And, once, where thou, May, sangst thy scented
 tune,
 'Twas Love that prompted her to pluck thy blossom.
 Then was it thou who made me follow soon,
 To cull thy fairest flower for her young bosom.
 Then shone thy radiant realm with true com-
 pleteness.

Thou beauteous May ! bathed in sweet fragrant air,
 And lulled in oceans of rare lays and songs—
 I love thee—for strong man and woman share
 With thee the rapture that to thee belongs,
 And all the thrills that make thy various flowers !

I love thee, for thy wreaths the hope crown now
That, through the winter drear, made us her thrall.
Thou hast sweet loosened the sorrow from our
brow—

As, with thy splendors, the frozen waterfall.
For love and joy dwell, dreaming, in thy bowers!

JUNE.

HERE loll I in the long and flowering grass—

While Junc-bees, heavy with the honey sweet
From jasmines fair, and suckles, by me pass—

With quicker wings to speed to hive's retreat.
And where the blue-bird piped—the roses blow—

In scarlet—creamy-pink—and saffron hue—
And the full bush seems like a maiden's glow

When on the lawn she sees her lover true;
And, while my ravished eyes peer round the scene
My heart knows June brings jeweled luscious green!

'Twas there, near to the clambering blossoming
vines,

That sweet enrobe an old large cherry-tree—
And where the sun on twinkling flowers shines—

We talked together in most child-like glee:
Our thoughts expectant of a future hour,

When we could know our bliss united change
To some fair blossom, like June's full-blown flower.

And that it would like June-birds singing range—

We thought—as blossoms think of summer-days
When all their blushes change to fruit-decked
sprays!

O June! fair nature's sweet first transport art!
As, in the life of wedded loves, she feels
That soon a gift be blooming for her heart—
Her radiant eyes—her soul's delight and weals—
All, all foreknow her summer's moments blessed!
So thou, with blushes playing o'er thy fields—
And thy green woods by thousand blooms caressed—
Dost long, expectant! for charms the autumn
yields.
And, like a woman, thou dost bloom and blush—
For where thy blossoms swelled, sweet fruits will
flush!

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

WHILE READING "FESTUS," BY BAILEY.

As many beauty-shapes are unknown to us,
So are elaborate poems hidden away—
Till fickle Chance, with flirting mood, doth woo us,
And leads us to a niche with lay, and lay
Of unsurpassèd excellence!—while reading
Thy work — oh! noble work! — with colossal
thought—
With flesh, and soul;—with sorrow-heart ableeding—
(For from thy inner self the lay was wrought)
I became chained—spelled—read, and read, and
read—
So filled with intensest admiration stern—
As all before my love!—Her thoughtful head—
Her radiant eyes—her grace in every turn
Of her beauty-form, could not have spelled me
more
Than thy great "Festus": soul's life—and life's
lore!

SUMMER THUNDER-STORM.

KIND premonition of fond nature!—fair
 The sun sprinkled its golden rays on the woods,
 And shot its diamond-arrows all to where
 The mossy waves resound Pan's solitudes!
 We wandered up the gurgling brooklet's maze—
 Deep in the Rhododendron-glooms: passed scents,
 Delusive—for, like hidden treasures' blaze,
 Far from a curious eye, where none frequents,
 They perfumes covert kept;—by rocky pool,
 Where mosses told their secrets green;—in shade
 Of laurels we bathed in babbling waters cool—
 When far the thunder rolled!—and over glade,
 Wood, rock, a blast blew;—swiftly come the shower—
 Thick drops profuse—to drench the tree, and flower!

ANALOGY.

AS sweetest moments come to barren lives:
 Oh! some strange maiden, fair and delicate,
 Who doth arouse the gentle sense, that gives
 To us sweet thoughts of love; to speak—relate
 To her strange deeds, new dreams—how sweet it is
 To let one's fingers be a humming-bird,
 That sippeth honey from a columbine—
 And feel a gentlest thrill pervade one! oh! the
 bliss—
 There is no metaphor—no poet's richest word
 That telleth such a moment love-divine!

Alas—a half an hour—and farewell!—
 Forever!—So in the poems of the blest
 We find a line—a thought, sweeter than spell—
 Which, like a maid's one blush, outshines the rest!

JULY WIND.

HATH autumn passed us, as a moan of sea
 Continues on through lonely oaken-brakes!
 The stars are shining on the linden-tree
 That through the day such murmurous music
 makes,
 Filled with the honey-seeking bees!—What wail
 Through the dark, sleeping groves; and rush of
 wind
 Above the lofty pine; and o'er the dale
 What whistling! as round winter's chestnut-rind!
 The flashing levin brightens the dark scene;
 Heaven's Lion lashes his tail forward to run;
 The meadows smell with hay—and all is green!
 Yet fierce gales blow, and whistle!—is it done
 Symbolic of wo-days in manhood's prime,
 Of wild's blasts blowing through a blooming clime?

THE NEW-BLOOMED RHODODENDRONS.

THY dreary descant utter forth—while drear
 The June-moon wanders o'er the nook-filled moun-
 tain,

O whippoorwill ! thou bird with some shed tear
 Forever purling down thy call !—The Fountain
 Of June's fair graces rises full—and full !
 For where the moon peeps through the flowery
 grove

Where brook-sounds linger low, a flower of love
 Bursts ope her pale pink blossoms beautiful !
 Oh ! on her springy boughs the ghouls are swinging.
 In her chalices the fays sing free and hale.
 The Rhododendrons to the woods are bringing
 What, since the May, the laurels did exhale.
 O bird of call forlorn, though grief be thine,
 Thy sorrow grows bright through all those blooms
 divine !

JULY GALES.

PERSISTENT pilferers of iron thews,
 You gales, that race, through starry summer-night,
 More fiercely than mad bison-herds in dews
 O' the morning, you inspire me to write
 Some epic grander than the Homeric song ;
 More strange than Brunhild's golden strength ; more
 weird
 Than Toussaint's battles in the dusky land ;

Sublime as Titan-tumults dashed along
 Old Kronos' mounts. Some song that, on Time's
 strand,

Fair sung, would by the Cherubs high be cheered;
 Some epic shaped in stellar dreams alone,
 Whose grandeur would shake the fair Empyrean-
 Throne.

An epic thrilling all—as you—wild gales—
 Heroic-swirling through the woods and vales'

FORT GEORGE.

AY, who could think that in this wild-grown wood
 Once Malcolm held the fort against the foe.

No landmark tells of war, waged long ago;
 But for tradition, it were solitude.

For here the bramble breaks through pine and vine;
 The Solomon-seed, and carrot wild, hold sway.

And ripe raspberries fill the trenches gray;
 And all is rank with wild flowers and low pine!

Had here the Indians yelled for English spoil?

Had here the guns roared down upon the lake?

Is this the ruin of brave Malcolm's toil,

Now left to flowers, vines, and this wild brake?

Ah! were it not that man told of the place,

No sign tells: here fierce foes met face to face!

STAR STRAINS.

I.

JUST when the wild flower-fields, with smell of
 eve,
 Lose most of all their summer murmurs, come
 From out the east faint clouds of rosy bloom ;
 Then in the west, the sun hath left earth grieve
 That soon she must her hair with gold-stars wreathe.
 But ere weird darkness steals o'er wood and home,
 Just when eve's film veils all and bland winds roam—
 Then timidly a glimmering star doth breathe
 Forth a soft strain, that the small blossoms love—
 So soft and plaintive like a lily-sigh—
 Like lyre-breaths that linger Love above,
 Timid like fledgeling's ditty ere it fly—
 Such strain that star doth breathe, that spreads a
 spell
 All o'er eve's hour, and hill, and wood, and dell.

II.

The daisy-disks turned all their tonguey spokes
 Towards their gold-cores—and violets closed their
 eyes—
 An hour ago ; gray night rules all the skies,
 The somber hills ; the valleys sleep—the folks
 Have lit their tapers, while the farm lies still.
 A few gold stars spot the filmed heaven of blue,
 When, sudden, sparkles bright Venus—to imbue
 The early night with shimmer, o'er field and hill.

Then the lone muser, by the streamlet's haunt,
 Hears a wild, glorious music in the air—
 Like songs of Oreads, with long flowing hair—
 Like jubilant chorus—or like virgin's chaunt—
 That sparkle of the evening star hath strain
 To mitigate the moans of harsh world-pain !

III.

A bristling something moves through the night air ;
 The woods are solemn—and the fields lie still.
 Fire-flies their smaragd lights lume, then distill—
 Till flashlike die they ; then the night is fair,
 And all the myriad stars, like stones so rare,
 Their sparkles spread, till they all nature thrill ;
 And every musing head with wonder fill—
 Then pours a subtle magic strain from there,

That like a mighty oratorio sounds—
 Like fane-chaunts heard from surging fairy shores,
 Like wondrous litany from angel cores—
 Then grow the muser's eyes, that he confounds
 The starry sky with Heaven in its glory—
 Those myriad star-strains sing to him God's Story !

IV.

The charioteer, wild Arctos, leads his steed
 Down to the portals of the dawn—while night
 Doth feel a slight spell of the morning white.
 Then hath the earth no sense, but deep dream feeds
 Her, till she breathes no more, but is all hushed.
 Then scintillate the diamond stars and *glow* !

Serene,—awe-rooted to the calm blue flow
 Of night's deep ether—with star-vapors flushed !
 Oh ! ere dawn's slim light tips night's lazul-crown,
 The large-grown stars sing out with not a song—
 But are like fair Surprise, without a tongue—
 Yet ah ! what wonderment and awe are shown
 Within that eye—so all those stars express
 Night's strange sublime and tingling awfulness !

V.

From chilly barn the cocks their first crows rise ;
 While like a shiny ghost dawn creeps abroad ;
 With creamy shimmer rests the land, new-awed.
 To know new change disturbs the solemn skies.
 Then twinkle pale stars within the milky heaven :
 They seem soft eyes in whom dance tears of joy :
 Pale diamonds, glittering with no alloy ;
 And they sing forth a jubilant strain—as given

To Memnon, when he to the young world sung—
 Fresh rorid rimes as virgins', in Love's bower—
 So crystalline, as tunes in June's good shower ;
 Ecstatic as a bride's—whose love is young—
 For soon the mightier star with gold array
 Will marshal in the glorious hours of day !

THE WIND.

THOU subtlest artist, Wind, whose dreamy waft
Moves maiden's raiments so they cling or fold
Upon her round shape so they take sweet hold,
Abiding there momentarily! Ah! no craft
Of ours could deftly lay fair drapery on
Some nymph's round nubile form as thou, strange
Wind!

For thou art dreaming while thy waftings find
Artistic sense to whirl her willing gown!

So should the artist draw—all dreamingly—
Allowing languorous moods to sway his hand;
Forgetting strict rules—or neat symmetry—
Sweet letting fancy blow around his mind;
Thus shaping fair unconscious lines with wand
Moved as thou blowest dreamily, O Wind!

SONNET.

WHEN star-strewn heaven is illumined fair—
With what, my friend? With all these steadfast
lights
That shine divinely through our glorious nights,
Whose element doth travel through the air
As doth a fluid; and that light rebounds
Against the substance cold of the dead moon,
Showing that what we see not may have shoon
And body—so it Reason's mind confounds.

Ay true, the carol of tree-nestling bird,
 Or e'en the flash from eye to eye surprised,
 Must be a fluid—though intangible,
 Yet hath a substance—e'en as rubber's spell—
 For light rebounds from objects frankly prized—
 And so from lip to lip the fatal word!

TO THE SPIDER.

THOU mite to this our human eye—but thou
 Hast power to sway thy body in the air;
 With thy strange exudations dost repair
 From branch to branch; from leaves to burgeoned
 bough
 Of this mimosa—under whom I dream!
 Exhaustless as a poet's store of lays
 Thy body's charged with juices on thy ways;
 Through air to web; for thy support they stream.

Canst thou behold the summer-colt that quivers
 Above the desert river—and barren hills?
 Or see me watching while thy body shivers?
 More power hast thou than what man's frame
 fulfils.
 Oh! could we have a way to exude web strange,
 From star to star towards Heaven's realm to range!

ON ONE OF MY PAINTINGS.

DANCE thou, nymph with thy full blown shape,
dance thou—

While soft sunshine of ling'ring afternoon
Spreads gently over all, while the glad croon
Of the low fall with the faint tune of the bough
Of yon broad oak doth mingle marryingly—

Dance, while thy song beguiles thy sisters two:
One bathing her pink feet, one with ado
Doth stand, drying her long tress, falling free!

Ah! though forever thy couth legs to dance
Are graced, and though forever she her feet doth
wash,

It seems I hear the bubble, the gentle swash
As yon dwarf-fall spills in the widening pool.
And though I know thou canst not e'er advance,
When looking, I know thou and thine are cool.

HER EYES.

THE hind, brown as the darker autumn-leaf,
When bounding o'er the brambly close, hath eyes
No fairer than when Hattie in surprise
Looks at me with a flash that hath no grief.
But there's a startled wildness, as of does
When in pursuit of hunters sudden they come
To hurtles, and thus find their untimely doom.

Then Hattie bites her lips and her lids close ;
Her neck a-hearkening, her nostrils full of life ?
Her brown swift eyes astartle with strange rays ;
Her whole strange self reminds my thought always
Of some fair magic hind in glorious woods
That is the brightness of those solitudes !

E. A. POE'S HEAD.

THY lurid eyes, with night-thoughts in them glowing,
Rare Poe, made thee forever world-ignored,
The world that since strife's birth had trade adored,
For which it shunned the thinker's dædal knowing.
Yet thou hadst that so fatal curve of line
That tells of art's intensest faculty,
And of imagination's lurid potency,
That shows within thee dwelled a soul divine.

So when I gaze upon thy likeness fair,
That bulge, above thy temples, tells the tale :
Too great thy art ; too great thy music-wail
So that the world would never wish thee there.
So wander thou, O Poe, thou genius great,
To yonder planet where great poets wait !

EVENING ON THE MOHAWK RIVER.

(Utica, New York.)

THE chilly soberness of eve descends
 Upon thy tranquil waters flowing by
 Past stretches green, and fields, past bosky bends,
 As grayey hues spread o'er the cloudless sky.
 The busy factories, that through the day
 Brought clangours to thy winding bosks all green—
 Stand lifeless now ; but, in the groves, the gay
 Sweet songs of birds are heard ; and, in between,
 The clatter of some homebound cart comes low.
 And o'er thy bridge near whom ten tracks are laid
 The city's favorites pass, with smiles aglow ;—
 They pass—but I stand gazing at thy hills
 So quiet lying in the evening-shade,
 That all my being with fit stillness fills !

POWER.

SARDANAPALUS, in his lavish reign,
 How powerful he was—to Nero's throne
 A world had homage done ; Napoleon
 His power had spread o'er seven kingdoms vain.
 Yet no one could besiege quick Death ! or pain—
 And, when nude Salomè danced all alone,
 High Antipas's blood to desire had grown,
 And Love is Victor with her lascive strain.

Dark Mystery hath power o'er death and love—
Strange God doth rule the stars—and spirit's
power,
But though His rare creations, stone or flower,
Love, hope—blood's feelings strange, so wondrous
prove—
Oh! God! Thou hast no power to change greed,
strife—
While we sad love-lorn poorlings breathe earth-
life!







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