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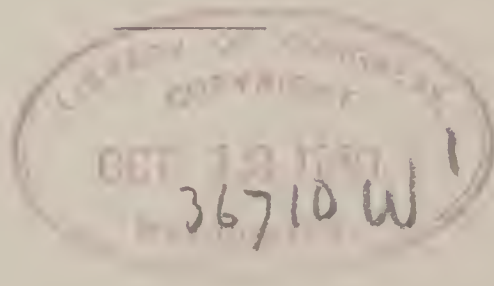
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

PARNASSUS BY RAIL

BY

MARION MILLS MILLER, LIT.D.
" "



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

27 WEST TWENTY-THIRD ST. 27 KING WILLIAM ST., STRAND

The Knickerbocker Press

1891

PS 3525
.I55 P3
1891

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York
Printed and Bound by
G. P. Putnam's Sons

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PARNASSUS BY RAIL.

BALLADE.

It is proposed to build a railway like that on the Rigi up the hill of the Muses.—*Foreign News.*

*No more the wishèd height to gain
We climb Parnassus, laboring,
Or where Castalian airs sustain
The murmur of the Muses' spring
Bestride the steed of daring wing
To mount aloft : we take the train
Straight for the summit with a swing,
The cog-wheel click of verses vain.*

*Once wound the way through grape and grain,
By laurel groves where song was king,
And birds had caught the liquid strain,
The murmur of the Muses' spring ;
" Next stop, Parnassus." " Ding-a-ding !"
We hear to-day ; within our brain,
Instead of songs the Muses sing,
The cog-wheel click of verses vain.*

*We meet, instead of nymph or swain,
Men bored like us with travelling.
Winds waft to us no soft refrain,
The murmur of the Muses' spring :
The breeze might bear with it a sting,
Dash of the critic's cinder-rain,—
Sash down ! and sit we fashioning
The cog-wheel click of verses vain.*

ENVOY.

*Prince Populace, your praise will bring
The murmur of the Muses' spring.
You like it not? Then don't disdain
The cog-wheel click of verses vain.*

SHADOW SONGS.

TO

GEORGE LANSING RAYMOND

Author of "A Life in Song."

*Dear Friend, if here one thought aspires like flame,
Song-flame, accordant with a cosmic key,
Flame-clear, flame-pure, it from thine altar came,
The least, yet dearest of my debts to thee.*

SHADOW SONGS.

THE SHADE TO THE TREE.*

I.

THOU art high and bold and strong, O Tree !
An hundred mighty limbs are thine,
Twigs multitudinous drink the wine
Of life in all its ecstasy.
And thou art life and all to me,
E'en light through thee I half divine,
Thy form in limb and leaf is mine,
My joys and sorrows come from thee.

For I, who am a ghostly thing,
So poor and powerless and prone,
Dance with thy foliage fluttering,
Writhe, when thy storm-wrung branches groan,
Sway to thy young leaves' cradle croon,
Shudder, when down in death they swoon.

* For the motive and many of the poetic details, I am greatly indebted to the poem, "The Shadow's Song to the Tree," of my friend William Cox Ewing.

II.

All passions come from thee save fear,
 Mine is the aspen heart alone ;
 Thou laughest at the thunder's tone,
I shrink before the levin's spear.
And, though thine image is most dear,
 Its glory is to me unknown,—
 I dare not look upon it, thrown
Against the sun in outline clear.

I would that I could brave his glance,
 But not so timid is the hare
That startles at my still advance,
 As I, to face my father's glare.
Stout guard, O oaken heart, then keep,
While I my well-known limits creep.

III.

For on from west to east I go,
 To star procession counter-wise ;
 I hourly mark the time that flies
By pebble, leaf, or hillock low
Attained by me in stages slow.
 Whate'er beyond my limit lies
 In silver-circled mysteries,
I know not, nor desire to know.

For thou hast set the stakes, and thou
Hast raised, within the argent rim,
Against the sun, by arching limb
And pillared bole and curtained bough,
A sanctuary, cool and dim,
Where I may hide my face from him.

IV.

Yet why this fear I cannot tell,
The loss of light to me is death,
Yet loss in light betokeneth
An ecstasy more terrible.
Forever with all light to dwell
As self-less as the zephyr's breath
That dieth as it whispereth!—
I shudder in my covert cell.

Sometimes the dawning planets wake
This slumbering sense of fearfulness,
Sometimes the sudden moon-bursts make
A fitful dream of vague distress.
Yet safe beneath thine arms I sleep,
For thou my watch and ward dost keep.

v.

Thy form I fancy, rising still
 And trance-like, 'gainst the gentle moon,
 When night winds hush, with lulling croon,
 Thy baby buds ; when frosts that chill
 Give place to fairy dews that fill
 With gems thy branches, bursting soon
 Their bosomed leaves. In mystic swoon
 Like thee I dream. I work thy will.

Moonlight is soul light. Spirit-free,
 My ghost shade passes o'er its bars
 To solve its being's mystery,
 To be at one with kindred stars
 That cast no borrowed glances forth
 From depths of space and time to earth.

SONG OF THE STARS.*

THE heavens declare the glory of God,
 The firmament showeth his fame ;
 Day unto day sendeth knowledge abroad,
 Night calleth to night on his name.

* A mosaic of Hebrew and Greek fragments. The first three and last two stanzas are paraphrases of well-known passages from Psalms and Job ; the italicized portions are renditions of Sappho—fragments 64, 79, 18, 57, 95, 133, and 3.

Their line is gone out to the ends of the earth,
In them hath he stablished a shrine,
A seat for the sun, where the Light had his birth,
A handsel of mercies divine.

For Strength, like a strong man rejoicing to run,
Begirt in red chlamys of flame,
Followed, and robed in the bloom of the sun,
Fair Love, like a bridegroom, came.

And Life awoke with *the gold-sandalled dawn*
And after the Runner fleet
Speeded, and stayed not, till day was gone,
The sound of his echoing feet.

And Rest, and Peace that is nurse to Rest,
The dark-eyed daughter of Night,
With the Bridegroom passed to the chambered
west,
And Hesper was nuptial light.

Hesper, that gathers the morn-scattered things,
Hesper of harbingers best,
Back to the sheep-fold the strayed flock he brings,
The babe to the mother's breast.

And Law, that is ruler of Life and Love,
Whom Power and Light obey,
Beams on the earth from our realm above
By starlight and moonlight and day.

For when, encompassed with sovereign Law,
The Day-King sits on his throne,
We veil our faces in reverent awe,
We hide, and he reigns alone.

*And when the beautiful Queen of Night,
Full-orbed in her regent array,
Floods all the earth with her silvery light,
We bow bedimmed to her sway.*

And yet when dethroned is his Majesty,
And the moon is in exile, still
In fiercest and freest democracy
We serve but a single Will.

And as long as the sun wakes the spring-time
anew
And the full moon summons the tide,
Shall Mazzaroth come in his season due,
Arcturus his sons shall guide.

And not till cold to the sun sleep the flowers
And dead to the moon lie the seas,
Shall the bands of Orion be loosed, their sweet
powers
Be lost from the Pleiades.

VI.

The birds sing to the stars and us,
The few that love the still, cool night
When soft winds ripple their delight
In music multitudinous
Among thy branches tremulous
Whose bending harmonies invite
Me keep their rhythm. In hushèd flight,
Muffled in motion murmurous

So soft it seems his shadow's sound,
The owl flits by ; the tree-frog's call
Joins with the cricket's chirp ; around,
Answers the brood of instinct, all
Responsive as the glow-worm's frame
To light unseen, Sound's subtle flame.

SONGS OF THE CREATURES OF INSTINCT.

“ I LOVE, thou lovest, he loves,”
 I Conjugate softly the doves ;
 And, ruffling his neck-feathers blue,
 The cock-pigeon blusters, “ Ah who ? ”
 “ Why you,”
 Bridles his saucy hen,—“ Coo ! ”

“ He did it, he need n't deny it,
 He did it, I happened to spy it,”
 Blabs Katy-did, gossips amid.
 “ He winked with his owlish lid,
 He did,
 At the Moon when he thought he was hid.”

“ Match me ! ” cries Hop-in-the-Grass,
 “ Catch me ! ” cries Cricket, “ I pass ! ”
 “ Tr-r-r- ” hesitates Gray-on-the-Stump,
 While Green-in-the-Mud prompts him, “ -ump !
 Why trump !
 If you pass such a heart you 're a chump ! ”

“ Rig-a-jig-jig-a-jig-jig ! ”
 Dances the merry Sand-Grig
 To the piping of Grig-in-the-Hedge,

And down by the marsh's edge
In the sedge,
The Sirens sing (they allege).

Sirens :* “ Brek-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax ko-ax,
Brek-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax ko-ax,
Children from the fountains springing,
From the marshy fountains bounding,
Let us flute our merry singing,
Chorus, long and loud resounding.
For no charm our chanting lacks,
Brek-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax ko-ax !

“ Sweet our song ‘ ko-ax ’ upraising,
Dear delightful Dampness praising,
Pipe we in the mud-banks oozy
When the sailor froggies boozy,
Stagger round in mazy tracks,—
Come and join us, jolly Jacks !
Brek-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax ko-ax ! ”

* An adaptation of the first chorus of “ The Frogs ” of Aristophanes. Theocritus gave the hint of the change in lines that might be rendered thus :

The Frog, he leads a jolly life,
His liquor lies around him rife,
He needs no slave to skink his wine,
I would the Frog's gay life were mine.

Frog-Sailors : “ Dee-dee-deep, knee-deep !
 Into the wave let us leap ! ”

Frog-Captain : “ Flog ! flog ! flog !
 I ’ll trounce him and cut off his grog—
 The frog
 That makes the first move for the bog !

“ Stuff up your ears with wax—
 (*Sirens, interrupting* : “ Brek-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax ”—)
 “ Or if you must sing when you soak,
 Why, drink with a mate who can croak,
 ‘ Gur-roak ! ’
 Don’t fool with that fiddling folk ! ”

Sirens : “ Fiddling ? yes, O grumpy carper,
 Us the lyre-thrumming Muses
 Love, and hoofèd Pan who uses
 Reedy pipes, but most the harper
 Phœbus loves us, since we nourish
 Reeds that in our waters flourish
 Which do form his lyre backs,
 Brek-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax ko-ax ! ”

Frog-Captain : “ My song is jollier far, I know,
 Heave-ho, rum-below,
 Rum, rum, rum below,
 Row, row, onward row,

When past the Siren shores we go,
 For every Jack there 's rum below !
 Rum below !” (*in the distance.*)

Sirens : “ Vanquished ! yet we 'll sing the more,
 Our strains anew reviving ;
 For often from the sedgy shore
 By reed and duck-weed covered o'er,
 With song we leap a-diving ;
 Or in the depths a-huddling near,
 Zeus's rainstorm fleeing,
 We sit and warble, free from fear,
 Our choral songs, with voices clear
 In harmony agreeing,—
 While the bursting bubble cracks
 Brek-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax ko-ax !”

VII.

And 'neath our canopy of state
 The shadow folk of empty air,
 The “ bubble breed ” that earth doth bear,
 Like princes hold a nightly fête
 (Or so I dream), where meet and mate
 Elfin jolly and pixy fair,
 Gay ouphe and fairy debonair,
 In dance and devoir delicate.

But silence ! sprite and shade are twin
 And I, oak-shadow, am too strong
 To drag a gossip's tale along.
 Yet stay ! Puck is of poets' kin,
 And caught from one his trick of song ;
 His mocking catch can work no wrong !

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.*

PUCK.

A CRAVEN sprite like Ariel
 Remembering his piny cell
 May mind a mortal master well
 And gibe the 'wilderer sailor,
 May hound along the scurvy clan,
 A drunken fool and serving man
 And '*Ban 'Ban Ca-Caliban*,
 Spawn of that hag his jailor,
Burden : (with) Bowgh wowgh, (dispersedly,)
 The watch-dogs bark,
Bowgh wowgh, (dispersedly,)
 Hark, oh hark !
 Hear the sleuth-hounds' nearing bay,
 At him ! *Silver, Mountain, hey !*

*A mockery of man like that in "The Birds" of Aristophanes.

Fury, Tyrant! we'll pursue
 All night long, until we hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, *Cock-a-doodle doo!*

But Ariel back to his cell
 May howling go for aye to dwell
 And not a fay shall break his spell
 And not a gnome shall bail him.
 The scullion slave of Prospero
 With Trinculo and Stephano,
 Full fathom five may sink below,
 And not a nymph shall wail him,
Burden : (with) *Ding dong bell,*
 Ring, ring his knell,
 Coral are his bones,
 Amber is his hair,
 Teeth are precious stones,
 Eyes are pearls rare.
 Nothing in him but doth change
 Into something rich and strange,
 Sea-nymphs, ring his knell,
 Ding dong bell!

Man is but a wingless wight
 Who creeps by Reason's feeble light,

And shall we clog our airy flight
 To do his earthly bidding ?
 We, whose lamps of faint perfume
 Golden-shot through wefted gloom
 Glint like shuttles in a loom
 The warp of Fancy thridding ?

Flame and flutter, high and low,
 In the sunset's after-glow,
 In the starlight's sparkling flow
 In the moonshine mellow,
 Gleam and glitter here and there,
 In the mild midsummer air,
Cobweb, Moth, Peas-Blossom fair,
 And *Mustard*, saucy fellow !

Burden : Philomel with melody
 Join in our sweet mockery,
Fug jug tereu tereu jug jug,
Tereu tereu tereu !
 For elfin-hunting Snout and Snug
 Have slumped the marshes through
 And Snout hath caught—a glow-worm slug !
 And Joiner Snug—a lightning bug !
Fug jug tereu tereu jug jug,
Tereu tereu tereu !

And Quince and Flute and Starveling
 Who thought to snare the Fairy King,
 Are in the horse-pond floundering
 Beneath the Jacky-Lanter' ;
 No longer Bully Bottom weens
 To set his cap for Fairy Queens,
 He 's capped himself by fairy means
 With merry jest and banter,—

Burden : The Ass's Head, the Ass's Head !

Ready with the Ass's Head !

Race him, chase him, till he 's sped.

Trip him headlong in the grass,

Pinch him, prick him, let him pass

Crownèd with the Head of an Ass !

Ass ! Ass ! Head of an Ass !

Head of an Ass ! (*Echo.*)

But when, with spectacles awry,

In search of "*ignes fatui*

That rustics take for goblins spry,"

One comes among us saying

There 's nothing in the earth or sky

That 's not in his philosophy,—

Poor learnèd fool ! we pass him by,

We teach no donkey braying !

Burden : The Ass's Head, the Ass's Head !

He needs no other Ass's Head

Who is to his delusions wed.

Who peers alone through Reason's glass

May unmolested by us pass,

His head unchanged, the Head of an Ass !

Ass ! Ass ! Head of an Ass !

Head of an Ass ! (*Echo.*)

VIII.

Above us, golden-prowed at dawn

With sails noon-white and sunset-dyed,

The argosies of heaven ride.

Phantoms of frigates long ago,

Of gallant brig and galleon,

The stately spectres slowly glide

With breeze unfelt, on unseen tide.

Or else, in hazy semblance wan,

My sister shadows, vapors dun,

The daughters of the sea and sun,

In darkling deluge flood the sky.

Like me, with light to merge as one,

They die, their shade-life scarce begun,

O hear them sing before they die !

SONG OF THE CLOUDS.*

YE clouds everlasting, arise,
With clear shining natures of dew,
Come, let us arise to the view
From our old father Ocean who lies,—
Our grumbling-voiced father, who lies
At the foot of the mountains that lift to the skies
Their leafy-locked summits of blue.
Come, rise to the summits of blue.

For thence we may clearly behold
The watch-towers seen from afar
That guard from the ravage of war
The corn-lands of ripening gold,—
The well-watered acres of gold
Of Earth our dear mother, so sacredly old,
The dearest of mothers that are,
Divinest of mothers that are !

Yes, thence we may look on the streams,
The rivers that rushingly roll
To far-sounding Ocean, their goal.
Arise, for already there beams,—
Upon us untiringly beams

* The first chorus in "The Clouds" of Aristophanes.

The Eye of the Æther with glittering gleams,
 Rise, cast the cloud mask from the soul,
 Immortals in form and in soul !

IX.

Sprung from one cradle cup with thee,
 Comrade in elemental wars,
 Crowned with thy wreaths, rent with thy scars,
 Grown with thy growth from shoot to tree,
 What thing am I that I should be
 Thy fellow who art mate to Mars,
 A brother to the moon and stars ?
 Free, as Orion's bands are free,

Loosed, as are loosed the Pleiades,
 Enchained in equal ministries
 By Law, firm as my phantom bars,—
 With Instinct's blind antiphonies,
 With Fancy's fairy mockeries,
 With Vision's cloudy prophecies,
 We are the Spirit's avatars !

POEMS OF SIGMA CHI.

To

WALTER H. REYNOLDS,
Preacher.

*Walter, dear mate of school and college days,
Brother in better bonds than Sigma Chi's,
To you belong these academic lays,
A poet-life a poem's lack supplies.*

POEMS OF SIGMA CHI.

FRATERNITY.

Read before the Sixteenth Biennial Convention of the
Sigma Chi Fraternity at Columbus, Ohio, September, 1886.

PRELUDE.

WHEN poets sing the coming Golden Year
Of love and peace, when greed shall dis-
appear,

And want and woe and every evil thing,
Philosophers may send the scornful fling
“Day-dreamers!” and the men of science sneer.

But yet, methinks, that ancient age draws near,
And hope remains, despairing hearts to cheer,
While all the ills Pandora loosed take wing,
When poets sing.

And when we look upon the dogmas drear
Of so-called sage and scientist austere,
And see the doubt and sorrow that they bring,
We cry, “Of seers, the dreamer is the king!”
And turn, the truest prophecy to hear
When poets sing.

“THE Golden Age is but an idle story,
The state of nature was a state of war ;
While yet the world was young, mankind was hoary
In crime. As Saturn is a baleful star,
So Saturn’s Age shone with an evil glory.
Man’s only nimbus was the Cainite scar,
For with a brother’s blood his hand was gory.”
—So reasoned Hobbes, and rang Burke’s
oratory.

“In time the weak and wise joined for protection
Against the strong and savage. Thus arose
Great kings, their best and bravest, by election
Assigned to lead them forth against their foes.
Then, swollen with power, these Nimrods bade the
erection
Of mighty walls and towers, and so the woes
Of slavery were added to subjection,
The social bond was fear and not affection,

“And therefore could at any time be broken
If either king or people willed it so.”
So argued French savants, and so were spoken
Those words so ominous of crime and woe,

“The State ’s a social contract”—and the token
 Of its annulment was a sanguine flow
 As if the red seals of that Pact which welted
 Millions had signed in blood, at last were
 melted,

And blood for blood was paid in full remission ;
 The lord of lands received six feet of earth.
 Then, as in John’s apocalyptic vision,
 The loosing of the seven seals gave birth
 To War’s red charger, neighing in derision,
 And at his heels the gaunt, black horse of
 Dearth,
 And Death’s pale steed, and Hell that fol-
 lowed after,
 So, close on Slaughter’s wild and taunting
 laughter,

Came cries of Want and Terror, till the scarlet
 Hue of rebellion grew a hateful dye ;
 Hateful the mob, where every wolfish varlet
 Vaunted the color in a murderous cry ;
 Hateful the red-stained Knife, the rougèd harlot
 Bedecked as Reason and enthroned on high ;
 Hateful the nightly glare of castles burning,
 A warning light to exiles, ne’er returning.

But oh, the thing that was by far most hateful,
 Was their Republic's hollow mockery.
 "Liberty!" cried they, when the Knife loomed
 fateful
 Against all schemes save wildest anarchy.
 "Equality!" Republics are ungrateful,
 But France, thy crime was basest perfidy!
 "Fraternity!" a fellowship of hissing
 Serpents huddled for warmth; of traitors kiss-
 ing

Iscariot-like, for gain, the best and meekest;
 Of wild-eyed wolves that course in unison,
 Till, void of prey, they turn and rend the weakest
 Who once, perchance, was foremost in the run.
 Fraternity! O God above, who speakest
 In all thy works that all mankind is one,
 When we thy children wrest, in our own
 fashion,
 Thy teachings to our mischief, have com-
 passion.

For "brotherhood" has lost its ancient meaning,
 And now denotes a "company for gain,"
 And "charity" 's an alms, which pride o'erweening
 Casts pompously to poverty and pain.

O for the days of Ruth ! of orphans gleaning,
Unpatronized, unhidden, in the grain.
O that the harvest of this world would whiten !
O that the dawn of perfect peace would
brighten !

Alas, that still a nation, proud, undaunted
By mutterings of evil, near and far,
Should in her name of "Christian State" so
vaunted
Enforce on heathendom unholy war,
As Olaf, Sweden's early king, was wonted
When roasting stubborn worshippers of Thor,
To ask, in tones as gentle as a mother's,
"Do ye not yet believe in Christ, my brothers?"

For English orators are great advancers
Of schemes that soon shall "civilize the world."
They loudly cry, "The brotherhood of man, sirs !"
Yet look, where Britain's standards are unfurled
And see her missionaries—English Lancers !
Behold her arguments—from cannon hurled !
She points the nations to a New Jerusalem
Where she alone may browbeat and bam-
boozle 'em.

And he, who wears the English poet's laurel,
 Who once was prophet of the *Golden Year*,
 Hot radical in many a social quarrel,
Maud, Locksley Hall, and Clara Vere de Vere,
 Now, by example, points a newer moral :
 "If 'Britons hold their own,' the English Peer
 Shall head the 'Parliament of man'; his nation
 Itself comprise the 'world's Confederation.' "

Better be Gladstone, scorned with the aspersion
 Of "Empire-breaker, traitor, charlatan,"
 Whom Fame shall yet extol, in just reversion,
 As "Hero, not of country, but of man,"
 Than all your poet-praisers of coërcion,
 Those Taillefers who lead oppression's van
 Chanting of conquest, glory, and aggression,
 Where Saxon bards should sing in intercession.

What though the British Empire breaks in pieces,—
 Though that is farthest from true Irish thought,—
 And England from her governance releases
 The lands which crime and bribery have bought,
 What matters this, if reverence increases
 And all her children, by her kindness taught,
 Combine to crown her age with love and honor,
 While peace and plenty richly rest upon her ?

For either kindly Age, or Eld the cruel
Steals on with pace that cannot be controlled.
A few more years her hills will yield cheap fuel,
Then England's furnaces for aye are cold,
And, hapless as her sister island jewel,
She lies bereft who once was decked in gold.
If in her might she acted the oppressor,
Her sons will then rise up to curse, not bless her.

But if, before it is too late, repenting,
She lets the people, mad for freedom, go,
When Albion shall stand at last lamenting
The flight of capital, its wealth and woe,
Then, as the smoke-rid skies return relenting,
And o'er the slag-scarred meadows daisies blow,
So love shall come to heal misfortune's traces
And bless the homestead of the English races.

Believe it, fame and empire are not better
Than just observance of another's good.
The staunchest friend is the forgiven debtor ;
Thus gentlest governments have longest stood.
Their mercy is of loyalty begetter,
And loyalty engenders brotherhood,
Since all who join to aid one common mother
Forget the art of warring with each other.

The nations thus, in mutual assistance,
 Shall march together toward the Golden Age.
 We hope we catch its glimmer in the distance,
 Yet often when we view the wars that rage,
 We sadly say, "the struggle for existence,"
 That catch-phrase of the scientific sage
 Whose cruel creed is one of power merely,
 Sans faith, sans duty, all we love most dearly.

There was a Spencer once, who sang of Talus,
 The iron man of Law, and Artegal,
 The Knight of Justice, and when doubts assail us,
 "Is pity weakness, bounty criminal?
 Has custom made a conscience that can fail us?
 Is duty only habit crying 'shall'?
 Is right but might? Do truth and justice
 vary?"
 Then let us roam within the land of Faerie

And learn of trust from Una and the Lion,
 From Satyrane of chivalrous redress,
 Of self-control and loyalty from Guyon,
 Of duty from the Knight of Holiness.
 And, more than all, that God is still in Zion,
 And as in rudest ages he would bless

Those who in faith and virtue never faltered,
So still his love and justice are unaltered.

The reign of Law is powerful forever,
For right is right, or there is None divine.
The law of Love is, like it, ceaseless never,
And God has formed of both, in grand design,
That double rule which none can change or sever,
However leagues against it may combine,
Whether of intellect or wealth or labor,—
“Love God the Lord, and as thyself thy
neighbor.”

Fraternity, O God-inspired emotion,
How many evils in thy name are done !
For thee how many ships have ploughed the ocean
To bear the Cross, that bore instead the Gun !
How many a guild, begun in thy devotion,
Became thy foe before its course was run !
Did Holy League or Catholic Alliance
Ever give aught to freedom save defiance ?

And still the name of “brotherhood” is taken
By bands among us for an evil end,
And those who all its tenets have forsaken,
Beneath its standard lawless acts defend.

“We ’re free,” they cry, “and justice will not
 waken,
 So, brethren, let us burn and waste and rend.
 We ’ll teach the world the only perfect polity
 That by assassination comes equality.”

And so the Old World’s outlaws seek protection
 Upon our shores to fight their foes abroad.
 “The Flag is free,” they cry, “so its complexion
 We ’ll change to green, in memory of ‘The Sod.’
 The Press is free, we ’ll hold it in subjection.
 Religion ’s free, let vengeance be our God.
 We ’ll sing a hymn to war and insurrection
 While Brother Rossa ’s taking the collection.”

As long as Pat is paid by robbing Kitty,
 And servant Biddies never once complain,
 Columbia can only stand in pity
 Bemoaning cheats her laws cannot restrain.
 But when, in earnest, from our chiefest city,
 Go forth the vessels fraught with death and
 pain,
 And England mourns with Rachel’s lamenta-
 tions,
 Our deeds should prove “the sisterhood of
 nations.”

And while the shaggy anarchistic German
To nothing but the nose is an offence
And with the preaching of a gory sermon,
“Fraternity,” its text, himself contents,
The law should only shear his haunt of vermin,
And “board and wash” him—at the State’s
expense ;
But when he drops his rant for bombs and
bullets,
Then wring his neck, ruthlessly as a pullet’s.

So also, while in lawful combination
Against the men of wealth stand those of toil,
The State should offer peaceful arbitration,
Pouring in open wounds its wine and oil ;
But when, with fraud and fierce intimidation,
Cities are bared to violence and spoil
And homes are filled with misery and sorrow,
Let justice strike, as lightning on Gomorrah !

Shame is it that societies whose mission ’s
To teach the world the truths of brotherhood
Should e’er degenerate to coalitions
For low advantage and for selfish good,
Or seek, ’twixt social classes and conditions
To raise up barriers where none had stood ;

Until the term "Fraternity" is branded
 With all that 's narrow, mean, and under-
 handed.

For Masons oft deserve the name of "Mummers,"
 When in the sign is lost the signified ;
 Too oft Grand Army men are party drummers,
 Fifers for office ; often is it cried,
 "Your Elks and Druids are but banded bummers,
 And Knights of Pythias are slaves of pride.
 A brotherhood, to say the mildest of it,
 Is any company for pomp or profit."

Shall then, my brethren, we who boast the title
 Of "glorious fraternity of Greeks,"
 To whom repute for manliness is vital,
 Deserve the names which common rumor speaks,
 Of "clubs of college schemers, sets that slight all
 Who will not join their party leagues and cliques,
 Aristocrats who scorn the hapless fellows
 That 'have n't crossed from Barbary to
 Hellas?'"

No. As we see that nations never flourish
 That "Freedom!" cry, yet practise tyranny,
 And leagues are vain that clannish hatred nourish
 Under the banner of Equality

So let us feel that chapters, proudly currish,
 The sacred name of Brotherhood belie.
 And one that makes the Cross a sign of barter
 For college spoils, has forfeited its charter.

A SIGMA CHI needs not be literary,
 Nor have the "blushing honors" on him thrust,
 Nor lead a life entirely "exemplary,"
 —Though that were well—yet one thing be he
 must,
 A whole-souled brother, friendly, friendly very,
 A man in whom your inmost soul can trust,
 Whose love and comradeship are priceless,
 royal,
 A true-born Greek in all that's grand and loyal.

May love like that Orestes gave Pylades,*
 Be ours, O Grecians of the latter day!
 Be ours such loyalty as e'en in Hades
 Felt Theseus for his friend. May we display
 The harmony that through the Symplegades*
 Sent Argo safely on its perilous way,
 And learn, when wit or talents would beguile us,
 To choose our friends as Hercules chose Hylas.

* Pronunciation of the Greek professor rather than of the English author.

ENVOY.

“HYLAS, O Hylas !” crying words as these,
 Through field and forest wandered Hercules,
 Forgetting them who manned the Argo tall,
 Greece and the glorious labors of his thrall,
 Yea, e’en that golden prize beyond the seas !

Wildly he shouted, till the murmuring breeze
 Resounded mockingly from cliffs and trees
 Its whispered echo of his eager call,
 “Hylas, O Hylas !”

When Nestor’s wisdom, Orpheus’ melodies,
 And all rewards of earth forget to please,
 How oft we turn and let the tear-drops fall
 For one whose gift of loving was his all,
 And cry in anguish on our bended knees,
 “Hylas, O Hylas !”

Ἀκολούθει Φωτὶ.

Suggested as the motto of the Cornell Chapter of Sigma Chi.

FOLLOW light ? but many lights there are to
 follow,
 Marsh-light is hearth gleam to the weary one,
 Is Hecate or Dian sister to Apollo ?
 Drives that god his chariot, or is it Phaeton ?

White light of truth and pale light of error,
Crimson of slaughter and life's ruddy hue,
Iris of hope?—why, the witches' oils of terror
Burn red and green and blue!

Light that leaps as beacon may loom as a warning,
Bethlehem's beaming be Lucifer's flame;
(Together they sang upon creation's morning,
Lost, now, one in glory, the other in its shame.)

Israel's guide that through the desert brought her,
Cloud in the daylight, fire in the gloom;
Israel's guile, the trenches filled with water,
That red in the sunrise drew Moab to her doom;

Sinai's flame, consuming wanderers near it,
Comforting Elijah as Horeb's holy fire;
Nimbus of saint and light of demon-spirit;
Rayonnant Moses, Moses flushed with ire.

Angel-faced Stephen, Saul that stood consenting,
Fanatical conviction burning in his eyes;
Noon-day vision, and Saul is bowed repenting,
Midnight apparition, and Peter turns and dies.

Where shall we go when truth is wholly hidden?
What shall we trust when good to evil turns?

Can mirage-maddened men for briny draughts be
chidden ?

Is the moth to blame that it burns ?

Star of the north, once guide of slaves escaping,
Mocks now the convict in Siberia's night.
Heaven's door is shut and the gates of Hell are
gaping,

Whither shall he turn in his agony of flight ?

Where is help for Russia? who shall heal her
anguish ?

How shall she gather her forces to smite ?

How from the hells where men in torments lan-
guish,

Shall there arise but the one red light

Vengeance ! and yet, while blameless we must hold
them,

Blameless as we would be thought in their eyes,
Evil it is that, 'mid evils that enfold them,

We should re-illumine the light that lies.

Brave words, O Swinburne, braver never uttered,
"Love grows hate for love's sake, life takes
death for guide,"

Clear words, O loyalist, where radicals have mut-
tered,

“Night hath none but one red star, Tyrannicide.”

Yet foolish words, O poet, losing thee the laurel,

“Down the way of Czars, awhile in vain de-
ferred,”

(Oil to quench a flame and strife to stop a quarrel)

“Bid the Second Alexander light the Third.”

Alexander Second, the serfs' liberator,

Lover of Lincoln and our republic's friend,

Tyrant though he was, left his kingdom to a
greater,

Shall it swell its horrors by his bloody end?

Evil smiting evil kindles evil solely,

Thrash the dying embers and they sparkle into
flame,

Burning him who beats them, his the mischief
wholly;

Passion wedding impotence beareth only shame.

Be patient, O people, whose patience is a wonder,

Wait and see salvation that God shall provide,

The red sea of blood in walls shall stand asunder

To close again above the tyrant in his pride.

Soon shall the Czar in the coming Armageddon
 Lean upon his people and find a broken reed.
 Whose is the fault if the piercing staff should
 redden ?

Who is to blame should his own heart bleed ?

Who shall deplore destruction self-invited ?

Who shall mourn the last of the despot breed ?
 So down the way of Czars, shall son by father
 lighted

Go to meet their doom, and the land be freed.

False light and true are ever thus confounded,

Flaring as a phantom, flaming as a sign ;

Ἐν τούτῳ νίκα the labarum surrounded,—

Shall we miss the meaning lost tō Constantine ?

Ἐν τούτῳ νίκα, in hoc signo vinces !

Follow light, the motto that circles SIGMA CHI.
 Not in flush of contest or purple pride of princes,
 Conquer in the Cross of white fraternity !

THE BATTLE OF CANNÆ.

MACAULAY.

*O ye who strive with Metre's line and stick
To bridge by Verse Oblivion's dark chasm,
See how by simple bounding Rhetoric
He cleared it with a boy's enthusiasm.*

THE BATTLE OF CANNÆ.

Baird Prize Poem of Princeton College, 1885-6.

Scene.—The crowded wharf at Carthage. Sunset.

Speaker.—The messenger from Hannibal, just landed.

O MEN of Carthage, shout to Baal whose hand
gives victory,
For Hannibal our dearest lord has triumphed
gloriously,
And Aufidus, with Roman blood, runs crimson to
the sea !

Yea, shout to Baal, the victor Baal ! sing praise to
Ashtaroth !

For as the headland meets the wave and hurls it
back in froth,

Our host dashed back the Roman charge,—ah,
Baal was grandly wroth !

Oh, Cannæ in Apulia is fresh and fair to see
When May is yielding frankincense from every
blooming tree,

And there our war-worn army lay in gay security.

Within the camp the soldier thrummed his harp to
 Punic glees,
And on the plain his war-horse roamed and snuffed
 the southern breeze
That breathed on him, the desert-born, from o'er
 the Punic seas.

But southern winds blow not for aye nor May-time
 pleasures last,
For ere the month was ended, came a sturdy
 northern blast
Which bore the martial clangor of an army, strong
 and vast ;

And down into the river-plain the Romans came.
 Behold—
Just as yon sunset-gilded sea, their legions onward
 rolled
In all their bright magnificence,—wave after wave
 of gold !

Ah, then our harps were cast aside for trusty sword
 and shield,
And once more to their masters' bits the fiery
 chargers yield,
And once more, with a victor's tread, we take the
 battle-field.

Our line was like the crescent sign of Her who
rules the sea.

The right was Hanno's ; Hasdrubal, that captain
fierce and free,

Led on the left his host of bronzed Numidian
cavalry ;

But at the centre stood the chief by all our hearts
adored.

Aha ! how clanged our scabbards as out-leaped
each Punic sword,

And cheer on cheer rose through the air for
“Hannibal, our lord !”

He faced our line. He raised his hand—and
stilled was every cheer,

And then his voice rang out to us so loud and full
and clear

That e'en the hosts of Rome stood still, as if they
too would hear.

“Men ; Carthaginians, Moors and Celts, our ever
firm allies

Who all for nought but hate of Rome have left
your sun-set skies,

To-day I render you your wage, see, yonder comes
your prize !

“ They come in all their bravery, with arms inlaid
with gold,
Their horses pricked by golden spurs, by golden
bits controlled,
A rich array to lead the way to Rome with wealth
untold !

“ Their gilded blades gleam in the sun, ours long
since lost their sheen,
But, dimmed with a crust of bloody rust, are yet as
true and keen
As when we slew their legions two beside Lake
Thrasimene !

“ They boast of oaths unbroken—the noble Roman
State !
They taunt and sneer at Carthage, of ‘ Punic faith ’
they prate,
Yet their backs shall feel, by a scourge of steel, the
sting of Punic hate !

“ A hate toward all their haughty race, such
enmity innate
As serpents young with hissing tongue and lifted
head inflate,
Ere they have well leaped from the shell spit out
at small and great.

“ Then vipers of our Afric wastes, come set your
fangs of steel
So biting and so venomous, here in Italia's Heel,
That all the rule of mighty Rome from head to foot
shall reel !

“ Go leap, Numidians, on the prey, like lions from
the den,
Go, Celts, the spoil awaits you if you quit your-
selves like men ;
Go win or die, for who would live to share the
captives' pen ?

“ O sons of Carthage, rich and proud, will ye be
slaves, or free ?
This day decides not ours alone, but Punic
destiny.
Shall Rome or Carthage rule the world ? Choose
you which shall it be.

“ Go think that ye too, like yon host, do fight for
land and home.
Await their onset, till you see their war-steeds
flecked with foam,
Then *Charge!* and let your war-cry be ‘ Eternal
hate to Rome ! ’ ”

He spoke. The Roman charge came on ; our
centre gave them ground,
Our wings beset them on the sides, our horse
enclosed them round.

The Afric viper showed his fangs, the lion leaped
his bound !

But few escaped ; I 'll tell no more to gloat o'er
bloody blows,
For though the Romans hated are, they were the
bravest foes,
And every Roman matron for a hero mourning
goes.

Yes, in that haughty city by the Tiber's turbid
flow,
The grandsires and the women walk with wailing
and in woe,
For Baal has bowed their stubborn pride and Rome
is bended low.

Then shout to Baal, the great god Baal, whose
hand gives victory !
For Hannibal, our dearest lord, has triumphed
gloriously,
And Aufidus, with Roman blood, runs crimson to
the sea !

VERSES VAIN.

A QUANDARY.

VILLANELLE.

*Rondel or rondeau or villanelle,
Ballade, chant-royal or triolet,—
Which shall it be? I cannot tell.*

*In stateliness chant and ballade so excel
That their lovers in loyalty seem to forget
Rondel and rondeau and villanelle.*

*For sprightliness, triolets answer well,
But flash! and the sudden glory's set.
Which shall it be? I cannot tell.*

*The rondeau rings like the Muse's shell
With every passion. I'm bothered yet.
Rondel or rondeau or villanelle?*

*The requiem rondel's plaintive swell
Moans ever and ever of vain regret.
Which shall it be? I cannot tell.*

*Adsis, O Musa! when rhymes rebel
And over intractable metres I sweat.
Rondel or rondeau or villanelle,
Which shall it be? I cannot tell.*

VERSES VAIN.

ENDYMION.

SONNET.

IN some green nook upon Mount Latmos lies,
In endless sleep, the youth Endymion ;
Ruddy and shapely as a dreaming faun
Whom roguish wood-nymphs deck in merry guise.

But ah, for him awaits no glad surprise
Like that the wakened wood-sprite looks upon ;
And oh, for her the Night Queen, watcher wan
Beside him till the beckoning stars arise,

Who, with a thousand kisses and sweet sighs,
Storms his unyielding eyelids, comes no dawn
Of waking love to greet her pleading cries.

Alas for lovers all who ne'er surmise
The thinness of the veil betwixt them drawn,
And die in doubt. Love, open thou our eyes !

OJEDA.

SONNET.

A LONZO DE OJEDA, Fortune's slave,
The constant puppet of her fickle play,
Whose youth was seasoned in the Moorish fray
And weathered in the daring keel that clave

Furrow the first across the western wave,
Bearing Columbus on his glorious way,—
Whose venturous spirit in his manhood's day,
Ulysses-like, his restless body drave

To seek satiety that heroes crave
In wide world-wandering, grown poor and gray
And sick at heart, who once had been so brave,—

Dying a penitent, commandment gave
Beneath the abbey-gate his corse to lay,
“That all who passed might tread upon his grave.”

KEEPSAKES.

SONNET.

I N little boxes, hidden sacredly
From all profaning glances of each other,
The children hoard their riches. E'en the
mother,
Who haply finds a secret treasury,
Remembers one like that upon her knee,
And smiles are checked by sighs that will not
smother.
There tiny stockings of a dear, dead brother,
Enfolded shells that murmured of the sea,
Her uncle's grave. There, prized all else above,
Reposed a button, by her father given
The day he marched to death. Things little
worth,
If gold we count, yet rich in priceless love.
Alas, in childhood treasuring bits of heaven,
How oft we end our days in hoarding earth !

LONG LIVE THE KING.

RONDEAU.

“LONG live the king !” the people cheer,
And lords and barons throng him near
To give him royal welcoming.
What lacketh he in anything ?
He hath a realm, a friend most dear,

And, more beloved than throne or peer,
A queen, who murmurs in his ear,
While round his neck her soft arms cling,
“ Long live my king ! ”

What cometh more ? A shroud, a bier !
(Ah, burning fell the lying tear
On him who died of poisoning !)
And through the palace plaudits ring,
As friend and queen in state appear,
“ Long live the king ! ”

HER TULIPS RED.

RONDEAU.

HER tulips red and amethyst
Seem Oriental sentries whist,
Between whose ranks goes one with dread
To see his sentence—" Banishèd ! "
In flashing eyes and clenchèd fist.

So boding stand as if they wist
My lady's mood, and frowned, " Dismissed "
On me who pass their garden bed,
Her tulips red.

Will she be at our morning tryst ?
Will she forgive my folly ? List,—
She 's there ! O tulips, bow the head !
She pardons all the hot words said
And raises, blushing to be kissed,
Her two lips red.

A SIGMA CHI.

RONDEAU.

A SIGMA CHI. By oath professed
A friend to every one whose breast
Beneath the Cross with pride beats high
Whether the emblem greet the eye
From silken scarf or faded vest.

Yet when, on dainty laces pressed,
It lies a girlish bosom's guest,
With double force the vows apply,
Eh, Sigma Chi?

But man or maid, from east or west,
Whoever has been truly blessed
With love for our fraternity,
Will be, while friends on friends rely
Or hearts on hearts for comfort rest,
Aye Sigma Chi!

WHEN ROLAND FELL.

RONDEAU.

WHEN Roland fell, as legends tell, the bravest
of the Peers

The stoutest lance of knightly France splintered
by Paynim spears,

O'er all the land, through castle grand and lowly
hermit cell,

The southern gales from old Marseilles bore on-
ward to Chapelle

The swelling surge of a Hero's dirge, noise of a
nation's tears !

And Karl the Great in solemn state, with wise men
bent by years

And princes proud by sorrow bowed, and all the
Chevaliers

A requiem sung while censers swung, and tolled
the mournful knell,

When Roland fell.

The Pyrenees still guard the seas, and there the
traveller hears

The story told by Basque men old to children's
 eager ears,
 How signal fires called forth their sires a foreign
 foe to quell,
 And how 'mid shout and battle rout they struggled
 long and well,
 Till o'er the dread Invader dead arose exulting
 cheers
 When Roland fell.

 FOOT-BALL.

RONDEAU.

A "BAG o' wind." Around it piled
 In contest anything but mild,
 A mass of men who writhe and roll
 Down in the dirt. A struggling whole
 Of arms and legs irreconciled.

Arises one, a "rusher" styled,
 With garments torn and dust-defiled,
 Who, panting, bears beneath the pole
 A "bag o' wind."

'T is thus in life! Fresh as a child
We enter in the contest wild
For this world's prize, but at the goal
We find—close hugged against our soul
Earth-soiled and weary, worn, beguiled—
A “bag o' wind.”

A BALLADE OF LOVERS.

DOUBLE REFRAIN.

IN the greenest of meadows, by bluest of brooks,
Surrounded by lambkins abnormally snowy,
Sit, marked by be-ribboned and garlanded crooks,
Strephon and Cloe.

While the half-whetted scythe and the overturned
pail,

The blush on a cheek that is ripe as a cherry,
Betoken, as signs that were ne'er known to fail,
Robin and Mary.

From Claude-like scenes in the classicist books,
From songs like Lord Byron's conventional *Zώνη*,
Peer out, with affected and simpering looks,
Strephon and Cloe.

While fresh from a Hardy or Blackmore tale,
 A-singing a roundel of "*Derry-down-derry*,"
 Come, breathing the odors of meadow and dale,
 Robin and Mary.

We jeer at those creatures of tailors and cooks,
 Sir Puppet of Padding and Dollikin Doughy,
 Caught sheepishly courting in out-o'-way nooks,
 "Strephon and Cloe."

But when honest young Manly wooes fair Mistress
 Hale,
 As frank as they 're fond, though affectionate
 very,
 A murmur of plaudits will always prevail,
 "Robin and Mary."

ENVOY.

Prince, praise if you please those inanities showy,
 Strephon and Cloe.
 My choice of models is quite the contráry,
 Robin and Mary.

INSCRIPTIONS AND ASCRIPTIONS.

INSCRIPTION UPON THE BOOK OF SONGS.

FROM HEINE.

*With roses, yew, and tinsel gold
My little book I would enfold,
And cherish all these songs of mine
As in the dead's beloved shrine.*

INSCRIPTIONS AND ASCRIPTIONS.

HENRY CUMMINGS LAMAR.

November 21, 1885.

FORWARD he sprang and running easily
Caught up the bounding ball against his
breast,

The left hand hugging it, the right arm free,—
And down the left line, toward the darkening
west,

Sped on through warding friends to meet the foe.
Sidelong he swerved and toward the right he
bore

And sprinting hard and sharp yet clean and low,
Straight through the centre of their line he tore.

And then, with head erect and altered strides,
Settling his ball and body to his racing,
Between the backs' belated hands he glides,
And leads the field in fair yet fruitless chasing.

Behind the goal upon the ball he lies,
A sweet and quiet triumph in his eyes.

March 10, 1891.

And him, serenely calm and calmly brave,
Down to his death the pounding waters bore
With her who trusted in his strength to save
As he had trusted—in a breaking oar.

FREDERICK BROKAW.

Princeton vs. Yale.

HOW often in the diamond's mimic war
We marked his crouching form spring to its
height
And, like the shaft of Rome's young Emperor,
His swift ball speed in its unerring flight.

And, when the losing game was almost done,
How we awaited, all-expectantly,
His long, hard hit that earned the tying run,
His daring dash that scored the victory !

So ever in our eyes his form will stand,
An antique athlete in a modern pose,
Gracefully tall, with ready bat in hand,
The while his face in proud assurance glows.

“ Handsome as heartless Commodus,” you say,
The *beau idéal* of *jeunesse dorée*.”

Elberon, June 24, 1891.

A gilded youth? No! Heart of Gold!—Once more
A desperate chance he dared, a life to save;
Nor till the sea its victim from him tore,
Sank spent at heart beneath the swirling wave.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

“ THE idle singer of an empty day,”
He lifted up his eyes of dreamy beauty
And saw Time’s Sun sweep to its twilight gray
Through hours fulfilled of Labor, Love, and
Duty.

“ Of Heaven’s glory powerless to hymn,”
His art is yet that ancient one which wrought
From purest gold the Shrine of Cherubim;
His lack—the coal from God’s own altar brought.

Hell did he sing; if not the vasty deep
Miltonic, lit by fiery Phlegethon,
It was that heathen land of trancèd sleep,
Of weary wind-swept wastes and waters wan.

For coming death, an ever present fear,
 Blows through his Paradise its chilling breath,—
 His Death-in-Life a pagan phantom drear
 Twin to the monkish nightmare Life-in-Death.

WITH A COPY OF M. ARNOLD'S LAST ESSAYS.

QUATRAIN.

ARNOLD, whose day in gentle promise rose
 Yet soon to pitiless tropic fierceness grew,
 Beamed,—ere he sank in sudden darkness,—glows
 Of morning softness ;—these I send to you.

SONNETS OF EUPHUES.

PEELE.

OVER against the Erythræan Sea
 A country lies, within whose balmy shores
 No bird of carrion croaks nor lion roars ;
 The royal Phœnix holds that land in fee.
 Base earth he spurns with spirit pure and free,

And, hid in depths of æther, singing soars ;
 Yet dies at last, he whom a realm adores,
 Alone, in fires of purging agony.
 So Peele, the singer sweet of Chastity,
 Of England's early poets first in fame,*
 Dropped from his home in Drama's highest
 air,
 To die apart, consumed with venery ;
 Leaving his wife a legacy of shame,
 His daughter dear a dowry of despair.

DEKKER.

There lives in marshes by the river Nile
 A bird beloved of fabulist and bard
 So faithfully he keeps his watch and ward
 Over his sleeping lord, the crocodile.
 Cheerily chirps he, ready all the while
 To dash into the jaws of death to guard
 His liege from danger, glad, from armor hard
 And verminous mouth, to pick a bounty vile.
 So Dekker, laureate of Charity,
 Who sang his sweetest song in Fortune's praise,
 Yet spent his life beneath her baleful spell,

* " Primus verborum artifex,"—Nash.

Hallowed with gratitude her scanty fee
And patiently fulfilled his evil days.

His "sweet content" made "Heaven" of her
"Hell."

MASSINGER.

In sweeping circles, slowly widening,
(His eyrie ever centering his quest,)
The Eagle soars ; one passion in his breast,
Proud love of home. Whether his fearless wing
Poise him amid the storm-clouds, or he swing
Behind some hoary peak's imperial crest,
He may at once rise to behold his nest
Through sunlight-billows upward voyaging.
So Massinger, the bard of Loyalty,
Centres his dramas in his native land,
And nearest scales the heights of poetry,
When he beholds, upon a pleasant strand
Circed by ripples of a silver sea,
Britannia, the trident in her hand.*

* His actors are Englishmen in nature if not in name—and his most admired passages are those relative to his own island home.

VALENTINES.

I.

NEAR by the mart a block of marble gleamed,
Veinless and flawless,—still, a marble block.
A block and but a block to all it seemed
Who lounged upon its side to rest or talk,
Till into Athens, weary with his walk,
A traveller came, who, dozing on it, dreamed

That it concealed a goddess in its breast,
The maid Athene, glorious, divine,
And he who rescued her, renowned and blest,
Should ever live in fame,—the grand design
Full well from out the marble he expressed.

Thus here while many see but rhyme and line,
Mayhap to one alone is shown their guest.

II.

Far in the labyrinth the Man-Bull roared ;
The cry to Theseus was both goad and guide ;
Its horrid rage made swift his feet and sword
And weltering in gore the monster died.

He all alone within the maze doth stand
To light and love linked by a single strand.

And then he *backward* traced the slender clue,
The tiny thread that showed the only way
The long and winding aisles and chambers through
To lovely Ariadne and the day.
Herein a not less devious clue there lies,
Nor doth it lead you to a lesser prize.

III.

Jessamine blossoms with fragrance full laden,
Lulled by the crooning breeze drowsily nod,
As lazily over a slumbering maiden
Their sweet heavy odors are scattered abroad.
Oh charmèd the spell that her life is arrayed in !

The jasmine, a hundred of years ago planted,
Looks in on the garret-couched princess at last.
Her long sleep is over ! the thorn-hedge enchanted
Her royal young lover already has passed ;
Above her now bending—but you know the end-
ing—
Ah, can you release then the maid here bound
fast ?

IV.

Back in the dawn of time when Fancy swayed
Her wand of Faerie with a sovereign power,
As magic seemed the growth of plant and flower,
Sylph, ouphe, and fairy ruled in wood and glade ;
Incorporate were they with tree and blade,
Yet when the night-wind crooned the magic hour
In whispered charms, each sprite, from brake and
 bower,
Came tripping forth in form a mortal maid.

Half hidden in the sonnet's charmèd chime
Have I concealed a modern dryad here ;
Rude as a gnarlèd oak, its rugged rhyme
A lady yet conceals, who shall appear
Enchantment-like, at whatsoever time
A secret spell is whispered in your ear.

V.

Merlin the Fay, for magic world-renowned,
 Since he all powers of earth and faerie swayed,
 (E'en all the hosts of heaven him obeyed,)
When good King Arthur ruled his Table Round,
Within a mighty oak was prisoned—bound

With secret spells that he himself betrayed.
For Samson-like, importuned by a maid,
The beauteous Vivien, all his art profound
To her he told, what steps and interlacings
Of word and charm would bind a man for aye ;
And when she knew the spell of woven pacings,
She bound her teacher ; thus do I to-day
A maiden here conceal, the secret tracings
Who can unfold and break the charm away ?

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES.

TRANSLATION.

“Equivalence, rather than transference, of form and effect.”

*New fledged, new nocked, new tipped to suit the time,
Old Homer's "wingèd words" still hit the heart.
Strong Chapman speeds them from his stage sublime,—
Lang looses them with all his twangster's art.*

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES.

WRATH OF APOLLO.

HOMER.

THE trembling sire obeyed the stern behest
And walked in silence by the sounding shore
Till, far away, he fervently addressed
King Phœbus, whom Latona Fairhair bore,
“ O Silver-bowed one, thee I do implore
Who doth o’er Tenedos rule mightily,
O Sminthean one, who alway watcheth o’er
The beauteous cities twain that reverence thee,
Chrysa and holy Cilla, hear and answer me !

“ If e’er I built to thee a temple fair
Or burnt to thee the fat and choicest parts
Of goats or oxen, grant me this my prayer,
‘ Repay the Grecians for my tears with darts.’ ”
He spoke. Apollo up in anger starts,
Adown Olympus comes the God of Light,
Bent is his bow to pierce the Grecian hearts
And in their quiver clang his arrows bright
As on in fiercest wrath he moves as black as night !

He sat him down and o'er the fleet below
 He sent an arrow, keen and glittering.
 Ah, fearful rose the twanging of his bow
 As through the air the hissing death-bolts sing !
 The mules and dogs feel first the fatal sting
 And then on man the angered god doth turn
 And speed a biting arrow from the string.
 Nine gloomy days the crowded death-fires burn,
 And through the army fly the shafts of Phœbus
 stern.

LOVE OF HECTOR.

HOMER.

THEY met him then ; she and her maid who
 bare
 His boy of tender years upon her breast ;
 An infant quite, and wondrous, starry fair,
 The only son of Hector, dear and blest,
 Whom he had named Scamandrius, the rest
 Astyanax, because the hope of Troy
 Hung all on Hector of the waving crest.
 There hovered o'er his face a smile of joy
 The while he gazed in silence down upon the boy.

But weeping stood Andromache beside,
 And seized his hand and unto it grew fast ;
 Then from her swelling heart burst forth and cried :
 “ O demigod, all human passion past,
 Thy soul so great will wear thee out at last !
 Thou hast no pity for thy babe nor me,
 Thy woeful widow soon to be, for massed
 Together all the Greeks will presently
 In overwhelming numbers, charge and vanquish
 thee.

“ ’T were best for me to lie at rest in earth
 Deprived of thee ; no comfort and no cheer
 Have I if thou shouldst meet thy fate, but dearth
 And woes alone. I have no parents dear ;
 My father fell by great Achilles’ spear,
 Who wrapped Cilicia’s pleasant homes in gloom
 And sacked strong Thebes, yet saved through
 holy fear
 The slain Ætion from a riteless doom,
 Burnt body and bright arms and high upheaped his
 tomb.

“ And there the nymphs who on the mountains
 roam,
 The maids of Zeus who doth the Ægis bear,

Have planted elms. Seven brothers of my home
All in one day went down to Hades there,
Slain by Achilles, swift, divinely fair,
Amongst their snowy sheep and sluggish kine.

And here with spoil he brought my mother dear
Who reigned where Placus' leafy bowers entwine ;
Yet her he loosed again, receiving heavy fine.

“ But Artemis, whose joy is in the dart,
Smote her to death within my father's hall ;
Yet, Hector, dearer far to me thou art,
Thou art my father, mother, brothers all,
Thou art my husband, fair and strong and tall.
O come now, pity me, do thou remain
Upon the tower here to guard the wall.
O make me not the widow of one slain !
O orphan not thy boy ! O go not to the plain !

“ Arrange the men near where the wild-fig stands ;
The wall can there most easily be scaled ;
Thrice there 't was tried by Greece's bravest bands,
Great heroes and their soldiers, brazen mailed.
Each Ajax and Atrides there assailed,
Brave Idomen and he of Tydeus' race,
Bold Diomed, there tried, nor lightly failed ;
Whether some seer endowed with heavenly grace,
Or their own lordly spirits led them to the place.”

Then great crest-tossing Hector spoke and said :

“ This know I too, dear wife, but honor calls,
And much the scorn of Trojan men I dread,
And Trojan matrons of the trailing shawls,
If, coward like, I skulk within the walls ;
Nor do I lust to stay ; I early learned
Aye to be bold and bravely fight where falls
The foremost Trojan ; ever have I yearned
To win myself and sire a name in battle earned.

“ For well within my heart and soul I know
That day will come when holy Troy shall fall,
And Priam bow in death his head of snow,
And ash-speared Priam's people perish all ;
But yet no woe which Zeus on Troy shall call,
The death of Hecuba or Priam-king,
Or of my many brothers, fair and tall,
Whom hostile men down to the dust shall bring,
So grieves me as thy fate, when thou shalt, sorrowing,

“ By some brass-harnessed Greek be led off home,
Bereft by him of freedom's sunny day,
To weave in Argos at another's loom
Or bear the waters of Hyperia,
Or of Messeis, toiling, while they say,
Who see thy tears run down, ‘ See yonder slave ?
Her lord was once the best of all the array

Of Trojan horsemen, Hector, strong and brave,
When round the walls of Troy his battle-car he
drave.'

“ So will they say, perchance, while unto thee
New grief will come for need of such a man
To save thee from thy day of slavery.
But may I sooner, under Zeus' ban,
Beneath the high-heaped mound lie buried, than,
A helpless captive, see thee, shrieking wild,
Torn from my side by yonder ruthless clan.”
He spoke, and reaching forth to take the child,
The gleaming-armored Hector coaxed his babe and
smiled.

But back it crying shrunk and hid its eyes
Within its nurse's fair and loving breast,
Affrighted at its father's warlike guise,
His brazen helm and shaggy horse-hair crest,
Whose dreadful waving far out-braved the rest.
Out laughed the father and the mother dear
When they the baby's dreaded bugbear guessed,
And glorious Hector doffed the thing of fear,
And laid upon the ground the grandly gleaming
sphere.

He gave his darling boy a loving kiss,
And praying Zeus and all the gods, he said :

“ Zeus and ye other gods, O grant that this
My boy, like me, may be the Trojans' head ;
As good in war, a mighty king and dread,
That men may say ‘ The son is better far
Than was the sire,’ when, from his foemen dead,
He homeward bears the gory spoils of war ;
O may his mother joy at his returning car ! ”

He spoke, and laid the boy of tender years
Within his dear wife's hands. She him received
In her fragrant bosom, smiling through her tears.

And Hector pitied her, she seemed so grieved,
And soothing her he thus her heart relieved :
“ Dear wife, mourn not for me so bitterly,
Thou art not of thy husband yet bereaved,
Nor will I e'er to Hades hurlèd be
Before my fated time, and that no mortals flee,

“ Nor good nor evil from their day of birth ;—
But homeward go and to thy tasks return,
The web and spindle, check the idle mirth
And stir thy maids to work, for wars concern
The men alone, all those whose breasts do burn
With filial love for Troy, but chiefly me.”

Then taking up his helmet, Hector stern
Departed. Homeward to her tasks went she
With many glances back and weeping bitterly.

ODE TO PEACE.

ARISTOPHANES.

HAIL, Hail, Hail, O goddess most admired !
 Hail, Hail, Hail, how welcome art thou here !
 With joy our hearts are fired
 That were so void of cheer
 When they so much desired
 Thee who dost now appear.
 Our souls were spent with longing and mournful
 was our song
 In thinking of our pleasant fields that we had left
 so long.

O goddess dear to peasants,
 We hail thy blessed presence,
 For thou alone hast aided us who live a country
 life.

Within our hearts we treasure
 The memories of thy reign,
 When many a simple pleasure
 From thee we did obtain ;
 When field and fold and vineyard with plenteous-
 ness were rife,

And ne'er was heard the rumor of want and wast-
ing strife.

With what shall I compare thee, O dearest goddess
Peace ?

Thou art the blessings of our board, thou art our
fields' increase,

Thou art the farmer's guardian, on whom his
hopes are staid,

Protector of the husbandman to whom he looks
for aid.

His little vines shall smile at thee,
The trampled fig-tree leap to see,
And every blooming plant and tree
Shall hail thee, dearest Maid !

THE FURIES.

From the Agamemnon of Æschylus.

CASSANDRA.

AND from this roof-tree never more shall go
That chorus, chanting harshest harmony,
Whose words are ill, whose only thought is woe.
Yea, drunken in their wild debauchery

With human blood, to fire their horrid glee,
 Within this palace evermore shall stay
 That revel-rout of fearful Furies three,
 Whose mocking presence none can drive away.
 Sisters akin in hate, who hate and hate for aye.

LOVE INSTRUCTED.

FROM THE GREEK OF BION.—IDYL V.

OUR Lady of Cyprus found me slumbering ;
 By her fair hand was little Eros led,
 The baby Love, with bashful, bended head.
 “ Dear herdsman, pray take Love and teach him
 sing,”
 Parting, she said. In lore of everything
 Sung by us simple shepherds, was he bred,
 Sly Love, so fain to learn ! And as he pled,
 I sang Pan’s pipes, Athene’s flute, the string
 First struck by sweet Apollo, Hermes’ lyre
 Made of the tortoise-shell ; but heedless then,
 Himself would sing the Mother of Desire
 And all her deeds, the loves of gods and men.
 So what I sang to Love I clean forgot,
 But minded all the ditties Love had taught.

LOVE AND THE BEE.

THEOCRITUS.—IDYL XIX.

THE little Love, with thievish glee,
Was rifling honey, when a bee,
Molested by his plundering,
Stabbed all his fingers with her sting,
And oh, it hurt him cruelly !

He leaped, stamped, blew his fingers, whee !
And ran, in tearful agony,
To get his mother's comforting,—
The little Love.

“ O mother, how it twinges me !
And yet the beastie was so wee.”
And Venus smiled in solacing,
“ Art thou not such a tiny thing ?
And yet thy wounds,—how sore to see !
My little Love.”

JOHN.

THE BIBLE.

AND saying this, he was in spirit stirred,
And testified and spake, "I tell you true,
I am to be betrayed by one of you."
We looked one on another when we heard,
Doubting of whom he spake the dreadful word.
Now leaned on Jesus' bosom one we knew
Loved by the Master, as he loved but few.
With this one, Peter, beckoning, conferred
That he should seek the name. "Who is it,
Lord?"
The loved one asked, presuming on his love.
Said Jesus, "He to whom I give the bread
When I have dipped it." Then to him abhorred,
Judas, he gave it. O forgiving Dove!
O Lamb of God that uncomplaining bled!

PHÆDO.

PLATO.

WHEN Cebes ceased, we sat in mute despair ;
 But Socrates, to dissipate our dread,
 Leaned toward my lowly stool and stroked my
 head.

“ To-morrow sees, perchance, these locks so fair
 All shorn for grief,” fondling my curling hair,
 As was his wont, the gentle Master said.

“ And yet both thine and mine to-day instead
 Should fall for shame ere our opponents bear
 An uncontested victory away.”

“ E’en Hercules was not a match for two,”
 Said I ; he answered, “ Call thou then on me,
 Thine Iolaus,—*while it yet is day.*” *

That simple phrase,—O single heart and true,
 Not I, but thou, the Hero verily !

* At nightfall he was to take the hemlock.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION OF THE
BOOK OF SONGS.

FROM HEINE.

THROUGH linden-scented shades I rove,
Through woods by fable glamored,
Beneath the moonbeam's glance I move
Enchanted and enamored.

Onward I go ; above me rings
A song to sadness wooing ;
It is the nightingale, she sings
Of love and love's undoing.

Of love and woes of love sings she
Sob-racked and laughter-shaken,
So gay a dirge, so sad a glee,
Forgotten dreams awaken.

On, on I go ; before me lies,
Within this wood of fable,
A pleasant green whereon arise
Castellate keep and gable.

Blank window-spaces ;—everywhere
Sorrow and silence only.
It seemed the dead would scarcely dare
Dwell in those ruins lonely !

A sphynx as sentry did recline ;
Hermaphroditë gruesome
Of love and terror, leonine
With woman's head and bosom.

A woman fair ! desire wild
In her white face was gleaming ;
The mute lips arched themselves and smiled
An invitation seeming.

The nightingale, she sang so sweet,
I rent restraint asunder,
And as I stooped the lips to greet,
To me occurred this wonder,

Living the marble form became,
The bosom heaved with sobbing,
She drank my kisses' ardent flame
With thirsty passion throbbing.

She drank the breath from out my breast,
Such strong desire she bore me ;

So tightly was my body pressed
That with her claws she tore me.

O thrilling torture ! racking bliss !
Both pain and joy unbounded !
Upon my lips was pressed the kiss
The while my sides were wounded.

“ O fairest Sphynx,” sang Philomel,
“ O love, what is the reason
That you for aye with pains of hell
Your bliss celestial season ?

“ O fairest Sphynx, ah, let for me
The knot at last be sundered ;
For many a bygone century
I have thereover wondered.

.
“ All this I might have said very well in good
prose. . . . But when one reads again his old
poems in order to refile them a little for a new
edition, he is taken unawares by the jingling habit
of rhyme and rhythm, and lo ! it is verse with
which I preface this third edition of my ‘ Book of
Songs.’ O Phœbus Apollo ! be these verses bad,
yet wilt thou fondly forgive me. . . . For thou
art an all-wise god and knowest well why for so

many years I could no longer chiefly busy myself with the measure and melody of words. Thou knowest why the flame that once delighted the world with its brilliant pyrotechnic play, suddenly was forced to turn itself to far more practical burnings. . . . Thou knowest why it now consumes my heart in smoldering glow. . . . Thou understandest me, O god so wise and beautiful! thou who sometime didst change awhile thy golden lyre for the strong bow and deadly bolts! . . . Rememberest thou not even yet Marsyas whom living thou didst flay? Now it is long ago, and need may make a like example . . . Thou smilest, O mine eternal father!"

Written at Paris, February 20, 1839.

HEINRICH HEINE.

DREAM-PICTURES.

FROM HEINE.

I.

ONCE did I dream of Love the fierce and strong,
 Of pretty ringlets wreathed with eglantine,
 Of sweet lips archly chiding faults of mine,
 Of minor melodies of musing song.

Faded are all those dreams of youthful times
And swept away my dearest vision-form !
To me alone remains what, passion-warm
I then had uttered forth in tender rhymes.

Thou stayest, orphaned song ! Then off be flying,
Follow thou too that vision-form so fleeting,
And when thou findest it, give it my greeting ;
To airy shadow send I airy sighing.

II.

In the next dream I saw myself appear
In holiday attire, with silken vest,
Gloves on my hands, as tho' a party guest.
Before me stood my darling, sweet and dear.

Bowing, I said, " Aha, a bride is here,
Congratulations then are due,—my best "—
(Tho' wildly beat my heart within my breast
My calmly uttered, chilling words to hear.)

Then suddenly the bitter tear-drops started
Out of my darling's eyes. In waves of weeping
The gracious image meltingly departed.

O tender eyes ! O stars of love so holy !
Since oft on me in waking as in sleeping
You downward shine, I trust you, fully, solely.

THE WEAVERS.

FROM HEINE.

WITH tearless eyes, darkened by grieving,
Gnashing their teeth, a web they are
weaving ;

“Thy shroud are we shaping, O Germany old,
And into it weaving a curse, threefold ;—
Weaving, a-weaving !

“A curse on God, in vain supplication
We prayed him in horrors of cold and starvation ;
All bootless we waited and hoped and believed,
Us hath he bemocked and befooled and de-
ceived ;—
Weaving, a-weaving !

“A curse on Kaiser, the rich men’s Kaiser,
For woes of the poor no kinder nor wiser ;
He lets us, when from us our last groat is
wrung,
As tho’ we were dogs, be shot at and hung ;—
Weaving, a-weaving !

“ A curse on country, the fatherland rotten
 Where shame and disgrace flaunt and truth is forgotten,
 Where every bloom fades untimely away,
 And royally battens the worm on decay ;—
 Weaving, a-weaving !

“ The loom is a-creaking, in ceaseless flight
 The shuttle is flashing by day and by night ;
 Thy shroud are we shaping, O Germany old,
 Yes, into it weaving the curse threefold ;—
 Weaving, a-weaving ! ”

ON THE HARDENBERG.

FROM HEINE.

ARISE, O visions old !
 Burst wide thy doors, O heart !
 Let rapturous songs of gladness
 And streaming tears of sadness
 In wondrous blending start.

The pinewood to behold,
 By crystal streams I 'll stray,

Where throstles sweet are singing
And haughty harts upspringing
Roam on their royal way.

Then with a spirit bold
I 'll seek the mountain's height,
To riven crags I 'll clomber
Where ruined castles sombre
Stand in the morning light.

Upon that age of gold
I 'll ponder, seated there,—
The faded knightly splendor,
The courtly grace and tender,
Of lord and lady fair.

The tilting yard where rolled
Horseman and horse o'erthrown
By the proud lord who vaunted
A courage never daunted—
Is now with grass o'ergrown.

And ivy vines enfold
The balcony where stood
The dame before whose glances
The breaker of the lances
Was in his turn subdued.

But long ago to mold
 Have both subduers passed,
 And still their Victor hoary,
 The Reaper grim of story,
 Will lay us low at last.

SLEEP.

FROM TURGENEF.

A SLEEP in every place is every one ;
 In town and city, *talega* and sleigh,
 Sitting or standing, all the night and day,
 Merchant and *tchinovnik*. In snow or sun
 Within his tower the watchman sleeps ; upon
 The bench, his Honor, stern in black array,
 And in the cell, Dishonor, clad in gray.
 A sleep of death the freedmen have begun.

Asleep they sow and cut and flail the wheat,
 By winds of sleep the winnowers are fanned.
 Sleep sire and son, the beater and the beat ;
 All, save the tavern's eye. And in her hand
 Clenching a jug, snow couchèd head and feet,
 In endless Sleep lies Russia, holy land !

LIFE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

LIFE is a gleam
Of Love's young ray,
A fading Dream,
And then—Good day!

Life is a bubble
Iris bright,
A touch of Trouble.
Then—Good night!

THE MOON-BALLAD.

OF MUSSET.

CHURCH-TOWER at night's high noon ;
Above, in the umber sky,
The moon ;—
A dot upon an i.

What hidden sprite, O moon,
 Dangles in gleeful way,
 Balloon
 So big and round and gay?

To Cyclops Night blear-eyed,
 Sight art thou? Pallid mask
 To hide
 Some cherub's spying task?

Or but a beast that rolls
 A rondure like an egg's
 Or bowl's ;—
 Dad-Longlegs, sans the legs?

Or, best, the dial of doom,
 Grim horologe that tolls,
 Bim, boom,
 The hours to damnèd souls?

Poor devil who this night hears
 The sound, ah, count can he
 The years
 Of his eternity?

Is it a snake that gnaws
Thy disk? Whose swart embrace
So draws
To long affright thy face?

Who circumvented thee
Last night? With leafy roof,
What tree
Against thy glance was proof?

Spy since that man was born,
On window bars at dark
Your horn
Hangs like a question mark!

Well, my impostress wan,
Phœbe the real fair
Is gone,
The depths her body bear.

Thou art a face alone
And in thy wrinkling skin
Is shown
How age comes stealing in.

Huntress, against whose breast
The stag at early morn
Was pressed,
O Goddess white, return !

Dian ! 'mid grasses wet
Moving with virgin grace,
Beset
By leaping hounds of chase !

The chamois upon the cliff
Pausing with startled glance
To sniff
Danger ; and its advance

As headlong after their prey,
Tuneful that late were mute,
Away
Sweep hounds in hot pursuit.

O in that secret glade
Hyperion's twin to see
Betrayed
Bare to the wave-kissed knee !

Or on the Latmian steep
 “ In such a night as this ”
 Asleep,
 To dream of Dian’s kiss !

Moon, in our memory,
 Such tales of rare embrace
 To thee
 Will ever add new grace,

And men with gladsomeness
 Thy form rejuvenescent
 Will bless,
 Full moon or waning crescent.

Thee will the goodman gray
 Love at the lonely hour
 When bay
 His hounds at thy mystic power

Thee will the pilot love
 Beholding thy perfect bow
 Above,
 Glassed brokenly below ;

And the lass with quickening tread
Passing the shadowy brake
Adread,
Yet singing with heart a-quake ;

While ever beneath thy gaze
Like Bruin dragging his chain
There sways
The tireless monster main.

And for what other sight
Come I in cold or heat
Each night
To take my wonted seat,

Than that which rises soon
Above yon tower high?—
The moon—
A dot upon an i !

ART.

FROM GAUTIER.

YES, that work excels
That 'gainst release from trammel
Rebels,
Verse, marble, gem, enamel.

With useless bonds away !
Yet for right progress, Muse,
You may
Close-fitting buskins choose.

Fie on verse unconfined,
A sort of easy shoes,
A kind
That any foot may use !

Carver, reject the clay
Where, while the fingers ply,
Away
The listless thought may fly ;

In Parian marble rare,
In alabaster hard,
With care
The outline pure regard ;

Thee Syracuse may lend
Its bronze in whose embrace
Do blend
Touches of strength and grace.

Graver, with firm hand trace
In veinèd chalcedon
The face
Of bright Hyperion.

Cast water tints away,
Painter, and fix thy skill
For aye
In the enameller's kiln ;

In blue that all time beholds
Make fays that featly swim
In folds,
Heraldic monsters grim ;

The Virgin and her Son
In the cloud tripartite ;
Upon
The globe, the cross of light.

All passes into dust
Save deathless Art alone,
The bust
Survives the ruined throne.

Medals of grand profile
Which plowmen's shares upturn,
Reveal
Emperors great and stern.

E'en gods away may pass,
Yet Verse's sacred reign,
Than brass
More lasting shall remain.

ENVOY.

Let steel and mallet sound
When bonds material lock,
Spell-bound,
Thy dream within the block.

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