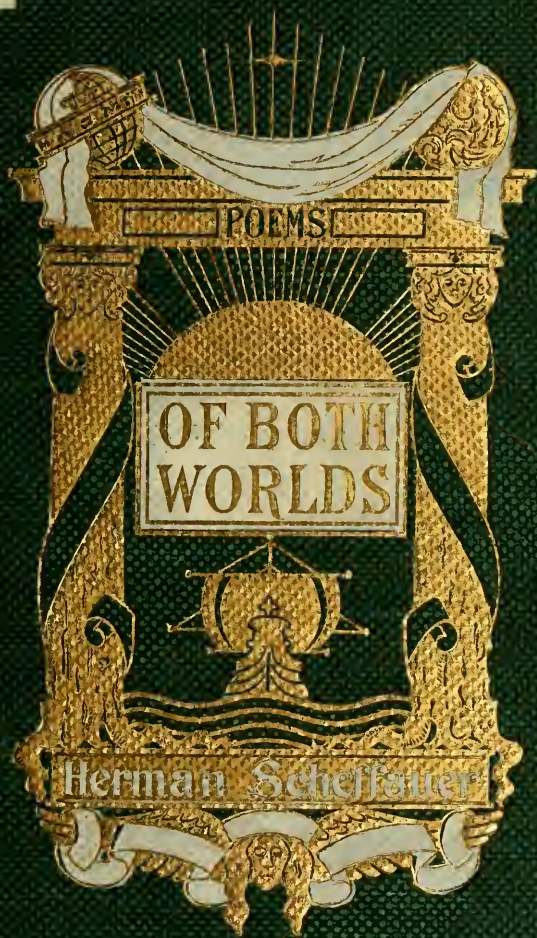


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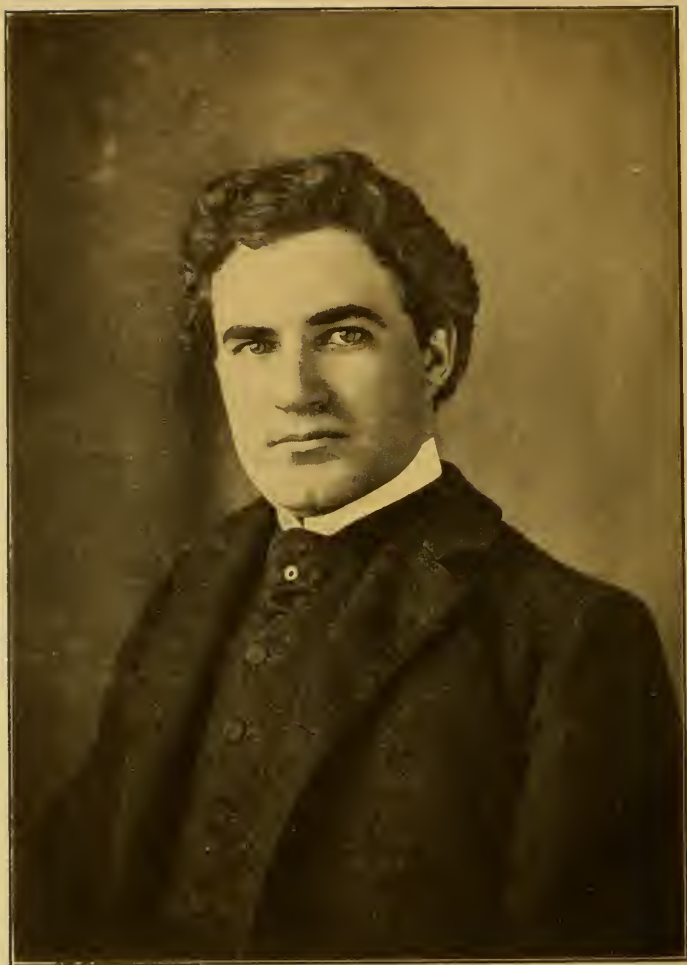












*Herman Scheffauer*



# OF BOTH WORLDS

POEMS

BY

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER



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A. M. ROBERTSON

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DEDICATED  
TO  
MY GOOD FRIEND  
AMBROSE BIERCE

KIND WAS YOUR PRAISE AND TRUE,— UNTO MY HEART  
A BREEZE THAT SPOKE ITS EMBERS INTO FLAME;  
HOWE'ER IT BURNS FOR NATURE AND FOR ART,  
LET FRIENDSHIP'S HALLOWED COALS THEIR INCENSE CLAIM.



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OF BOTH WORLDS





THE SONG OF THE SLAUGHTERED.

Three were the terrible things that spoke and the three  
were sore in sin,  
One from the sea and two from its shore (and their  
skulls were caven in) ;  
And the eldest of all his voice brake over the rough  
world's rim—  
Over the world's rough rind and rim, my heart, my  
heart went forth to him :

## I.

“ Once was I father of four—good man of a goodlier  
wife;  
A ball in the brain makes all in vain—hope, happiness,  
and life!  
Now, on the hearth of Hell I hear, and the hearing is  
half Hell’s pain;  
‘ He died for his country, a hero—he sleeps with the  
nobly slain!’  
O! vain is that lie as a solace commanders and con-  
querers tell,—  
Hell is my country, ye patriots, and no heroes have  
honor in Hell.  
But on Earth the blood of the slaughtered the crimes  
of the State atones,—  
Lost, lost to me—as I to you—my Mary, my little  
ones!”

The red hands must be dead hands, the red face  
must be gray,  
Yesterday all red with life, white with death to-day.  
What is a soldier’s life?  
No more than a soldier’s wife!  
For his red hands soon are dead hands, his red face  
soon is gray.

## II.

“ And I was the only son of two grayheads left behind,  
I, whose naked ribs make a moaning in the wind.  
Deep sank the sword of the foeman and the cords of  
my heart laid bare,  
But my parents' wound no steel can sound—misery,  
woe and despair!  
I gat me to the battle with many—and many did die,  
Whiles they who scribble with pens saw no wound and  
heard no cry.  
Where the sword or the shot slays one, the pen slays  
ninety-and-nine—  
In the sight of men I was slain by the pen—father and  
mother mine!”

The red hands shall be dead hands, the red face  
shall be gray,  
Yesterday all red with life, white with death to-day.  
And you with the only son,  
Where is that only one?  
Say his red hands now are dead hands, his red face  
now is gray.

## III.

“ Much have ye lost, ye comrades, yet I have lost  
more than all—  
The belovèd whereof I was well belovèd—wormwood  
and ashes and gall!  
Ye have lost what ye once possessed, and your memory  
slakes your pain,  
But I have lost what I never possessed—O, surely  
't was mine to gain!  
And let her wait and let her weep—she weeps not, she  
waits not alone;  
On the enemy's side I made many a bride who shall  
no bridegroom own.  
Ye makers of war and your masters, take the curse  
re-arisen in me!  
Take the curse from the lips of my lovèd one, and the  
curse of the millions to be!”

The red hands must be dead hands, the red face  
must be gray,  
Yesterday all red with life, white with death to-day.  
You on whom sorrow doth fall,  
Judge three and be judges of all,  
For the red hands must be dead hands, the red face  
must be gray.”

1900.

## BACK, BACK TO NATURE.

Weary! I am weary of the madness of the town,  
Deathly weary of all women and all wine,  
Back, back to Nature!—I will go and lay me down,  
Bleeding lay me down before her shrine.

For the mother-breast the hungry babe must call,  
Loudly to the shore cries the surf upon the sea;—  
Hear, Nature wide and deep! after man's mad festival  
How bitterly my soul cries out for thee!

Once again would I embrace ye, Titan trees,  
Once again these thirsting lips would kiss your sod,  
Wet with tears so deeply-drawn, leaping tears that  
freedom frees,—  
The sacrificial flowers heart-blooming up to God.

Hidden in the grasses of the darkest vales I'll lie,  
Silently the happiness of Earth my heart shall fill;  
Blue eyes, are ye kindred to the blue, eternal sky  
That looms above yon Earth-contemning hill?

Though the child be blinded by the world-dust, he  
shall know

His mother—well that mother knows her child!  
Him impulse star-compelling bids with panting breath  
to go

To thee, great heart of Nature undefiled.

In that heart that holds the stars harmonious, O Soul  
Go bathe—where worlds on luster-worlds in awful  
orbits blaze,

Until the spirit's compass encompasses the Whole  
Of God and of God the wondrous ways.

## THE REPUBLIC.

[Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.]

## I.

Years upon years have we labored, lustily, lovingly,  
long;  
Our arms were girt, and our thighs were girt, and our  
arms and thighs were strong.  
We builded a beautiful Tower high o'er the world's  
dreadful plain;  
Its base was as deep as the roots of our faith, and those  
were as deep as the main.  
But whether the Tower be Babel made red by the set  
of our sun,  
By fire from Hell or light from Heaven—what word,  
O Washington?

## II.

We shall knock at thy tomb in the darkness; a thunder  
of tongues shall call  
Thee forth to answer or to ask—even thou who art  
first in all.  
The earthquakes lie curled under foot, and the red  
clouds in vengeance see

Marshalled above us and over the bell whose tongue  
spake "Liberty!"  
Nothing but "Liberty, Liberty!"—ere sold into Mam-  
mon's hands  
To groan the knell of Freedom to peoples of alien  
lands.

## III.

Lost in a labyrinth madness—in a wilderness lost!  
in vain,  
Our sons, led wrong by lies of the Priests of Mammon,  
seek light again,—  
And is our land great by its mileage, or great by the  
hearts of its sons?  
And is our land strong by its people's voice, or only  
by voice of its guns?  
Well we know where pale Freedom lies bleeding and  
bound to an isle in the East;  
Well we know where an Eagle sweeps out of the West  
on her poor heart to feast.

## IV.

Years upon years have we labored, lustily, lovingly,  
long;  
But, Ruin and Chaos our work must eclipse when  
Right is eclipsed by Wrong.



---

Where is the prophecy cried by the seer? Where is  
the patriot's prayer?—

The iron-firm hand to stay the stones?—the voice  
through the night: "Beware!"

Nothing is written, nothing is wrought, to warn of,  
to ward off the fall,

Save the hand of the Father held forth from the tomb  
and the terror of words on the wall!

Feb. 22, 1900.

## LYRE OF THE LATTER DAYS.

Break forth, spirit flame of the Earth,  
Foredoomed to the fate of the moon;  
Feed fire unto fire in poets' hearts,  
Lest they burn out all too soon;  
Lest the boon they were given with blessings  
from Heaven  
Be more of a curse than a boon!

It is more of a boon than a curse,  
Their powerful labor in song,  
And their temples up-built of verse  
Are forever-during and strong.

Go build them a blaze with the hearts  
Of men that may serve them for coal,  
So the poets may brew us a virtue-broth  
To make Humanity whole;  
So the strings of the lyre may shake forth the fire  
That old Prometheus stole.

They shall gather men's hearts in their hands,  
Red-litten with wonderful flame;  
They shall weld them and bind them with  
bands  
Of Love made of more than a name.

So once more the music may live  
Of Thessalian Orpheus' muse,  
Safe from the hands of its juggling priests,  
And their art of Art's abuse.  
For Beauty deflowered, their blight overpowered,  
And ground in the mills of mere use.

When the priests shall go mad in the night  
Of their souls moist with mists of the Earth,  
And shall flee from the vengeance named  
Light—  
Her birth shall be Poesy's birth.

Like a ruin the epic of Earth  
Lies there out of tune—out of rhyme.  
Where are the masters, the minstrels, the men  
Who wrought with the Fair and Sublime?  
And the Days of the Dreamer! And Beauty's  
Redeemer  
To heal the deep ills of the time?

When masters, when minstrels, when men  
Shall toil, will the epic be done.  
And to stars shall Earth be a star,—again  
Shall her face be worthy the sun!

## DISARMAMENT.

(1898)

Unto the sinful nations,  
    (What finger points at us?)  
The Lord in His All-power,  
    Wisdom and Mercy, thus:

“ You nations roused with wrath,  
    My stolen bolts restore!  
Go up into the Path  
    Of Peace, and sin no more.”

So as I dreamt, the Tsar dreamt  
    Of the Millennium;  
The Tsar of All the Russias  
    Dreamt Peace-no-End had come!

Hard to my left and right,  
    All in a blood-red rust,  
Spiked cannon crumbled merrily,  
    Choked mouth and maw with dust.

The nations' iron navies,  
    In shore-sand sunk, and sea,  
Dug their graves or fathoms low  
    Lay and lumbered drunkenly.

Proofed in steel the corpse of War,  
Mountain-like, spread o'er the land,  
All we won and all we lost  
Writ in red within his hand.

O, lost in a distant grave,  
(What was the war to me?)  
Friend of my heart, how low you lie  
Beneath a strange, wild tree!

Yet, fair in this dream which God  
The wise White Tsar did send,  
Spain still held her hell-sprung isles,  
And I—I held my friend.

“Give back God's stolen thunder—  
His battle-bolts restore!  
Disarm, you glowering nations,  
Disarm, and war no more!”

So raved the Tsar at night  
Of Peace and called it good.  
At morn the glowering nations  
Sought one another's blood.

## EPILOGUE, 1900.

High noon! and the rage of war!  
Our dreams ne'er came to pass—  
What hold the dusk and the night  
For us, Tsar Nicholas?

## THE SLEEPERS.

The winds lie hushed in the hill  
And the waves upon the seas ;  
The birds are mute and still,  
Deep in their dreaming trees ;  
The earth lies dumb in night,  
And the stars in their degrees  
Sleep with the suns in space,  
With angels, with seraphs bright,  
In the light of God His face.

Softly lie the heads  
Of the sleepers in their beds ;  
But the sleepers in the ground—  
They alone sleep sweet and sound,  
They alone know rest profound.  
Fear not—soon a rest as deep  
Comes to thee—thou, too, shalt sleep.

## THE UNKNOWN.

Across the desert of Eternity,  
Darkness! I stretch to thee my helpless hands,  
The human soul sees not nor understands,  
And I, who nothing knows and nothing see,—  
Is Death the only *Fiat Lux* for me?

Peace! restless spirit, let serenity  
Shine ever on thy madly-questioning soul.  
Thou that canst see no part—wouldst see the  
whole?

What art thou who wouldst know what thou shalt be?  
Death is the only *Fiat Lux* for thee.

## CHOSEN OF ALL.

Come, loved one, come, and be my wife,—  
And I shall lead thee unto Joy,  
Shall ope for thee the doors of Life,  
Its gold to weigh without alloy.  
Come place in mine thy gentle hand  
And follow to the Morning Land!

By Love still starred, how can we fail  
To reach yon Hills of Happiness  
By broadest way or stony trail,—  
Who nothing but our love possess?  
Responsive light pours from thine eyes!—  
An Adam and an Eve shall find their  
Paradise.



## SEA CHANGE.

MAID :

Their bones toss on the sea-floor stones,  
My sailor's and his ship's ;  
So the tears in my eye are never dry,  
So my thoughts are all one unanswered—" Why?"  
As the tide to seaward slips,  
Bearing the souls in the ships.  
I sob as the sea sobs on the shore,  
And the voice in the shell forevermore  
Is the voice from his poor, cold lips,—  
As the tide to seaward slips,  
Bearing the souls in the ships.

LOVER :

Life's storm hath chilled thy heart-blood warm ;  
Thy tears drop for the dead :—  
With the monsters grim that about him swim,  
He lies in the glaze of the sea-caves dim ;  
Life and Love sweep overhead  
And the dead are but the dead.  
Give tears to them—to the living give love ;  
Lock not thyself from the bliss thereof

Whilst the blood runs warm and red.  
Life and Love sweep overhead  
And the dead are but the dead.

## MERMAIDEN :

The sea brought down my love to me;—  
    Long have I sought thee,—long!  
By bosom bare and my long, loose hair  
Thy couch shall be and thy pillow fair,  
    With my lips for kiss or song.  
    Shall mine arms not hold thee long?  
To a woman's sweet name thy lips were shaped  
As a bubbling sigh through the water 'scaped.  
    What Earth-woman's love is strong?  
    With my lips for kiss or song,  
    Shall mine arms not hold thee long?

## DE PROFUNDIS.

(A PHANTASY.)

In my grave I lie at rest,  
Musing on a mournful sonnet ;—  
Sweet is Silence—sweet is Quiet  
In the Earth as well as on it.

Four long boards now form my chamber,  
Head-board, foot-board, little boards,  
And the wood-worm feeding on them,  
With his star a lamp affords.

Cool the clay—no summer sun-stroke  
Here the maddened brain can fret ;  
Here, oh, here no thought of anguish  
Dews thy brow with mortal sweat.

Had I pen and ink to write  
All the praise of fair Fedora,—  
Maid of dust, to thee I'd scribble  
Songs, as Petrarch once to Laura.

By the death-watch small that ticks  
By my pillow, I would write thee  
Many a poem, many a song,  
Many a hymn that would delight thee.

On my elbows, weary elbows,  
I can rise and kiss the sod,  
Rid of bells and smoking tapers,  
Thanks to Thee, Almighty God!

Prone I lie upon my back,  
Waiting for Thy End-all 's blowing;  
O'er me frowns a firmament  
Earthen where no star is glowing.

Earth upon her axis grinds,—  
How the sound my hearing jars!  
And I know there are great quarrels  
'Mongst Thine ever-burning stars.

Quarrels, quarrels, endless quarrels,  
Battle, rattle, noise and glare.  
Do not wake me, kind Archangel,  
From my gentle dreams and fair.

---

Tell me, Lord,—me, naked spirt,—  
Do not blast my heart's affection!  
Comes there Hell—or comes there Chaos?  
Comes, oh, comes—the Resurrection!

Hear my prayer, and do not wake me,  
Let me sleep and sleep forever,  
For this soul was shaped for dreaming,  
But for living—never, never!

Lest I cry aloud in anguish;  
Lest a storm should break the calm!  
O Grave, where is Oblivion?  
O Death, where is thy balm?

## MURAD ALI UNTO DALJA.

(From "De Profundis.")

Thus the poet Murad Ali  
Wove his golden heart in rhyme  
Unto his beloved—the first love  
Of his youth—the olden time!

They were children both—the heavens  
Spread their bluest mantle o'er them;  
Life untasted and unwasted  
In Time's garden lay before them.

Yet the poet Murad Ali  
Spoke in deep, impassioned tone,  
Felt his might and felt Life's burthen—  
Felt, although he had not known:

"Light of Life! O Star of Morning!  
Soul to which my soul must move!  
Only poets' hearts are faithful,  
Only poets' souls can love.

"In the kisses from their lips  
Life with Love unending dwells;  
On the brows of earthly women  
They bind wreaths of immortelles.

“ Mighty scepters are their pens,  
And their hearts are sacred urns,  
Crystal lamps where purest fire  
From the gods in splendor burns.

“ Paradise and Happiness  
They disclose to blinded mortals,  
Yet seem blind themselves ; they seldom  
Find their way within the portals.

“ Though they sing like nightingales  
In the vales of Ajalon,  
They can also roar like lions  
Whilst the horrid mood is on.

“ Matchless, terrible the weapons  
They alone were born to wield ;  
Vain are mortal arms against them,  
Vain the great Mahomet’s shield !

“ Mountain-rending rolls of thunder,  
Storms and avalanches dire,  
Flames of Hell, heart-searing pangs,  
Leaping lava, lightning fire,

“ Draughts of bitter, burning wormwood,  
Scorpion whips and cups of gall,  
And their voices vast re-echo  
And through coming ages call.

“ For their curses are the curses  
Of the terror-mantled Lord,  
By their words man’s name shall perish  
Or his memory be abhorred.

“ In the hell of hells Abaddon,  
As within the Koran written,  
Coils the snake whose baneful apples  
By the erring Eve were bitten.

“ In the Koran may you read it  
How he writhes in throes eternal,  
Yet the poets’ hell, my darling,  
Blacker is and more infernal.

“ Ah, I would not fright thee—fairer  
Thou than all the houris’ race!  
Earth and Heaven will I emblazon  
With the beauty of thy face.

“ When I think no more upon thee,  
Lips or eyes of thine forget,  
Rose of June, may this hand wither!  
May my sun in sorrow set.

“ Allah, send no strife between us!  
Nor the evil hour of woe.  
Nor—O, thou art only woman!  
Let us hope who may not know.



“ Kisses and not curses crown thee!  
Love, o'er all the world held dear—  
But the truest love of woman  
Still must bear a trace of fear.

“ Do not fear—for now 't is love-time,  
Flowers, pleasures, songs of wonder;  
Let us keep for graying ages  
All the madness and the thunder.

“ Lo, the twilit world below there  
Nevermore this heart entrances;  
In thine eyes my better world lies,  
Filled with poems and romances.

“ Hear, our springtime genii young  
Chaunt for us our passion's choral—  
Come, I'll twine thy hair with roses,  
Thou shalt crown my brows with laurel!”

Thus the poet Murad Ali  
Wove his golden heart in rhyme  
Unto his beloved—the first love  
Of his youth—the olden time!

## EARTHLIGHT.

(From "De Profundis.")

Leave me, fair one, still the fairest  
Of all maidens of the Mars,—  
Thou the fairest of Mars' maidens,  
Earth the fairest of the stars.

Leave me to my meditations,  
So this exiled soul may roam  
Far from this to yonder planet  
Gleaming—my terrestrial home.

By yon ocean, calm of temper,  
Where the sun with zephyr dances—  
Once, O, once uprose the city  
Of that holy man, Saint Francis.

Vanished, æons after æons;  
Time that is and Time to be,  
All is time that was, my city  
Of Saint Francis Assisi!

Dark are California's woods!  
Bright are California's vales!  
Though in them no chorus sounding  
Of bell-voicèd nightingales.

---

Though in them no chorus sounding  
Of bell-voicèd nightingales,  
Their wild music oceanic  
Tosses through the bosom's pales.

Music that with music mingled  
From the fair lips framed to tell  
In the dim woods of her deep love—  
Thy love! star-eyed Isabel.

Thou whose heart bore flame from heaven,  
Like the purest altar-ember—  
I remember all thy beauty,  
All thy love do I remember!

In Earth's West my thoughts are lying,  
Mountain snow and ocean sand,  
Fir and orange trees I dream of,  
Growing in that sunny land.

Would I knew that ocean olden,  
Breaking on the shelly shores,  
Still by moon-sprites maddened, foaming  
Through the Golden Gateway roars.

Ages past by cliff and beachway  
Dreaming, through the air I heard  
Sometimes singing of a siren,  
Sometimes singing of a bird.

Foamed the waters, rose the sea-nymph  
Crying: Come, O come to me!  
But I fled her waving white arms  
Sparkling with the dripping sea.

Captive on this ruby planet,  
See, I stretch mine arms afar,  
Yearning for the loved one yearning  
For me from some unknown star.

Vain for me the jeweled star-shine,  
Maids of beauty, worlds of light;  
Lone I muse upon the chaos  
And the Universe named Night.

## SHAGALON OF THE POLE.

The ice-bear Shagalon came over the ice to me,  
Huge and white as the sail of a ship comes white  
    across the sea ;  
His march was like Death's panther-march, soft foot-  
    fall on and on,  
And red the mouth and black the eyes of the ice-bear  
    Shagalon.

The berg was rent insunder—in thunder strode he  
    forth,  
Lord was he and king was he of all this Uttermost  
    North,—  
Lord was he and king was he, and wide 'neath his  
    control,  
Uprose Earth's crowning splendor—the diadem of the  
    Pole.

“ Old Father of the Floe! White Father of the milk-  
    cubs three!  
Weary and woeful was the way, but mine eyes are blest  
    with thee.

Homage I render thee and thy young—brave offspring  
fresh and fair ;—  
Glory be thine, if thy story be mine—O Father—O  
King—O Bear !”

Down the imperial Shagalon sat him haunch-deep in  
the snow,  
Whilst I stood in an humble silence and the cubs played  
to and fro,  
They tousled up their sire’s fur, they licked his scarlet  
jaws ;  
They gently bit and gently mouthed the dread, death-  
bearing paws.

“ Thou hast seen, O Man, and hast spoken with the  
ice-king Shagalon,  
Gone beyond limit of thy race, for none thus far has  
gone.  
See! written the Law, by the Great Bear’s paw in  
the stone-hard ice and snow—  
So far shall the race from the Southland come, but  
shall no farther go!

“ Fools are the feet of the white man to stray from  
the eye of his sun,  
For fierce in the stern Northeast he meets my wind  
Euroclydon,

---

The crush and crush of floes on floes—the fiends in the  
freezing flood,—  
These—all these are his enemies and these are my  
guardians good!

“ Yet could he elude my guardians good, the paws he  
shall not elude  
Of my bears that creep and seek by light of one blue  
star for food,—  
By their haloes, as the ghost-moons mount the heavens  
side by side,  
Only the God of the man-race small shall mark how  
His creature died.

“ Glory and praise to the Bear-god!—the God-bear in  
the vault,  
His high hand making and moving bergs and floes to  
wild assault ;—  
To us the bearded seal he sends, anhungered when we  
seek,  
The walrus and the seal he sends—*their* gods are small  
and weak!

“ Fair is this night and fair this day, when the square,  
striped sun uprears,  
Bar by bar, to the lowest star, halts, faints and dis-  
appears.

O, thou, from thy star-set throne dost glance o'er other  
lands than this ;  
But, than my fairy-fair wonderland, what land that  
fairer is?

“ Thou hast heard what I have spoken, much hast thou  
seen and heard,  
The awe of crystal-crownèd peaks, the song of the  
lone ice-bird.  
Farewell, with the word I charge thee with, farewell,  
with a wish from me,  
Stroke me once, brother, on the head—now all ways  
are South for thee ! ”



## BANNERS OF SHASTA.

Once more, white Banners of Shasta! flung from the  
breast of your father  
Hoary and eld, o'er the land, dance me the dances  
whose measures  
Swayed with a maddening music and joy this spirit  
of mine.  
Yet not alone was my spirit;—wrapt in the heart of  
the winds  
Dwelt Thelma, the beautiful Thelma, Thelma the  
radiant one!  
White in thy majesty soaring, O Shasta, with cumu-  
lous cloud-crown  
And robe of the snows everlasting, everlasting even  
as thou,  
Once in the dimmest, most distant gray spaces of Time  
unforgotten—  
All unforgotten by me! when the tongues of thy fires  
internal,  
Deep from thy bosom of passion, flew fierce from thy  
crater's red lips,  
There on thy crater's red lips often we lingered, and  
Thelma,

With a glory of grace, fell to dancing on the drift of  
the murky smoke columns.  
Then would she beckon, then would I spring to her  
arms and together,  
Wreathed with thy vapors gigantic, saw thy heart  
suffer, O Shasta.  
All that was once in the oldest days now is no longer.  
Thy fires,  
Thy turbulent fires, have perished, and the ages have  
gently  
In mercy and mildness snowed beauty upon thee and  
made thee  
The monument vast of thyself. Yet this heart's wild  
fires forever  
Must burn with the love that enkindled them, love for  
the air-maiden Thelma,  
The beautiful Thelma! Far fluttering in wake of the  
whirlwinds,  
Up-caught from the breast of the mountain, the Ban-  
ners of Shasta  
Stream to the music resistless, whose potency heaves  
in my veins  
To keep me alive till the Last Day;—to watch for the  
whirlwinds,—  
To watch and to wait for the whirlwinds, the whirl-  
winds and Thelma,  
To wait for the whirlwinds and Thelma,—Thelma, the  
air-maiden Thelma!

## THE VALLEY OF YOSEMITE.

Would that his voice were mine, Yosemite!  
Who spoke on Sinai with the hidden Lord:  
For only then my song were worthy thee,—  
Song of one humble spirit that adored,—  
Adored thee as the Earth adores her sun,  
Thou vast, thou beautiful, yet awful one!

Thy loveliness is everlasting,—born  
Of hoary æons when the ice-bound force  
Wrought thy wild crags, to such perfection torn,  
From height to dimmest depth of glacial course,  
The soul of beauty brooded o'er thy deep,  
And thrilling suns and stars beheld thy sleep.

When first thy glory on my vision fell,  
The helpless sense scarce grasped the world it saw;  
As in some piled cathedral, 'neath the spell  
Of the low-rolling organ and its awe;  
Then knew mine eyes the tear of ecstasy,  
Rich with a great and deathless joy in thee.

I saw thee when the evening sun, all loth  
To leave the purpling splendor of thy walls,

Lingered in love upon the Titan growth  
Of pines above thy sea-voiced waterfalls,  
From forth whose mist ethereal rainbows sprung,  
With pearls, with diamonds, with emeralds hung.

Shot down the sparkling shafts of morning light  
Through crystal airs and paled the shades below ;  
Up from thy placid lake the sun took flight,  
Gilding thy peaks tremendous with their glow.  
Only the sun can paint thee as is meet :  
How vain for man's slight brush the giant feat !

Ye cliffs and pinnacles that flout the skies,  
Suffused with faery lights and gildings pale ;  
Ye clouds that drift like souls upon the rise  
Of domes that drop their torrents like a veil.  
Dim flushes on the far-off snow-crests white,  
And shadows deep and full of shapes as night.

O, would that more than mortal voice were mine,  
Or seraph's reed to write or brush to limn,  
So might I vaunt thy glories all divine,  
Until my yearning eye with death grew dim ;—  
Then should my spirit woo thy heavenly walls,  
And join the eternal anthem of thy falls !

## HURKALEM THE HUNTER.

Hurkalem the Hunter, old and dying, sought the  
 ground  
 Where wan light, where green light made weird a  
 sunken dell;  
 The red deer leapt before him joyously, the quail  
 around  
 Whirred in their ranks. The Fate had closed her for-  
 fex—all was well.  
 O white locks o'er the shoulders, O faint knees on the  
 sward,  
 That bent so lowly thrice his lips might kiss his parent  
 earth,  
 Might thank with blue up-lifted eyes his bending  
 patron Lord,  
 Who, with the forest-spirits wild, kenned all his  
 bosom's worth.

## WOOD-SPRITES :

*Break a branch of cypress—a spray of immortelle,—  
 Haste, ye elfins, ere he dies,  
 Spread immortal glories 'fore his mortal eyes,—  
 Faeries from each flower and gray gnomes from each  
 cell,  
 Break a branch of cypress—a spray of immortelle.*

Hurkalem the Hunter sends his praise, his thanks to  
 Thee,  
 O Thou to whom Thy watcher calls from Nature's  
 world of green,  
 Whatever runs or flies or creeps Thou gavest unto  
 me;—  
 I kept the huntsman's faith, O God, in this Thy pure  
 demesne!  
 Never I slew but 'twas for Thee a votive sacrifice;  
 A worship pure as Abraham's soared upward with the  
 blood—  
 Ye winds that blow my breath aloft, how turn ye chill  
 as ice,—  
 Now bear my soul o'er Western seas from out the  
 Western wood!

## BEASTS AND BIRDS:

*Break a branch of cypress—a spray of immortelle,—  
 Howl and wail your deepest notes,  
 Throats of hair and fur and tuneful feathered  
 throats,  
 Mourn his death, besing his life, for he hath loved us  
 well!  
 Break a branch of cypress—a spray of immortelle.*

Hurkalem the Hunter's head bent slowly to the grass  
 That spread its richest mantle for his pall, of as-  
 phodel,—

Quivered the trees with plunge of wings,—thus did  
his spirit pass

Who died without a sigh,—without a candle, book or  
bell.

For Hurkalem the Hunter the wildwood life is o'er  
In the dim regions of his rule. Here God his soul  
accept.

Pale Scytheman, Mighty Hunter, thou hast proved his  
conqueror:—

There sprang a blood-red flower and o'er his visage  
wept.

## TREES AND FLOWERS:

*Break a branch of cypress—a spray of immortelle,—  
Rock with grief your branching heads,  
Tufted trees and tow'ring trunks; bloom flowers  
from your beds;  
Deck, ye lost and legioned leaves, our silent sentinel!  
Break a branch of cypress—a spray of immortelle.*

## PICKETT'S CHARGE.

Mark! where the grim Hill lowers,  
Whose dread, black muzzles throw  
Thousands of iron showers  
Sheer on the gory foe.  
To the red roar of the guns,  
Answer old Virginia's sons,—  
Whilst the shattered air complains  
To the dun and solemn sky,  
Breeding forth the gentle rains  
From on high—blest on high!

“The foe lies massed before us,”  
(Pickett thus unto his men),  
“The Meteor Flag streams o'er us,—  
Ye know your duty then.  
For the last hope is not lost;  
Let it cost what it shall cost!  
Farewell, all—a long good-bye,  
Victory comes or comes the grave;—  
Where the heart that fears to die  
With the brave—by the brave?”



Now fell an awful quiet  
No heart might long endure;  
The cannons' crashing riot  
Ceased its wild overture.  
While the voice of Slaughter cried  
To the souls on either side:  
Lo, the final test is come  
For your triumph or defeat,—  
Hark! What says the rolling drum?  
Peace is sweet! Death is sweet!

Wide from the forest crowning  
Fair Seminary Ridge,  
Unto the crests that, frowning,  
The Northern batteries bridge,—  
For Honor's sake!—for Glory's sake!  
That wild path must Pickett take.  
There his heaving line is seen,  
Wall so formed of noblest clay,  
Wall of gray against the green,  
All of gray—saddest gray!

The chilling hush was ended,  
The guns their thunder spoke  
From those blue heights defended  
By flesh and flame and smoke.  
All along the forest's marge

Flew the order : Forward, charge!  
And the line that lately stood  
As of iron, rolls anon  
Forward, forward like a flood,  
On and on—ever on!

Balls weave the air by millions,  
Winged with their fiery breath ;  
The sulphur fumes' turbillions  
Become their shrouds in death.  
In the gray commander's eye  
Shines a tear that will not dry,  
For he knows the Cause must fail,  
For he mourns his noble braves,—  
See! the flag that they assail ;  
Still it waves ! grandly waves !

Ye heroes! faint and gory,  
Up to the dripping mouth  
Of cannon, wrest your glory,  
Brave hearts from forth the South.  
But of thrice five thousand men,  
Few, how few! join ranks again!  
O, forever glow your deed ;—  
Hallowed with a golden Fame  
By your seed to latest seed,  
Be your name ! noble name !

Now rusts the sabre polished,  
War's horrent engines rust,  
That icon grim, demolished,  
Lies lowly in the dust.  
White on Gettysburg's green field—  
Lo, the Union stands revealed!  
Hidden by a common sod,  
There are never two, but one,  
And the will of one great God  
Shall be done! shall be done!

## CRUCIFIXION.

Darkness swallows up the living day ;  
The red disk of the sun is swept away ;

Lo, the temple's awful veil is rent ;—

The air is heavy with Terror's breath and Despair fills  
the firmament !

The dead spring to life in their shrouds  
And burst from their powerless graves,

Blind fear seizes fast on the crowds,—

The hills and the plains are shaken and split with  
ruinous earthen waves ;

All Nature is torn with pain,—

And the Lamb of God is slain.

On the anguished hilltop from afar

A gentle sheen enkindles like a star,

From the vault's eclipse is born a light,

And a cross is twylitten with glory and severed away  
from night.

A sound as of praying is heard

And loud lamentations are borne

By winds, and the silence is stirred

---

By weeping of men in their woe and by wailing of  
women forlorn.

At the foot of the cross they lie  
Who have seen their Savior die.

Thickest may the clouds enwrap thy head,  
Thou Earth with bloody face, whose Lord is dead!  
Loudest may ye groan, O Heavens, O Man,  
For by Him is the sacrifice made, by Him is fulfilled  
God's plan.

O World he hath saved, can thy crime  
Be atoned by the woe of thy loss?  
Can Penitence, Travail or Time  
Restore God's Begotten to mankind or release the dead  
Christ from the cross?  
Thou that didst love man so well,  
God! Master! Emmanuel!

## THE NIGHT-BELLS OF NOEL.

## I.

Hear the bells in all the steeples,  
O'er the Nations and their Peoples,  
Shout once more their yearly Falsehood, holpen by the  
Tongue and Pen!  
From your hearts comes no rebelling  
'Gainst that Lie their throats are telling?  
"Glory be to God in Heaven—Peace on Earth—Good  
Will to Men!"

## II.

Generations, sin-curst, hoary,  
Tell! where is your Peace, your Glory?  
There is neither one nor other unto either God or Man!  
Years on years their surges rolling,  
Bring us still the false bells' tolling,  
Bring us still the ancient Seraph-song through Beth-  
lehem that ran.

## III.

Up through Earth's fierce fever rising,  
Hark! the sounds of solemnizing,—

'T is the Fore-world sends to After-world her Christ  
Mass burning red,—  
By the crosses, guilt, uplifted  
In the cities' murk undrifted,  
By the Symbols of the Temples, Monuments of Virtues  
dead.

## IV.

Cease! ye monsters, cease your clamors,  
Lest the voices of your hammers,  
By the storm of mortal curses roaring up, be far out-  
blown.  
Mark, oh, mark! your note unheeding,  
Christ's deep wounds once more are bleeding,—  
Vain for Him your pealing pæans—vain for us your  
thunder-tone!

## V.

Ill the Sphere of our Disaster  
Lies, abandoned by the Master.  
See red Murder's hellish shadow—hear the lips that  
Heaven blaspheme;—  
Thou, of God the Image Earthy,  
Art thou happy, Man unworthy?—  
Is it thou that cryest woe to Him from Suffering's  
Fire-stream?

## VI.

Since that Vigil, held by stranger  
Kings and Stars above the Manger,  
All His Birth-night's joy has vanished like the Man-  
child sent of God.

Thieves and traffickers deflower  
His pure fanes in Mammon's hour,  
And a People stained with Rapine and huge Greed  
awaits the Rod.

## VII.

Pluto's Princes, stateless giants,  
Glower from the thrones of tyrants,  
At whose bases lie the Millions, breathing Life's thick  
Battle-dust.

Over Law itself ye raised them;  
Over God ye worshiped, praised them;—  
Meet it is ye bow to icons squatting in their golden  
lust!

## VIII.

Hurled into your jaws sonorous,  
Tossing engines, take your Chorus!  
Your false tidings take, unfitting, till our Souls be  
chastened all;



---

Till our Hearts, by Mercy watered,  
Bloom, and Self by Self be slaughtered ;  
Till the frowning desert-heavens show their Orbs and  
drop their Pall.

## IX.

Then, anew your mouths may bellow  
Words from fellow-bell to fellow,—  
Words whose might shall thrill the Earth-globe belted  
with each golden zone ;  
Nation shall sing unto Nation ;  
Man to Man shall bring Salvation,  
And from yon bright world God's Glory and His Peace  
shall light our own !

THE HEAD AND HAND OF MURIETTA.

Livid head and blackened hand,  
Severed from a bandit chief—  
Hand that wrought what head had planned  
For assassin and for thief.

Face of fiend, illumed by Hell,  
Through whose Gorgon eyeballs shine  
Hate and craft no death can quell,  
As they glitter into mine!

Safely prisoned in the glass,  
Dream of bloody orgies still;  
Through that head what thoughts must pass!  
How that hand must lust to kill!

Fleshly orbs and mirrors black,—  
Still the scenes where men did die,  
Still the blood that marked thy track,  
Redden in each demon eye.

Lo, the hacienda's flame  
Tells the ruin of thy raid,  
And a place that knows no name,  
Knows the wailing of a maid!

Oft his gold the gamester stored  
Warm by his triumphant hand—  
Oft thine own received his hoard  
With a short and sharp command.

At the gay fiesta's ball  
Maiden laughed with cavalier,  
Till a shudder shot through all:  
"Murietta! he is here."

Seemed betimes thy courage lost,  
Faint with mountain-weight of crime —  
It was but a ride at most  
Where the Mission bells held chime.

But a swift ride by the moon  
Where the pale adobes shone,  
Craving from the Christ a boon—  
And the Virgin carved of stone.

Sunk on knees abased to pray,  
Thou and all thy robber horde  
Did kiss the rudest cross where lay  
The mangled body of the Lord.

It is said that thou didst give  
Ravished riches to the poor,  
So to thee when fugitive,  
Opened each his sheltering door.

Some do say thy soul was crazed  
By a grief too great to bear—  
By a happy homestead razed  
And a slaughtered wife and heir.

If these things be true, O may  
Prayers of priests and poor men's tears  
Count for thee on Judgment Day  
'Gainst the sum of thy arrears.

But nor prayers nor tears could stay  
Heavenly vengeance when it fell,  
When thy mates were swept away,  
When thy soul was flung to Hell.

Murietta, bandit chief  
Of the dim days long ago,  
Robber, murderer and thief,  
Wolf of lawless Mexico!

It was long, oh, long ere fell  
Thy fierce head beneath the Law,—  
San Benito's hills may tell  
What that day the vultures saw.

Safely prisoned in the glass,  
Dream of bloody orgies still;  
Through that head what thoughts must pass!  
How that hand must lust to kill!

## POESY BANISHED.

Mine eyes reversed to inner light —  
    (For such the spirit may assoil)  
    Above the tempest and the toil,  
A vision passed me in the night.

Its face I saw not, nor its sex  
    Could know, but it seemed fair and strong;  
    It trailed a golden robe along  
O'er the terrestrial convex.

Fierce on its front a meteor blazed,  
    Its crown of massy gold. Three stars  
    Shot giant lustre forth the bars,  
Whelming the mortal eye that gazed!

Two semi-moons its wings,—a storm  
    Of wind whirled through the upper air,  
    Charged with a perfume faint and fair,  
Then closed upon that vanished form.

Down from the rayless zenith came  
    Twin corruscating globes that turned  
    To liquid brilliance as they burned  
With threshing and wild-darting flame!

Then something like a sigh was heard,  
Vast as the heave of earthly seas,  
Deep as the planetary breeze  
That once the primal chaos stirred.

The hissing orbs swirled down and down,  
Then wedded close the Earth in air,  
Flashing with fiery splendor there,—  
Lost jewels from her ruddy crown.

These were the tears that Poetry  
Had wept upon its Godward flight,  
This was the shape that cleft the night  
Within the void's unfathomed sea!

Up from the nether world was cast  
The pulsing roar of engines' beat,  
The clink of coin, the rush of feet,  
The smoke, the glare of cities vast.

## THE HAPPY HOURS.

I walked with thee in the sunshine,  
    In the starshine  
    And the rain; —  
And dark night and cloudiest weather  
    Saw us twain,  
Hand in hand, walking together—  
    Shall we ne'er walk so again?

Only the trees in the forest,  
    Or the dumb walls  
    Saw us kiss,  
Saw what a rapture then thrilled us  
    With its bliss,  
Saw our hearts' vintage that filled us  
    Ambrosial goblets from this!

Or whether through woods or the city  
    Crowded with shapes,  
    Love was guide,  
And we both felt his presence immortal  
    At our side;  
His torch threw us light and the portal  
    Of joy in our lives opened wide.

That was the Past,—and this Present,  
Love, swiftly flies  
And is Past ;  
When Youth and its Passion shall perish,  
Love shall last,—  
We know it! We nurse it! We cherish  
The heart's great covenant fast.

I walked with thee in the sunshine,  
In the starshine  
And the rain ;—  
Age's night and its wild, winter weather  
Shall see twain,  
Hand in hand, walking together—  
Through Life to the end of its lane.



## THE SKIPPERS.

“How the darkening days flow by!  
Daily we grow old and older,  
Daily our warm blood runs colder,  
Daily, breath by breath, we die.”

Thus the gray-beard spoke—four score  
Years his ancient poll had whitened,—  
And his faded orbs once brightened,  
Then grew dimmer than before.

“Soon must come the anchor’s fall,—  
The all-hailed and blest conclusion;—  
Let not terror nor confusion  
Seize thy soul at Azrael’s call.”

All to me the Sage addressed  
Wisest words,—his eye, dim-seeing,  
Scarce beheld the radiant being  
That against my side had pressed.

“Skipper in Life’s fever-ship,  
When the World-sea winds shall smite thee,  
When men’s serpent teeth shall bite thee,  
Curses vast shall crowd thy lip.

“ Many seas I voyaged o’er,  
Youngling, ere I brought to harbor—  
Now from out this green-grown arbor,  
In yon skies behold my shore!

“ Fire and fast and storm my part ;  
Deep and dread the Past’s dark ocean  
Rolls o’er wrecks of mad emotion  
Bound by cordage of the heart.

“ On the reefs of Passion lie  
Faiths I held ere Woman faltered,  
All thy fair world shall be altered  
When thy Love’s illusions die.

“ Through and through the sea-paths lone  
Shone no Northwest Passage later,  
Ere I sailed from Youth’s Equator  
Unto Age’s Arctic Zone.

“ Bound in ice my joy-dreams wild,  
Even as thine shall be, young brother,—  
Soon our kind and earthen Mother  
Claims her Life-a-weary child!

“ Close beneath thy manly bloom,  
I behold a spectre grinning,  
Culling from thy brows the thinning  
Locks that sorrow must consume.

“Close beneath that visage fresh  
Of yon maid thy presence gracing,  
I behold a worm defacing  
All her beauty of the flesh.”

“Speak no more!” I cried, “too much  
Hast thou spoken in thy madness,—  
Wouldst thou mar her May-time gladness,  
Whom no chilling breath must touch?”

“Tell him, treasured one, the Truth!  
Tell of Love the seas outlasting;  
Tell of hearts no woe is blasting;  
Tell of flowers blown from youth.”

On his beard a kiss she pressed,—  
Then the young time blessed the olden,  
Then his silvern paled her golden  
Hair that showered o'er his breast.

In his ear she breathed a word,  
Magic word of might beguiling,  
Soon his iron face to smiling  
Melted and his heart was stirred.

All his creed of Woe and Fear,  
At the voice of Beauty's daughter,  
Vanished like the snow to water  
And was cancelled with a tear.

Like ripe harvest grain to wind,  
On his breast his head sank lower,  
Harvest grain that waits the mower,  
The mute mower, stern, yet kind.

Thus we left him, she and I,  
Still and lonely like a mountain  
Crowned with peace, from which a fountain  
Calls the Spring-time flowering by.

## THE EARTH-VOICES.

A sweet bird sat a-singing, a-singing, a-singing,  
Hidden in its lofty house of leaves above my head,—  
Blithely through the air its rich melody came ringing  
And struck into my heart of heart that had so often  
bled.

But the burthen of its song—  
Or high or low, but ye can know  
Who suffer and who long!  
It sang: "I sing because I die;  
I sing for all yet know not why,  
And Death alone shall still my tone,  
Or whether on the greenest bough or in the  
bluest sky.

Though all things shall be changed to dust,  
Though the trees may die and the leaves they  
must."

The sweet bird sat a-singing its thrice unhappy song.

A fair maid sat a-singing, a-singing, a-singing;  
Her listening lover stood apart and joy was in his  
face;—  
He laughed, he ran, he kissed her, his arms about her  
flinging:

My memory leaped, a burning thing,—I left the blessèd place.

    But the burthen of her song—  
    Or high or low, but ye can know  
    Who suffer and who long!  
She sang: " I sing because I love ;  
    I sing like yonder bird above,  
And love is theme of every dream  
That fancy weaves me day by day, or through  
    my heart may rove.

Small care though all be doomed to dust—  
But that love should die!—as the lovers must."

The fair maid sat a-singing her sweet, her tristful song.

A mother sat a-singing, a-singing, a-singing,  
Slowly swayed the cradle that held all her happiness,  
And ever as she rocked she bent above the cradle  
    swinging,

And ever as she bent, her words fell like a soft caress.

    But the burthen of her song—  
    Or high or low, but ye can know  
    Who suffer and who long!  
She sang: " I sing because I give  
    My life, my love, so he may live,  
The babe I bore—to me far more  
Than is the man I hold as dead, whose love  
    was fugitive.

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O woe, my child, that thou art dust!  
That the young may die as the old they must!"  
A mother sat a-singing this unending human song.

A poet sat a-singing, a-singing, a-singing  
Vast melodies from forth his heart that pealed like  
Memnon's stone,  
Or whether wild with joy the notes or sore with  
sorrow ringing—  
They were but chorus to your souls, re-echoed from  
his own.

For the burthen of his song—  
Or high or low, but ye can know  
Who suffer and who long!  
He sang: "I sing because I feel  
What I can nevermore reveal.  
No song hath might to rend the night  
Wherein the gods in mercy all the after-worlds  
conceal.  
Yet peace! ye spirits robed in dust—  
For the young may know and the old they must!"  
The poet sat a-singing this eternal, tragic song.

## THE INTERIM.

Veiled with thy hair, thy features draw  
My gaze—and Love is dumb with awe.  
Still, still the voiceless void of Nought,  
Sends forth unconquered one dread thought;  
'T is a sharp flame my heart to sear—  
Listen, my love, and do not fear.  
O, when that day of dread is due,  
When part we must, we hapless two;  
Remember! all the time that flies  
When drowned with earth this body lies,  
Is but a briefer day than this,  
Far briefer than our briefest kiss.  
Æons on æons waste away;  
And what to us?—a second's stay,  
An interlude that angels play.  
The Soul may live by Will and Strife,  
Since Life is but the way to Life.  
What hope holds the unknowable,  
Save hope that I with thee may dwell?  
Heaven with thee, without thee Hell.  
Awakened by strange morning light,  
Fair in our faces after night,  
We shall arise new life to greet  
Like travelers from distant lands,  
With lips to lips and hands in hands,  
When Death makes Life complete.



## YOSEMITE.

Thou hast Earth's utmost beauty, mighty gem  
Of ice-wrought granite from the hand of God!  
And never man thy purple deeps hath trod,  
But he hath felt the awe that mantles them.

Thou art the loveliest poem of Nature; thou  
Art Music, Mystery and Magnitude!  
What eye e'er thy majestic glory viewed,  
But wept and led the shaken soul to bow!

## SAVIOR OF THE SEQUOIAS.

(To Josephine Clifford McCrackin.)

The Titans of the forest, to the west winds sprung  
forth from the sea,  
Give them, O worthy 'mongst women, their thanks  
and their greetings for thee!  
When, under their ancient, o'er-arching arms, your  
feet shall bestir the grass,  
Bright dewes from their boughs shall be shaken on the  
snows of your head as you pass.  
From their roots, clutching deep in the earth, to each  
patriarch's head in the skies,  
The race of these giants had vanished, as the race of  
mortals dies;  
Coeval with Earth and defying Time, they had perished  
by the blade,  
If never your pitying heart and hand the hand of the  
vandal had stayed.  
Therefore, in the forest silences, in the tongue of the  
noblest trees,  
A name is whispered with love to the winds in their  
twilight symphonies.  
They that are older than Egypt or Ind and shall  
outlive the Ultimate Man—

The deathless sequoias immortal shall hold that name  
like the spirit of Pan.

'T is for this that the bearded Titans to the west winds  
sprung forth from the sea,

Give them, O worthy 'mongst women, their thanks  
and their greetings for thee!

## OUT OF CHARYBDIS.

The drone of the sea  
Lulled me to sleep and I dreamt of thee;—  
The light of thy mightiest love enwound thee  
And lay like the mantle of Mary around thee!

Love enwound thee  
And lay like the virtue of Mary around thee.  
The winds through the sails with low choruses  
rang  
And bore to me songs that thy lips once sang.

Their choruses rang  
Sweet with the songs that thy lips once sang.  
And he, the good dæmon that guarded my breast,  
Caught up the strain, and my fancy the rest.

The heart in my breast  
Thrilled with the strain—Fancy brought me the  
rest;  
I felt every throb of thy blest heart repeating:  
Our love is eternal,—the world it is fleeting!

---

Thy wild heart repeating :  
Our love is eternal,—though all things be fleeting!  
I felt this—I felt all thy kisses as warm  
As when my swift arms had encinctured thy form.

Thy kisses were warm  
As when thy soft arms had encircled my form—  
Thou wast mine!—O, all changed to embraces  
as cold  
As those the sea hath for her lovers untold!

Embraces how cold!  
When she clips to her bosom her lovers untold.  
Down to the floor of the floods sank the ship  
And I with the sound of thy name on my lip.

Down, down with the ship,—  
My prayer was the sound of thy name 'from my  
lip!  
Now God's Heaven is Heaven the more at thy  
side:  
This is the tale how I loved thee and died!

## SEMPER.

So oft thy hand was laid in mine,  
So oft our lips have met,  
So oft thy heart's great pulse divine  
Throbb'd here—who can forget?

Never seemed day fair day, save we  
Saw day within our eyes,  
Whilst night a treble night would be  
That barred our Paradise.

Few words we spoke, each speaking heart  
Held parle more wild and fast;  
We swore that we should never part;  
We swore our love should last!

Swift roll the brief and briefer years  
Bearing our lives away;  
We loved! We love!—the very spheres  
Shall crumble to decay—

Shall crumble to decay and rust,  
Ere that our love should end,—  
In God's Jehosaphat our dust  
Shall from one tomb ascend!

## MARTINIQUE.

A suspiration quivers from the ground—  
Death's weary sigh, through town and valley fair;  
A dreadful chill, as at the Gorgon's stare,  
Streams from some hidden terror all unbound.  
Mark, how the crater's fiery head is crowned  
With clouds and frenzied winds that lash the air.  
Woe! Woe! ye pleasant places smiling there—  
Such doom have Sodom and Pompeii found!  
Open the infernal cauldron roaring flies  
In vapor, thunder-bursts and flaming rain;  
Seas leap the clouds and Hell all Heaven defies—  
Of man and all his toil what marks remain?  
A shaft that soars to chaos on the plain—  
An arm to God upstretched 'neath ashen skies.

## THE DEPARTED ONE.

Thy soul above all souls must I adore  
And worship its great Presence in thine eyes,  
Lights dowered with a ray from Paradise,  
Whose light is Love, as Love is Heaven's core.  
So much I hoped not and dare hope no more  
Than but to watch thee in those utmost skies,  
For me the loveliest of all stars that rise  
Joyous unto the night with all their lore.

Did I not know thee once, not long ago,  
Ere ever gathered in this life's small shell?  
Can doubt make ebb the heart's flood,—when  
the soul  
Cries out beyond the world it loves thee well?  
Yet the Lethean river parts us— O,  
What mists from up its silent waters roll!



## - PHANTASMAGORIA.

Lost on this shadowland's phantasmal shore,  
By the bleak moor I stand, whose utmost bound  
Glooms to the realms of kings huge sorrows crowned  
With iron crowns and Woe that dies no more,  
No more while Memory lives. Clouds roll, winds  
    roar  
Wild through the spectral heavens where spirits  
    drowned  
With pain, float on the gray air-deeps;—no sound  
Save sighing o'er those scenes well-loved of yore.  
Unhappy, wandering shapes! with torment dire  
In this cloud-purgatory pent, in view  
Of coolest skies and waters meek and blue  
As Jesus' eye, you feel once more the fire  
Of old Earth passionate ere you expire  
In mists, where weakly this sad sun shines through.

## TO DR. C. W. DOYLE.

Dear Doyle, mine elder brother in the art  
That fires the world to beauty and whose powers,  
Though the gods' gift to us are not all ours,  
Nor ours alone the rapture of the heart,  
Since men from us may claim their rightful part;—  
Those days bloom in my memory's richest bowers,  
Days on that foaming shore beside the flowers,  
O'er many a tale to make the brave blood start!  
Tales reaped from out that mystic morning land,  
Thine India, rich with love or hate or crime,  
Where man breathes undebasèd by the hand  
Of Progress that that aged us ere our time.  
There, sure, the soul of Nature dwells unbanned  
Where ring such mighty echoes of her Prime!

## ADIEU, ADIEU!

All the doubt, the delusion is over,  
Yet forever shall linger the pain,  
And the sorrow my breast must uncover  
To thee, O belovèd in vain!  
On the radiant dreams of the dawning  
Of a love far too happy for me,  
Night has set, still my dream of the morning  
Was but this: to be lovèd by thee.

Oh, for thee I once builded a palace  
Of the starriest gems, in my soul,  
And sipped joy from the rim of the chalice  
Of Life—of which thou wast the Whole.  
That palace is ruin, and sorrow  
With phantoms my bosom has filled,  
Sighing far through To-day and To-morrow:  
“Our voices shall never be stilled.”

Love, thou wast to me what in Heaven,  
The Lord to the angels must be,  
And the love they give Him could not even  
Exceed the vast love I gave thee!

O my sun, O pure star ever-shining,  
When blackness my world over-cast,  
When to thee in thy goodness my pining,  
Sad soul clung so fondly, so fast.

There was nought, there is nought that could  
sever

My soul and my soul's love from thine.  
We have met; we have parted forever;  
All the tears, all the longing be mine!  
I have strength to bear all that has lost me  
My all,—strength to bear all its pain,  
And strength still to love, but 't would cost me  
Too much to behold thee again!

Ah, could I but forget vanished blisses,  
From that Heaven of our own happiness,  
Could I lose multitudinous kisses,  
Nor recall each so-ardent caress!  
It were light as the flight of a feather  
To count thee with transient things,  
Had our hearts ne'er been welded together  
By Passion and the heat of his wings.

O God! at the last hour's tolling  
I knew that I loved her alone;  
O'er my heart Thy sad angels were rolling  
In my blood, a cold burial-stone,

---

Then I knew that we loved far too blindly,  
My darling, my heart, not to fall,  
Yet those lips kissed so oft answered kindly:  
“Love excepts not who holds us in thrall.”

Alas, for the Good doomed to perish,  
And the Beautiful nothing can save!  
Alas, that on Earth all we cherish  
Sinks into Despair or the Grave!  
Blindly in dreams we have faltered,  
In hopes and in visions and dreams;—  
Are the Good and the Beautiful altered  
To the world and the waste that it seems?

All the doubt, the delusion is over,  
Yet forever shall linger the pain,  
And the sorrow my breast must uncover  
To thee, O belovèd in vain!  
On the radiant dreams of the dawning  
Of a love far too happy for me,  
Night has set, still my dream of the morning  
Was but this: to be lovèd by thee.

## EPILOGUE EVERLASTING.

The roses are withered ; their petals have flown ;  
Their life and their perfume are past.  
The roses were many, but now there is none.  
The last rose has perished—the last !

The laboring tides sweep the sea ; in their might  
They bear the brave ship with its mast.  
The black waters league with the whirlwinds at  
night—  
The ship is up-swallowed at last.

The broken heart and the heart that it broke,  
And Passion's soul-withering blast,  
And Sorrow and Joy have evanished like smoke,  
And both hearts lie quiet at last.

Perished their love lies and perished their hate ;  
Pain, misery, rapture all past !  
When joy far too great brings us sorrow too great—  
It seems but the sorrow can last.

All the hopes of Life and the hopes of Love  
Must the shadow of Death overcast?  
O, *must* the shade follow the shine from above?  
Must *all* things be nothing at last?

All things are nothing at last. All is one  
With the roses whose perfume is past.  
Ah, the roses were many, the roses are gone.  
The last rose has perished—the last!

## LOVE RESURGENT

Forth from the ashes of Hope,  
Girded with strength like the hair  
Of the Samson, arisen to cope  
With chimeras of Death and Despair,—

Mount, Love—like a militant star,  
Burn with pale flare through thy night!  
The clouds that enshrouded thee are  
As shadows dissolved by thy light.

Winged by the Soul and the Mind,  
Spurred by the stroke of the Heart,  
Where shalt thou seek or where find  
Thy mate—thy counterpart?

Thou art a fragment from Heaven;  
Thou art a spark from its flame;  
Thou art all Life and its leaven—  
And God is thy holiest name!



## LILITH OF ELD.

They tasted the sweet despair  
That flowed from her mortal kiss,  
And they hung by one silken hair  
Above a black abyss!

For many had gone to wreck  
On the gleam of her coral lips,  
By her shining finger's beck  
That boded no eclipse.

Then her smile had buried them  
As the waves the broken bark,  
For what could bide or stem  
That magic dread and dark?

Deep down from her starry eyes  
The path led straight to hell,  
And never the soul could rise  
That to their bottom fell.

She trod on the hearts of men,  
As they were pavement stones;  
She danced, a light o' the fen,  
Across their charnel bones.

And the thoughts! the thoughts that rushed  
Like eagles from her eye—  
And the smile—the smile that crushed  
The slaves it lured to die.

But a curse fell out of the night;  
It singled forth her head;  
She vanished out of our sight  
And the world cried: She is dead!

She lived! she loved! she mourned!  
For a love she ne'er could own;  
Her heart was racked and scorned  
With the vengeance she had sown.

And he, to whom this tale  
She told, lives doomed to write  
The terror, tears and bale  
Of her—through night and night.

## MAIDEN OF MADNESS.

The longing and inveighing  
Are gone—the doubt, the pain;  
The nights my soul dismaying,  
Not once my head down-laying,  
Whilst thoughts of thee kept preying  
Upon my heart and brain,  
And whilst a voice kept saying  
That all would be in vain—  
All love would be in vain!

That voice hath truly spoken,—  
Might I have heard before!  
Ere my sad heart was broken  
For thy triumphant token,  
Before Love's great tree oaken  
Fell blasted to the core;—  
Ye angels mild, invoken  
By sorrow, sigh no more,  
Ye angels weep no more!

The world to mist has faded,  
One waste and moaning sea

By maddened ghosts invaded,  
Whose midnight shapes have shaded  
Those once fair fields that traded  
Their joy so full and free;—  
Through Hell's dire stream I've waded,  
And Life is dust to me—  
Ashes and dust to me.

## COMPLAINT.

She was fond of tragedies—  
Loved to read of death and woe.  
“I shall write thee one,” said I—  
“One that shall be *comme il faut*.”

Then I wrote in strains romantic,  
In a solemn, joyless tone—  
All the sorrows of another,  
When I might have writ my own.

Yes, my love, believe me, truly;  
If thine eyes my heart might see,  
They might read a tragic story  
That was written there by thee.

## PAST AND PRESENT

Once again I see those houses—  
Wander in those streets once more,  
Where, eleven years before,  
I was happy, O Estrella.

Me the moon nigh drew to weeping  
Tears of salt, which I abhor;  
Yet, eleven years before,  
We were happy both, Estrella.

Now a feeling, through me stealing,  
Saddens all my bosom's core—  
As eleven years before,  
You are happy still, Estrella.

## THE WORM.

Vanished is his misery,  
Almost vanished is his pain.  
Nay, by Jove, if this continue  
Soon he 'll eat and sleep again!  
Yet, 't is true his food is tasteless  
And his slumber brings no rest.  
'T is that dismal guest called Sorrow  
Sleeps and eats within his breast.

## MISERERE.

The last few prayers are done,  
The pall and shroud are spread ;  
Seven tapers at thy feet  
And seven at thy head.  
Thy hands are crossed upon  
Thy bosom white where now  
Thy heart is stilled. O Death,  
How beautiful art thou!



## THE ANGEL IN EXILE.

Many—many—many  
Were the tears she shed,  
Tears, tears as fair as any  
Fair roses white or red,  
Or lilies in their bed,—  
Pale lilies, rare as any  
That now bloom o'er her head.

At last the heart was broken ;  
Like a golden shell  
It spilt its life—the token  
Proclaiming all was well  
With her where seraphs dwell,  
Where only Love is spoken,—  
A tongue we cannot spell.

With love brought down from Heaven  
Her evil hap began,  
That love to God once given,  
Was cast away on man.  
Yet a milk-white lustre ran  
In flame through skies at even,  
When the Lord removed his ban.

## THE QUEST ETERNAL.

Still shall I hew thee out of dreams,  
Still limn thee day by day,—  
O thou, whose face too saintly seems  
In mists to pass away!

Who comest at the pause of night  
From out the spirit realm,—  
Celestial exhalation! light  
That dost my soul o'erwhelm.

Would I might seize thee as thou art,  
And keep thee till the day,  
Then shouldst thou nevermore depart  
Upon the pale dawn's ray.

What art thou?—vision, sprite or muse;  
Speak! so my tongue may well  
The glory of thy brow transfuse  
Throughout this earthen shell.

Helen or Eve or Ashtaroth!—  
Or, fairer far than these,  
Mary, who treads the tops of both  
The heavens and the seas,

Descend no more my soul to tear  
When, waked from slumber's bliss,  
I taste terrestrial despair  
From thy remembered kiss!

Or veil thee, as the statue veiled,  
In Sais, stood of old;—  
The terrors of thy beauty, mailed,  
Shall leave my senses cold.

Speak then to me the mystic word  
That spells thine awful name,  
And Earth unto her center stirred  
Shall shudder at its flame.

Then shall the maddening fever die  
That haunts me and that hounds,  
The heart's fire and the head's and my  
Sore weight of human wounds.

Or vain shall be thy grace to save,  
And curst my deathless soul,—  
This globe of glory but a cave,  
Sullen and bleak with dole.

I know thou wilt not speak, I know  
Thy name rests unrevealed;—  
Over the broad, high world I go  
To seek the long-concealed.

Until Ahasuerus' road  
Eternal grows mine own;  
I take my staff, I take my load,  
I seek thee, Truth, alone!

## IN MEMORY OF DR. C. W. DOYLE.

Peace, peace be thine, thou gentle soul, and rest ;  
The night is fallen and thy journey done.  
Long ran the bitter way—within this West  
Thy fervent heart sinks quenched like the sun.

'T was meet Death claimed thee as a prize too fair  
To leave to Life so long—but, O, too soon  
Passed the stern, silent angel and left bare  
A garden in our breasts at central noon.

Departed thou! departed joy in thee!  
Rifled again the heart's close chambers throb,  
Yet there shall glow to thy dear memory  
Shrines hallowed that no earthly grief can rob.

Goodness thy greatness was—nor this alone  
For the white muses bent and kissed thy brow ;  
They loved the tongue they taught—for all their own  
They claim thy labors, life and laurels now.

Blest in the shining conclaves of the great,  
Full sure thy adoring spirit moves at last,—  
Humble thy living reverence for their state  
Was ever—nor that love lies in the past.

Go seek the immortal masters, seek and find—  
Whose kingly company on Earth was still  
Thy solace and devotion, mind of mind  
Asks or is answered: What is human ill?

On thee no more Fate's wounding winds shall blow ;  
Thy burthen hast thou borne, nor didst rebel.  
Friend, gentle, loving friend and true—for O,  
Loving and true wast thou to all,—farewell!

Farewell! wake here no more. Shall we accuse  
The releasing summons that for thee has come?  
Nay, nor shall grief pent-up in flesh refuse  
Love's tribute tear—a line—and sorrow dumb.

## MISANTHROPOS IN EXTREMIS.

In this huge antique chair I sit—  
Many a ghost hath haunted it ;  
With my body coarsely drest  
In a sackcloth coat and vest.  
On this world-worn head I throw  
Cold ashes of the long ago,  
Upon the locks that women fair  
Oft kissed!—no matter when nor where.

This morn—it is the festal morn  
Of the blest day that I was born.  
No more, no more let it be said  
That I no due observance paid.  
Deaden all my house's ears ;  
When the noisy noon-day nears—  
How I the garish day despise!—  
Fasten close my house's eyes.  
Good! 't is night within the room ;  
The living may enjoy their tomb,  
For Earth is blackened with a blight ;  
A million wasteful suns cannot dispel the  
    night.

Tapers two upon the table  
Light, and if thine arms be able,  
Lift me yon huge Bible—quick!  
Read me prayers for the dead and sick.  
Read low, I say—for Jesus' sake!  
Thy voice the envied dead would wake.  
Give here—for I, myself, the holy  
Verse of Job will now chant slowly.  
Birthdays come, with them revealing,  
Job, for thee, a brother-feeling.  
Blackest Birthdays! Why with mirth  
Does man celebrate his birth?  
Properly, O Job, we mourn  
That night the man-child was conceived  
And that day that He was born.  
Job! Job! intercede for me  
With the Lord—He loveth thee.

Now the lights are quelled! I hear  
Gibbering, laughing demons near!  
Old Earth shakes within a storm,  
Rushing down comes an angel's form,  
Down from black skies rent in sunder!  
Now I sit with Night and wonder.  
Lost! both worlds to me and gone!—  
O God, too true, at last, at last,  
At last I am alone!



## THE WORLD-SOUL.

(From the German of Goethe.)

Disperse ye through all regions far and lonely  
Of these celestial rounds ;  
Enraptured rush through dimmest zones where only  
Is space, and know its bounds.

Now, floating in the distances unmeasured,  
Ye dream the god-head's dream,  
And shine, the fellows of each fair star treasured  
In yon vast, light-sown Scheme.

Rush on, rush on, O comets scarce commanded,  
Deep through the endless Deep.  
This labyrinth, with suns and planets banded,  
Go pierce and know no sleep.

Ye clasp and mould the Earths that it was bidden  
For Progress to create,  
So that they live and give to births still hidden  
Their paths commensurate.

And circling through the living, pregnant spaces  
Your wandering veil ye lead.  
And the set form of stones in deepest places  
Is by your might decreed.

Thus everything itself fain overpasses—  
    Where heavenly impulse strives ;  
The barren water mantles with green masses ;  
    The atom still survives.

Thus all destroys through love which lifts and rises,  
    That night whence vapors well ;  
Then glow the splendid fields where Paradise is  
    Ever ineffable.

Thence soars aloft, a sacred light beholding,  
    A pinioned legion fair.  
And ye are mute before that vast unfolding—  
    As once the primal pair.

Yet soon is lost your limitless resistance,  
    When the heavenly glances fall—  
Receive ye thus, with thanks, a blest existence  
    From the All back to the All.

## THE DANCE OF THE DEAD.

(Translated from the German of Goethe.)

The sexton peers down at the dead of the night  
On the many round graves all a-row.  
Lo, the moon hath thrown everything into the light  
And the burial-ground is a-glow!  
There a grave 'gins to rock, and another one here;  
Here the women step forth, there the men re-appear  
In the whitest and longest of garments.

Now all start to squirm with a terrible itch  
And the bones join in merry-go-round,  
The poor and the young and the old and the rich,  
Though their shrouds hinder many a bound.  
Since Modesty here is no longer of use,  
They rattle themselves and the linen flies loose  
And is scattered o'er many a hillock.

The femurs are lifted, the feet caper spry  
And the movements are made with a dash.  
There's a rattle and clatter arising on high,  
As if sticks had been struck with a crash.  
All this the poor sexton has stricken with fear,  
And the devil, the clown, whispers into his ear:  
"Go, steal away one of the cerements."

It was said! It was done! and he hurries his flight  
    Behind the thrice-sanctified door;  
The moon whitens still with mysterious light  
    All the hideous dance as before.  
At last, one by one, they slip softly away,  
Enwrapped in their shrouds, and are under the clay  
    And under the grass in a moment.

Yet one, the last one, trips and stumbles around,  
    And snatches and claws at the graves,  
But never a fellow his shroud-cloth has found;—  
    For he scents it aloft where it waves.  
He rattles the church-door; it hurles him a-back,  
'T is guarded and blest—or else, sexton alack!—  
    It glints with its bright metal crosses.

Yet the shroud must he have, and the time is so  
    short!

    He must have it or nevermore rest.  
So the knave grasps a carved Gothic cap for support  
    And clambers from cresting to crest.  
Alas! for thee, sexton! what hope of escape?  
From crocket to crocket the horrible shape  
    Climbs on like a long-legged spider.

The sexton is pale and stands mute and aghast  
    And would gladly give back what he took!

Lo, the cloth catches now—he has breathed his  
last!—

By its end on an old iron hook!  
Then the moon 'gins to fade and her lustre is done;  
Below as the terrible bell thunders: "One!"  
The skeleton shatters to pieces!

## SONG FROM "FAUST."

(Translated from the German.)

There was a King of Thule,  
To whom, when near her grave,  
The maid he loved so truly  
A golden beaker gave.

This did he ever treasure ;  
When he at board would sit,  
His tears would fill its measure  
When e'er he drank from it.

When Life his frame was leaving,  
His all he rendered up  
To heirs and knew no grieving,  
Yet kept his golden cup.

Then groaned the royal tables,—  
Begirt by knights was he,  
High in those halls that fables  
Still tell of by the sea.

There stood the old king, weaker  
And drank his life's last wine,  
Then tossed the sacred beaker  
Far down into the brine.

He watched it fall, and filling,  
It sank into the main;  
His eyes with death were thrilling;  
His lips ne'er drank again.

## GENIUS, LOVE AND HATE.

“Great Wit is sure to Madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,”—  
But, O, how thin a wall doth separate  
The realms of endless Love and endless Hate!



## THE HARPER'S SONG.

(Translated from Goethe.)

Who ne'er with tears did eat his bread,  
Who ne'er through sorrowful night hours,  
Sat weeping on his lonely bed,  
He knows ye not, ye heavenly powers!

Ye lead us into Life amain,  
Ye leave the poor soul guilt to borrow,  
And then ye give it o'er to pain;  
For guilt to-day finds pain to-morrow.

## THE SECOND THOUGHT.

“I die to-night,” I wrote you,  
To make the sum complete.  
In a fortnight how you started  
To see me in the street!

Yet, pistols make a cruel mess,  
And daggers I despise,  
And I am poison-proof, for I  
Drank poison from your eyes.

So am I forced this life to live,  
Nor for its end make moan,  
For, since you cannot see my death,  
I yet may see your own.

'T wixt Life, and Death for you, methinks,  
Life is the lesser evil;  
The being dead were very well,  
But the dying is the devil.

## REVELATION.

(The Man with the Hoe.)

The bard stood prophesying  
From out the social night.  
Both hemispheres were lying  
Projected in his sight.  
Mankind lay sick, lay dying  
For Brother-love, for Right.

Came this rapt word-magician,  
His rhythmic rites began;  
The fevered world's physician  
For all the ills of man;  
His poems one petition  
Dim, wild, Utopian:

“The lamb would with the lion  
Soon share a mutual rest,  
And man would live and die on  
His brother mortal's breast,  
Millennium and Zion  
Would be unto the blest.

“ The sun would soon be shining  
Abroad the promised morn——”  
My heart of hearts, divining,  
With sudden doubt was torn ;  
A weeping, wailing, whining  
Across the world was borne.

A strange faint sound in wonder  
From earth to ether rose ;  
It cleft the air insunder !  
That sharpening of the hoes !  
Yea, stones on stones with thunder  
Shook the empurpled foes.

Black loomed the hills supernal,  
While rosy grew the sky—  
“ Behold, Love’s dawn eternal ! ”  
The prophet made outcry.  
The heavens flamed infernal,  
The red clouds burned on high.

A silence iron-handed  
Held Earth’s cowed millions dumb.  
Up clomb an orb commanded  
By Hell—whence it had come.  
A skull ! With one word branded  
Its brow—“ MILLENNIUM.”

## BELLOMANIACS.

War! War! the foam-flecked mongrels of the press  
Yell at the waving of a foreign plume.  
They know, the dogs, with glory they may dress  
Their lazar shapes upon their country's doom—  
For War, though won, is doom! O, see where caught,  
The gore-splashed, lying journal-jackal thrives!—  
Feeding the rolling presses' Juggernaut  
Widows' and mothers' hearts and brave men's lives.

## RUDYARD KIPLING.

False to the poet's purpose high, in vain  
Craves he admittance to their golden fane,—  
Juggler and jongleur, whose vulgarian muse  
Roars from her narrow heart her rank abuse!  
Who never Beauty knew and never Wit,  
Who beats the drums for Truth—while beating it.  
Renown shall with a sponge erase his name  
Where on her walls he chalked it—to their shame.

1903.

## THE SNOB.

Our land's foul slander, you! whose helot eyes  
Worship the shallow shows we most despise,  
Things that true Yankee-men were born to hate,  
But most your simian lust for English state;  
Thing of a breed unknown, but less than man,  
*You* dare to call yourself American!  
Whether your now degenerate stock was sown,  
Far from its parent shore, on Plymouth's own,  
Or from some needy wanderer's sturdy blood,  
Stagnated to its present state of mud,  
Or shipped in convict cargoes o'er the sea,  
To till Virginia's fields,—'t is one to me,—  
Your beggar's or your felon's blood dare claim  
Alas, our country's earth and all its name!  
At later alien bands you sneer and flout,  
And, being in yourself, cry: Keep them out!  
You, who a free American professed,  
Blazon on vulgar walls a senseless crest,  
Bought of escutcheon-mongers with your gold,—  
(To deck such asses' ears such things are sold);  
Gold, which the Fates and a rich father gave,—  
The first to turn the second in his grave,—  
Gold, that has made your worthless life more light,

Curse of the Commonwealth, leech, parasite!  
Whose back none other labor knows than that  
Of rubbing smooth the chairs whereon you sat.  
The leopard shall not lose his spots—his load  
Of hump the camel—nor his warts the toad,—  
Nor grows the snob and flunky unexempt  
From physic marks of feature,—and contempt  
Of honorable men. The smirked grimace,  
The high falsetto titter and the face  
With in-drawn lip, the up-screwed eyes and nose,  
The parrot stock of speech,—the strut, the pose,—  
Such are the signs that Nature sets to mock  
The rank decadence of her basest stock.  
So, done at last! the scornful muse refrains  
Further to flay the nude thing that remains,  
Washes her hands defiled in water clear,  
And wipes her sandal-soles upon your rear.  
Away! since even snobs must have their due,  
She plants a kick upon your greater you.



## TO A SHAMELESS BARD.

You have debased the poet's sacred art,  
And sown with lying hate your darkest shame;  
Your name shall be a jeer-word in the mart  
Where you for dole of dollars sold your fame!

## MADE IN AMERICA.

Come, let us make a dozen score of heroes ;  
Each yearning niche of Fame yells out aloud,—  
Our pedestals unstatued—are we zeros  
To stand behind that European crowd?  
We, who have gold to buy the beggars wholly,  
Shall we not have our heroes and great men?  
We, who monopolize all good things solely,  
Shall yield the palm to others? Never! Then  
Come, let us have our heroes, have them quickly ;  
Make them of paper, sawdust, tin or rag ;—  
Here, all you slavering journals, coat them thickly  
With smart veneer of Hail Columbia brag!  
Heroes civilian, heroes military  
That shall out-tale the Vallambrosan leaves,  
Heroes of *sans-culottes* like Tom and Jerry,  
Heroes of politicians, chap-men, thieves.  
Heroes of mighty mouths like boaster Dewey,  
Who, with enormous waste of powder sunk  
Defenseless Spanish hulks—how loudly blew he  
His braggart note o'er every foundered junk!  
Nor must our haughty-stepping dames be slighted,—  
Let us have female heroes, so the breed  
Of our heroic hearts be expedited,  
Rearing a race of Jasons from our seed.

They say we have few great men—scarcely any,  
Who are the *greatest* people and the *best*;—  
We have not many great, but a great many  
Poets and statesmen, soldiers and the rest.  
They say we have no heroes,—let us make some!  
They say we have no great men,—let us “fake” some!

## "IL DECHIRE LES PAPERASSES."

*Papérasses*, happy word!  
Though in English never heard,  
Word that from thy parent French,  
I into our tongue would wrench.  
Aptest word! thou shouldst describe  
Blockheads of a certain tribe,  
And with but the prefix "news,"  
Scourge and brand a foul abuse.  
Though the Gauls may need thee too, —  
Here 's Herculean work to do!  
Hark! what squalling notes of fear  
Strike on the expectant ear!—  
*Papérasses!* do not blench,  
For the word is safely French.

## LINES ON A DEAD DOG.

(Lying on the City Hall Steps, Anno 1894.)

Poor Cerberus! thy death befell  
Here 'gainst the sullen gates of Hell.  
None pities thee nor heaves a sigh;  
Each holds his nose and hurries by.  
Rulers and rogues politely greet,  
Yet scorn the brother at their feet.  
O, would that thou wert hung where oft  
The spangled banner flaps aloft;  
High in the eagle's thrilling home,  
Above the Hall, above the Dome!  
A happy symbol, thou, to show  
The nature of the things below,—  
Thy body, bursting from its sheath,—  
The body politic beneath,  
Whose rank corruption like thine own,  
Through all its length and breadth is sown:  
Both feed their swarms of worthless flies  
And both are stinking to the skies.

## ELECTION TIME.

Now hand to hand and face to face,  
The parties strive to win;  
These to turn rascals out of place,  
And these to turn them in.  
Those who entered lean as kine  
Issue now as fat as swine;  
Whom we put a perch as chicks,  
As gluttoned vultures quit the sticks.  
But through the streets all yell—for yell they must:  
“A public office is a public trust!”

## MANIKIN AND MAIDKIN.

A manikin met a maidkin fair ;—  
She lured him with her eyes.  
The manikin followed here and there—  
O manikin be wise !

Beware, thou manikin, of sin ;—  
Those eyes are gins and pits,  
The devil lurks and waits within :—  
Beware thy fragile wits !

“ O maidkin fair, I love thee well,”  
The manikin did say,  
“ I love thee more than tongue can tell !”  
The maidkin laughed away.

She led him here, she led him there,  
She led him by the nose,  
And, haltered with a single hair,  
He follows where she goes.

Came by another manikin,  
The maidkin was undone,  
She spread her nets his heart to win  
And let the first one run.

And he with sulphur, nitre, lead  
Blew all his skull to bits!  
'T was lead to lead—within that head  
Was room—but none for wits.

Manikin, manikin, manikin small,  
O, sad thy history!  
'T was ever thus with one and all,  
With old and young and great and small,  
Was, is, and still shall be!



ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF "PUNCH."

Weep, ye whose tears must unavailing flow,  
 Struck with the ruthless fate of all below,  
 A fate so common, unannounced and sure  
 Which all who breathe or bark at last endure.  
 Weep, and unpen the channels of your eyes  
 O'er yon belovèd shape that lowly lies,  
 O'er him that unavailing love hath lost,  
 Love kneeling by those paws so gently crossed.

Ye mighty hills and forests filled with sound,  
 Ye ocean-combing floods with whiteness crowned,  
 Swift dryads glistening through the redwood trees,  
 And fauns and feathered things that sail the breeze,  
 Weep, like yon tristful one whose woe-worn head  
 Now pillows on a cold and widowed bed.  
 Weep! O, what freshet tears your eyes must pour,  
 For Punch, poor, ancient Punch, is now no more!  
 Gone! gone!—for that too peerless canine weep,  
 Gone to profoundest, everlasting sleep!  
 Too soon, ah, far too soon Atropos sheared  
 His thinning thread of Life—and Death appeared,  
 Nor could that feeble bark affright the grim,  
 Implacable, dread shape that conquered him.

Yet, like a being of celestial birth,  
He first endured his martyrdom on Earth,  
Until his mistress' hand, when all was vain,  
Gave him swift *coup de grâce* to end his pain.  
Then sped his spirit to the thrones of light  
But left within her heart eternal night.

Alas, each swelling sob my utterance chokes,  
How the sad drench of tears my own provokes!  
Hence, vengeful furies with red eyes of coal,  
Never of this dear dog be yours the soul!  
Though Pluto thunder from his realm profound—  
Or furious Até make the world resound—  
Or grim and mighty Rhadamanthus throw  
His trident on Hell's fuming floor below—  
Or foaming Cerberus with horrent hair,  
Dread brother! sally barking from his lair—  
Or Charon, venerable and gloomy man,  
Wait for that well-belovèd black-and-tan  
Whose spirit, curled beside the Olympian throne,  
Hath found a milder world than this our own.

O, ne'er again across Bohemia's floor  
Shall Punch obey the finger of our Thor,  
Never again the outstretched hand shall bite  
Wherewith the Laureate this dirge must write—  
Whiles widowed Judy whimpers in the grove,  
Robbed of the chaste delights of canine love.

But, long as stars and planets gem the sky,  
Long as yon flaming orb is rolled on high,  
Long as endures the Earth within her frame  
Shall live, shall flourish Punch's glorious name,  
Safe from the tooth of Time, his bright, perennial fame.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1900.

If I were the good Saint Patrick,  
And not a poor devil in sin,  
This were the day—this were the way  
My labors would begin.

For I would look across the land  
From sea to a sister sea,  
And then would grasp in either hand  
A pen that flamed like Michael's brand,  
Far, fierce and terribly.

One foot would rest within the West;  
The other in the East.  
I'd cry to God: "Thou knowest best,  
Call kites and vultures—Thy behest  
Mine office—theirs the feast."

Then might ye cry to see the map  
Of our country turn a-green  
With serpents wriggling from her lap,  
Pell-mell beneath the thunder-clap,  
Beneath the lightning-sheen.

---

Out from the halls of the Capitol steep—  
Defiled with shame and slime,  
The reptile race I'd drive—I'd sweep  
The place of all the things that creep,  
For once and for all time.

Out from the offices, out from the press,  
Out from many a steeple,  
Out from the courts and the schools; no less  
Millions of snakes from the vast excess  
Alive in the hearts of the people!

Out from the cities, serpent-stuffed,  
Out from their teeming fens,  
Rattlers and vipers and adders puffed,  
Hypocrites blue with the skins they sloughed,  
By thousands and by tens.

Each road should form a giant snake  
Of snakes—a frenzied flood!  
To every sea, to every lake  
A-hiss the maddened mob would take  
Its poisoned path of mud.

No wriggler would be left alive  
Once more its race to start;  
Nay, not a serpent should survive  
Save beautiful little snakes that thrive  
In the Eden of woman's heart.

Then would I stand athwart the land,  
    Bowed o'er my iron pen;  
Turned to stone where I took my stand  
Yet with open eye and ready hand,  
    Lest those serpents breed again.

So, if I were the good Saint Patrick,  
    And not a poor devil in sin,  
This were the day—this were the way  
    My labors would begin!

## LATRONA STREET.

Where holes and dens in countless numbers lie,  
And dismal nooks and corners pain the eye,  
Where scarce is room to move my cautious feet,  
Surely, I walk along Latrona street!  
Each wind that through the impested region blows,  
Conveys infection to my helpless nose.  
Fried fish and steaks their fragrances combine,  
While laundered flannels steaming on the line,  
And stables militant the reek refine.  
The sluttish housewives with disordered hair,  
Exploit the passing stranger with a stare,  
Or else in groups about the steps are strung,  
And scandal's venom drips from every tongue.  
The walks, like styes, with slops are littered round.  
With easy search a dog deceased is found.  
There scraps of meat refresh a thousand flies,  
And here its trade a rotten herring plies.  
Half-naked brats roll screaming in the dirt,  
And twenty mothers fly when one brat's hurt.  
The hoodlum swain, in trousers tight arrayed,  
Woos with a speech unclean the hoodlum maid.  
Ten ragged, freckled wenches—squalid crowd!—  
Are singing South Side ditties shrill and loud;

And where Disease asserts her household reign,  
A yellow face is pressed against each pane.  
Through broken doors 't is shown beyond a doubt,  
The inside is as filthy as the out.  
I turn me now, with solemn step and slow,  
And from this scene of dreadful squalor go.  
Farewell, foul street, and all that reeks of thee—  
Thy crimes, thy sorrows and thy poverty!

1893.



POEMS IN THE  
SPIRIT OF POE



## POE.

Unto the swing and silence of great stars,  
Deep-chambered in the realms mysterious  
Of the dusk fays that dream, thy breath was born,—  
Thou, who with calm brow and marmoreal pale,  
Musest, forever throned supreme! Supreme,—  
'Midst the all-kingliest stars, a rushing orb,  
Eternal, vast, undimmed, out-traversing Heaven  
With fiercer lustre-splendor and with song  
Far wilder whirling than thy brother suns  
That gem Fame's zodiac—who counts not thee?  
Songs that the wide-winged seraphs spake from out  
Thy lips,—to marble have they grown, as wan,  
As whitely-pale as pearl, as rich, as rare,  
Those hewn, melodious, immortalities—  
So few, hoarded, yet few! Thy sojourn dark  
On Earth was martyrdom that held no ray  
In the dim, desolate air of her low plains,  
Sunless for thee, save where thy spirit burst  
The nether night unlifted and thy brow  
Gave again to the o'er-taught world the great  
Reflex of Beauty's face. Thee Loveliness  
Loved; gave thee her blossoms and blown flowers  
Which decked thy altars fair, as his were decked

In Delphos' oracle old, Phœbus, prophetic priest  
Of Beauty, as wast thou, whom shall no death  
E'er darken or invade. No more enchain  
Thy music's spells these regions reft of thee,  
Who, through abysmal, undivulging nought,  
Speakest from shadowy shores with all the great,  
One hollow word's sad rolling, "Nevermore."  
Nevermore! to the infant muse that stirred  
My youngest veins attuned, more dead of hope  
That sound than terrible Death! I gave it not  
Surrender, but many a night laborious  
After laborious day, all humbly through  
Thy towering and thy star-wrought golden fanes  
Of frozen or of fiery dreams searched ever  
For what had made thy thought a light of lights,  
For what was secret of thy music vast  
And weird, for what was root of all thy lore.  
Search that could scarce succeed, in vain! in vain!—  
Ever the echoes whisper: "Nevermore"  
Through past, through present and through future  
years!

Here have I bound a lowly chaplet up  
Of flowers few and slightest, grown from soil  
Once nourishing noblest trees—for me to lay  
Even this on thy thrice-hallowed tomb, enough  
Of honor, and my labor's meed too large.

## THE SEA OF SERENITY.

## I.

From the Mountains of the Moon,  
O'er her silent, silver valleys,  
Lit by Earth-light soft in June,  
And Aurora Borealis,  
I and Isabel the saintly,  
Mute upon the mountain's top,  
Listened to the sweet dews faintly  
Into nether caverns drop.

## II.

And we spoke not and we moved not  
In our musing melancholy ;  
Deep we loved, but, ah! we loved not  
As they love in worlds unholy.  
There the Earth hung full and golden  
O'er our planet's pallid plain,  
And all memories of the olden  
Days of Earth swam back again.

## III.

With a soft, a sad insistence,  
Flowed a stream of melody

Through the ether, through the distance,  
    Flowed for Isabel and me.  
Through the zenith whirled the white,  
    Green and purple, opalescent,  
Blue and crimson suns whose light  
    Bathed the nadir, iridescent.

## IV.

Many million triple suns,  
    Violet and lilac, burning  
Where the crystal zodiac runs,  
    On its golden axis turning.  
Brighter than the flames of Endor  
    Glowed the ruby sphere terrestrial,  
With a nimbus crowned of splendor  
    All seraphic and celestial.

## V.

O'er her scintillating face  
    Rushed a mad and radiant river ;  
O'er the poles it poured its race  
    Where tormented torches quiver.  
Oh! their spiral tongues unending  
    Like the mines of Ophir burned,  
To a liquid lustre blending  
    As their jeweled globe was turned.

## VI.

Then I glanced at her beside me  
With the glory in her eye,  
Deep I sighed, for words denied me—  
Deep we sighed, yet knew not why.  
Spoke the Sibyl of the Utter  
Silence, with her waving wings,  
With her shadow wings that flutter  
Over all Unfathomed Things:

## VII.

“Yonder star whose lustre lonely,  
Tinted like the Triton’s horn,  
Seems a sun—its flames are only  
Flames of human passions born.  
Love and Life—the Thoughts that ever  
Burn within the mortal breast,  
Flames which shall not die, oh, never  
Shall they die and never rest!

## VIII.

“Till yon globe shall burn to ashes—  
Like this icy orb decrease  
Cold and dark—with love she flashes—  
Love till all that is shall cease.”

Thus the Sibyl—swift our planet  
Rushed into a vast eclipse,  
And a shadow overran it,  
And the Night lay on our lips.

But our lips re-echoed slowly,  
In that Universal Peace,  
Lowly, slowly, softly, holy—  
“Love till all that is shall cease.”

1893.



## INTROSPECTION.

In the palpable dead night,  
In the still, the stellar light,  
When the hours, like pilgrims slow, creep into the  
Long Ago—  
From the Valley of the Shadow, many a vision black  
or white  
Comes to haunt me,  
Comes to daunt me,  
Garbed in shapes I knew or know.  
Would they sought a season fitter—O, the dreary,  
dreary, bitter  
Years and tears, tears and years,  
Years of burning, bitter tears  
That have bowed down Earth with woe, that with woe  
have bowed her low!  
And our misery and pain  
Is to think that ne'er again  
Shall the heart of Earth cease grieving, leaving all  
that grieves it so.

When the symphony of spheres—  
    (He shall bless them—he who hears)  
Organ-like of cosmic woes, sing—I listen unto those  
Strains at midnight that enrapture each exalted soul  
    that hears  
    Unregretting,  
    Earth forgetting,  
Though like sister stars she glows;  
    Though she glows with wildest, parti-colored  
    flames like fair Astarte,  
    With the brilliant passion-fire  
    Of a burning world's desire,  
With the lambent flame that blows blazing fiercely  
    from the throes  
    Of brave hearts in passion tost,  
    Of the weak, the helpless lost  
In the world's rash race contending, ending when to  
    wreck it goes.

Under the translucent horn  
Of the mirrored moon I mourn  
In the deep night, till the day, takes her gentle ray  
away,  
On the Past so dimly distant. And the future's Stygian  
bourn  
Now appals me,  
Now enthralls me  
With its terrors vast and gray.  
For in sadness still and sorrow, comes repeatedly  
to-morrow  
With thoughts that cannot die,  
With sighs that ask us: Why?  
O'er lost joys of yesterday—ah, how fair, how blest  
were they!  
And within these eyes of mine  
They shall flow and they shall shine  
With a glory all undying, flying as it seems to-day.

1893.

## THE ISLE OF THE DEAD.

In the desert floods horrific,  
Where no star shines beatific,  
Lies an island that uprises gray from out the murmuring tides.  
There it lies, close by that region where the weary,  
weary Ocean,  
Like some cataract that floweth o'er some precipice's sides,  
Flows forever and forever down the hoar Antarctic pole,  
To Earth's heart by moaning, dead winds led along  
in swiftest motion,  
Flowing, falling as dark fancies fall and flow o'er thee,  
my soul.

There the sun lies dead forever,  
Wrapt in clouds no sun could sever,  
Never part the bleak, funereal, o'erhanging vapor palls,  
And the Spirit of All-Silence, breathing deep beneath  
the waters,  
Lifts and sinks the sable surges as they lap the granite walls.

There dwell phantoms vast whose faces watch in dun-  
gray mists the while,  
And two guardian ghosts—two sisters, Peace and  
Death—the only daughters  
Of that Universal Silence brooding o'er that haunted  
Isle.

And that island forms a crescent,  
Stilly cove where the incessant,  
Shifting surges lie in melancholy contemplation still,  
'Neath the spell and scent of cypress sentinels and  
mandragora,  
Its smooth face reflecting whitely marble walls built  
in the hill,  
Ancient walls of milky marble, mossy tombs hewn in  
the stone.  
From the cliffs Lethean lilies breathe a dull, lethargic  
aura,—  
Ah, these eyes wept as those lilies weep—these eyes  
wept not alone!

Like the heart-beat of my saintly  
Loved one, now an oar beats faintly.  
'T is a black-draped barge comes gliding, sliding o'er  
the unsailed sea,  
With a muffled, maskèd rower and the form of Grief,  
who, weeping,  
Standeth o'er a velvet casket as she prayeth ceaselessly.

Tell, what prayers need there be said, woman, o'er  
that blessèd head?

Slowly, slowly she comes creeping to the tomb where  
I was sleeping

Seven centuries and cycles in the Island of the Dead.

1894.

## PACIFIC.

Often we walked by the water  
Of that weird, wonderful sea,  
I and the skipper's fair daughter—  
Fair as a flower was she!  
Doubting how sorrow could be,  
I and the skipper's pale daughter  
Strolled to the sound of the sea.

Clouds in the heavens seemed mountains,  
And mountains smiled over the land;  
By Ocean of many-mouthed fountains  
We loved and we dreamed and we planned  
All the life we could not understand—  
And the vari-hued mountains and fountains  
Were ours in that magical land.

O, child of the skipper! if only  
The mountains and fountains no more  
Drew me back where that ocean so lonely  
Still mourns on its desolate shore!  
But my heart bears the sorrow it bore  
When we laid thee, beloved, all lonely  
Where thou hearest the sea-voice no more.

1895.









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