

## MY APPLEDORE GALLERY.

NO. II.

Sunset and Moonset. August, 1850.

'Tis the sight of a lifetime to behold  
 The great shorn sun, as you see it now,  
 Across eight miles of undulant gold  
 That widens landward, weltered and rolled,  
 With freaks of shadow and crimson stains,—  
 To see the solid mountain-brow  
 As it notches the disk, and gains and gains,  
 Until there comes, you scarce know when,  
 A tremble of fire o'er the parted lips  
 Of cloud and mountain, which vanishes,—then  
 From the body of day the sun-soul slips  
 And the face of earth darkens; but now the strips  
 Of western vapor, straight and thin,  
 From which the horizon's swervings win  
 A grace of contrast, take fire and burn  
 Like splinters of touchwood, whose edges a mould  
 Of ashes o'erfeathers; northward turn  
 For an instant, and let your eye grow cold  
 On Agameticus, and when once more  
 You look, 'tis as if the land-breeze, growing,  
 From the smouldering brands the film were blowing,  
 And brightening them down to the very core;  
 Yet they momentarily cool, and dampen, and deaden,  
 The crimson turns golden, the gold turns leaden,  
 Hardening into one black bar,  
 O'er which, from the hollow heaven afar,  
 Shoots a splinter of light like diamond,  
 Half seen, half fancied; by and by,  
 Beyond whatever is most beyond,  
 In the uttermost waste of desert sky,  
 Grows a star;  
 And over it, visible spirit of dew,—  
 Ah, stir not, speak not, hold your breath,  
 Or surely the miracle vanisheth,—  
 The new moon, tranced in unspeakable blue!

No frail illusion; this were true,  
 Rather, to call it the canoe  
 Hallowed out of a single pearl,  
 That floats us from the Present's whirl  
 Back to those beings which were ours,  
 Whose wishes were winged things like powers!  
 Call it not light, that mystery tender,  
 Which broods upon the brooding ocean,  
 That fish of ecstasied surrender  
 To indelible emotion,  
 That glows, mellowed than a mist  
 Of pearl dissolved with amethyst,  
 Which runs Square Rock, like what they paint  
 Of mitigated heavenly splendor  
 Round the stern forehead of a Saint!

No more vision, reddened, largened,  
 The moon slips toward her mountain nest,  
 And, fringing it with palest argent,  
 Slow sheathes herself behind the margin  
 Of that long cloudbar in the West,  
 Whose nether edge, ere long, you see  
 The silvery prism in turn anoint;  
 And then the tiniest rosy point  
 Touched doubtfully and timidly  
 Into the dark blue's chilly strip,

As some mute, wondering thing below  
 Awakened by the thrilling glow,  
 Might, looking up, see Dian dip  
 One lucent foot's delaying tip  
 In Latmian fountains long ago.

Knew you what silence was before?  
 Here is no startle of dreaming bird  
 That sings in his sleep, or strives to sing;  
 Here is no sigh of branches stirred,  
 Nor noise of any living thing,  
 Such as one hears by night on shore;  
 Only, now and then, a sigh,  
 With fickle intervals between,  
 Sometimes far, and sometimes nigh,  
 Such as Andromeda might have heard,  
 And fancied the huge sea-beast unseen  
 Snuffing his prey; it is the sea  
 That welters and wavers uneasily  
 Round the lonely reefs of Appledore.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

We have found this little poem afloat in the newspaper world, much distorted by misprints, and the author having kindly revised it for us, we feel that we need scarcely apologize for giving it place with the original matter.—EDS. CRAYON.

## THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,  
 And busily all the night  
 Had been heaping field and highway  
 With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
 Wore ermine too dear for an earl;  
 And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
 Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara,  
 Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;  
 The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down—  
 And still fluttered down the snow.

I thought of a mound in Sweet Auburn,  
 Where a little headstone stood;  
 How the flakes were folding it gently,  
 As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
 Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"  
 And I told of the good All-Father,  
 Who cares for us poor, below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,  
 And thought of the leaden sky  
 That arched o'er our first great sorrow,  
 When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience  
 That fell from that cloud like snow;  
 Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
 The scar of the deep-stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered:  
 "The snow that husheth all,  
 Darling, the merciful Father  
 Alone can make it fall!"

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,  
 And she, kissing back, could not know  
 That my kiss was given to her sister,  
 Folded close under deepening snow.