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P O E M S

BY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
346 & 348 BROADWAY.
LONDON: 16 LITTLE BRITAIN.
M.DCCC.LV.

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P O E M S .

P O E M S .

“UPON THE MOUNTAIN'S DISTANT HEAD.”

UPON the mountain's distant head,
With trackless snows for ever white,
Where all is still, and cold, and dead,
Late shines the day's departing light.

But far below those icy rocks,
The vales, in summer bloom arrayed,
Woods full of birds, and fields of flocks,
Arc dim with mist and dark with shade.

'Tis thus, from warm and kindly hearts,
And eyes where generous meanings burn,
Earliest the light of life departs,
But lingers with the cold and stern.)

THE EVENING WIND.

SPiRiT that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow :
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high
their spray
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight ;

And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
 Livelier, at coming of the wind of night ;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
 Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the
 sight.

Go forth into the gathering shade ; go forth,
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth !

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
 Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and
 rouse,
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,
 Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his
 breast :

Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep
 the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee ; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more
deep :
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty
range,
Thee to thy birthplace of the deep once more ;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore ;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

“WHEN THE FIRMAMENT QUIVERS WITH
DAYLIGHT'S YOUNG BEAM.”

WHEN the firmament quivers with daylight's
young beam,
And the woodlands awaking burst into a hymn,
And the glow of the sky blazes back from the
stream,
How the bright ones of heaven in the bright-
ness grow dim.

Oh ! 'tis sad, in that moment of glory and song,
To see, while the hill-tops are waiting the sun,

The glittering band that kept watch all night
long,
O'er Love and o'er Slumber, go out one by one:

Till the circle of ether, deep, ruddy, and vast,
Scarce glimmers with one of the train that
were there ;
And their leader the day-star, the brightest and
last,
Twinkles faintly and fades in that desert of air.

Thus, Oblivion, from midst of whose shadow
we came,
Steals o'er us again when life's twilight is gone ;
And the crowd of bright names, in the heaven
of fame,
Grow pale and are quenched as the years
hasten on.

Let them fade—but we'll pray that the age, in
 whose flight,
 Of ourselves and our friends the remembrance
 shall die,
May rise o'er the world, with the gladness and
 light
 Of the morning that withers the stars from
 the sky.

“INNOCENT CHILD AND SNOW-
WHITE FLOWER.”

INNOCENT child and snow-white flower !
Well are ye paired in your opening hour,
Thus should the pure and the lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet.

White as those leaves, just blown apart,
Are the folds of thy own young heart ;
Guilty passion and cankering care
Never have left their traces there.

Artless one ! though thou gazest now
O'er the white blossom with earnest brow,
Soon will it tire thy childish eye ;
Fair as it is, thou wilt throw it by.

Throw it aside in thy weary hour,
Throw to the ground the fair white flower ;
Yet, as thy tender years depart,
Keep that white and innocent heart.)

TO THE RIVER ARVE.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN AT A HAMLET NEAR THE FOOT
OF MONT BLANC.

NOT from the sands or cloven rocks,
 Thou rapid Arve ! thy waters flow ;
Nor earth, within her bosom, locks
 Thy dark unfathomed wells below.
Thy springs are in the cloud, thy stream
 Begins to move and murmur first
Where ice-peaks feel the noonday beam,
 Or rain-storms on the glacier burst.

Born where thunder and the blast
And morning's earliest light are born,
Thou rushest swoln, and loud, and fast,
By these low homes, as if in scorn :
Yet humbler springs yield purer waves ;
And brighter, glassier streams than thine,
Sent up from earth's unlighted caves,
With heaven's own beam and image shine.

Yet stay ; for here are flowers and trees ;
Warm rays on cottage roofs are here,
And laugh of girls, and hum of bees—
Here linger till thy waves are clear.
Thou heedest not—thou hastest on ;
From steep to steep thy torrent falls,
Till, mingling with the mighty Rhone,
It rests beneath Geneva's walls.

Rush on—but were there one with me
That loved me, I would light my hearth

Here, where with God's own majesty
Are touched the features of the earth.
By these old peaks, white, high, and vast,
Still rising as the tempests beat,
Here would I dwell, and sleep at last,
Among the blossoms at their feet.

TO COLE, THE PAINTER, DEPARTING
FOR EUROPE.

THINE eyes shall see the light of distant skies :

Yet, COLE ! thy heart shall bear to Europe's
strand

A living image of our own bright land,
Such as upon thy glorious canvas lies ;
Lone lakes—savannas where the bison roves—
Rocks rich with summer garlands—solemn
streams—

Skies, where the desert eagle wheels and
screams—

Spring bloom and autumn blaze of boundless
groves.

Fair scenes shall greet thee where thou goest—
fair,

But different—every where the trace of men,
Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest
glen

To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air,
Gaze on them, till the tears shall dim thy
sight,

But keep that earlier, wilder image bright.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

THOU blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest,

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF DECEMBER.

WILD was the day ; the wintry sea
 Moaned sadly on New England's strand,
When first the thoughtful and the free,
 Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,
 With years, should gather round that day :
How love should keep their memories bright,
 How wide a realm their sons should sway.

Green are their bays ; but greener still
 Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed,
And regions, now untrod, shall thrill
 With reverence when their names are breathed.

Till where the sun, with softer fires,
 Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,
The children of the pilgrim sires
 This hallowed day like us shall keep.

HYMN OF THE CITY.

Not in the solitude
Alone may man commune with heaven, or see
Only in savage wood
And sunny vale, the present Deity ;
Or only hear his voice
Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty!—here, amidst the crowd,
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—

Choking the ways that wind
'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human
kind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings
lies,
And lights their inner homes ;
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded
skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

Thy spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along ;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee.

And when the hours of rest
Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
Hushing its billowy breast—
The quiet of that moment too is thine ;
It breathes of Him who keeps
The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

THE PRAIRIES.

THESE are the gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they
stretch

In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,

And motionless for ever.—Motionless?—
No—they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye ;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South !
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have
 played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this ?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work :
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown
 their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,

And hedged them round with forests. Fitting
floor

For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations ! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above our eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides
The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—
The dead of other days?—and did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
And burn with passion? Let the mighty
mounds

That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest crowded with old oaks,

Answer. A race, that long has passed away,
Built them ;—a disciplined and populous race
Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the
Greek

Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourished their harvests, here their herds were
fed,

When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and
wood

In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came—
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth,
The solitude of centuries untold

Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the
ground

Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone ;
All—save the piles of earth that hold their
bones,

The platforms where they worshipped unknown
gods,

The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay—till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguerers broke, and, one by one
The strongholds of the plain were forced, and
heaped

With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood
Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchres,
And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast.
Haply some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became

Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumphed then. Kind
words
Welcomed and soothed him ; the rude con-
querors
Seated the captive with their chiefs ; he chose
A bride among their maidens, and at length
Seemed to forget—yet ne'er forgot—the wife
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones,
Butchered, amid their shrieks, with all his
race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought
A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away,

On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face—among Missouri's springs,
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I
meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of
man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,

With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the
ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN,

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold ;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree ;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,

Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Wo to the English soldiery,
That little dread us near !
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear :
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again.
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

·III

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil :
We talk the battle over,

And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain ;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away

Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton,
For ever, from our shore.

THE ARCTIC LOVER.

GONE is the long, long winter night ;
 Look, my beloved one !
How glorious, through his depths of light,
 Rolls the majestic sun !
The willows, waked from winter's death,
Give out a fragrance like thy breath—
 The summer is begun !

Ay, 'tis the long bright summer day :
 Hark, to that mighty crash !

The loosened ice-ridge breaks away—
The smitten waters flash.
Seaward the glittering mountain rides,
While, down its green translucent sides,
The foamy torrents dash.

See, love, my boat is moored for thee,
By ocean's weedy floor—
The petrel does not skim the sea
More swiftly than my oar.
We'll go, where, on the rocky isles,
Her eggs the screaming sea-fowl piles
Beside the pebbly shore.

Or, bide thou where the poppy blows,
With wind-flowers frail and fair,
While I, upon his isle of snows,
Seek and defy the bear.

Fierce though he be, and huge of frame,
This arm his savage strength shall tame,
And drag him from his lair.

When crimson sky and flamy cloud
Bespeak the summer o'er,
And the dead valleys wear a shroud
Of snows that melt no more,
I'll build of ice thy winter home,
With glistening walls and glassy dome,
And spread with skins the floor.

The white fox by thy couch shall play ;
And, from the frozen skies,
The meteors of a mimic day
Shall flash upon thine eyes.
And I—for such thy vow—meanwhile
Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,
Till that long midnight flies.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

BENEATH the waning moon I walk at night,
And muse on human life—for all around
Are dim uncertain shapes that cheat the sight,
And pitfalls lurk in shade along the ground,
And broken gleams of brightness, here and there,
Glance through, and leave unwarmed the death-
like air.

The trampled earth returns a sound of fear—
A hollow sound, as if I walked on tombs ;

And lights, that tell of cheerful homes, appear
Far off, and die like hope amid the glooms.
A mournful wind across the landscape flies,
And the wide atmosphere is full of sighs.

And I, with faltering footsteps, journey on,
Watching the stars that roll the hours away,
Till the faint light that guides me now is gone,
And, like another life, the glorious day
Shall open o'er me from the empyreal height,
With warmth, and certainty, and boundless light.

TRANSLATIONS.

TRANSLATIONS.

VERSION OF A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

THE night winds howled—the billows dashed
Against the tossing chest ;
As Danaë to her broken heart
Her slumbering infant pressed.

“ My little child ”—in tears she said—
“ To wake and weep is mine,
But thou canst sleep—thou dost not know
Thy mother’s lot, and thine.

“ The moon is up, the moonbeams smile—
They tremble on the main :
But dark, within my floating cell,
To me they smile in vain.

“ Thy folded mantle wraps thee warm,
Thy clustering locks are dry,
Thou dost not hear the shrieking gust,
Nor breakers booming high.

“ As o'er thy sweet unconscious face
A mournful watch I keep,
I think, didst thou but know thy fate,
How thou wouldst also weep.

“ Yet, dear one, sleep, and sleep, ye winds
That vex the restless brine—
When shall these eyes, my babe, be sealed
As peacefully as thine ! ”

FROM THE SPANISH OF VILLEGAS.

'Tis sweet, in the green Spring,
To gaze upon the wakening fields around ;
 Birds in the thicket sing,
Winds whisper, waters prattle from the ground ;
 A thousand odors rise,
Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand dyes.

Shadowy, and close, and cool,
The pine and poplar keep their quiet nook ;
 For ever fresh and full,

Shines, at their feet, the thirst-inviting brook ;
 And the soft herbage seems
Spread for a place of banquets and of dreams.

 Thou, who alone art fair,
And whom alone I love, art far away.
 Unless thy smile be there,
It makes me sad to see the earth so gay ;
 I care not if the train
Of leaves, and flowers, and zephyrs go again.

MARY MAGDALEN.

FROM THE SPANISH OF BARTOLOME LEONARDO
DE ARGENSOLA.

BLESSED, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted !

The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,

In wonder and in scorn !

Thou weepest days of innocence departed ;

Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to
move

The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,

Even for the least of all the tears that shine

On that pale cheek of thine.

Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came from
 heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
 Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much that to the fragrant blossom
 The ragged brier should change ; the bitter fir
 Distil Arabian myrrh !
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
 The harvest should rise plenteous, and the
 swain
 Bear home the abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
 Thick to their tops with roses : come and see
 Leaves on the dry dead tree :
The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
 Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise,
 For ever, towards the skies.

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LUIS PONCE DE LEON.

REGION of life and light !
Land of the good whose earthly toils are o'er !
Nor frost nor heat may blight
Thy vernal beauty, fertile shore,
Yielding thy blessed fruits for evermore !

There, without crook or sling,
Walks the good shepherd ; blossoms white and
red
Round his meek temples cling ;

And to sweet pastures led,
His own loved flock beneath his eye is fed.

He guides, and near him they
Follow delighted, for he makes them go
Where dwells eternal May,
And heavenly roses blow,
Deathless, and gathered but again to grow.

He leads them to the height
Named of the infinite and long-sought Good,
And fountains of delight ;
And where his feet have stood
Springs up, along the way, their tender food.

And when, in the mid skies,
The climbing sun has reached his highest bound,
Reposing as he lies,
With all his flock around,
He witches the still air with numerous sound,

From his sweet lute flow forth
Immortal harmonies, of power to still
All passions born of earth,
And draw the ardent will
Its destiny of goodness to fulfil.

Might but a little part,
A wandering breath of that high melody,
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, oh love ! in thee.

Ah ! then my soul should know,
Beloved ! where thou liest at noon of day,
And from this place of woe
Released, should take its way
To mingle with thy flock and never stray.

FATIMA AND RADUAN.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Diamante falso y fingido,
Engastado en pedernal, &c.

“ FALSE diamond set in flint ! hard heart in
haughty breast !
By a softer warmer bosom the tiger’s couch is
prest.

Thou art fickle as the sea, thou art wandering as
the wind,
And the restless ever-mounting flame is not
more hard to bind.
If the tears I shed were tongues, yet all too few
would be
To tell of all the treachery that thou hast shown
to me.
Oh ! I could chide thee sharply—but every
maiden knows
That she who chides her lover, forgives him ere
he goes.

“ Thou hast called me oft the flower of all Gre-
nada’s maids,
Thou hast said that by the side of me the first
and fairest fades ;
And they thought thy heart was mine, and it
seemed to every one

That what thou didst to win my love, for love
of me was done.

Alas! if they but knew thee, as mine it is to
know,

They well might see another mark to which
thine arrows go ;

But thou giv'st me little heed—for I speak to
one who knows

That she who chides her lover, forgives him ere
he goes.

“ It wearies me, mine enemy, that I must weep
and bear

What fills thy heart with triumph, and fills my
own with care.

Thou art leagued with those that hate me, and
ah ! thou know'st I feel

That cruel words as surely kill as sharpest blades
of steel.

'Twas the doubt that thou wert false that wrung
my heart with pain ;
But, now I know thy perfidy, I shall be well
again.
I would proclaim thee as thou art—but every
maiden knows
That she who chides her lover, forgives him ere
he goes."

Thus Fatima complained to the valiant Raduan,
Where underneath the myrtles Alhambra's foun-
tains ran :
The Moor was inly moved, and blameless as he
was,
He took her white hand in his own, and pleaded
thus his cause :
" Oh, lady, dry those star-like eyes—their dim-
ness does me wrong :
If my heart be made of flint, at least 'twill keep
thy image long ;

Thou hast uttered cruel words—but I grieve
the less for those,
Since she who chides her lover, forgives him ere
he goes.”

LOVE AND FOLLY.

FROM LA FONTAINE.

Love's worshippers alone can know
The thousand mysteries that are his ;
His blazing touch, his twanging bow,
His blooming age are mysteries.
A charming science—but the day
Were all too short to con it o'er ;
So take of me this little lay,
A sample of its boundless lore.

As once, beneath the fragrant shade
Of myrtles fresh in heaven's pure air,
The children, Love and Folly, played—
A quarrel rose betwixt the pair.
Love said the gods should do him right—
But Folly vowed to do it then,
And struck him, o'er the orbs of sight,
So hard he never saw again.

His lovely mother's grief was deep,
She called for vengeance on the deed ;
A beauty does not vainly weep,
Nor coldly does a mother plead.
A shade came o'er the eternal bliss
That fills the dwellers of the skies ;
Even stony-hearted Nemesis,
And Rhadamanthus, wiped their eyes.

“ Behold,” she said, “ this lovely boy,”
While streamed afresh her graceful tears,

“Immortal, yet shut out from joy
And sunshine, all his future years.
The child can never take, you see,
A single step without a staff—
The harshest punishment would be
Too lenient for the crime by half.”

All said that Love had suffered wrong,
And well that wrong should be repaid ;
Then weighed the public interest long,
And long the party's interest weighed.
And thus decreed the court above—
“Since Love is blind from Folly's blow,
Let Folly be the guide of Love,
Where'er the boy may choose to go.”

THE SIESTA.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Vientecico murmurado.

Que lo gozas y andas todo, &c.

AIRS, that wander and murmur round,
 Bearing delight where'er ye blow !
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
 While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Lighten and lengthen her noonday rest,
 Till the heat of the noonday sun is o'er.

Sweet be her slumbers ! though in my breast
The pain she has waked may slumber no more.
Breathing soft from the blue profound,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

Airs ! that over the bending boughs,
And under the shade of pendent leaves,
Murmur soft, like my timid vows
Or the secret sighs my bosom heaves,—
Gently sweeping the grassy ground,
Bearing delight where'er ye blow,
Make in the elms a lulling sound,
While my lady sleeps in the shade below.

THE ALCAYDE OF MOLINA.

FROM THE SPANISH.

To the town of Atienza, Molina's brave Alcayde,
The courteous and the valorous, led forth his
bold brigade.

The Moor came back in triumph, he came with-
out a wound,

With many a Christian standard, and Christian
captive bound.

He passed the city portals, with swelling heart
and vain,

And towards his lady's dwelling he rode with
slackened rein ;

Two circuits on his charger he took, and at the
third,

From the door of her balcony Zelinda's voice
was heard.

“ Now if thou wert not shameless,” said the
lady to the Moor,

“ Thou wouldst neither pass my dwelling, nor
stop before my door.

Alas for poor Zelinda, and for her wayward
mood,

That one in love with peace should have loved
a man of blood !

Since not that thou wert noble I chose thee for
my knight,

But that thy sword was dreaded in tourney and
in fight.

Ah, thoughtless and unhappy ! that I should
fail to see

How ill the stubborn flint and the yielding wax
agree.

Boast not thy love for me, while the shrieking
of the fife

Can change thy mood of mildness to fury and
to strife.

Say not my voice is magic—thy pleasure is to
hear

The bursting of the carbine, and shivering of
the spear.

Well, follow thou thy choice—to the battle-
field away,

To thy triumphs and thy trophies, since I am
less than they.

Thrust thy arm into thy buckler, gird on thy
crooked brand,

And call upon thy trusty squire to bring thy
spears in hand.

Lead forth thy band to skirmish, by mountain
and by mead,

On thy dappled Moorish barb, or thy fleeter
border steed.

Go, waste the Christian hamlets, and sweep
away their flocks,

From Almazan's broad meadows to Siguënza's
rocks.

Leave Zelinda altogether, whom thou leavest
oft and long,

And in the life thou lovest forget whom thou
dost wrong.

These eyes shall not recall thee, though they
meet no more thine own,

Though they weep that thou art absent, and
that I am all alone."

She ceased, and turning from him her flushed
and angry cheek,

Shut the door of her balcony before the Moor
could speak.

THE DEATH OF ALIATAR.

FROM THE SPANISH.

'Tis not with gilded sabres
That gleam in baldricks blue,
Nor nodding plumes in caps of Fez,
Of gay and gaudy hue—
But, habited in mourning weeds,
Come marching from afar,
By four and four, the valiant men
Who fought with Aliatar.

All mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

The banner of the Phenix,
The flag that loved the sky,
That scarce the wind dared wanton with,
It flew so proud and high—
Now leaves its place in battle field,
And sweeps the ground in grief,
The bearer drags its glorious folds
Behind the fallen chief,
As mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

Brave Aliatar led forward
A hundred Moors to go

To where his brother held Motril
 Against the leaguering foe.
On horseback went the gallant Moor,
 That gallant band to lead ;
And now his bier is at the gate,
 From which he pricked his steed.
While mournfully and slowly
 The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
 And beat of muffled drum.

The knights of the Grand Master
 In crowded ambush lay ;
They rushed upon him where the reeds
 Were thick beside the way ;
They smote the valiant Aliatar,
 They smote the warrior dead,
And broken, but not beaten, were
 The gallant ranks he led.

Now mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

Oh ! what was Zayda's sorrow,
How passionate her cries !
Her lover's wounds streamed not more free
Than that poor maiden's eyes.
Say, Love—for didst thou see her tears :
Oh, no ! he drew more tight
The blinding fillet o'er his lids
To spare his eyes the sight.
While mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

Nor Zayda weeps him only,
But all that dwell between

The great Alhambra's palace walls
And springs of Albaicin.
The ladies weep the flower of knights,
The brave the bravest here.
The people weep a champion,
The Alcaydes a noble peer.
While mournfully and slowly
The afflicted warriors come,
To the deep wail of the trumpet,
And beat of muffled drum.

LOVE IN THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

FROM PEYRE VIDAL, THE TROUBADOUR.

THE earth was sown with early flowers,
The heavens were blue and bright—
I met a youthful cavalier
As lovely as the light.
I knew him not—but in my heart
His graceful image lies,
And well I marked his open brow,
His sweet and tender eyes,
His ruddy lips that ever smiled,
His glittering teeth betwixt,

And flowing robe embroidered o'er,
With leaves and blossoms mixed,
He wore a chaplet of the rose ;
His palfrey, white and sleek,
Was marked with many an ebon spot,
And many a purple streak ;
Of jasper was his saddle-bow,
His housings sapphire stone,
And brightly in his stirrup glanced
The purple calcedon.
Fast rode the gallant cavalier,
As youthful horsemen ride ;
“ Peyre Vidal ! know that I am Love,”
The blooming stranger cried ;
“ And this is Mercy by my side,
A dame of high degree ;
This maid is Chastity,” he said,
“ This squire is Loyalty.”

THE LOVE OF GOD.

FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF BERNARD RASCAS.

ALL things that are on earth shall wholly
pass away,
Except the love of God, which shall live and last
for aye.
The forms of men shall be as they had never
been ;
The blasted groves shall lose their fresh and
tender green ;

The birds of the thicket shall end their pleasant
song,

And the nightingale shall cease to chant the
evening long.

The kine of the pasture shall feel the dart that
kills,

And all the fair white flocks shall perish from
the hills.

The goat and antlered stag, the wolf and the
fox,

The wild boar of the wood, and the chamois of
the rocks,

And the strong and fearless bear, in the trodden
dust shall lie ;

And the dolphin of the sea, and the mighty
whale, shall die.

And realms shall be dissolved, and empires be
no more,

And they shall bow to death, who ruled from
shore to shore ;

And the great globe itself, (so the holy writings
tell,)

With the rolling firmament, where the starry
armies dwell,

Shall melt with fervent heat—they shall all
pass away,

Except the love of God, which shall live and
last for aye.

FROM THE SPANISH OF PEDRO DE
CASTRO Y AÑAYA.

STAY, rivulet, nor haste to leave
The lovely vale that lies around thee.
Why wouldst thou be a sea at eve,
When but a fount the morning found thee ?

Born when the skies began to glow,
Humblest of all the rock's cold daughters,
No blossom bowed its stalk to show
Where stole thy still and scanty waters.

Now on thy stream the noonbeams look,
 Usurping, as thou downward driftest,
Its crystal from the clearest brook,
 Its rushing current from the swiftest.

Ah ! what wild haste !—and all to be
 A river and expire in ocean.
Each fountain's tribute hurries thee
 To that vast grave with quicker motion.

Far better 'twere to linger still
 In this green vale, these flowers to cherish,
And die in peace, an aged rill,
 Than thus, a youthful Danube, perish.

SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF SEMEDO.

It is a fearful night ; a feeble glare
Streams from the sick moon in the o'ercloud-
ed sky ;
The ridgy billows, with a mighty cry,
Rush on the foamy beaches wild and bare ;
No bark the madness of the waves will dare ;
The sailors sleep ; the winds are loud and high ;
Ah, peerless Laura ! for whose love I die,
Who gazes on thy smiles while I despair ?

As thus, in bitterness of heart, I cried,
I turned, and saw my Laura, kind and bright,
A messenger of gladness, at my side :
To my poor bark she sprang with footstep light,
And as we furrowed Tago's heaving tide,
I never saw so beautiful a night.

SONG.

FROM THE SPANISH OF IGLESIAS.

ALEXIS calls me cruel ;
The rifted crags that hold
The gathered ice of winter,
He says, are not more cold.

When even the very blossoms
Around the fountain's brim,
And forest walks, can witness
The love I bear to him.

I would that I could utter
My feelings without shame ;
And tell him how I love him,
Nor wrong my virgin fame.

Alas ! to seize the moment
When heart inclines to heart,
And press a suit with passion,
Is not a woman's part.

If man come not to gather
The roses where they stand,
They fade among their foliage ;
They cannot seek his hand.

THE COUNT OF GREIERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

AT morn the Count of Greiers before his castle
stands ;

He sees afar the glory that lights the mountain
lands ;

The horned crags are shining, and in the shade
between

A pleasant Alpine valley lies beautifully green.

“ Oh, greenest of the valleys, how shall I come
to thee !

Thy herdsmen and thy maidens, how happy
must they be !

I have gazed upon thee coldly, all lovely as
thou art,

But the wish to walk thy pastures now stirs
my inmost heart.”

He hears a sound of timbrels, and suddenly
appear,

A troop of ruddy damsels and herdsmen draw-
ing near ;

They reach the castle greensward, and gaily
dance across ;

The white sleeves flit and glimmer, the wreaths
and ribands toss.

The youngest of the maidens, slim as a spray
of spring,
She takes the young count's fingers, and draws
him to the ring,
They fling upon his forehead a crown of moun-
tain flowers,
"And ho, young Count of Greiers ! this morning
thou art ours."

Then hand in hand departing, with dance and
roundelay,
Through hamlet after hamlet, they lead the
Count away.
They dance through wood and meadow, they
dance across the linn,
Till the mighty Alpine summits have shut the
music in.

The second morn is risen, and now the third is
come ;

Where stays the Count of Greiers ? has he for-
got his home ?

Again, the evening closes, in thick and sultry
air ;

There's thunder on the mountains, the storm is
gathering there.

The cloud has shed its waters, the brook comes
swollen down ;

You see it by the lightning—a river wide and
brown.

Around a struggling swimmer the eddies dash
and roar,

Till, seizing on a willow, he leaps upon the
shore.

“ Here am I cast by tempests far from your
mountain dell.

Amid our evening dances the bursting deluge
fell.

Ye all, in cots and caverns, have 'scaped the
water-spout,

While me alone the tempest o'erwhelmed and
hurried out.

“ Farewell, with thy glad dwellers, green vale
among the rocks !

Farewell the swift sweet moments, in which I
watched thy flocks !

Why rocked they not my cradle in that delicious
spot,

That garden of the happy, where Heaven en-
dures me not ?

“ Rose of the Alpine valley ! I feel, in every
vein,

The soft touch on my fingers ; oh, press them
not again !

Bewitch me not, ye garlands, to tread that up-
ward track,

And thou, my cheerless mansion, receive thy
master back.”

THE SERENADE.

FROM THE SPANISH.

IF slumber, sweet Lisena !
Have stolen o'er thine eyes,
As night steals o'er the glory
Of spring's transparent skies ;

Wake, in thy scorn and beauty,
And listen to the strain
That murmurs my devotion,
That mourns for thy disdain.

Here by thy door at midnight,
I pass the dreary hour,
With plaintive sounds profaning
The silence of thy bower ;

A tale of sorrow cherished
Too fondly to depart,
Of wrong from love the flatterer,
And my own wayward heart.

Twice, o'er this vale, the seasons
Have brought and borne away
The January tempest,
The genial wind of May ;

Yet still my plaint is uttered,
My tears and sighs are given
To earth's unconscious waters,
And wandering winds of heaven.

I saw, from this fair region,
The smile of summer pass,
And myriad frost-stars glitter
Among the russet grass.

While winter seized the streamlets
That fled along the ground,
And fast in chains of crystal
The truant murmurers bound.

I saw that to the forest
The nightingales had flown,
And every sweet-voiced fountain
Had hushed its silver tone.

The maniac winds, divorcing
The turtle from his mate,
Raved through the leafy beeches,
And left them desolate.

Now May, with life and music,
The blooming valley fills,
And rears her flowery arches
For all the little rills.

The minstrel bird of evening
Comes back on joyous wings,
And, like the harp's soft murmur,
Is heard the gush of springs.

And deep within the forest
Are wedded turtles seen,
Their nuptial chambers seeking,
Their chambers close and green.

The rugged trees are mingling
Their flowery sprays in love !
The ivy climbs the laurel,
To clasp the boughs above.

They change—but thou, Lisena
Art cold while I complain :
Why to thy lover only
Should spring return in vain?

A NORTHERN LEGEND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

THERE sits a lovely maiden,
The ocean murmuring nigh ,
She throws the hook, and watches ;
The fishes pass it by.

A ring, with a red jewel,
Is sparkling on her hand ;
Upon the hook she binds it,
And flings it from the land.

Uprises from the water
A hand like ivory fair.
What gleams upon its finger?
The golden ring is there.

Uprises from the bottom
A young and handsome knight ;
In golden scales he rises,
That glitter in the light.

The maid is pale with terror—
“Nay, Knight of Ocean, nay,
It was not thou I wanted ;
Let go the ring, I pray.”

“Ah, maiden, not to fishes
The bait of gold is thrown ;
The ring shall never leave me,
And thou must be my own.”

THE PARADISE OF TEARS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF N. MUELLER.

BESIDE the River of Tears, with branches low,
And bitter leaves, the weeping willows grow ;
The branches stream like the dishevelled hair
Of women in the sadness of despair.

On rolls the stream with a perpetual sigh ;
The rocks moan wildly as it passes by ;
Hyssop and wormwood border all the strand,
And not a flower adorns the dreary land.

Then comes a child, whose face is like the
sun,
And dips the gloomy waters as they run,
And waters all the region, and behold
The ground is bright with blossoms manifold.

Where fall the tears of love the rose appears,
And where the ground is bright with friendship's
tears,
Forget-me-not, and violets, heavenly blue,
Spring, glittering with the cheerful drops like
dew.

The souls of mourners, all whose tears are
dried,
Like swans, come gently floating down the
tide,
Walk up the golden sands by which it flows,
And in that Paradise of Tears repose.

There every heart rejoins its kindred heart ;
There, in a long embrace that none may part,
Fulfilment meets desire, and that fair shore
Beholds its dwellers happy evermore.

THE LADY OF CASTLE WINDECK.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHAMISSO.

REIN in thy snorting charger !
That stag but cheats thy sight ;
He is luring thee on to Windeck,
With his seeming fear and flight.

Now, where the mouldering turrets
Of the outer gate arise,
The knight gazed over the ruins
Where the stag was lost to his eyes.

The sun shone hot above him ;
The castle was still as death ;
He wiped the sweat from his forehead,
With a deep and weary breath.

“ Who now will bring me a beaker,
Of the rich old wine that here,
In the choked up vaults of Windeck,
Has lain for many a year ? ”

The careless words had scarcely
Time from his lips to fall,
When the Lady of Castle Windeck,
Came round the ivy-wall.

He saw the glorious maiden
In her snow-white drapery stand,
The bunch of keys at her girdle,
The beaker high in her hand.

He quaffed that rich old vintage ;
 With an eager lip he quaffed ;
But he took into his bosom
 A fire with the grateful draught.

Her eyes unfathomed brightness !
 The flowing gold of her hair !
He folded his hands in homage
 And murmured a lover's prayer.

She gave him a look of pity,
 A gentle look of pain ;
And quickly as he had seen her
 She passed from his sight again,

And ever from that moment,
 He haunted the ruins there,
A sleepless, restless wanderer,
 A watcher with despair,

Ghost-like and pale he wandered,
With a dreamy, haggard eye ;
He seemed not one of the living,
And yet he could not die.

'T is said that the lady met him,
When many years had passed,
And kissing his lips, released him,
From the burden of life at last.

LATER POEMS.

LATER POEMS.

TO THE APENNINES.

Your peaks are beautiful, ye Apennines !

In the soft light of these serenest skies ;
From the broad highland region, black with
pines,

Fair as the hills of Paradise they rise,
Bathed in the tint Peruvian slaves behold
In rosy flushes on the virgin gold.

There, rooted to the aërial shelves that wear
The glory of a brighter world, might spring
Sweet flowers of heaven to scent the unbreathed
air,
And heaven's fleet messengers might rest the
wing,
To view the fair earth in its summer sleep,
Silent, and cradled by the glimmering deep.

Below you lie men's sepulchres, the old
Etrurian tombs, the graves of yesterday ;
The herd's white bones lie mixed with human
mould,
Yet up the radiant steeps that I survey
Death never climbed, nor life's soft breath, with
pain,
Was yielded to the elements again.

Ages of war have filled these plains with fear ;
How oft the hind has started at the clash

Of spears, and yell of meeting armies here,
Or seen the lightning of the battle flash
From clouds, that rising with the thunder's
 sound,
Hung like an earth-born tempest o'er the ground.

Ah me ! what armed nations—Asian horde,
And Libyan host—the Scythian and the
 Gaul,
Have swept your base and through your passes
 poured,
Like ocean-tides uprising at the call
Of tyrant winds—against your rocky side
The bloody billows dashed, and howled, and
 died.

How crashed the towers before beleaguering foes,
Sacked cities smoked and realms were rent
 in twain ;

And commonwealths against their rivals rose,
Trode out their lives and earned the curse of
Cain !

While in the noiseless air and light that flowed
Round your fair brows, eternal Peace abode.

Here pealed the impious hymn, and altar flames
Rose to false gods, a dream-begotten throng,
Jove, Bacchus, Pan, and earlier, fouler names ;
While, as the unheeding ages passed along,
Ye, from your station in the middle skies,
Proclaimed the essential Goodness, strong and
wise.

In you the heart that sighs for freedom seeks
Her image ; there the winds no barrier
know,
Clouds come and rest and leave your fairy
peaks ;

While even the immaterial Mind, below,
And Thought, her winged offspring, chained by
power,
Pine silently for the redeeming hour.

E A R T H .

A MIDNIGHT black with clouds is in the sky ;
I seem to feel, upon my limbs, the weight
Of its vast brooding shadow. All in vain
Turns the tired eye in search of form ; no star
Pierces the pitchy veil ; no ruddy blaze,
From dwellings lighted by the cheerful hearth,
Tinges the flowering summits of the grass.
No sound of life is heard, no village hum,
Nor measured tramp of footstep in the path,
Nor rush of wing, while, on the breast of Earth,

I lie and listen to her mighty voice :
A voice of many tones—sent up from streams
That wander through the gloom, from woods
unseen,
Swayed by the sweeping of the tides of air,
From rocky chasms where darkness dwells all
day,
And hollows of the great invisible hills,
And sands that edge the ocean, stretching far
Into the night—a melancholy sound !

O Earth ! dost thou too sorrow for the past
Like man thy offspring ? Do I hear thee mourn
Thy childhood's unreturning hours, thy springs
Gone with their genial airs and melodies,
The gentle generations of thy flowers,
And thy majestic groves of olden time,
Perished with all their dwellers ? Dost thou
wail
For that fair age of which the poets tell,

Ere yet the winds grew keen with frost, or fire
Fell with the rains, or spouted from the hills,
To blast thy greenness, while the virgin night
Was guiltless and salubrious as the day?
Or haply dost thou grieve for those who die—
For living things that trod thy paths awhile,
The love of thee and heaven—and now they
 sleep
Mixed with the shapelses dust on which thy
 herds
Trample and graze? I too must grieve with
 thee,
O'er loved ones lost. Their graves are far away
Upon thy mountains; yet, while I recline
Alone, in darkness, on thy naked soil,
The mighty nourisher and burial-place
Of man, I feel that I embrace their dust.

Ha! how the murmur deepens! I perceive
And tremble at its dreadful import. Earth

Uplifts a general cry for guilt and wrong,
And heaven is listening. The forgotten graves
Of the heart-broken utter forth their plaint.
The dust of her who loved and was betrayed,
And him who died neglected in his age ;
The sepulchres of those who for mankind
Labored, and earned the recompense of scorn ;
Ashes of martyrs for the truth, and bones
Of those who, in the strife for-liberty,
Were beaten down, their corpses given to dogs,
Their names to infamy, all find a voice.
The nook in which the captive, overtoiled,
Lay down to rest at last, and that which holds
Childhood's sweet blossoms, crushed by cruel
 hands,
Send up a plaintive sound. From battle-fields,
Where heroes madly drave and dashed their
 hosts
Against each other, rises up a noise,
As if the armed multitudes of dead

Stirred in their heavy slumber. Mournful tones
Come from the green abysses of the sea—
A story of the crimes the guilty sought
To hide beneath its waves. The glens, the
 groves,
Paths in the thicket, pools of running brook,
And banks and depths of lake, and streets and
 lanes
Of cities, now that living sounds are hushed,
Murmur of guilty force and treachery.

Here, where I rest, the vales of Italy
Are round me, populous from early time,
And field of the tremendous warfare waged
'Twixt good and evil. Who, alas, shall dare
Interpret to man's ear the mingled voice
That comes from her old dungeons yawning now
To the black air, her amphitheatres,
Where the dew gathers on the mouldering stones,
And fanes of banished gods, and open tombs,

And roofless palaces, and streets and hearths
Of cities dug from their volcanic graves?
I hear a sound of many languages,
The utterance of nations now no more,
Driven out by mightier, as the days of heaven
Chase one another from the sky. The blood
Of freemen shed by freemen, till strange lords
Came in their hour of weakness, and made fast
The yoke that yet is worn, cries out to Heaven.

What then shall cleanse thy bosom, gentle
Earth,
From all its painful memories of guilt?
The whelming flood, or the renewing fire,
Or the slow change of time? that so, at last
The horrid tale of perjury and strife,
Murder and spoil, which men call history,
May seem a fable, like the inventions told
By poets of the gods of Greece. O thou,
Who sittest far beyond the Atlantic deep

Among the sources of thy glorious streams,
My native Land of Groves ! a newer page
In the great record of the world is thine ;
Shall it be fairer ? Fear, and friendly hope,
And envy, watch the issue, while the lines,
By which thou shalt be judged, are written down.

THE KNIGHT'S EPITAPH.

THIS is the church which Pisa, great and free,
Reared to St. Catharine. How the time-stain-
ed walls,
That earthquakes shook not from their poise,
appear
To shiver in the deep and voluble tones
Rolled from the organ ! Underneath my feet
There lies the lid of a sepulchral vault.
The image of an armed knight is graven
Upon it, clad in perfect panoply—

Cuishes, and greaves, and cuirass, with barred
helm,
Gauntleted hand, and sword, and blazoned shield.
Around, in Gothic characters, worn dim
By feet of worshippers, are traced his name,
And birth, and death, and words of eulogy.
Why should I pore upon them ? This old tomb,
This effigy, the strange disused form
Of this inscription, eloquently show
His history. Let me clothe in fitting words
The thoughts they breathe, and frame his epi-
taph.

“ He whose forgotten dust for centuries
Has lain beneath this stone, was one in whom
Adventure, and endurance, and emprise
Exalted the mind’s faculties and strung
The body’s sinews. Brave he was in fight,
Courteous in banquet, scornful of repose,
And bountiful, and cruel, and devout,

And quick to draw the sword in private feud.
He pushed his quarrels to the death, yet prayed
The saints as fervently on bended knees
As ever shaven cenobite. He loved
As fiercely as he fought. He would have borne
The maid that pleased him from her bower by
night,

To his hill-castle, as the eagle bears
His victim from the fold, and rolled the rocks
On his pursuers. He aspired to see
His native Pisa queen and arbitress
Of cities: earnestly for her he raised
His voice in council, and affronted death
In battle-field, and climbed the galley's deck,
And brought the captured flag of Genoa back,
Or piled upon the Arno's crowded quay
The glittering spoils of the tamed Saracen.
He was not born to brook the stranger's yoke,
But would have joined the exiles that withdrew
For ever, when the Florentine broke in

The gates of Pisa, and bore off the bolts
For trophies—but he died before that day.

“ He lived, the impersonation of an age
That never shall return. His soul of fire
Was kindled by the breath of the rude time
He lived in. Now a gentler race succeeds,
Shuddering at blood ; the effeminate cavalier,
Turning his eyes from the reproachful past,
And from the hopeless future, gives to ease,
And love, and music, his inglorious life.”

THE HUNTER OF THE PRAIRIES.

AY, this is freedom !—these pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke :
The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
Is breathed from wastes by plough unbr
Here, with my rifle and my steed,
And her who left the world for me,
I plant me, where the red deer feed
In the green desert—and am free.

For here the fair savannas know
No barriers in the bloomy grass ;

Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass.
In pastures, measureless as air,
The bison is my noble game ;
The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream
From the long stripe of waving sedge ;
The bear that marks my weapon's gleam,
Hides vainly in the forest's edge ;
In vain the she-wolf stands at bay ;
The brinded catamount, that lies
High in the boughs to watch his prey,
Even in the act of springing, dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane
Fling their huge arms across my way,
Gray, old, and cumbered with a train
Of vines, as huge, and old, and gray !

Free stray the lucid streams, and find
No taint in these fresh lawns and shades ;
Free spring the flowers that scent the wind
Where never scythe has swept the glades.

Alone the Fire, when frost-winds sere
The heavy herbage of the ground,
Gathers his annual harvest here,
With roaring like the battle's sound,
And hurrying flames that sweep the plain,
And smoke-streams gushing up the sky :
I meet the flames with flames again,
And at my door they cower and die.

Here, from dim woods, the aged past
Speaks solemnly ; and I behold
The boundless future in the vast
And lonely river, seaward rolled.
Who feeds its founts with rain and dew ;
Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,

And trains the bordering vines, whose blue
Bright clusters tempt me as I pass?

Broad are these streams—my steed obeys,
Plunges, and bears me through the tide
Wide are these woods—I thread the maze
Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
I hunt till day's last glimmer dies
O'er woody vale and grassy height ;
And kind the voice and glad the eyes
That welcome my return at night.

SEVENTY-SIX.

WHAT heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand !

Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,

Pealed far away the startling sound
 Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
 From mountain river swift and cold ;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
 Sent up the strong and bold,—

As if the very earth again
 Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
 To battle to the death.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,
 The fair fond bride of yestereve,
And aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away,
 And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun ;
 Already blood on Concord's plain
Along the springing grass had run,
And blood had flowed at Lexington,
 Like brooks of April rain.

That death-stain on the vernal sward
 Hallowed to freedom all the shore ;
In fragments fell the yoke abhorred—
The footstep of a foreign lord
 Profaned the soil no more.

THE LIVING LOST.

MATRON ! the children of whose love,
Each to his grave, in youth have passed,
And now the mould is heaped above
The dearest and the last !
Bride ! who dost wear the widow's veil
Before the wedding flowers are pale !
Ye deem the human heart endures
No deeper, bitterer grief than yours.

Yet there are pangs of keener wo,
Of which the sufferers never speak,

Nor to the world's cold pity show
The tears that scald the cheek,
Wrung from their eyelids by the shame
And guilt of those they shrink to name,
Whom once they loved with cheerful will,
And love, though fallen and branded, still.

Weep, ye who sorrow for the dead,
Thus breaking hearts their pain relieve ;
And revered are the tears ye shed,
And honored ye who grieve.
The praise of those who sleep in earth,
The pleasant memory of their worth,
The hope to meet when life is past,
Shall heal the tortured mind at last.

But ye, who for the living lost
That agony in secret bear,
Who shall with soothing words accost
The strength of your despair ?

Grief for your sake is scorn for them
Whom ye lament and all condemn ;
And o'er the world of spirits lies
A gloom from which ye turn your eyes.

CATTERSKILL FALLS.

MIDST greens and shades the Catterskill leaps,
From cliffs where the wood-flower clings ;
All summer he moistens his verdant steeps
With the sweet light spray of the mountain
springs ;
And he shakes the woods on the mountain side,
When they drip with the rains of autumn-tide.

But when, in the forest bare and old,
The blast of December calls,

He builds, in the starlight clear and cold,
A palace of ice where his torrent falls,
With turret, and arch, and fretwork fair,
And pillars blue as the summer air

For whom are those glorious chambers wrought,
In the cold and cloudless night?
Is there neither spirit nor motion of thought
In forms so lovely, and hues so bright?
Hear what the gray-haired woodmen tell
Of this wild stream and its rocky dell.

'Twas hither a youth of dreamy mood,
A hundred winters ago,
Had wandered over the mighty wood,
When the panther's track was fresh on the
snow,
And keen were the winds that came to stir
The long dark boughs of the hemlock-fir.

Too gentle of mien he seemed and fair,
For a child of those rugged steeps ;
His home lay low in the valley where
The kingly Hudson rolls to the deeps ;
But he wore the hunter's frock that day,
And a slender gun on his shoulder lay.

And here he paused, and against the trunk
Of a tall gray linden leant,
When the broad clear orb of the sun had sunk
From his path in the frosty firmament,
And over the round dark edge of the hill
A cold green light was quivering still.

And the crescent moon, high over the green,
From a sky of crimson shone,
On that icy palace, whose towers were seen
To sparkle as if with stars of their own ;
While the water fell with a hollow sound,
"Twixt the glistening pillars ranged around

Is that a being of life, that moves
Where the crystal battlements rise?
A maiden watching the moon she loves,
At the twilight hour, with pensive eyes?
Was that a garment which seemed to gleam
Betwixt his eye and the falling stream?

'Tis only the torrent tumbling o'er,
In the midst of those glassy walls,
Gushing, and plunging, and beating the floor
Of the rocky basin in which it falls.
'Tis only the torrent—but why that start?
Why gazes the youth with a throbbing heart?

He thinks no more of his home afar,
Where his sire and sister wait.
He heeds no longer how star after star
Looks forth on the night as the hour grows late.
He heeds not the snow-wreaths, lifted and cast
From a thousand boughs, by the rising blast.

His thoughts are alone of those who dwell
In the halls of frost and snow,
Who pass where the crystal domes upswell
From the alabaster floors below,
Where the frost-trees shoot with leaf and spray,
And frost-gems scatter a silvery day.

“And oh that those glorious haunts were mine !”

He speaks, and throughout the glen
Thin shadows swim in the faint moonshine,
And take a ghastly likeness of men,
As if the slain by the wintry storms
Came forth to the air in their earthly forms.

There pass the chasers of seal and whale,
With their weapons quaint and grim,
And bands of warriors in glittering mail,
And herdsmen and hunters huge of limb.
There are naked arms, with bow and spear,
And furry gauntlets the carbine rear.

There are mothers—and oh how sadly their eyes
 On their children's white brows rest !
There are youthful lovers—the maiden lies,
 In a seeming sleep, on the chosen breast ;
There are fair wan women with moonstruck air,
The snow stars flecking their long loose hair.

They eye him not as they pass along,
 But his hair stands up with dread,
When he feels that he moves with that phantom
 throng,
 Till those icy turrets are over his head,
And the torrent's roar as they enter seems
Like a drowsy murmur heard in dreams.

The glittering threshold is scarcely passed,
 When there gathers and wraps him round
A thick white twilight, sullen and vast,
 In which there is neither form nor sound ;
The phantoms, the glory, vanish all,
With the dying voice of the waterfall.

Slow passes the darkness of that trance,
And the youth now faintly sees
Huge shadows and gushes of light that dance
On a rugged ceiling of unhewn trees,
And walls where the skins of beasts are hung,
And rifles glitter on antlers strung.

On a couch of shaggy skins he lies ;
As he strives to raise his head,
Hard-featured woodmen, with kindly eyes,
Come round him and smooth his furry bed,
And bid him rest, for the evening star
Is scarcely set and the day is far.

They had found at eve the dreaming one
By the base of that icy steep,
When over his stiffening limbs begun
The deadly slumber of frost to creep,
And they cherished the pale and breathless form,
Till the stagnant blood ran free and warm.

THE STRANGE LADY.

THE summer morn is bright and fresh, the birds
are darting by,
As if they loved to breast the breeze that sweeps
the cool clear sky ;
Young Albert, in the forest's edge, has heard a
rustling sound,
An arrow slightly strikes his hand and falls
upon the ground.

A dark-haired woman from the wood comes suddenly in sight ;
Her merry eye is full and black, her cheek is brown and bright ;
Her gown is of the mid-sea blue, her belt with beads is strung,
And yet she speaks in gentle tones, and in the English tongue.

“It was an idle bolt I sent, against the villain crow ;

Fair sir, I fear it harmed thy hand ; beshrew my erring bow !”

“Ah ! would that bolt had not been spent ! then, lady, might I wear

A lasting token on my hand of one so passing fair !”

“Thou art a flatterer like the rest, but wouldst
thou take with me
A day of hunting in the wilds, beneath the
greenwood tree,
I know where most the pheasants feed, and
where the red-deer herd,
And thou shouldst chase the nobler game, and
I bring down the bird.”

Now Albert in her quiver lays the arrow in its
place,
And wonders as he gazes on the beauty of her
face :
“Those hunting-grounds are far away, and,
lady, 'twere not meet,
That night, amid the wilderness, should over-
take thy feet.”

“ Heed not the night ; a summer lodge amid
the wild is mine,---
'Tis shadowed by the tulip-tree, 'tis mantled by
the vine ;
The wild plum sheds its yellow fruit from fra-
grant thickets nigh,
And flowery prairies from the door stretch till
they meet the sky.

“ There in the boughs that hide the roof the
mock-bird sits and sings,
And there the hang-bird's brood within its little
hammock swings ;
A pebbly brook, where rustling winds among the
hopples sweep,
Shall lull thee till the morning sun looks in upon
thy sleep.”

Away, into the forest depths by pleasant paths
they go,
He with his rifle on his arm, the lady with her
bow,
Where cornels arch their cool dark boughs o'er
beds of wintergreen,
And never at his father's door again was Albert
seen.

That night upon the woods came down a furious
hurricane,
With howl of winds and roar of streams, and
beating of the rain ;
The mighty thunder broke and drowned the
noises in its crash ;
The old trees seemed to fight like fiends beneath
the lightning-flash.

Next day, within a mossy glen, 'mid mouldering
trunks were found

The fragments of a human form upon the bloody
ground ;

With bones from which the flesh was torn, and
locks of glossy hair ;

They laid them in the place of graves, yet wist
not whose they were.

And whether famished evening wolves had
mangled Albert so,

Or that strange dame so gay and fair were some
mysterious foe,

Or whether to that forest lodge, beyond the
mountains blue,

He went to dwell with her, the friends who
mourned him never knew.

L I F E.

Oh Life, I breathe thee in the breeze,
I feel thee bounding in my veins,
I see thee in these stretching trees,
These flowers, this still rock's mossy stains.

This stream of odor flowing by,
From clover field and clumps of pine,
This music, thrilling all the sky,
From all the morning birds, are thine.

Thou fill'st with joy this little one,
That leaps and shouts beside me here,
Where Isar's clay-white rivulets run
Through the dark woods like frightened deer.

Ah ! must thy mighty breath, that wakes
Insect and bird, and flower and tree,
From the low trodden dust, and makes
Their daily gladness, pass from me—

Pass, pulse by pulse, till o'er the ground
These limbs, now strong, shall creep with pain,
And this fair world of sight and sound
Seem fading into night again ?

The things, oh LIFE ! thou quickenest, all
Strive upward towards the broad bright sky,
Upward and outward, and they fall
Back to earth's bosom when they die,

All that have borne the touch of death,
All that shall live, lie mingled there,
Beneath that veil of bloom and breath,
That living zone 'twixt earth and air.

There lies my chamber dark and still,
The atoms trampled by my feet,
There wait, to take the place I fill
In the sweet air and sunshine sweet.

Well, I have had my turn, have been
Raised from the darkness of the clod,
And for a glorious moment seen
The brightness of the skirts of God ;

And knew the light within my breast,
Though wavering oftentimes and dim,
The power, the will, that never rest,
And cannot die, were all from him.

Dear child ! I know that thou wilt grieve
 To see me taken from thy love,
Wilt seek my grave at Sabbath eve,
 And weep, and scatter flowers above.

Thy little heart will soon be healed,
 And being shall be bliss, till thou,
To younger forms of life must yield
 The place thou fill'st with beauty now.

When we descend to dust again,
 Where will the final dwelling be
Of Thought and all its memories then,
 My love for thee, and thine for me?

“EARTH’S CHILDREN CLEAVE TO
EARTH.”

EARTH’S children cleave to Earth—her frail
Decaying children dread decay.
Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale,
And lessens in the morning ray :
Look, how, by mountain rivulet,
It lingers as it upward creeps,
And clings to fern and copsewood set
Along the green and dewy steeps :
Clings to the flowery kalmia, clings
To precipices fringed with grass,

Dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,
And bowers of fragrant sassafras.
Yet all in vain—it passes still
From hold to hold ; it cannot stay,
And in the very beams that fill
The world with glory, wastes away,
Till, parting from the mountain's brow,
It vanishes from human eye,
And that which sprung of earth is now
A portion of the glorious sky.

THE HUNTER'S VISION.

UPON a rock that, high and sheer,
Rose from the mountain's breast,
A weary hunter of the deer
Had set him down to rest,
And bared to the soft summer air
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountains lay,
With dimmer vales between ;

And rivers glimmered on their way,
By forests faintly seen ;
While ever rose a murmuring scound,
From brooks below and bees around.

He listened, till he seemed to hear
A strain, so soft and low,
That whether in the mind or ear
The listener scarce might know.
With such a tone, so sweet, so mild,
The watching mother lulls her child.

“Thou weary huntsman,” thus it said,
“Thou faint with toil and heat,
The pleasant land of rest is spread
Before thy very feet,
And those whom thou wouldst gladly see
Are waiting there to welcome thee.”

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky
Amid the noontide haze,
A shadowy region met his eye,
And grew beneath his gaze,
As if the vapors of the air
Had gathered into shapes so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and flowers
Showed bright on rocky bank,
And fountains welled beneath the bowers,
Where deer and pheasant drank.
He saw the glittering streams, he heard
The rustling bough and twittering bird.

And friends, the dead, in boyhood dear,
There lived and walked again,
And there was one who many a year
Within her grave had lain,

A fair young girl, the hamlet's pride—
His heart was breaking when she died :

Bounding, as was her wont, she came
 Right toward his resting-place,
And stretched her hand and called his name
 With that sweet smiling face.
Forward with fixed and eager eyes,
The hunter leaned, in act to rise.

Forward he leaned, and headlong down
 Plunged from that craggy wall ;
He saw the rocks, steep, stern, and brown,
 An instant, in his fall ;
A frightful instant—and no more,
The dream and life at once were o'er.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

I.

HERE we halt our march, and pitch our tent,
On the rugged forest ground,
And light our fire with the branches rent
By winds from the beeches round.
Wild storms have torn this ancient wood,
But a wilder is at hand,
With hail of iron and rain of blood,
To sweep and waste the land.

II.

How the dark wood rings with voices shrill,
That startle the sleeping bird ;
To-morrow eve must the voice be still,
And the step must fall unheard.
The Briton lies by the blue Champlain,
In Ticonderoga's towers,
And ere the sun rise twice again,
Must they and the lake be ours.

III.

Fill up the bowl from the brook that glides
Where the fireflies light the brake ;
A ruddier juice the Briton hides
In his fortress by the lake.
Build high the fire, till the panther leap
From his lofty perch in flight,
And we'll strengthen our weary arms with sleep
For the deeds of to-morrow night.

A PRESENTIMENT.

“ OH father, let us hence—for hark,
A fearful murmur shakes the air ;
The clouds are coming swift and dark ;—
What horrid shapes they wear !
A winged giant sails the sky ;
Oh father, father, let us fly ! ”

“ Hush, child ; it is a grateful sound,
That beating of the summer shower ;

Here, where the boughs hang close around,
 We'll pass a pleasant hour,
Till the fresh wind, that brings the rain,
Has swept the broad heaven clear again."

"Nay, father, let us haste—for see,
 That horrid thing with horned brow,—
His wings o'erhang this very tree,
 He scowls upon us now ;
His huge black arm is lifted high ;
Oh father, father, let us fly !"

"Hush, child ;" but, as the father spoke,
 Downward the livid firebolt came,
Close to his ear the thunder broke,
 And, blasted by the flame,
The child lay dead ; while dark and still,
Swept the grim cloud along the hill.

THE CHILD'S FUNERAL.

FAIR is thy site, Sorrento, green thy shore,
Black crags behind thee pierce the clear blue
 skies ;
The sea, whose borderers ruled the world of yore,
As clear and bluer still before thee lies.

Vesuvius smokes in sight, whose fount of fire,
 Outgushing, drowned the cities on his steeps ;
And murmuring Naples, spire o'ertopping spire ;
 Sits on the slope beyond where Virgil sleeps.

Here doth the earth, with flowers of every hue,
Heap her green breast when April suns are
bright,
Flowers of the morning-red, or ocean-blue,
Or like the mountain frost of silvery white.

Currents of fragrance, from the orange tree,
And sward of violets, breathing to and fro,
Mingle, and wandering out upon the sea,
Refresh the idle boatman where they blow.

Yet even here, as under harsher climes,
Tears for the loved and early lost are shed,
That soft air saddens with the funeral chimes,
Those shining flowers are gathered for the
dead.

Here once a child, a smiling playful one,
All the day long caressing and caressed,

Died when its little tongue had just begun
To lisp the names of those it loved the best.

The father strove his struggling grief to quell,
The mother wept as mothers use to weep,
Two little sisters wearied them to tell
When their dear Carlo would awake from
sleep.

Within an inner room his couch they spread,
His funeral couch ; with mingled grief and
love,
They laid a crown of roses on his head,
And murmured, "Brighter is his crown above."

They scattered round him, on the snowy sheet,
Laburnum's strings of sunny-colored gems,
Sad hyacinths, and violets dim and sweet,
And orange blossoms on their dark green
stems.

And now the hour is come ; the priest is there ;
Torches are lit and bells are tolled ; they go,
With solemn rites of blessing and of prayer,
To lay the little one in earth below.

The door is opened ; hark ! that quick glad cry ;
Carlo has waked, has waked, and is at play !
The little sisters laugh and leap, and try
To climb the bed on which the infant lay.

And there he sits alive, and gayly shakes
In his full hands, the blossoms red and white,
And smiles with winking eyes, like one who
wakes
From long deep slumbers at the morning
light.

THE BATTLE-FIELD.

ONCE this soft turf, this rivulet's sands,
Were trampled by a hurrying crowd,
And fiery hearts and armed hands
Encountered in the battle cloud.

Ah ! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

Now all is calm, and fresh, and still,
Alone the chirp of flitting bird,
And talk of children on the hill,
And bell of wandering kine are heard.

No solemn host goes trailing by
The black-mouthed gun and staggering wain;
Men start not at the battle-cry,
Oh, be it never heard again !

Soon rested those who fought ; but thou
Who minglest in the harder strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.

A friendless warfare ! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year.
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof.
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn ;
For with thy side shall dwell, at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again ;
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er thy grave.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not ;
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?

That heart whose fondest throbs to me were
given?

My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,

And must thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing
wind,

In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy
will

In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the
scroll ;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the
same ?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss ?

THE DEATH OF SCHILLER.

'Tis said, when Schiller's death drew nigh,
The wish possessed his mighty mind,
To wander forth wherever lie
The homes and haunts of human-kind.

Then strayed the poet, in his dreams,
By Rome and Egypt's ancient graves ;
Went up the New World's forest streams,
Stood in the Hindoo's temple-caves ;

Walked with the Pawnee, fierce and stark,
The sallow Tartar, midst his herds,
The peering Chinese, and the dark
False Malay uttering gentle words.

How could he rest? even then he trod
The threshold of the world unknown;
Already, from the seat of God,
A ray upon his garments shone;—

Shone and awoke the strong desire
For love and knowledge reached not here,
Till, freed by death, his soul of fire
Sprang to a fairer, ampler sphere.

THE FOUNTAIN.

FOUNTAIN, that springest on this grassy slope,
Thy quick cool murmur mingles pleasantly,
With the cool sound of breezes in the beech,
Above me in the noontide. Thou dost wear
No stain of thy dark birthplace ; gushing up
From the red mould and slimy roots of earth,
Thou flashest in the sun. The mountain air,
In winter, is not clearer, nor the dew

That shines on mountain blossom. Thus doth
God
Bring, from the dark and foul, the pure and
bright.

This tangled thicket on the bank above
Thy basin, how thy waters keep it green !
For thou dost feed the roots of the wild vine
That trails all over it, and to the twigs
Ties fast her clusters. There the spice-bush
lifts
Her leafy lances ; the viburnum there,
Paler of foliage, to the sun holds up
Her circlet of green berries. In and out
The chipping sparrow, in her coat of brown,
Steals silently, lest I should mark her nest.

Not such thou wert of yore, ere yet the axe
Had smitten the old woods. Then hoary trunks

Of oak, and plane, and hickory, o'er thee held
A mighty canopy. When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip-tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming-birds
And silken-winged insects of the sky.

Frail wood-plants clustered round thy edge in
Spring.

The liverleaf put forth her sister blooms
Of faintest blue. Here the quick-footed wolf,
Pausing to lap thy waters, crushed the flower
Of sanguinaria, from whose brittle stem
The red drops fell like blood. The deer, too, left
Her delicate foot-print in the soft moist mould,
And on the fallen leaves. The slow-paced bear,
In such a sultry summer noon as this,
Stopped at thy stream, and drank, and leaped
across.

But thou hast histories that stir the heart
With deeper feeling ; while I look on thee
They rise before me. I behold the scene
Hoary again with forests ; I behold
The Indian warrior, whom a hand unseen
Has smitten with his death-wound in the woods,
Creep slowly to thy well-known rivulet,
And slake his death-thirst. Hark, that quick
 fierce cry
That rends the utter silence ; 'tis the whoop
Of battle, and a throng of savage men
With naked arms and faces stained like blood,
Fill the green wilderness ; the long bare arms
Are heaved aloft, bows twang and arrows stream ;
Each makes a tree his shield, and every tree
Sends forth its arrow. Fierce the fight and short,
As is the whirlwind. Soon the conquerors
And conquered vanish, and the dead remain
Mangled by tomahawks. The mighty woods
Are still again, the frightened bird comes back

And plumes her wings ; but thy sweet waters
run

Crimson with blood. Then, as the sun goes
down,

Amid the deepening twilight I descry
Figures of men that crouch and creep unheard,
And bear away the dead. The next day's shower
Shall wash the tokens of the fight away.

I look again—a hunter's lodge is built,
With poles and boughs, beside thy crystal well,
While the meek autumn stains the woods with
gold,

And shades his golden sunshine. To the door
The red man slowly drags the enormous bear
Slain in the chestnut thicket, or flings down
The deer from his strong shoulders. Shaggy fells
Of wolf and cougar hang upon the walls,
And loud the black-eyed Indian maidens laugh,
That gather, from the rustling heaps of leaves,

The hickory's white nuts, and the dark fruit
That falls from the gray butternut's long boughs.

So centuries passed by, and still the woods
Blossomed in spring, and reddened when the
year

Grew chill, and glistened in the frozen rains
Of winter, till the white man swung the axe
Beside thee—signal of a mighty change.
Then all around was heard the crash of trees,
Trembling awhile and rushing to the ground,
The low of ox, and shouts of men who fired
The brushwood, or who tore the earth with
ploughs.

The grain sprang thick and tall, and hid in green
The blackened hill-side ; ranks of spiky maize
Rose like a host embattled ; the buckwheat
Whitened broad acres, sweetening with its
flowers

The August wind. White cottages were seen

With rose-trees at the windows ; barns from
 which
Came loud and shrill the crowing of the cock ;
Pastures where rolled and neighed the lordly
 horse,
And white flocks browsed and bleated. A rich
 turf
Of grasses brought from far o'ercrept thy bank,
Spotted with the white clover. Blue-eyed girls
Brought pails, and dipped them in thy crystal
 pool ;
And children, ruddy-cheeked and flaxen-haired,
Gathered the glistening cowslip from thy edge.

Since then, what steps have trod thy border !

Here

On thy green bank, the woodman of the swamp
Has laid his axe, the reaper of the hill
His sickle, as they stooped to taste thy stream.
The sportsman, tired with wandering in the still

September noon, has bathed his heated brow
In thy cool current. Shouting boys, let loose
For a wild holiday, have quaintly shaped
Into a cup the folded linden leaf,
And dipped thy sliding crystal. From the
wars

Returning, the plumed soldier by thy side
Has sat, and mused how pleasant 'twere to
dwell

In such a spot, and be as free as thou,
And move for no man's bidding more. At eve,
When thou wert crimson with the crimson sky,
Lovers have gazed upon thee, and have thought
Their mingled lives should flow as peacefully
And brightly as thy waters. Here the sage,
Gazing into thy self-replenished depth,
Has seen eternal order circumscribe
And bind the motions of eternal change,
And from the gushing of thy simple fount
Has reasoned to the mighty universe.

Is there no other change for thee, that lurks
Among the future ages? Will not man
Seek out strange arts to wither and deform
The pleasant landscape which thou makest
green?

Or shall the veins that feed thy constant stream
Be choked in middle earth, and flow no more
For ever, that the water-plants along
Thy channel perish, and the bird in vain
Alight to drink? Haply shall these green hills
Sink, with the lapse of years, into the gulf
Of ocean waters, and thy source be lost
Amidst the bitter brine? Or shall they rise,
Upheaved in broken cliffs and airy peaks,
Haunts of the eagle and the snake, and thou
Gush midway from the bare and barren steep?

THE WINDS.

I.

YE winds, ye unseen currents of the air,
Softly ye played a few brief hours ago ;
Ye bore the murmuring bee ; ye tossed the hair
O'er maiden cheeks, that took a fresher glow ;
Ye rolled the round white cloud through depths
of blue ;
Ye shook from shaded flowers the lingering
dew ;
Before you the catalpa's blossoms flew,
Light blossoms, dropping on the grass like
snow.

II.

How are ye changed ! Ye take the cataract's
sound ;

Ye take the whirlpool's fury and its might ;
The mountain shudders as ye sweep the ground ;
The valley woods lie prone beneath your flight.
The clouds before you shoot like eagles past ;
The homes of men are rocking in your blast ;
Ye lift the roofs like autumn leaves, and cast
Skyward, the whirling fragments out of sight.

III.

The weary fowls of heaven make wing in vain,
To escape your wrath ; ye seize and dash
them dead.

Against the earth ye drive the roaring rain ;
The harvest field becomes a river's bed ;
And torrents tumble from the hills around,
Plains turn to lakes, and villages are drowned,

And wailing voices, midst the tempest's sound,
Rise, as the rushing waters swell and spread.

IV.

Ye dart upon the deep, and straight is heard
A wilder roar, and men grow pale, and pray;
Ye fling its floods around you, as a bird
Flings o'er his shivering plumes the fountain's
spray.

See! to the breaking mast the sailor clings;
Ye scoop the ocean to its briny springs,
And take the mountain billow on your wings,
And pile the wreck of navies round the bay.

V.

Why rage ye thus?—no strife for liberty
Has made you mad; no tyrant, strong
through fear,

Has chained your pinions till ye wrenched them
free,
And rushed into the unmeasured atmosphere;
For ye were born in freedom where ye blow ;
Free o'er the mighty deep to come and go ;
Earth's solemn woods were yours, her wastes of
snow,
Her isles where summer blossoms all the year.

VI.

O ye wild winds ! a mightier Power than yours
In chains upon the shore of Europe lies ;
The sceptred throng, whose fetters he endures,
Watch his mute throes with terror in their
eyes :
And armed warriors all around him stand,
And, as he struggles, tighten every band,
And lift the heavy spear, with threatening hand,
To pierce the victim, should he strive to rise.

VII.

Yet oh, when that wronged Spirit of our race,
 Shall break, as soon he must, his long-worn
 chains,
And leap in freedom from his prison place,
 Lord of his ancient hills and fruitful plains,
Let him not rise, like these mad winds of air,
To waste the loveliness that time could spare,
To fill the earth with wo, and blot her fair
 Unconscious breast with blood from human
 veins.

VIII.

But may he like the spring-time come abroad,
 Who crumbles winter's gyves with gentle
 might,
When in the genial breeze, the breath of God,
 Come spouting up the unsealed springs to
 light ;

Flowers start from their dark prisons at his feet,
The woods, long dumb, awake to hymnings
 sweet,
And morn and eve, whose glimmerings almost
 meet,
Crowd back to narrow bounds the ancient
 night.

THE OLD MAN'S COUNSEL.

AMONG our hills and valleys, I have known
Wise and grave men, who, while their diligent
 hands
Tended or gathered in the fruits of earth,
Were reverent learners in the solemn school
Of nature. Not in vain to them were sent
Seed-time and harvest, or the vernal shower,
That darkened the brown tilth, or snow that
 beat

On the white winter hills. Each brought, in
turn,
Some truth, some lesson on the life of man,
Or recognition of the Eternal mind
Who veils his glory with the elements.

One such I knew long since, a white-haired
man,
Pithy of speech, and merry when he would ;
A genial optimist, who daily drew
From what he saw, his quaint moralities.
Kindly he held communion, though so old,
With me a dreaming boy, and taught me much
That books tell not, and I shall ne'er forget.

The sun of May was bright in middle heaven,
And steeped the sprouting forests, the green
hills,
And emerald wheat-fields, in his yellow light.

Upon the apple-tree, where rosy buds
Stood clustered, ready to burst forth in bloom,
The robin warbled forth his full clear note
For hours, and wearied not. Within the woods,
Whose young and half transparent leaves scarce
cast
A shade, gay circles of anemones
Danced on their stalks; the shadbush, white
with flowers,
Brightened the glens; the new-leaved butter-
nut
And quivering poplar to the roving breeze
Gave a balsamic fragrance. In the fields
I saw the pulses of the gentle wind
On the young grass. My heart was touched
with joy
At so much beauty, flushing every hour
Into a fuller beauty; but my friend,
The thoughtful ancient, standing at my side,
Gazed on it mildly sad. I asked him why.

“Well mayst thou join in gladness,” he
replied,
“With the glad earth, her springing plants and
flowers,
And this soft wind, the herald of the green
Luxuriant summer. Thou art young like them,
And well mayest thou rejoice. But while the
flight
Of seasons fills and knits thy spreading frame
It withers mine, and thins my hair, and dims
These eyes, whose fading light shall soon be
quenched
In utter darkness. Hearest thou that bird?”

I listened, and from midst the depth of woods
Heard the love-signal of the grouse, that wears
A sable ruff around his mottled neck ;
Partridge they call him by our northern streams,
And pheasant by the Delaware. He beat

'Gainst his barred sides his speckled wings, and
made

A sound like distant thunder ; slow the strokes
At first, then fast and faster, till at length
They passed into a murmur and were still.

“There hast thou,” said my friend, “a fitting
type

Of human life. 'Tis an old truth, I know,
But images like these revive the power
Of long familiar truths. Slow pass our days
In childhood, and the hours of light are long
Betwixt the morn and eve ; with swifter lapse
They glide in manhood, and in age they fly ;
Till days and seasons flit before the mind
As flit the snow-flakes in a winter storm,
Seen rather than distinguished. Ah ! I seem
As if I sat within a helpless bark,
By swiftly running waters hurried on

To shoot some mighty cliff. Along the banks
Grove after grove, rock after frowning rock,
Bare sands and pleasant homes, and flowery
 nooks,
And isles and whirlpools in the stream, appear
Each after each, but the devoted skiff
Darts by so swiftly that their images
Dwell not upon the mind, or only dwell
In dim confusion ; faster yet I sweep
By other banks, and the great gulf is near.

“ Wisely, my son, while yet thy days are long,
And this fair change of seasons passes slow,
Gather and treasure up the good they yield—
All that they teach of virtue, of pure thoughts
And kind affections, reverence for thy God
And for thy brethren ; so when thou shalt come
Into these barren years, thou mayst not bring
A mind unfurnished and a withered heart.”

Long since that white-haired ancient slept—
but still
When the red flower-buds crowd the orchard
bough,
And the ruffed grouse is drumming far within
The woods, his venerable form again
Is at my side, his voice is in my ear.

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM LEGGETT.

THE earth may ring, from shore to shore,
With echoes of a glorious name,
But he, whose loss our tears deplore,
Has left behind him more than fame.

For when the death-frost came to lie
On Leggett's warm and mighty heart
And quench his bold and friendly eye,
His spirit did not all depart.

The words of fire that from his pen
Were flung upon the fervid page,
Still move, still shake the hearts of men,
Amid a cold and coward age.

His love of truth, too warm, too strong
For Hope or Fear to chain or chill,
His hate of tyranny and wrong,
Burn in the breasts he kindled still.

AN EVENING REVERY.

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

THE summer day is closed—the sun is set :
Well they have done their office, those bright
 hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red West. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it ; the
 young twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun ;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown

And withered ; seeds have fallen upon the soil,
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still for ever ; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again ;
The mother-bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shell, or shoved them from the
nest,

Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright
alcoves,

In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born
babe.

Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
And filled, and closed. This day hath parted
friends

That ne'er before were parted ; it hath knit
New friendships ; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who
long

Had wooed ; and it hath heard, from lips which
late

Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine ! One glad
day

Is added now to Childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet Age.
Still the fleet hours run on ; and as I lean,
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit,
By those who watch the dead, and those who
twine

Flowers for the bride. The mother from the
eyes

Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

Oh thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or flight of Time—for ye are one !
That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me ?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars ; the very hour
He knows when they shall darken or grow bright ;
Yet doth the eclipse of Sorrow and of Death
Come unforewarned. Who next, of those I love,
Shall pass from life, or sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue ? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or shame and general scorn of
men—
Which who can bear?—or the fierce rack of
pain,
Lie they within my path ? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age ?

Or do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me? Oh! beyond that bourne,
In the vast cycle of being which begins
At that broad threshold, with what fairer forms
Shall the great law of change and progress
 clothe

Its workings? Gently—so have good men
 taught—

Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new; the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

THE PAINTED CUP.

THE fresh savannas of the Sangamon
Here rise in gentle swells, and the long grass
Is mixed with rustling hazels. Scarlet tufts
Are glowing in the green, like flakes of fire ;
The wanderers of prairie know them well,
And call that brilliant flower the Painted Cup.

Now, if thou art a poet, tell me not
That these bright chalices were tinted thus

To hold the dew for fairies, when they meet
On moonlight evenings in the hazel bowers,
And dance till they are thirsty. Call not up,
Amid this fresh and virgin solitude,
The faded fancies of an elder world ;
But leave these scarlet cups to spotted moths
Of June, and glistening flies, and humming-
birds,
To drink from, when on all these boundless
lawns
The morning sun looks hot. Or let the wind
O'erturn in sport their ruddy brims, and pour
A sudden shower upon the strawberry plant,
To swell the reddening fruit that even now
Breathes a slight fragrance from the sunny
slope.

But thou art of a gayer fancy. Well—
Let then the gentle Manitou of flowers,
Lingering amid the bloomy waste he loves,

Though all his swarthy worshippers are gone—
Slender and small, his rounded cheek all brown
And ruddy with the sunshine ; let him come
On summer mornings, when the blossoms wake,
And part with little hands the spiky grass ;
And touching, with his cherry lips, the edge
Of these bright beakers, drain the gathered dew.

A D R E A M .

I HAD a dream—a strange, wild dream—
Said a dear voice at early light ;
And even yet its shadows seem
To linger in my waking sight.

Earth, green with spring, and fresh with dew,
And bright with morn, before me stood ;
And airs just wakened softly blew
On the young blossoms of the wood.

Birds sang within the sprouting shade,
 Bees hummed amid the whispering grass
And children prattled as they played
 Beside the rivulet's dimpling grass.

Fast climbed the sun : the flowers were flown,
 There played no children in the glen ;
For some were gone, and some were grown
 To blooming dames and bearded men.

'Twas noon, 'twas summer : I beheld
 Woods darkening in the flush of day,
And that bright rivulet spread and swelled,
 A mighty stream, with creek and bay.

And here was love, and there was strife,
 And mirthful shouts, and wrathful cries,
And strong men, struggling as for life,
 With knotted limbs and angry eyes.

Now stooped the sun—the shades grew thin ;
The rustling paths were piled with leaves ;
And sunburnt groups were gathering in,
From the shorn field, its fruits and sheaves.

The river heaved with sullen sounds ;
The chilly wind was sad with moans ;
Black hearses passed, and burial-grounds
Grew thick with monumental stones.

Still waned the day ; the wind that chased
The jagged clouds blew chiller yet ;
The woods were stripped, the fields were waste ;
The wintry sun was near its set.

And of the young, and strong, and fair,
A lonely remnant, gray and weak,
Lingered, and shivered to the air
Of that bleak shore and water bleak.

Ah ! age is drear, and death is cold !

I turned to thee, for thou wert near,
And saw thee withered, bowed, and old,
And woke all faint with sudden fear.

'Twas thus I heard the dreamer say,
And bade her clear her clouded brow ;
“ For thou and I, since childhood's day,
Have walked in such a dream till now.

“ Watch we in calmness, as they rise,
The changes of that rapid dream,
And note its lessons, till our eyes
Shall open in the morning beam.”

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled
 pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses ; here the
 ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring
 up
Unsovn, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the fitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and
 winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass,

A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful
shades—

Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

Oh FREEDOM ! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his
slave

When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou ; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy
brow,

Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars ; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has
launched

His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee ;
They could not quench the life thou hast from
 heaven.

Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee
 bound,

The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward ; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return,
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human
 hands :

Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant
 fields,

While yet our race was few, thou satt'st with
 him,

To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes ; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrow on the mountain side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou ; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of
years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age ;
Feebler, yet subtler. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and
clap

His withered hands, and from their ambush call
 His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
 Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms
 To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
 To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by
 stealth,

Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread
 on thread

That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
 With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not
 yet

Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
 Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy
 lids

In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
 And thou must watch and combat till the day
 Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst
 thou rest

Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
 These old and friendly solitudes invite

Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

SEVEN long years has the desert rain
Dropped on the clods that hide thy face;
Seven long years of sorrow and pain
I have thought of thy burial-place.

Thought of thy fate in the distant west,
Dying with none that loved thee near;
They who flung the earth on thy breast
Turned from the spot without a tear.

There, I think, on that lonely grave,
 Violets spring in the soft May shower,
There, in the summer breezes, wave
 Crimson phlox and moceasin flower.

There the turtles alight, and there
 Feeds with her fawn the timid doe ;
There, when the winter woods are bare,
 Walks the wolf on the crackling snow.

Soon wilt thou wipe my tears away ;
 All my task upon earth is done ;
My poor father, old and gray,
 Slumbers beneath the churchyard stone.

In the dreams of my lonely bed,
 Ever thy form before me seems ;
All night long I talk with the dead,
 All day long I think of my dreams.

This deep wound that bleeds and aches,
This long pain, a sleepless pain—
When the Father my spirit takes,
I shall feel it no more again.

THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight;
Thou musest, with wet eyes, upon the time
Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with
light,—
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was
strong,
And quick the thought that moved thy
tongue to speak,
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee
creep ;
A path, thick-set with changes and decays,
Slopes downward to the place of common
sleep ;
And they who walked with thee in life's first
stage,
Leave one by one thy side, and, waiting
near,
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age—
Dull love of rest, and weariness and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is
gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could
die.

Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky ;

Waits, like the morn, that folds her wing and
hides,
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning
hour ;
Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumber-
ing bides
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt
stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more
sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender
feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again,
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than
then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?
Comes there not, through the silence, to thine
ear

A gentle rustling of the morning gales ;
A murmur, wafted from that glorious shore,
Of streams, that water banks for ever fair,
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
More musical in that celestial air ?

A HYMN OF THE SEA.

THE sea is mighty, but a mightier sways
His restless billows. Thou, whose hands have
scooped
His boundless gulfs and built his shore, thy
breath,
That moved in the beginning o'er his face,
Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves
To its strong motion roll, and rise and fall.
Still from that realm of rain thy cloud goes up,
As at the first, to water the great earth,

And keep her valleys green. A hundred realms
Watch its broad shadow warping on the wind
And in the dropping shower, with gladness hear
Thy promise of the harvest. I look forth
Over the boundless blue, where joyously
The bright crests of innumerable waves
Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands
Of a great multitude are upward flung
In acclamation. I behold the ships
Gliding from cape to cape, from isle to isle,
Or stemming toward far lands, or hastening
home
From the old world. It is thy friendly breeze
That bears them, with the riches of the land,
And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port,
The shouting seaman climbs and furls the sail.

But who shall bide thy tempest, who shall face
The blast that wakes the fury of the sea ?

Oh God ! thy justice makes the world turn pale,
When on the armed fleet, that royally
Bears down the surges, carrying war, to smite
Some city, or invade some thoughtless realm,
Descends the fierce tornado. The vast hulks
Are whirled like chaff upon the waves ; the sails
Fly, rent like webs of gossamer ; the masts
Are snapped asunder ; downward from the
decks,
Downward are slung, into the fathomless gulf,
Their cruel engines ; and their hosts, arrayed
In trappings of the battle-field, are whelmed
By whirlpools, or dashed dead upon the rocks.
Then stand the nations still with awe, and
pause,
A moment, from the bloody work of war.

These restless surges eat away the shores
Of earth's old continents ; the fertile plain

Welters in shallows, headlands crumble down,
And the tide drifts the sea-sand in the streets
Of the drowned city. Thou, meanwhile, afar
In the green chambers of the middle sea,
Where broadest spread the waters and the line
Sinks deepest, while no eye beholds thy work,
Creator ! thou dost teach the coral worm
To lay his mighty reefs. From age to age,
He builds beneath the waters, till, at last,
His bulwarks overtop the brine, and check
The long wave rolling from the southern pole
To break upon Japan. Thou bidd'st the fires,
That smoulder under ocean, heave on high
The new-made mountains, and uplift their
 peaks,
A place of refuge for the storm-driven bird.
The birds and wafting billows plant the rifts
With herb and tree ; sweet fountains gush ;
 sweet airs
Ripple the living lakes that, fringed with flowers,

Are gathered in the hollows. Thou dost look
On thy creation and pronounce it good.
Its valleys, glorious with their summer green,
Praise thee in silent beauty, and its woods,
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.

N O O N .

FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

'Tis noon. At noon the Hebrew bowed the
knee
And worshipped, while the husbandman with-
drew
From the scorched field, and the wayfaring man
Grew faint, and turned aside by bubbling fount,
Or rested in the shadow of the palm.

I, too, amid the overflow of day,
Behold the power which wields and cherishes
The frame of Nature. From this brow of rock
That overlooks the Hudson's western marge,
I gaze upon the long array of groves,
The piles and gulfs of verdure drinking in
The grateful heats. They love the fiery sun ;
Their broadening leaves grow glossier, and their
 sprays

Climb as he looks upon them. In the midst,
The swelling river, into his green gulfs,
Unshadowed save by passing sails above,
Takes the redundant glory, and enjoys
The summer in his chilly bed. Coy flowers,
That would not open in the early light,
Push back their plaited sheaths. The rivulet's
 pool,

That darkly quivered all the morning long
In the cool shade, now glimmers in the sun ;
And o'er its surface shoots, and shoots again,

The glittering dragon-fly, and deep within
Run the brown water-beetles to and fro.

A silence, the brief sabbath of an hour,
Reigns o'er the fields ; the laborer sits within
His dwelling ; he has left his steers awhile,
Unyoked, to bite the herbage, and his dog
Sleeps stretched beside the door-stone in the
shade.

Now the gray marmot, with uplifted paws,
No more sits listening by his den, but steals
Abroad, in safety, to the clover field,
And crops its juicy blossoms. All the while
A ceaseless murmur from the populous town
Swells o'er these solitudes : a mingled sound
Of jarring wheels, and iron hoofs that clash
Upon the stony ways, and hammer-clang,
And creak of engines lifting ponderous bulks,
And calls and cries, and tread of eager feet,
Innumerable, hurrying to and fro.

Noon, in that mighty mart of nations, brings
No pause to toil and care. With early day
Began the tumult, and shall only cease
When midnight, hushing one by one the sounds
Of bustle, gathers the tired brood to rest.

Thus, in this feverish time, when love of gain
And luxury possess the hearts of men,
Thus is it with the noon of human life.
We, in our fervid manhood, in our strength
Of reason, we, with hurry, noise, and care,
Plan, toil, and strive, and pause not to refresh
Our spirits with the calm and beautiful
Of God's harmonious universe, that won
Our youthful wonder ; pause not to inquire
Why we are here ; and what the reverence
Man owes to man, and what the mystery
That links us to the greater world, beside
Whose borders we but hover for a space.

THE CROWDED STREET.

LET me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come !
The mild, the fierce, the stony face ;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest ;
 To halls in which the feast is spread ;
To chambers where the funeral guest
 In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
 Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
 The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
 Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
 Its flower, its light, is seen no more,

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
 And dreams of greatness in thine eye !
Goest thou to build an early name,
 Or early in the task to die ?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow !

Who is now fluttering in thy snare ?

Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,

Or melt the glittering spires in air ?

Who of this crowd to-night shall tread

The dance till daylight gleam again ?

Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead ?

Who writhe in throes of mortal pain ?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long

The cold dark hours, how slow the light !

And some, who flaunt amid the throng,

Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each, where his tasks or pleasures call,

They pass, and heed each other not.

There is who heeds, who holds them all,

In his large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides o life that seem
 In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
 That rolls to its appointed end.

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER.

It was a hundrea years ago,
When, by the woodland ways,
The traveller saw the wild deer drink,
Or crop the birchen sprays.

Beneath a hill, whose rocky side
O'erbrowed a grassy mead,
And fenced a cottage from the wind,
A deer was wont to feed.

She only came when on the cliffs
The evening moonlight lay,
And no man knew the secret haunts
In which she walked by day.

White were her feet, her forehead showed
A spot of silvery white,
That seemed to glimmer like a star
In autumn's hazy night.

And here, when sang the whippoorwill
She cropped the sprouting leaves,
And here her rustling steps were heard
On still October eves.

But when the broad midsummer moon
Rose o'er that grassy lawn,
Beside the silver-footed deer
There grazed a spotted fawn.

The cottage dame forbade her son
To aim the rifle here ;
“ It were a sin,” she said, “ to harm
Or fright that friendly deer.

“ This spot has been my pleasant home
Ten peaceful years and more ;
And ever when the moonlight shines,
She feeds before our door.

“ The red men say that here she walked
A thousand moons ago ;
They never raise the war-whoop here,
And never twang the bow.

“ I love to watch her as she feeds,
And think that all is well,
While such a gentle creature haunts
The place in which we dwell.”

The youth obeyed, and sought for game
In forests far away,
Where deep in silence and in moss,
The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time,
He ranged the wild in vain,
Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
And wandered home again.

The crescent moon and crimson eve
Shone with a mingling light ;
The deer upon the grassy mead,
Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,
And from the cliffs around
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,
Gave back its deadly sound.

Away into the neighboring wood
The startled creature flew,
And crimson drops at morning lay
Amid the glimmering dew.

Next evening shone the waxing moon
As sweetly as before ;
The deer upon the grassy mead
Was seen again no more.

But ere that crescent moon was old,
By night the red men came,
And burnt the cottage to the ground,
And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the mead,
And hid the cliffs from sight ;
There shrieks the hovering hawk at noon,
And prowls the fox at night.

THE WANING MOON.

I'VE watched too late ; the morn is near ;
 One look at God's broad silent sky !
Oh, hopes and wishes vainly dear,
 How in your very strength ye die !

Even while your glow is on the cheek,
 And scarce the high pursuit begun,
The heart grows faint, the hand grows weak,
 The task of life is left undone.

See where upon the horizon's brim,
Lies the still cloud in gloomy bars ;
The waning moon, all pale and dim,
Goes up amid the eternal stars.

Late, in a flood of tender light,
She floated through the ethereal blue,
A softer sun, that shone all night
Upon the gathering beads of dew.

And still thou wanest, pallid moon !
The encroaching shadow grows apace ;
Heaven's everlasting watchers soon
Shall see thee blotted from thy place.

Oh, Night's dethroned and crownless queen !
Well may thy sad, expiring ray
Be shed on those whose eyes have seen
Hope's glorious visions fade away.

Shine thou for forms that once were bright,
For sages in the mind's eclipse,
For those whose words were spells of might,
But falter now on stammering lips !

In thy decaying beam there lies
Full many a grave, on hill and plain,
Of those who closed their dying eyes
In grief that they had lived in vain.

Another night, and thou among
The spheres of heaven shalt cease to shine,
All rayless in the glittering throng
Whose lustre late was quenched in thine. .

Yet soon a new and tender light
From out thy darkened orb shall beam,
And broaden till it shines all night
On glistening dew and glimmering stream.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

OH silvery streamlet of the fields,
That flowest full and free !
For thee the rains of spring return,
The summer dews for thee ;
And when thy latest blossoms die
In autumn's chilly showers,
The winter fountains gush for thee,
Till May brings back the flowers.

Oh Stream of Life ! the violet springs
 But once beside thy bed ;
But one brief summer, on thy path,
 The dews of heaven are shed.
Thy parent fountains shrink away,
 And close their crystal veins,
And where thy glittering current flowed
 The dust alone remains.

THE UNKNOWN WAY.

A BURNING sky is o'er me,
 Thé sands beneath me glow,
As onward, onward, wearily,
 In the sultry morn I go.

From the dusty path there opens,
 Eastward, an unknown way ;
Above its windings, pleasantly,
 The woodland branches play.

A silvery brook comes stealing
From the shadow of its trees,
Where slender herbs of the forest stoop
Before the entering breeze.

Along those pleasant windings
I would my journey lay,
Where the shade is cool and the dew of night
Is not yet died away.

Path of the flowery woodland !
Oh whither doest thou lead,
Wandering by grassy orchard grounds
Or by the open mead ?

Goest thou by nestling cottage ?
Goest thou by stately hall,
Where the broad elm droops, a leafy dome,
And woodbines flaunt on the wall ?

By steeps where children gather
Flowers of the yet fresh year?
By lonely walks where lovers stray
Till the tender stars appear?

Or haply dost thou linger
On barren plains and bare,
Or clamber the bald mountain side,
Into the thinner air?

Where they who journey upward
Walk in a weary track,
And oft upon the shady vale
With longing eyes look back?

I hear a solemn murmur,
And, listening to the sound,
I know the voice of the mighty sea,
Beating his pebbly bound.

Dost thou, oh path of the woodland !
End where those waters roar,
Like human life, on a trackless beach,
With a boundless Sea before ?

“OH MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE.”

OH mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace !
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
 With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red ;

They step—the wild deer's rustling feet,
Within thy woods, are not more fleet ;
 Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Aye, let them rail—those haughty ones,
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
 Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide ;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades ;
 What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen.

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the west,
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is feared,
 In woodland homes,
And where the ocean-border foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest
For Earth's down-trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread.
 Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother ! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now,
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
 And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower ;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
 Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

A MIGHTY realm is the Land of Dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams,
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,
From their bowers of light, to that bordering
land,
And walk in the fainter glory there,
With the souls of the living hand in hand.

One calm sweet smile, in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er !

Far off from those hills that shine with day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
There walk the spectres of guilty fear,

And soft low voices, that float through the
 night,
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
 Scarce weaned from the love of childish play !
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
 That freshens the early blooms of May !

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
 Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,
And I know, by thy moving lips, that now
 Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet !
 O keep where that beam of Paradise falls,
And only wander where thou may'st meet
 The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,
 With love and peace to this world of strife ;
And the light that over that border streams
 Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

THE BURIAL OF LOVE.

Two dark-eyed maids, at shut of day,
Sat where a river rolled away,
With calm sad brows and raven hair,
And one was pale and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown,
Bring forest blooms of name unknown ;
Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,
To strew the bier of Love, the child.

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,
His eyes, that death may seem like sleep,
And fold his hands in sign of rest,
His waxen hands, across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide,
Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side,
And blue-birds in the misty spring
Of cloudless skies and summer sing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low,
His idle shafts, his loosened bow,
The silken fillet that around
His waggish eyes in sport he wound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss,
The patter of his little feet,
Sweet frowns and stammered phrases sweet ;

And graver looks, serene and high,
A light of heaven in that young eye,
All these shall haunt us till the heart
Shall ache and ache—and tears will start.

The bow, the band shall fall to dust,
The shining arrows waste with rust,
And all of Love that earth can claim,
Be but a memory and a name.

Not thus his nobler part shall dwell,
A prisoner in this narrow cell ;
But he whom now we hide from men
In the dark ground, shall live again.

Shall break these clods, a form of light,
With nobler mien and purer sight,
And in the eternal glory stand,
Highest and nearest God's right hand.

“ THE MAY-SUN SHEDS AN AMBER
LIGHT.”

THE May-sun sheds an amber light
On new-leaved woods and lawns between ;
But she who, with a smile more bright,
Welcomed and watched the springing green,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

The fair white blossoms of the wood
In groups beside the pathway stand ;

But one, the gentle and the good,
Who cropped them with a fairer hand,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

Upon the woodland's morning airs
The small birds' mingled notes are flung ;
But she, whose voice, more sweet than theirs,
Once bade me listen, while they sung,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

That music of the early year
Brings tears of anguish to my eyes ;
My heart aches when the flowers appear ;
For then I think of her who lies
Within her grave,
Low in her grave.

THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.

THERE comes, from yonder height,
A soft repining sound,
Where forest leaves are bright
And fall, like flakes of light,
To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,
That, lightly floating on,

Just skims the weedy leas,
Just stirs the glowing trees,
And is gone.

He moans by sedgy brook,
And visits, with a sigh,
The last pale flowers that look,
From out their sunny nook,
At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind.

And wanders on to make
That soft uneasy sound

By distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break
From the ground.

No bower where maidens dwell
Can win a moment's stay,
Nor fair untrodden dell ;
He sweeps the upland swell,
And away.

Mourn'st thou thy homeless state ?
Oh soft, repining wind !
That early seek'st and late
The rest it is thy fate
Not to find.

Not on the mountain's breast,
Not on the ocean's shore,

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

WITHIN this lowly grave a Conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies,
Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair, imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers, rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here, in the quiet earth, they laid apart
 No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreck upon the cowering lands
 The passions that consumed his restless heart;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
 Gentlest in mien and mind,
 Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame ;
One in whose eyes the smile of kindness made
 Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
Yet, at the thought of others' pain, a shade
 Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand that moulder
 here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with
 fear,
And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East,—
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men

And fiery youths to be the vulture's feast.
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave ;
 Alone her task was wrought,
 Alone the battle fought ;
Through that long strife her constant hope was
 staid
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
 That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and
 took,
 Meekly, her gentle rule, and frowned no more,
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
 And calmly broke in twain
 The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path,
 By that victorious hand despair was slain,

With love she vanquished hate and over-
came
Evil with good, in her Great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies ;
But when she entered at the sapphire gate
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes !
How heaven's bright depths with sounding wel-
comes rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were
flung !
And He who, long before,
Pain, scorn, and sorrow bore,
The Mighty Sufferer, with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from his seat ;
He who returning, glorious, from the grave,
Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouch-
ing slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low ;
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is
near.

Oh gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear.
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun ;

Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened
thee ;

The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll ; the glorious armory,
That ministered to thee, is open still.

NOTES.

NOTES TO VOL. II.

Page 24.

The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye.

THE prairies of the West, with an undulating surface, *rolling prairies*, as they are called, present to the unaccustomed eye a singular spectacle when the shadows of the clouds are passing rapidly over them. The face of the ground seems to fluctuate and toss like billows of the sea.

Page 24.

*The prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not.*

I have seen the prairie-hawk balancing himself in the air for hours together, apparently over the same spot; probably watching his prey.

Page 26.

*These ample fields
Nourished their harvests.*

The size and extent of the mounds in the valley of the Mississippi, indicate the existence, at a remote period, of a nation at once populous and laborious, and therefore probably subsisting by agriculture.

Page 28.

*The rude conquerors
Scuted the captive with their chiefs.*

Instances are not wanting of generosity like this among the North American Indians towards a captive or survivor of a hostile tribe on which the greatest cruelties had been exercised.

Page 31.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

The exploits of General Francis Marion, the famous partisan warrior of South Carolina, form an interesting

chapter in the annals of the American revolution. The troops were so harassed by the irregular and successful warfare which he kept up at the head of a few daring followers, that they sent an officer to remonstrate with him for not coming into the open field and fighting "like a gentleman and a Christian."

Page 47.

MARY MAGDALEN.

Several learned divines with much appearance of reason, in particular Dr. Lardner, have maintained that the common notion respecting the dissolute life of Mary Magdalen is erroneous, and that she was always a person of excellent character. Charles Taylor, the editor of Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible, takes the same view of the subject.

The verses of the Spanish poet here translated refer to the "woman who had been a sinner," mentioned in the seventh chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, and who is commonly confounded with Mary Magdalen.

Page 52.

FATIMA AND RADUAN.

This and the following poems belong to that class of ancient Spanish ballads, by unknown authors, called *Romances Moriscos*—Moriscan romances or ballads. They were composed in the 14th century, some of them, probably, by the Moors, who then lived intermingled with the Christians; and they relate the loves and achievements of the knights of Grenada.

Page 57.

LOVE AND FOLLY.—(FROM LA FONTAINE.)

This is rather an imitation than a translation of the poem of the graceful French fabulist.

Page 65.

These eyes shall not recall thee, &c.

This is the very expression of the original—*No te llamarán mis ojos, &c.* The Spanish poets early adopted

the practice of calling a lady by the name of the most expressive feature of her countenance, her eyes. The lover styled his mistress "ojos bellos," beautiful eyes; "ojos serenos," serene eyes. Green eyes seem to have been anciently thought a great beauty in Spain, and there is a very pretty ballad by an absent lover, in which he addressed his lady by the title of "green eyes;" supplicating that he may remain in her remembrance.

¡ Ay ojuelos verdes!
 Ay los mis ojuelos!
 Ay, hagan los cielos
 Que de mi te acuerdes!

Page 69.

Say, Love—for thou didst see her tears, &c.

The stanza beginning with this line stands thus in the original:—

Dilo tu, amor, si lo viste;
 ¡ Mas ay! que de lastimado
 Diste otro nudo á la venda,
 Para no ver lo que ha pasado.

I am sorry to find so poor a conceit deforming so

spirited a composition as this old ballad, but I have preserved it in the version. It is one of those extravaganees which afterward became so common in Spanish poetry, when Gongora introduced the *estilo culto*, as it was called.

Page 71.

LOVE IN THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

This personification of the passion of Love, by Peyre Vidal, has been referred to as a proof of how little the Provençal poets were indebted to the authors of Greece and Rome for the imagery of their poems.

Page 73.

THE LOVE OF GOD:—(FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF BERNARD RASCAS.)

The original of these lines is thus given by John of Nostradamus, in his lives of the Troubadours, in a barbarous Frenchified orthography:—

Touta kausa mortala una fes perirá,
Fors que l'amour de Dieu, que tousiours durará.

Tous nostres cors vendran essuchs, come fa l'eska,
 Lous Aubres leyssaran lour verdour tendra e fresca,
 Lous Ausselets del bosc perdran lour kant subtyeu,
 E non s'anzira plus lou Rossignol gentyeu.
 Lous Buols al Pastourgage, e las blankas fedettas
 Sent'ran lous agulhons de las mortals Sagettas,
 Lous crestas d'Arles fiers, Renards, e Loups espars,
 Kabrols, Cervys, Chamous, Senglars de toutes pars,
 Lous Ours hardys e forts, seran poudra, e Arena,
 Lou Daulphin en la Mar, lou Ton, e la Balena,
 Monstres impetuous, Ryaumes, e Comtas,
 Lous Princes, e lous Reys, seran per mort domtas.
 E nota ben cyssó káscun : la Terra granda,
 (Ou l'Escritura ment) lou fermament que branda,
 Prendra outra figura. Enfin tout perirá,
 Fors que l'Amour de Dieu, que touiours durará.

Page 76.

FROM THE SPANISH OF PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA.

Las Auroras de Diana, in which the original of these lines is contained, is, notwithstanding it was praised by

Lope de Vega, one of the worst of the old Spanish Romances, being a tissue of riddles and affectations, with now and then a little poem of considerable beauty.

Page 110.

EARTH.

The author began this poem in rhyme. The following is the first draught of it as far as he proceeded, in a stanza which he found it convenient to abandon.

A midnight black with clouds is on the sky ;
 A shadow like the first original night
 Folds in, and seems to press me as I lie ;
 No image meets the vainly wandering sight,
 And shot through rolling mists no starlight gleam
 Glances on glassy pool or rippling stream.

No ruddy blaze, from dwellings bright within,
 Tinges the flowering summits of the grass ;
 No sound of life is heard, no village din,
 Wings rustling overhead or steps that pass,

While, on the breast of earth at random thrown,
I listen to her mighty voice alone.

A voice of many tones; deep murmurs sent
From waters that in darkness glide away
From woods unseen by sweeping breezes bent,
From rocky chasms where darkness dwells all day,
And hollows of the invisible hills around,
Blent in one ceaseless, melancholy sound.

Oh Earth! dost thou, too, sorrow for the past?
Mourn'st thou thy childhood's unreturning hours,
Thy springs, that briefly bloomed and faded fast,
The gentle generations of thy flowers,
Thy forests of the elder time, decayed
And gone with all the tribes that loved their shade?

Mourn'st thou that first fair time so early lost,
The golden age that lives in poets' strains,
Ere hail or lightning, whirlwind, flood or frost
Seathed thy green breast, or earthquakes whelmed
thy plains?

Ere blood upon the shuddering ground was spilt,
Or night was haunted by disease and guilt?

Or haply dost thou grieve for those who die?
For living things that trod awhile thy face,
The love of thee and heaven, and now they lie
Mixed with the shapeless dust the wild winds chase?
I, too, must grieve, for never on thy sphere
Shall those bright forms and faces reappear.

Ha! with a deeper and more thrilling tone,
Rises that voice around me, 'tis the cry
Of Earth for guilt and wrong, the eternal moan
Sent to the listening and long-suffering sky.
I hear and tremble, and my heart grows faint,
As midst the night goes up that great complaint.

Page 145.

*Where Isar's clay-white rivulets run
Through the dark woods, like frightened deer.*

Close to the city of Munich, in Bavaria, lies the spacious and beautiful pleasure-ground, called the English

Garden, in which these lines were written, originally projected and laid out by our countryman, Count Rumford, under the auspices of one of the sovereigns of the country. Winding walks of great extent, pass through close thickets and groves interspersed with lawns; and streams, diverted from the river Isar, traverse the grounds swiftly in various directions, the water of which, stained with the clay of the soil it has corroded in its descent from the upper country, is frequently of a turbid white color.

Page 154.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS.

This song refers to the expedition of the Vermonters, commanded by Ethan Allen, by whom the British fort of Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, was surprised and taken, in May, 1775.

Page 158.

THE CHILD'S FUNERAL.

The incident on which this poem is founded was related to the author while in Europe, in a letter from an

English lady. A child died in the south of Italy, and when they went to bury it they found it revived and playing with the flowers which, after the manner of that country, had been brought to grace its funeral.

Page 169.

'Tis said, when Schiller's death drew nigh,
 The wish possessed his mighty mind,
 To wander forth wherever lie
 The homes and haunts of human kind.

Shortly before the death of Schiller, he was seized with a strong desire to travel in foreign countries, as if his spirit had a presentiment of its approaching enlargement, and already longed to expatiate in a wider and more varied sphere of existence.

Page 173.

*The flower
 Of Sanguinaria, from whose brittle stem
 The red drops fell like blood.*

The *Sanguinaria Canadensis*, or blood-root, as it is

commonly called, bears a delicate white flower of a musky scent, the stem of which breaks easily, and distils a juice of a bright red color.

Page 188.

*The shad-bush, white with flowers,
Brightened the glens.*

The small tree, named by the botanists *Aronia Botryrium*, is called, in some parts of our country, the shad-bush, from the circumstance that it flowers about the time that the shad ascend the rivers in early spring. Its delicate sprays, covered with white blossoms before the trees are yet in leaf, have a singularly beautiful appearance in the woods.

Page 190.

*"There hast thou," said my friend, "a fitting type
Of human life."*

I remember hearing an aged man, in the country, compare the slow movement of time in early life and its

swift flight as it approaches old age, to the drumming of a partridge or ruffed grouse in the woods—the strokes falling slow and distinct at first, and following each other more and more rapidly, till they end at last in a whirring sound.

Page 195.

AN EVENING REVERY.—FROM AN UNFINISHED POEM.

This poem and that entitled the Fountain, with one or two others in blank verse, were intended by the author as portions of a larger poem, in which they may hereafter take their place.

Page 200.

*The fresh savannas of the Sangamon
Here rise in gentle swells, and the long grass
Is mixed with rustling hazels. Scarlet tufts
Are glowing in the green, like flakes of fire.*

The Painted Cup, *Euchroma Coccinea*, or *Bartsia Coccinea*, grows in great abundance in the hazel prairies

of the western states, where its scarlet tufts make a brilliant appearance in the midst of the verdure. The Sangamon is a beautiful river, tributary to the Illinois, bordered with rich prairies.

Page 223.

*The long wave rolling from the southern pole
To break upon Japan.*

“Breaks the long wave that at the pole began.”—
TENNETT’S ANSTER FAIR.

Page 225.

*At noon the Hebrew bowed the knee
And worshipped.*

Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray and cry aloud, and he shall hear my voice.—PSALM lv. 17.

Page 233.

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER.

During the stay of Long’s Expedition at Engineer Cantonment, three specimens of a variety of the com-

mon deer were brought in, having all the feet white near the hoofs, and extending to those on the hind feet from a little above the spurious hoofs. This white extremity was divided, upon the sides of the foot, by the general color of the leg, which extends down near to the hoofs, leaving a white triangle in front, of which the point was elevated rather higher than the spurious hoofs.—GODMAN'S NATURAL HISTORY, vol. ii. p. 314.

END OF VOL. II.

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