

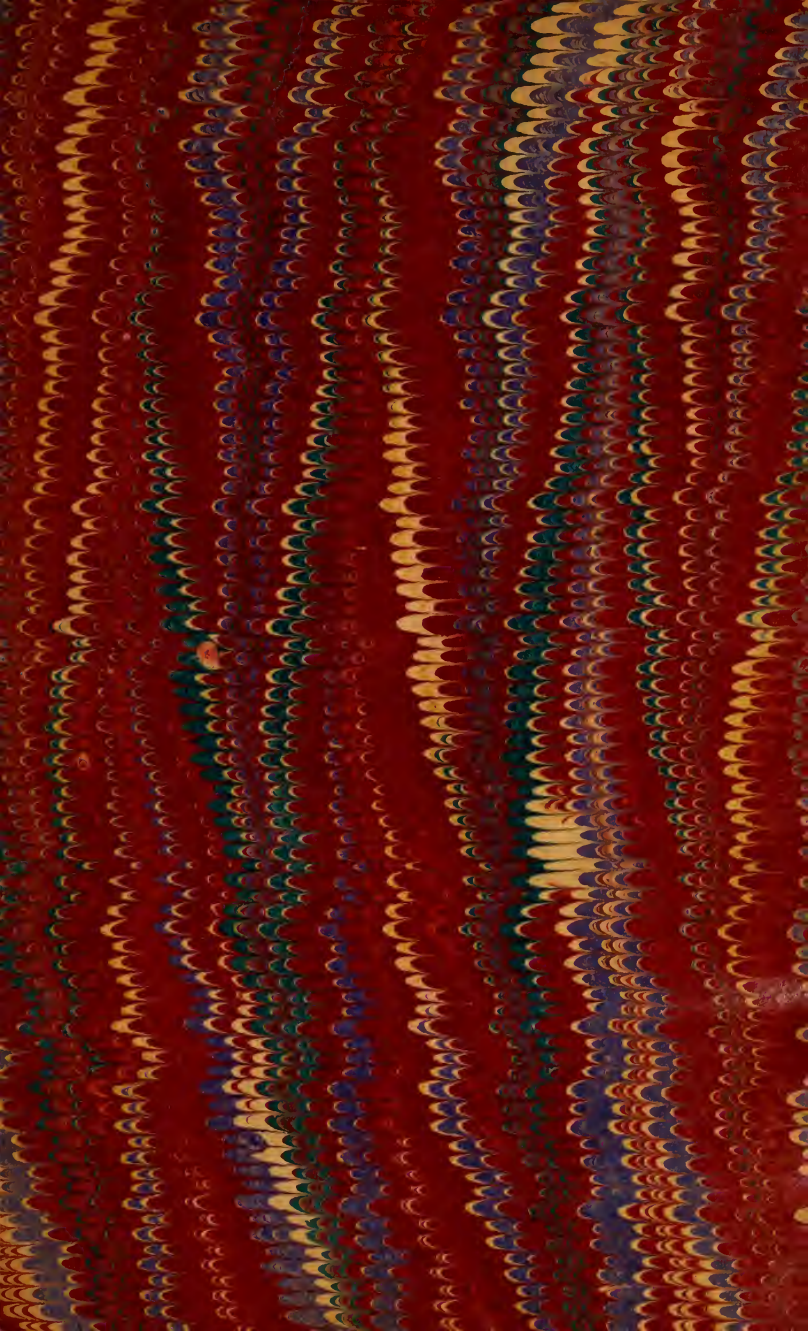


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A FEW POEMS



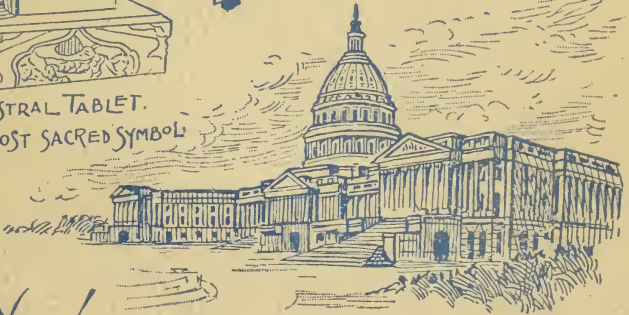
HAWAII,

CHINA
AND

AMERICA



ANCESTRAL TABLET.
CHINA'S MOST SACRED SYMBOL



By VARNUM D. COLLINS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

A FEW POEMS

ON

HAWAII, . . .

CHINA, . . .

AND AMERICA,

33

BY



VARNUM D. COLLINS, 19895-21

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PS 1357
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BY PERMISSION,
THIS
SMALL VOLUME OF POEMS
IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO THE
Hon. Lorrin A. Thurston,
THE
HAWAIIAN MINISTER
TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA ;
IN THE FAMILY OF WHOSE GRAND-PARENTS,
(THE FIRST CHRISTIAN TEACHERS TO THE ISLANDS,)
AT
KAILUA, HAWAII,
THE AUTHOR
SPENT MANY HAPPY DAYS.

PREFACE.

The following poems, selected from a large number, recited on the platform or contributed to the press, may interest some readers.

The writer has twice visited Hawaii; viewed all her great extinct craters, active volcanoes, and other physical wonders; spent many pleasant days among her earlier missionaries; seen much of their work, and the later Christian, and other civilization of the islands.

He resided in Washington before, and during the first years of the Civil War; so that the poem on the Capitol describes much of what he actually saw and experienced.

He has also spent nearly twenty years in China, mingled much among her people, and been a diligent student of her literature and life. The following original metrical paraphrases of a few of her classical odes, based almost entirely on the labors of Chinese scholars, are presented as giving a fair idea of the scope, power, and purity of Chinese poetry, as well as a true expression of Chinese sentiment and belief.

Chinese literature, in the opinion of the undersigned, is generally very much underestimated, as are all the great elements of her enduring civilization. Most writers on the ancient *sources* of philosophy, ethics, political economy, and religion, either ignore China altogether, or treat her contribution to human thought with indifference, levity, ridicule, or contempt, as unworthy of serious study. Probably owing to the great difficulty of examining her literature, locked up for the most part

in her written characters, the time has not yet arrived to do her justice. Certainly Lau-tsze, the founder of Taoism, 604 B. C., was one of the earliest, greatest, and most original Philosophers of the world—anticipating Plato in the doctrine of the Divine Logos by over two hundred years; and yet how little is he recognized or known!

The Odes of China, of which only a few specimens are here given, from the She-King, or book of odes, have come down to us from a very remote antiquity, their authors entirely unknown; but they have ever held their supreme place in the Empire, touching, swaying, and moulding more human hearts than all other literature put together. They were memorized and recited, or sung, at religious and other festivals, in social and private life, throughout the various Feudal States, long before the birth of Christ; and it was not until as late as 525 B. C. that Confucius travelled throughout the country, collected, classified, and edited many of these odes, and made them the great civilizing power both for rulers and people.

It is not claimed that these odes possess great intellectual force or deep poetic power. They are generally very simple, but suggestive, in thought and in construction and repetition of parts not unlike Western ballads, and well suited to the common mind, though many of the similes, names, and references often make it difficult to render them into agreeable English. These poems, however, in the Chinese characters, are exceedingly polished in versification and expression, and are regarded by scholars as models of literary style.

Their chief claims to our consideration are, their acknowledged antiquity—their often deeply religious character—their expressions of spiritual, social and domestic law—their moral purity—their exhibition of early Chinese customs, sentiments, and habits, and their subtle and long-continued power over so many million minds.

The foregoing statement may be applied, in many respects, to the mission of these odes to-day. They are still one of the text books of China ; studied, memorized, recited, and sung, like the best sacred and social lyrics of modern and western lands.

To properly estimate the value of these odes, it must be constantly borne in mind that they were composed in the Golden Age of China, when men lived close to nature and to heaven, but with no direct divine intercourse with God, as claimed by the Hebrew race ; and with no concentrated culture, drawn from all lands, as exhibited in the schools of Athens and Alexandria.

All these considerations make the odes of China supremely interesting as a study of original thought ; and if the few selections offered give the reader a better understanding of one of the great forces of Chinese civilization, the undersigned will be satisfied.

VARNUM D. COLLINS.

2155 L St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

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HAWAII.

FAR out upon the pathless deep,
Where mountains tall, now greet our eyes,
Where days and seas pacific keep

And Nature owns a Paradise
Enhanced by Art—by tillage most,
Till rock-plains bloom beyond all boast
In fields of Cane that smiling rise
From moisture, brought in skilful guise—
There, once, for many Ages o'er,
The trade-winds freely blew, and ran,
Moon-drawn, unvexed by any shore,
The tides, since time and tides began !

But when, late-born, in Heaven's plan,
An Island-world should rise for man,
Deep down, on ocean's ancient bed,
Two thousand fathoms by the lead—
On under-side the Realm of Heat,
Where Pluto holds, t'is said, his seat—
There, shocks titanic throbbed and beat
With force divine, when mighty streams
Of pent-up lava burst the beams
And ribs of earth ; then, mid dense dun
Of clouds and smoke, and voice of God—

Louder than made quaked Sinai nod,
 The waters heave and boil and run
 Before the hissing dragon's head,
 Which, breathing flames and rocks fused red
 By hidden fires, now seeks the sun !

Then, o'er this sea, for years untold,
 Their flags, the fierce volcanoes flung
 Of flame and smoke aloft; and rolled
 From out their awful mouths among,
 The burning marl, like molten gold !
 Downward, quick-spreading o'er their sides—
 But touched by rains and winds more cold—
 The mighty mass, all checks o'er rides,
 And slowly colors, cools, and wanes
 In heat, momentum—then remains
 Moulded in glassy waves, or hung
 In avalanches, well nigh sprung,
 Or fissures, vales, caves, peaks, and plains !
 Meanwhile, unnumbered earthquakes joined
 To rock old ocean's sunless caves—
 Where Night and Silence, ages reigned—
 And roll to distant shores, the tidal waves !

Thus, age on age, the Islands grew
 In height and bulk and varied forms !
 Around them fell and rose, the tides ;
 And charged with moisture, 'gainst their sides,
 The wondrous trade-winds steady blew ;
 While cinders, ashes, rained in storms,

With lava flows; and coral cells,
 And driftage o'er the mighty main
 From shores and isles and distant seas,
 By currents from antipodes ;
 While birds, and swimming creatures; shells,
 And sun and air, and copious rain,
 And meteoric dust, and germs
 From far-off continents ; and sperms
 Of ocean life ; and salt sea foam,
 Or, what, of else, might hither roam,
 All helped to stock these barren Isles
 With seeds of life, till Nature smiles,
 And valleys, shores, and plains become
 In tropic wealth, man's destined home !

Around these lava-builted Isles,
 Whose summits oft are crowned with snow,
 The coral toils, and slowly piles
 Its reefs from ocean depths below,
 Till bulwarks they become, and form
 Safe havens from the wind and storm !
 There, too, in lovely groups, it spreads,
 Beneath the waves, its garden beds
 Of flowers not tinted by the skies,
 And blooming where no zephyrs rise ;
 Where life-marine, not human eyes,
 Behold in mute, but glad surprise,
 These fields of beauty from whose stores
 Fair maidens shall, in coming years,

From ocean's bosom, to their own,
 Transplant what o'er the sea hath flown,
 These gems, in various colors shown !

How long, beneath God's eye alone,
 The festooned forests spread, and palms
 And plants helped weave the verdant zone,
 That bound the coral-sanded shore,
 Or massed in vales 'neath leeward calms,
 With fruits, and flowers, and vines, galore ;—
 How long, on Heaven's ear, fell psalms
 Of mountain water-falls, or roar
 Of billows blue that broke on wind—
 Ward strands, or lava rocks behind ;—
 How long, was heard the louder voice that spoke
 Forth from the Crater's yawning throat and woke
 The echoes of the forests deep
 And caverns dark, as with the leap
 Of mighty flaming angel to the sky,
 Some fire fountain played its stream on high
 A thousand feet—since seen by human eye—
 Then conic curved, and roaring fell,
 The Island shaking by its weight and cry—
 Diapason sounding, as of hell—
 And downward rolling, licks up the pools ;
 The forest burns, until, at last, it cools
 Its tongue of flame o'er coral graves,
 Mid seathing swirl of angry waves—
 Man does not know !

But now there drift

To these lone isles for resting place,
 On frailest barks, God's final gift
 To crown His work and show His grace,
 Some children of our common race !
 From whence they came, what cruel fate,
 Or fortune rare, first brought them here
 O'er trackless waves from far-off lands—
 Dogs, rats, and swine co-voyagers queer,
 No legends, songs, or stories state.
 These shores and seas to them appear
 The whole of Earth—while yonder stands,
 Miles high, snow-crowned, with crater flags unfurled,
 HAWAII, monarch of their Island-World ! *

How long, these wand'ers dweilt secure
 In this their new-found Island home—
 What moral culture, bad or pure,
 They brought from races whence they came—
 What arts, what skill, what mental power
 Were theirs to work the problem o'er
 Of life, apart from other men,
 While nature's face alone was seen
 In all her aspects, moods, and sheen,
 We little know, save from the page
 First read by Cook, with eyes ablear
 By pride, or lust, which cost him dear,
 At zenith of their Golden Age !

* The author is well acquainted with the theories connecting Hawaii with Tahiti and other islands of the Pacific, but he prefers the authentic discovery by Captain Cook, in 1778.

Kings, chieftains, warriors, bards, and priests
 Then formed the State—the ruling men ;
 While orators, in place of pen—
 Since letters were undreamed of then—
 Told o'er the legends of the Isles
 To list'ning thousands at their feasts
 And honors shared with sweet minstrels,
 Whose plaintive song, the heart beguiles !
 To improvise, in their soft tongue—
 Like gifted maids in Italy—
 Was often heard, when women sung
 Of sorrow, joy, or ecstasy—
 Of love, or, all the yearnings strange,
 That struggled in the soul for birth,
 In words of glowing power and range,
 That more belonged, to heaven, than earth ;
 And while the rhythm moved among
 The liquid vowels of typeless tongue,
 And charmed the ear, and body swung—
 The soul was swayed, responsively,
 And sweetest bells of mem'ry rung,
 By this spontaneous poetry !

This gift survives all change, to-day ;
 And, like swan's dying strains, in lay,
 Sings in sad minor key decay
 Of country, race, and native sway—
 So soon, in gloom, to pass away !

'Then, there were tillers of the soil;
 Bold fishermen, and sons of toil;
 Art'sans who wove with skill and ease,
 Or carved canoes from forest trees !
 'Their kapa robes were works of art,
 Worn by their kings, in state apart,
 O'er laid with plumage of rare birds ;
 'Their polished boats showed lines most true
 For beauty, speed ; while no fit words
 Can paint their helmets, which impart,
 By feathers of most brilliant hue,
 The glow of burnished gold thereto,
 Tho' metal workers were unknown,
 Since lava ores had never flown !

'Then, as the Island Kingdom grew,
 Slave, courtier, buffoon, not a few,
 Athlete, priestess, dames, and children too,
 With song and dance and games on land,
 Within the surf, or on the sand,
 Gave color, life on ev'ry hand !
 These sports, shared in, by all the Isles—
 With time and place arranged, by those
 Who knew when moon, and stars arose—
 Calendared th' year from start to close—
 Were much like games of Grecian players—
 The jav'lin, quoit, the race, and wiles
 Of wrestling, boxing, all were theirs ;
 While those, wherein they played with sea—

On top-most waves, in sportive glee,
 Excelled the skill of chariot race—
 Rode crested waves, at greater pace !

Besides, religious rites and feasts,
 Off'rings both human, and of beasts
 Cast down the Crater's burning mouth,
 To stay, propitiate the wrath
 Of gods there throned, or else in faes
 Of lava rock—one still remains
 Near Loa's top—all helped to build
 This hid Hawaiian race, who thrilled
 The world with fame when found, not very long
 Ago—scarce six-score years—and filled
 Their land with men, three hundred thousand strong !

Strange evolution this, of Isles,
 From other shores two thousand miles,
 Uplifted here by ancient fires !
 But that which fascinates, inspires
 Us most, is the evolving plan
 Of Heav'n, respecting change in man,
 Whereby, unknowing and unknown,
 A feeble race wrought out, by fires
 Of genius in the soul—or shown
 By Nature, in her strong desires—
 A growth and glory, all their own !

What moulded most, Hawaiian thought,
 Awakened fancy, terrors wrought,

Charm'd all their senses, or appealed
 To love of beauty or the field
 Of speculation, was the hidden source,
 Of Verdure, Mountains, and Volcanic Force !

The things that moved them most, did please
 Their natures, as our own, were these ;
The trade-winds, steady blowing on the land
 And bringing freshness, rain-clouds, with full hand
 To feed swift rivers and the source
 Of mighty water-falls, whose course
 Goes singing, laughing, tumb'ling to the sea ;
 The *forests*, standing in mute majesty,
 With pomp of green and flowers and vines ;
Fair valleys, sheltered from the winds
 With fragrance filled, and fruits, both rare and sweet ;
Palms, marshalled on the lava-sanded shore,
 Their branches waving ; *shells* so full of meat ;
 And *other shells*, that wild waves oft-times beat
 From out the sea, whose sighs, mysterious, swell
 In murm'ring tones, within the pearly cell !
 Blown in by Trade-winds, 'gainst the solid rocks,
 Or bursting on the sands, in mighty shocks,
 They hear the grand *Pacific Rollers* roar,
 As, day and night, *loud-voiced*, they anthems pour !

Or, rumbling far beneath their feet,
Subterranean warnings greet
 Too oft their ears, presaging soon

The earthquake's shock, the lurid glow
 Which shrouds the earth, and pales the moon,
 Then floods the heavens, the land and sea
 With light whose rays more brilliant grow,
 As liquid lava rolls below !

'Twas once that Puna—plain of farms,
 For leagues o'er hung the deep abyss—
 Was startled by these dread alarms,
 Then broke sheer off, by earthquake arms
 And plunged adown the precipice
 Engulfing, in the depths profound,
 Homes, inmates, temples, tilléd ground,
 And other marks of earthly bliss,
 While Nature shudder'd at the wound,
 Through all the mountain-mass around !

Craters they viewed—then silent, dead,
 As on the moon, whose rays but made
 All vaster seem, wherever shed—
 What time they climbed up to the rim—
 When Luna, o'er their heads, did swim
 With crater-face, like human kin,
 Down turned on them, to look and fade—
 And gazed below, in gulfs so dim ;
 Fit haunt they seemed for ghost or shade,
 But where their gods once dwelt and played,
 Or held high council, hot and grim.

Ha léa ká la, see !—yon “ House of Sun,”
 That springs from sea, ten thousand feet !
 Its mighty eaves—where lavas once did run
 Through sluice gates down, the sea to meet—
 Sweep round two hundred leagues or more,
 With lofty walls, but roof caved in !

When, in long ages gone before,
 These molten streams down sank from brim—
 With tow’ring apex ’gulfed therein—
 They slowly cooled ; then sprang a score
 Of fierce volcanoes up within—
 A giant each, with fearful mien—
 To-day, Earth’s grandest, silent scene !

They gazed besides on *hardened fields*
Of lava flows, where each reveals
 Its winding, treacherous, ragged path ;
 Where fissures yawn, and caverns bend ;
 Where scoria, cinders, ashes blend
 In one wild scene of awful death !

Hard by, on Mauna Loa’s ruptured side,
 Deep in a pit, and leagues around,
A lake of fire which surged profound
 Like surf of angry sea, where gods did ride,
 They viewed with awe and bated breath !
 There Pélé’s raven locks they saw,
 Drawn from the lava’s molten mass ;

Now dashed against the crater's jaw
 In tresses fell, like fine-spun glass ;
 Then, blown by winds, it hung on cliffs,
 Or drifted far, in nooks and rifts !

Once on a time, when warrior band
 A thousand strong, encamped near by
 To rest till morn, then reach the strand
 Where hostile chiefs, their strength would try,
 A sudden storm of ashes, gas,
 And red-hot cinders filled the camp,
 When, like the Assyrian host, *en masse*
 Bloodless, where Pélé closed their tramp,
 She slew them in the mountain pass ;
 Their bleached bones, for many years,
 Lay there exposed—dread source of fears !

Near this, where sulph'rous fumes she sniffs,
 Some Priestess dwells in lava caves ;
 Scared mortals' steps she guides, and raves
 In trance-like spells, with other gifts,
 As Delphic maid, in Greece, behaves.
 Far up on Kona's torn plateau
 Where lavas long have ceased to flow—
 Above the forests that remain—
 Beyond the ocean's hoarse refrain—
 Amid a scene of wild domain,
 O'er fields of slag, and clinkers lain—
 Four great volcanoes loom thereon,

That sweep the distant horizon—
 Hua lá lai—Mauna Kea—
 Mauna Loa—and Kohala !

On this most awful spot, mundane,
 There stands, to-day, a ruined fane—
 All dead, its devotees, and reign—
 With out-look on those Altars high
 By Heav'n, uplifted, to the sky !

There, ancient rites, did priests maintain,
 Where human victims oft were slain ;
 There, deep-planned oracle was reared,
 With Priestess hidden—trained in Fane—
 Whose voice articulate was heard,
 When Chieftains sought the will divine ;
 And people, too, asked for some sign—
 Besides God's mighty works and word,
 Seen everywhere, and always heard !

To this untutored race, and more,
 Such were the aspects Nature wore,
 With mingled arts of human fraud—
 Which still appeal to souls o'er awed—
 No wonder that they did adore,
 And throne their gods in august state,
 Within the crater's heart and gate—
 Where Science, still, cannot explore !

But when at length, from foreign shore;
 From sister Isles, the wide seas o'er,

On ships white-winged--mid cannon's roar--
 And hoarse-voiced cry from trumpet blast--
 And anchor chains that rattled past--
 And Britain's meteor flag at mast--
 There came strange men--ne'er viewed before
 Nor dreamed of in their mental score,
 They seemed to them, new gods, at first--
 Or Orno, now returned once more,
 Whom Trade-winds blew from off their shore--
 So ran the legend, which they nursed--
 But when they scan'd their actions o'er--
 These men of light and Christian trust--
 So full of weakness, greed, and lust--
 Who dared the Island gods to do their worst,
 And showed no fear--did not adore
 At Altar steps, or Crater's urn,
 But revelled in all lawlessness--
 Then, soon, the natives, in their turn,
 Their gods despise, their tabus burst--
 Their temples raze--their idols burn--
 And License reigns, without duress !

When spread the news, the world around
 That here, at last, a race was found
 With no restraints, but Nature's laws,
 Unchecked by civil codes and saws,
 Flew thither ships, as magnet draws !
 Full fifty years these Isles became
 For traders, whalers, the rendezvous ;

Here men of war and men whose name
 At home was vile, helped this to do—
 To curse, and steep the land in shame !

'Twas then, new vices quickly spread, in soil
 Most fit for change, by touch and sight ;
 Priests, saw their altars fall without recoil ;
 All clung to earth with new delight,
 And gave free scope to passion's might !
 'Twas then, the forests, rich as gold,
 In precious trees, and barks, and gums,
 Were stripped of sandal-wood and sold
 To traders at most trivial sums,
 To smoke on altars of the gods
 In Asian fanes, where faith still plods,
 And ancient cults, the nations mould.
 'Twas then, they learned the curse of drink ;
 Were taught to build and work the still.
 Soon stood the King upon the brink,
 With all his race, of threatened ill,
 More fatal than the crater's flow,
 The earthquake shock, or plunge below !

Impelled by Christian zeal, there comes,
 Full late, from our dear land and homes,
 To bless and save, and not to blame,
 This erring, injured, gentle race—
 These wand'ring sheep, without a name—
 Another band, with love and grace,

Husbands and wives, with hearts aflame !
 Long years they toil, with single aim,
 Mid ill success, and scorn of foes,
 These noblest souls—New England grows !

Daily, to pagan sisters, arts
 Of home and thrift and taste imparts
 Some teacher ; while they all impose
 With gentle force and love, the laws
 Of purity—and plead th' Master's cause !
 At first, no hearts a welcome gave
 From King on throne, to abject slave ;
 Hopeless, to human view their toil,
 Where sin so fully cursed the soil !

But step by step, these patient guides by
 Letters, arts, by truth and life, as well,
 Raised this people to a plane so high
 That in each home, the Christ does dwell—
 Where, daily, hymns of praise arise
 And all, the Bible virtues prize—
 A nation loved in Heaven's eyes !

This was by far her brightest page,
 Hawaii's second Golden Age,
 When schools and churches filled the land
 And peaceful hamlets lined the strand ;
 Where temp'rance held the upper hand,
 And greed of gain had poisoned not,

But rare contentment was the lot
 Of all who shared that happy spot—
 In truest sense, a Christian land !

Then, sweet Lahaina—palm embowered—
 Though near the sea, not traffic's mart—
 But seat of schools, where Truth was taught
 To lift the soul, and bless the heart—
 Lay nestled at the base of hills
 First formed, when Hále' ká la showered,
 Or ground their sides by lava mills !

Then, lovely Hilo, rich endowed
 With charming bay, and sea near by—
 Where mighty surfs—to all empowered—
 Did rarest ocean sports supply—
 Shone most in verdure—moisture-born—
 Where trade-wind clouds so frequent showered,
 And Nature's tears did but adorn !
 Mid water-falls and running streams,
 And temple spires, and happy homes,
 How rich the emerald landscape seems !
 With mingled vines, and cane, and corn,
 Here, lovely apple-rose-tree blooms ;
 The ginger plant with pink-white flowers ;
 There, lofty palm, or bamboo towers ;
 While banner leaf'd bananas, beck'ning, nod,
 O'er lily, rose, and other gifts of God !

But like all beauty's dang'rous charms—
 Mid crimson light and purple glow
 Of skies, and heights, and seas below,
 And Nature's emerald bestow—
 Still, Hilo sits where tidal waves do roll ;
 And oft, she feels the dire alarms,
 Which earthquakes give, up from the angry soul
 Of Mauna Loa—chained—but still in arms !
 She knows, full well, the mighty power
 Of sleeping pit-born Dragon, when he starts
 From out his lair of fire, but imparts
 No hint of pathway or the hour
 Of visitation !—but he fills all hearts
 With fear, till cold and stiff, supine he lies
 On mountain slope, or in the ocean dies !

Then, Honolulu, on Oahu—
 Fair Capital, in ocean blue—
 Of these group'd Isles—Hawaii—Nei—
 Reared in the midst of craters high,
 With harbor formed by coral reef—
 Owed all her many charms—in chief
 To waters brought ; to culture ; and beside,
 To woman's taste with love and home allied ;
 To choicest flowers, fruits, plants from other lands,
 Till now, one garden vast, she smiling stands—
 Botanical and rare—the Nation's pride !

But in this lovely Island home,
 Where Nature smiled, and all seemed peace—

Where sweet *Alóha*--love to you--
 On ev'ry hand, from hearts most true--
 Fell on all ears--or kind adieu--
 Where songs were heard, whose plaintive airs
 Charmed soul and sense, and brought fresh tears,
 And sent to Heav'n the tend'rest prayers--
 A blight was working--and had come--
 To make the fam'ly life to cease.

The causes of this sad decay,
 And all the penalties men pay
 Are common facts--well known to-day.
 Tho' blameless offspring, pity wins,
 The wages of forefathers' sins,
 By laws, as sure, and hard as fate,
 Which none can shun, and none should scorn,
 By Nature and by Sinai taught,
 To-day, in many homes forlorn,
 And Molokai--are being paid,
 While children few, are ever born
 To those, whose blood seems purest made.

Most sad of all, another ill--
 The old Idolatry--deemed dead--
 Like smothered fires, lingers still--
 By Royal, pagan, prestige fed--
 And threatens moral doom, as well !

Fast fades this hapless race away,
 And soon but hist'ry will recall

Their glory and their Christian day--
 Their sad decline, and final fall.
 But, 'mid this ruin of a race
 By causes named--and loss of Crown
 By Queen, who boldly dared disown
 Her people's rights--by charter known--
 And leagued herself, and falling throne,
 With shameless gains--with deep disgrace,
 And pagan ways--there grows apace,
 A new Hawaii--freed, elate--
 In Golden Age of Wealth and State.

E'en now, while art and science join,
 By Irrigation's magic rate,
 To change her lava-beds to coin,
 Whereby the phosphates, nitrogen,
 That lay, locked up, from former men,
 Are now, by guided streams, released,
 And all fertility increased
 Beyond Toil's dream, or Tiller's ken ;
 And government and laws are made
 By men of worth and equal grade--
 Sons of the soil--the peers, by birth,
 Of all, by civil code set forth--
 She comes to us, as latest born,
 To share our lot--her life adorn,
 This Sister, crowned with cane and corn,
 Who stands beyond our Golden Gate--
 In future years, as sure as fate,

To hold within her grasp, the keys
Of empire o'er Pacific seas !

In century coming, these fair Isles
Shall form our entrepôt of trade ;
Rich mines of wealth, by water made ;
A land of travel ; health ; new stores
Of marvels, for all eager eyes,
Where Nature shows a new surprise—
Beyond her verdure, tears, and smiles,
Her heav'ns of blue, mild airs, sea shores—
In living fire-fountains, miles
Around, and leagues on high, pump'd up
From pit, by God—through crater-cup—
Unmatchéd sight on Globe of ours !

This, then's the Land we sing ! where sleep,
In all their Christian graves—and well—
A Race redeemed, whose mem'ry 's sweet !
Their heirs, would save from wreck—who dwell
Therein—our kindred, but Hawaiians still—
The work of many precious years,
Built up by love, and toil, and tears !
They'd place the threatened, rescued Isles,
'Neath Starry Flag—and save all fears
Of conquest ; claims—who e'er assails—
As OCEAN STATE, in Sea, that smiles—
While courting commerce to its shores—
On many empires, old and young,

Whose friendships we have fairly won—
 And thus help bring, what bards have sung,
 And sages taught, and Christ foretold—
 The reign of peace, throughout the world !

A WOMAN'S LAMENT.

[Addressed, for the most part, to the man who had led her astray, and refused reparation. A poem written against the morals of the times.]

She King, Part 1, Book 5, Ode 4th.

WHEN bart'ring cloth for silk, my way you came,
 An honest looking lad you seemed to be ;
 But not such open barter, was your aim—
 Fair words of thine, my virtue won from me

Upon the river Kee, my well-known stream,
 As willing pilot, did I guide your way ;
 When Tunkew's gates were reached I urged " Redeem
 Your word—now celebrate the wedding day ! "

You seemed offended by my claim, and said,
 " No proper go-between hath bound thee mine. "
 Homeward this pledge I bore—a ruined maid—
 " Let autumn coming be the happy time. "

When autumn came I climbed the ruined wall,
 With outlook toward Fuhkwan, thy native town ;
 Daily I watched your coming and your call,
 Daily my tears did flow in torrents down !

At last one day my sad heart leaped for joy !
 Tears were dried and tender words and laughter
 Gave thee glad welcome ! In love's sweet employ
 Anew we vowed and plann'd the bright hereafter !

“ Signs favored,” so you urged, “ by divination —
 Diagrams of reeds and the tortoise shell ! ”
 “ Then come,” said I, “ with carriage, take possession
 Of all my worldly goods, and me as well. ”

Since then three Springs have passed; as leaves I've gathered
 To feed my silk-worms; and their round cocoons, unwind ;
 And while the golden fibres, I have reeled and knotted,
 My wedded life no nearer seems—I feel I've sinn'd !

How rich and how glossy are the unsullied leaves
 Of the mulberry tree e're they fall to the earth !
 Ah ! thou dove, since its fruit, in excess, thee deceives,
 Taste it not, and keep pure as the day of thy birth !

And so, youthful lady, seek not any pleasure
 That robs you of virtue, whosoever thee calls !
 Some plea, for a man, men oft-times urge—but O never
 Excuse can be offered for a maiden who falls !

You mulberry leaves are all yellow or shed—
 And autumn has come, to the once fruitful tree !
 So my plighted affection you treat as quite dead
 Though I've shared, for three years, in your poverty.

My face may be changed, but my heart's the same still
 As when first you made proffers of marriage—
 Though the thoughts of your falseness my sad soul fill,
 Like the tide of the Kee, as I cross in my carriage.

Yes, you in your ways, have ever been double !
 No longer, alas, do you care for poor me !
 You've transgressed the right—and truly ignoble
 To hearts of sincerity, such conduct must be.

For three weary years was I truly your mate,
 And nothing of toil did I care, in your home ;
 Up I rose early, and I went to sleep late,
 No day intermitting, or longing to roam.

Thus faithful I acted ; but cruel your part ;
 My brothers not knowing, will laugh and care not
 How wrongly I suffer, while deep in my heart
 I must silently brood, bemoaning my lot.

The banks of the Kee, and its marshes, are known ;
 And, as certain, I deeméd our union for years ;
 But now, broken-hearted, disgraced, I go home—
 Oh, you give me much cause, for repining and tears !

In the bright and pleasant days of my girlhood,
 With my black braided hair, in a knot simply tied,
 We laughed and we talked in the happiest mood,
 Clearly swearing our faith, and our love, on each side.

Ah, yes! in that trusting time of my girlhood
 I thought that our hearts, no power could sever;
 Now, alas! by your choice—your years of falsehood,
 Our engagement must end—and forever!

KING SUEN'S PALACE.

[This poem stands for home life; and, probably more than any other ancient teaching, has fixed the position of woman in China, making it one of great inferiority; so that to this day, it is considered a misfortune to have a daughter born in the house.]

She King, Part 2, Book 1, Ode 5.

BY graceful sweep of hills that nearer lie,
 With mount serene, and far, in southern sky,
 Firm based as bamboo clumps, the palace stands,
 While roof, like pine tree's ample head, expands.
 Within this home, may each his brother love,
 No schemings one against the other, move.

Having entered, as heir, the estate of his sires,
 This palace he rears, to meet his desires.
 The chambers abound ; in cubits, the walls
 Five thousand are found ; while the doors of the halls
 Face westward and south ; and here he'll reside—
 Will talk here and laugh, and friends sit beside.

When building these walls, the frames for the ground
 Were placed with precision and properly bound.
T'oh, t'oh, went the pounding, till every wall
 Was impervious to wind, as well as rainfall.
 No crannies were open for rat or for bird—
 Truly, a princely home, for our noble lord !

In deep expectation, like man on tip-toe ;
 Or arrow, straight flying from string of the bow ;
 Like the fresh mottl'd bird, which gay plumage brings ;
 Like speed of the pheasant, on swift-flying wings—
 So, his Hall of Reception, surprise will create,
 When the lord of this mansion ascends it, in state !

Both level and smooth, the court-yard appears,
 And lofty the pillars, that round it he rears ;
 Pleasant the exposure of its chambers to light
 With wide and deep recesses, obscured to the sight.
 Here, he'll repose, the noble lord we love,
 On rush-mat below—fine bamboo above.

Here may he sleep ; and awaking shall pray,
 “ My dreams now divine—your skill thus display—
 Which ones were lucky ? for bears, passed in view—
 Grislies, with cobras ; and rare serpents too ! ”

Thus for him, the chief diviner will divine :—
 “ Bears and grisly bears, are the auspicious sign
 Of sons ; while cobras and the serpent race,
 Declare that daughters, too, his home shall grace ! ”

Sons shall be born to him, and put to rest
 On couches ; and in robes, shall they be dressed ;
 While in their sports, with sceptres, they shall play ;
 And loud will be their cry by night and day !
 Bright, with red aprons, they at length shall stand—
 The future King—the princes of the land !

Daughters shall likewise, unto him abound !
 All these, they'll put to sleep upon the ground ;
 In swaddling clothes be dressed—unlike the boys ;
 And while at play, will have but tiles for toys !
 And theirs, 'twill be, no wrong to do, nor good—
 To think but of the spirits and the food ;
 And thus, no sorrow to their parents cause—
 These constitute their duties and their laws !

FRIENDSHIP UNDER CHANGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

ADDRESSED TO A FICKLE FRIEND.

She-King, Part 2d, Book 5th, Ode 7th.

THE bland east wind now gently blows ;
 The wind is followed by the rain ;
 In time of fear and dread of foes,
 As one, were we, and not as twain ;
 But, in your rest-time, or when gay,
 You've turned and cast me then away !

The bland east wind now gently blows,
 The wind is followed by the storm ;
 And when your fear and dread arose,
 You placed me in your heart most warm ;
 But, in your time of rest and joy,
 You've cast me off, like worthless toy.

The bland east wind now gently blows,
 But, o'er the rock-crowned hill-tops, see !
 No grass, but's dying where it rose—
 And with'ring, too, is every tree.
 My smallest faults so filled your thought
 That all my virtues were forgot ;
 And dead, I am, at last, to thee.

A PICTURE OF HUSBANDRY.

[In Spring-time and Harvest with the attendant religious rites—being the utterances of the Superintendent of the Royal Domain, in the presence and hearing of the king himself; for, in the early ages, kings, and not emperors, ruled in China.]

She King, Part 2, Book 6, Ode. 7.

AS I survey this landscape wide,
My heart's well pleased—elate with pride!

These sweeping fields most fair appear,
Whose tenthly yield the Crown each year
Receives, while from old stores of seed
My husbandmen I daily feed.

Good years we've had, for ages past!
Nor famines fear, while sun shall last!
And now, that with the warmth of Spring
Glad and full-voiced Orioles sing,

And maidens fair, with baskets deep,
Throng mulb'ry lanes, whose branches yield
Young leaves by which the silkworms seek
Their cocoon homes—not tombs, to build,

I, too, must not these Spring days waste,
But now, to fields south lying haste,
Where some are weeding—others toil
In gath'ring round the roots, the soil.

While Spring-tide sun wakes ev'ry plant,
 The millets rise luxuriant !—
 Though all the fields in verdure smile,
 And teach us gratitude, the while !

In resting place of large extent—
 With Altar raised—my heart intent—
 The better men I'll gather there,
 And while I praise them, rites prepare.

With vessels full of millet bright,
 And victim-rams of purest plight,
 We'll to the Spirits sacrifice,
 Of this our land, and all the skies !

That these our fields are in good state,
 Doth each true husbandman elate ;
 With lutes and beating drums we'll call,
 The Ancient Father of the Soil,

And pray for showers of sweetest rain
 To add increase to all our grain—
 My husbandmen alike to bless,
 And give their wives much happiness !

In masses dense, may clouds soon form,
 And o'er the soil—so rich and warm—
 The gentle rain come down ; and when
 The fields are ripe, my husbandmen
 Some spots unreaped shall leave ; and spare
 Some sheaves—the needy widows' share !

The King himself beholds the scene,
 Where fathers, in their age serene,
 Lead on the children and the wives
 With food for those who work apart,
 On acres facing Southern skies !

Besides the King—as pleased at heart,
 The Field Surveyor comes and tries
 From left, to right, the various food,
 To prove if it be bad, or good.

The grain 's well tilled in ev'ry field ;
 And choice 'twill be—and large the yield ;
 And while the King approves—his art
 Each husbandman has more at heart !

The rip'ning fields look thick as thatch ;
 Yes ! carriage cover, they will match !
 The King's vast crops in stacks shall stand
 Like isles, or mounds, on ev'ry hand !

A thousand gran'ries he must seek—
 And myriad carts as well, bespeak !
 The millets, paddy and the maize
 Will please each husbandman—who prays :

“ Bless'd be King with joy supernal—
 Scores of years, and life eternal ! ”

THE PLAINT OF A REJECTED AND
SUPPLANTED WIFE:

INDUSTRIOUS AND DEVOTED TO THE FISH INDUSTRY.

A POEM AGAINST POLYGAMY.

She-King, Part 1st, Book 3d, Ode 10th.

WITH skies all cloudy, and a pouring rain,
Yet still, how gently blows the eastern wind !
So husband and wife—let them love maintain,
And strive to be one, both in heart and mind !

When gath'ring melons, or the mustard-plant,
Because of roots, we do not them despise ;
And while my good name, sin doth not supplant,
Your wife I am, till one or t'other dies !

Slowly and sadly, along the road I go—
Reluctant still to leave—my inmost heart ;
Just passed th' threshold of your home—and barely so—
You bear me company—and thus to part !

Who'll tell me, now, that the sow-thistle's bitter ?
'Tis sweet as shepherd's purse—or sweeter far ;
You've brought, alas ! your new wife home to feast her—
You're both as loving as two brothers are !

The river King's more muddy than the Wei ;
But, round the islets, bottom oft we see ;
With new-made wife, you're feasting now—while I
Am thought unworthy of your company !

This new-made wife must not approach my dam ;
 My basket, too, she must not move away—
 Alas ! alas ! I quite rejected am !
 Why care, what comes, since here I can not stay ?

In waters deep, on raft, or boat, I crossed ;
 Where shallow, dived, or swam the waters o'er ;
 If wealth, or no, we had, we never lost—
 I always struggled to increase our store !

When neighbours among, death entered their home,
 To aid them I crawled, as 'twere, on my knees ;
 But now, you'll not cherish—but rather disown
 And count me your foe—another to please !

My virtues are all, like a pedlar's bad wares,
 Rejected by you, though they've guarded your home ;
 For, often, years back, I'd my fears and my cares,
 Lest our means should decrease, and poverty come !

But now, when your riches, through me, do abound,
 As poison, I'm rated ;—and all my fine store
 Of food well selected—the yield of the ground—
 Is your ample supply, till th' winter is o'er !

Thus, of me, you must think, while feasting your bride :—
 If poverty came, I could yield you much store !
 But what pains me most, is your anger—your pride—
 While my love, you forget—and the days of yore !

MISGOVERNMENT AND ITS RESULTS.

She King, Part 2, Book 5, Ode 9.

In this poem, composed nearly three thousand years ago, we have some remarkable Sabian and pessimistic views ; and some modern problems anticipated. After briefly sketching the once happy condition of the Chinese, under the rule of faithful and wise Ministers of State, the poet paints the present misery, caused by misgovernment ; the toils and sorrows of the poor ; the lack of sympathy or aid, on the part of those in power, sporting in wealth, pleasure, selfishness and pride ; and in despair of all earthly aid, he described the miserable people, as appealing to the Constellations of Heaven ; which, in serene silence, ever look down, but give no sign or aid to men !

I.

WELL loaded with millet, were all the food dishes,
 In the homes of the people, since want was unknown ;
 Long, carved of thorn-wood—shaped to ev'ry one's wish
 Were the spoons which they handled, with a skill quite their own

And the Highway of Chow—straight as arrow of reed,
 Like a well-used whet-stone, was all polished and worn,
 Since Officers thronged it, with their ret'nees, full speed,
 On missions imperial, to the furthestmost bourn !

Oft the peasantry paused, mid their pleasures and toil,
 To gaze on these builders of the Empire with pride ;
 But now, changed is the scene ; all untilled is the soil,
 For the people no longer have leaders who guide !

In the States of the East, both in large ones and small,
 The looms are now silent—all the spinners have fled ;
 And in shoes of the thinnest, scarcely fit for the hall,
 The people walk shiv'ring, o'er ground frozen, instead !

On the Highway of Chow, there now daily pass by,
 Not Officers of merit—bearing honors and care,
 But courtiers effem'nate—over polished and high,
 Who heed not the people—their needs and despair !

Their goings—their comings, alas ! each day, along
 That Highway paved and worn, which starts from gates of Chow,
 On merest pleasure bent, with all the idle throng—
 Doth make my heart to ache, my head, with shame to bow !

With no pledge of reward, the best sons of the East
 To service, are summoned, at the call of the State ;
 While in dresses superb, untried men of the West
 At Court are received, and advanced, while they wait !

Our boatmen brave, who toil on rivers wide and strong,
 Have no fine garments on, but furs of grisly bear ;
 While sons of fam'lies mean—not worth a rap, or song,
 Fill ev'ry public post, and all their honors share !

If, wishing to please them, choice spirits we offer,
 All our liquors, they spurn, as the vilest distilled ;
 If then, girdle pendants, with rare stones we proffer—
 These, too, are despised by men proud and self-willed !

II.

Ye waters clear and cold, that burst from hill-side springs,
 Soak not these fagots which, with toil, I've cut and bound !
 Alas ! what anxious thoughts—what doubts, each new day brings
 To us, who wake to plod afresh, the self-same round !

These fagots here, tis true, I've cut and firmly bound—
 I would that they were also safely lodged at home !
 Ah, me ! this constant toil—this ever weary round
 Of struggles but to live—I would that rest might come !

III.

In yonder vault of Heaven, wide sweeps the Milky Way !
 Though vast its wealth of light, 'tis naught to mortals here !
 There, too, the Weaving Sisters, in their toil each day,
 Pass o'er the seven stages of the stellar Sphere !

But tho' these Heavenly maids go spinning through the sky,
 And weave, as they advance, th' mystic curtains of th' Night,
 No bright and cheering work do they for us who sigh
 And struggle in this lower world, for life and light !

Yonder the Draught Oxen, too, are seen to move afar
 Along the plains of Heaven, whereon, firm-yoked, they toil ;
 But what to us, avail, these oxen and their car,
 Unless they help to draw, our carts, on earthly soil ?

Lo ! in the East there's Lucifer—so proud and high—
 And in the West, bright Hesperus, our evening guest ;
 Outspread, too, hangs the Rabbit Net, athwart the sky—
 But by them each, or all, in no wise are we blest !

There in the South, the Sieve—held by some mighty power,
 Could, if but shaken, rain down food upon our head ;
 While in the North, behold the Dipper ! formed to pour,
 As from a ladle, spirits, with our daily bread !

And yet this heav'nly Sieve—where star-space forms the meshes,
 But idly shows its rim, to the gaze of mortals !
 So, too, the Dipper there, no weary man refreshes—
 Its handle bright, but simply points to Western Portals !



HEAVEN'S APPOINTMENT OF KING WAN ; AND THE OVERTHROW OF THE SHANG DYNASTY.

The She King, Part 3, Book 1, Ode 2.

WHILE, on high, enthroned, is an awful Majesty,
 On earth, illustrious virtue, should, resplendent, be !
 But since assistance, Heav'n doth never read'ly bring,
 'Tis not an easy task, to be an earthly King !
 E'en Yin, though rightful heir, to Heaven's lower throne,
 Was not permitted to possess it, as his own !

Tae-Jin, the second daughter of the Prince of Che,
 Once journeyed from the Shang Domain—tho' many a le—
 To form a blood alliance with the Prince of Chow—
 The black-haired Race's destined head—the honored Ke—
 And took, within his Capital, her bridal vow !
 Being virt'ous both, Tae-Jin fulfill'd the Heav'nly plan
 Of Dynasty, by giving birth to our King Wan !

But long before his infant eyes beheld the light,
 His mother's guarded ears, no unchaste language heard ;
 Her vision too, beheld no gross, or horrid sight ;
 Her lips, no pride expressed ; her heart no anger stirred !
 Thus, in her womb, itself, was Heaven's will sustained—
 The greatness of the child was plann'd before he reigned !

Then, when to man's estate, he'd come—most wisely taught—
 And ever watchful, rev'rent, in the highest mood,
 King Wan, to Heav'n's Lord, his noblest service brought !
 Without deflection, too, his ev'ry virtue stood,
 And so secured, from God Himself, the highest good ;
 So helped, and guided, he received, as by command,
 The allegiance of the States, on ev'ry hand !

'Twas thus, high Heaven, surveying this world below,
 Did first, on our King Wan, supremest rule bestow !
 E'en, in his early years, God chose for him, a mate ;
 And when he'd wed, a lady from a distant State—
 Far north of Heah, and beyond the banks of Wei—
 Was sought and found, who Heaven's will would ratify !

'Twas in an ample Realm, this lady had her home ;
 And where, like some bright denizen of Heav'n, she shone !
 Omens and rites, foretold the fitness of the tie ;
 And our King Wan, in person, met her on the Wei !
 Matchless, in glory, was this welcome to his bride—
 A bridge of boats, he built, across the flowing tide !

The fav'ring appointment, was, from Heaven alone,
 In giving, in Chow's Capital, to Wan, the throne ;
 And sending to him from the distant State of Sin,
 Its eldest— choicest Princess, too—to marry him !
 Most highly was she blest, as mother of King Woo,
 Whom God did crown, preserve--and help, in battle through,
 When called upon, to smite, according to decree,
 The mighty Yin, and overthrow his dynasty !

With banners, bows, spears, flags, in masses of rich bloom—
 Green, scarlet, gold, and colored trappings of maroon,
 Yin's troops appeared, like flow'ring forests, to the sight,
 As in the wilds of Muh they marshalled for the fight
 To save the Throne of Shang from sinking down in gloom !
 The scene, though full of awe, no terrors had for Woo ;
 And crisis, all did meet ! To King, cried brave San-foo ;—
 " Have not one doubt ; the God of battle fights for you ! "

In widest range, out-spread that wilderness of Muh,
 Where Empire's fate, depended on the coming fight !
 Then as the armies, into line of battle, drew,
 Bright shone the sandal wooded Chariots, as they flew

Behind their rushing steeds of bays—their bellies white
 And manes black flashing—with the swords and side knives, bright
 Ye gods of War ! it was indeed a thrilling sight !

San-foo, the Gen'ral, like an eagle on the wing,
 The field surveyed entire, assisting Woo, the King !
 One charge, alone, he made,—the Yin-Shang—fled away !
 That morning's rout, secured a clear—a tranquil day ;
 Then, was seen at last fulfilled, high Heav'n's wise decree—
 One long, unbroken reign of Chow's great Dynasty !

THE LEGEND OF HOW-TSEIH.

HIS INCARNATION, LABORS, AND APOTHEOSIS.

She King, Book 2, Part 3, Ode 1.

THE marv'lous birth of China's black-haired mighty Race,
 To Keang Yuen's favored womb, was thus wise due !
 Childless, for years, she'd lived—no son e'er came to grace
 Her lonely home—though many off'rings, pure and true
 On border Altars, proved the yearnings of her heart
 A son to bear, and thus, ancestral hopes impart !

When Spring, once more, had come, and swallows skimming flew
 O'er Altar grounds—Heav'n's hint to barren wives anew
 To seek celestial aid, the embryo life to start—
 There, as she sacrificed alone, and moved apart

From steps—far more, the touch, of mortal man—she trod—
 And felt strange thrill—upon a toe-print made by God,
 And thus conceived ! To solitude she then retired
 Till all her numbered months of waiting, had expired,
 When, like a lamb, How-tseih, her first born son, came forth—
 A painless, briefless, easy, and non-rending birth,
 To prove how wonderful, the new-born babe would grow !
 High Heaven, besides, gave comfort to the mother's heart,
 And testified, by saving her from pain's keen dart,
 That, all accepted, was her worship here below !

For want of shelter, when, at first, he saw the light—
 Or, that his mother had no aid—we do not know—
 How-tseih, on grass, was placed, within a narrow lane ;
 But even there exposed—most strange and touching sight—
 With loving care th' babe to guard, both sheep and oxen came !

Then, in a forest wide, he finds his second home
 Where fagot gath'ers toil; and oft to see him, come !
 They marvel at the sight; and while they cut and bind,
 They guard his infant bed from foes, from rain and wind !

On ice, so cold, his tender limbs were next exposed ;
 But soon, within an eagle's clasping wings reposed
 This child ; or else was screened from wintry blast on high !
 When once again, alone he lay, and bird had flown,
 So long and loud was heard his wailing piteous cry,
 That soon his voice filled all the way, in piercing tone !

When able but to crawl—not yet to use his feet—
 Precocious seemed How-tseih—a most impressive boy !
 When ag'd but six, and at home-table had a seat,
 His chosen art was Husbandry—his first employ !

At once, to planting beans, he fell—large beans that grew
 On stalks most high ; then, next, his rows of paddy drew
 The gaze of men, as up they shot in verdant life,
 Clothing the plain in beauty's grateful smile to God !

Meantime, his barley, wheat and maize, in friendly strife,
 Grew close and strong, on soil well freed from stone or clod !
 While all his garden herbs, or stock of shapely gourds,
 Fresh food supply; or each, a useful cup affords !

This Tillage of How-tseih, was also highest Art !
 He first began, by helping Nature at the start !
 He cleared away, or burnt, or plowed beneath the soil,
 All surface grass, with patient and exacting toil.

And next, before he sows the ground with golden grains,
 Choice seed he well selects, and then, by skill and pains,
 Th' living germs, he stimulates, within their outer case—
 When, planting, or transplanting each, they grow apace !
 At length, 'neath showers and sun, they ripen, strong and good—
 Each ear most heavy hangs—each grain complete, for food !

'Twas thus, by years of marv'ulous skill in Husbandry
 That our How-tseih, on Earth, became the Lord of Tae ;
 And when his human work was done, he passed on high,
 The correlate of God, in the Kingdom of the sky !

He bequeathed, as our gift, all those beautiful grains—
 The millets bi-kernel'd ; black and white ones so round ;
 While th' taller, red species, all its glory maintains
 'Till it falls, 'neath the sickle, and is stacked on th' ground !

Then, soon, the glad reapers, on their shoulders so strong,
 All the sheaves bear home-ward, for the grand sacrifice
 Which How-tseih first founded—they tell it in Song—
 When he worship'd th' Spirits of the Earth and the Skies !

And now, that our Sire, dwells immortal in Heaven ;
 And yet, condescends to hear us, and bless us, below ;
 Say, what honors, ye mortals, to him shall be given,
 At our ancestral Altars?—what gifts, too, bestow ?

When the Harvest is past, and the days give us leisure,
 Then our people, for worship, make toil but a pleasure !
 Some, hull the bright millet—some bear from the mortar ;
 Some sift it—some tread it—some stir with might and main ;
 Then rat'ling go th' kernels in the boilers with the water,
 And soon a ferment starts, that changes all the grain !
 Next, heat 's applied ; when lo ! as by some magic spell,
 The Steam, as Itih taught—Art open to abuse—
 A spirit pure distils, for sacrificial use !

With, thus, libation wine to pour, and drink as well,
 We seek by divination first, through tortoise shell,
 Or diagram of reeds, to know the will of Heaven ;
 And then, all rites of fastings, vigils, we fulfil !

A ram we sacrifice ; and with it, too, are given
 Its fat, and fragrant Southern-wood, whose incense will
 The Spirit of the Path propitiate—who guides
 Our way through life, and saves our weary feet besides !

Then, gathered in the Ancestral temples of our dead,
 To them we offer flesh prepared, as though they fed
 On mortal food !—for all these sacred rites, so dear,
 Both bind us to th' Past, and ev'ry Harvest Year !

Smoke on, ye Altars, then ! with victims pure and rare ;
 And on our stands of wood and earthen ware,
 Let richest off'rings rest ; while incense rises high
 To God who smells, well-pleased, th' odor sweet from out the sky

HOW-TSEIH, who founded, too, our ancient Dynasty,
 And raised ancestral Altars, as we see them here :—
 Who taught his Race, the noble Art of Husbandry,
 And gives our Land its fruitful Harvests, year by year—
 Him, worship ye as well, and all his praises sound—
 Who stays our Dragon Throne by tillage of the ground !

ODE TO KING SEUEN;

ON HIS FLOCKS AND HERDS, WITH AN AUSPICE
OF THE PROSPERITY OF HIS KINGDOM.

She King, Part 2, Book 1, Ode 6.

WHO'LL say no sheep to you belong,
When ev'ry flock's three hundred strong?
And cattle—who'll assert you've none,
When ninety, are black-lipped alone?

Your flocks are homeward coming—see
The hornéd sheep in peace agree!
Your herds—how fair the sight appears!
Are fol'wing, too, with flapping ears!

Now, some among the mounds descend;
Others, at pools, their necks do bend!
Upon the ground, some rest at ease,
While others move where most they please!

Your herdsmen now advance, and bear
Upon their backs their frugal fare;
While rain-coats, bamboo hats they rest
On arm, or where it suits them best.

Among your cattle and your sheep—
By color ranged, in thirties deep,
How vast the store of your supplies,
Of victims for each sacrifice!

Your shepherds, too, now come this way !
 With fagots and small twigs, what prey
 Of birds and beasts they bring along !
 Closer, your sheep approach—how strong

And vig'rous all the flocks appear !
 None injured—no infection near !
 The shepherd waves his arm—and lo !
 Within the fold, the flocks all go.

Shall dream, your herdsmen, in their sleep,
 Of crowds ;—then fishes in the deep ;
 Of tortoise, and the serpent, too ;—
 And then of falcon banners true !

Thus, th' chief diviner will divine
 The herdsmen's dreams of coming time ;—
 The men, in crowds, to fishes changing,
 Betoken years of wealth abounding !

The tortoise and the serpent lost,
 In falcon banners, means a host
 Of people yet will come to swell,
 The growing kingdom where you dwell !

LOVE'S PREFERENCE.

She King, Part 1, Book 7, Ode 19.

I walked out by the Eastern gate,
 Where maidens fair, were grouped, in crowds ;
 Not to them did my thoughts relate,
 Though dressed in tints, like rain-bow clouds !
 She, there, in silk, both thin and white,
 With head-dress grey—she's my delight—
 She, she alone ! fills all my view—
 For her, my heart beats warm and true !

I walked by the Tow'r, o'er covered wall,
 Where girls appeared, like flow'ring rushes ;
 But of them, I thought, not at all,
 Though sweet in youthful bloom and blushes !
 She, there, in gauzy silk and white,
 With pale grey head-dress—she's my light—
 She's the maiden who's all to me—
 And the one that makes me happy !

LADY'S CONFESSION AND APPEAL.

She King, Part 1, Book 2, Ode 9.

THE plums are dropping from the tree ;
 But still, seven-tenths are in their prime !
 For gentlemen, who're seeking me,
 This, truly, is the fortunate time !

The plums are dropping from the tree ;
 Three-tenths, alone, of all remain !
 For gentlemen, who're seeking me,
 Now, is the time, my hand to gain !

No plums are left upon the tree ;
 But all, I've saved, in shallow basket !
 I wish that he who's seeking me,
 Would name the day,—or, of me, ask it !

KING SEUEN'S SOLILOQUY.

ANTICIPATING HIS EARLY MORNING RECEPTION AT
COURT ; AND MEASURING THE HOURS BY
A TORCH-LIGHT TIME-KEEPER.

She King, Part 2, Book 3, Ode 8.

HOW goes the night? the king exclaims ;
 Not midnight yet, for yonder flames,
 Near court-yard gate—the meas'ring torch !
 Yet, sound of tinkling bells proclaims,
 My princely men, now, this way march !

Again, he cries, How goes the night ?
 'Tis midnight past ; but yet, no light—
 Though paler burns the court-yard torch !
 My princely men, advance—I hear,
 The measured sound of bells—and near !

How goes the night ? once more he cries !
 The morn, is near—himself, replies ;
 In court-yard smokes the torch, burnt low !
 My princely men, my eye descries—
 I see their banners, o'er them, too !

SEUEN KEANG.

PRINCESS AND YOUNG WIDOW.

An Ode on her beauty, costume, and conduct.

She King, Part 1, Book 4, Ode 3.

A WOMAN, once married, husband living or dead,
Is mated for life—never more must she wed !

With head-dress and cross-pins, and six gems attached,
All her movements are ease and elegance matched ;
As a mountain, she's stately—grand as a river—
Her robes, all pictured, well beseeching her ever !

Her dress, pheasant-figured—how rich and how splendid !
Her black hair, in masses, like clouds, is extended !
To false locks, she stoops not, however well laid—
See ! her comb-pin of iv'ry—her ear-plugs of jade !
And forehead so high, and so white, she appears,
Like goddess, or vis'tant, from heavenly spheres !

How gorgeous and fine, is her robe of state,
Worn, o'er dolichos muslin, of finest make—
With larger, warmer garment laid aside !
Clear are her eyes—her forehead fair and wide—
Her temples full—ah ! this a woman grand,
Of all her sex, the beauty of the land !

But, O lady ! while guilt your virtue effaces,
What to do, have you, with these jewels and graces ?

KING WAN'S LONG SOUGHT BRIDE.

Celebrating her Virtues and Welcome to the Palace.

She King, Part 1, Book 1, Ode 1.

IN answ'ring notes the Ospreys sing
 Upon the islet in the river !
 So, for our Prince, let maiden bring
 A heart, as mate, responding ever
 To virtue, modesty, and diffidence.

Here, the duck-weed's short ; and there 'tis long,
 Borne by the current on either side ;
 So waking, sleeping—in every throng
 Of maidens fair, he sought a bride,
 With virtue, modesty, and diffidence.

He sought her long, and found her not ;
 But waking, sleeping, she filled his soul
 With constant hope, yet anxious thought,
 Till, restless on his couch he'd roll
 From side to side, or toss, the livelong night ?

The duck-weed's long and short as well ;
 'Tis gathered, too, on every side ;—
 His mate is found ! brought here to dwell !
 On lutes, both small and great, the bride
 A friendly welcome, let us each one give !

Yes ; duck-weed short and duck-weed long—
 Dress it and pass it, on every side !
 With bells and drums we'll show how strong
 Is our delight in the youthful bride
 With virtue, modesty, and diffidence !

GEWANG KEANG.

A PRINCESS AND BRIDE REACHING HER NEW HOME.

Celebrating her rank, beauty, equipage, arrival at Wei ; and the wealth of Ts'e, her native State.

She King, Part 1, Book 5, Ode 3.

I N her embroidered robe, she was large and tall,
 With a plain, single garment covering all—
 This daughter of the Marquis of Ts'e, and the bride
 Of the Marquis of Wei, and elsewhere nobly allied !

Her fingers resembled th' blades of the young white grass ;
 And as ointment congealed, was her skin ; like the mass
 Of the tree-grub, her neck ; and regular and white
 As melon seeds, her teeth ; her forehead, broad and bright,

Resembled the cicada's ; while her eye-brows both
 Seem'd like the curved antennæ of the silk-worm moth !
 And as she artfully smiled, what dimples did arise !
 The white and black, well marked, how lovely, too her eyes !

And when she, in the cultivated suburbs halted,
 Her tall and noble form, her other charms exalted !
 Her four steeds, too, the picture of power displayed,
 With their bridles, in red and rich trapping arrayed.

At length, in car, behind her pheasant-feathered screens,
 She, at our Court arrives, 'mid many joyous scenes !
 Now early retire, ye great officers of State,
 And fatigue not the Marquis, by keeping up late.

Both deep and wide, the waters of the river Ho,
 'Tho' sometimes styled, thro' inundations—China's Woe !
 In one majestic current, to the northward flow !
 Therein, 'mid reeds and sedges rank, the nets do fall
 With plashing sound, 'mong shoals of sturgeons great and small !

And thus, our lady, like the richness of this stream—
 And Ts'e, itself, the bord'ring country whence she came—
 Was wealth and rank personified, beyond all dream !
 She'd virgins in her suite, most gorgeously arrayed ;
 While all her body-guard—a martial mein displayed !
 So now, retire, retire, great officers of State
 And fatigue not the bride, too, by keeping up late !

A MAIDEN'S PLEA AND WARNING.

In China the silkworm feeds on oak and mulberry leaves. These leaves are gathered by young girls ; and often dogs accompany them to the groves and forests as companions and protectors.

She King, Part 1, Book 2, Ode 12.

IN yonder grove, a dead antelope lies ;
 While the white grass shrouds it from open skies !
 But who was the robber of its gentle breath ?
 So, yonder maiden, with thoughts nat'ral to Spring,
 Dreams of love, wedlock, and the joys they bring,
 Whom a gallant would blight, with moral death !

In yonder wild, where the scrubby oaks grow,
 Wrapped in the white grass, lies a dead doe !—
 Though unpitied by slayer, 'tis screened by the weeds !
 So, yonder's a maid, whose virtue compares
 To a gem—but little her tempter cares,
 Should she die—like the doe—so his lust succeeds.

“ If for wedlock,” says maid, “ you're seeking my hand,
 Most willing's my heart ;—but yet, I'll withstand
 All attempts, a maiden unchaste, me to prove !
 So, slowly—take care—be gentle, I pray ;
 My kerchief, touch not—nor move it away—
 Don't make my dog bite—if truly you love !”

CHINESE YOUNG MAN OF RANK ;

A PICTURE OF HIS EFFEMINACY AND CONCEIT.

She King, Part 1, Book 5, Ode 6.

LIKE the weakly branches of the Sparrow-gourd,
 Is yon youth, with an iv'ry spike at his side ;
 Yet, by him despised are we, and quite ignored—
 While his spike, he fondles, in his childish pride !
 How conceited, and easy, his manner is too,
 With the ends of his girdle, hanging down, as they do !

Like the frailest leaves, of the same sparrow-gourd .
 Is t'other lad there, with an archer's thimble !
 Yet, he too's, but our peer, though he can afford,
 This sportsman's badge, to carry, at his girdle !
 How conceited and easy his manner is too,
 With the ends of his girdle hanging down as they do !

THE BLIND MUSICIANS.

She King, Part 4, Book 1, Ode 5.

YONDER, within the court-yard, stand,
 Of Chow's vast temple, quite a band
 Of blind musicians, who, by stroke
 On drums, rich melody evoke—
 And blow, from tubes, in right accord,
 The music offered Heaven's Lord !

In rows, extend the wooden frames—
 With face-board carved, and feather'd post—
 Whereon, are hung, in reg'lar lanes,
 Large drums and small—a perfect host—
 Grouped, as to chords, with sounding stones—
 Each, giving forth, harmonious tones !

Some, mark the time to first begin ;
 Some, when to stop ; while all join in—
 With double flutes, and pan-pipes blown,
 To blend in solemn unison,
 And make the chords, all roll, as one !

When thus, the blind musicians come,
 And strike sweet notes on reed, or drum,
 The sounds, not only fill the way—
 The temple's nave—its cloisters gray—
 And charm, by Art's complete display,
 All visitors who're there to hear—
 But reach, as well, Ancestral ear
 And Heaven, too, down bending near !

KING WAN'S YOUNG QUEEN.

A VERY ANCIENT ODE, CELEBRATING HER INDUSTRY, DUTIFULNESS, SIMPLE LIFE, AND VISIT TO HER PARENTS.

She King, Part 1, Book 1, Ode 2.

HOW did the dolichos creepers spread
 Down to the valley's middle bed—
 With all their leaves luxuriant !
 There, birds of yellow, came and went ;
 And thus, bright hours, daily spent ;
 Or, on thick-growing trees, did throng,
 Resounding far, their pleasant song !

See ! how the plant did spread abroad
 Down to the valley's middle sod,
 With all its leaves, so dense and strong !
 Vines of some I've cut, and boiled long—
 Their fibers spun and wove, with song,
 And made me clothing, coarse and fine,
 And which with pride, I'll wear long time !

I've told the Matron ;—she will say,
 To King, the reason, I'm away ;—
 That, filial love, I'm home, to pay !
 But e'er I go, or take repose,
 I'll cleanse, with care, my private clothes,
 And rinse each robe, excepting those
 That pure are found—and then I'll start
 To see the dear ones of my heart !

ODE TO FAESZE, THE SOUTHERN QUEEN.

As sung by the ladies of the harem, recounting her freedom from jealousy, and their attachment to her person and fortunes

WITH the branches, curved and drooping,
 There are many Southern trees ;
 While around them, closely clinging,
 Creepers dolichos, one sees !

So, in our princely lady,
 We unitedly rejoice,
 Rest we, in her dignity—
 In the union of her choice !

Curved and drooping are the branches
 Of the many Southern trees ;
 Covered are they, as each fancies—
 Just as twining creepers please !

So rejoicingly, we rest
 In our princely lady's love ;
 May her happiness be best—
 She in highest stations move !

With the branches curved and drooping,
 In the South, are many trees ;
 While around them, all are twining,
 Creepers dolichos, with ease !

So rejoicingly we twine
 'Round our princely lady's heart ;—
 May her happiness combine
 To make her dignity complete !

TEACHER'S ADVICE TO PUPILS.

GIVEN NEARLY 2,000 YEARS AGO.

[Boys, in China, at the early age of seven, begin to memorize the book characters, which represent ideas, and not letters of an alphabet. The following is an extract from the boys' first book, called the "Tri-metrical Classic."]

ALL men, at birth, by nature are most good ;
 But, as they grow, in practice, they diverge !
 'Tis all the trend of culture—not of blood—
 Of precepts, which the teachers strictly urge !

When Mencius was a boy, and did not learn,
 His mother, made her home, most near his school !
 Once, weaving, she the web destroyed, so deep did burn
 Her shame, for fear her son might be a fool !

To nurture, and not educate, his sons,
 Soon proves, what danger, ev'ry father runs !
 Active, should teachers be ; indeed, severe,
 With boys who will not learn, or do their best ;
 For, if they study not, in this the year
 Of Youth, what will they know, in Manhood's test ?
 As gems unwrought, no useful ends subserve,
 So men, untaught, ne'er right and wrong, observe !

Three Pow'rs there are; Heav'n, Earth, and Man, well known;
 Three Lights there are—Sun, Moon, and Stars—well shown;
 Three Bonds there are—which bind the States as one;—
 Justice 'tween Prince, and all who rule with him;—
 Affection 'twixt a father and his son;—
 Concord, in homes, 'mong all who dwell therein!

Humanity and Right; Wisdom and Truth;
 Rules of Propriety, which smooth our ways;—
 These card'nal virtues, must we learn in youth,
 And keep distinct, and practice, all our days!

Rice, millet, pulse, wheat, sorghum, barley grist,
 The six grains are, on which most men subsist!
 So, too, these moral duties—numb'ring ten,
 Are ever binding 'mongst our fellow men!—

Affection, common, of the father, and the son;
 Elder brother's kindness; respect, of younger one;
 Concord sweetest, 'twixt husband and the wife;
 'Tween seniors, juniors, never any strife;
 Friendships complete, among associates;
 Princes, regard to pay to men of all estates;
 While, loyally, each officer reciprocates!

The ancient Sages, to be truly wise,
 Did study hard! Confucius won the prize,
 Through Hi-ang-Toh, his teacher, when a boy!
 Chau, Minister of State—in high employ—
 Did spend much time in reading o'er and o'er
 The great Confucian Dialogues—and more!

Some sages, lessons copied, on thin reeds ;
 Others, on hardened, polished bamboo slips ;
 When books were lacking—in their earnest needs—
 They stored up knowledge from frail human lips !

When destitute of guides, still, on they'd go ;
 Some, read by glow-worm's light, and some, by snow !
 Though often, very poor, they learned their tasks with zeal ;
 One, carried fagots on his back, while in his hand
 He held his book—and studied, as he earned each meal !
 Another, as he plowed, or harrowed, fallow land,
 To his cow's horn, did tie his book, and read,
 While toiling, far-a-field, the words before him spread !

Su-Lau-Tsien, when past his twenty-seventh year,
 First bent his mind to books ; and often dropped a tear
 In his old age, to think what chances he'd let slip—
 When he was but a boy—of, O ! so many a sip
 In Learning's Spring !—so, mind you, lads, as you read here,
 What study yields ;—drink early, and without a fear !

Behold ripe Li-ang-Han !—at eighty-two—still tall
 There standing, 'midst grand scholars, in the Imperial Hall,
 And bearing off the highest prizes of them all !

Yun, when only eight, could even then, recite th' Odes !
 And Pi, at seven, could play at Chess, in highest modes !

So Tsi-Wan-Ki, on lute, guitar, could deftly play ;
 And Sei-Tan-Wan could chant, and sweetly sing a lay ;
 And though, but girls, of tender age—ere beauty blooms—
 Were bright and well informed—the pride of happy homes !

Then Lee of Tang, when aged but seven years,
 With marv'lous skill could form our wondrous written speech ;—
 Each stroke, correctly draw—and elder pupils teach !
 He, soon, was high advanced ! So banish fears ;—
 Let hope inspire you all, to like position reach !

If these, I've named, both young and old, could merit win,
 Then, surely you, my lads, should early now, begin !
 Dogs watch by night ; the cock announces well the morn !
 But boys, to know, must learn—knowledge is never born !
 The silkworm spins the silk ; the bee, the honey makes ;
 If boys neglect to learn—below the brute, their states !
 He, who, in youth, doth learn to wisely act, when grown
 His influ'nce wide extends ;—by Princes he's well known !
 His parents, honored are ;—Fame, claims him, as her own !
 Far back, his line ancestral, feels this glow of fame—
 While all posterity shall share his worthy name !

Some, for their offspring leave, strong coffers, filled with gold ;
 While I, to teach the young, bequeath this little book !
 Remember, then, my lads, what I have clearly told—
 That Study is, to genius, kin—so do not look,
 In sloth, for profit ; or, in idle play, reward ;—
 Let ev'ry power be roused—be ever on your guard !

GIRLHOOD RECOLLECTIONS.

Wherein a young married lady, far from her early home, recounts, to a friend, her regrets, longings, and the memories of past days—a touching and simple ode of ancient China.

She King, Part 1, Book 5, Ode 5.

WHILE, with long and tap'ring bamboo reeds,
 You angle in the waters of the Kee,
 My thought of you, all other thoughts, exceeds
 And gladly, quickly, by your side would be—
 But I'm too far away, to go to thee !

Upon your left, the stream of Hundred Springs !
 Upon your right, the waters of the Kee !
 But what, are now, these pleasant streams to me,
 Since wedlock, duties new, to maiden brings ?—
 Brothers, she leaves, and parents, equally !

The waters of the Kee, are on your right—
 The stream of Hundred Springs, the leftward, hems !
 On either bank, see walking maidens bright !
 How shine, through artful smiles, their teeth so white,
 How move, to measured steps, their girdle gems !

The waters of the Kee ! How smooth they flow !
 Behold the boats of pine—each cedar oar !
 O ! to its banks, in carriage could I go
 To ramble, as in girlhood, there, once more—
 My grief, 'twould banish—and my heart restore !

THE DROUGHT.

KING SEUEN'S EXPOSTULATION WITH HEAVEN.

She King, Ode 4. Decade of Tang, Soo B. C.

SHINING, revolving in the sky,
 Bright, was yonder Milky Way—
 With not one cloud to greet the eye,
 The blessed rain, to prophesy—
 When King, in anguish, thus did pray !
 "What crime, alas ! is charged on high,
 Against me, now, that Heaven sends
 Disorders down ?—and Death, that rends
 So many homes, through famine's scourge,
 And all ancestral blessing, ends ?
 There are no pleas I would not urge ;
 There are no victims, I would spare ;
 No maces, tokens, still unlaid !—
 Once more, I lift my earnest prayer—
 Why heeds, no god, the rites, I've paid ?

Excessive is the Drought ! Its heat
 More fervent and tormenting grows !
 Daily, and, with most willing feet,
 From Border Altars to the rows
 Of Tablets, in Ancestral Fane,
 I've gone—choice off'rings bearing there,
 To Pow'rs above and Pow'rs mundane ;

And last, have buried them, with care !
 To Earth, I've not, nor, to the Skies,
 Neglected one pure sacrifice !
 No Spirit, have I honored not—
 How-Tseih, not even, once, forgot,
 'Though he would no attention spare ;—
 While God, himself, heeds not my prayer !
 Alas ! this Scourge, in ev'ry home,
 'That blasts and wastes our Land so fair—
 I would, it fell on me, alone !

Excessive is the Drought ! May I,
 The One Man, no excuses, try !
 Like clap of thunder, or its roll—
 Terror and perils fill my soul,
 Lest, of Chow's remnant, left secure,
 Among the black-haired Race and pure,
 Scarcely one, shall long endure !
 No more will God, from His great Heaven,
 In righteousness, exempt me, even !
 So, all our fears, let each one share ;
 Thus, common sympathies, increase ;—
 Join, too, with me, in my despair,
 Lest all my rights, ancestral, cease !

Excessive is the Drought ! 'The heat
 Can not be checked ; for it doth beat
 So fiercely—with such fiery rays,
 No shelter, can I find ! My days

Are near their end ; and none, have I,
 To whom, to look, or raise one cry !
 Princes and Ministers of State,
 Who ancient ruled—long passed on high—
 Help not—but leave me to my fate !
 Ye Parents ! late removed from us,
 How can ye bear to see me, thus ?

Excessive is the Drought ! The hills
 All parched are ! The springs and rills
 And streams are dried ! Meanwhile, throughout
 The land, this awful Demon Drought,
 Extends his rule, unchecked and dire,
 As though he scattered flames of fire !
 This heat, with terror, makes us start—
 While deepest sorrow fills my heart,
 To think of all, in low estate,
 Whom I can not alleviate ;—
 I would, that I could abdicate !

Excessive is the Drought ! With will,
 I struggle ; and I fear to flee,
 While duty claims my service still ;—
 Though, what the cause, I can not see,
 Or why, this Drought afflicteth me !
 In praying for a prosp'rous year,
 I, at all Altars, did appear,
 At earliest time, to sacrifice
 To Spirits of the Border Land,
 Where shrines, at card'nal points, arise !

Prompt, rev'rent, as I thus did stand,
 Owning these Knowing Ones of God—
 I ought to've had, a helping hand,
 Or else, been guarded from their rod ;
 Yet, He who dwells, serene in Heav'n,
 No single thought to me hath given !

Excessive is the Drought ! The bonds
 Of Government no longer hold !
 My highest Minister desponds ;
 And in most wild confusion, rolled,
 Are servants all ! One common call,
 From Master of the Horse—the chief
 Of Guards, Cuisine, Attendants all,
 Is heard, and that is, QUICK RELIEF !
 Though helpless, now, those near my throne
 Have struggled hard, for ev'ry one,
 Till all, a common fate, did own !

Up to the azure Heav'n, I cry—
 Why, in such sorrow, plunged, am I ?
 But still, the stars, they sparkle bright—
 No answer give, through all the night ;
 And when, at length, there's dawn of day,
 They grow but dim—and fade away !

Ye officers, supreme ; and men
 Of worth, who, in humility,
 With all your pow'ers and all your ken,

Have drawn to Heav'n near—but see,
 Death only present to your eyes—
 Cast not away, your faith, that cries ;
 But *still look up*, and call !
 Seek, but one common favor there—
 One common answer to our prayer—
 Bless Sovereign, Throne and People all !''

THE WORLD'S THREE GREAT BELLS.

I.

You've heard of the Bell, in old Moscow,
 That once did hang in wall'd Kremlin,
 To ring out prophecies to men,
 Of what was Muscove's dream and vow
 Of Empire—and of Faith, as well ?
 Few, were its voices ; e're it fell,
 And broke, in fragments, on the ground !
 But, from sad wreck, rose second bell ;
 That, too, lies prostrate—silent now—
 Was fractured, e're it breathed one sound !
 So, other Bell, must yet be cast,
 To strike the Epoch, Peter ask'd,
 When Russia, on the Bosphorus—
 With Cossacks, and the Grecian Cross—
 Should hold the key—and for the Rus—
 To dominate Europa's world !

2.

You've heard of the Bell, near Mandalay,
 Which rivals that of Muscovite?
 'Twas cast in Burma's ancient day,
 When grand conceptions had full play,
 And Buddha's cult, was in its might!
 Twelve cubits tall, it, tow'ring, stands—
 With rim of thirty—marv'lous sight—
 Vast instrument, in Indian hands,
 To sound the praise of Asia's Light,
 Whose wondrous power, defective seems,
 To us who bask in purer beams
 Of Light Divine, in Christian Lands!

Account for it, as how you may,
 The ancient Faiths have had their day;—
 Emasculate, the States they sway—
 No longer, masterful, are they;
 Or lead in Empire's chief pathway!
 Already, some have lost their power;
 Others, but wait th' inev'table hour
 When they, our Master, must obey—
 Or Nations, whom His truth helps mould!
 Thus, sceptre passed from Burma's King;
 And Buddha's Bell, no more doth ring—
 To strong, defend—or freedom, bring!
 Its tongue, to-day, is mute; and prone
 It lies—down shaken from its throne
 By earthquake's force from under-world—
 On bank of Irrawaddy, hurled!

3.

You've heard of the Bell, in far Peking—
 Though cent'ries old, that still doth ring,
 As when Spain's Ferdinand was King,
 And brave Columbus, westward sailed?
 In temple hung, near city wall—
 And peer of Moscow Bell—and all—
 And bright, and sound, as when first cast—
 Its deep-toned notes, now daily call—
 As Emp'ror called, in ages past—
 Or, when the Cross, first, New World hailed !

Within—without—embossed are seen—
 In myriad characters they gleam
 O'er all its face, in Art supreme,
 The Prayers to Buddha ; and when moved
 By touch from swinging wooden beam,
 Quiver its lips ; and hearts are soothed
 By tones, that 'bove all else prevail—
 Na-ómi-fáh—Great Buddha hail !

But while this Bell goes ringing on—
 Each Cent'ry, striking—soon as passed—
 Thy Creeds, old China ! Will they last ?
 "A question fair ; so be this known ;—
 "Ancestral Worship, millions own ;

“And while, Tao-ism, somewnat wanes ;
 “Confucius, Master, still remains ;
 “And Buddha’s shrines fill all my plains,
 “Though Cross and Crescent show some gains !”

Yet, at thy ancient Gates—and hung
 When those of Thebes werè still unswung—
 O mighty Realm of black-haired Race,
 There now are strugg’ling in, apace,
 The master Forces of our times—
 Be they Christian—or Worldly, charged !
 Sooner, or later, they must win—
 With all the Arts of Western Climes,
 And make thee, like Japan, enlarged,
 By modern progress, knowledge, sin !

But e’er thy Bell, so eloquent—
 Is fractured, or by earthquake rent ;—
 Or foreign Intercourse hat’a spent
 Its varied powers, vast change to bring
 In Middle Kingdom—Heaven blent—
 This is my prayer, to Shang-Te, sent—
 May yet its voice, outspoken ring,
 And glad Evangel, to all sing
 In Jesu’s name, in far Peking !

A FESTAL ODE.

Sung at the King's banquet, in honor of his Ministers and Princes from the Feudal States.

She King, Part 2, Book 1, Ode 1.

The watchful deer, while in the fields are feeding,
Not only chew the crisp wild celery ;
But in soft sounds, of only Nature's teaching,
Call, unto one another pleasantly !

So, here, I've noble guests, who quickly catch and own
Responsive calls—yet careful, in all doubtful things ;
For them, the lutes are struck—the organs, too, are blown—
And blown, till all their tongues are full of quiverings !
For them, are baskets, heapéd high, with offerings ;
And while they bless me, for my gifts of love,
The Perfect Path, to me, they'll try to prove !

In answ'ring notes, while in the fields are browsing
On sweet salso'a, deer, each other call !
Kind Nature's voices, ever are they heeding—
Mother !—she speaks, one language, to us all !

So, here, I've charming guests, for whom, alone are yielding
The lutes and organs all, the most harmon'ous sounds ;
And while the music sweet, in willing ears, is stealing—
And each responds to every kindly greeting—
Let loving cup, pass freely on its friendly rounds !
All, my guests, you are ! And for this festive meeting,
I've wines, so choice, that cheer shall have the amplest bounds !

PRINCETON BELLS.

1843, SEPT. 25, 1893.

I hear the Bells of Princeton ring,
 This mellow, ripe September day—
 The Bells that happy memories bring
 From out the Past—there stored away ;
 Of friendships, struggles, triumphs won ;
 Of dreams of love, and duty done,
 Though now my race is well-nigh run,
 And leagues in distance is the town
 Where once I donned the college gown !

I hear the Bells of Princeton ring
 With all their old-time call and swing
 As years ago, in autumn days—
 Thro' oaks and elms, and sunset rays,
 Their tones did first my coming sing !
 Once more I walk 'long shady ways—
 'Mid Indian summer's sheen and haze,
 In parks all dressed in leafy blaze
 Of colors bright as fancy flung
 O'er manhood's life when I was young !

I hear the Bells of Princeton ring—
 The bells that daily duties bring !

I join the crowds that throng the walks—
 Share college games, cheers, songs and talks
 Of athlete, scholar, poler, drone—
 I gaze where Art and Science dwell
 In fanes and groves which blend so well
 That fairer scene is nowhere shown !
 Thro' academic halls, unknown
 I move, or sit, as in my youth,
 At feet of teachers, broadly grown,
 But holding still the torch of Truth !

Dear Bells of Princeton ! ye that rung
 Glad welcome to our Washington
 When British cannon shook the town,
 And gallant Mercer won his crown—
 That rung when in old Nassau Hall
 Our infant Congress met : and fell
 From chieftain's lips to soldiers all
 A nation's thanks and sad farewell—
 That rung thro' all the changing years
 Of peace and war, of joy and tears,
 When Princeton men, at Country's cry,
 To save her life did dare to die—
 Ring on for ages more, and greet
 The youths who'll throng this classic seat
 Where Learning and Religion mate
 To build the home, the church, the state !

WASHINGTON, *Sept.* 25, 1893.

THE CAPITOL.

[An historical and patriotic poem, instituting a parallel between the building of the Parthenon at Athens, and the completion of our Capitol at Washington during the Civil War.]

WHILE Greece was thrilled with war's alarms,
 And oft-times felt the shock of arms,
 Yet, faith so swayed her noblest men—
 Such high ideals ruled them then,
 That, to express in marble, this—
 The soul's bright dream, and synthesis—
 At Athens, on the Acropolis,
 'Mid wealth of temples reared thereon—
 Arose, serene, that edifice—
 Minerva's shrine, wherein she shone
 In iv'ry, gold, with ægis on—
 Symbol of wisdom, safety, bliss—
 The matchless Fane—the Parthenon.

While being built, this master-piece
 Of art, for Athens and for Greece—
 Though wars and civic strifes occurred
 That touched each home—all passions stirred,
 Naught checked the work, or caused surcease—
 Artists, art'sans, toiled on in peace.

Amid the click of chisels heard—
 And grate of saws, that cut the rock—
 And scour of sands, that polish brought—
 And ring of trow'ls, that mortars laid—
 And stroke of drills, that sockets made—
 And swing of cranes, that poised each block
 For fitting place, by Attic word
 Of Ictinus, and all who wrought
 This marble poem—replete with thought—
 Oft, to those sacred heights, there climbed,
 Athenians, to muse, inclined—
 While portents filled the public mind
 By rumor, or by courier brought,
 As when Greek shores the Persians lined,
 And on this Hill, sad havoc wrought.

While speculation filled their souls—
 Both, as to what the future holds,
 And artists mean—they wond'ring gazed,
 To view vast Doric columns raised,
 With sculptured frieze, and architrave,
 To place designed, from base to nave—
 And firm believed, that all this sum
 Of beauty, strength, and unity—
 Above the city's restless hum
 And warring strifes on land and sea—
 Was but the type of days to come—
 A silent, marble prophecy—
 What Greece, at length, in life, would be.

So, on yon Hill, there stands sublime,
 For all the coming years of time—
 In marble raised—with Dome's grand line,
 THE CAPITOL ! Our country's shrine—
 The fountain of her laws—the spot
 Where States and People share one lot,
 And build for ages and their race,
 A UNION strong, in right, and grace.

Like former Fane, by Persians burned—
 Who scaled those Heights—all protests spurned—
 Where Parthenon was yet to rise
 To hold, in awe, Athenian eyes,
 And win, for art, the world's surprise—
 Our early Capitol once earned,
 Or suffer'd, sim'lar shame and fate,
 Through broad Potomac's unlocked gate.

Such outrage gave, in either case,
 Fair warning of the country's state—
 Her ill defense—her life's weak lease—
 Gave cause for struggle, in the race
 Of empire—not, in arts of peace.

Then came that sea-fight of the Hellenes,
 When Greece emerged, at Salamis,
 And Xerxes' host sank down the abyss ;
 When first did guide and rule Themistocles,

Who, hopes inspired, and better days ;
 When temples rose by Mnesicles,
 To lift men's thoughts from earth to skies—
 More, Country love ; mere death, despise ;
 When 'Phidias wrought in iv'ry, gold,
 And made the Parian marble mould
 His brightest dreams ; when Pericles
 Helped sweep all foes from Grecian seas,
 And swayed the " fierce Democratie "—
 Who oft-times chaféd to be free—
 Fresh crowned, was then, the Acropolis
 By Parthenon, completed there,
 'Mid solemn rites and prophecies—
 By grand processions and by prayer
 To gods unseen, but every where—
 When first began, that brightest page
 Of classic Greece—her Golden Age.

No words can paint those wondrous days
 When Art and Skill, 'mid world's amaze,
 With Nature vied ! When, too, the range
 Of culture, both in body, brain,
 Was highest known ; and when—not strange—
 Vast fortunes went to build, maintain,
 What e'er was best for public good ;—
 For worship, shrines ; and schools, to train
 Sound bodies ;—and, sound minds, sustain ;
 While beauty, truth, in symbols stood
 In temple, grove, street, neighborhood

To charm the eye—to soul, give food,
And teach Perfection's final reign !

So, too, mid civil war, and change,
In this our Land and Age, a strange
New life did dawn; with hints and keys
To marv'lous possibilities
In martial strength, on land and seas—
In culture, growth, material pelf—
And all that makes a Commonwealth !

Then quarries, mines, rock-wells and soil,
Streams, forests, seas, rewarded toil—
E'en in the midst of War's turmoil !
Then, tread of people—not the tramp
Of armies into fight, or camp—
On all high-ways ; the roar of trains
Past where th' Settler's hearth-fire flames ;
The fall of timber; rush, in mains,
Of waters, irrigating plains ;
The sowing, reaping—all else—told
Which way, the peaceful conquerors went
In quest of homes and honest gold ;
While sounds of saws, axe, hammer, drill,
Forge, anvil, engine, factory, mill,
Were all, in one vast pæan, blent !

Then, schools increased; and God was owned
In ways He'd taught—and doth prefer—
By service, and o'er life, enthroned !
Then, all His works, close studied were,

By queries, tests, till secrets known,
 Made man—so ripe, in knowledge grown
 Of Nature, priest, interpreter !
 Then, Science, too, turned many facts,
 And forces, elements, to acts
 For human aid, and enterprise !
 Old truths, came fresh, in many a guise—
 In marble, bronze, in Art's surprise—
 In Type, electric force, and all the ways
 Inventive genius, power and mind, displays !

Then, woman's sphere was fully owned—
 Whose deeds, were in all hearts enthroned—
 As that, where e'er she chose to shine—
 To win her bread—to love incline—
 Her Country, serve, or Home's sweet shrine,
 With purity and truth enzoned !

In meeting vast emergencies—
 In finance, war, supplies, and men ;—
 In bearing deep anxieties,
 When hopes rose high, and sank again,
 All thoughts were quickened, broadened, charged
 With power,—and life itself, enlarged !
 In serving, suff'ring, dying, too—
 Till then, in Hist'ry read—though true—
 Our Nation woke to juster days,

To nobler aims, and purposes—
 And proved it most in striking gyves,
 By Lincoln's Pen, from million slaves !

In all those trying times, when few
 The Epoch grasped—its issues knew
 Or even guessed—yet strong and clear,
 Were Country's claims—her Symbols dear !

Of all the visible things that spoke
 Through sense, to heart and mind, and woke
 Past memories—inspired new hope—
 Next to "Old Glory," the Capitol
 Stood for the Law's supreme control ;—
 Stood for the Nation's heart and soul
 Through sons, there sent, by sovereign will,
 To vote, responsive to the call
 Of millions, in their far-off homes—
 "The Flag—th' Union, save, whatever comes !"

As months went on, the Capitol
 Became, indeed, a shrine, to all—
 By what our sires and sons did brave
 To guard its walls—its city, save ;
 By all the treasure, lives they gave ;
 By all the Patriots gathered there—
 Firm bound by oaths, and Nation's prayer
 To make that Symbol, all men own,—
 Though many States, in Country, One !

'Twas then, to thwart, or make this good—
 According to men's faith and mood,
 That, far away, and round it, surged—
 Within its Halls—in fielded tents—
 Not most, impassioned eloquence,
 But tides of war, when strong States urged,
 By deeds, not words, their last appeal—
 Their fixed resolve, and final vote—
 And hurled them from the cannon's throat—
 Flag of azure Field, *its stars, blot out !*
Down Pillars of the Commonweal !
Ties break, once forged by blood and steel !
Fall Fane, our fathers work'd upon !—
 Not temple made with hands—'mid strife—
 But nobler far, than Parthenon—
 The Fabric of our Nation's Life !

Oft, in those years, on sunny days,
 And through mid-winter's coldest rays,
 I climbed the Hill, where Architect
 And Sculptor wisely did direct
 Deft Artisans, whose toil alone
 Brought life and beauty from the stone !
 'Twas there, I watched the Drama play
 Of Temple-growth and sad delay
 Of Vict'ry till the heart grew sick ;
 And while brave men had cause for fear,
 Scoffers exclaimed, " What folly here !

Why finish, now, this useless Fane?—
 'Tis doom'd ! and ended, Freedom's reign !—
 Elsewhere, we'll build her shrine again !''

'Twas then, I heard, with chisel's click—
 And mallet's blow—and engine's beat
 That helped to polish, grind, complete,
 Or lift vast marbles to their seat—
 Not far away, the pick's dull stroke—
 The barrow's creak—the spade's sharp work—
 The army wagon's rumbling sounds—
 The blare of trumpets—roll of drums—
 The tramp of troops and cavalry,
 Where hoofs and sabres rattled free
 With wheels of grim artillery !
 'Twas then I heard—and puffs could see—
 The rifle's crack—the cannon's roar—
 The bugle's call, or else the pour
 Of strains of martial music o'er
 The camps of armed men from ev'ry home —
 On guard of Starry Flag, and more—
 Almost in sight of lofty Dome !

'Twas then the chain of forts was raised
 On lofty hills, for miles around—
 With cannon bristling on each mound—
 To shield, from loss, what Nation prized—
 The Fed'ral City, temple-crowned !

Once only, when the tide of war
 Swept northward o'er the Keystone State,
 And reached high-water mark on bar
 At Gettysburgh—then ebbed afar,
 And sealed past hope, Confed'rate fate—
 Once only, then, when deem'd off-guard,
 And Fed'ral army-bolts unbarred,
 There thundered at her iron gates—
 And nearly won an entrance there--
 The dashing foe from leagued States--
 Brave Early, with his sabres bare !
 'Twas then, great Lincoln, watching, stood
 On parapet of Stevens, waving arm--
 Saw Wheaton charge, 'mid dust and blood,
 And save the Capitol from harm !

Yet, in those days, as God did give
 Ideals high, for which to strive--
 And while the Republic fought to live--
 And all her foes were most alive--
 The work went on, as Greece had led--
 Since faith and iron will were wed--
 And grew in beauty, form, and scope,
 While thousands gazed, and felt new hope.

But e'en before, blest Peace was come--
 Or we had buried all our dead--
 And welcomed ev'ry soldier home--

Our tars, from waters fresh, or brine—
 The stately marble wings had spread—
 Corinthian columns stood in line—
 The lofty steps and porticos,
 From firm, wide base to summit rose,
 Till apex crowned the grand design—
 Fit type of Nation's mighty pose !

Now, on its terraces I stand—
 A generation gone !—our Land
 Fraternal, solving problems grand—
 And view, enrapt, the landscape green
 Of distant hills and river sheen—
 With matchless monument between—
 One glorious sweep of verdure seen !

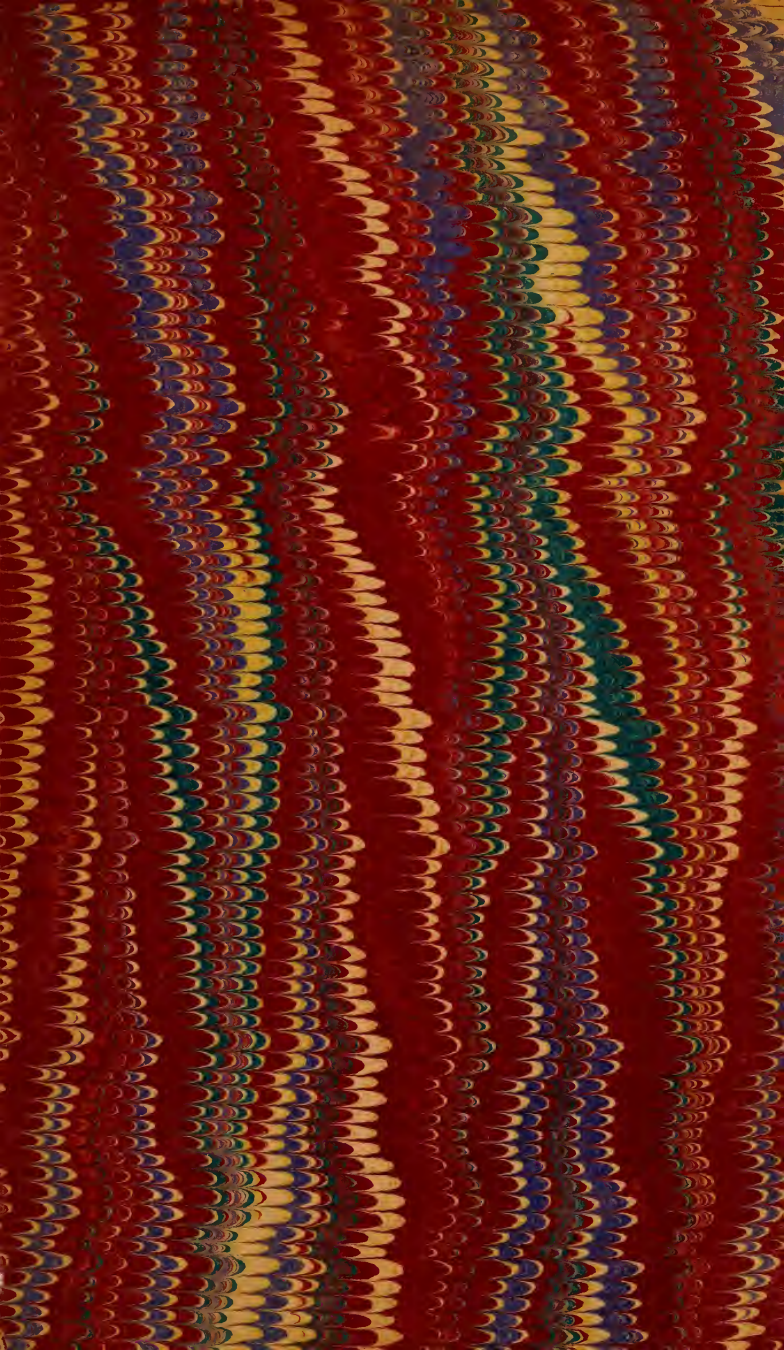
Look ! where thick trees on ev'ry hand,
 O'er arch, like groined Gothic aisles,
 The noble streets that distant run,
 Embow'ring homes and stately piles—
 Fair dress, and charm of Washington !

Lo, through yon leafy avenues—
 Above all snowy marble views—
 And far beyond entablature
 Of sculptured frieze and pillars pure—
 Upon a Dome—self-poised on high—
 And calmly resting 'gainst the sky—

Cast in hard bronze—to long endure—
A Goddess stands, and firm enthroned—
Heaven-born, her soul—and blood atoned—
Who symbolized more to us
Of glory, joy, peace, blessedness,
Than Greek Minerva's followers found—
Liberty!—by freemen won, and crowned!







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